

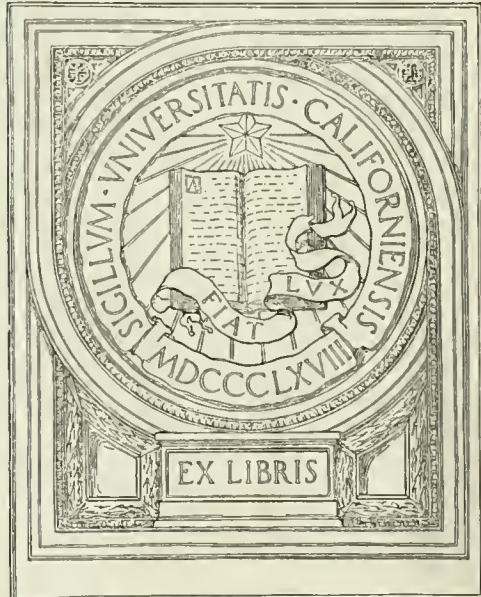
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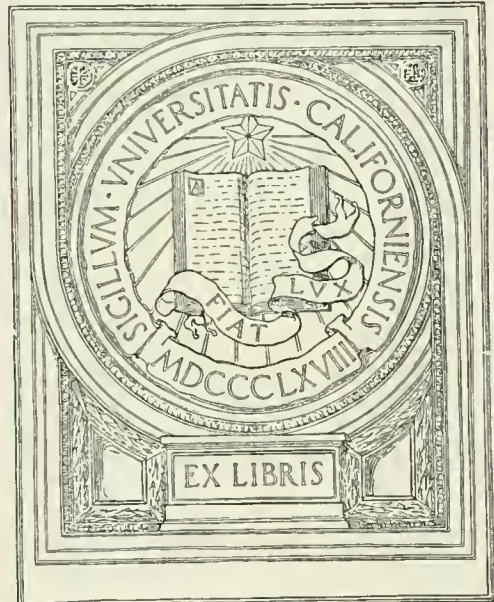


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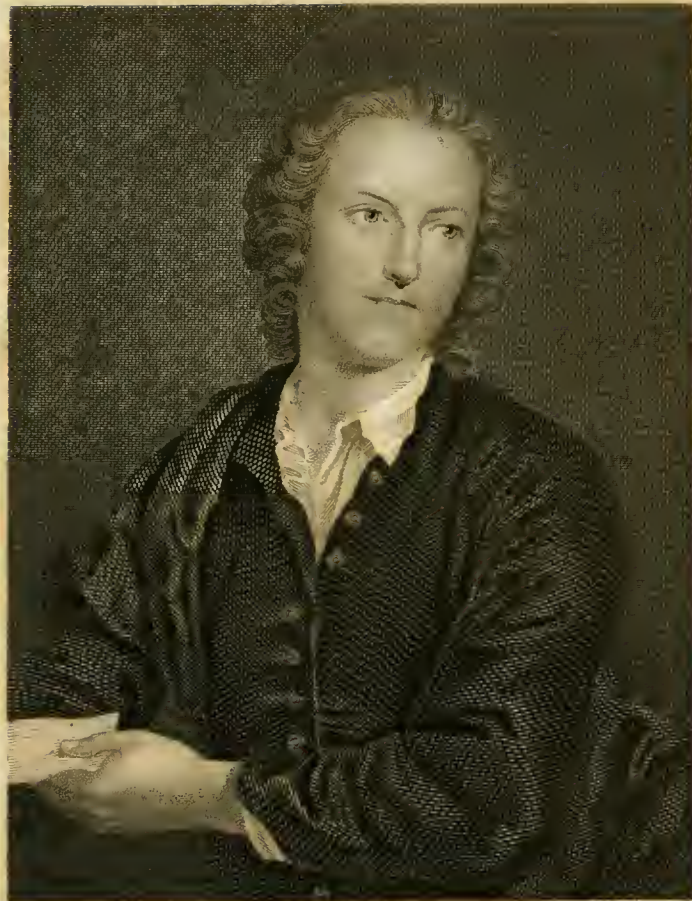
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THOMAS GRAY.

THE
WORKS
OF
THOMAS GRAY;

VOL. I.

CONTAINING

THE POEMS,

WITH CRITICAL NOTES;

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR;

AND AN

ESSAY ON HIS POETRY;

BY THE REV. JOHN MITFORD.

LONDON:

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PEDDAR NEAN, 1750

Portrait of Peddar Nean, a young man of the 18th century, seated in a chair, holding a book.

Engraving by J. G. Kneller

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THE

L I F E

OF

THOMAS GRAY, ESQ.

JUL 14 '41

THOMAS GRAY, the subject of the present narrative, was the fifth child of Mr. Philip Gray, a respectable citizen and money-scrivener in London. His grandfather was also a considerable merchant in that place. The maiden name of his mother was Dorothy Antrobus. Thomas* was born in Cornhill, the 26th of December 1716; and was the only one of twelve children who

* In the Onomasticon Literarium of Saxius, vol. vii. p. 156, is an account of Gray, full of singular mistakes: "*Johannes Gray, Carminum Scriptor, et Historicus Cantabridgiensis, qui sociatis Gulielmi Guthrie, et aliorum operis, Historie Universæ Corpus, (in Theotiscum postea Sermonem versum, animadversionibusque Christ. Gottl. Heynii locupletatum) adornavit.*" Gray was not likely either to compose an Universal History, or to select such a coadjutor as Guthrie; concerning whom, he once wrote the following sentence: "Guthrie, you see, has vented himself in the Critical Review; his History I never saw, nor is it here, nor do I know any one that ever saw it. *He is a rascal, but rascals may chance to meet with curious records,*" &c. See Walpole's Works, vol. v. p. 380.

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Dawson's

survived. The rest died in their infancy, from suffocation, produced by a fullness of blood: and he owed his life to a memorable instance of the love and courage of his mother, who removed the paroxysm, which attacked him, by opening a vein with her own hand: an instance of affection that seems to have been most tenderly preserved by him through his after-life, repaid with care and attention, and remembered when the object of his filial solitudes could no longer claim them. Mr. Mason informs us, “ that Gray seldom mentioned his mother without a sigh.”

He was educated at Eton, under the protection of Mr. Antrobus, his maternal uncle, who was at that time one of the assistant masters at that school, and also a fellow of St. Peter's college at Cambridge, where Gray was admitted as a pensioner in 1734, in his nineteenth year. I should be unwilling to pass over this period of his life, without mentioning that while at Eton, as well as at Cambridge, he depended, for his entire support, on the affection and firmness of his mother; who, when his father had refused all assistance, cheerfully maintained him on the scanty produce of her separate industry. At Eton his friendship with Horace Walpole, and more particularly with Richard West,* commenced. In him he met

* Richard West was the son of the right honourable Richard West, esq., lord chancellor of Ireland; who died in 1728, aged 36; and his grandfather, by the mother's side, was Bishop Burnet. His father was the maternal uncle of Glover the poet, and is supposed to be the author of a tragedy called ‘Hecuba,’ published in 1726. Mr. Mason says, that, when at school, West's genius was thought to be more brilliant than his friend's.

with one, who, from the goodness of his heart, the sincerity of his friendship, and the excellent cultivation of his mind, was worthy of his warmest attachment. The purity of taste, indeed, as well as the proficiency in literature which the letters of West display, were remarkable at his age ; and his studious and pensive habits of mind, his uncertain health, and his early and untimely death, have all contributed to throw “ a melancholy grace” over the short and interesting narrative of his life. With him, for the period of eight years, Gray enjoyed, what the moralist calls “ the most virtuous as well as the happiest of all attachments—the wise security of friendship: ‘ Par studiis, ævique modis.’” Latterly, when West’s health was declining, and his prospects in life seemed clouded and uncertain, Gray’s friendship was affectionate and anxious, and only terminated by the early death of his friend in his twenty-sixth year.

When Gray removed to Peter-house, Horace Walpole* went to King’s-college in the same university, and West to Christ-church at Oxford. From this period, the life of Gray is conducted by his friend and biographer Mr. Mason, through the medium of his

* In H. Walpole’s Works are some letters between West and Walpole at College (vol. iv. p. 411). The intimacy between Gray, Walpole, West, and Asheton, was called the quadruple alliance ; and they passed by the names of Tydeus, Orosmades, Almanzor, and Plato. Thomas Asheton was afterwards fellow of Eton College, rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate-street, and preacher to the Society of Lincoln’s-Inn. He wrote an answer to a work of Dr. Conyers Middleton. Walpole addressed a poetical epistle from Florence to him. See Gray’s Letters ; and Walpole’s Works, vol. v. p. 386.

Letters ; concerning which, it may be said, that from the humour, the elegance, and the classical taste displayed in them ; from the alternate mixture of serious argument, animated description, just criticism, and playful expression, notwithstanding the incidents of his life were peculiarly few in number, nor any of them remarkable, yet a more interesting publication of the kind never appeared in English literature.

Gray's Letters commence, as I have said, from the time when he left Eton for Cambridge ; but from them it is difficult to trace the line of study which he pursued at College. His letters treat chiefly of his poetry, and other private pursuits ; and he seems to have withdrawn himself entirely from the severity of mathematical studies, and to have confined his inquiries to classical literature, to the acquisition of modern languages, to history, and other branches of what is called polite learning. West describes himself and his friend as walking hand in hand,

“ Through many a flow'ry path and shelly grot,
Where Learning lull'd us in her *private* maze.”

During Gray's residence at College, from 1734 to September 1738, his poetical productions were—‘ A Copy of Latin Verses,’ inserted in the ‘ *Musæ Etonenses* ;’ another ‘ On the Marriage of the Prince of Wales ;’ and ‘ A Sapphic Ode to West.’ A small part of his ‘ Translation from Statius,’ Mr. Mason has given ; but has withheld a Latin Version of the ‘ *Care Selve beate*’ of the Pastor Fido, and an English Translation of part of the fourth canto of Tasso's ‘ *Gerusalemma Liberata*.’ From September till

the following March, Gray resided at his father's house: but his correspondence with West, who was then with his mother at Epsom, his biographer has thought it unnecessary to insert.

At the request of Horace Walpole, Gray now accompanied him in his travels through France and Italy, and deferred his intended study of the law. From letters to his friend West, and to his own family, we have an account of his pursuits while abroad. He seems to have been, as we might have expected, a very studious and diligent traveller. His attention was directed to all the works of art that were curious and instructive. Architecture both of Gothic and Grecian origin, painting, and music, were all studied by him. He appears to have applied diligently to the language; nor did the manners and customs of the inhabitants escape his attention. Like Addison, he compared with the descriptions of ancient authors the modern appearance of the countries through which he passed. There are, indeed, few gratifications more exquisite than those which we experience in being able to identify the scenes, and realize the descriptions, which have been long consecrated in the mind by genius and by virtue; which have supplied the fancy with its earliest images, and are connected in the memory with its most lasting associations. In such moments as these, we appear to be able suddenly to arrest the progress and lessen the devastations of time. We hardly contemplate with regret the ages that have passed in silence and oblivion; and we behold, for the first time, the fading and faint descriptions of language, stamped with the fresh impressions of reality and truth. The

letters which Gray wrote from Italy were not intended for publication, and do not contain a regular account of the observations which he made : but are rather detached and entertaining descriptions, intended for the amusement of his friends at home. Every thing which he thought of importance was committed to his journal. “He catalogued,” says Mr. Mason, “and made occasional short remarks on the pictures which he saw. He wrote a minute description of every thing which he saw in his tour from Rome to Naples ; as also of the environs of Rome, Florence, &c. They abound with many uncommon remarks, and pertinent classical quotations.”

The route chosen by the travellers was one usually taken:—from Paris, through Rheims (where they stayed three months, principally to accustom themselves to the French language) to Lyons, whence they took a short excursion to Geneva, over the mountains of Savoy ; and by Turin, Genoa, and Bologna to Florence. There they passed the winter in the company of Mr. Horace Mann, the envoy at that court.* In March 1740, Clement the Twelfth, then Pope, died ; and they hastened their journey to Rome, in the hope of seeing the installation of his successor.† That Gray would have wished to have extended his travels, and enlarged his prospect, beyond these narrow limits, if he had possessed the power, we know from his subsequent advice to a friend

* See Walpole's Works, vol. iv. p. 423. Sir Horace Mann died in 1786 at Florence, where he had resided forty-six years as his Britannic Majesty's minister, at the Court of the Grand Duke.

† Ibid. p. 440.

who was commencing his travels ; “ Tritum viatorum compitum calca, et, cum poteris, desere.” And the following passage sketches the outline of an Italian tour, which I believe, few of our travellers have ever completed :—“ I conclude, when the winter is over, and you have seen Rome and Naples, you will strike out of the beaten path of English travellers, and see a little of the country. Throw yourselves into the bosom of the Apennine ; survey the horrid lake of Amsanctus ; catch the breezes on the coast of Taranto and Salerno ; expatiate to the very toe of the continent ; perhaps strike over the faro of Messina ; and having measured the gigantic columns of Girgenti and the tremendous cavern of Syracuse, refresh yourselves amidst the fragrant vale of Enna.—*Oh ! che bel riposo !*”

In May, after a visit to the Frascati and the Cascades of Tivoli, Gray sent his beautiful ‘Alcaic Ode’ to West. In June he made a short excursion to Naples ; and was charmed with the scenery that presented itself in that most delightful climate. He describes the large old fig-trees, the oranges in bloom, the myrtles in every hedge, and the vines hanging in festoons from tree to tree. He must have been among the first English travellers who visited the remains of Herculaneum,* as it was discovered only the preceding

* Some excavations were made in Herculaneum in 1709, by the Prince D’Elbenf : but thirty years elapsed after the orders given to the Prince to dig no farther, before any more notice was taken of them. In December 1738, the King of the two Sicilies was at Portici, and gave orders for a prosecution of the subterraneous labours. There was an excavation in the time of the Romans ; and another in 1689. In a

year; and he pointed out to his companion, the description in Statius that pictured the latent city:

“ Hæc ego Chalcidicis ad te, Marcelle, sonabam
 Litoribus, fractas ubi Vesbius egerit iras,
 Æmula Trimaeriis volvens incendia flammis.
 Mira fides! credetne virum ventura propago,
 Cum segetes iterum, cum jam hæc deserta virebunt,
 Infra urbes, populosque premi?”

Statii Sylv. IV. iv. 78.

At Naples the travellers stayed ten days; and Gray's next letter to his father, in which he talks of his return to England, is dated again from Florence; and whence he sent, soon after, his Poem on the 'Gaurus' to West. He remained, however, at that place about eleven months; and during this time commenced his Latin poem '*De Principiis Cogitandi*.' He then set off with Walpole, on the 24th of April, for Bologna and Reggio,* at the latter of which towns an unfortunate difference took place between them, and they parted. The exact cause of this quarrel has been passed over by the delicacy of his biographer, because H. Walpole was alive, when the Memoirs of Gray were written. The former, however, charged

letter from H. Walpole to West on this subject (see Walpole's Works, vol. iv. p. 448), dated Naples, June 14, 1740, is a passage which shows Mr. Mason's conjecture, that the travellers did not recognise the ancient town of Herculaneum by name, to be unfounded. H. Walpole calls it by that name in his letter.

* Dr. Johnson has two slight mistakes in his 'Life of Gray.' He says that they quarrelled at *Florence* and parted, instead of Reggio. He says also, that Gray began his poem '*De Principiis Cogitandi*' after his return: but it was commenced in the winter of 1740, at Florence.

himself with the chief blame; and lamented that he had not paid more attention and deference to Gray's superior judgment and prudence. In the '*Walpoliana*' (vol. i. p. 95. art. cx.) is the following passage: "The quarrel between Gray and me arose from his being too serious a companion. I had just broke loose from the restraint of the University, with as much money as I could spend; and I was willing to indulge myself. Gray was for antiquities, &c.; whilst I was for perpetual balls and plays;—the fault was mine." Perhaps the freedom of friendship spoke too openly to please: for in a letter from Walpole to Mr. Bentley, some years afterwards, he says: "I was accustomed to flattery enough when my father was minister: at his fall, I lost it all at once: and since that, I have lived with Mr. Chute, who is all vehemence; with Mr. Fox, who is all disputation; with Sir C. Williams, who has no time from flattery, himself; and with Gray, who does not hate to find fault with me."* Whatever was the cause of this quarrel, it must have been very serious, if the information is correct, which is given in the manuscript of the Rev. W. Cole, a person who appears to have lived in terms of intimacy with Gray during the latter part of his life. "When matters (he says) were made up between Gray and Walpole, and the latter asked Gray to

* See Walpole's Works, vol. v. p. 334.—In a letter from Gray to Walpole in 1751, is a sentence which seems to point towards this quarrel: "It is a tenet with me, (he says)—a simple one, you will perhaps say,—that if ever two people who love one another come to breaking, it is for want of a timely *eclaircissement*, a full and precise one, without witnesses or mediators, and without reserving one disagreeable circumstance for the mind to brood upon in silence." See Walpole's Works, vol. v. p. 389.

Strawberry-Hill, when he came, he without any ceremony told Walpole, that he came to wait on him as civility required, but by no means would he ever be there on the terms of his former friendship, which he had totally cancelled." Such is the account given by Mr. Cole, and which I suppose is worthy of credit: at any rate, it does not seem at all inconsistent with the independence, and manly freedom which always accompanied the actions and opinions of Gray.*

Having thus lost his companion, and, with the separation of friendship, all inducement to remain abroad, Gray went immediately to Venice, and returned through Padua and Milan, following almost the same road through France, which he had travelled before. If he sent any letters to West on his return,† it was not thought requisite to publish them: those to his father were only accounts of his health and safety. Though he returned to England as speedily and directly as he could, yet he once diverged from his way, between Turin and Lyons, again to contemplate the wild and magnificent scenery that surrounded the Grande Chartreuse; and in the Album of the Fathers he wrote his beautiful

* For a further elucidation of this subject, the reader is referred to the second volume of this Work, where I have stated what are the *supposed* causes of the quarrel; and the terms of the reconciliation will be best learned, from the expressions which Gray uses in his letter to Mr. Wharton, on this subject.

† Some letters from Walpole to West, while the former was on his travels with Gray, are in Walpole's Works, vol. iv. p. 419—463. There is one letter from Reggio, May 10th, but not mentioning any quarrel, nor even Gray by name.

‘Alcaic Ode,’ which bears strong marks of proceeding from a mind deeply impressed with the solemnity of the situation; where “every precipice and cliff was pregnant with Religion and Poetry.”*

In two months after the return of Gray in 1741, his father died,† his constitution being worn out by repeated attacks of the gout; and Gray’s filial duty was now solely directed to his mother. To the friend who condoled with Pope on his father’s death, he answered in the pious language of Euryalus,—“Genitrix est mihi,”—and Gray, in the like circumstances, assuredly felt no less, the pleasure that arose from contributing to preserve the life, and happiness of a parent. With a small fortune, which her husband’s imprudence had materially impaired, Mrs. Gray and a maiden sister retired to the house of Mrs. Rogers, another sister, at Stoke, near Windsor: and Gray, thinking his fortune not sufficient to enable him to prosecute the study of the law, and yet unwilling to hurt the feelings of his mother, by appearing entirely to forsake his profession, changed or pretended to change the line of study, and went to Cambridge to take his degree in civil law. That in his own mind, however, he had entirely given up all thoughts of his profession, seems to appear from a letter to West: “Alas, for one (he says) who has nothing to do, but to amuse himself! I believe my amusements are as little amusing as most folks; but no matter,

* See Letter XI., dated Turin, November 16, 1739.

† Gray came to town about the 1st of September 1741. His father died on the 6th of November following, at the age of 65. MASON.

it makes the hours pass, and is better than ἐν ἀμάθια καὶ ἀμοῦσια καταβῖῶναι.”

“But the narrowness of his circumstances,” says Mr. Mason, “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. 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 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.”

West was indeed at this time rapidly declining in health, and had gone into Hertfordshire for the benefit of the air. To him, Gray sent part of his ‘Tragedy of ‘Agrippina,’ then commenced; and which, Mr. Mason thinks, was suggested by a favourable impression left on his mind, from a representation of the *Britannicus* of Racine. His friend objected to the length of Agrippina’s speech; and the Fragment is now published, not exactly as Gray left it, but altered

by Mr. Mason from the suggestions of West. The plan of this play seems to have been drawn after the model of the plays of Racine; though it displays perhaps more spirit and genius, than ever informed the works of that elegant and correct tragedian. Mr. Mason, in a letter to Dr. Beattie, mentions among the Poetry left by Gray, “the opening scene of a tragedy called Agrippina, with the first speech of the second, written much in Racine’s manner, and with many masterly strokes.”* The language resembles rather that of Rowe or Addison, than of Shakspeare; though it is more highly wrought, and more closely compacted. If finished, it would, I think, have delighted the scholar in the closet; but it is too descriptive to have pleased upon the stage. *Βαστάζονται δὲ οἱ ἀναγνωστικοί Καὶ παραβαλλόμενοι, οἱ μὲν τῶν γραφικῶν, ἐν τοῖς ἀγῶσι στενοὶ φαίνονται.†*

Gray now employed himself in the perusal of the ancient authors. He mentions that he was reading Thucydides, Theocritus, and Anacreon. He translated some parts of Propertius,‡ and selected

* I have said that Gray kept an attentive eye upon Racine during the composition of his tragedy; an assertion, I think, that the notes will serve to prove: but the learned Mr. Twining, in his notes on Aristotle’s Poetics, (p. 385, 4to.) says: “I have often wondered what it was that could attach Mr. Gray so strongly to a poet whose genius was so little analogous to his own. I must confess I cannot, even in the Dramatic Fragment given us by Mr. Mason, discover any other resemblance to Racine, than in the length of the speeches. The fault, indeed, is Racine’s; its beauties are surely of a higher order,” &c.

† Aristotelis Rhetorica, lib. γ. cap. xii.

‡ Extracts from these translations of Propertius, have been published in the edition of Mr. Mathias: see vol. ii. p. 85.

for his Italian studies the poetry of Petrarch. He wrote an Heroic Epistle in Latin, in imitation of the manner of Ovid; and a Greek Epigram, which he communicated to West: to whom also in the summer, when he retired to his family at Stoke, he sent his ‘Ode to Spring,’ which was written there, but which did not arrive in Hertfordshire till after the death of his beloved friend.* West died only twenty days after he had written the Letter to Gray, which concludes with “*Vale, et vive paulisper cum vivis.*” So little (says Mr. Mason) was the amiable youth then aware of the short time that he himself would be numbered amongst the living.

In the autumn of 1742, Gray composed the ode on ‘A distant Prospect of Eton College,’ and the ‘Hymn to Adversity.’ The

* West was buried in the chancel of Hatfield church, beneath a stone, with the following epitaph: “Here lieth the body of Richard West, esq., only son of the right honourable Richard West, esq., lord chancellor of Ireland, who died the 1st of June 1742, in the 26th year of his age.”—West’s poems have never been fully collected. There is one, ‘An Ode to Mary Magdalene,’ in Walpole’s Works, vol. iv. p. 419: another in Dalrymple’s Songs, p. 142. In the European Magazine for January 1798, p. 45, is a poem said to be written by him, called ‘Damon to Philomel;’ and a Copy of Verses on his Death, supposed to be written by his uncle, Judge Burnet. In Walpole’s Works, vol. i. p. 204, is a well-known epigram which was written by West, ‘Time and Thomas Hearne,’ which was printed by Mr. Walpole in a paper intended for the ‘World,’ but not sent, and which is commonly attributed to Swift. It appears also, that part of the tragedy of Pausanias is extant in MS. See the editor’s note in Walpole’s Works, vol. iv. p. 458; also his translation of Tibullus. See Mason’s Gray, vol. i. p. 22. The collection of his poems by Dr. Anderson, in the edition of the British Poets, is very incomplete: and Mr. Alexander Chalmers, in his subsequent edition, has omitted them entirely.

‘Elegy in a Country Church-yard’ was commenced. An affectionate Sonnet in English, and an Apostrophe which opens the fourth book of his poem ‘*De Principiis Cogitandi*,’ (his last composition in Latin verse,) bear strong marks of the sorrow left on his mind from the death of West; and of the real affection, with which he honoured the memory of his worth, and of his talents.

Mr. Mason thinks that Gray did not finish this poem, on account of the unfavourable reception, or rather neglect, of the *Anti-Lucretius** of the Cardinal Melchior de Polignac; a poem which had been long expected, and appeared about that time. The failure, however, of M. de Polignac’s poem may be attributed partly to its length, (for it contains above thirteen thousand verses,) and to a want of sufficient variety and digression in the composition. The versification is not always finished and compact, and the language has lost much of its elegance in the endeavour to accommodate it with precision to the subject.

Gray’s residence at Cambridge was now continued not from any partiality to the place where he received his education, but partly from the scantiness of his income, and in a great measure,

* This poem had the honour of being corrected by Boileau, and altered by Louis the XIVth. The author was so long employed on it, and recited it so often, that many parts were stolen, and inserted in the works of other authors. Le Clerc got a fragment by heart, and published it in one of his literary journals. The cardinal died while his work was unfinished, and before he could add two more books to it against the Deists.

no doubt, for the convenience which its libraries afforded.* Original composition he almost entirely neglected; but his time was so assiduously occupied in a regular and studious perusal of the best Greek authors, that in six years he had read all the writers of eminence in that language, digesting and arranging their contents, remarking their peculiarities, and noting their corrupt and difficult passages with great accuracy and diligence. In the winter of 1742, he was admitted a bachelor of civil law; and a short recreation of his studies appears in a 'Fragment of an Address to Ignorance,' which contains a satire on the University where he resided,† whose system of education he always disliked and ridiculed, and against which he used to speak so

* In a note to the Spital Sermon, p. 117, Dr. Parr says: "After the opportunities which Mr. Gray enjoyed, and of which he doubtless had availed himself, for observing the state of literature and the characters of literary men upon the Continent, he did not merely visit the University, but fixed his chief residence there. And of a choice to which he adhered so steadily and so long, the scantiness of his fortune, the love of books, and the easy access he had to them in many libraries, will hardly be considered as the *sole motives*." Dr. Parr, however, does not assign any other motives that influenced Gray, in his choice of the University for a residence.

† In p. 117 of the Spital Sermon, Dr. Parr says: "At that very time in which Mr. Gray spoke so contemptuously of Cambridge, that very University abounded in men of erudition and science, with whom the first scholars would have not disdained to converse: And who shall convict me of exaggeration, when I bring forward the names of Bentley, Davies, Asheton—of Jesus: Provost Snape, Middleton, Tunstall the public orator, Baker—of St. John's: Edmund Law, John Taylor, Thomas Johnson, Waterland, Whaley (afterwards regius professor of divinity), Smith (the nephew of Cotes), afterwards master of Trinity, Roger Long, Colson, the correspondent of sir Isaac Newton, and Professor Saunderson?"

openly, as to create many enemies. It is plain, from his Letters, that he thought the attention and time bestowed there on mathematical and metaphysical pursuits, would have been more profitably spent in classical studies. There is some resemblance in the style of this Fragment, to part of Pope's Dunciad; the fourth book of which had appeared but a year or two before: and Gray, I should think, had that poem in his mind, when he wrote these lines, to ridicule what he calls "that ineffable Octogrammaton, the power of laziness."

In 1744 the difference between Walpole and Gray was adjusted by the interference of a lady who wished well to both parties. The lapse of three years had probably been sufficient, in some degree, to soften down, though not entirely obliterate, the remembrance of supposed injuries on either side; natural kindness of temper had reassumed its place, and we find their correspondence again proceeding on friendly and familiar terms. About this time Gray became acquainted with Mr. Mason, then a scholar of St. John's-college, whose poetical talents he had noticed; and some of whose poems he revised at the request of a friend. He maintained a correspondence with his intimate and respectable friend Dr. Wharton, of Durham; and he seems to have lived on terms of familiarity with the celebrated Dr. Middleton,* whose loss he afterwards laments. "I find a friend (he says) so uncom-

* Dr. Middleton died the 28th of July 1750, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, at Hildersham in Cambridgeshire.

mon thing, that I cannot help regretting even an old acquaintance, which is an indifferent likeness of it."

In the year 1747, the 'Ode to Eton College,' the first production of Gray that appeared in print, was published in folio, by Dodsley. Dr. Warton, in his Essay on Pope, informs us, that "little notice was taken of it, on its first publication."

Walpole wished him to print his own poems with those of his deceased friend, West. This, however, he declined, thinking the materials not sufficient: but he complied with another wish of Walpole, in commemorating in an Ode the death of his favourite cat. To this little poem I may be permitted to apply the words of Cicero, when speaking of a work of his own: "Non est enim tale, ut in arte poni possit, quasi illa Minerva Phidiæ; sed tamen, ut ex eâdem officinâ, exisse appareat."* Soon after this, he sent to Dr. Wharton a part of his poem 'On the Alliance of Education and Government.' He never pursued this subject much further. About a hundred lines remain; and the commentary proceeds a little beyond the poem. Mr. Mason thinks that he dropped it, from finding some of his best thoughts forestalled by M. de Montesquieu's *L'Esprit des Loix*,† which appeared at that time: and other reasons, which I have elsewhere stated, probably concurred in inducing him to leave unfinished, a very fine specimen

* *Vide* Ciceronis *Præf. Paradoxa.* ed. Olivet, vol. iii. p. 356. Paris.

† Compare Montesquieu, *L'Esprit des Loix*, liv. xiv. chap. ii.

of a philosophical poem. Some time after, says Mr. Mason, he had thoughts of resuming his plan, and of dedicating his poem by an introductory Ode, to M. de Montesquieu; but that great man's death, which happened in 1755, made him drop his design finally.

Gray was now forming for his own instruction a Table of Greek Chronology, which extended from the 30th to the 113th Olympiad, a period of 332 years; and which, while it did not exclude public events, was chiefly designed to compare the time of all great men, their writings and transactions. Mr. Mason, who saw this work, says, "that every page was in nine columns: one for the Olympiad, the next for the Archons, the third for the Public Affairs of Greece, the three next for the Philosophers, and the three last for Poets, Historians, and Orators."*

Greek literature about this time seems to have been his constant study. He says in a letter; "I have read Pausanias and Athenæus all through; and Æschylus again. I am now in Pindar, and Lysias; for I take verse and prose together, like bread and cheese."

In the year 1749, on the death of Mrs. Antrobus, his mother was deprived of a sister and affectionate companion; which loss,

* A plan similar to this has been executed by Edv. Corsinus, in his '*Fasti Attici*,' four volumes 4to. Florence, 1764.

if we may judge by a letter of Gray, was a most severe affliction. It is not improbable that this circumstance may have turned his thoughts towards finishing his ‘Elegy,’* which was commenced some time before. Whether that were the case or not, it now however received his last corrections, was communicated to Walpole, and handed about in manuscript with great applause, among the higher circles of society. It was so popular, that when it was printed, Gray expressed his surprise at the rapidity of the sale; which Mr. Mason attributed, and, I think, justly, to the affecting and pensive cast of the subject. Of all qualities, the pathetic, which acts upon so many of the kinder affections of the mind, is that on which most readers dwell with pleasure. Didactic poetry can please only a certain class, because all do not like the trouble of being taught: to relish sublimity in writing requires considerable judgement, as well as some portion of genius, and some vigor of imagination. Works of wit and humour are most uncertain in their effect, and depend upon such slight circumstances, upon such accidental variations, that it is often impossible to account for the causes of their failure or success. But pathetic compo-

* The thought of that fine stanza in the Elegy, especially of the latter lines—

“ 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”—

is expressed more briefly, in the following passage of Plautus:

“ Ut sæpe summa ingenia in occulto latent,

Hic qualis imperator, nunc privatus est.”

Captiv. act. iv. sc. 2.

sition, which is employed in describing to us our own griefs, or the sufferings of others, makes its way to the heart at once ; it always finds some disposition of the mind favourable to receive it, some passion which cannot resist its power, some human feelings which participate in its sorrows. Much time elapses, before works of elaborate structure, of lofty flight, and of learned allusion, gain possession of the public mind, and are placed in their proper rank in literature. While the ‘Bard’ and the ‘Progress of Poetry’ were but little read on their first appearance, Gray received at once the full measure of praise from the ‘Elegy:’ and perhaps even at this time, the Elegy* is the most popular of all his poems. Dr. Gregory, in a letter to Beattie, says: “It is a sentiment that very universally prevails, that Poetry is a light kind of reading, which one takes up only for a little amusement ; and that therefore it should be so perspicuous as not to require a second reading. This sentiment would bear hard on some of your best things, and on all Gray’s except his ‘Church-yard Elegy,’ which, he told me, with a good deal of acrimony, owed its popularity entirely to the subject, and that the public would have received it as well if it had been written in prose.” And Dr. Beattie, writing to Sir Wil-

* This Elegy was translated into Latin verse by Messrs. Anstey and Roberts, and not so successfully by Mr. Lloyd. It has been translated also into Greek, by Dr. Cooke of King’s-college, and published at the end of a very indifferent edition of Aristotle’s Poetics. Since that time, it has been translated into the same language by Dr. Norbury, and Mr. Tew of Eton, Mr. Stephen Weston, and Dr. Coote. Its imitators also have been very numerous. The Bard was translated into Latin verse, in 1775.

liam Forbes, says : “ Of all the English poets of this age, Mr. Gray is most admired, and I think with justice ; yet there are comparatively speaking, but a few who know any thing of his, but his ‘ Church-yard Elegy,’ which is by no means the best of his works.” This production was the occasion of the author’s acquaintance with Lady Cobham, who lived in the manor-house at Stoke ; and the way in which it commenced, was described by him in a poem called the ‘ Long Story.’ The Elegy having now appeared in some of the periodical publications and magazines, and having been published with great inaccuracies, Gray requested Walpole to have it printed in a more respectable and accurate manner, by Dodsley, but without the apparent knowledge or approbation of the author. It is to be observed, that in the early editions, the Elegy is not printed in stanzas of four lines, but continuously. It is also written in the same manner by Gray in the Pembroke and Wharton manuscripts. By this connected system of metre, the harmony of the poem acquires a fuller compass. Mason adopted it in his four Elegies ; and it has been lately used by Mr. Roscoe in his translation of the Greek poem of Musurus, which Aldus prefixed to his edition of Plato.

His thoughts, however, were for a short time called off from poetry, by the illness of his mother ; and he hastened from Cambridge to attend upon her. Finding her better than he expected, he employed himself, during his stay, in superintending an edition of his poems, which was soon after published, with designs by

Mr. Bentley,* the only son of the learned Dr. Bentley, and the friend of Walpole; who seems to have been a person of various and elegant acquirements, as well as of very considerable talents. To him Gray addressed a Copy of Verses, highly extolling his powers as a painter. The original drawings in Walpole's possession, Mr. Mason says, are infinitely superior to the prints: but even with this allowance, the praise must be considered rather friendly than just; since their merit consists in the grotesque and quaint fancy which marks the designs; in the whimsical manner in which the painter has embellished the images of the poet; and which, if it were intended to correspond to the style of the 'Long Story,' would not be an unsuccessful effort of the sister-art. The tributes, however, which are paid by Friendship to Genius, ought not to be sparing or scanty: and Gray might remember the example of Dryden and of Pope, in their complimentary eulogies on Kneller.

In March 1753, he lost the mother, whom he had so long and so affectionately loved; and he placed over her remains an inscription which strongly marks his piety and sorrow:

* Bentley's original drawings are in the library of Strawberry-Hill. See Walpole's Works, vol. ii. p. 447. Mr. Cumberland, in the Memoirs of his Life, vol. i. p. 33, thinks that he sees "a satire in copper-plate in the etchings of Bentley; and that his uncle has completely libelled both his poet and his patron without intending to do so." Mr. Cumberland says, at p. 216 of the same volume, that Gray wrote an elaborate critique on a play of Bentley's writing, called 'Philodamus,' which was acted at Covent Garden.

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 LXXII.*

It is usually supposed that Gray's 'Ode on the Progress of Poetry' was written in 1755. From a letter to Walpole it appears that it was then finished, excepting a few lines at the end. He mentions his being so unfortunate as to come too late for Mr. Bentley's edition, and talks of inserting it in Dodsley's Collection. In 1754, it is supposed that he wrote the Fragment of 'An Ode to Vicissitude,' as it is now called. The idea and some of the lines are taken from Gresset's '*Épître sur ma Convalescence.*' Another Ode was also sketched, which might be called 'The Liberty of Genius,' though some of Gray's biographers, for what reasons I am ignorant, have called it 'The Connection between Genius and Grandeur.' The argument of it, the only part which was ever written, is as follows: "All that men of power can do for men of genius is to leave them at their liberty; compared to

* The latter part of Gray's epitaph has a strong resemblance to an inscription on a sepulchral cippus found near the Villa Pelluchi, at Rome, now (I believe) in the British Museum.—D. M. Dasumiaë. Soteridi. Libertæ. Optimæ. et. Conjugi. Sanctissimæ. bene. mer. fec. L. Dasumius. Callistus. cum. qua. vixit. An xxxv, sine. ulla. querella. optans. ut. ipsa. sibi. potius. superstes. fuisset. quam. se. sibi. superstitem. reliquisset.

birds that, when confined to a cage, do but regret the loss of their freedom in melancholy strains, and lose the luscious wildness and happy luxuriance of their notes, which used to make the woods resound." Gray, as Walpole remarked, was indeed "*in flower*" these last three years. The 'Bard' was commenced, and part of it communicated to Mr. Stonehewer and Dr. Wharton, 1755. In these letters he for the first time complains of listlessness and depression of spirits, which prevented his application to poetry: and from this period we may trace the course of that hereditary disease in his constitution, which embittered in a considerable degree the remainder of his days; and the fatal strength of which, not even the temperance and regularity of a whole life could subdue. In his pocket journal for this year, besides a diary of the weather, and a very accurate calendar of observations on natural history, he kept a regular account of his health in Latin. By this it appears that his constitution was much enfeebled and impaired, that alarming attacks of the gout were perpetually recurring and disordering his frame. He speaks constantly of the sleepless night, and the feverish morning; and seems hardly ever to have been free from pain, debility, and disease. Expressions similar to the following, are in almost every page: '*Insomnia crebra, atque expergiscenti surdus quidam doloris sensus; frequens etiam in regione sterni oppressio, et cardialgia gravis, fere semipiterna.*'

The Bard was for some time left unfinished; but "the accident of seeing a blind harper (Mr. Parry) perform on a Welch harp, again (he says) put his Ode in motion, and brought it at last to a

conclusion.”* This poem appears to have been submitted to the critical opinion of his friends. He mentions a remark upon it by Dr. Hurd ; and he had recourse to the judgement of Mr. Mason, “ whose cavils (Walpole says) almost induced him to destroy his two beautiful and sublime Odes.”

Some time previous to this, Dodsley had published his Collection of Poems, in three volumes, † which Walpole sent to Gray. The observations made by the latter, as they were not published in Mr. Mason’s Life, and as it is interesting to read the opinions which he entertained of his poetical contemporaries, I shall extract from the letter to his friend, in as short a compass as I can.

“ To begin, (he says,) with Mr. Tickell:—This is not only a state poem (my ancient aversion), but a state poem on the Peace of Utrecht. If Mr. Pope had wrote a panegyric on it, one could hardly have read him with patience. But this is only a poor short-winded imitator of Addison, who had himself not above three or four notes in poetry ; sweet enough indeed, like those of a German flute, but such as soon tire and satiate the ear with their frequent return. Tickell has added to this a great poverty of sense, and a string of transitions that hardly become a school-boy. However, I forgive him for the sake of his Ballad, which

* See *Walpoliana*, vol. i. p. 46.

† Dodsley published *three* volumes of this Collection, in 1752 : the fourth volume was published in 1755 ; and the fifth and sixth volumes, which completed the Collection, in 1758.

I always thought the prettiest in the world. All there is of Mr. Green here, has been printed before; there is a profusion of wit every where. Reading would have formed his judgement, and harmonized his verse; for even his wood-notes often break out into strains of real poetry and music. The ‘School-Mistress’* is excellent in its kind, and masterly: and ‘London’ is one of those few imitations that have all the ease and all the spirit of the original. The same man’s † Verses at the Opening of Garrick’s Theatre are far from bad. Mr. Dyer has more of poetry in his imagination, than almost any of our number; but rough, and injudicious. I should range Mr. Bramston only a step or two above Dr. King, who is as low in my estimation as in yours. Dr. Evans is a furious madman; and ‘Pre-existence’ is nonsense in all her altitudes. Mr. Lyttleton is a gentle elegiac person. Mr. Nugent sure did not write his own Ode. I like Mr. Whitehead’s little poems, (I mean The Ode on a Tent, The Verses to Garrick, and particularly those to Charles Townshend,) better than any thing I had ever seen before of him. I gladly pass over H. Brown and the rest, to come at you. You know I was of the publishing side, and thought your reasons against it—none: for though, as Mr.

* The School-Mistress is by far the best of Shentone’s poems. His writings in prose abound with sound reflection, and knowledge of human nature; and are written in a neat and unaffected manner, displaying great benevolence of mind, and gentleness of disposition. Mr. Graves (the author of the *Spiritual Quixote*) wrote a pamphlet, called ‘Recollections of some Particulars in the Life of William Shentone, esq. &c.’ to vindicate his friend from the censure of Dr. Johnson, *Gray*, and Mason.

† Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Chute said extremely well, ‘ the still small voice’ of Poetry was not made to be heard in a crowd, yet Satire will be heard, for all the audience are by nature her friends. What shall I say to Mr. Lowth, Mr. Ridley, Mr. Rolle, the Rev. Mr. Brown, Seward, &c. If I say, ‘ Messieurs! this is not the thing : write prose, write sermons, write nothing at all,’ they will disdain me and my advice. Mr. S. Jenyns now and then can write a good line or two, such as these :

‘ Snatch us from all our little sorrows here,
Calm every grief, and dry each childish tear.’

I like Mr. Aston Hervey’s Fable; and an Ode the last of all, by Mr. Mason; a new acquaintance of mine, whose *Musæus* too seems to carry with it the promise at least of something good to come. I was glad to see you distinguished who poor West was before his charming Ode, and called it any thing rather than a Pindaric. The Town is an owl, if it don’t like Lady Mary; and I am surprised at it. We here are owls enough to think her Eclogues very bad : but that, I did not wonder at. Our present taste is Sir Thomas Fitzosborne’s Letters,” &c.*

In 1756 Gray left Peter-house, where he had resided above twenty years, on account of some incivilities he met with, which are slightly mentioned in his correspondence. He removed to Pembroke-hall, where his most intimate friends resided; and this he describes, “ as an æra in a life so barren of events as his.”

* See Walpole’s Works, vol. v. p. 393.

In July 1757, he took his Odes to London, to be published. "I found Gray (says H. Walpole) in Town, last week. He brought his two Odes* to be printed. I snatched them out of Dodsley's hands, and they are to be the first-fruits of my press." Although the genius of Gray was now "in its firm and mature age," and though his poetical reputation was deservedly celebrated; it is plain that these Odes were not favourably received. "His friends (he says) write to him, that they do not succeed," and several amusing criticisms on them are mentioned in the Letters. Yet there were not wanting some better judges who admired them. They had received the judicious and valuable approbation of Mason and of Hurd; † and if Gray felt any pleasure in the poem which Garrick wrote in their praise, he must have been yet more gratified, when Warburton, while he bestowed on them his honest applause, shewed his indignation at those who condemned, without being able to understand them. ‡

* Of these Odes, a thousand copies were printed at Strawberry-Hill.

† It is, I believe, to *Gray* that Hurd alludes in the Essay on the Marks of Imitation, as to the "common friend of Mason and himself," who had suggested an imitation of Spenser, by Milton: see vol. iii. p. 48.

‡ Gray's Odes were reviewed in the Monthly Review for 1757, p. 239. They were also reviewed in the Critical Review, vol. iv. p. 167; in which the critic mistook the *Αἰολική μολπή* (the Æolian lyre), for the Æolian harp, the instrument invented by Kircher about 1649; and, after being forgotten for a century, discovered by Mr. Oswald. A passage in this Review suggested to Dr. Johnson an objection of which he made use, in his criticism on Gray; viz. "Is there not (says the Critical Review) a trilling impropriety in this line, 'Weave the warp, and weave the woof;'—Is not the warp laid, and the woof afterwards woven? Suppose he had written 'Stretch the warp, and weave the woof.'" Compare Johnson's Life of Gray, vol. xi. p. 377, ed. Murphy.

About ten years before this time, the Odes of Collins* were published, and received with the most unmerited neglect. The public had been so long delighted with the wit and satire of Pope, had formed their taste so much on his manner of versification, and had been so accustomed to dwell upon the neat and pointed style of that finished writer; that they were but ill prepared to admire the beauties of the lofty and magnificent language, in which Collins arrayed his sublime conceptions; and which was tasteless to those, who, but a few years before, had received the last book of the Dunciad, from the dying hands of their favourite poet; and who could not pass from wit, and epigram, and satire, to the bold conceptions, the animated descriptions, and the wild grandeur of lyric poetry. The very works which have now raised Gray and Collins to the rank of our two greatest lyric poets, were either neglected, or ridiculed by their contemporaries; while, to appreciate the justness of their thoughts, the harmony of their numbers, and the splendid creations of their genius, was left for the mature and unerring decisions of time.

The neglect of the present age, undoubtedly gives no necessary promise of the admiration of the succeeding; nor, on the other hand, does present applause of itself afford any proof that it will not be continued by the generations that follow. Those who are really competent judges of the merit of poetry, in any age, are necessarily but few; the great and general mass of poetical readers

* The Odes of Collins were published in 1746.

are constantly varying among the favourites of the time ; raising with their breath the bubble of that reputation to-day, which they take the same pains to destroy to-morrow. But a poet who receives the praise of an enlightened age, may with confidence expect its continuance ; if he write, not for the fluctuation of taste, nor the caprice of fashion ; but on his own extended views of nature, on his own confirmed knowledge and experience, and on the solid principles of the art. He who acquires the admiration of the present time, by addressing himself to their taste, by following their judgment, and by soliciting their applause, may be sure that his productions will be superseded by the favourite rivals of the age to come. Πῶς ἂν ὁ μὲτ' ἐμὲ πᾶς ἀκούσειεν αἰῶν, was the sensible advice of Longinus,* to those, who “ with a noble ambition aim at immortality.”

There is a passage in the Life of Thomson written by his friend, in which he mentions the reason of the discouragement shewn by some critics of that day, to the poetry of that interesting writer ; and which applies equally in the case of Collins and of Gray ; as the same cause that impeded the favourable reception of the Seasons, still continued to exert its powerful influence. “ The Poem of Winter, (says Mr. Murdoch, who speaks from his own observation,) was no sooner read, than universally admired ; those only excepted, who had not been used to feel, or to look for

* Vide Longinum περὶ Ὑψοῦς. Sect. XIV. iii. p. 57.

any thing in poetry beyond a point of satirical or epigrammatic wit ; a smart antithesis richly trimmed with rhyme ; or the softness of an elegiac complaint. To such his manly classical spirit could not readily recommend itself ; till after a more attentive perusal, they had got the better of their prejudices, and either acquired, or affected a truer taste. A few others stood aloof, merely because they had long before fixed the articles of their poetical creed, and resigned themselves to an absolute despair of ever seeing any thing new and original." From that time, till after the death of Gray, the strong and almost exclusive influence of Pope's versification was felt on English poetry. Mason, speaking of Gray's Hymn or Address to Ignorance, says,—“ Many of the lines are so strong, and the general cast of the versification so musical, that I believe it will give the generality of readers a higher opinion of his poetical talents, than many of his lyrical productions would have done. I speak of the generality ; for it is a certain fact, that their taste is founded upon the ten syllable couplet of Dryden and Pope, and of these only.”

In this year Cibber died at an advanced age, and the Laureatship was offered by the Duke of Devonshire, then Lord Chamberlain, to Gray ; with a remarkable and honourable privilege, to hold it as a mere sinecure. This he respectfully declined ; and some of his reasons for refusing it, he gives in a letter to Mr. Mason : “The office itself (he says) has always humbled the possessor hitherto :—if he were a poor writer, by making him more conspicuous ; and if he were a good one, by setting him at war

with the little fry of his own profession ; for there are poets little enough, even to envy a poet-laureat.*

Upon Gray's refusal, the laurel was accepted by Mr. Whitehead, who joined to very competent talents, what made those talents respectable—modesty and worth. To Cibber, indeed, he was in every respect infinitely superior : but it is no disgrace to Mr. Whitehead to affirm, that to the genius of that poet who succeeded him, we are indebted for the finest productions that have ever ennobled an office, in itself not most friendly to the Muses. Mr. Mason was not quite overlooked on this occasion. “ Lord John Cavendish (he says) made an apology to him, ‘ that being in orders, he was thought less eligible than a layman.’ ” A little tinge of satire is now visible in Mr. Mason's narrative,† when he adds, “ that he wonders the same privilege, of holding the office as a sinecure, was not offered to Mr. Whitehead ; as the king would readily have dispensed with hearing poetry, for which he had no taste, and music, for which he had no ear.”

In 1758, Gray describes himself as composing, for his own amusement, the little book which he calls ‘ A Catalogue of the Antiquities, Houses, &c., in England and Wales ; ’ and which he drew up on the blank pages of Kitchen's English Atlas. After his death it was printed and distributed by Mr. Mason to his friends ‡

* See Mason's Life of Whitehead, vol. i. p. 92.

† Ibid. p. 87.

‡ A new edition was printed in 1787 for sale. Mr. Mason's was only intended for presents.

About this period, much of his time seems to have been employed in the study of architecture ; in which his proficiency, as indeed in all other branches of learning which he pursued, was accurate and deep. Some of his observations on this subject afterwards appeared in Mr. Bentham's History of Ely. In the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1784, a letter from Gray to Mr. Bentham is published, which contains all the information afforded to the latter. It was printed in consequence of the circulation of a report, that the whole of the Treatise on Saxon, Norman, and Gothic Architecture, published in the History of Ely, was written by Gray.* On the 15th of January 1759, the British Museum was opened to the public ; and Gray went to London to read and transcribe the manuscripts which were collected there from the Harleian and Cottonian libraries. A folio volume of his transcripts was in Mr. Mason's hands : out of which, one paper alone—The Speech of Sir Thomas Wyatt †—was published in the second number of Lord Orford's Miscellaneous Antiquities.

He was, as Dr. Johnson observed, but little affected by two Odes of Obscurity and Oblivion ‡ written by Messrs. Colman and Lloyd, which then appeared in ridicule of him, and Mr. Mason.

* See Bentham's preface to the History of Ely, (new edit.) p. 13; Selections from the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. ii. p. 249; and Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. iii. p. 489; and Gentleman's Magazine, vol. liii. p. 37, 138, 301, 375: vol. liv. p. 243.

† See Chalmers's Life of Sir Thomas Wyatt in the British Poets, vol. ii. p. 363.

‡ The Ode to *Obscurity* was directed chiefly against Gray; that to *Oblivion* against Mason. See Lloyd's Poems, vol. i. p. 120.

The humour of these poems, in my opinion, has been much overpraised. Like all other productions of a personal and satirical nature, their subject ensured to them a short period of popularity. We know with what avidity those works are perused, which hold up to the derision of the public the peculiarities of genius and learning. Almost every author of talent, at some time or other, becomes the mark at which ridicule is aimed. In this particular case, the most modest and retired habits, as well as the most exalted talents, were dragged out with circumstances of laughter and contempt, by men very inferior to Gray, either in the strictness of their moral character, or in the depth and extent of their literary attainments. Yet, while I think their ridicule was not happy or successful, I do not see those marks of rancour and malevolence in their design, which so often imbitter and disgrace the Satires of Churchill,* which the intemperance of youth, I am afraid, can hardly excuse; and which must raise constant disgust in those, who read the works of that powerful, though unfinished writer. Dr. Warton, in his notes on Pope,† says, “The Odes of Gray were burlesqued by two men of wit and genius; *who, however, once owned to me, that they repented of the attempt.*”

* Churchill mentions Gray in a poem called ‘The Journey,’ and particularly Armstrong: the latter, in language of unbecoming and inexcusable asperity. Mrs. Chapone in a Letter dated 1764, says,—“You keep my genius down continually by throwing cold water on its dying embers; and terrifying my poor muse, as much as Churchill does that of Gray.” Chapone’s Letters, vol. ii. p. 164.

† See Warton’s Pope, vol. i. p. 236.

During Gray's residence in London, he became slightly acquainted with the amiable naturalist Mr. Stillingfleet, whose death took place a few months after his own.* At the request of Mr. Montagu, he wrote an 'Epitaph on Sir William Williams,' who was killed at the siege of Belleisle. In 1762 the professorship of modern history became vacant by the death of Mr. Turner. By the advice of his friends, he applied to Lord Bute for the place, through the medium of Sir Henry Erskine. He was refused; and the professorship was given to Mr. Brocket, the tutor of Sir James Lowther. "And so (says Gray, humorously passing over his disappointment) I have made my fortune like Sir Francis Wronghead."

In the summer of 1765, he took a journey into Scotland, to improve his health, which was becoming more weak and uncertain, as well as to gratify his curiosity with the natural beauties and antiquities of that wild and romantic country. He went through Edinburgh and Perth to Glames-Castle, the residence of Lord Strathmore, where he stayed some time. Thence he took a short excursion into the Highlands, crossing Perthshire by Loch-Tay, and pursuing the road from Dunkeld to Inverness, as far as the pass of Gillikrankie. Then returning to Dunkeld, he travelled on the Stirling road to Edinburgh. "His account of his journey,

* Mr. Benjamin Stillingfleet died December 15, 1771, aged 69. A very pleasing tribute to his memory has lately been paid by the Rev. Mr. Coxe; by a careful selection from his unpublished Works, and a Life of him, and his literary friends, in three volumes 8vo. 1811.

{says Dr. Johnson,) so far as it extends, is curious and elegant: for as his comprehension was ample, his curiosity extended to all the works of art, all the appearances of nature, and all the monuments of past events." In Scotland he formed an acquaintance with Dr. Beattie; who had been the first to welcome him on his arrival in the North, with a testimony of the high admiration in which he held his genius and his character; and which was truly valuable, because it was the voluntary praise of one, who himself possessed the feeling, and power of a poet. I transcribe Dr. Beattie's Letter, from his *Life*, published by Sir William Forbes:—

"Marischal College of Aberdeen, 30th of August, 1765.

"If I thought it necessary to offer an apology for venturing to address you in this abrupt manner, I should be very much at a loss how to begin. I might plead my admiration of your genius, and my attachment to your character; but who is he that could not with truth urge the same excuse for intruding upon your retirement? I might plead my earnest desire to be personally acquainted with a man, whom I have so long and so passionately admired in his writings; but thousands, of greater consequence than I, are ambitious of the same honour. I, indeed, must either flatter myself that no apology is necessary, or otherwise, I must despair of obtaining what has long been the object of my most ardent wishes. I must for ever forfeit all hopes of seeing you, and conversing with you.

"It was yesterday I received the agreeable news of your being in Scotland, and of your intending to visit some parts of it. Will

you permit us to hope, that we shall have an opportunity at Aberdeen, of thanking you in person, for the honour you have done to Britain, and to the poetic art, by your inestimable compositions, and of offering you all that we have that deserves your acceptance; namely, hearts full of esteem, respect, and affection? If you cannot come so far northward, let me at least be acquainted with the place of your residence, and permitted to wait on you. Forgive, sir, this request: forgive me, if I urge it with earnestness, for indeed it concerns me nearly: and do me the justice to believe, that I am with the most sincere attachment, and most respectful esteem," &c.

Gray declined the honour which the University of Aberdeen was disposed to confer on him, (of the degree of doctor of laws,) lest it might appear a slight and contempt of his own University, "where (he says) he passed so many easy and happy hours of his life, where he had once lived from choice, and continued to do so from obligation." In one of his conversations with Dr. Beattie,* who expressed himself with less admiration of Dryden than Gray thought his due; he told him, "that if there was any excellence in his own numbers, he had learned it wholly from that great poet; and pressed him with great earnestness to study him, as his choice of words and versification was singularly happy and harmonious."—"Remember Dryden, (he also wrote,) and be blind to all his faults." †

* See Beattie's *Essay on Poetry and Music*, 4to., p. 360 (note).

† Mr. Mason, in his *Life of Whitehead*, p. 17, says, "that Gray, who admired

Part of the summer of 1766 Gray passed in a tour in Kent, and at the house of his friend Mr. Robinson, on the skirts of Barham Down. In 1767 he again left Cambridge, and went to the North of England, on a visit to Dr. Wharton. He had intended a second tour to Scotland, but returned to London without accomplishing his design. At Dr. Beattie's desire, a new edition of his Poems was published by Foulis at Glasgow; and at the same time Dodsley was also printing them in London. In both these editions, the 'Long Story' was omitted, as the plates from Bentley's designs were worn out: and Gray said, "that its only use, which was to explain the prints, was gone." Some pieces of Welch and Norwegian Poetry, written in a bold and original manner, were inserted in its place: of which the 'Descent of Odin' is undoubtedly the most valuable, though in many places it is exceedingly obscure. I have mentioned, in the notes to this poem, that Gray translated only that part of it which he found in the Latin

Dryden almost beyond bounds, used to say of a very juvenile poem of his, in Tonson's Miscellany, written on the Death of Lord Halifax, that it gave not so much as the slightest promise of his future excellency, and seemed to indicate a bad natural ear for versification. I believe Derrick reprinted this poem in his edition of Dryden." There is no poem that I can discover by Dryden on the Death of Lord Halifax; but I suppose Mr. Mason meant a Poem on the Death of Lord Hastings, written when Dryden was only eighteen, and at Westminster school, and which is the first poem in Derrick's Collection; and is also in p. 116 of the first volume of Tonson's Miscellany. These lines are certainly most singularly inharmonious, with much of the strained allusion and rough style of Donne. At the end of 'Halifax's Miscellanies,' there is an anonymous poem to his memory, of considerable merit; but I am not able to say by whom it is written.

version of Bartholinus; and to this cause much of the obscurity is owing. In a letter to Walpole* he says, "As to what you say to me civilly,—that I ought to write more,—I reply in your own words, like the pamphleteer who is going to confute you out of your own mouth: 'What has one to do, when turned of fifty, but really to think of finishing?' However, I will be candid, for you seem to be so with me, and avow to you, that till fourscore and upward, whenever the humour takes me, I will write; because I like it, and because I like myself better when I do so. If I do not write much, it is because I cannot."—To his Odes, Gray now found it necessary to add some notes, "Partly (he says) from justice, to acknowledge a debt when I had borrowed any thing: partly from ill-temper, just to tell the gentle reader, that Edward the First was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the Witch of Endor."

In 1768 the professorship of modern history again became vacant by the accidental death of Mr. Brocket; and the Duke of Grafton, then in power, at the request of Mr. Stonehewer, immediately bestowed it upon Gray.† In 1769, on the death of the Duke of Newcastle,‡ the Duke of Grafton was elected to the chancellorship of the University. His installation took place in

* See Walpole's Works, vol. v. p. 374, Letter viii.

† The professorship became vacant on Sunday, and the Duke of Grafton wrote to Gray on the following Wednesday: see Walpole's Letters, vol. v. p. 137.

‡ The Duke of Newcastle died in Lincoln's Inn Fields, the 17th of November 1768, in the 77th year of his age.

the summer; and Gray wrote the Ode that was set to music on the occasion: "He thought it better that Gratitude should sing, than Expectation." He told Dr. Beattie, "that he considered himself bound in gratitude to the Duke of Grafton, to write this Ode; and that he foresaw the abuse that would be thrown on him for it, but did not think it worth his while to avoid it." He did not appear to set much value on the poem, for he says, "it cannot last above a single day, or if its existence be prolonged beyond that period, it must be by means of newspaper-parodies, and witless criticism."

When this ceremony was past, he went on a tour to the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. His friend Dr. Wharton, who was to be his companion on the journey, was seized with the return of an asthmatic attack on the first day, and went home. To this accident we are indebted for a most elegant and lively journal of his tour, intended for his friend's amusement. The style in which these letters are written, is evidently the production of a person thoroughly accustomed to the contemplation of his subject; it is peculiarly clear, simple and elegant; and abounds with those picturesque descriptions, which, though they can never enable language totally to supply, can at least make it much assist, the local powers of the pencil. "He that reads his epistolary narrative (says Dr. Johnson) wishes, that to travel, and to tell his travels, had been more of his employment: but it is by staying at home, that we must obtain the ability of travelling with intelligence and improvement."

In April 1770 he complains much of a depression of spirits, talks of an intended tour into Wales in the summer, and of meeting his friend Dr. Wharton at Mr. Mason's. In July, however, he was still at Cambridge, and wrote to Dr. Beattie, complaining of illness and pain in his head; and in this letter, he sent him some criticisms on the first book of the *Minstrel*, which have since been published.* His tour took place in the autumn: but not a single letter is preserved in Mr. Mason's book on this journey, to any of his correspondents. He wrote no journal, and travelled with Mr. Nicholls, † of Blundeston, in Suffolk, a gentleman lately deceased.

In May 1771 he wrote to Dr. Wharton, just sketching the outlines of his Tour in Wales and some of the adjacent Counties. This is the last letter that remains in Mr. Mason's Collection. He there complains of an incurable cough, of spirits habitually low,

* See Forbes's *Life of Beattie*, vol. i. p. 197, 4to. lett. xlv.

† The taste of Mr. Nicholls enabled him to adorn, in the midst of a flat and agricultural county, and on the bleak eastern shore of England, a little valley, near Lowestoff, with beauties of no ordinary kind. "La villa (says Mr. Mathias) del Sig. Nicholls, detta *Blundeston*, alla spiaggia Orientale della contéa de *Suffolk*, due miglia lontana dal mare, disposta, ed ornata da lui con singolare fantasia, e con giudizio squisito. Il Sig. Gray, de' Lirici Britannici Sovrano, vide già con ammirazione, e molto ancora attendea dal genio del disegnatore." See a note in the first volume of '*Aggiunta ai Componimenti Lirici*,' &c. p. ii. and xi. But alas! instead of the "i mobili cristalli d'un limpidissimo lago," are we not reminded of

" — — Questi valli

Circondati di stagnanti fiumi

Quando cade dal ciel, più lenta pioggia—"

and of the uneasiness which the thought of the duties of his professorship gave him, which, after having held nearly three years, Mr. Mason says he had now a determined resolution to resign. He mentions also different plans of amusement and travel, that he had projected ; but which unfortunately were not to be accomplished. Within a few days after the date of this last letter, he removed to London, where his health more and more declined. His physician, Dr. Gisborne, advised freer air, and he went to Kensington. There he in some degree revived, and returned to Cambridge, intending to go from that place to Old Park, near Durham, the residence of his friend Dr. Wharton. In the spring of 1769 or 1770, his friend Mr. Robinson saw Gray for the last time, in his lodgings in Jermyn Street. He was then ill, and in a state of apparent decay, and low spirits. He expressed regret that he had done so little in literature ; and began to lament, that at last, when he had become easy in his circumstances, he had lost his health. But in this he checked himself, feeling that it was wrong to repine at the decrees of Providence. On the 24th of July, while at dinner in the College hall, he was seized with an attack of the gout* in his stomach. The violence of the disease resisted all the powers of medicine : on the 29th he was seized with convulsions, which returned more violently on the 30th ; and he expired in the evening of that day, in the fifty-fifth year of his age ;

* In a letter from Paris, August 11, 1771, H. Walpole says, on hearing the report of Gray's death,—“ He called on me, but two or three days before I came hither : he complained of being ill, and talked of the gout in his stomach ; but I expected his death no more than my own.”

sensible almost to the last : aware of his danger, and expressing, says his friend Dr. Brown, no visible concern at the thought of his approaching death. The care of his funeral devolved on one of his executors Dr. Brown, the president of Pembroke-hall ; who saw him buried, as he desired in his will, by the side of his mother, in the church-yard of Stoke. His other executor and friend Mr. Mason was at that time absent in a distant part of Yorkshire, and when Dr. Brown wrote to him during Gray's short illness, he says, " as I felt strongly at the time what Tacitus has so well expressed on a similar occasion, I may with propriety use his words : ' Mihi, præter acerbitatem amici erepti, auget mœstitiam, quod adsidere valetudini, fovere deficientem, satiari vultu, complexu non contigit.' " *

Such was the life of Gray, who, however few his works, † must still hold a very distinguished rank among the English poets, for the excellence of his compositions, and for the splendour of his genius. Though the events of his life which I have briefly

* In 1778 Mason erected a monument for Gray in Westminster Abbey, with the following inscription :

" No more the Grecian muse unrivall'd reigns,
To Britain let the nations homage pay ;
She felt a Homer's fire, in Milton's strains,
A Pindar's rapture, in the lyre of Gray."

† " Gray joins to the sublimity of Milton, the elegance and harmony of Pope ; and nothing is wanting, to render him, perhaps, *the first poet in the English language, but to have written a little more.*"—A. Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments, vol. i. p. 255.

sketched, are of common occurrence, and offer nothing in themselves to excite great interest in the reader; yet there is surely some pleasure in contemplating the progress of a virtuous and enlightened mind, early withdrawn from public life to the stillness of the academic cloister; and confining its pleasures and prospects within the serenity of a studious retirement. Nor is it, I think, without some feelings of admiration, that we reflect on the history of a life so constantly, and unremittingly, devoted to the pursuit of knowledge, and the general improvement of the mind, for its own sake, and as a final purpose. Motives, which have no honourable connection with literature, are yet often instrumental in increasing it. The desire of wealth, of station, or of rank in a profession, is the constant and common incentive to mental exertion; and is dignified, perhaps not improperly, by the name of honest ambition. Even among those of a nobler nature, the desire of being distinguished in their own, and after-ages, for the endowments of their mind, and the energies of their genius, acts as a perpetual spur towards the increase of their exertions. Much of this feeling does not appear to have existed in the mind of Gray. To him, study seemed to bring all the reward he asked, in its own gratification; and his progress in learning was constant; even in the absence of those quickening motives, which, in almost all cases, are necessary to preserve men, either from weariness in the toil of original composition, or from indolence in the acquisition, and arrangement, of the materials of collected knowledge. That the publications of Gray, however, were so few, is to be attributed, I think, to several causes:—to the natural modesty and reservedness of his disposition; to the situation of life in which he was placed,

without any profession or public duty that might lead his thoughts, and studies in a particular direction; to his habit of submitting nothing to publication, without bestowing on it that polish and correctness, which demands long and patient attention, and which indeed seems incompatible with works of any magnitude or number: to the extent and variety of his research; and to the great temptations to read,* in a place which afforded a ready and almost boundless supply of materials to satisfy him in any branch of knowledge; and which would constantly induce him, to make fresh accessions to his information, and to open new channels of inquiry. “ I shall be happy (says Mr. Mason in a letter to Dr. Beattie) to know that the remaining books of your ‘ Minstrel ’ are likewise to be published soon. The next best thing, after instructing the world profitably, is to amuse it innocently. England has lost that man (Gray) who, of all others in it, was best qualified for both these purposes; but who, from early chagrin and disappointment, had imbibed a disinclination to employ his talents beyond the sphere of self-satisfaction and improvement.”

Of Gray’s person, his biographer has given no account: and Lord Orford † has but just mentioned it. The earliest picture of him, is that which was taken when he was fifteen years of age, by Richardson. It is now in the possession of Mr. Robinson of Cambridge, and by his permission has been engraved for this edition.

* Mr. Mason says, that Gray often mentioned to him, that reading was much more agreeable to him than writing.

† See Walpoliana, vol. i. p. 95.

The other portrait in this volume, was painted by Eckardt, and engraved in the Works of Lord Orford.* It is at Strawberry-Hill, and the design was taken from the Portrait of a Musician, by Vandyck, at the Duke of Grafton's. This print was intended to be prefixed to Bentley's edition of Gray's Odes, with a motto from Lucan, (x. 296,)

“ *Nec licuit populis, parvum te, Nile, videre :*”†

but Gray's extreme repugnance to the proposal, obliged his friends to drop it after the engraving was commenced. The print which Mr. Mason placed before his edition of the Life of Gray in quarto, was from a picture by Wilson, drawn after the death of Gray, from his own and Mr. Mason's recollection ; and which is now in the possession of Pembroke-College, by the bequest of Mr. Stonehewer. The engraving, however, has not preserved the character of the countenance, and is, on the whole, an unfavourable likeness. It is from this same picture, I understand, that the print prefixed to Mr. Mathias's edition is taken. To the edition of the Life in octavo, is prefixed a better resemblance, etched by W. Doughty, from a drawing by Mr. Mason : and from this outline, two other portraits have proceeded : one by a Mr. Sharpe of Cambridge ; and the other, which is now extremely rare, by the late Mr. Hen-

* See Walpole's Works, vol. ii. p. 431, 436 ; and vol. v. p. 352.

† Dr. Warton, in his Notes on Pope (vol. i. p. 282), remarks that Fontenelle had applied the very same line to Newton : and he adds :—“ A motto to Mr. Gray's few, but exquisite poems might be from Lueretius, lib. iv. ver. 181 and 907 :

“ *‘ Suavidicis potius quam multis versibus edam,
Parvus ut est cycni melior canor——’*”

shaw, a pupil of Bartolozzi's.* In this latter print, a very correct and spirited likeness is preserved. A portrait of Gray, bearing a resemblance to Mr. Mason's etching, and probably painted by him, I have seen in the library of Lord Harcourt, at Nuneham.

The Political opinions of Gray, H. Walpole says he never rightly understood : " sometimes he seemed inclined to the side of authority, and sometimes to that of the people." † Mr. Mason has mentioned nothing concerning any singularity in his sentiments about Religion ; and there is, I believe, no passage in his published Letters, either to support, or absolutely to oppose, the assertion made on this subject in the Walpoliana. ‡ I must confess myself disinclined to believe it, in any degree, upon the authority of a few words, apparently used in conversation, and which afterwards appeared, without proof or comment, in an anonymous publication. The personal friends of Gray, who could have cleared up this point, are, I believe all dead : but I cannot find, that, in the place where he so constantly resided, or among those who have enjoyed the best opportunities of hearing about his opinions, the slightest suspicions existed, which could at all confirm the assertion of Walpole. I shall merely mention, that in a letter to Mr.

* Dr. Turner, the Master of Pembroke-Hall, and Dean of Norwich, has two profile shades of Gray, taken with an instrument for that purpose, by a Mr. Mapletoft, formerly a fellow of that college, one of which conveys a strong resemblance.

† See Walpoliana, vol. i. p. 29. published by Mr. Pinkerton.

‡ Ibid. vol. i. p. 95.

Mason,* speaking of Rousseau's 'Lettres de la Montagne,' he says: "It is a weak attempt to separate *miracles* from the *mortality* of the Gospel; the latter he would think, he believes was sent from God, and the former he very explicitly takes for an imposture." In a letter to H. Walpole,† he gives an account of some manuscript writings of Middleton against Waterland, on the doctrine of the Trinity; but he expresses an approbation of no other part of them than of the style. He tells Dr. Wharton,‡—"Though I do not approve the spirit of his (Middleton's) books; methinks 'tis pity the world should lose so rare a thing as a good writer." Whenever Gray writes to his friends on religious subjects, it is with uncommon seriousness, warmth, and piety. Even Walpole calls him "a violent enemy of atheists, such as he took Voltaire and Hume to be." His sentiments on Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke are well known: and Mr. Mason§ has very properly pointed out to the attention of his readers, the scorn and contempt with which he invariably mentions the works of those writers who endeavoured to disseminate the baneful doctrines of infidelity.

—"In conversation, H. Walpole|| mentions, that Gray was so circumspect in his usual language, that it seemed unnatural, though

* See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 95.

† See Walpole's Works, vol. v. p. 391.

‡ See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 124.

§ See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 210: and Walpoliana, vol. i. p. 95.

|| See Walpole's Thoughts on Comedy, p. 332.

it was only pure English:”—Dr. Beattie writes,* “Gray’s letters very much resemble what his conversation was. He had none of the airs of either a scholar or a poet; and though on those and all other subjects he spoke to me with the utmost freedom, and without any reserve, he was, in general company, much more silent than one could have wished.” And in a letter to Sir William Forbes, he says,—“I am sorry you did not see Mr. Gray on his return: you would have been much pleased with him. Setting aside his merit as a poet, which however, in my opinion, is greater than any of his contemporaries can boast, in this or any other nation; I found him possess of the most exact taste, the soundest judgment, and the most extensive learning. He is happy in a singular facility of expression. His conversation abounds in original observations, delivered with no appearance of sententious formality, and seeming to arise spontaneously, without study or premeditation. I passed two very agreeable days with him at Glammis, and found him as easy in his manners, and as communicative and frank, as I could have wished.”

To record the trifling and minute peculiarities of manners, unless they reflect considerable light upon the character which is delineated, does not seem to be a necessary part of the duty of a biographer. The little and singular habits of behaviour which are gradually formed in the seclusion of a studious life, are not always

* See Beattie’s Letters to Sir W. Forbes, in the ‘Life of Dr. Beattie,’ vol. ii. 4to. p. 321.

viewed in a just light, and without prejudice, by our contemporaries; and at a distance of time they are necessarily represented without those nice, but discriminating touches that belong to them; and are stripped of that connection of circumstances, with which they can alone be painted with justness and precision. Some few observations, however, of this nature, made by the friends of Gray, I have placed in this edition,* without presuming myself to make any remarks on their correctness: but I have great pleasure in adding a slight sketch of his character, drawn by a contemporary poet, the late translator of *Æschylus*. †—“ If there is a writer (says Mr. Potter) who more than others has a claim to be exempted from his [Dr. Johnson’s] petulance, Mr. Gray has that claim. His own polished manners restrained him from ever giving offence to any good man; his warm and cheerful benevolence endeared him to all his friends; though he lived long in a college, he lived not *sullenly* there, but in a liberal intercourse with the wisest and most virtuous men of his time. He was perhaps the most learned man of the age, but his mind never contracted the rust of pedantry. He had too good an understanding to neglect that urbanity which renders society pleasing: his conversation was instructing, elegant, and agreeable. Superior knowledge, an exquisite taste in the fine arts, and, above all, purity of morals, and an unaffected reve-

* See Appendix C.

† See Inquiry into some Passages in Dr. Johnson’s Lives of the Poets, particularly his Observations on Lyric Poetry, and the Odes of Gray; by R. Potter, No. 1783.

rence for religion, made this excellent person an ornament to society, and an honour to human nature.”

Soon after the death of Gray, a sketch of his character was drawn up by the Rev. Mr. Temple.* This account has been adopted both by Mr. Mason and Dr. Johnson: it was considered by the former to be an impartial summary of his character, and it seems therefore not improper to introduce it into this narrative; though I must confess that, in my own opinion, it appears to be defective in several material points; nor is it sketched in that masterly and decisive manner, that leaves a fuller likeness scarcely to be desired. Its prominent defect however is, that it has thrown into the back-ground the peculiar and distinguishing features of the mind of Gray;—I mean his poetical invention, and his rich and splendid imagination;—while it is too exclusively confined in detailing the produce of his studies, and the extent of his acquired knowledge. Nor is any mention made in this portrait of his mental character, of that talent of *humour* † which he possessed in

* William Johnson Temple, LL. B., of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge, 1766, formerly rector of Mamhead, Devon, to which he was presented by the Earl of Lisburne; and exchanged it for St. Gluvias. He published an *Essay on the Clergy, their Studies, Recreations, Doctrines, Influence, &c.*, 1774, 8vo. See *Annual Register*, 1796, p. 64. He also published ‘*Historical and Political Memoirs*,’ 8vo.; and ‘*On the Abuses of Unrestrained Power, an Historical Essay*,’ 1778, 8vo. He died August 8, 1796. This character of Gray originally appeared in the *London Magazine* for March 1772.

† See some observations on this subject in Mason’s *Memoirs of Gray*, vol. iii. p. 127.

a very considerable degree; and which was displayed, both in his conversation, and correspondence. Lord Orford used to assert, “that Gray never wrote any thing easily, but things of humour;” and added, “that humour was his natural and original turn.” A late writer (Dr. Campbell) has remarked “the transcendent excellence of Shakspeare in the province of *humour*, as well as in the *pathetic* :”* and I have elsewhere had occasion to observe, how strongly the bent of Gray’s mind inclined towards this latter quality of composition; and with what distinguishing features it appears in his poetry. The examples of these two eminent writers whom I have mentioned, appear sufficiently to strengthen the excellent observation made by Mr. D. Stewart, in a note to his Philosophical Essays (p. 584): “that a talent for the *pathetic*, and a talent for *humour*, are generally united in the same person: *wit*,” he observes, “is more nearly allied to a taste for the *sublime*.”

To return, however, to the observations of Mr. Temple:—“Perhaps (he writes) Mr. Gray 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; had read all the original historians of England, France, and Italy; and was a great antiquarian. Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, † made a

* See ‘Philosophy of Rhetoric,’ vol. i. p. 57.

† How comprehensive the account is, which Mr. Temple gives of the studies of Gray, which embraced criticism, metaphysics, morals, and politics, may be seen by

principal part of his study. Voyages and Travels of all sorts were his favourite amusements; and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening.* With such a fund of knowledge, his conversation must have been equally instructing and entertaining. But he was also a good man, a man of virtue and humanity. There is no character without some speck, some imperfection; and I think the greatest defect in his, was an affectation in delicacy;† or rather effeminacy, and a visible fastidiousness or contempt and disdain of his inferiors in science. He also had

comparing it with the following passage of Hume, as quoted by Mr. D. Stewart in his Life of Reid, p. lviii. “In these four sciences, of logic, (which is here meant, says Mr. Stewart, as that science which explains the principles and operations of our reasoning faculty, and the nature of our ideas,) morals, criticism, and politics, is comprehended almost every thing which it can any way import us to be acquainted with; or which can tend to the improvement or ornament of the human mind.”

* Mr. Mason says that Gray disclaimed any skill in gardening, and held it in little estimation; declaring himself to be only charmed with the bolder features of unadorned nature. See also in Mason’s English Garden, book iii. 25, the speech which he puts into the mouth of Gray, as agreeable to his sentiments:

“— Sovereign queen!—

Behold, and tremble, while thou view’st her state
 Throned 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 crags of Borrow-dale;
 And try like those, to pile thy range of rock,
 In rude tumultuous chaos!”

† Shenstone, in his Essays, (p. 248,) remarks “the *delicacy* of Gray’s manners:” and the editor of the *Censura Literaria* says, “I have learned from several who knew him intimately, that the sensibility of Gray was even morbid; and often very

in some degree that weakness which disgusted Voltaire so much in Congreve. Though he seemed to value others chiefly according to the progress they had made in knowledge, yet he could not bear to be considered 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 memorials 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 shown 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 practice of virtue, in that state, wherein God has placed us."

To this account Mr. Mason has added more particularly, from the information of Mr. Tyson,* of Bene't College, that Gray's skill in zoology was extremely accurate. He had not only

fastidious, and troublesome to his friends. He seemed frequently overwhelmed by the ordinary intercourse, and ordinary affairs of life. Coarse manners, and vulgar, or unrefined sentiments overset him." Vol. v. p. 406.—But Mr. Mason says, "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." See *Memoirs*, vol. iv. p. 237.

* This appears by a note in Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. vii.

concentrated in his Linnæus, all that other writers had said, but had altered the style of the Swedish naturalist, to classical and elegant Latin. From modern writers he had also illustrated many difficult passages in the zoological treatises of Aristotle. His account of English Insects was more perfect than any that had then appeared; and it has lately been mentioned,* “as a circumstance not generally known, that he translated the Linnæan Genera, or Characters of Insects, into elegant Latin hexameters; some specimens of which have been preserved by his friends, though they were never intended for publication.”

Botany, which he studied in early life, under the direction of his uncle, Mr. Antrobus, formed also the amusement and pursuit of his later years. He made frequent experiments on flowers, to mark the mode and progress of their vegetation. “For many of the latter years of his life (says Mr. Cole), Gray dedicated his hours to the study of Botany; in which he was eminently conspicuous. He had Linnæus’s Works interleaved, always before him, when I have accidentally called upon him.” His knowledge

* See Shaw’s Zoological Lectures, vol. i. p. 3. In the library of the late Rev. George Ashby, of Barrow, was a copy of Linnæus, 12th edit. 1766, interleaved, in three vols. 4to. with MS. notes and additions by Gray: with drawings of shells, &c. Another copy of Linnæus, in the same library, possessed a few Ornithological papers in the hand-writing of Gray, which I now possess; and which I mention, only because they serve as an additional proof of the accuracy and minuteness with which he prosecuted that branch of his studies in natural history.—Since this note was originally written, extracts from these works have been published in the edition of Mr. Mathias. See vol. ii. 548 to 580.

of architecture has been mentioned before. Mr. Mason says, that while Gray was abroad, he studied the Roman proportions both in ancient ruins, and in the works of Palladio. In his later years, he applied himself to Gothic and Saxon architecture, with such industry and sagacity, that he could, at first sight, pronounce on the precise time when any particular part of our cathedrals was erected. For this purpose he trusted less to written accounts and books, than to the internal evidence of the buildings themselves. He invented also several terms of art, the better to explain his meaning on this subject. Of heraldry, to which he applied as a preparatory science, he was a complete master, and left behind him many curious genealogical papers. “After what I have said of Gray, (I use the words of the Rev. Mr. Cole,) in respect to the beauty and elegance of his poetical compositions, it will hardly be believed, that he condescended to look into the study of antiquities. Yet he told me that he was deeply read in Dugdale, Hearne, Spelman, and others of that class; and that he took as much delight in that study, as ever he did in any other. Indeed, I myself saw many specimens of his industry in his collections from various manuscripts in the British Museum. His collections related chiefly to English history little known, or falsified by our historians, and some pedigrees.” His taste in music was excellent, and formed on the study of the great Italian masters who flourished about the time of Pergolesi;* he himself per-

* Gray was not partial to the music of Handel: but Mr. Price (from whom I derive this information) adds, “that he used to speak with wonder of that Chorus in the Oratorio of Jephtha, beginning,—‘No more to Ammon’s God and King.’”—See ‘Essays on the Picturesque,’ vol. ii. p. 191, note; ed. 1794.

formed upon the harpsichord. And it is said that he sung to his own accompaniment on that instrument, with great taste, and feeling. Vocal music, and that only, was what he chiefly regarded. Gray acquired also great facility and accuracy in the knowledge of painting. When he was in Italy, he drew up a paper containing several subjects proper for painting, which he had never seen executed; and affixed the names* of different masters to each piece, to show which of their pencils he thought would be most proper to treat it. A curious List of Painters, from the Revival of the Art, to the Beginning of the last Century, was also formed by him, with great accuracy and attention. It was published for the first time, in Mr. Malone's edition of the Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds; † and has been lately reprinted among the collected productions of Mr. Mason. In his Anecdotes of Painting, H. Walpole owns himself much indebted to Gray, for information both in architecture and painting. ‡ “He condescended to correct (he says) what he never would have condescended to write:” and to him was owing the discovery of a valuable artist in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, whose name was Theodore Haveus, for some time employed at Caius-College, § at Cam-

* See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 98.

† See Sir J. Reynolds's Works, vol. iii. p. 293; and Mr. Mason's Works, vol. iii. p. 227.

‡ See Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting, p. 99 and 141.

§ “In Caius-College, is a good portrait on board of Dr. Keys (not in profile), undoubtedly original, and dated 1563, ætatis suæ 53; with Latin verses and mottos: and in the same room hangs an old picture, (bad at first, and now almost effaced by

bridge; who was at once an architect, sculptor, and painter; and who possessed that diversity, as well as depth of talent in the arts, which appeared in such extraordinary splendour at the revival of literature, but of which, I believe, we have no instance recorded, in the history of ancient times.*

To the papers of Gray, the late Mr. Pennant owned himself much indebted for many corrections and observations on the antiquities of London.† Indeed, the variety and extreme accuracy of his studies, even considering the leisure which he possessed, is not a little surprising; and though he published little or nothing, his reputation for extensive learning was thoroughly established; *Retinuit famam, sine experimento*. “Excepting pure mathematics,

cleaning,) of a man in a slashed doublet, dark curled hair, and beard, looking like a foreigner, and holding a pair of compasses, and by his side a polyedron, composed of twelve pentagons. This is undoubtedly *Theodore Hævus* himself, who, from all these circumstances, seems to have been an architect, sculptor, and painter; and having worked many years for Dr. Caius and the College, in gratitude left behind him his own picture.” Walpole’s *Anecdotes of Painting*, p. 143, 4to.

* Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, and Julio Romano were architects and I believe sculptors, as well as painters; but it was reserved for the genius of Michael Angelo, to add to the most profound knowledge of those arts, the mind and the expression of the poet. When Dr. Warton, in his *Essay on Pope* (vol. i. p. 157), said that he could not recollect any painters that were good poets, except Salvator Rosa, and Charles Vermander, of Mulbrac in Flanders; he surely did not mean to except the poetry of this most extraordinary man. Pliny, in his *Natural History*, mentions the names of some ancient artists who were philosophers; see lib. xxxv. c. 10, 11.

† See Pennant’s ‘*London*,’ p. 62, 4to. Mr. Pennant had the use of an interleaved copy of ‘*London and its Environs*,’ with notes by Mr. Gray, which is in Lord Harcourt’s possession.

(says Mr. Mason,) and the studies dependent on that science, there was hardly any part of human learning in which he had not acquired a competent skill; in most of them, a consummate mastery." He followed most implicitly the rule, which he so often inculcated to his friends,* that happiness consists in employment. "To find one's self business (he writes) I am persuaded is the great art of life. I am never so angry as when I hear my acquaintance wishing they had been bred to some poking profession, or employed in some office of drudgery; as if it were pleasanter to be at the command of other people, than at one's own; and as if they could not go, unless they were wound up: yet I know and feel what they mean by this complaint; it proves that some spirit, something of genius (more than common) is required to teach a man how to employ himself."

With regard to Classical learning, there seems every reason to suppose that he was a profound, as well as an elegant scholar. He thought once, it is said, of publishing an edition of Strabo, and left behind him many copious notes, and curious geographical disquisitions, particularly with respect to Persia, and India. He bestowed uncommon labour on the *Anthologia Græca*, inserting critical emendations and additional epigrams, besides a copious index. On Plato (Mr. Mason says) he bestowed indefatigable pains; leaving a quantity of critical and explanatory notes on al-

* See Walpole's Works, vol. v. p. 398, Lett. XI. And Mason's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 17, Lett. XXV.; and p. 53, Lett. XXXVI., to Dr. Wharton.

most every part of his works. These notes have now been published* in the edition of Mr. Mathias, and they are fully sufficient to show the respect and attention, with which he studied the writings of that great philosopher. They relate chiefly to antiquity and history; whether he attended much to verbal criticism, either in the Greek or Latin language, does not appear. I should be inclined to think, that he read the ancient writers, not so much as a critic, but with the more extended, and ampler views of the historian, and the philosopher: all that was in any way connected with the fine arts, with the poetry, the philosophy, and the history of Greece and Rome, he studied with attention; and some of the authors whom he perused, could only be relished by one, who possessed an intimate, and copious knowledge, of the language in which they wrote. How far Mr. Mathias may have consulted the reputation of Gray, in the extracts which he has lately made from

* Some notes on the *Iov* of Plato, by Thomas Gray, were published in the 'Musæi Oxoniensis Literarii Conspectus,' Fasc. ii. p. 39—48; a publication which was conducted by the present Bishop of St. David's, and which consists of three numbers. "Grayii (says the editor) poetæ celeberrimi, observationes in Platonis Ionem, pro liberalitate suâ, mihi describendas benignissime permisit poeta celeberrimus, Gulielmus Mason. Excerptæ sunt e spisso volumine Grayii observationum ineditarum in universa Platonis Opera, in Strabonem, et Geographos antiquos, in vetustissimos Poetas Anglicos, in Ecclesias Cathedrales Angliæ, &c. scriptarum magna eruditione, summa diligentia, raro ingenio et judicio acri, ita ut poeta ille cultissimus in vatum eruditorum numero, unâ cum Miltono, merito censeri queat. Observationes in Ionem quanquam paucae sint, doctrinæ ubertatem produnt, et judicii acumen. Ex his, quidem nonnullæ de rebus haud obscuris dictæ videantur; pauci tamen homines de aliqua re admoneri dedignabuntur, quam sui gratia notatu dignam putavit Grayius."

the manuscripts at Pembroke, the voice of the public will in time decide. In the mean while, I cannot but observe, that so far as regards the observations on English metre, the remarks on Lydgate, the excellent, and highly entertaining analysis of the Aves of Aristophanes, and the English and Latin translations, there surely can be but one sentiment of approbation and gratitude. I confess, that if I had been placed in the situation of the editor, I should have hesitated most, as to the propriety of publishing the notes on Aristophanes, and the geographical disquisitions on India.

It is not, I believe, generally known, that Gray assisted Ross* (the editor of the *Epistolæ Familiares* of Cicero, with English notes) in an anonymous pamphlet† which he published against

* See the Selections from the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. iv. p. 392. In the Miscellaneous Tracts of Bowyer, 4to. are many letters of Markland, shewing great contempt for a person, whose name is not mentioned.—This was *Ross*. See p. 573, 574, 576, &c. The letters at p. 575, 518, dated June 20, 1749, and June 14th, 1756, which speak in severe terms of a book then published, relate, I believe, to Hurd's *Horace*.

† The title of this pamphlet is, 'A Dissertation in which the Defence of P. Sylla, ascribed to M. Tullius Cicero, is clearly proved to be spurious, after the Manner of Mr. Markland; with some introductory Remarks on other Writings of the Ancients, never before suspected.' It is written in a sarcastic style, against Markland; but with a display of learning very inferior to that of the excellent scholar against whom it was directed, and in a disposition very dissimilar to the candour and fairness which accompanied the writings of Markland. In a MS. note in the first leaf of his copy of Markland, Gray writes:—"This book is answered in an ingenious way, but the irony not quite transparent."

the Criticisms of Markland, on some of the Epistles, and Orations of Cicero. Gray's own copy of Markland's Treatise is now before me. The notes which he has written in it, display a familiar knowledge of the structure of the Latin language, and answer some of the objections of that ingenious critic; who had not then learnt the caution, in verbal criticism and conjectural emendation, which he well knew how to value, when an editor of Euripides.*

In the Latin poems of Gray, † some errors have been pointed

* In 1741, Orator Tunstall (with some assistance from Markland) published his doubts of the authenticity of the letters between Cicero and Brutus, (which Middleton had considered as genuine in his Life of Cicero,) in a Latin Dissertation. This Middleton called, "a frivolous, captious, disingenuous piece of criticism;" answered it in English, and published the disputed epistles with a translation. Upon this, Orator Tunstall in 1744 published his 'Observations on the Epistles, representing several evident marks of forgery in them, in answer to the late pretences of the Rev. Dr. Conyers Middleton.' Markland, in 1745, published his arguments on the same side of the question, adding a Dissertation on four Orations ascribed to Cicero, viz. 1. Ad Quirites post reditum. 2. Post reditum in Senatu. 3. Pro Domo sua, ad Pontifices. 4. De Haruspium Responsis. This called forth the pamphlet from Ross, I believe, in the following year, but the book has no date. This controversy was continued by 'A Dissertation in which the Observations of a late Pamphlet on the Writings of the Ancients, after the Manner of Mr. Markland, are clearly answered; those Passages in Tully corrected, on which some of the Objections are founded; with Amendments of a few Pieces of Criticism in Mr. Markland's Epistola Critica. London, 1746, 8vo.' Gesner published some Strictures on Markland in the *Comm. Acad. Reg. Götting.* t. iii. 223—284: which Wolf wonders Markland did not answer; as he had *blown his pipes louder* than Tunstall. Saxius mistakes Ross's pamphlet for a serious one: and says that he attacks Cicero's Oration pro Sulla, "Harduinâ pæne licentiâ."

† In the Gentleman's Magazine, 1801, vol. lxxi. p. 591, is a letter from a Mr.

out in the notes. One or two of them are evidently mistakes arising from haste; and the others do not at all derogate from the reputation which he has acquired for his classical attainments, and the elegance and purity of his compositions. Heinsius discovered some mistakes in quantity, among the poems of Milton, when they first appeared; and Vavassor* detected many inaccuracies in metre and grammar, in the poetical volume published by Beza. The Latin poems of Buchanan, beautiful and classical as they are in their spirit, and language, are not without defects both of grammar, and of prosody. Indeed some faults † of this kind are cer-

Edmund C. Mason, Sheffield, relating an anecdote of Gray, and containing a Latin poem, which he says, is the production of the poet; and a Greek translation of it, by West. This gentleman, however, has not given any account of the authenticity of his manuscript.

* Vavassor was as modest a judge of his own merits, as he was a severe censor of the imperfections of others. He prophesied, that while Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, Tibullus, &c. were destroyed in the conflagration of the last day, his poetry should survive the ruins of the universe. Thus, while the Heathen Poet was to be transformed only into a swan; the Holy Father was to rise a phœnix. The 'prophecy concludes in these lines:

“ Sola tot ex Scriptis, leto indignante, superstes
 Æternum (scio, materies sic te tua poscit,
 Atque extrema sibi hæc Christus miracula debet)
 Musa *Vavassori* servabere, tempore, et igni,
 Major, et ipsa tuum mox servatura poetam.”

† Mr. Mason says, “ A learned and ingenious person, to whom I communicated the Latin poems after they were printed off, was of opinion that they contain some few expressions not warranted by any good authority; and that there are one or two false quantities to be found in them. I had once an intention to cancel the pages, and correct the passages objected to, according to my friend's criticisms; but, on

tainly not inexcusable, when composing in a language not our own. Gray's Latin poetry, however, appears to me to be peculiarly forcible and correct; and formed attentively after the best models—Virgil and Lucretius. Dr. Johnson, who was a good judge of the purity of Latin composition (although he did not always himself compose with that classical exactness which may be desired), allowed, “that it were reasonable to wish Gray had prosecuted his design of excelling in Latin poetry; for though there is at present some embarrassment in his phrase, and some harshness in his lyric numbers, his copiousness of language is such as very few possess; and his lines, even when imperfect, discover a writer whom practice would have made skilful.” If Gray, however, should need any further defence, it must be observed, that his Latin poems were never intended by him for publication, if we except the two that he wrote at College; that they were found by his executors among his own papers, or those of his friends, and that they did not receive his last corrections.*

I have never understood that his knowledge of modern languages extended beyond the French and Italian: these, however, he studied when he was abroad with considerable diligence, and

second thoughts, I deemed it best to let them stand exactly as I found them in the manuscripts. The accurate classical reader will perhaps be best pleased with finding out the faulty passages himself; and his candour will easily make the proper allowances for any little mistakes in verses, which, he will consider, never had the *author's last hand*.” *Memoirs*, vol. iv. p. 234.

* The ode written at the Grande Chartreuse perhaps ought also to be excepted.

cultivated afterwards, in the leisure which he enjoyed at home. Indeed his acquaintance with the beautiful works of the Tuscan bards, has contributed in no small degree, to enrich and adorn many passages of his English poetry:

“ Dum vagus, Ausonias nunc per umbras,
Nunc Britannica per vireta ludit.”

It remains now only to speak of an intended publication in English literature, which Gray mentioned in an advertisement to the *Imitation of the Welsh Odes*, and which was an ‘*History of English Poetry*.’ It appears that Warburton had communicated to Mr. Mason, a paper of Pope’s, which contained the first sketch of a plan for a work of that nature, and which was printed in the *Life of Pope* by Ruffhead, and subsequently in many other works.

“Milton (says Dryden in the preface to his *Fables*) was the poetical son of Spenser, and Mr. Waller of Fairfax; for we have our lineal descents and clans as well as other families.” Upon this principle, Pope* drew up his little catalogue of the English

* Pope observed to Spence that “Michael Drayton was one of the imitators of Spenser, and Fairfax another. Milton, in his first pieces, is an evident follower of Spenser too, in his famous *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, and some others. Carew (a bad Waller), Waller himself, and Lord Lansdown, are all of one school; as Sir John Suckling, Sir John Minnes and Prior, are of another. Crashaw is a coarse sort of Cowley; he was a follower too of Petrarch and Marino, but most of Marino. He and Cowley were good friends; and the latter has a good copy of verses on his death. About this pitch were Stanley (the author of the *Opinions of Philosophers*); Randolph, though rather superior; and Sylvester, though rather of a lower form. Cartwright and Bishop Corbet are of this class of poets; and Ruggle, the

poets;* and Gray was so much pleased with the method of arrangement which Pope had struck out, that on Mr. Mason's agreeing to assist him, he examined and considerably enlarged the plan. He meant in the introduction, to ascertain the Origin of Rhyme; to give specimens of the Provençal Scaldic, British, and Saxon poetry: and when the different sources of English poetry were ascertained, the history was to commence with the school of Chaucer. Mr. Mason collected but few materials for this purpose; but Gray, besides writing his imitations of Norse and Welsh poetry, made many curious and elaborate disquisitions into the origin of rhyme, and the variety of metre to be found in the ancient poets. He transcribed many passages from Lidgate, from the manuscripts which he found at Cambridge, remarking the beauties and defects, of this immediate scholar of Chaucer.

About this time, however, T. Warton was engaged in a work of the same nature; and Gray, fatigued with the extent of his plan,

author of the Counter-Scuffle, might be admitted among them. Herbert is lower than Crashaw, Sir John Beaumont higher, and Donne a good deal so." [Spence's Anecdotes, quoted in] Malone's Dryden, vol. iv. p. 589.

* I have placed Pope's Catalogue of the Poets in the Appendix D. (with Gray's Letter on the same subject), with some observations upon it. It is singular that this sketch of Pope's should have been so often printed, without any of the editors, except Mr. Malone, pointing out its mistakes and inaccuracies. It disagrees also, in many points, with the account which he gave to Spence; printed in the preceding note. I must observe, that this catalogue is printed by Mr. Mathias, in a far more correct manner, than that, in which it usually appears. It is published by him from Gray's own hand-writing; and many of the inaccuracies pointed out by Mr. Malone, are only the blunders of printers and transcribers.

relinquished his undertaking, and sent a copy of his design to Warton; of whose abilities, from his observations on Spenser, Mr. Mason says, he entertained an high opinion. It is well known, that Warton did not adopt this plan; and gave his reasons for his departure from it, in the preface to his history. Gray died some years before Warton's publication appeared;* but Mr. Mason mentions it with praise, in a note in the fourth volume of his *Memoirs of Gray*, where he calls it, "a work, which, as the author proceeds in it through more enlightened periods, will undoubtedly give the world as high an idea of his critical taste, as the present specimen does of his indefatigable researches into antiquity."

In the short, and I am afraid, imperfect account which I have now given of the life and character of Gray, I may be permitted, before I close the narrative, to express my own sincere admiration of that splendid genius, that exquisite taste, that profound and extensive erudition, those numerous accomplishments, and those real and unassuming merits, which will preserve for him a very eminent reputation, exclusively of that, which he so justly enjoys in his rank among the English poets. His life, indeed, did not abound with change of incident, or variety of situation; it was not blessed with the happiness of domestic endearments, nor spent in the bosom of social intercourse; but it was constantly and contentedly employed in the improvement of the various talents with which he was so highly gifted; in a sedulous cultivation both of

* Gray died in July 1771, and Warton's first volume appeared in 1774.

the moral and intellectual powers ; in the study of wisdom, and in the practice of virtue.

To present his poetry to the public, in a more correct, as well as in a completer form, than it has yet appeared, has been the design of this edition. And I am willing to hope, that I have made no unacceptable present to the literary world, in enabling them for the first time to read the genuine correspondence of Gray, in an enlarged as well as authentic form. Assuredly, to some, his letters will not be less interesting than his poetry ; and they will be read by all who are desirous of estimating, not only the variety of his learning, and the richness and playfulness of his fancy, but the excellence of his private character, the genuine goodness of his heart, his sound and serious views of life, and his warm and zealous affection towards his friends.

A P P E N D I X .

APPENDIX A.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

OF

MR. THOMAS GRAY.

Extracted from the Registry of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury.

IN the Name of God. *Amen.* I Thomas Gray of Pembroke-Hall in the University of Cambridge, being of sound mind and in good health of body, yet ignorant how long these blessings may be indulged me, do make this my Last Will and Testament in manner and form following. First, I do desire that my body may be deposited in the vault, made by my late dear mother in the churchyard of Stoke-Pogeis, near Slough in Buckinghamshire, by 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 the father's side, now of Calcutta in Bengal, the sum of five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, now standing in my name. I give to Anna Lady Goring, also my second cousin by the father's side, of the county of Sussex, five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, and a pair of large blue and white old Japan china jars. *Item,* I give to Mary Antrobus of Cambridge, spinster, my second cousin by the mother's side, all that my freehold estate and house in the parish of St. Michael, Cornhill, London, now let at the yearly rent of sixty-five pounds, and in the occupation of Mr. Nortgeth perfumer, provided that she pay,

out of the said rent, by half-yearly payments, 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 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 Anna Rogers my late aunt) belong solely and entirely to me, together with all overplus of interest in the mean-time accruing. Further, if at the time of my decease there shall be any arrear of salary due to me from his Majesty's Treasury, I give all such arrears to the said Mary Antrobus. *Item*, I give to Mrs. Dorothy Comyns of Cambridge, my other second cousin by the mother's side, the sums of six hundred pounds old South-sea annuities, of three hundred pounds four *per cent.* Bank annuities consolidated, and of two hundred pounds three *per cent.* Bank annuities consolidated, all now standing in my name. I give to Richard Stonehewer, esq. one of his Majesty's Commissioners of Excise, the sum of five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, and I beg his acceptance of one of my diamond rings. I give to Dr. Thomas Wharton, of Old Park in the Bishoprick of Durham, five hundred pounds reduced Bank annuities, and desire him also to accept of one of my diamond rings. I give to my servant, Stephen 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 expenses of my funeral are discharged, all the residue of my personal estate, whatsoever, I do hereby give and bequeath to the said Reverend William Mason, and to the Reverend Mr. James Browne, President of Pembroke-Hall, Cambridge, to be equally divided between them, desiring them to apply the

sum of two hundred pounds to an use of charity concerning which I have already informed them. And I do hereby constitute and appoint them, the said William Mason and James Browne, to be joint executors of this my Last Will and Testament. And if any relation of mine, or other legatee, shall go about to molest or commence any suit against my said executors in the execution of their office, I do, as far as the law will permit me, hereby revoke and make void all such bequests or legacies as I had given to that person or persons, and give it to be divided between my said executors and residuary legatees, whose integrity and kindness I have so long experienced, and who can best judge of my true intention and meaning. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 2d day of July, 1770. THO. 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 12th 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.*

APPENDIX B.

THE following curious paper I owe to the kindness of Sir Egerton Brydges and his friend Mr. Haslewood. It was discovered in a volume of manuscript law cases, purchased by the latter gentleman at the sale of the late Isaac Reed's books. It is a case submitted by the mother of Gray to the opinion of an eminent civilian in 1735; and it proves, that to the great and single exertions of this admirable woman, Gray was indebted for his education, and consequently for the happiness of his life. The sorrow and the mournful affection with which he dwelt on his mother's memory, serves to shew the deep sense he retained of what she suffered, as well as what she did for him. Those who have read the Memoirs of Kirk White in Mr. Southey's Narrative, will recognise the similarity of the situation in which the two poets were placed, in their entrance into life; and they will see, that if maternal love and courage had not stepped in, in both cases, their genius and talents would have been lost in the ignorance, or stifled by the selfishness, of those about them.

CASE.

“ Philip Gray, before his marriage with his wife, (then Dorothy Antrobus, and who was then partner with her sister Mary Antrobus,) entered into articles of agreement with the said Dorothy, and Mary, and their brother Robert Antrobus, that the said Dorothy's stock in trade (which was then 240*l.*) should be employed by the said Mary in the said trade, and that the same, and all profits arising thereby, should be for the sole benefit of the said Dorothy, notwithstanding her intended coverture, and her sole receipts alone a sufficient discharge to the said Mary and her brother Robert Antrobus, who was made trustee. But in case either the said Philip or Dorothy dies, then the same to be assigned to the survivor.

“ That in pursuance of the said articles, the said Mary, with the assistance of the said Dorothy her sister, hath carried on the said trade for near

thirty years, with tolerable success for the said Dorothy. That she hath been no charge to the said Philip; and during all the said time, hath not only found herself in all manner of apparel, but also for all her children, to the number of twelve, and most of the furniture of his house; and paying 40*l.* a year for his shop, *almost providing every thing for her son, whilst at Eton school, and now he is at Peter-House at Cambridge.*

“ Notwithstanding which, almost ever since he hath been married, he hath used her in the most inhuman manner, by beating, kicking, punching, and with the most vile and abusive language; that she hath been in the utmost fear and danger of her life, and hath been obliged this last year to quit his bed, and lie with her sister. *This she was resolved, if possible, to bear; not to leave her shop of trade for the sake of her son, to be able to assist in the maintenance of him at the University, since his father won't.*

“ There is no cause for this usage, unless it be an unhappy jealousy of all mankind in general (her own brother not excepted); but no woman deserves, or hath maintained, a more virtuous character: or it is presumed if he can make her sister leave off trade, he thinks he can then come into his wife's money, but the articles are too secure for his vile purposes.

“ He daily threatens he will pursue her with all the vengeance possible, and will *ruin himself to undo her, and his only son*; in order to which he hath given warning to her sister to quit his shop, where they have carried on their trade so successfully, which will be almost their ruin: but he insists she shall go at Midsummer next; and the said Dorothy, his wife, in necessity must be forced to go along with her, to some other house and shop, to be assisting to her said sister, in the said trade, *for her own and son's support.*

“ But if she can be quiet, she neither expects or desires any help from him: but he is really so very vile in his nature, she hath all the reason to expect most troublesome usage from him that can be thought of.

QUESTION.

“ What he can, or possibly may do to molest his wife in living with her sister, and assisting in her trade, for the purposes in the said articles; and which will be the best way for her to conduct herself in this unhappy cir-

cumstance, if he should any ways be troublesome, or endeavour to force her to live with him? And whether the said Dorothy in the lifetime of the said Philip, may not by will, or otherwise, dispose of the interest, or produce, which hath, or may arise, or become due for the said stock as she shall think fit, it being apprehended as part of her separate estate?"

ANSWER.

"If Mrs. Gray should leave her husband's house, and go to live with her sister in any other, to assist her in her trade, her husband may, and probably will call her, by process in the Ecclesiastical Court, to return home and cohabit with him, which the court will compel her to do, unless she can shew cause to the contrary. She has no other defence in that case, than to make proof, before the court, of such cruelties as may induce the judge to think she cannot live in safety with her husband: then the court will decree for a separation.

"This is a most unhappy case, and such a one, as I think, if possible, should be referred to, and made up by some common friend; sentences of separation, by reason of cruelty only, being very rarely obtained.

"What the cruelties are which he has used towards her, and what proof she is able to make of them, I am yet a stranger to. She will, as she has hitherto done, bear what she reasonably can, without giving him any provocation to use her ill. If, nevertheless, he forces her out of doors, the most reputable place she can be in, is with her sister. If he will proceed to extremities, and go to law, she will be justified, if she stands upon her defence, rather perhaps than if she was plaintiff in the cause.

"As no power of making a will is reserved to Mrs. Gray, by her marriage settlement, and not only the original stock, but likewise the produce and interest which shall accrue, and be added to it, are settled upon the husband, if he survives his wife; it is my opinion she has no power to dispose of it by will, or otherwise.

"JOH. AUDLEY."

"Doctors' Commons,
Feb. 9th, 1735."

APPENDIX C.

Miscellaneous Extracts from the Manuscript Papers of the Rev. William Cole, of Milton in Cambridgeshire, relating to Gray; now in the British Museum.

I.

On Tuesday July 30th, 1771, Mr. Essex calling on me, in his way to Ely, told me that Mr. Gray was thought to be dying of the gout in his stomach. I had not heard before that he was ill, though he had been so for many days. So I sent my servant in the evening to Pembroke-Hall, to enquire after his welfare; but he was then going off, and no message could be delivered; and he died that night. He desired to be buried early in the morning at Stoke-Pogeis; * and accordingly was put in lead, and conveyed from Cambridge on Sunday morning, with a design to rest at Hoddesdon the first night, and Salt-hill on Monday night, from whence he might be very early on Tuesday morning at Stoke. He made the Master of Pembroke (his particular friend) his executor; who, with his niece Antrobus, Mr. Cummins a merchant of Cambridge, who had married her sister, and a young gentleman of Christ's-College with whom he was very intimate, went in a mourning-coach after the hearse, to see him put into his grave. He left all his books and MSS. to his particular friend

* Gray's tomb is at the end of the chancel, of Stoke-Pogeis church. At Strawberry-Hill, there is a drawing by *Bacon* of Gray's tomb, by moonlight; given to Lord Orford, by Sir Edward Walpole. See Lord Orford's Works, vol. ii. p. 425. Not far from the churchyard is the Cenotaph erected by Mr. Penn to the memory of Gray, from a design, I believe, by the late Mr. Wyatt.

Mr. Mason, with a desire that he would do with the latter what he thought proper. When he saw all was over with him, he sent an express to his friend Mr. Stonehewer, who immediately came to see him; and as Dr. Gisborne happened to be with him when the messenger came, he brought him down to Cambridge with him; which was the more lucky, as Professor P——* had refused to get up, being sent to in the night. But it was too late to do any good: and indeed he had all the assistance of the faculty† besides at Cambridge. It is said, that he has left all his fortune to his two nieces at Cambridge; and just before his death, about a month, or thereabout, he had done a very generous action, for which he was much commended.

His aunt Olliffe, an old gentlewoman of Norfolk, had left that county, two or three years, to come and live at Cambridge; and dying about the time I speak of, left him and Mr. Cummins executors and residuary legatees; but Mr. Gray generously gave up his part to his nieces, one of whom Mrs. Olliffe had taken no notice of, and who wanted it sufficiently. * * * * I was told by Alderman Burleigh, the present mayor of Cambridge, that Mr. Gray's father had been an Exchange-broker, but the fortune he had acquired of about 10,000*l.*, was greatly hurt by the fire in Cornhill; so that Mr. Gray, many years ago, sunk a good part of what was left and purchased an annuity, in order to have a fuller income. I have often seen at his chambers, in his ink-stand, a neat pyramidal blood-stone seal, with these arms at the base, viz.‡ a lion rampant, within a bordure engrailed, being those of the name of Gray, and belonged, as he told me, to his father. His mother was in the millinery way of business. His person was small, well put together, and latterly tending to plumpness. He was all his life remarkably sober and temperate. I think, I heard him say he never was across a horse's back in his life. He gave me a

* Dr. P—— certainly refused to get up to attend Gray in his last illness; but it was to be considered, that he was grown old, and had found it necessary to adopt this rule with all his patients. ED.

† Dr Glynn was Gray's physician at Cambridge, and likewise a very intimate friend. ED.

‡ Sir Egerton Brydges informs me, that Gray's arms are the same as those of Lord Gray of Scotland; who claimed a relationship with him, (see Mason's Memoirs, vol. iv. lett. 55.) and as the present Earl Grey's.

small print or etching of himself by Mr. Mason, which is extremely like him.

II.

I am apt to think the characters of Voiture and Mr. Gray were very similar. They were both little men, very nice and exact in their persons and dress, most lively and agreeable in conversation, except that Mr. Gray was apt to be too satirical, and both of them full of affectation. In *Gil Blas*, the print of Scipio in the arbour, beginning to tell his own adventures to Gil Blas, Antonia, and Beatrix, was so like the countenance of Mr. Gray, that if he sat for it, it could not be more so. It is in a 12mo edition in four volumes, printed at Amsterdam, chez Herman Vytwerf, 1735, in the 4th volume, p.94.—p. m. It is ten times more like him than his print before Mason's *Life of him*, which is horrible, and makes him a fury. That little one done by Mr. Mason is like him; and placid Mr. Tyson spoilt the other by altering it.

III.

It must have been about the year 1770, that Dr. Farmer and Mr. Gray ever met, to be acquainted together, as about that time I met them at Mr. Oldham's chambers, in Peter-House, to dinner. Before, they had been shy of each other; and though Mr. Farmer was then esteemed one of the most ingenious men in the University, yet Mr. Gray's singular niceness in the choice of his acquaintance made him appear fastidious to a great degree, to all who were not acquainted with his manner. Indeed, there did not seem to be any probability of any great intimacy from the style and manner of each of them. The one a cheerful, companionable, hearty, open, downright man, of no great regard to dress or common forms of behaviour: the other, of a most fastidious and recluse distance of carriage, rather averse to sociability, but of the graver turn; nice, and elegant in his person, dress, and behaviour, even to a degree of finicalness and effeminacy. So that nothing but their extensive learning and abilities could ever have coalesced two such different men, and both of great value in their own line and walk. They were ever after great friends;

and Dr. Farmer, and all of his acquaintance, had soon after too much reason to lament his loss, and the shortness of their acquaintance.

IV.

Two Latin Epitaphs in the Church of Burnham, in Buckinghamshire, supposed to be from the pen of Mr. Gray, (published from Cole's MSS. in the *European Magazine*, July 1804.)

Huic Loco prope adsunt Cineres

ROBERTI ANTROBUS.

Vir fuit, si quis unquam fuit, Amicorum amans,

Et Amicis amandus.

Ita Ingenio et Doctrinâ valuit,

Ut suis Hōnori fuerit, et aliis Commodo.

Si Mores respicis, probus et humanus.

Si Animum, semper sibi constans.

Si Fortunam, plura meruit quam tulit.

In Memoriam defuncti posuit

Hoc Marmor

Frater { amantissimus } J. Rogers. A. D. 1731.
 { mœstissimus }

M. S.

Jonathani Rogers,

Qui Juris inter Negotia diu versatus,
 Opibus modicis laudabili Industriâ partis,

Extremos Vitæ Annos

Sibi, Amicis, Deo dicavit.

Humanitati ejus nihil Otium detraxit,

Nihil Integritati Negotia.

Quænam bonæ Spei justior Causa,

Quam perpetua Morum Innocentia,

Animus erga Deum reverenter affectus,

Erga omnes Homines benevole ?

Vixit Ann. lxxv. Ob. Stoke in Com. Bucks.

A. D. MDCCXLII. Octob. xxxi.

Anna, Conjux mœstissima,
per Annos xxxii.

Nullâ unquam intercedente
Querimoniâ

Omnium Curarum Particeps,
Hoc Marmor

(Sub quo et suos Cineres juxta condi destinat)

Pictatis Officium heu! ultimum,

P. C.

V.

From the Information of Sir Egerton Brydges, K. J. M. P.

Among the friends of Gray, was the Rev. William Robinson, (third brother of Mrs. Montagu,) of Denton Court, near Canterbury, and rector of Burfield, Berks. He was educated at Westminster, and at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he formed a particular intimacy with Gray, who twice* visited him at Denton. He died Dec. 1803, aged about seventy-five. Mr. Robinson was an admirable classical scholar, to whose taste Gray paid great deference. He did not consider Mr. Mason as equal to the task of writing Gray's Life; and on that account when Mason (from his knowledge of Mr. R.'s intimacy with Gray) communicated his intention to him, Mr. Robinson declined returning him an answer, which produced a coolness between them which was never afterwards made up. Mr. Robinson, however, owned that Mason had executed his task better than he had expected. The 'Lines on Lord Holland's House at Kingsgate,' were written when on a visit to Mr. Robinson, and found in the drawer of Gray's dressing-table after he was gone. They were restored to him; for he had no other copy, and had forgotten them. What was the real ground of the quarrel between Gray and Walpole when abroad, I do not know;

* See the beautiful description of Kentish scenery, written on this tour, in Gray's Letters, by Mason.

but have reason to believe that it was of too deep a nature ever to be eradicated from Gray's bosom; which I gather from certain expressions half dropped to Mr. Robinson. Mr. R. thought Gray not only a great poet, but an exemplary, amiable, and virtuous man. Gray's poem on 'Lord Holland' first appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. xlvii. p. 624, and vol. xlviii. p. 88; that on 'Jemmy Twitcher,' in vol. lii. p. 39.

When he went to court to kiss the king's hand for his place, he felt a mixture of shyness and pride, which he expressed to one of his intimate friends in terms of strong ill-humour.

APPENDIX D.

CLASSIFICATION OF THE POETS,

FORMED BY POPE.

ÆRA I.

Rymer 2d part. p. 65, 66, 67, 77. Petrarch, 78. Catal. of Provençals.
[Poets.]

1. School of { Chaucer's Visions.* Romaunt of the Rose. Pierce Plow-
Provence. } man. Tales from Boccace. Gower.

2. School of { Lydgate.
Chaucer. } T. Occleve.
 } Walter de Mapes.
 } Skelton.

3. School of { Earl of Surrey.
Petrarch. } Sir Thomas Wyat.
 } Sir Philip Sydney.
 } G. Gascoyne. Translator of Ariosto's Comedy.

4. School of { Mirror of Magistrates.
Dante. } Lord Buckhurst's Induction. Gorboduck.—[Original of
 } good Tragedy.—Seneca his Model.]

* Read. Chaucer's Romaunt of the Rose. Visions of Pierce Plowman. [Malone.]

ÆRA II.

Spenser. Col. Clout, from the School of Ariosto, and Petrarch, translated from Tasso.

5. School of Spenser, and from Italian Sonnets. { W. Brown's Pastorals.
Ph. Fletcher's Purple Island. Alabaster.
Piscatory Eclogues.
S. Daniel.
Sir Walter Raleigh.
Milton's Juvenilia. Heath. Habington.

Translators from Italian. { Golding.
Edw. Fairfax.
Harrington.

6. School of Donne. { Cowley. Davenant.
Michael Drayton.
Sir Thomas Overbury.
Randolph.
Sir John Davis.
Sir John Beaumont.
Cartwright.
Cleiveland.
Crashaw.
Bishop Corbet.
Lord Falkland.

{ Carew, } in matter, }
T. Carey, }
G. Sandys, in his } in versifi- } Models to Waller.
Par. of Job, } cation. }
Fairfax, }

{ Sir John Mennis, }
Tho. Baynal, } Originals of Hudibras.

Here are several mistakes. The first paragraph under Æra II. viz. "Spenser. Col. Clout, from the School of Ariosto, and Petrarch, translated from Tasso," is unintelligible. We have no English poem by *Alabaster*. Golding, I believe, translated nothing from the Italian. Sir John Davies and Drayton wrote nearly as soon as Donne. Carew, and T. Carey, are the same person; and Thomas Carew, the person meant, had published nothing when Waller wrote his first poem. There is no poet of the name of Baynal. The person meant, I suspect, was Tho. *Randal*, in which way the name of *Randolph* the poet was often written in the last century; and Pope might not have known that *Randolph*, whom he mentioned before, and Tho. *Randal*, were the same person. [Malone.]

To these observations by Mr. Malone, I shall add, that there does not seem to be any just ground for placing Chaucer in the school of Provence. Mr. Tyrwhitt says: "As to Chaucer's *language*, I have not observed, in any of his writings, a single *phrase* or *word*, which has the least appearance of having been fetched by him from the south of the Loire. With respect to the *manner* and *matter* of his compositions, till some clear instance of imitation be produced, I shall be slow to believe, that in either he ever copied the poets of Provence, with whose works, I apprehend, he had very little, if any, acquaintance." [Cant. Tales, pref. p. xxxv.] Even T. Warton, in his Emendations and Additions to his second volume [p. 458], says: "I have never affirmed that Chaucer imitated the Provençal bards; although it is by no means improbable that he might have known their tales." Secondly, Davenant and Drayton can never be placed in the school of *Donne*. Drayton should be ranked with Spenser; where indeed Pope, in his conversation with Spence, placed him: and Davenant is a poet who approaches nearer to Shakspeare, in the beauty of his descriptions, the tenderness of his thoughts, the seriousness of his feeling, and the wildness of his fancy. Cartwright did not imitate Donne: and Cleveland is a writer of a very peculiar style, which he formed for himself. "The obtrusion of *new* words on his hearers (says Dryden) is what the world has blamed in our satirist Cleveland. To express a thing hard, and unnaturally, is his new way of elocution. There is this difference between his Satires and Donne's, That the one gives us *deep* thoughts in common language, though rough cadence; the other gives us common thoughts in abstruse words." Essay on Dramatic Poesy, p. 63, 64.

Letter from T. Gray, to Thomas Warton.

Sir,

Our friend, Dr. Hurd, having long ago desired me, in your name, to communicate any fragments or sketches of a design, I once had, to give a History of English Poetry, you may well think me rude or negligent, when you see me hesitating for so many months, before I comply with your request; and yet, believe me, few of your friends have been better pleased than I, to find this subject, (surely neither unentertaining, nor unuseful,) had fallen into hands so likely to do it justice. Few have felt a higher esteem for your talents, your taste, and industry. In truth, the only cause of my delay, has been a sort of diffidence, that would not let me send you any thing, so short, so slight, and so imperfect as the few materials I had begun to collect, or the observations I had made on them. A sketch of the division or arrangement of the subject, however, I venture to transcribe; and would wish to know, whether it corresponds in any thing with your own plan, for I am told your first volume is in the press.

INTRODUCTION.

On the poetry of the Galic or Celtic nations, as far back as it can be traced. On that of the Goths, its introduction into these islands by the Saxons and Danes, and its duration. On the origin of rhyme among the Franks, the Saxons, and Provençaux. Some account of the Latin rhyming poetry, from its early origin, down to the fifteenth century.

PART I.

On the School of Provence, which rose about the year 1100, and was soon followed by the French and Italians. Their heroic poetry, or romances in verse, allegories, fabliaux, syrviertes, comedies, farces, canzoni, sonnetts, balades, madrigals, sestines, &c. Of their imitators, the French;

and of the first Italian School, commonly called the Sicilian, about the year 1200, brought to perfection by Dante, Petrarch, Boccace, and others. State of poetry in England from the Conquest, 1066, or rather from Henry the Second's time, 1154, to the reign of Edward the Third, 1327.

PART II.

On Chaucer, who first introduced the manner of the Provençaux, improved by the Italians, into our country. His character, and merits at large. The different kinds in which he excelled. Gower, Occleve, Lydgate, Hawes, Gawen Douglas, Lyndesay, Bellenden, Dunbar, &c.

PART III.

Second Italian School, of Ariosto, Tasso, &c., an improvement on the first, occasioned by the revival of letters, the end of the fifteenth century. The Lyric Poetry of this and the former age, introduced from Italy by Lord Surrey, Sir T. Wyat, Bryan Lord Vaulx, &c. in the beginning of the sixteenth century.

PART IV.

Spenser, his character. Subject of his poem, allegoric and romantic, of Provençal invention: but his manner of tracing it borrowed from the second Italian school.—Drayton, Fairfax, Phineas Fletcher, Golding, Phaer, &c. This school ends in Milton. A third Italian school, full of conceit, began in Queen Elizabeth's reign, continued under James, and Charles the First, by Donne, Crashaw, Cleveland; carried to its height by Cowley, and ending perhaps in Sprat.

PART V.

School of France, introduced after the Restoration.—Waller, Dryden, Addison, Prior, and Pope,—which has continued to our own times.



You will observe that my idea was in some measure taken from a scribbled paper of Pope, of which I believe you have a copy. You will also see, I had excluded Dramatic poetry entirely; which if you had taken in, it would at least double the bulk and labour of your book.

I am, sir, with great esteem,

Your most humble and obedient servant,

THOMAS GRAY.

Pembroke-Hall,
April 15, 1770.

ESSAY

ON THE

POETRY OF GRAY.

- I. *On the Manner of Composition attributed to Gray by Mason.* II. *On the Harmony of his Verse, with some Remarks on Verbal Imitation in Poetry.* III. *On his Language or Poetical Diction.* IV. *On the Moral and Pathetic Character of his Writings.* V. *On the prophetic Character of the Bard ; and on the Construction of the Pindaric Ode.* VI. *On the Notes to this Edition.* VII. *On the Criticisms by Dr. Johnson on the Poetry of Gray.*

I. To ascertain the method of composition adopted by a writer of established excellence, and to discover the principles upon which he constructed his poetry, is not only a subject of reasonable curiosity ; but may prove of no small advantage in enabling us to unfold some of the causes both of his beauties and defects. Mr. Mason observes,* “ that Gray’s conceptions, as well as his manner of disposing them, were so singularly exact, that he had seldom occasion to make many, except verbal emendations, after he had first committed his lines to paper. It was never his method to sketch his general design in careless verse ; he always finished

* See Mason’s Memoirs of Gray, vol. iii. p. 157.

as he proceeded: this, though it made his execution slow, made his compositions more perfect." And in a note to that passage he adds: "I have many of his critical letters by me on my own compositions: letters, which, though they would not amuse the public in general, contain excellent lessons for young poets, from one of these I extract the following passage, which seems to explain this matter more fully: 'Extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, perspicuous, and musical, is one of the grand beauties of lyric poetry: this I have always aimed at, and never could attain. The necessity of rhyming is one great obstacle to it: another, and perhaps a stronger, is that way you have chosen, of casting down your first thoughts carelessly and at large, and then clipping them here and there at leisure. This method, after all possible pains, will leave behind it a laxity, a diffuseness. The frame of a thought (otherwise well-invented, well-turned, and well-placed) is often weakened by it. Do I talk nonsense? Or do you understand me? I am persuaded what I say is true in my head, whatever it may be in prose; for I do not pretend to write prose.'" It cannot, however, be intended, that this account should be received without considerable limitations; as there exist sufficient proofs in the fragments of Gray's poetry to shew that, like other writers, when warmed by his subject, he left one part of his poem unfinished, to arrest the images that spontaneously arose for another; and thus to preserve the chain of associations in his mind, unbroken and unimpaired. When any difficulty occurred in the conformation of one stanza, it is not probable that he permitted the fire of his imagination to grow cool, and the strength of his conceptions to be weakened; but passed on to that which presented itself in a happier and more perfect form. How far indeed the order and connexion in which our first thoughts present themselves, can be restored, if once broken, and the train of ideas recovered, which has been lost by minute exactness, and attention to other parts of the composition, is at least a questionable point; and deserving the consideration

of those, who, without possessing that exactness of conception attributed to Gray by his biographer, may endeavour to imitate the example of so successful a writer. But perhaps this method of composition, if taken in its proper sense, cannot be called the peculiar practice of the poet, but rather common to all much accustomed to arrange their thoughts in writing, and whom use has made skilful and exact. In such a case, the thoughts and language seem to be selected by the mind by an instantaneous effort; when, in fact, they arise according to the artificial arrangement and combination which have been gradually formed by the mental habits of the poet; and when they not seldom present themselves in that finished order which no future study can improve, but which seems perfected as soon as produced. This becomes at last the natural eloquence of the mind; the intimate connexion of language and thought: and according as our conceptions are clear, and our thoughts select, so will the words in which they are clothed, acquire a proportionable correctness.

I think, however, that this art, or power of the mind, though it is in a great degree to be attributed both to the natural strength, and to the discipline of the poet's mind; yet will also very much depend upon the effect of the different measures, and even styles, used in the poems, in proportion as they confine or give liberty to the genius of the writer. In a short metre, the images and language will be presented to the mind of a practised writer, by the confinement of the rhyme, and strictness of the measure, condensed, and moulded nearly into their finished form; or in other words, the mind of the writer will *feel* by experience, that such thoughts can assume a certain shape in preference to any other: and can appear, with more force and beauty, than could be produced by any different arrangement. Whereas in blank verse, and other measures of looser texture and greater length, the same thoughts would have room to expand into various shapes; would be capable of admitting different al-

terations and combinations of language; and the genius of the poet might, as it were, flower off into something of a wild and romantic luxuriance. Blank verse, and all measures of length equal to that, must derive much of their effect, from the artificial arrangement, and disposition of the style; by which words of common occurrence, and little elevated above the level of prose-writing, assume, in the unexpected order in which they are ranged, a new appearance, and a grace and dignity that would not otherwise belong to them. Accordingly, many parts of the *Paradise Lost* derive their poetical effect from the disposition of the sentences, and arrangement of the words; where the language itself is such as might be used with propriety in the plainest prose. To form this inverted language, as it may be called, so as to preserve its perspicuity, while it acquires force and elevation, demands the most skilful and the finest art of the poet; and, in proportion to its difficulty, it is reasonable to expect that alterations, and amendments will be suggested by experience. The shortness of the lyric stanza, prevents it deriving its beauties, from *much* variation in the common structure of language. There is not room to alter in any great degree the usual arrangement of words, and yet to retain that clearness of expression and transparency of thought, which is always required:

‘ No words transpos’d, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.’

Its beauties accordingly are derived from other sources, which compensate for its deficiency, in one material branch of the poetical art. Though it does not receive its chief beauty from common words skilfully arranged, it is adorned with expressions, selected with taste, and not lowered by familiarity; and while its structure does not admit the balanced and suspended harmony of a long period, it is able to assume another source of pleasure, from the agreeable impression of its rhymes. In this way, I

think, we may account for the successive changes, as well as improvements, which so often take place in poems that afford a wide scope to the language of the writer, and which cannot be always attributed to inexperience, or want of practice; as in the different editions of the Seasons*

* The authority of Dr. Johnson has given currency to an opinion, that the Seasons of Thomson have not been much improved by the successive alterations of every fresh edition. He says, that they lost that *raciness* which they at first possessed. This opinion, I may venture to say, is by no means correct. They improved very much and very rapidly in the course of the second and third edition; so much so, that I have often been struck, in reading them in the different stages of their improvement, with the uncommon change which must have taken place in the *taste* of the author during so short a period. For this change, in some degree, I can now account satisfactorily; as I possess an interleaved copy of the Seasons (of the edition 1736) which belonged to Thomson, with his own alterations; and, with numerous alterations and additions by *Pope*, in his own writing. Almost all the amendments made by *Pope*, were adopted by Thomson in the last edition; and many lines in the Seasons, as they now stand, are *Pope's* own composition. The last four lines of the tale of *Palæmon* and *Lavinia* are *Pope's* entirely:

“The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine!
 If to the various blessings which thy house
 on me lavish'd
 Has shower'd upon me, thou that bliss wilt add,
 dearest
 That sweetest bliss, the power of blessing thee!”

The four lines which Thomson wrote, and which stood in the place of these, in the printed edition of 1736, were:

“With harvest shining all the fields are thine!
 And, if my wishes may presume so far,
 Their master too, who then indeed were blest,
 To make the daughter of *Acasto* so.”

In the same episode, Thomson had printed the following lines:

“Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self,
 Recluse among the woods; if city-dames
 Will deign their faith: and thus she went compell'd

But in the didactic poems mentioned above, their looser measures* were opened at intervals to receive, not so much the corrections of the writer's judgement, as the overflowings of his imagination; and in this respect, they may perhaps be compared to those structures built by Saxon or Saracenic architects, which may be added to, or diminished, without destroying the integrity of the whole. In such poems there is so little artificial confinement of the verse, that the alterations which may be introduced at the will of the poet, are almost endless: and I think something akin to this will be acknowledged by any one, who, being much accustomed to the stricter habits of versification, for the first time begins to devote his attention, to composition in prose. Dryden said, that the verse of four feet,† that in which *Hudibras*, and the *Fables of Gay*, and many lyrical

vogue, and which is afterwards altered by the writer himself, is generally thought at first to be altered for the worse; as was the case with *Garth's Dispensary*. People had been so accustomed to read it over and over, and even to repeat whole passages by heart, of the first edition, that their ear could not bear the change, and they thought it was their judgement. We now see fairly, that every edition was for the better." See *Paek's Miscellanies*, p. 102.

* See Dryden's Prolegomena to his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, p. 13, ed. Malone. "The great easiness of blank verse, renders the poet too luxuriant. He is tempted to say many things which might better be omitted; or at least be shut up in fewer words. But when the difficulty of artful rhyming is interposed, when the poet commonly confines his sense to his couplet, and must contrive that sense in such words that the rhyme shall naturally follow them, not they the rhyme; the fancy then gives leisure to the judgement to come in, which, seeing so heavy a tax imposed, is ready to cut off all unnecessary expenses. This last consideration has already answered an objection which some have made; that rhyme is only an embroidery of sense, to make that which is ordinary in itself, pass for excellent with less examination. But certainly that which most regulates the fancy, and gives the judgement its busiest employment, is like to bring forth the richest and clearest thoughts."

† Almost all the old metrical romances or tales are written in *short metre*. Some, like '*Kynge Horne*,' in verse of three feet only: a form of verse since used by Skelton. The assistance which this short measure, with the frequently recurring rhyme, must have given to the memory, could be no slight inducement for its continuance. The quick return of the

compositions are written, did not give him room to turn round in. "I would prefer," he says, "the verse of ten syllables, which we call the English heroic, to that of *eight*. This is truly my opinion, for this sort of number is more roomy; the thought can turn itself with greater ease in a larger compass. When the rhyme comes too thick upon us, it straitens the expression. We are thinking of the close, when we should be employed in adorning the thought. It makes a poet giddy with turning in a space too narrow for his imagination; he loses many beauties, without gaining one advantage."* Certain it is that a short measure, such as has been just described, when once clothed in words, will hardly bear any transposition or alteration: it must be left almost as it was created; or, if touched, must be modelled entirely anew.† Indeed the difficulty of

rhyme also supplied the necessity of inverted phrase, and ornamented language; and was almost the only distinction, between verse and prose. When this was found tedious from the length of the poems, and when variety was demanded, the stanza with the alternate rhyme (the *rime entrelacée*) was introduced. To this cause may be attributed the use of rhyme in the Latin language, in what are called Leonine verses. When the "Bards of those degenerate days" could no longer support the verse by its proper materials of ornamented diction, graceful rhythm, and varied cæsura, they called in the assistance of rhyme; and when rhyme was once used, all attention to the other part of the versification, became absorbed, and lost in the importance of the final word.

* See Dryden's Dissertation on the Origin and Progress of Satire, vol. iv. p. 208, ed. Malone. One of the most pleasing examples of the harmony and variety of cadence that can be given to the verse of four feet, is "the Death of the Fawn," by Andrew Marvell. Much of this arises from the pause taking place in the middle, and not at the end of the line. Through the whole of this beautiful little poem, the pauses are skillfully varied, and the effect produced is excellent. Milton has varied the cadence of verse in his Penseroso and Allegro by other methods: his pauses almost invariably occur at the end of the line. Dyer introduced the *triplet* very happily indeed into his Grongar Hill for the same purpose.

† The Italian sonnet has, I believe, been called the touchstone of genius; and it certainly cannot be composed successfully by any one who has not learned to confine his thoughts in

effecting any alteration in the lyrical stanza, with its confinement of metre and condensation of language, more especially if we also add the stricter construction by strophè and antistrophè, may be proved by any one who should attempt to vary the lines in *The Bard*, or other poems of Gray. Passages in any part of *The Seasons* might be introduced with facility; but how difficult would it be to supply, with any degree of satisfaction, the last stanza of the poem to Mr. Bentley; and how indifferently has even the poetical taste of Mr. Mason succeeded in his supplement to the *Ode on Vicissitude*!

If such had been Gray's habitual mode of composition in his lyrical verses, he would of course carry it to his poems of another form; and the additional difficulty which it would create in them, may partly account for the unfinished state, in which he left *all** these poems that are written

clear and concise language. "La brevíta del sonetto (says Lorenzo de Medici) non comporta, che una sola parola sia vana." And so Boileau, in his *L'Art Poétique*, ii. 89:

"Sur tout de ce Poëme il bannit la license ;
Lui-même en mesure, le nombre, et la cadence :
Defendit qu'un vers foible y pût jamais entrer,
Ni qu'un mot déjà mis, osât s'y remontrer.
Du reste il l'enrichit d'une beauté suprême :
Un sonnet sans défauts, vaut seul un long poëme."

This was a favourite species of composition with our elder poets, who derived their taste from Italy; with Spenser, Drayton, Daniel, and Drummond of Hawthornden. Milton was the last, I believe, of our *old* poets, who practised this species of composition; nor am I aware, that it was revived by any one before Gray wrote his beautiful 'Sonnet on the Death of West.' It certainly had no charms for Dryden or for Pope.

* The unfinished poem on the 'Alliance of Education and Government,' Mr. Mason remarks, "opens with *two similes*, an uncommon kind of an exordium;" but which he supposes the poet intentionally chose, to intimate the *analogical* method he meant to pursue in his subsequent reasonings. The younger Racine, in his *Reflexions sur la Poesie*, p. 79, has touched

in a longer and looser measure. Accustomed to the confinement of short metre, he would fluctuate in the choice of his words and expressions, when there appeared no superior reason at once to fix and enforce his decision; and the preference of language was not swayed by the measure of the poem. One may surely trace in the unusually compact style of his longer verses, that finished, close, and selected manner of composition, which belonged to another species of versification, and was brought from it. Since the first edition of this work was published, the editor has had the satisfaction of finding his opinion on this point corroborated by the authority of Mr. Gray himself. When Mr. Nicholls (says Mr. Mathias in his *Observations on Mr. Gray's Writings*, p. 52) once asked Mr. Gray why he never finished that incomparable fragment on 'The Alliance between good Government and good Education in order to produce the Happiness of Mankind,' he said *he could not*, and then explained himself in words of this kind, or to this effect: "I have been used to write chiefly lyric poetry, in which the poems being short, I have accustomed myself to polish every part of them with care; and as this has become an habit, I can scarcely write in any other manner. The labour of this, in a *long* poem, would hardly be tolerable; and if accomplished, it might possibly be deficient in effect, by wanting the chiaro-oscuro."

II. Among the distinguishing excellencies of the poetry of Gray, must of course be mentioned the peculiar harmony and variety of his versifica-

upon this point: "Une *ode* peut commencer heureusement par une *double* comparaison, comme celle d'Horace: 'Qualem ministrum fulminis alitem.' Boileau commence une chant de L'Art Poetique par une comparaison, 'Telle qu'un bergere aux plus beaux jours de fête:' et j'ai vu plusieurs personnes ne pas desapprouver a debut d'un chant d'un autre poëme:

' Tel, que brille l'eclair, qui touche au même instant
Des portes de l'aurore aux bornes du couchant,

tion. This forms one of the principal sources of pleasure that we derive from poetry; in this every ear delights in proportion to the degree of its refinement, and a cultivated taste receives an exquisite gratification. It is impossible, indeed, not to observe the greatest skill in the harmony of his verse, and the adaptation of the measures to the subject; in the beauty of the metrical transitions, and in the effect which the numbers of one line, or stanza, are made to contribute to the other. The attention of Gray, it must be observed, was not paid to that inferior part of the art of imitation in verse, the resemblance of sounds and motions, or those properties of things which can be imitated by words; but to that more extended imitation produced by the interchange and position of different measures in his poetry; by the harmony and correspondence of the different parts; by the variety of melody in arrangement and succession; and by the movement of the metre, rather than the sound of the words. This is peculiarly the province of lyrical poetry; and by this art, skilfully and properly applied, it is able to produce, perhaps, greater effects with language in a shorter compass, than any other species of poetry can do. Milton paid due attention to this point in his *Lycidas*. Some of the changes in the versification of that poem are admirably suited to the tenderness, and plaintive affection of the language: nor has he shewn less skill, and taste in some of the lyrical parts of the *Samson Agonistes*. But, generally speaking, this beauty had not received much successful attention from the lyrical poets, before the time of Gray.

Tel, que le trait fend l'air sans y marquer sa trace,
 Tel, et plus prompt encore parte le coup de la grace.'

J'en n'ai rapporté cet exemple, que parceque je n'en connois point d'autre d'un chant didactique commençant par une double comparaison." He alludes to his own poem.

It has been observed by an acute critic,* “ That, in general, the great defect of Milton’s versification, in other respects admirable, is the want of coincidences, between the pauses of the sense and sound.” If this observation † be deemed well founded, it may be partly accounted for, by considering the extreme attention paid by that learned poet to the composition of the ancient writers ; and his endeavour to introduce much of the structure and genius of their languages into his own. In Greek and Latin versification, the singularity pointed out by the critic is very observable ; not only in the hexameter, but in many of the different measures in which the lyrical poems and odes were composed, where the dissonance between the subject and melody is very sensibly felt : for as the ode, like all other poems, was originally intended to be sung or chanted, the metrical pause was of more consequence than the pause of the sense, and was therefore more particularly distinguished in the musical recitation. In the two odes to Saint Cecilia, by Dryden, and Pope ; however superior the former may be in the style and spirit of the composition, yet they both display the utmost attention in the poets, to make the sense correspond to the sound ; to which they were in some degree led, by the poetry being designed to be set to music. In the Ode to the Passions by Collins, I have always thought that a difficulty attended his execution of that subject ;

* See Lord Kames’s Elements of Criticism, vol. ii. p. 167. Dr. Priestley, in his Lectures on Oratory and Criticism, has made the same remark, and quotes the following lines from Par. Lost, ix. 44 :

——— “ Unless an age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp my intended wing.”

† In the preface by Atterbury, to the poems of Waller, (second part, 1690,) he says : “ Mr. Waller bound up his thoughts better, and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the verse he wrote in ; so that wherever the *natural stops* of that were, he contrived the *little breakings of his sense*, so as to fall in with them.”

which was to prevent himself from falling into such an excess on this point, as would destroy, or at least impair very much, the other qualities of the poem, which are essential to the production of pleasure. His taste and judgement, however, have displayed themselves remarkably in this poem; nor do I think, that there are any passages which the nicest judge could call defective on the account to which I have alluded. He is deserving the more praise, as his ode was designed for music,* and as the excess to which some writers had pushed this partial beauty, had not been sufficiently censured. How admirably the taste of Gray is shewn, in adjusting the harmony of his verse, to the subject which he describes, I may be permitted briefly to point out to the observation of his readers. The third stanza in the ‘Progress of Poetry,’ descriptive of quick and joyous, and then slow and dignified motion, and the change of numbers and of sentiment in the last stanza, may be mentioned as fit instances to corro-

* It is not unentertaining to compare the description of the imitative powers of the different musical instruments, in the poems of Collins and Pope, as well as the numbers corresponding to the different passions of the mind. There is great beauty, I think, in the former poet’s giving the same instrument, “the horn,” to the opposite passions of Melancholy and Cheerfulness, and describing the different *tones* which each could draw out of it, expressive of her feelings:

“ With eyes uprais’d, as one inspir’d,
 Pale Melancholy sate retir’d,
 And from her wild, sequester’d seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour’d through the *mellow horn, her pensive soul!*

 But, O! how alter’d was its *sprightlier tone!*
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulders flung,
 Her buskins gemm’d with morning dew,
 Blew an *inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,*” &c.

borate this assertion: indeed, I think, with respect to the exquisite harmony of its movements, this poem is formed upon more delicate principles, and with more curious attention, than ‘The Bard.’

The verse which is used in all English poetry, is formed either of what is called *even cadence*,* that is, when the acute accent falls regularly on the *second* syllable of the foot, as in the common heroic line,

“As síckly plánts betráy a níggard eárh:”

or when for the sake of variety and emphasis it is transferred to the first syllable of the foot, as

“Spréad the young thóught, and wárm the ópening heart.”

Or verse may be formed in *triple cadence*,† when the acute accent is placed on the third syllable instead of the second, as

“At the clóse of the dáy, when the hámlét is still.”

In this verse the accent cannot be varied or transposed, as in verses of *even cadence*, though the first syllable of the first foot may be omitted, as

“And mórtals the swéets of forgétfulness próve.”

The march or movement of these two measures is so extremely dissimilar, that they cannot, except in a few cases, with any grace, or beauty, be

* See some excellent observations on this subject, in the ‘Harmony of Languages,’ by Wm. Mitford, esq. 2d edit. 8vo. p. 72. 119.

† There is a *triple cadence* exactly opposite to this, when the acute accent falls on the first syllable, as in

“Mérrily, mérrily sháll we live, now
U’nder the blóssom that hángs on the bough.”

joined together. Notwithstanding this, the great variety afforded by the mixture of them in the same poem, has been a strong inducement to some poets to use them; who wanted more forcibly to express the imitation of sounds; and who could not resist so tempting a mode of effecting their purpose. By these means they expected to have the command of all movements, slow and solemn, or quick and hurrying, more completely than they could, by confining themselves to verses of one and the same cadence. In none of the lyrical poetry of Gray is this *triple cadence* used at all; nor has he wished to push the imitative harmony of his numbers further, than the regular *even cadence*, with its proper variation, would allow. In the third stanza of the ‘Progress of Poetry,’ where the change is made from quick to slow measure; it is effected by a change of accent; (throwing the acute accent on the first syllable,) but never by a change of cadence:

“Thée | the vóice | the dánce | obéy,
Tém|per’d to | thy wárb|led láy,
O’ér | Idá|lia’s vél|vet gréen.”

These three lines belong to the four-footed verse, with the omission of the first syllable of the first foot; and are the same as the first line in *The Bard*:

“Rú|in séize | thee rúth|less kíng. |”

The next verse in the stanza is the entire four-footed, and the verse following that, the three-footed:

“The ró|sy crów|ned Lóves | are séen |
On Cý|theré|a’s dáy. |”

The more equal movement of these two latter lines, forms a strong contrast with another change of measure, now going to take place, more brisk than the first three lines, in which the supernumerary, or hypercatalectic

syllable, is found; and in which six lines there are three varieties of measure, the truncated five-footed verse, the truncated four-footed verse, and the four-footed verse complete :

“ With an|tic Sport | and blue-|eyed Plea|sures,
 Frisking | light in | frolic | measures ;
 Now pur|suing, | now re|treating, |
 Now | in circ|ling troops | they meet. |
 To brisk | notes in | cadence | beating, |
 Glance | their ma|ny twin|kling feet. | ”

This quick and hurrying movement is now suddenly changed to a slow and dignified motion; the verse is the five-footed, or heroic, with alternate rhyme, like the Elegy in a Country Church-yard; and the syllables abounding with long quantities.

“ Slow mēlting strāins thēir quēen’s approāch declare:
 Whēre’er shē tūrn’s, the Grāces homāge pāy ;
 With ārms sublime thāt flōat upōn thē āir,
 In gliding stāte shē wīns hēr ēasy wāy.”

And the whole stanza is concluded with the full and stately march of the Alexandrine line :

“ O’er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love.”

How exquisitely beautiful the harmony of this stanza is; and how finely it has succeeded in its imitative powers, will be felt by all. If we now turn to the Ode to St. Cecilia by Pope, we shall find that his peculiar and express purpose was, to shew how well he could display the imitative powers of his language. To effect this, he has changed the *cadence* of his verse backwards and forwards, as best suited his design. One cannot but acknowledge the disagreeable effect of this change, and indeed, the total failure of the imitation.

“ In a sadly pleasing strain,
 Let the warbling lute complain,
 Let the loud | trumpet sound, |
 Till the roofs | all around |
 The shrill echoes rebound, |
 While in more lengthen'd notes, and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark, the numbers soft and clear,
 Gently steal upon the ear,
 Now louder, and now louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sounds the skies ;
 Exulting in triumph now swell | the bold notes, |
 In broken air trembling the wild | music floats |.”

I have chosen this stanza in preference to others, because the poetical language of it is unexceptionable, and the disagreeable effect can only be attributed to the numbers. In the whole stanza, “ He sang, and hell consented,” it is difficult to say whether the flow of the numbers, or the choice of the expression, is the most injudicious. Dryden, though not in so great a degree, has fallen into the same error, in his ode on the same subject. That which led both poets to make use of this unpleasant mixture of cadences, was the desire of imitating forcibly the expression of sounds and motions ; on which subject I shall take the liberty of offering a few remarks. The radical error in the design, has produced the failure in the execution ; the order and arrangement of harmony is lost, and the symmetry and proportion of the poem is disfigured. Collins, like Gray, has preserved himself entirely free from this faulty versification.

The lyrical poems of Gray consist in general of the mixture of the heroic, or five-footed verse, with that of four feet ; and this latter is either perfect, or else variety is produced by dropping the first syllable of the first foot. If we add to them the six-footed, or Alexandrine line, at the end of the stanza, we shall possess all the variety of measure of which

‘The Progress of Poetry’ is composed. Its *metrical* beauty it owes to those measures, with a distribution of the acute accent, according to circumstances, and an attentive change of the quantity of the syllables. Another measure, and rather a singular one, is found in the epodes of The Bard :

“ No more I weep,
They do not sleep,

—
I see them sit,
They linger yet.”

This is a very unusual metre in odes of a serious kind ; and would look more strange if the lines were printed as I have now placed them ; and as they are perfect and entire lines, each of two feet, they ought properly to be so arranged. Except in this one variation, the verse of The Bard is of the same kind as that of The Progress of Poetry and The Installation Ode ; the latter of which is the only irregular ode ever written by Gray.*

The same critic whom I lately had occasion to mention, says, “ that in reviewing the examples he had given, it appeared, contrary to expectation, that in passing from the *strongest* resemblances, to those that are *fainter*, every step affords additional pleasure. Renewing the experiment again and again, he says, I feel no wavering, but the greatest pleasure constantly from the *faintest* resemblances ; and yet how can this be ? for if the plea-

* It is well known that Dryden’s Ode to St. Cecilia was finely set to music by Handel ; and Mr. Mason says, “ Mr. Smith, a worthy pupil of Handel, intended to have set Mr. Gray’s ode, ‘The Bard,’ to music ; and Mr. Gray, whose musical feelings were exquisite, with a knowledge of the art, gave him an idea for the overture, which seemed equally proper and striking.” Pope knew nothing of music ; and asked Dr. Arbuthnot, whether Handel really deserved the applause he met with.

sure lie in the *imitation*, must not the *strongest* resemblances afford the greatest pleasure? From this vexing dilemma, I am happily relieved by reflecting on a doctrine established in the chapter of Resemblance and Contrast, that the pleasure of resemblance is the greatest when it is least expected, and when the objects compared are in their capital circumstances widely different.”* It appears to me that Lord Kames’s observation on the different effects produced by the stronger and fainter resemblances of the sound to the image is correct; but I think that the cause of the inferior pleasure he received in reading such lines as the following, which he quotes from Pope’s Homer, Od. xi. 736, is to be attributed to another source :

“ With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.”

And,

“ When the tide rushes from her trembling caves,
The rough rock roars, tumultuous boil the waves.”

In these, and lines similar to these, I should observe, that the design of producing a direct imitation of sound or motion, which is beyond the power of language to perfect, has betrayed the poet into such a structure of verse, as (if not contrary to that which is common, and which the ear

* See Lord Kames’s Elements of Criticism, vol. ii. p. 92. The observations by Lord Kames, on the pleasure of resemblance, are rather generally and loosely laid down. The truth is: that which *imitates*, may agree too closely with, or differ too widely from the object of imitation, to produce the proper degree of pleasure. A painted statue, would resemble real life too closely, and therefore be liable to the first objection. On the other hand, the produce of the needle, and the loom, and also what is called Topiary-work in gardens, is subject to the latter: as the coarseness of their materials, cannot by any art be brought to a sufficient nicety for the purpose of imitation: Painting, or colours spread on a flat surface, seem to occupy the place between the two extremes.

has by habit associated with certain metrical rules) is at least strange and unusual; forming a strong and disagreeable contrast to the general harmony of the poem; and instead of being subservient to the melody, and the regular and pleasurable flow of the metre, has in a great measure tended to destroy them. The partial success of the imitation* is too broadly and plainly obtruded on our notice; and does not endeavour to conceal its art,† but to display its dexterity. That pleasure, which must exist with all other; the gentle and equal emotion arising from the structure of the verse, and return of the rhyme; ought to reduce all the stronger features, to harmonize the bold and passionate descriptions, and to beget a temperance even in the very torrent of passion. In fact, the poet, by an error not at all unusual in the arts, has made a partial and very subservient beauty usurp the place of the primary and leading laws in the structure of versification. This cause being overlooked by the critic, is the more remarkable, as he has not been unaware of its power; having mentioned it on another occasion, though not exactly as I have now applied it. The following well-known passage in *The Fleece of Dyer*, is in many respects beautiful, and conceived in the true spirit of poetry, for which reason I have selected it in preference to other, and more striking examples. The poet here has attempted to paint his image with too bold a relief, to force it too distinctly on the mind of the reader; and by his anxiety, that not

* Du Bos, in his *Reflexions sur la Poësie*, vol. i. c. xi. & xxxv. says, that it is difficult in *French* verses to imitate the sound which the sense describes, to any great degree; the language not being copious in its *mimetic* powers, compared with the Latin and other languages. Accordingly we find this imitation much more practised by the Italian poets, whose copious and sonorous language easily admits it. Instances of it, however, are easily found in the French poets, particularly in the older writers. Dr. Beattie gives an instance from Ronsard: see his *Essay on Poetry and Music*, p. 571.

† “Ubicumque ars ostentatur, *Veritas* abesse videtur,” Quintil. *Inst. Orat.* x. 3. “*Desinit Ars esse, si appareat,*” Id. iv. 2.

the minutest touch should escape the eye, he has sacrificed some of the pleasurable emotion, arising from the melody of his versification :

“ — With easy course
 The vessels glide, unless their speed be stopped
 By dead calms, that oft lie on those smooth seas,
 While every zephyr sleeps ; then the shrouds drop ;
 The downy feather on the cordage hung,
 Moves not ; the flat sea shines like yellow gold
 Fused in the fire ; or like the marble floor
 Of some old temple wide ; but where so wide
 In old, or later time, its marble floor
 Did ever temple boast as this, which here
 Spreads its bright level many a league around.” iv. v. 250.

“ Great reserve, (says Adam Smith,*) great discretion, and a very nice discernment, are requisite in order to introduce such imperfect imitations either into poetry or music. When repeated too often, when continued too long, they appear to be, what they really are, mere trifles, in which a very inferior artist, if he will only give himself the trouble to attend to them, can easily equal the greatest. I have seen a Latin translation of Mr. Pope’s Ode on St. Cecilia’s Day, which in this respect very much excelled the original. Both in one art and the other, the difficulty is not in making them as well as they are capable of being made, but in knowing when and how far to make them at all.” The same observation which has been made on poetry, certainly seems to hold good when applied to the sister-art of music.†—“ Of all the powers of music, (says

* See his Discourse on the Imitative Arts, p. 167, 4to.

† “ Handel seldom fails to *ascend* with the word *rise*, and *descend* with the word *fall*. Purcell goes still further, and accompanies every idea of *roundness* with an endless *rotation* of notes: But what shall we say to that musician, who disgraces the poet by realising his metaphors, and in downright earnest makes the fields laugh and the valleys sing. In music, it is

Mr. Twining,*) this of raising ideas by *direct resemblance*, is confessed to be the weakest and least important. It is indeed so far from being essential to the pleasure of the art, that, unless used with great caution, judgment, and delicacy, it will destroy that pleasure, by becoming to every competent judgment offensive and ridiculous.”† The truth is, in every art there are primary and leading laws on which it is founded, and which must not give way to partial beauties. All arts have, of necessity, those principles of their own, that distinguish them from the subject of their imitation. But in their infancy, or before these principles are thoroughly settled and known, men are guided not by the certain rules of their own art, but by some fancied reference to a more distant criterion. Hence in our old poets, and in the early poetry of all nations, we find much of this attempt at direct imitation. A similar fault existed in the older schools of painting; ‡ namely, the attempt at close and direct

better to have no ideas at all, than to have false ones; and it will be safer to trust to the simple effect of impression, than to the idle conceits of a fond imitation,” Webb on Poetry and Music, p. 143.

* See Twining’s Translation of Aristotle, p. 45. And Beattie’s Essay on Poetry, p. 445, 4to. The abuse of this kind of imitation in music, is excellently ridiculed by Swift in his advice to Dr. Eccles, to compose a Cantata for the purpose. See the passage at length, in Beattie’s Essay.

† In respect to a comparison between poetry and music, as *imitative arts*, it appears that music has the power of imitation in a closer degree than poetry, in a few instances; but poetry far exceeds music in its power of imitating generally, and in its variety and number. See Harris’s Dialogues on Music, Poetry, and Painting, chap. iii. p. 74. When it is said that poetry and music imitate motions as well as sounds, it is evident that they can only imitate *motion*, by representing the *sounds*, which accompany it. They can imitate not only the slowness, and quickness of motions, in this way, but, as Dr. Campbell observes, vibration, intermission, and inequality. See The Philosophy of Rhetoric, vol. ii. p. 209.

‡ In the description of certain pictures in Shakspeare’s Taming of the Shrew, act i. sc. 4, we see that the description rests entirely upon the *direct* and *close imitation*, which always pleases those not conversant in its principles and practice. In the apprehension of the ig-

imitation, or deception, by giving great *relief* to the picture, to make it resemble life: and thus some portraits of the older masters are distinguished, not for expression of character, nor for any successful practice of the difficult and higher branches of the art; but for the persevering faithfulness and exactness with which they have transferred the images of nature to their canvass; a point to which they gave their undivided attention; and which has procured for their productions an accidental value, not as pleasing pictures, but as historical portraits of eminent persons, in whom we are interested. An experiment similar to this in painting, and proceeding from the same principles, was made in the art of statuary among the ancients; by forming the eyes of their statues of glass, or metal, so as more nearly to resemble life; the hair also was sometimes coloured; and even the lips composed of metallic plates, in order to give them additional splendour. “Ad veritatem (says Quinctilian) Lysippum et Praxitelem accessisse optimo affirmant. Nam Demetrius tanquam nimius in eâ reprehenditur; et fuit *similitudinis*, quam pulchritudinis

norant, the painting which imitates, or rather copies, nature, so as to become a *deception*, possesses that quality which to them appears the summit of the art; and therefore this striking feature in the pictures is admirably, and with the finest propriety, brought into prominent notice in this place.

Second Man. Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee strait

Adonis painted by a running brook,
 And Cytherea all in sedges hid,
 Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
 E'en as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid,
 And how she was beguiled, and surprized,
 As lively painted as the deed was done.

Third Man. Or Daphne roaming thro' a thorny wood,
 Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds;
 And at the sight shall sad Apollo weep,
 So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn."

amantior," Instit. Orat. xii. c. 10. It was, however, necessarily discovered, that all imitative arts are more or less imperfect, and confined in their powers; that they cannot, nor was it desirable that they should, copy nature with exactness, but are designed to give only a partial *imitation*; and that they must have principles of their own, adapted to their several powers, by which they are to be judged. Hence it appeared in painting, that this quality of *relief*, which produced the close imitation, opposed itself directly to one of a much higher nature, that of *fullness of effect*;* and in poetry, as I have said before, if carried to excess, it acts in the same manner precisely, by opposing the general harmony of the metre. "Adeo in illis (says the critic I just quoted) quoque est aliqua vitiosa imitatio, quorum ars omnis constat imitatione." We are to recollect,† that an *imitative* is not a *deceptive* art;‡ and if this is not permitted in sculpture, painting, and music, it surely cannot be in poetry,

* See Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses on Painting, vol. i. p. 276, ed. Malone; and Gibbon's Roman Empire, vol. v. p. 95.

† "The proper pleasure (says A. Smith) which we derive from painting and sculpture, (these two imitative arts,) so far from being the effect of *deception*, is altogether *incompatible* with it. That pleasure is founded altogether upon our wonder, at seeing an object of one kind represent so well an object of a very different kind, and upon our admiration of the art which surmounts so happily that disparity which Nature has established between them." Essays on the Imitative Arts, p. 145.

‡ The effect of *deception*, is to weary and disgust us; that of *imitation*, to delight us more and more. No one would, I should think, attempt to *compare* a fine picture in a room, with a beautiful landscape from the windows: or bring together, the strong and bold relief of Nature; its massive projections, and its deep recesses; with the flat and feeble perspective of Painting. Hence, I should object to that union of *natural* and *artificial* landscape, in the famous room at Norbury House; and in the villa of Monte Dragone, near Rome, painted by G. Poussin. Mr. Gilpin has not objected to this room; though in a few pages after he has described it,—in mentioning a statue from Otaheite, with real hair,—he says, "The mixture of *reality* and *imitation* is indeed very disgusting." See his Observations on the West of England, p. 24.

whose medium of imitation is so confined, always more remote than the two former, often more than the latter, and which, like music, can only be called an imitative art, in a sense different from that which we apply to painting and to sculpture.

I shall conclude this branch of the subject with a quotation from the Discourses of Sir Joshua Reynolds, which appears to me to be written with the usual sagacity and good sense of that author: "Poetry addresses itself to the same faculties, and the same dispositions, as painting, though by different means. The object of both is, to accommodate itself to all the natural propensities and inclinations of the human mind. The very existence of poetry depends on the license it assumes of *deviating from actual nature*, in order to gratify natural propensities by other means, which are found by experience full as capable of affording such gratification. It sets out with a language in the highest degree artificial, a construction of measured words, such as never is, nor was used by man. Let this measure be what it may, whether hexameter or any other metre used in Latin and Greek, or rhyme, or blank, varied with pauses and accents in modern languages; they are equally removed from nature, and equally a violation of common speech. When this artificial mode has been established as the vehicle of sentiment, there is another principle of the human mind to which the work must be referred, which still renders it more artificial, carries it still further from common nature, and deviates only to render it more perfect. (That principle is the sense of congruity, coherence, and consistency, which is a real existing principle in man, and it must be gratified. Therefore having once adopted a style and a measure not found in common discourse, it is required that the sentiments also should be in the same proportion elevated above common nature, from the necessity of there being an agreement of the parts among themselves, that one uniform whole may be produced."

III. From the consideration of the harmony of numbers, we naturally pass to the language used by Gray in his poems, or, as it is commonly called, his poetical diction. He says, in a letter to West,* “As to matter of style, I have this to say, The language of the age is never the language of poetry,† except among the French, whose verse, when the thought or image does not support it, differs in nothing from prose.‡ Our poetry, on the contrary, has a language peculiar to itself, to which almost every one that has written has added something, by enriching it with foreign idioms and derivations, nay sometimes words of their own composition and invention. Shakspeare and Milton have been great creators in this way; and none more licentious than Pope or Dryden, who perpetually borrow expressions from the former.” “Our language, (he also writes,) not being a settled thing, like the French, has an undoubted right to words of an hundred years old, provided antiquity has not rendered them unintelligible. In truth, Shakspeare’s language is one of his principal beauties, and he has no less advantage over Addison’s and Rowe’s in this respect, than in those other great excellencies you mention; every word in him is a picture.”

This opinion of Gray may be considered, in some degree at least, I should suppose, as the rule of his compositions; with the formation of which, indeed, it seems to coincide; with this sole distinction, that many

* See Mason’s Memoirs of Gray, vol. iii. p. 28.

† So Quintilian: “Ut *quotidiani* et semper eodem modo formati sermonis fastidium levet, et nos a *vulgari* dicendi genere defendat,” Lib. ix. c. 3, 3. And thus Aristotle, opposing the opinion of the critic Aripbrates, on some forms of expression used by the tragic poets: Διὰ γὰρ τὸ μὴ εἶναι ἐν τοῖς κυρίοις, ποιεῖ τὸ μὴ ἰδιωτικὸν ἐν τῇ λέξει ἅπαντα τὰ τιαῦτα. Ἐκείνος δὲ τοῦτο ἡγγόσει. Cap. κβ.

‡ Cercean, in his Reflexions sur la Poësie Française, attributes such power to *inversion* of language, as to make it the characteristic of French versification, and the *single* circumstance which in their language divides verse from prose.

of the idioms and expressions in his poetry, instead of reminding us of the language of the older English poets, seem to be drawn from foreign as well as native sources, from the Greek and Latin, as well as modern writers. There are passages in almost every stanza of Gray, which bring into our minds by association, some beautiful turn of expression, some bolder or some more graceful thought, some judicious introduction of foreign and metaphorical language, from the admired writers of Greece or Rome. By these means, the genius of the poet, instead of leading, seems only to accompany us into the regions of his beautiful creation; while the activity of our imagination multiplies into a thousand forms the solitary image it has received; and the memory, gathering up the most distant associations, surrounds the poet with a lustre not his own.

This elevated style seems peculiarly adapted to express the sublimity, force, and grandeur which characterize lyrical poetry; and Gray has suited the quality of the style with admirable taste to the subject of the poem. In no instance does it appear, that any expression or word which he has selected from English authority, or which he has borrowed analogically from the ancient writers, is obscure from disuse, or on account of the remote source from which it came. Nor indeed does his language ever suggest to the reader, that the thought was introduced for the sake of the expression,* or that the subject was subservient to the language; but as his feeling was correct, and his fancy elevated, so his language, as I before observed, was forcible, and his words elegant. And it is also not unworthy of observation, that though the expressions of Gray are elaborate and adorned, the feeling of the poet is not weakened or obscured, but seen

* “—— That for a tricksie word

Defy the matter.” Merchant of Venice, Act iii. Scene 6.

distinctly through the medium of his language ; so that even those readers, of a numerous class, who would have been repelled by the learned air of his expression, as very many have been by that of Milton, are yet attracted by the striking sublimity of the subject, and still more by the peculiar pathos that softens his compositions, and brings them closer to the common feelings of mankind. There is indeed great richness and splendor in his ornaments ; but, in the words of the Roman critic,* “ Ornatus et virilis, et fortis, et sanctus est ; nec effeminatam levitatem, et fucō eminentem colorem amat, sanguine et viribus nitet.”

Gray derives a very great advantage from the sources of his style being widely spread ; whence there is no appearance of his having formed his manner from any one writer, or any particular school of composition. This appears to me to be also the praise of Shakspeare, whose language, founded upon large and collective observation, is not to be imitated like that of Spenser or Milton ; as it is free from the frequent peculiarities in which they abound, and which are easily and anxiously caught by those who do not in the least participate in the genius of their model. In the choice of his words and phrases, Shakspeare appears to be in the least possible degree a mannerist. His thoughts, indeed, were often copied by the dramatic writers who lived in his days, and who enriched their poems with many a splendid fragment taken from his works. But his language was less easily to be imitated : it was the natural result of his taste and genius, entirely unfettered by the destructive rules of system.

The language of Gray, however, has not escaped without much reprehension. It has been thought too much laboured, too generally elevated,

* Quinctiliani Inst. Orator. viii. 3, 7. ed. Gesner. 4to.

and too highly adorned. On first hearing this objection, it appears that it does not act peculiarly against our poet, but might with not unequal force be urged against a whole class of writers; against Milton, perhaps Spenser, and in later times against Akenside and Collins, and Mason and T. Warton, and many other poets, who have selected the beautiful expressions and forcible language of older times, and have united them by a judicious disposition into an ornamented style of their own. In poetry as well as prose, there are various styles, each of its own peculiar merit, fitted to the genius of him who invented, adopted, or improved it; and it also must be remarked, that one species of poetry demands a style wholly different from another;—that Gray's *lyrical* style, if ornamented, is not to be censured, because Goldsmith's *descriptive* style is plain; that the Epic, the Dramatic Poem, the Elegy, the Epistle, and the Ode, are formed in models as remote as possible: “On ne songe pas, (says M. de la Motte, in the very sensible preface to his Fables,) qu'il y a plusieurs graces, qui, sans se ressembler, peuvent se remplacer les unes les autres, et faire un plaisir, égal, quoiqu'il ne soit pas le même.” This objection certainly has a tendency to establish a rule, that poetry possesses but one *generic* style or manner adapted to it; and that all other styles are more or less erroneous, in proportion as they depart from this imaginary standard of excellence.

In Gray, as it is evident that the most exquisite attention has been paid to the harmony of his numbers and the cadence of his verse, so his language also is generally elevated above that style of which the greater part of poetry consists: or, in other words, it is raised to that point, which is the level of the finer and more elaborate parts of most poems. Upon this ground, I think, the objection is founded. To which I should observe, that such a species of composition, in my opinion at least, is in no wise misplaced, but, on the other hand, is productive of the greatest beauty in that species of poetry, to which the chief part of Gray's productions is confined;

namely, the Ode. In compositions where *action* is carried on, there is something to assist the language, to supply its defects, and conceal its weakness, by an interest of its own. But lyrical poetry is conversant more generally with sentiment and description than action: it does not appeal to the passions, but is adorned with the display of the imagination. In another point of view also, in poems of greater length, the variation of the subject demands a difference of style; in epic and dramatic compositions, some parts must be subservient; in poems of great length, as it is said in great compositions in painting, considerable part *must* be common and ordinary.* Many parts *may* be of little consequence; and there may be qualities in the various branches of those compositions, hostile to embellishment. Pope, in a letter to Mr. Walsh says, “to bestow heightening on every part, is monstrous. Some parts ought to be lower than the rest: and nothing looks more ridiculous than a work, where the thoughts, however different in their own nature, seem all on a level.” Aristotle recommends the poet to reserve for those parts of the poem that display no action (ἐν τοῖς ἀργαῖς μέρεσι), the most elaborate and adorned language, knowing that in these parts, the beauty of the language must supply that interest that cannot be borrowed from the action.—To conclude this branch of the subject; as I observed, that the style or diction of Gray’s poems derived an excellence from its being formed upon wide

* This is agreeable to the opinion of D’Alembert, in his *Reflexions sur la Poësie*. “En effet, un long ouvrage doit ressembler, proportion gardée, a une longue conversation, qui pour être agréable, sans être fatigante, ne doit être vive et animée, que par intervalles. Ou dans un sujet noble, les vers cessent d’être agréables, des qu’ils sont négligés; et d’un autre côté le plaisir s’émousse par la continuité même.” See also some sensible reflections on this subject in the xviiiith Lecture, of Dr. Priestley’s *Lectures on Oratory and Criticism*. And Beattie’s *Essay on Poetry*, p. 560. 4to.

observation, and from various sources ; so, I should think the diction of his contemporary Warton liable to censure ; insomuch, as he has selected his words, his descriptions, his epithets, and the general character of his style, from the pages of a few authors, from Spenser, Milton, and the less eminent poets, Drayton and Browne, with some others :

“—— Hosce secutus
Mutatis tantum numeris:—”

a practice, which has, in my opinion at least, detracted very materially from the flow and ease of his writing, which has given to many of his poems an appearance of intended imitation, of being formed upon some particular and confined system ; instead of the genius of the poet appearing to command, arrange, and adorn all the assistance which he thought it necessary to procure. That poetry is most excellent, where the character of the poet appears with strong and visible features, through the design of the poem. The poetry of Warton does not appear to me to give us any insight into the character of the man. It seems assumed for the occasion ; and not poured out from the fullness of the mind. We form no estimate of his real tenderness, elegance, or vigour. It is the artist alone, and not the man, that is visible.* I should almost think it necessary to make some apology for the observations which I have afforded on the poetry of T. Warton, were I not confident that they proceed from the most attentive, and, as far as I am aware, the most impartial consideration of his works : nor is it to be forgotten that his great merits in other branches of the poetic art, may

* I must remark, in this place, that the observations which I have presumed to make on the poetry of Warton, do not apply to *all* his poetry. Some of his Sonnets and Odes, are written with real feeling, and true poetic character. At the same time I should not be inclined to rank ‘The Suicide’ among the happier productions of his fancy.

amply compensate for his deficiency in this. I certainly think that the system upon which he formed his phraseology was wrong: that it is not the language of nature; or of art that constantly keeps nature in view: that it is rather the production of a confined and impaired taste, excited by an unhealthy state of association in the mind: that it is not language that can be relished and enjoyed by the generality of readers; I mean of those who know and feel what true poetry is. If not, to what other criterion is it to be referred? Addison tells us, "that poetry, like all the other fine arts, is to deduce its laws from the general sense and taste of mankind." The poet indeed, and those educated in the same habits of thought, may gaze with delight on the forms of his own partial creation; but they cannot be expected to produce any effect upon the taste or feeling of society.

The compositions of all good writers have, of necessity, that difference which arises from the peculiar habits of association formed by them: and in the degree in which those habits unite with or differ from those of the world in general, arises the popularity or neglect of the poet. He who has formed his associations from a narrow system, and from a confined and partial acquaintance with general nature, must expect that his admirers will naturally be but few. As the works of the ancients, the writers of Greece and Rome, are almost universally read, are familiar to us from early age, have received the approving sanction of time, and are inferior only to the great book of Nature itself; whoever borrows from them, takes from a source with which his readers are acquainted perhaps equally with himself; where every image will bring some pleasing association, and every allusion call up a train of awakened recollections. How great then must the difference be, when we are reading the works of him whose phraseology is brought from the comparatively confined school of English poetry! To some it may be absolutely strange, and repulsive in a greater degree than the works of the old writers themselves, and that for an obvious reason:

by many others, it will be read, separated from the general mass of their knowledge, and unadorned by all the charms that the mind of the reader adds to the expression of the writer. The attention will be dissipated, and drawn from the subject to the style; a language will be presented, in which we have never been accustomed to think and reflect, and which can never repay what it loses in not being a general vehicle of thought, by appearing to be the fruit of curious and speculative attention. "Every composition (as Mr. Alison* observes) may be considered faulty or defective, in which the expression of the art is more striking than the expression of the subject." Moreover, this style separates, as it were, by an artificial contrivance, the connexion of the thought and the language; when instead of being produced together, and joined by the long-established habits of the mind in the finest and most inseparable connexions, the former seems to wait after its birth, till it is modelled and dressed by the fancy of the poet, in the garb which he most admires. To this fault in his phraseology the same writer adds another, proceeding from the same cause; namely, the bent of his mind towards a certain species of *imagery* and *subject-matter*, which, however excellent in itself, is confessedly injurious to his poetry, by too constant a repetition. Shakspeare †

* See Alison's Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste. Ed. 4to. p. 339.

† I made some remarks before on the language of Shakspeare. Cowper, in his Letters, (vol. i. let. cxxix.) observes, "that Milton had taken a long stride forward, left the language of his own day far behind him, and anticipated the expressions of a century yet to come."—Certain it is, that the style of Milton's poetry is much more easy and graceful, and has a far less antiquated appearance, than that of his prose-writings. Spenser, on the other hand, used an antiquated language by choice. Sir William Davenant, in the preface to Gondibert, remarks, that "our language did receive from his hand new grafts of old withered words." And Daniel alludes to Spenser in almost the same words, in the sonnet, which begins,

is more popular than other poets, because his thoughts are more general; expanding upon a wider theatre, connected with more popular feelings, united with more common impressions, and formed upon more extensive observation.

With regard to the diction of the tragedy of *Agrippina*,* as I think that, in lyrical poetry, Gray used the language and style most agreeable to the nature of it; so in his fragment of his tragedy, the manner of his composition, with some little exception, seems suited to the nature of his drama. He has at least avoided, and this is no common praise, mixing the more familiar and less elevated dramatic style, with the bolder lan-

“ Let others sing of knights and palladines,
 In antique phrases, and old wither'd words;
 Paint shadows, in imaginary lines, &c.”

His language, notwithstanding what some critics say, is, I think, assuredly more ancient than that of Drayton, Daniel, or the Fletchers. How much it differed from the current language of that time, may be seen by comparing it with Shakspeare. From the works of the *dramatic* writers, we may best judge of the poetical language of their days. The nature of their compositions would not receive an antiquated or obsolete diction, lest they should offend against the golden rule,

“ Populo ut placerent, quas fecisset fabulas.”

A play, whose language was obsolete, would be pardoned by neither pit, gallery, nor boxes—
 “ Non Homines, non Di, non concessere Columnæ.”

* In the Heroic verse of tragedy, the supernumerary, or hypercatalectic syllable, in general denied to the Epic poem, is used, in order to reduce the elevated style nearer to the tone of common life; to give it ease and familiarity, “ propter similitudinem sermonis.” When this syllable is used, our heroic verse is then the same as that used by the Italians, the five-footed, with the additional syllable. Shenstone remarks the melancholy and tender flow occasioned by this syllable in the plays of Otway: see his *Essays*, p. 233.

guage, the more elaborate description, the greater variety, and the complex machinery of the epic fable. He knew that the tone of tragedy was lower, and nearer to common life, as the power of its deception was less perfect, than that of the epic poem: as it affects through the medium of living action; and as the impropriety of that language would immediately be felt, which removed itself as far as it could, from that which it designed to represent. Aristotle* remarked, that the sentiments and manners were obscured by too splendid a diction; ἀποκρύπτει γὰρ πάλιν ἢ λίαν λάμπρα λέξεις, τὰ ἦθη, καὶ τὰς διανοίας. Accordingly, when a dramatic composition is highly adorned with luxuriance of language and pomp of sentiment, as the Comus of Milton; we should pronounce it, as it more and more recedes from the appearance of copying natural life, rather adapted to the closet† than to the stage; by which is only meant, that though it does not possess those qualities of interesting action, and a lively representation of the manners and character, which by nature are adapted to please all minds; yet it still possesses merits in language, sentiment, plot, or other parts of the drama, which can be relished by the instructed and enlightened reader. It loses indeed its original character; but by the genius of the poet it is enabled to assume another, which, to a certain extent, will produce pleasure of a different kind. The very short period allowed for the dramatic fable, in comparison with the duration of the epic poem, is also another reason why there is less room for ornament. To restrain, however, the overflowings of their imagination, and to keep the thoughts and language subdued, and subservient to the action of the drama, has always been one of the difficult parts of the poet's task. It

* See Aristot. Poetic. cap. xδ. p. 95, ed. Cooke.

† That which we call a closet-play, addresses itself to the imagination and passions only: a play which is represented, both to the eye and the imagination: an opera, to the ear and eye; and little, or not at all, to the imagination.

certainly has not been sufficiently observed by many of our dramatic writers, by Congreve in the *Mourning Bride*, by Rowe, and particularly by Dryden.* In this tragedy of *Agrippina*, there is great compactness in the versification, and sufficient ornament in the language. But the cadence of the numbers is, I think, peculiar; the expression has a laboured appearance, and the character of the whole has not that *native air*, the absence of which, in the dramatic fable, hardly any excellence can supply. The eye of the poet was perhaps too constantly fixed upon the unbending and declamatory style of the French drama, which has prevented the superior beauty, the language of nature, breaking out into that simplicity and freshness of expression, with which Shakspeare abounds, and which is of infinitely more value than the most eloquent pages of French declamation. As regards the subject of this play, from the shortness of the fragment, it is not easy to judge what beauties might be introduced, what difficulties might be overcome; but it does not appear to me to be happily chosen; it is of such a nature, as would force a poet to

* It is just to Dryden to mention a passage which he has written in defence of himself in the parallel between poetry and painting, prefixed to his translation of *Du Fresnoy*. "The faults (he says) of that drama, *The Spanish Fryar*, are in the kind of it, which is tragi-comedy; but it was given to the people; and *I never writ any thing for myself, but Antony and Cleopatra*."—Atterbury attributes both the introduction and subsequent disuse of *rhyme* upon the stage, to Dryden: "There is a third person (Dryden), the living glory of our English poetry, who has disclaimed the use of rhyme upon the stage, though no man ever employed it there so happily as he. It was the strength of his genius that first brought it into credit in plays, and it is the force of his example that has thrown it out again." (*Atterbury's Works*, vol. iv. p. 103.) The Earl of Orrery was one of the first who introduced entire tragedies in rhyme. The reign of rhyming-tragedies, which were introduced by the bad taste of Charles the Second, who had heard and admired them in France, lasted about fifteen years, from 1662, to 1676. A few Heroic plays afterwards appeared, but they were not long-lived. See *Malone's Dryden*, ii. p. 431.

description, rather than action; it leaves the gentle, and temperate passions untouched; the characters are almost all wicked or designing; remarkable either for their baseness or atrocity; whose punishment does not excite our terror, whose misfortunes do not move our compassion; and we turn away from a plot that is laid in a tissue of ingratitude, adultery, and murder. Certain it is, that the character of this tragedy does not come within the scope of the rules laid down by Aristotle, in the eleventh section of his Poetics; but would rather be excluded by the third proposition, "That the misfortunes of a wicked person ought not to be represented; because, though such a subject may be pleasing from its moral tendency, it will produce neither pity nor terror; for our pity is excited by misfortunes undeservedly suffered, and our terror by some resemblance between the sufferer and ourselves; neither of these effects would therefore be produced by such an event."*

Mr. Mason remarks, "that something which unites the French and English style in drama, would be preferable to either." I should, however, question the possibility of putting this into practice; as the character of the poetry, the genius of the language, their merits and defects, are so opposite, as to prevent their uniting and harmonizing into one system. The standard of excellence is not the same in each, and the rules of their criticism proceed upon different principles. Correct imitation of nature, in the extent that poetical imitation is justly allowed, boundless variety, and nice appropriation of character, masterly touches of manners and sentiments, that just expression which directly conveys the intended thought with force and truth, 'great fancy and flowing words,' are

* See Twining's Translation of Aristotle's Poetics, p. 87. And Hurd's Dissertation on the Provinces of the Drama, vol. ii. p. 179. And Harris's Philological Inquiries, vol. i. p. 168.

among the chief merits of Shakspeare. In the French drama, collectively speaking, the individual is lost in the generalization of character. It is the class, and not the person, that is described; while in the place of natural feeling and character, a certain imaginary standard of excellence is erected; which, while it excelled the Greek drama in correctness and poetic propriety, left behind its beautiful description, its exquisite expression, and the varied spirit of its lyrical poetry. Rousseau seems to acknowledge this defect in the French drama, when he wishes to except one favourite poet from it. “*Chez Racine (he says) tout est sentiment. Il a su faire parler chacun pour soi, et c’est en cela, qu’il est vraiment unique, parmi les auteurs dramatiques de sa nation.*”* The drama of Gray appears to be founded in a considerable degree upon the latter plan; but the most complete specimen that we possess of this foreign style, is the *Cato* of Addison, which sacrificed greater beauties, to moral sentiments, to uncharacteristic imagery, and to cold and lifeless declamation; copied, as Dr. Warton justly observes, from the writings of Seneca, and the reflections of Tacitus. Good and beautiful compositions may undoubtedly be produced on both systems; and who would wish to deny the pleasure he receives from the poetry of Racine and Corneille? but the excellence of

* On the want of character in the French plays, see Webb on Poetry, p. 104; who quotes a note from Dacier on the passage in Aristotle’s *Poetics*, where he is censuring the poets of his time, for being weak in the manners. [*Λί γὰρ τῶν νέων τῶν πλείστων, ἀχθεις τραγωδίαι εἰσι.*] “*Aujourd’hui, dans la plus part des piéces de nos poétes, on ne connoit les mœurs des personnages qu’en les voiant agir.*”—There is a very curious passage in the ‘*Segresiana*,’ on this subject, p. 64: “*Autre défaut de Racine, c’est que ses acteurs n’ont pas le caractère qu’ils doivent avoir. Etant une fois près de Corneille, sur le Théâtre a une représentation du Bajazet, il me dit,—je me garderois bien de le dire a d’autre que vous, parce qu’on diroit, que j’en parlerois par jalousie, mais prenez y garde, il n’y a pas un seul personnage dans le Bajazet, qui ait les sentimens qu’il doit avoir, et que l’on a à Constantinople; ils ont tous, sous un habit Ture, le sentiment qu’on a au milieu de la France.*”

the one system over the other, must still remain unquestionable, as long as nature, and genius, and wit, and humour, can instruct and delight the world.

I must not be supposed to mean, by what I have said on the defects of the French Dramatists, that they have all of them failed in their endeavour to represent character and action with the faithfulness of an accurate copy; but rather that they never intended to represent it at all, according to our notions of imitation. As I think most will agree in the opinion expressed on this subject by a singularly acute and sensible writer,* I shall beg leave to state it in his own words. “To present a faithful picture of human life, or of human passions, seems not to have been his † (Corneille’s) conception of the intention of tragedy. His object, on the contrary, seems to have been, to exalt and to elevate the imagination, to awaken only the greatest and noblest passions of the human mind, and, by presenting such scenes and such events alone as could most powerfully promote this end, to render the theatre a school of sublime instruction, rather than an imitation of common life. To effect this purpose, he was early led to see the necessity, or disposed by the greatness of his own mind, to the observation of an uniform character of dignity; to disregard whatever of common, of trivial, or even of pathetic, in the originals from which he copied, might serve to interrupt this peculiar flow of emotion; and instead of giving a simple copy of nature, to adorn the events he represented, with all that

* See Alison’s Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste, p. 109, 4to.

† As Corneille introduced into the Drama, that *admiration* which is the End, of the *Epic Poem*: so, on the other hand, Davenant formed the Epic Poem, on the *close*, and *pathetic* plot of the *Tragedy*. It is said, that Corneille preferred the *Pharsalia* to the *Æneid*. See Beattie on Poetry, p. 433.

eloquence and poetry could afford. He maintains, accordingly, in all his best plays, amid much exaggeration, and much of the false eloquence of his time, a tone of commanding, and even of fascinating dignity, which disposes us almost to believe, that we are conversing with beings of an higher order than our own ; and which blinds us, at least for a time, to all the faults and all the imperfections of his composition. I am far from being disposed to defend his opinions of tragedy ; and still less, to excuse his extravagance and bombast. But I conceive, that no person can feel his beauties, or do justice to his merits, who does not regard his tragedies in this view ; and I think, that some allowance ought to be made for the faults of a poet, who first shewed to his country the example of regular tragedy, and whose works the great prince of Condé called, “ The Breviary of Kings.”

When Mr. Mason proposed to join the French and English style in the drama, did he consider how difficult it is, to unite the poetical style, or character, of two distinct people ; with all their separate combinations, their own associated images, and all those hereditary habits of thought, which distinguish not only the individual, but the nation ? Though the poetry of one nation may certainly assimilate to that of another, more nearly than it does to a third ; yet it always possesses some radical features of its own ; some principles native to it, which do not bear transplanting ; some strong fibrous parts, that will grow in none but their original soil. The nearest approximation perhaps of the genius of any two nations, was that of the Greeks and the Romans ; yet, the latter were but imitators and followers of the former : they acknowledged the Greeks always as their masters in taste and genius ; and even with this consideration we well know, how many authors, how much taste, how much genius, how much characteristic feeling, among the latter ; never found a parallel, upon the shores of ancient Italy.

IV. Having thus briefly considered the poems of Gray, with regard to the harmony of their numbers, and the beauty of their language, I may now offer some remarks concerning the moral, and pathetic character which distinguishes them. I have mentioned, that Gray attributed the peculiar success of his *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*, not to the justness of the sentiment, or the beauty of the expression, but entirely to the captivating pathos of the subject; and this Mr. Mason had in view, when he applied to it the motto from Virgil, previously used by Young—“*Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.*”—Though the mind of Gray, like that of every real poet, was peculiarly susceptible of the impressions of natural scenery, and though it had a very strong and forcible hold of his feelings; yet he has never made such descriptions the entire subject-matter of any poem; but seems rather to hasten from them to the moral which they suggest; to the excitement of serious feeling, or pathetic sentiment, or powerful and sublime emotion.

In a letter which he wrote to Dr. Beattie,* containing some criticisms on part of the *Minstrel*, he says,—“What weighs most with me, it will throw more of action, pathos, and interest into your design, which already abounds in reflection and sentiment. As to description, I have always thought that it made the most graceful ornament of poetry, but never ought to make the subject.”—The practice of Gray seems to me, to coincide very correctly with his advice. He appears never to introduce natural description† solely for its own sake, but always with some further

* See Mason's *Memoirs of Gray*, vol. iv. p. 209.

† In one of Swift's letters, (vol. xii. p. 441, ed. Nicholls,) he says—“One Thomson has succeeded the best in that way, i. e. blank verse, in four poems he has writ on the four seasons; yet I am not over-fond of them, because they are all *descriptive, and nothing is doing*; whereas

tendency, to draw from it some moral reflection, or to make it an agreeable embellishment of action. Not one of his poems can be called purely descriptive: but they generally commence with a view of nature, as of the morning, in the Ode to Vicissitude, or of evening in the Elegy, which suggesting some natural reflections to the mind of the poet, while they pass away themselves, leave forcible impressions of the feelings which they have inspired, and the train of thought which they have generated in the mind. The reason that induced Gray to reject the two stanzas towards the conclusion of the Elegy,

“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 :—”

And,

“There scatter’d oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found :
The redbreast loves to build, and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground !—”

though almost unobjectionable* in themselves, and indeed very beautiful,

Milton engages men in actions of the highest importance.” See some reflections on this subject, as regards painting, in Du Bos, *Reflexions sur la Poësie et la Peinture*, vol. i. chap. vi. And Beattie on Poetry, p. 373, 4to.

* I have said, “almost unobjectionable;” because I have some doubts, whether the third line of the first stanza,

“Oft as the woodlark pip’d her *farewell* song,”

is, either in the thought or expression, quite suited to the character of the person who is supposed to make the reflection. I may also venture to suggest, whether the expression so well

as pieces of description, probably was, lest the descriptive part, which retarded the action of this latter part of the poem, might offend by its length, and interrupt by unnecessary images, the simplicity and unity of the composition. Dr. Blair observes with justice, "That it is a great beauty in Milton's *L'Allegro*, that it is all alive and full of persons:"* and this observation the critic might have extended, with equal justice, to all his poetry.

I do not mention this feature in the poetry of Gray, as his *peculiar* praise; because the general effect of natural scenery, or the impression of certain objects related to it, is to suggest to the mind, by their grandeur, extent, and solemnity; or by awakening ideas of health, content, and the domestic tranquillity, which we justly associate with such scenes; a train of moral feelings; upon which depend many pleasing remembrances, many powerful affections, many personal hopes, many human fears, and many images of happiness past or to come:

" — Vetustæ vitæ imago,
Et specimen venientis ævi——"

Such seems to be the general effect of natural scenery; however the liveliness, or duration of the impression may depend on the relative

described in the following stanza, would be likely to be apparent to the rustic, or could be so clearly explained by him:

" 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."

All the other stanzas of the speech are simple and exquisitely beautiful.

* See Blair's Lectures, vol. iii. p. 157.

powers of the exciting cause. But in situations of peculiar grandeur and sublimity, on the summit of some lofty mountain, where the eye commands a prospect bounded only by the imperfect powers of human vision; or in the opposite situation, such as may be seen in the bosom of a mountainous country, amidst overhanging cliffs and torrents; in the loneliness of a sea view, with all its wild accompaniments of sight and sound; the moral feeling becomes so strong, from the unusual impression made by greatness, distance, and elevation, that it effaces, for a time, the parent-cause, and occupies the mind itself. The poets therefore who want a ground-work for reflections of this nature, have selected some remarkable situation, which might suggest greater variety of thought and imagery, than they could elsewhere command. Denham hints at this circumstance, though he expresses it with his usual quaintness of manner;

“ No wonder if *advantaged* in my flight,
From taking wing from this *auspicious* height,
Through untraced ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my *fancy*, than my *eye*.”

“ I must do,” says Dr. Warton,* “ a pleasing English poet the justice to observe, that it is this particular art that is the very distinguishing excellence of Cooper’s Hill. Throughout which, the description of places and images, raised by the poet, are still tending to some hint, or leading into some particular reflection, upon moral life, or political institution; much in the same manner, as the real sight of such scenes, and prospects, is apt to give the mind a composed turn, and incline it to thoughts and contemplations that have a relation to the object. This is the great charm of the incomparable Elegy written in a Country Church-yard.”

* See Warton’s Essay on Pope, vol. i. p. 31.

(In addition to the remark of Dr. Warton, I may observe that the moral and religious sentiments in the poems of Gray, derive their effect from the perfect propriety of their situation, and their intimate connexion with the subject. They are not unskilfully inserted, or laboriously accumulated, or ostentatiously displayed; not merely sprinkled on the surface of the poem, but growing out of it, as an essential part of its structure and substance. They express the result of those impressions which the reader himself has already felt; and which produce great effect, when the mind has been prepared by the incident, to delight in the reflection.

Such, then, is that mental progress, in the course of which, if I may use the expression, the moral landscape, reflected from the natural one, becomes painted on the mind: an example presents itself in that just and elevated sentiment that closes the Progress of Poesy; in which the result of the whole poem may be said to be concentrated: and the last impression which the mind receives from the subject, is what leaves with it the noblest recollections of an art, before which the vulgar distinctions of wealth and birth and power sink into insignificance:

“ Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way,
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far, but far above the great.”

Dr. Johnson has observed, that the Bard promotes no truth, moral or political. The Bard is certainly not written for the professed or ostentatious display of any moral truth; but I may with confidence assert, that it could not produce the effect which it does, if it had only delighted us with the display of the imagination, and had not impressed its moral tendency on the mind: and I must remark, that ill would that poet perform the office which he undertakes, and wretchedly would he account for the high powers with which he is gifted, if his poetry produced no moral effect

upon the minds of his readers ; if it had no tendency to ennoble the feeling, to elevate the sentiment, to soften the passions, to breathe its finer spirit into the soul ; and by raising it to purer contemplations, detach it from those low and sordid objects, that at once degrade its office, and impair its nature.

The tendency of ‘The Bard’ is to show the retributive justice that follows an act of tyranny and wickedness ; to denounce on Edward, in his person and his progeny, the effect of the crime he had committed in the massacre of the Bards ; to convince him, that neither his power nor situation could save him from the natural and necessary consequences of his guilt ; that not even the *virtues* which he possessed, could atone for the vices with which they were accompanied :

“ Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail,
Nor e’en thy *virtues*, Tyrant, shall avail.”

This is the real tendency of the poem ; and well worthy it was of being adorned and heightened by such a profusion of splendid images, and beautiful machinery. We must also observe how much this moral feeling increases, as we approach the close ; how the poem rises in dignity ; and by what a fine gradation the solemnity of the subject ascends. The Bard commenced his song with feelings of sorrow for his departed brethren, and his desolate country. This despondence, however, has given way to emotions of a nobler, and more exalted nature. What can be more magnificent than the vision which opens before him to display the triumph of justice, and the final glory of his cause ? and it may be added, what can be more forcible or emphatic than the language in which it is conveyed ?

“ But, oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height,
Descending slow their glitt’ring skirts unroll ;
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !”

The fine apostrophe to the shade of Taliessin completes the picture of exultation :

“ Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.”

The triumph of justice, therefore, is now complete. The vanquished has risen superior to his conqueror, and the reader closes the poem with feelings of content and satisfaction. He has seen the Bard uplifted both by a divine energy, and by the natural superiority of virtue ; and the conqueror has shrunk into a creature of hatred and abhorrence :

“ Be thine despair, and scept’red care ;
To triumph, and to die, are mine.”

If there be any truth in these observations, surely some objections must arise with regard to those poems which are purely descriptive, with little or nothing in them of manners and sentiments : such, for instance, as large parts of Thomson, and some poems of a writer contemporary with Gray, whose genius has justly given him a very respectable rank among the English poets, and whose merits in other respects are far from inconsiderable. I allude particularly to many poems of T. Warton, which appear to me from this cause imperfect and unfinished in their nature ; stopping at that point where the picture of the natural scenery is finished in the mind, has united all its effects, and when the moral feeling begins to be excited ; when the thought passes from the effect to the cause, from the sublimity and beauty and grandeur displayed in the creation, to the beings who enoble it by their presence, or to the wise and animating Mind that created and pervades it.* In this case, though the attention

* I take the liberty of quoting a passage from one of the Essays of Mr. D. Stewart on the Sublime ; as well for the relation it bears to the subject under consideration, as for the instance

of the poet may have been ever so steadily fixed upon his subject, and his representation ever so accurate, or even new; the reader will demand, in addition, the exercise of the imagination, the excitement of the feeling, the relation of the object to the different passions of the mind; and he will call upon the poet to awaken those numberless analogies which are sleeping in his mind, and which would instantly start up at the call of his inspiration.

In the 'Ode to Spring' by Gray, the imagery he might have introduced, would be amply furnished by the subject, and could be limited only by the will of the poet. It is however to be remarked, that he has confined himself to the assemblage of a very few images and incidents, suited to the occasion, but by which his picture becomes more really finished, than it could by the most laborious assemblage of descriptions.

which he has so admirably produced from a poem by Gray.—“The sublime effect of rocks, and of cataracts; of huge ridges of mountains; of vast and gloomy forests; of immense and impetuous rivers; of the boundless ocean; and in general, of every thing which forces on the attention the idea of creative power, is owing in part to the irresistible tendency which that idea has to raise the thoughts toward Heaven—The influence of some of these spectacles, in awakening religious impressions, is nobly exemplified in Gray's ode, written at the Grande Chartreuse—an Alpine scene of the wildest and most awful grandeur, where every thing appears fresh from the hand of Omnipotence, inspiring a sense of the more immediate presence of the Divinity.

*Præsentioŕem et conspicimus Deum,
Per inŕias rupes, fera per juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem
Quamsi repostus sub trabe citreâ
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu,” &c.*

Philos. Essays, p. 368.

To the studious and contemplative mind, the season of the Spring undoubtedly will suggest, at different times, the same train of thought which the poet has established; but it is probable, or indeed certain, that it will not be presented to the mind in so strong and uniform a manner, cleared of all discordant images, and unnecessary and confused additions. I need not observe, that in the works of a common poet, it would prove either a mere transcript of nature, or something even more imperfect. The description would be too detailed, the smaller parts would be mingled with the greater features; the uniform tendency of the whole would be broken, and enumeration would supply the place of selection. In this poem, as in all the others which he has written, Gray has introduced much of the moral and the pathetic character. Even in so short a poem as the Elegy, he did not think its plan was perfect, unless the reader were interested by something more awakening than description; unless he animated and peopled the landscape which he described. "A description (says Mr. Twining*) may be, but a poem cannot be founded upon what Pope somewhere calls, an *entire landscape*, without *human* figures, an image of nature, solitary and undisturbed."

In the poem of 'Spring' the expression of the moral feeling occupies a larger space than in the other poems; indeed the original subject seems to be nearly forsaken. The poet, instead of continuing the description of Spring with which he commenced, has seized upon a single incident in the picture, has taken it out of the general description, and followed the train of thought which it promoted, till the thread of the connexion seemed almost lost; but a fine and unexpected turn of expression, a single

* See Twining's Aristotle, 4to. p. 33. See also some observations on this subject, by Du Bos, in his Reflexions, vol. i. chap. 6.

word at the close, brings the mind back, and places before it the original scenery with which the poem opened :

‘ We frolic while ’tis *May*.’

Some critics, I believe, have thought that the ‘ *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*’ is disjointed and unconnected in its plan ; but it is sufficient to observe, that it leaves one strong and general impression on the mind ; the result of the connexion of the images, and the unity of the subject. The *Elegy* is an interesting picture of the feelings, manners, and habits of the village poor : it is intended to awaken our sympathy for them ; and to extend the sphere of our associations among objects so well calculated to excite them. It tends also to lessen our exclusive admiration of those great and elevated scenes of life, which we are too much accustomed to suppose, are alone worthy of our regard. This seems to me to be the general feeling which is excited : but towards the close of the poem, by a transition founded on this simple association, that as the poet has not been “unmindful of the dead,” so his own death shall not pass without commemoration ; by this poetical transition, the interest that had before been generally diffused over the fate of many, becomes now narrowed and directed to the fortune of one : the same train of feeling is preserved, but more precise in its circumstances, and more strong in its power of excitement ; and thus, by the insertion of this pathetic episode, the descriptive poem closes with an highly dramatic effect.)

V. After venturing to offer the foregoing remarks on Gray’s poetry in general, I now come to the particular consideration of the poem of ‘ *The Bard*.’ It is well known, that this poem had been accused of obscurity ; to obviate which, Gray found it necessary to add some explanatory* notes.

* “ That Gray was conscious of the fault [obscurity] imputed to his ode, *The Bard*, (the

This charge has, however, been still repeated, upon the supposition that the poem should be sufficiently clear in its language and plan, without requiring additional assistance. But, in the first place, it is to be considered, that some degree of obscurity must always attend the *prophetic poem*; and that he who wishes it otherwise, does not demand a prophecy, but a direct narrative. Such obscurity we find in many of the choral parts of Æschylus, particularly, as was required by the subject, in the Agamemnon; compared indeed with which, the ode of Gray possesses much advantage in point of perspicuity. It descends into minute particularities; while the sublime odes of the Grecian bard acquire their obscurity, from the very general and dark language, in which the coming events are foretold. I shall just mention in this place, that the distinctness or obscurity of a prophecy, will depend mainly for its propriety upon this consideration; whether it proceed from the lips of one whom the poet supposes by *supernatural* means to be gifted, as in the case of the Bard of Gray, with visions of futurity; or whether, as is frequently the case in the choral odes of the Greek tragedians, the prophecy is uttered by those, to whom wisdom gives prescience, and experience imparts a knowledge of the natural order of events; by those whose calm passions and clear sense foretell the effects of imprudence and sin; and who are able to see that, in the common analogy by which the world is conducted, punishment must follow guilt; that the furies will haunt the parricide; and that the crimes of adultery, or incest, will be attended with misery, remorse, and death.

finest, I believe, that was ever written in any language,) is manifest to me from two particulars. One is, his prefixing to it, for a motto, *Φωνάτα Σπυροισιν*. The other is, the *explanatory notes*, which with great reluctance he added at last by the advice of his friends, among whom was the writer of this letter; who drew up an analysis of the ode, for his own use, as mentioned in the Life of Gray."—Remarks on the Pursuits of Literature by John Mainwaring, B. D. Margaret Professor of Divinity, p. 19.

The obscurity, however, complained of in Gray, is such only, as of necessity arises from the plan and conduct of a prophecy; for it does not proceed from any affected peculiarity of diction, or from a studied and intentional darkness, through which the reader is to seek his way, as in Lycophron: but to those who bring to the perusal of the Bard only the common outlines of English history, the ode is perfectly intelligible; just as they must be acquainted with the history appertaining to the Trojan war, to understand the prophetic ode of Nereus in Horace. In the prophetic poem, one point of history alone is told, and the rest is to be acquired previously by the reader; as in the contemplation of an historical picture, which commands only one moment of time, the memory of the spectator must supply him with the links of knowledge; and that point of time selected by the painter, must be illustrated by the spectator's knowledge of the past or future, of the cause or the consequence.

I am pleased to find in Dr. Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric*,* some corroboration of this opinion. "I know (he says) no style to which darkness of a certain cast is more suited than the prophetic: many reasons might be assigned, which render it improper, that prophecy should be perfectly understood, before it be accomplished. Besides, we are certain, that a production may be very dark before the accomplishment, and yet so plain afterwards, as scarcely to admit a doubt in regard to the events suggested. It does not belong to critics to give laws to prophets; nor does it fall within the confines of any human art, to lay down rules for compositions so far above art. Thus far, however, we may *warrantly* observe, that when the prophetic style is imitated in poetry, the piece ought, as much as possible, to possess the character above mentioned. This character, in my opinion, is possessed in a very eminent

* See Dr. Campbell's *Philosophy of Rhetoric*, vol. ii. p. 129.

degree by Gray's ode, called 'The Bard.' It is all darkness to one, who knows nothing of the English history posterior to the reign of Edward the First, and all light to one who is acquainted with that history: a kind of writing, whose peculiarities can scarce be considered as exceptions from ordinary rules."

This complaint, however, of obscurity, I suppose to have arisen partly from this circumstance, that in epic or dramatic compositions, the reader may come to the poem without any previous knowledge of the subject; because the structure of those fables requires, that in the course of their actions, they should elucidate and unfold themselves. Every step that is taken, in some measure removes what is difficult, and brightens what is obscure; till at length the intention and unity of the whole is completed. The prophetic poem, of course, is formed upon a plan wholly different, leaving the reader by his own knowledge to explain the poet, and to look for a completion of the prophecy, not in the page of the writer, but among the stores of his own memory. If the circumstances of the poem were too closely narrated, the prophetic character would be lost, and with it, the excitement of those powerful passions, hope and fear, the distant forebodings, the mystic grandeur, and the solemn shadowing of things to come. To the effect of such a poem upon the mind of the reader, the following passage from the preface* of M. de la Motte, will be perfectly applicable. "D'ailleurs l'esprit a une certaine activité qu'il faut satisfaire. Il aime à voir plusieurs choses à la fois, et à distinguer les rapports; il se complait dans cette pénétration adroite, qui sçait découvrir plus qu'on ne lui montre: et en appercevant ce qui étoit couvert de quelque voile, il croit en quelque sorte créer ce qu'on lui cachoit."

* See Discours sur la Fable, p. 14.

The very intent indeed of a poem of this nature, is opposite to that of the epic or dramatic fable. In my opinion, the contrary complaint might be urged, not without justice, against Horace ; that the circumstances in his prophetic ode are expressed with too much clearness. Certain it is, that it excites none of those anxious feelings that attend a tale only half told ; and seems to undraw too widely the curtain that covers the shadows of futurity. In the ode of Horace, the prophecy extends only to the approaching fate of the Prince of Troy ; and every actor in the scene is expressly named. In the Bard of Gray, not only the fate of Edward, but of his descendants is foretold, and the vision extends through a long race of kings.

“ — Thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first ;—
—A third is like the former——”

It is not therefore without justice, that the language of the Roman poet is more precise, as the prophet may be supposed to have a clearer insight into the events immediately approaching in the person of one man, than those removed to a greater distance, and divided among several characters : and also, because the gift of superior foresight, may naturally be ascribed to the Deity, who is the supposed Author of the prophecy. The skill of Gray is, I think, eminently shown, in the superior distinctness with which he has marked those part of his prophecies which are speedily to be accomplished ; and in the gradations by which, as he descends, he has insensibly melted the more remote into the deeper and deeper shadowings of general language. The first prophecy is the fate of Edward the Second. In that the bard has pointed out the very night in which he is to be destroyed ; has named the river that flowed around his prison, and the castle, that was the scene of his sufferings :

“ Mark the *year*, and mark the *night*,
When *Severn* shall re-echo with affright ;

The shrieks of death, through *Berkley's* roof that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king."

How different is the imagery, when Richard the Second is described; and how indistinctly is the luxurious monarch marked out in the form of the morning, and his country in the figure of the vessel!

"The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born,
Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding on the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey."

The last prophecy is that of the civil wars, and of the death of the two young princes. No place, no name is now noted: and all is seen through the dimness of figurative expression:

"Above, below,
The rose of snow,
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar
In infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade."

As the subject of Gray's poem is drawn from a period of English history not very remote, it was proper to avoid too circumstantial and plain a description, which would destroy the dignity required.—It appears then, from the obscurity we meet with in almost all prophetic poems, that it belongs to this species of composition: and that those who have attempted to write poems of this character, have felt how necessary it was to surround themselves with some degree of indistinctness proportioned to their taste and judgment. In *Lycophron*, however, the almost insur-

mountable obscurity arises from his strange and pedantic phrasology; in the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, from the accidental corruptions of the text, as well as from the metaphorical ornaments and the cumbrous magnificence of his diction. How much to unfold, and what to leave gradually to be discovered; in short, the degree of clearness and obscurity in which a poetical prophecy should be laid before the reader, must always be a difficult part of the poet's business. Gray's judgment is certainly displayed in omitting the names of the personages of this poem; as in a tale of history so well known, the name would instantly call up the whole circumstances that follow in the recital, and the force of the prophecy would be lessened, or lost.

—Οἰδιποῦν γὰρ ἂν δὲ φῶ

Τὰ δ' ἄλλα πάντα ἰσάσιν——

Before I finish my observations on the prophetic character of this ode, I must remark, that there appears to me one passage, and only one, in which I cannot help considering the unity of the poetical thoughts, and the tendency of the poem to produce one particular effect upon the mind, imperfectly preserved. It is apparent, that the agitation of the bard's mind is extreme; his anger, his scorn, his hatred of the tyrant, his sorrow for his friends, and his contempt for a desolate and dishonoured life, is forcibly described. This character is uniformly sustained, till he has finished his poetical destiny of Edward and his successors; and then, as if he was overwhelmed with a fresh tide of indignation, and withholding his greatest blow for the last, he returns from denouncing woe on the blood of the Plantagenets, to Edward himself: and to make his last denunciation of wrath more dreadful, he foretells the speedy death of his wife—his beloved Eleanor of Castile:

“ Half of thy heart we consecrate.

(The web is wove. The work is done.)”

That such impetuosity of feeling may suddenly be changed into great and unexpected* joy, is not unnatural; and accordingly when he foresees the restoration of his own country, in the Welsh descent of the House of Tudor, he with poetical truth of character breaks out into an exultation, founded as well on the future prosperity of his own race, as on the baffled and frustrated cruelty of the tyrant. This joy is finely expressed in the apostrophe to the shade of Taliessin :

“ Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear!
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.”

And if this impetuosity of feeling had been carried on by the address to Edward :

“ Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?” &c.

the whole poem would have preserved a uniform and consistent character. The bard, however, in the last stanza, and just before he “ plunges into endless night,” points out the future poets, who were to adorn the reign of Elizabeth, in the following lines :

“ The verse adorn again
Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.” &c.

* On the sudden, and violent nature of the passion of Joy; and its great difference, in this respect, from the opposite passion of Grief, see Ad. Smith's History of Astronomy, p. 8, 4to.

Independently of the interruption which these lines, by their length, give to the *uniformity* of the emotion, perhaps they are not (however beautiful) well adapted to the character of the Welsh bard at any time; and surely every one must acknowledge that they are most unsuited in subject-matter, in expression, and turn of feeling, to the awful situation in which he stood, and the deed which he was just preparing to commit; *the revival of the Bards*, it also must be remarked, is sufficiently noticed in the preceding stanza :

“ What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play !”

Gray writing a letter to Mr. Mason says, speaking of this poem : “ I am well aware of many weakly things *towards the conclusion*, but hope the end itself will do.”—As there is certainly nothing weak in the preceding stanza, it is fair to suppose that he alluded to these verses, which I have just cited; and the criticism on which, I must leave to the opinion of the reader; just adding, that I think he will perceive, upon a careful perusal of them, something which indicates that they were composed after the first heat of the composition was past.* There is a calmness, a care, an orna-

* The allegory in which the reign of Richard the Second is described, and which I have already quoted, is remarkable, I think, for the extreme beauty of the transition by which it is introduced.

“ Gone to salute the rising morn.”

With true lyrical spirit, the last image at once gives a train of thought to the poet's mind, and he suddenly breaks forth:

“ Fair laughs the morn,” &c.

Whether this allegorical allusion may not, by some, be deemed to be too far extended, considering the passionate emotion of the bard's mind, may at least be suggested. Dr. Priestly has justly pointed out the distinctive propriety of the short metaphor, or the extended allegory,

ment about them, very different from the real language of passion so admirably sustained through the rest of the poem.

So far as to the *prophetic* cast of this ode. It is called a *Pindaric* ode, with greater propriety than perhaps has been generally remarked; I mean, with regard to the form and structure of its measure. The English odes of Cowley, and of other authors which they have called Pindaric, and which they have formed in measures of irregular versification, unconfined but by the fancy of the author, have been so denominated by a peculiar and unfortunate misnomer. Among the Greek writers, that quality which particularly distinguished the odes of Pindar from those of later writers, was the confinement of his metre, and the regularity of his strophe and antistrophe. Οὐκ εἶπετι, says Aristotle,* ἐχοῦσιν Ἀντιστρόφους, πρότερον δὲ εἶχον. It appears that the principal authors of this lyrical corruption, were Timotheus and Philoxenus. Dionysius,† in his nineteenth section of his Treatise περὶ Συνθέσεως Ὀνόματων, says, Παρά γε τοῖς ἀρχαίοις, τεταγμένος ἦν ὁ διθύραμβος. According to Dionysius, there were three several changes in the lyrical poem, or ode. Alcæus and Sappho, the oldest writers in this line, had short strophes and antistrophes, consisting of a few lines each, and very short epodes. Stesichorus and Pindar enlarged and lengthened them, μείζους ἐργασάμενοι τὰς περιόδους, εἰς πολλὰ μέτρα, καὶ κῶλα, διένειμαν αὐτὰς. But the Dithyrambic poets who followed, Timotheus, Telestes, and Phi-

according to the situation. “Extended similes give universally more satisfaction in the description of a still scene, than in the representation of a very active and busy one. In the former case, the mind is in no haste, as we may say, to return to the principal subject: in the latter, it is often impatient of the least diversion from it.” The reader may find some very sound observations on this subject, supported by sufficient examples, in his Lectures on Oratory and Criticism, p. 174, 410. And Webb, on Poetry, p. 107.

* Vid. Aristot. Problemata xix. Sect. 15.

† Vid. Dionys. de Structura Orationis, ed. Upton, p. 156.

lo Xenus, introduced other measures, so as almost to render themselves free of all laws. — A confirmation of the truth of this passage from Dionysius, may be found in the Treatise of Plutarch *περὶ Μουσικῆς*, cap. λά, where he cites a passage from Aristoxenus, who says, “that Telesias the Theban forsook the beautiful example of Pindar, Dionysius, and others, in which he had been educated and instructed, deceived by the new manner of Timotheus and Philoxenus. Ὑπὸ τῆς σκηρικῆς τε, καὶ ποικίλης Μουσικῆς, ὡς καταφρονῆσαι τῶν καλῶν ἐκείνων, ἐν οἷς ἀνεγράφη, τὰ Φιλοξένου δὲ, καὶ Τιμοθέου ἐκμανθάνειν, καὶ τούτων αὐτῶν τὰ ποικιλώτατα καὶ πλείστην ἐν αὐτοῖς ἔχοντα καινοτομίαν.

In this very brief sketch of the poetry of the lyre, we see the history of the rise and decline of poetry in general. The simple structure, bordering on hardness in the first instance: secondly, the completion of its conformation, and the perfection of its parts: and, lastly, by that love of variety which is always acting with so much force upon the fine arts, we behold the beauty of its structure destroyed, and an irregular and loose system of versification built upon its ruins. What the Roman poet says of Pindar,

“Seu per audaces nova *dithyrambos*

Verba devolvit, numerisque fertur,

Lege solutis,”*

does not apply to any part of Pindar’s poetry now remaining; but solely to that species of poetry in which he composed, called dithyrambic; and

* These lines in Horace, are, I should think, the foundation of the common opinion, that the Odes of Pindar are irregular and wild in their formation. Gerard, in his ‘*Essay on Genius*,’ has fallen into this mistake: “Pindar’s fancy (he says) was wild; his versification also was irregular.” *Essay*, p. 424.

of which no specimens have reached us. Instead therefore of the odes of Cowley, and other writers, being Pindaric odes, they would properly rank under what is called by Greek writers, the *Φιλοξενεῖος τρόπος*, and would be the *ὄδαι μάκραι, καὶ πολυεῖδεις*. Nor was it without reason that Gray called his a Pindaric ode; because in what is called the *formal* part of it, it is modelled after the example of the Theban bard. It is mentioned as Gray's opinion, in the *Memoirs of Mason*,* "that each stanza of the lyric ode should have but *nine* lines, to make the ear perceive the return of the regular metre; and that Pindar has many such odes." He appears however to have altered his opinion on this subject, before he wrote *The Bard*. He probably found, that an ode of this structure did not admit sufficient variety. The Ode by Fenton to Lord Gower,† which received the praise of Pope and Akenside, is formed in stanzas of ten lines.

* See *Mason's Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 157. I may mention here, that the 'Progress of Poetry' is purely a *narrative* ode. 'The Bard' is, strictly speaking, a *dramatic* ode. Such are the Pindaric odes mentioned by Mr. Twining, viz. *Olymp. i. Ant. γ. Olymp. vi. Epod. α. γ. Olymp. viii. Ep. β. Pyth. viii. Stroph. γ.* and also the odes of Horace which Dr. Warton has pointed out in his *Essay on Pope* (vol. i. p. 396.); viz. *Lib. I. Od. xv., Lib. III. Od. iii. ver. 11. 37. and Epode v.*

† As an instance of the structure, as well as spirit of this ode, the following stanza may be quoted:

"Beneath the pole, on hills of snow,
 Like Thracian Mars, the undaunted Swede,
 To dint of sword defies the foe,
 In fight unknowing to recede.
 From Volga's banks, the impetuous czar
 Leads forth his furry troops to war,
 Fond of the softer southern sky;
 The soldan galls the Illyrian coast.
 But soon the misereant moony host
 Before the victor-cross shall fly."

In some observations on this point, Mr. Mason infers the superiority of the regular lyric stanza, over the irregular dithyrambic ode, from the comparative easiness of the latter; it being in the power of any poet to construct such an ode. "There was nothing," he says,* "that Gray more disliked, than that chain of irregular stanzas which Cowley introduced, and falsely called Pindaric; and which, from the extreme facility of execution, produced a number of miserable imitators. Had the regular return of strophe, antistrophe, and epode, no other merit than that of extreme difficulty, it ought, on this very account, to be valued; because we well know, that 'easy writing is no easy reading.'" Voltaire, it is well known, in the preface to the *Cœdipe*, has used a similar argument, in saying, "that the difficulty of composing in rhyme in French plays, is a great cause of the pleasure which we receive in the composition. 'Tragedy,'" he says, "would be destroyed if it were in blank verse; remove the difficulty, and you take away the merit."† In a letter also to Mr. Walpole, he says, "Vous n'observez, vous autres libres Bretons, ni unité de lieu, ni unité de tems, ni unité d'action. En vérité vous n'en faites pas mieux. La vraisemblance doit être comptée pour quelque chose. L'art en devient plus difficile, et les difficultés vaincues donnent en tout genre du plaisir et de la gloire." And in another part of the same letter he adds, "Permettez moi de vous dire encore un mot sur la rime que vous nous reprochez. Presque toutes les pièces de Driden sont rimées. Et je soutiens encore que *Cinna*, *Atalie*, *Iphigénie* étant rimés, quiconque voudrait secouer ce joug en France, serait regardé comme un artiste foible, qui n'auroit pas la force de le porter.

* See Mason's *Memoirs of Gray*, vol. iii. p.156. .

† This passage from Voltaire is quoted in Dr. Blair's *Lectures*, vol. iii. p. 316.

“En qualité de vieillard il faut que je vous dire une anecdote. Je demandais un jour à Pope pourquoi Milton n’avoit pas rimé son poëme, dans le tems que les autres poëtes rimoient leurs poëmes à l’imitation des Italiens; il me répondit—because he could not.” Both these opinions may seem to be branched off from the general observation made by Aristotle in his Treatise on Rhetoric,* τὸ χαλεπώτερον, μείζον ἄγαθον, and which to a certain extent seems to be strongly founded upon nature and truth.

In regard to Mr. Mason’s opinion, he has perhaps laid down his position in too unlimited a manner; and placed rather more stress upon the metrical construction of the ode than is due. There are certainly other great difficulties in the composition of the ode, besides the occurrence of the regular metre. It must require nearly the same talents to construct a good ode, either in measure irregular or fixed: nor would inferior talents succeed, though released from the bondage of such restriction. If we receive greater pleasure from the regular ode, which I fully believe, it must be sought for from another cause, in conjunction with that of the ‘difficulté surmontée:’ chiefly from the *uniformity* we associate with our notions of all poetical composition; from our being *accustomed* to measures which have regularity and proportion in their parts; and from the perplexity and confusion arising in our minds, from intricacy and irregularity of structure. There is a repugnance which we feel at first to the introduction of any novel form of composition: perhaps there is no young reader of poetry, who does not at first dislike the use of the *triple* in Dryden, because it is unexpected; and indeed in all cases, the beauty of it will depend on some nice preparation in the cadence, and on the

* See Aristotelis Rhetorica, lib. i. cap. vii. ed Holwell. And A. Smith’s Philosophical Essays, 4to. p. lviii. in the account of his Life, by D. Stewart.

skilfullness of its introduction in the preceding lines. Τὸ συνήθες, says Aristotle,* ἡδὺ μᾶλλον τοῦ ἀσυνήθους. And in a problem he has on this subject, he says, Διὰ τὶ ἥδιον ἀκούουσιν ἀδόντων, ὅσα προεπιστάμενοι τυγχάνωσι τῶν μέλων, ἢ ἂν μὴ ἐπιστάνται. And in the forty-first problem of the same chapter, he asks, Διὰ τὶ ἥδιον ἀκούουσιν ἀδόντων, ὅσα ἂν προεπιστάμενοι τύχασιν τῶν μέλων, ἢ ἂν μὴ ἐπιστῶνται. Πότερον ὅτι μᾶλλον δηλὸς ἔστιν ὁ τυγχάνων, ἄσπερ σκόπου, ὅταν γνωρίζωσι τὸ ἀδόμενον. γνωρίζοντων δὲ, ἡδὺ θεωρεῖν ἢ ὅτι συμπλοῆς ἔστιν ὁ ἀκροατῆς, τῷ τὸ γνῶριμον ἀδόντι.

The assertion of Voltaire is of less force, because it is not known, that such a thing can exist, as a French tragedy in blank verse. Rhyme, and the inversion of the words, are the constituents of their verse. It is laid down as a rule by the best writers, that no word should be used in French poetry, that may not with equal propriety be used in prose: and blank verse could not be formed in a language, whose verse invariably demands a pause in the middle of each line, and has a regular accent on the sixth foot before the pause. Before it can be proved that blank verse can be successfully written in French, † it must be shown, that this pause and accent can be removed and altered. Independently of that, I may be permitted to doubt whether Voltaire has not overrated (for the sake of the argument) the difficulty of rhyming: though, perhaps, it exists in the French language more than in others. We know, however, that an Englishman has translated the whole of the long poem of Hudibras into

* Vid. *Problemata* θ. ε. p. 763, and 768. ed. Duval: and *Probl.* θ—μ. p. 768.

† M. de la Motte says, that it is impossible to write a poem of any considerable length in French, which shall not weary the reader by the perpetual uniformity of its sounds. Does not this partly account for almost all the Didactic Poems by French authors, being written in Latin verse?

French verses of four feet, with admirable success,* where one would suppose the difficulty of finding rhymes would be absolutely insuperable: and when even this poem, with its short lines and strange phraseology, has been excellently versified; shall we lay such great stress upon the difficulty of finding rhymes in the plays of Racine, Corneille, or other authors. I am not sure also, whether the rule of ‘*la difficulté surmonté,*’ though it has a certain force in the versification of the French drama, where so much art of various kind is displayed, may not act with less power in that species of English poetry, which has always relied more on its fertility of invention, and richness and sublimity of imagination, than on its precise conformity to the exact rules of criticism.

Upon the whole, it appears to me, that the superior pleasure which we receive from the regular lyric ode,† arises from two causes. First, from

* I allude to that extraordinary work, ‘*Hudibras, Poëme écrit dans le Tems des Troubles d’Angleterre, et traduit en vers François,*’ Londres, 1757, by Mr. Townley, an officer in the Irish brigade, and Knight of the Order of St. Louis. He died in 1782, aged 85.

† The odes in blank verse, by Milton, Collins, and T. Warton, have less singularity in their numbers, than is generally supposed. They consist of two common Heroic, or five-footed verses, with an Alexandrine, or six-footed. The last divided into two portions, as every Alexandrine is, by the pause, at the end of the third foot. Milton admits an Alexandrine into his *Par. Lost*, ix. ver. 249; which, together with the two preceding lines, forms the metre, of these blank-verse odes.

“ Assist us—But if much converse perhaps
Thee satiate, to short absence I would yield,
For solitude sometimes
Is best society.”

P. *Lost*, ix. 219.

Young has admitted the Alexandrine into his *Night Thoughts*:

“ The wisdom of the wise, and prancings of the great.”

the satisfaction which is derived from the harmony and proportion of its parts; from its connected variety, and corresponding relation in itself. This is entirely lost in the irregular ode; because there is no room to institute that *comparison*, in which we delight so much, when we contemplate all works of art and design. Secondly, we participate in the pleasure that attends any difficult or laborious work overcome and subdued by our skill. Although, in the long heroic verse, I think rhyme is little source of difficulty; yet it indisputably is, when added to the short lyric stanza. Now if a poem can be so constructed as to present these difficulties of such a nature that they are evidently not *insuperable* to genius and skill, its merit will no doubt be enhanced by the conquest which it has made. But if the difficulties are such, as cannot be overcome, but only avoided by awkwardness of language, ungracefulness of idiom, and obscurity of sense, then they must give way to metre of an easier construction. The cost of the labour would manifestly be far greater than the gain: and the taste that delights to sport in such perverse misapplications of ingenuity, must be regarded as corrupt. Such, for instance, would be the case, if in the common lyric stanza, we should be forced to begin each line with a certain letter, or to make it an acrostic; and to end every line with a double rhyme. It would then become merely an exercise of ingenuity, and not a work of genius: and this is the plain and broad distinction, that the younger Racine did not see, when he calls this argument a paradox, and says, that instead of admiring we despise “ces vers techniques, enfans du mauvais goût, les Ropha-

Cowper also, in the 2d book of his Task:

“ Storms rise to overwhelm them, or if stormy winds.”

I perceive that it is also authorised by Mr. Southey in his Madoc. It is to be found in Spenser, in the 2d line of the stanza, iii. 41:

“ He bound that piteous ladye prisoner, now releast.”

liques, Retrogrades, Léonins, Numéraux, Soladiques, Acrostiches, &c.” * It is true that we should despise them, if they were attempted to be displayed as works of genius; or if they selected subjects above their nature; or if they mixed themselves with the ode, or the epic or tragic poem: and besides this, their example proves only the excess or abuse of the doctrine, which of course is no argument against its confined and legitimate use.

This construction then of the ode,† by strophe and epode, or by some other regular return of certain metres at stated intervals, appears to me to be founded upon natural principles, which are not likely to be extinguished: and may I not also add, that it is authorized by the best examples in all countries. Nor do I find, that it is proved by those who are of a contrary opinion, that it has excluded any beauties which might have been introduced into looser compositions. Indeed, it is more likely to produce the contrary effect. The same principle holds good in all other arts: and, as Sir Joshua Reynolds says,‡ “ If difficulties overcome,

* See *Reflexions sur la Poësie*, par M. L. Racine, p. 105.

† In favour of the Regular Ode; the strongly-marked design, may be urged, as one source of beauty. But the exact degree of regularity will probably remain a subject of dispute; as few agree, on that combination of uniformity, and variety; design, and proportion, which should appear in any work of art. I consider, the variety of measures used in the Odes of Horace, as so many attempts to gratify the public mind in its love of change, and weariness of uniformity. Some of these were probably successful; others, like the 12th ode of the 3d book—“*Miserarum est neque Amori dare ludum, neque dulci*”—perhaps unsuccessful, or not adopted into general use. And thus among the vast variety and change of measures used by our old English poets, as may be seen by turning over the pages of ‘*England’s Helicon*,’ and other books; how few have been approved by time, and descended into common and constant use; and those few, of plain, simple, and marked construction. See Gray’s *Observ. on English Metre*, ed. Mathias, vol. ii. p. 29.

‡ See Sir J. Reynolds’ *Discourses*, ed. Malone, vol. i. p. 287.

make a great part of the merit of art; difficulties evaded can deserve but little commendation."

In the elegance as well as magnificence of his diction, in the force and energy of his style, in the sublimity of the images, and in the boldness of the metaphorical language, Gray's poem resembles the productions of the Theban bard. In two circumstances, however, there exists a prominent difference between them. The odes of Pindar are distinguished for the frequency of the moral sentiments which he draws from his subject, in the shape of short and proverbial sayings; and which he delivers in a kind of axiomatical form. It is not necessary to say how distinct this is, from that species of moral pathos which I mentioned before as existing in the poetry of Gray. The ancient bard never seems to miss any opportunity afforded by his subject, of extracting some ethical precept from it; something in praise of the bounty of kings, of piety to the gods, or of justice to men. Lord Bacon has not missed the notice of this peculiarity.—“*Animos hominum, [Pindarus] sententiolâ aliquâ mirabili, veluti virgulâ divinâ percutit.*” This arose partly from the nature of the Grecian ode, which was considered as a composition of a religious nature, and which was framed in honour of gods and heroes, and whose duty it was to recommend piety and praise;*

*Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεούς, νόμῳ ὡς διακρίνεται
τίμα, — ἔπειθ' Ἡρώας ἀγαυούς.*

Pythagor. Aur. Carm.

and partly from the natural disposition of the poet's mind, which loved

* Τῆς Μουσικῆς ἐν τοῖς ἱεροῖς ἀναστρεφόμενης ἐν οἷς τιμὴν τε τοῦ Θεοῦ, διὰ ταύτης ἐποιοῦντο, καὶ τῶν ἀγαθῶν ἀνδρῶν ἐπαίνους. Plutarch. de Musica, p. 663, ed. Wyttenbach. “All the ideas (as Gray says in his notes to the republic of Plato) the Greeks had of the gods were borrowed from the poets.”

to indulge in a kind of severe or pensive morality, changing at times into enthusiastic animation, loftiness of sentiment, or beauty of description. We find these same features displayed in the choral odes of the Greek tragedy: and from a want of judgment in the imitation of the Greek tragedians, the plays that pass under the name of Seneca, are a heap of declamatory sentiments and moral aphorisms. As Horace, in his imitation of Pindar, often followed his example in the loose and defective connexions of the subject; so he by no means neglected to copy this peculiarity in his great predecessor. Though much of this moral reflection the poets undoubtedly borrowed from the Schools* of Philosophy; yet it is also to be observed, that in the early poetry of most nations, before it has ceased to be the direct means of information as well as of pleasure, this sententiousness naturally takes place. Heinsius, in his Dissertation on Tragedy, where he is endeavouring to discover by internal evidence, the

* Hurd attributes the frequency of the *moral* sentences, in the writings of the ancient poets, to the influence of the Schools of Philosophy. See his notes on Horace, vol. i. p. 175. “As they had been more or less conversant, in the Academy, would be their relish of this moral mode, as is clearly seen in the case of Euripides, that Philosopher of the Stage, as the Athenians called him; and who is characterized by Quintilian as “*sententiis densior, et in iis quæ a sapientibus tradita sunt, pæne ipsis par.*” Hurd has well distinguished the peculiar *moral* character of the chorus, which, he says, “was rather political and popular, than legal and philosophic.” See his note, vol. i. p. 154. The most singular instance, in modern times, of a tragic fable being founded on recent events, for a *moral* purpose, was that of the tragedy on the Death of Henry IVth, acted at Paris, a few months after that event took place, before his son and successor Louis XIIIth, where he is represented as a personage in the drama, made to complain, that study was prejudicial to him, that a book gave him the head-ache, and that a drum was the cure. Du Bos gives a singular reason why dramas, in which kings and queens are represented, cannot be taken from modern times; because the Sovereign Houses in our days, *are so connected by intermarriage*, that it would be impossible to exhibit upon the stage a prince, who had reigned within an hundred years, in any neighbouring kingdom, in which the sovereign of the country would not find a *relation*. See Reflex. sur la Poësie, &c. vol. i. chap. 20.

time in which the different plays were written, that all pass under the name of Seneca, says, “*jam locorum major suppellex in Lucio Seneca; quæ res mire antiquitatem sapit.*” Every opportunity is seized to instruct, as well as to please. Poets are not only the first historians, but the first moralists. They not only relate the action, but they unfold its motive, and scrutinize its end.

——“ Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,
Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis;
Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis;
Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.
Sic honor, et nomen divinis vatibus, atque
Carminibus venit——”

Chaucer introduces many lines of this nature into the humour of his poems; and he distinguishes his friend and contemporary by the appellation of the ‘Moral Gower.’* Much of the Gnostic poetry of the Greek writers was composed by the elder poets; and Quintilian mentions, that the elder Latin poets abounded with this sententious kind of writing. “*Tragediæ scriptores, Accius, et Pacuvius, clarissimi gravitate sententiarum.*”† When philosophy and history took the province of instruction; poetry assumed, as its appropriate and primary purpose, the production of pleasure. At least, instruction became not a necessary part of the province of poetry, and only used as a means of pleasure,‡ as it

* Gower and Chaucer may not unaptly be called the Hesiod and Homer of English poetry. If we take from Hesiod all that does not belong to him, we should then bring the genius of the two poets nearly on an equality.

† See Quintilian, *Inst. Orat. lib. x. cap. 1.* And Athenæus, *lib. xv. cap. 14.*

‡ The object of the philosopher is to inform and enlighten mankind: that of the orator, to acquire an ascendant over the will of others, by bending to his own purposes their judgment, their imaginations, and their passions: but the primary and the distinguishing aim of the *poet*,

was conveyed with peculiar attraction; with harmony of style, and beauty of description. In this respect, then, it was judicious in the English poet, when he formed his ode after the Pindaric model, not to follow that peculiarity, the introduction of which depended upon the age in which the Grecian bard lived; as well as upon his own particular habits of thought, and on the genius and disposition of the people among whom he wrote; and which was not a necessary or constituent part of an ode of that kind. I observe, that the excellent and learned editor of the *Heraclidæ* of Euripides,* has taken notice of this peculiarity in the Greek drama, in a note which he has written on the speech of Macaria, (ver. 501,) which abounds with moral reflections, suited to the occasion; and which he compares with other speeches of the same nature in the *Iphigenia* and *Hecuba*. “*Omnes (he says) locis communibus refertæ sunt, quarum multo patientiores fuerunt Athenienses quam nostri homines.*” This observation might very properly be extended beyond the province of the drama: for, indeed, the Athenians were not only patient of this moral instruction, but placed it in a very eminent rank. It was not

is to *please*; and the principal resource which he possesses for that purpose, is by addressing the imagination. D. Stewart's *Elem. of the Philos. of the Human Mind*, 8vo, p. 497. On the idea that *utility* and *instruction* are the end of poetry, and not *pleasure*; the reader is referred to a note in Mr. Twining's *Aristotle*, p. 561.

* So remarkable was Euripides for the frequency and the fullness of his moral sentiments, that it was said Socrates assisted him with reflections and observations, drawn from his knowledge of human nature. Alluding to this, Callias, in the comedy called the *Πεδηται*, makes some one say to Euripides,

Ἦδη σὺ σεμνῆ, καὶ φρονεῖς οὕτω μέγα.

To which he answers,

Ἐξέστι γὰρ μοι. Σωκράτης γὰρ αἴτιος.

And see *Ælian. Var. Hist. lib. ii. cap. 13.*

unknown in painting, as well as poetry, and the noblest among the ancient artists were the painters of manners, the Ἠθογράφοι. It was the advice of Aristotle, in his Politics, (lib. viii. c. 5,) to those who had the care of youth, that only pictures, that had a moral tendency, should be seen by them; and especially the pictures of Polygnotus. Plato also makes a similar remark :* Δεῖ μὴ τὰ ΠΑΥΣΩΝΟΣ, θεωρεῖν τοῦς νέους, ἀλλὰ τὸν ΠΟΛΥΓΝΩΤΟΝ ἢ ἂν εἴ τις ἄλλος τῶν γραφῶν, ἢ τῶν ἀγαλμάτων ἔστιν ἠθικός.

To conclude this branch of the subject, when it is said that instruction forms a part of the province of poetry, it should be understood that *moral* instruction is meant; *that* instruction which is most generally interesting, and most important in its nature, “quod magis ad nos pertinet, et nescire malum est;” and which, in the language of Harris,† is that master-knowledge, without which all other knowledge will prove of little or no utility. This is what Horace calls,

“Speciosa locis, morataque recte—
Fabula—”

“a fable abounding with moral reflection, and where the manners are properly expressed.” And thus (to use the words of Sir Philip Sidney), “Mistress Philosophy will very often borrow the masking raiment of Poesy. For even those hard-hearted evil men who think virtue a school-name, and know no other good but “indulgere genio,” and therefore despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reason they stand upon; yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good fellow poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness; which seen, they cannot but love, e’er themselves be aware.” The

* Vide Platonem de Republ. viii. 5.

† See Harris’s Three Essays, p. 85, 8vo.

intention of conveying knowledge in arts and sciences; through the medium of poetry, can only be built on grounds fundamentally erroneous; and the genius of the poet, as Scaliger says of Claudian, will be “ignobiliori materia depressus.”

I hardly need observe, that the transitions in Gray are of a different nature from those in Pindar. The difference arises partly from the license assumed by the Grecian poet, and partly from the nature of his subjects. The transitions in Pindar are such as he makes in departing from his original subject, to a field more fruitful of ornament, and productive of pleasure;* or else, when, in defiance of all regular succession of thoughts, and by the most arbitrary associations and accidental connexions, he pursues one subject after another; like that species of verse called “Echoes,” where the sound of the last word is the sole guide for the commencement of the next, and the poem is connected only by the contiguity of its resembling syllables: “quod tangit idem est, famen ultima distant.” The neglect of the consideration of the peculiar circumstances under which the Pindaric odes were written, misled our English writers, who possessed the command of their subject-matter, but who still took advantage of the license in which their predecessor had indulged. In the irregularity of the metre, in the epigrammatic and quaint manner of expression, in their

* Dr. Warton says, that the character of Pindar (as commonly taken) seems not to be well understood. “We hear nothing but of the impetuosity and the sublimity of his manner; whereas he abounds in strokes of domestic tenderness.” (Warton on Pope, i. p. 389.) This is true; but Horace had fully remarked it:

“Flebili sponsæ, juvenemve raptum
 Florat; et vires animumque mores-
 Que aureos educit in astra, nigro-
 Que invidet Orco.” Od. IV. ii. 21.

witty and subtle associations, and in their harsh and dissonant numbers, these Pindaric odes were most dissimilar to their original, and they resembled it only in its chief defect. It must however be observed, before I quit this subject, that many later odes of this kind have failed from the very reverse of this objection, namely, from having little or no transition; the thoughts being preserved in a regular and philosophical connection, by which the poem takes the cast of a narrative, and loses all the spirit and strength which arises from the sudden contrasts in matter and numbers, from the rapid and various changes, from the fine transitions, and from the bold and frequent personifications peculiar to the elevated style of lyrical poetry. In rank next, and only next, to the poems of Gray, must be placed the odes of Collins: in the subject, and the solemn and severe style in which they are written, they bear a more striking resemblance to the choral odes of Æschylus, than to the poetry of Pindar; and indeed, as I have before observed, Collins caught in an eminent degree, the sublimity of conception, and grandeur of style, peculiar to the father of the ancient drama.

VI. I have only a few words to say concerning the notes to this edition of Gray. In some instances they have pointed out passages in the author which have been copied or imitated by succeeding poets, as by Warton, Whitehead, or Langhorne; and in a few places also, they have assumed a liberty always granted to the editors of ancient authors, of digressing into some observations on the poetry of authors incidentally mentioned. But their primary purpose was, to lay before the reader either the intentional and direct imitations in the Poems of Gray; as in *The Progress of Poetry*;

“ The dauntless child
Stretch’d forth its little arms, and smil’d;”

from Sandys;

“ —— the child
Stretch'd forth its little arms, and on him smil'd.”*

And in *The Hymn to Adversity* ;

“ Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour ;”

from *Milton* ;

“ —— When the scourge
Inexorably, and the torturing hour.”

Or else to mark those indirect imitations, in which the image bears a very strong resemblance to that used by another poet, as in the *Elegy* ;

“ Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries ;”

from the *Anthologia* ;

“ Crede mihi vires aliquas Natura sepulchris
Adhibuit, tumulos vindicat umbra suos.”

Or, thirdly, to trace an allusion, either in subject or style, made to ancient customs or expressions ; to open the sources from which the poet ornamented the productions of his fancy ; to shew the materials which he connected for new combinations and fresh imagery ; and to elucidate the allusions which he remotely made to the idioms, phrases, and images of foreign writers. The very first lines of the poem on the *Spring*, for instance, abound with allusions to the expressions of the ancient poets :

“ Lo! where the *rosy-bosom'd Hours*,
Fair *Venus' train*, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,

* I may remark in what a fine manner Gray has made the *general* picture of a child smiling, and stretching out its hands, in this instance, *appropriate*, by the epithet “dauntless,” and how admirable it characterizes the infant genius of Shakspeare.

And wake the *purple year* !
The *Attic warbler pours her throat,*" &c.

The propriety and beauty of the expressions in these lines depend upon the reference which we make to the ancient authors who have used them. To the mere English writer, some must appear inapplicable, as "*purple year*;" and others unintelligible, as "*Attic warbler.*" The whole of the stanza has, indeed, quite the air of a Grecian hymn or ode: and might have been sung with propriety by an ancient poet, who was beholding an Athenian landscape brightening in the spring. Considered as a mere piece of English scenery, I think some of the images not peculiarly appropriate. Should we not select different parts of the day, and different scenery, for the songs of the cuckoo and the nightingale, instead of bringing them together, and making them "responsive?" The first delights us when it is heard from some distant trees, suddenly breaking through the stillness of the summer noon: the latter, when pouring from a neighbouring thicket its fine and full tones of melody at the close of the evening, in the spring.* But not to dwell on this trivial objection; perhaps

* How completely has Goldsmith in the 'Deserted Village,' where he mentions the song of the Nightingale, broken the unity of the image, and destroyed the proper emotion that would have arisen from it, by a number of discordant, and opposite circumstances, that belonged to another part of the scenery, and an earlier period of the day:

"The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.
These all in *sweet confusion* sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause, the Nightingale had made."

These lines, I should think, were written when the poet lived,

"—*Ad veteres Arcus, madidamque Capenam.*"—

the allusions to the ancient mythology with which the poem opens, might have been kept in view throughout; instead of being almost entirely confined to the commencement; and, on the whole, I have always thought there was a little defect in the change of scenery and expression which takes place in this ode at the close of the first stanza. The charm, indeed, which is produced by the occasional insertion of a classical image, or an allusion to the mythology of the ancients; the associations which it brings with it, and the interesting picture which it creates in the mind, is too evident to require any proof. When, for instance, in the Hymn to Adversity, we meet with that fine invocation:

“ 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”—

what single epithet, what attribute could the poet have given to Terror, which could have produced an effect equal to that of this image? Do we not immediately behold the figure of the goddess;

“ Horrentem colubris, vultuque tremendam,
Gorgonco ;”—

and do we not reflect upon a period, when this image was not considered merely as part of an elegant fable, or as an ingenious personification; but when it brought with it the impression of its real presence, which was felt; and of its supernatural power, which was revered?

When an *allusion*, and not an *imitation*, is intended to be pointed out, it is not always of consequence from what author, or what particular passage, the resemblance is drawn; and therefore it cannot be objected, that the *one* allusion which I have marked, is needless; because many *others* equally

obvious could be brought from various quarters. An *imitation* perhaps must be confined to one or two passages; but an *allusion* may be illustrated by many. It surely forms also a pleasing branch of criticism, to trace coincidences of thought between writers of genius; to see what particular taste has added to general expression; and to observe, how a graceful idiom, or a noble image, has been altered or enlarged by each succeeding poet; what new and unexpected lights have been cast by the fancy of one author, on the suggestions of another; and how a thought, by gradual expansion, or sudden addition, is at length perfected. We may thus perceive from what slender associations, from what faint images and occasional turns of expression, a train of thought may shoot across the mind of the poet, and opening and enlarging itself, and gaining accessions of strength from all which the genius and learning of the mind can supply, at length appear with a lustre and beauty that never belonged to it in its early state, and under its original possessor. In this manner we may form a correct notion how fine the fruit of native genius will be, when it is assisted by the wisdom of others: and when the poet, while indulging in a patient and liberal enquiry into the opinions of the enlightened, still preserves a consciousness of his own independence of thought, and of his native and original strength.—“Poetry (says Milton) is the art of expert judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention.”

It will hardly be necessary, after what I have said, to take notice of the opinions of those, who think the fame of the poet lessened as the imitations, coincidences, or allusions are pointed out, and that his original genius will be depreciated by exhibiting the quantity of his acquired materials. It may be asked, however, if the reputation of Shakspeare or Milton has been at all diminished by what has been selected to illustrate them, by the industry of their commentators. I remember when an opinion of this

nature was once urged against Milton; and when it was asserted that the chief part of the materials which he used in his *Paradise Lost*, belonged to other poets; the late Professor Porson, who was present, strenuously repelled the justice of the accusation; and, repeating the noble exordium of the third book, a passage which is at once pathetic and sublime in the highest degree, he asked to whom Milton was indebted for this fine example of the most perfect poetry. As far as my opinion is concerned, I must say that the *original genius* of Gray appears to me to be of the very highest order: and that the combination of his images, and the application of them to his subject, is at once the result of the profoundest thought, the finest taste, and the most creative imagination. A person, however, who still entertains sentiments of this kind, will do well, before he decides too positively on the want of originality in this, or that writer, to read what Sir Joshua Reynolds has so sensibly written on this subject with regard to painting; and especially where he treats of the imitations of Raphael. I shall here content myself with transcribing one short passage from one of his Discourses.* “ It is indisputably evident (he says) that a great part of every man’s life must be employed in collecting materials for the exercise of genius. Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory. Nothing can come of nothing. He who has laid up no materials, can produce no combinations. The more extensive therefore your acquaintance with the works of those who have excelled, the more extensive will be your powers of invention; and, what may appear still more a paradox, the more original will be your conception.”

* See Sir J. Reynolds’s Discourses, vol. i. p. 28, ed. Malone. If any apology should be necessary for quoting so often the discourses of a *painter*, to illustrate the sister-art of *poetry*, I should shelter myself under the remark of Mr. Harris; that the *Stagirite* often illustrates his poetic ideas from painting. See *Philological Inquiries*, p. 208.

It may be remarked, that proficiency in the language, as in all other parts of poetry, must be acquired by study alone. In no case can it be called a gift, or sudden inspiration. The poet, like the prose-writer,* must take his words, as well as ideas, from the writings of others. He will watch that slow, but perpetual change, that is always taking place in language; and his taste will enable him to decide, what he may draw from the recesses of antiquity, as well as reject, what has been sullied by injudicious use, and constant repetition. It is also to be observed, that the notes of commentators are chiefly confined to the phraseology of the poet; because, imitations of *expression* are much more easily traced, than imitations of *thought*. Of course, a poet like Spenser or Milton, though he may borrow much in his expression, may show great genius in the other constituents of his art, in the invention of the fable, in the disposition of the parts, in the framing of the characters, in the connexion and dependence of the incidents, in the loftiness of his conceptions, in the power of commanding all that is pathetic or sublime, and in the management and conduct of the whole poem, τοῖς Ἡθεσιν ἀκριβοῦν, ἢ τὰ Πράγματα συνίστασθαι. The judgment, therefore, of the poet's originality from his *diction* alone, of course, must be fallacious. Every poet has some particular province of the art to which he attributes the greatest charms, and pays the chief attention. Though the phraseology be particularly studied by one, it is comparatively neglected by another; while something of greater importance in his eyes, supplies its room. We should know, for instance, what occupied the attention of Milton, by observing the varied harmony, the inverted language, the flowing periods, and the foreign phraseology of the poem. In Dryden, we should remark the power with which he commands all the native sources of the English language, the

* See Hume's Essay on the Rise of the Arts and Sciences, xvii. p. 160, ed. London, 12mo.

masculine vigour of his lines, the diversity of his idioms, the comprehension of his periods, the richness of his numbers, and the exuberance of his expression.* In Thomson, though on the one hand we should feel the heaviness and monotony of his versification, arising from his ignorance or neglect of the true structure of blank verse, yet we should find even *that* often giving way to the strength and vigour of his genius: we should admire that significant and emphatical language, which, at one touch, forms and completes the picture he intended to create; the promptitude with which his genius seizes upon the decisive parts of the composition, the vividness of his colouring, and the originality of his observation. The great harmony of Akenside's versification, we should find, was to be attributed to the frequency of the pause at the end of an unequal foot of the verse, particularly the seventh. The position of this pause was as much attended to, and admired by him, as that on the eighth foot by Milton, and the Hymn to the Naiads,† derives much of its harmony from this cause.

* See Dryden's account of his own style, in the Preface to *Don Sebastian*, vol. iii. p. 186, ed. Malone; where he speaks of "some newnesses of English, translated from the beauties of Modern Tongues, as well as from the elegancies from the Latin; and here and there, some old words are sprinkled, which, for their significance and sound, deserve not to be antiquated, such as we often find in Sallust among the Roman authors; and in Milton's *Paradise*, amongst ours."

† As in the following lines:

— "O'er ev'ry clime
 Send tribute to their parents; | and from them
 Are ye, O Naiads; | Arethusa fair,
 And tuneful Aganippe; | that sweet name
 Bandusia; | that soft family that dwelt
 With Syrian Daphne | and the hallow'd tribes
 Beloved of Pæon. | Listen to my strain,
 Daughters of Tethys, | listen to your praise."

These pauses are all on unequal feet; on the 7th, 5th, 7th, 3d, 5th, 5th.

Akenside is, perhaps, the only one of our English poets who has written so much in blank verse, and who is never inharmonious. In the poems of Goldsmith, we should acknowledge what appear to be the artless, and the natural graces of composition. The subject, the phrase, the simple flow of the verse, the choice of images, the beautiful transitions, the pathetic vein that runs through his poetry, and perhaps the very carelessness in the recurrence of the same rhyme, contribute to form a style of poetry by many preferred to that of any other; and able indeed to delight and refresh the mind with the softness of its thoughts, and the easiness of its expression.* Lastly, we might trace the effect, which the greatest skill in select and ornamented language, exquisite attention to the euphony and harmony of verse, judicious personification of abstract terms peculiarly adapted to lyrical composition, highly-wrought metaphorical language, and splendid and sublime imagery, have produced in lyric poetry, when directed by the genius of Gray. He, therefore, who should attempt to take a critical review of the English poets, and form his decision of the originality of their powers from any one principle or application of their art, would, of course, egregiously fail in his estimation of their general character. Of poetry it may be said, as Quintilian said of oratory: “Plures sunt eloquentiæ facies; sed stultissimum est quærere, ad quam recturus se sit orator, cum omnis species, quæ modo recta est, habeat usum.”

VII. It may be thought necessary to say something to the admirers of Gray, concerning the silence which is held on Dr. Johnson's criticisms on

* It has always appeared to me, that the frequent recurrence of the same rhymes in Goldsmith, was intended to assist the natural and unstudied appearance of his poetry; at least, it possesses that effect. Atterbury praises Waller for his rhymes being not only good, but new: and Dr. Warton remarks, that “we have compositions where new and uncommon rhymes are introduced. One or two writers, however, I cannot forbear mentioning, who have been

the poet. This has proceeded from the conviction, that most of the particular objections, all indeed of any importance, have long since been answered by those,* who wrote with that avowed intention. What remain, are rather general objections, often unsupported by arguments, and which have lost much of their weight, since the prejudice and partialities of their author have been acknowledged. The observations of Dr. Johnson on the poetry of Gray, bear few marks of severe scrutiny, or mature decision; but seem rather the productions of a mind, deeply prejudiced against the poetry of the author; loosely scattering expressions of dislike and contempt; anxious to find objections, and careless of the grounds on which they were founded. Under this impression, all the talents and acuteness of Dr. Johnson must fail in commanding our confidence, in the stability of his criticism. We shall look in vain for that openness, and candour, which can make the most searching remarks, of service both to the author, and the reader; and we have no hesitation in saying, that his, is not the severity of the judge, but the misrepresentation of the adversary.† Dr. John-

studious of this beauty. They are Parnell, Pitt in his Translation of Vida, West in his Pindar, Thomson in his Castle of Indolence." Essay on Pope, vol. i p. 149.

* Mr. Potter, the translator of Æschylus, Mr. Fitzthomas, (see A. Seward's Letters, ii. p. 148), 'A Yorkshire Freeholder,' Mr. G. Wakefield, Mr. P. Stockdale; not to mention the publication of Professor Young of Glasgow.

† It is fair to confute a critic from his own writings. The two following passages will perhaps shew how much the same person differs from himself, when an author and a critic.—On the Ode to Eton College, Dr. Johnson says, "The Prospect of Eton College suggests nothing to Gray, which every beholder does not equally think and feel. *His supplication to Father Thames, to tell him who drives the loop or tosses the ball, is useless and puerile. Father Thames had no better means of knowing than himself.*"—Are we by this rule of criticism to judge the following passage, in the twentieth chapter of Rasselas? "As they were sitting together, the princess cast her eyes upon the river that flowed before her: '*Answer,*' said she, '*great Father of Waters, thou that rollest thy floods through eighty nations, to the invocation of the daughter of thy native king. Tell me, if thou waterest, through all thy course, a single*

son, however, did not stand single in his expressions of dislike to the poetry of Gray. Goldsmith, I have heard, spoke of it in terms of great contempt in his familiar conversation; and alluded to it in the same manner, in the preface to his edition of Parnell.* But if we suppose that Dr. Johnson and others were *not prejudiced* against the poetry of their contemporary, it remains then only to presume, that they did not esteem or feel the beauties of that species of composition, in which the genius of Gray delighted. Dr. Johnson certainly most admired that kind of poetry, in which he himself so eminently excelled; and which, like the works of Dryden, contained sound sense, quick and ready observation, and moral eloquence, in fine harmonious couplets; without borrowing much embellishment from the fancy, or much sublimity from the imagination. In the Lives of the Poets, the school of Dryden and Pope, the school of strong sense, shrewd wit, close expression, and elegant amplification of the subject, is every where admired; while the beautiful imagery, pathetic sentiment, romantic thought, and sublime and magnificent creations of the lyric muse, as displayed in the poems of Gray, or of Collins, are slighted and depressed. I never would for a moment believe, that Dr. Johnson so

habitation, from which thou dost not hear the murmurs of complaint.’” If the reader is now desirous to see the critic criticized by the author, he may turn to Walpole’s Works, vol. v. p. 394, and find Gray’s opinion of Dr. Johnson’s Translation of Juvenal; and which passage I have quoted in the Life.

* See the Life of Parnell, p. xxviii. Goldsmith does not mention Gray by name; but it is well known that he alluded to him. “Parnell is happy in the selection of his images, and scrupulously careful in the choice of his subjects. His productions bear no resemblance to those tawdry things which it has for some time been the fashion to admire; in writing which, the poet sits down without any plan, and heaps up splendid images without any selection; when the reader grows dizzy with praise and admiration, and yet soon grows weary, he can scarce tell why.” This alludes, I believe, to the Elegy; and there is much more of this reflection in the preface, which it is hardly worth while to transcribe, as the book is very common in which it is to be found.

severely and unjustly criticized what he really and sincerely admired; but I should think, that he might feel some degree of spleen, in hearing others extol, what he could not approve; and enjoy, what he was not capable of relishing; and it happened in this, as in most cases of a similar nature, that an opposition of sentiments, occasioned a warmth of expression; and the more he heard the poems of Gray approved, the more closely he clung to his own opinions; and more severely expressed his contempt of his adversaries; by lowering in the eyes of the public, the Bard whom they so fondly admired, and adored.

It is perhaps almost unnecessary to observe, that he who peruses the Lives of the Poets by Dr. Johnson, will certainly discover in them the same marks of that great writer's penetration and sagacity which distinguished the productions of his earlier years. The same clearness of thought and profundity of judgment which he brought to the examination of all subjects critical and moral: and by which he was enabled to dispel much error and obscurity, even upon those questions which had not formed his favourite objects of enquiry, or been submitted to his accustomed investigation. He seldom indeed fails to inform, even where he is unable to persuade: and if he does not convince us of the general truth of his arguments, he at least instructs us by the particular force of his reasoning. But we shall be much disappointed, if we open these volumes with a hope of enjoying the calm result of an impartial judgment; or if we expect to find in them a just and connected code of poetical criticism, founded on enlarged principles, and accompanied with a candid and liberal investigation of the merits of those writers who pass in review before him; and we shall probably agree in the opinion of a writer, (who always accompanies his philosophical investigations with the most indulgent spirit of criticism,) when he says: "To myself (much as I admire his great and various merits both as a critic and a writer) human nature never

appears in a more humiliating form than when I read his Lives of the Poets, a performance which exhibits a more faithful, expressive, and curious picture of the author, than all the portraits attempted by his biographers; and which in this point of view compensates fully by the *moral* lessons it may suggest, for the *critical* errors which it sanctions. The errors, alas! are not such as any one who has perused his imitations of Juvenal can place to the account of a bad taste, but such as had their root in weaknesses, which a noble mind would be still more unwilling to acknowledge.*”

* See Professor D. Stewart's Philosophical Essays, 4to. p. 491.

S O N N E T.

A L O N E L Y Man he was, from whom these lays
Flow'd in his cloister'd musings : He in scorn
Held them, the unfeeling multitude, who born
For deeds of nobler purpose, their ripe days
Waste amidst fraudulent industry, to raise
Inglorious wealth.—But He, life's studious morn
Gave to the Muse, so best might he adorn
His thoughtful brow, with never-dying bays.
And well the Muse repay'd him. She hath given
An unsubstantial world of richer fee ;
High thoughts, unchanging visions, that the leaven
Of earth partake not ;—Rich then must he be,
Who of this cloudless world, this mortal heaven,
Possesseth in his right the Sovereignty.

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IN presenting the first volume of this work to the notice of the public, the editor takes the opportunity of stating, that his intention has been to form a more complete collection of the poems of Gray, than has hitherto appeared: and to accompany the text with those notes and illustrations, which might trace the imitations, and explain the allusions, that occur in the works of a poet, who is almost unequalled, at least in modern times, in the extent of his research, and the variety of his learning. The edition of the late Mr. Wakefield was designed, in some degree, to execute this plan; and the editor has great pleasure in acknowledging his frequent obligations to that work. He has also collected in a short life of Gray, those new materials, which had appeared at different times, since the publication of Mr. Mason.

The second volume contains all the letters of Gray which were published by Mr. Mason; together with those subsequently printed in the works of Lord Orford, and in the Gentleman's Magazine. In addition to these, the editor has been enabled, by the kindness of Richard Wharton, Esq., to enrich his work with many original and highly valuable letters from Gray to his most intimate and respected friend, Dr. Wharton, of Old Park, Durham. From this collection in

the hand-writing of Gray, the editor has made the selection which he now offers to the public, with the most perfect confidence of its affording additional delight to those who have estimated the value of that part of the correspondence of Gray, formerly edited by Mr. Mason. In these letters, which are now published for the first time, they will acknowledge the same marks of that sound and correct judgment, that excellent sense, and polished taste, expressed in the most lively and unaffected language; and adorned by a fancy highly playful and elegant.

The great importance however which the editor attaches to this volume is; that it enables the public *for the first time* to read the genuine and uncorrupted correspondence of Gray, exactly in his own language, and printed from his own manuscripts. Mr. Mason has published about thirty letters from Gray to Dr. Wharton, in many of which he has transposed the sentences, inserted paragraphs from one letter into another, and connected these insertions with sentences of his own; in almost all, he has altered the style, and changed, in a greater or less degree, the truth and character of the original composition.

It was the intention of the editor to give in this place a specimen of one of the genuine letters compared with the *rifacimento* of Mr. Mason, but owing to the numerous transpositions; and from the manner in which a fictitious letter is often framed, from two, or even three original ones, it was found difficult to effect this with satisfaction; and it was therefore thought better to leave the comparison entirely to the curiosity of the reader.

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The same volume which has been now entrusted to the present editor was lent by the late Dr. Wharton to Mr. Mason, when the latter was preparing to publish the memoirs of his friend: and the editor has the very best authority for stating, that Dr. Wharton was excessively displeas'd at the extraordinary liberties which Mr. Mason had taken with the volume that had been entrusted to his care. Much, of course, that may now be published with the greatest propriety, was at the time, in which Mr. Mason lived, very judiciously omitted by him. But for the system of alteration which he has intentionally, constantly, and silently adopted in that which he *has published*; so as often to disfigure and change the real style and manner of Gray; what reason can be assigned, what apology can be offer'd?

The editor has also been favour'd, in the most obliging manner, with copies of the original letters from Gray to Mr. Taylor How, and he has found the same plan of transposition of sentences and alteration of style pursued by Mr. Mason in them. The blank spaces which sometimes occur in the following letters are occasion'd by similar deficiencies in the original manuscript. Before Dr. Wharton entrusted his volume of letters to Mr. Mason, he cut out, and eras'd several passages. The editor has only further to observe, that he has form'd the following selection according to the best of his judgment: he has made a few omissions where the subject turn'd on mere matters of business, or private and domestic circumstances; and he has taken the liberty of altering a very few words which occur'd in the freedom of the most familiar correspondence; but it must be added, that this has not

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taken place above three or four times in the whole collection of letters; and only in those cases where the original expression could not with propriety have been retained.

The notes marked with a W, are taken from the edition of Mr. Wakefield.

BENHALL, May 7th, 1816.

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ODES.

ODE I.

ON THE SPRING.

The original manuscript title given by Gray to this Ode, was 'Noontide.' It appeared for the first time in Dodsley's Collection, vol. ii. p. 271, under the title of 'Ode.'

Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
And wake the purple year!

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Lo! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours*] "The Graces, and the *rosy-bosom'd Hours*." Milton's *Comus*, ver. 984. W.

Ver. 2. *Fair Venus' train, appear*] So Homer in the *Hymnus ad Venerem*, ii. 5 :

τήν δὲ χρυσάμπυκες ὥραι

δέξαντ' ἀσπασίως περὶ δ' ἄμβροτα εἴματα ἔσσαν.

The *Hours* also are joined with *Venus* in the *Hymnus ad Apollinem*, ver 194. And Hesiod places them in her train :

ἄμφι δὲ τήνγε

ᾠραι καλλίκαμοι στέφον ἄνθεσιν εἰαρινῶσι. Erg. ver. 75.

Ver. 3. *Disclose the long-expecting flowers*]

"At that soft season when descending showers

Call forth the greens, and *wake the rising flowers*,"

Pope's *Temple of Fame*, b. i. ver. 1. W.—In some editions, and even in those of Mr. Park, and of Du Roveray, "expected" is erroneously printed for "expecting."

Ver. 4. *And wake the purple year*] Apuleius in his *Nuptiis Cupid. et Psyche*, vi. p. 427, ed. Oudendorp: "*Horæ, rosis, et cæteris floribus purpurabant omnia*." Also in the *Pervigilium Veneris*, ver. 13: "*Ipsa gemmis purpurantem pingit annum floribus*." Pope has the same expression in his *Past.* i. 28: "*And lavish Nature paints the purple year*."

The Attic warbler pours her throat,^N 5
 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. 10

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,
 Beside some water's rushy brink 15
 With me the muse shall sit, and think

NOTES.

Ver. 5. *The Attic warbler pours her throat*] Martial, Epig. i. 54 : " Sic ubi multisona fervet sacer *Atthide* lucus." Also in the Epitaphium Athenaidos apud Fabrettum, p. 702 : " Cum te, nate, fleo, planctus dabit *Attica Aedon*." And "*Attica* volucris." Propert. II. xvi. 6.

———— " fugit vultus

Philomela suos, natumque sonat

Flebilis *Atthis*." Senecæ Herc. Œt. v. 200.

Add Milton, Par. Reg. iv. 245 : " The *Attic bird* trills her thick-warbled notes." The expression " pours her throat " is taken from Pope's Essay on Man, iii. 33 : " Is it for thee the linnet *pours her throat* ?"

Ver. 12. *A broader browner shade*] Milton, Par. Lost, iv. 246 : " The unpiere'd *shade imbrown'd* the noontide bowers." " And breathes a *browner* horror o'er the woods," Pope's Eloisa, 170. W.—Thomson's Cast. of Ind. i. 38 : " Or Autumn's varied *shades imbrown* the walls."

Ver. 13. *Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech*

O'er-canopies the glade]

" A bank *o'er-canopied* with luscious woodbine." Shaks. Mids. N. Dr. act ii. sc. 2. GRAY.—Mr. Wakefield has cited a passage from Milton's Comus, 543, which bears some resemblance to this passage.

Fletcher's Purpl. Island, ch. i. ver. 30 :

" The *beech* shall yield a cool safe *canopy*."

(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!

20

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
 The panting herds repose:
 Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 19. *How low, &c.*]

“ How low, how indigent the proud,
 How little are the great!”

So these lines appeared in Dodsley. The variation, as Mr. Mason informs us, was subsequently made, to avoid the point “*little and great.*”

NOTES.

Ver. 22. *The panting herds repose*] “*Patula pecus omne sub ulmo est,*” Pers. Sat. iii. 6. W.—But Gray seems to have imitated Pope’s Past. ii. 86:

“ But see the shepherds shun the noonday heat,
 The lowing *herds* to murmuring brooks retreat,
 To closer *shades the panting* flocks remove:”

which was from Virg. Eclog. ii. 8: “*Nunc etiam pecudes umbras et frigora captant;*” or Hor. Book III. Ode xxix. 21:

“*Jam pastor umbras cum grege lauguido
 Rivumque fessus quærit.*”

Ver. 23. *Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air*] Thomson’s Autumn, 836: “Warn’d of approaching winter, gather’d, play the *swallow-people.*” And Walton’s Complete Angler, p. 260: “Now the wing’d *people* of the sky shall sing.” To which may be added, Beaumont’s Psyche, st. lxxxviii. p. 46: “Every tree *empeopled* was with birds of softest throats.”

Ver. 24. *The busy murmur glows*] Thus Milton, Par. Reg. iv. 248: “The sound of bees’ *industrious murmur.*” Mr. Wakefield quotes Thomson’s Spring, 506: “Thro’ the soft air the *busy nations* fly.” And, 649: “But restless hurry thro’ the *busy air.*” Compare also Pope’s T. of Fame, 294. I will add here a few of Pope’s imitations, (which have been unnoticed,) in as brief a manner as possible. “The glory of the priesthood and the *shame,*” (Essay on Criticism, 693) is from Oldham’s Sat. against Poetry:

The insect-youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon :
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some shew their gayly-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun.

25

30

NOTES.

"The glory and the scandal of the age." And this line is copied from a poet who has been undeservedly neglected, and in whose work are many very beautiful passages and expressions : "The glory, yet the scandal of the age." Chamberlayne's *Pharonida*, ii. p. 200. In *Eloisa* to Abelard, ver. 51 : "Heaven first taught letters," is formed upon some lines written by *Howel*, and prefixed to his *Epistles*, p. 13. In the beginning of *Eloisa*, ver. 13 : "Oh ! write it not, my hand," is from *Claudian*, *Nupt. Hon. et Mar.* ver. 7.

"quoties incanduit ore

Confessus secreta rubor : nomenque beatum

Injussæscripsere manus !"

ver. 324, of the same poem, is from *Seneca*, *Herc. Oct.* 1342. Pope has borrowed much from *Milton*. To give the passages at length would extend this note too far : but compare *Pastoral* iii. 60, with *Comus*, 290 ; *Temple of Fame*, 91, with *Par. Lost*, i. 711 ; *Temple of Fame*, 94, with *Par. Lost*, ii. 2.

Ver. 25. *The insect-youth are on the wing*] "Some to the sun their *insect-wings* unfold," Pope's *Rape of the Lock*, ii. 59. W. ; but this expression was rather suggested by a line in *Green's Hermitage*, quoted in *Gray's Letter to Walpole* : (see note at ver. 31.)

"From *maggot-youth* thro' change of state

They feel, like us, the turns of fate."

Ver. 26. *Eager to taste the honied spring*] Part of *Dr. Johnson's* objection to this word, as formed after a late practice of poets, has been removed by the authority of *Milton*, as quoted by *Mr. Wakefield* : *Il Pens.* 142., *Lycid.* 140., *Sams. Agonist.* 1066. *T. Warton* has used it in *The Hamlet*, 43 : "Their humble porch with *honied* flowers."

Ver. 27. *And float amid the liquid noon*] "Nare per æstatem liquidam," *Georg.* iv. 59. GRAY.—To which, add *Georg.* i. 404 ; and *Æn.* v. 525 ; x. 272.

Ver. 30. *Quick-glancing to the sun*] "Sporting with *quick glance*, shew to the sun their wav'd coats dropp'd with gold," *Par. Lost*, vii. 410., GRAY.—See also Pope's *Homer*, ii. 557 ; and *Essay on Man*, iii. 55. *Whitehead* has copied this expression : "Quick-glancing to the sun display'd." See his *Works*, vol. iii. p. 26 ; and *T. Warton* in his ode written at *Vale Royal Abbey* :

"The golden fans, that o'er the turrets strown

Quick-glancing to the sun, wild music made." st. iii.

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of Man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the Busy and the Gay 35
 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. 40

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
 The sportive kind reply :
 Poor moralist! and what art thou?
 A solitary fly!

NOTES.

Ver. 31. *To Contemplation's sober eye*] "While insects from the threshold preach," Green, in the Grotto. Dodsley, Misc. vol. v. p. 161. GRAY.—Gray, in a letter to H. Walpole, says: (see Walpole's Works, vol. v. p. 395.) "I send you a bit of a thing for two reasons; first, because it is one of your favorites, Mr. M. Green; and next, because I would do justice: the *thought on which my second Ode turns*, (The Ode to Spring, afterwards placed *first*, by Gray,) is manifestly stole from thence. Not that I knew it at the time, but having seen this many years before; to be sure it imprinted itself on my memory, and forgetting the author, I took it for my own." Then follows the quotation from Green's Grotto. Mr. Wakefield seems to have discovered the original of this stanza in some lines in Thomson's Summer, 342:

"Thick in you stream of light, a thousand ways,
 Upward and downward, thwarting and convolved,
 The quivering nations sport; till, tempest-winged,
 Fierce Winter sweeps them from the face of day.
 E'en so luxurious men, unheeding, pass
 An idle summer life in fortune's shine,
 A season's glitter! Thus they flutter on
 From toy to toy, from vanity to vice,
 Till, blown away by Death, Oblivion comes
 Behind, and strikes them from the book of life!"

Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets, 45
 No live 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. 50

NOTES.

Ver. 47. *No painted plumage to display*]

“ From branch to branch the smaller birds with song
 Solac'd the woods, and spread their *painted wings*.”

Milt. Par. Lost, vii. 438. W.

And so Thomson's Spring, 582 ; Virg. Georg. iii. 243 ; Æn. iv. 525 ; and Claudian, xv. 3. Pope seems indebted to the *Hystrix* of Claudian, 44, for some lines in the Essay on Man, iii. 172 : “ Go from the creatures,” &c. I may add also, that an expression in Samson Ag. ver. 89,

“ ——— The moon

Hid in her vacant interlunar *cave*,”

is from the *Stilicho* of Claudian, iii. 288 : “ *Roscida fecundis concepit luna cavernis*.” Nor have the commentators noticed that the line in Par. Reg. i. 498, “ Satan bowing low, his *gray dissimulation*,” is from Ford's Brok. Heart, act iv. sc. 2 : “ Lay by thy whining *gray dissimulation*.”

Ver. 49. *Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone*] Πάνθ' ἄλιον ἄρμι δεδύκειν. Theocrit. Idyll. i. 102. W. Alexis ap. Stobæum. lib. cxv. : “ Ἰδὴ γὰρ ὁ βίος οὐμὸς Ἐσπέραν ἄγει. Plato has the same metaphorical expression : ἡμεῖς δ' ἐν δυσμαῖς τοῦ βίου, de Legib. tom. ii. p. 770, ed. Serrani ; and see Aristotelis Poetica, cap. 55 : καὶ τὸ γῆρας, Ἐσπέραν βίου. Mr. Twining, in his translation of the Poetics, together with this line from Gray, has quoted Shakspeare's Comedy of Errors (last scene) : “ Yet hath my *night of life* some memory,” see p. 108. Compare with this poem, a paper in the Freethinker, vol. iii. No. 114, written by Dr. Pearce ; and which has been republished in the Gleaner, vol. i. p. 122.

ODE II.*
ON THE DEATH
OF
A FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.

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

5

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 4. In the first edition of this poem, the order of these lines was reversed :

“ The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Demurest of the tabby kind.”

NOTES.

* This Ode first appeared in Dodsley's Collection, vol. ii. p. 274, with some variations ; only one of which is given by Mason. They are all noticed in this edition, as they occur. In Jortin's Prologues, vol. i. p. 39, is a short Poem on the Death of a Cat.

Ver. 3. *The azure flowers, that blow*] This expression has been accused of redundancy by Dr. Johnson and Mr. Wakefield. Gray, however, could have defended it by the usage of the ancient poets. See Ovid *Metam.* ix. 98 : “ Hunc tamen *ablati* domuit *jactura* decoris.” And Statii *Silv.* II. v. 30 : “ Unius *amissi* tetigit *jactura* leonis.” In Jortin's Tracts, vol. i. p. 269, some examples of such redundant expressions are collected from the Greek and Latin poets. See on this subject also the notes of Burmann on Propertius,

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, 10
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
 She saw ; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd ; but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream : 15
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
 Thro' richest purple to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 14. *Two angel forms*] First edit. "Two beauteous forms:" a reading that appears to me preferable to the one now in the text.

NOTES.

lib. iv. El. vii. v. 69; on Ovid. *Metam.* ii. 66, and on the *Poemata Lotichii*, lib. i. el. 8. 27. In the *Prog. of Poesy*, I. i. 5: "The laughing *flowers* that round them *blow*."

Ver. 15. *The Genii of the stream*] Thomson, in his *Spring*, v. 400, with equal beauty, speaking of fish:

" — in whose ample wave
 The little *Naiads* love to sport at large."

Antipater the Sidonian, may be said nearly to have reversed this image:

Μοῦσαι ἀπόρρητοι Νηρηίδες Ὠκεανῶς
 Κοῦραι, σῶν ἀχέων μίμνομεν Ἀλκυόνες.

Vide *Analecta Brunckii*, vol. ii. p. 20.

In this, as in many other parts of his poem, Thomson has made use of the *Prædium Rusticum* of Vanicre, sometimes translating whole passages. Compare with this, Vaniere's Poem, p. 289. A beautiful line in *Spring*, ver. 626, "In fond rotation spread the spotted wing," is from the same source, "Sæpe solum verrens pennâ pendente rotatur."

Ver. 17. *Thro' richest purple to the view*] So Virg. *Georg.* iv. 274:

"Aureus ipse; sed in foliis, quæ plurima circum
 Funduntur, violæ subluceat purpura nigræ." W.

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 40
 And heedless hearts is lawful prize,
 Nor all, that glisters, gold.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 40. *Tempts*] Strikes, ms.

NOTES.

Ver. 42. *Nor all, that glisters, gold*] This proverbial expression was a favorite among the old English poets:

“ But all thing which *shineth as the gold*
Ne is no gold, as I have herd it told ”

See Chaucer's Charone Yemane's Tale, v. 164. 30. Tyrwhit refers to the Parabolæ of Alanus de Insulis, quoted by Leyser, Hist. Poet. Med. Æv. 1074: “ Non teneas aurum, totum quod splendet ut aurum.” Among the poems published with Lord Surrey's, p. 226, edit. 1717: “ Not every *glit'ring* gives the *gold*, that greedy folk desire.” In the Paradise of Dainty Devises, called ‘ No Foe to a Flatterer,’ p. 60 (reprint), is this line: “ But now I see all is not *gold*, that *glittereth in the eye*.” In England's Helicon, p. 194: “ All is not *gold*, that *shineth* bright in show.” Spenser's F. Queen, ii. 8. 14: “ Yet *gold* all is not, that doth *golden seem*.”

“ Not every thinge that gives, a gleame and *glitt'ring* showe,
 Is to be counted *gold* indeede, this proverbe well you knowe.”

Turberville's Answer of a Woman to her Lover, supposing his
 complaynt to be but fayned, st. iv.

“ To fill his purse with grotes, and *glit'ring golde*.” Gascoigne's “ The
 Fruittes of Warre,” st. lx. and clxxxvi.

This poem was written later than the first, third, and fourth Odes, but was arranged by Gray in this place, in his own edition.

ODE III.*

ON

A DISTANT PROSPECT

OF

ETON COLLEGE.

* Ἀνέρωπος, ἰκανὴ πρᾶξις, εἰς τὸ δυστυχεῖν.

Menander. Incert. Fragm. ver. 382. ed. Cler. p. 245.

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's † holy shade ;

NOTES.

* This, as Mason informs us, was the *first English* production of Gray which appeared in print. It was published in folio, in 1747, and appeared again in Dodsley's Collection, vol. ii. p. 267, without the name of the author. A Latin poem by him, On the Prince of Wales's Marriage, had appeared in the Cambridge Collection, † the year 1736, which is inserted in this edition.

† King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

Ver. 4. *Her Henry's holy shade*] So in the Bard, ii. 5: "And spare the meek usurper's *holy head*." And in the Install. Ode, iv. 12: "the murder'd *saint*." So Shak. Rich. III. act v. sc. 1: "*Holy King Henry*." And act iv. sc. 4: "When *holy Henry* died." This epithet has a peculiar propriety, as Henry the Sixth, though never canonized, was regarded as a *saint*. See Douce's Illust. of Shaksp. ii. 38. Pope, in Winds. For. 313, calls him "the *martyr-king*;" and T. Warton, "Nor long e'er *Henry's holy zeal*." See his Poems, by Mr. Mant, ii. 121.

And ye, that from the stately brow 5
 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 : 10

Ah, happy hills ! ah, pleasing shade !
 Ah, fields belov'd in vain !
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain !
 I feel the gales that from ye blow 15
 A momentary bliss bestow,

NOTES.

Ver. 5. *And ye that from the stately brow]*

“ and now to where

Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.”

Thoms. Sum. 1412. W.

And Mason's Engl. Garden, book i. ver. 146: “ Seek it on Richmond, or on *Windsor's brow*.”

Ver. 10. *His silver-winding way]* Thomson, in his Summer, 1417: “ The vale of Thames *fair-winding up*.” In Dart's Westminster Abbey, p. 10: “ Where *Thames in silver currents winds his way*.” Fenton, in his Ode to Lord Gower, which was so much praised by Pope and Akenside, had these two lines, iii. 1 :

“ O, if invok'd where *Thames's* fruitful tides

Slow thro' the vale in *silver volumes* play.”

This compound epithet might have been suggested by “ the silver-shedding tears” of Shakespeare's Two Gentlemen of Verona, act iii. sc. 3. Or by the following line in Pope's Moral Essays, ep. iv. ver. 85: “ With *silver-quiv'ring* rills meander'd o'er.” Homer gives the Πήγαιος the appellation of Ἀργυροδίνης, Il. β. ver. 753.

Ver. 15. *I feel the gales that from ye blow]*

“ *L'Aura gentil* che rasserena i poggi

Destando i fior per questo ombroso bosco

Al soavesuo spirto riconosco.”

Petrarca, Son. c LXI.

As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.

20

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race

NOTES.

Ver. 19. *And, redolent of joy and youth*] “And bees their honey *redolent of spring*,” Dryden’s Fable on the Pythag. System. GRAY.—“And every field is *redolent of spring*,” L. Welsted’s Poems, p. 23. Langhorne has copied this expression in his Hymeneal Ode, vol. i. p. 96. ed. Park: “*Redolent of youth and joy*.” It appears also in the Memoirs of Europe towards the Close of the Eighth Century, by Mrs. Manly, 1716, vol. ii. p. 67: “The lovely Endimion, *redolent of youth*.” Mr. Todd, in a note to Sams. Agonist. (see Milton, vol. iv. p. 410), deduces much earlier authority for this expression:

“O! *redolent* well of famous poetrye.”

And, “Her *redolent* words of sweetest influence.”

S. Hawes’s Past. of Pleasure.

Also Skelton’s Boke of Philip Sparrowe; “And redolent of ayre.” Catullus has an expression somewhat similar: “*Queis permulsa domus, jucundo risit odore*,” Ep. Pel. et Thet. ver. 285.

Ver. 21. *Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen*] This invocation is taken from Green’s Grotto: see Dodsley’s Collect. vol. v. p. 159:

“*Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace
 Gives leave to view, what beauties grace
 Your flowery banks, if you have seen.*”

Perhaps both poets thought of Cowley, vol. i. p. 117:

“Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, *say,*
Have you not seen us walking every day.”

T. Warton, in the Mous Catharinæ, has imitated this passage, as well as some others which will be noticed: ver. 31: “At Pater Ichinus,” &c. It has escaped the learned editor of the late edition of T. Warton’s Works, that a remarkable expression in the ‘Verses on the Window of New College,’ may be traced to Chamberlayne’s Pharonida:

“When elfin sculptors with *fantastic clew*
 O’er the long roof their wild embroidery drew.”

“—— This the *fantastic clew*
 To a delight,” &c. Pharonida, vol. i. book ii. p. 158.

Disporting on thy margent green,	
The paths of pleasure trace ;	
Who foremost now delight to cleave,	25
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?	
The captive linnet which enthrall ?	
What idle progeny succeed	
To chase the rolling circle's speed,	
Or urge the flying ball ?	30
While some on earnest business bent	
Their murm'ring labours ply	
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint	
To sweeten liberty :	
Some bold adventurers disdain	35
The limits of their little reign,	

NOTES.

In the second volume, p. 45, Mr. Mant observes, that *empurpled* is used in composition, only by Akenside : but it is found in the Poems of Gilbert Cooper, (the author of the Life of Socrates,) p. 46 :

“ Where lies the *vine-empurpled* glade,
By tuneful Chaulien vocal made.”

Ver. 23. *Disporting on thy margent green*] “ By slow Mæander's *margent green*,” Milton's *Comus*, 232. W.—I believe it has not been observed, that there is a considerable resemblance, in style and subject, between Milton's *Comus* and Cowley's play called ‘ Love's Riddle.’ *Comus* was printed in 1637 ; *Love's Riddle* in 1638, though written several years before. Both these plays were probably suggested by the ‘ Sad Shepherd’ of B. Jonson, and the ‘ Faithful Shepherdess’ of Fletcher.

Ver. 24. *The paths of pleasure trace*] So Pope in his *Essay on Man*, iii. 233 :

“ To virtue, in the *paths of pleasure* trod.”

Ver. 27. *The captive linnet which enthrall*] This expression has been noticed as tautologous. Thomson, on the *same* subject, uses somewhat redundant language, *Spring*, 702 :

“ Inhuman caught ; and in the narrow cage
From *liberty confined* and boundless air.”

Ver. 30. *Or urge the flying ball*] “ The senator at cricket *urge the ball*,” Pope's *Dunciad*, iv. 592.

And unknown regions dare descry :
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy. 40

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possest ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast :
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue, 45
 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. 50

NOTES.

Ver. 37. *And unknown regions dare descry*] This line is taken from Cowley's Pindarique Ode to Hobbes, iv. 7. p. 223 :

“ Till *unknown regions* it describes.”

Ver. 38. These last six lines are translated by T. Warton in his *Mons Catharinæ*, beginning ver. 41 : “ Interea licitos colles, atque omnia jussa, Illi indignantes,” &c. down to

“ Quicquid erit, cursu pavitanti, oculisque retortis
 Fit furtiva via, et suspectis passibus itur.”

Ver. 40. *And snatch a fearful joy*] So Stat. Theb. i. 620 :

“ Magnaque post lachrymas etiamnum gaudia pallent.”

For other expressions of this nature, see Mr. Wakefield's note.

Ver. 43. *The tear forgot as soon as shed*] Thus T. Warton, in *Mons Cath.* ver. 91 :

“ En ! vobis roseo ore salus, curæque fugaces
 Et lachrymæ siquando breves.”

Ver. 44. *The sunshine of the breast*] So Pope's *Eloisa*, ver. 209 : “ Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind.”

Ver. 47. *And lively cheer, of vigour born*] “ In either cheek depeyncten lively cheere,” Spenser's *Hobbinol's Dittie*, ver. 33. W.

Ver. 49. *The spirits pure, the slumbers light*] “ The temperate sleeps, and spirits light as air.” Pope's *Im. of Horace*, l. 73 ; and Milton's *Par. Lost*, v. 3 :

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 55
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train!
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murth'rous band!
 Ah, tell them they are men! 60

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,

NOTES.

“ — His *sleep*

Was *airy light*, from *pure digestion* bred,
 And temperate vapours bland.”

Ver. 51. *Alas! regardless of their doom*]

“ E'en now, *regardless of his doom*,

Applauding honour haunts his tomb.” 4th stanza of Collins's

Ode on the Death of Col. Ross, from his *first manuscript*.

Ver. 55. *Yet see, how all around 'em wait*

The ministers of human fate] These two lines seem to be taken from Broome's

Ode on Melancholy, p. 28:

“ While round, *stern ministers of fate*,
 Pain, and Disease, and Sorrow wait.”

And so Otway's Alcibiades, act v. sc. 2. p. 84: “ Then enter, ye *grim ministers of fate*.”

Ver. 57. *And black Misfortune's baleful train*] This resembles a stanza in a poem but little known, published in 1752; viz. A Translation of the Eighth Isthmian Ode of Pindar, by Thomas Tyrwhitt:

“ The past, or future, wherefore should we heed?

The present hour alone belongs to man.

What if thro' all the various maze of life

Black fates in ambush hover o'er our heads

With loads of bitter woe?”

Ver. 61. *These shall the fury Passions tear*] “ The *fury Passions* from that flood began.” See Pope's Essay on Man, Ess. iii. 167.

Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that sculks behind ;
 Or pineing Love shall waste their youth, 65
 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. 70

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falschood those shall try, 75
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow ;
 And keen Remorse with blood defil'd,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe. 80

NOTES.

Ver. 63. *Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear*] Statius, *Theb.* vii. 49: "Exsanguisque Me-
 tus." And from him Milton. *Quint.* Novemb. 148: "Exsanguisque Horror."

Ver. 66. *Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth*]

"But gnawing Jealousy out of their sight,
 Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite."

Spenser's *F. Q.* vi. 23.

Ver. 68. *And Envy wan, and faded Care*]

"With praise enough for *Envy* to look *wan*."

Milton's *Sonnet to H. Lawes*, xiii. 6. W.

Ver. 69. *Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair*] Gray has here imitated Shakspeare. See
Richard III. act i. sc. 1: "Grim-visag'd War." And *Comedy of Errors*, act v. sc. 1:
 "A moody and dull melancholy kinsman to *grim and comfortless Despair*."

Ver. 76. *And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye*] "Affected *Kindness* with an *alter'd face*,"
 Dryden's *Hind and Panth.* part iii.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath
 A griesly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen :
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins, 85
 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. 90

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, 95
 Since sorrow never comes too late,

NOTES.

Ver. 79. *And moody Madness laughing wild*] “ *Madness laughing in his ireful mood :*” Dryden’s *Palam. and Arc.* (book ii. p. 43. ed. Aik.) GRAY. And so Shakspeare, *K. Hen. VI.* p. 1. act iv. sc. 2 : “ *But rather moody mad.*” And act iii. sc. 1 : “ *Moody fury.*” Chaucer’s *Knyghte’s Tale*, 1152. “ *And heartless oft like moody madness stare,*” Collins’s *Ode on the Sup. of the Highlands*, stanz. iv.

Ver. 81. *Lo! in the vale of years beneath*] So *Othello*, act iii. sc. 3 : “ *Declin’d into the vale of years.*” Compare also with this passage, Virg. *Æn.* vi. 275.

Ver. 83. *The painful family of Death*] “ *Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain,*” Pope’s *Essay on Man*, Ess. ii. 118. Dryden’s *State of Innocence*, act v. sc. 1 : “ *With all the numerous family of Death.*” And Garth’s *Dispens.* vi. 138 : “ *And all the faded family of Care.*” Claudian uses language not dissimilar : *Cons. Honor.* vi. 323 : “ *Inferno stridentés agmine Morbi.*” And Juvenal. *Sat.* x. 218 : “ *Circumsedit agmine facto Morborum omne genus.*”

Ver. 95. *Yet, ah! why should they know their fate*] We meet with the same thought in Milton’s *Comus*, ver. 559 :

“ *Peace, brother ; be not over-exquisite
 To cast the fashion of uncertain evils ;*

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

NOTES.

For grant they be so, while they rest unknown,
 What need a man forestall his date of grief?" W.

Ver. 98. *Thought would destroy their paradise*] Soph. Ajax, ver. 555: Ἐν τῷ φρονεῖν γὰρ μηδὲν ἠδίστος βίος. W.

Ver. 99. *No more ;—where ignorance is bliss*] Beattie has imitated this line in his *Minstrel*, ii. 30: "Be *ignorance* thy choice, when *knowledge* leads to woe." And the concluding stanza has also been imitated by Tweddell in his *Greek Ode*: 'Juvenum Curas,' p. 112.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.*

— Ζήνα —

Τὸν φρονεῖν Βροτοῦς ἰδῶ-
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μαθῶν
Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

Æschylus, in Agamemnone, ver. 181.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!

NOTES.

* This Hymn first appeared in the fourth volume of Dodsley's Collection, together with the 'Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' p. 7; and not, as Mr. Mason says, with the three foregoing Odes, which were published in the second volume. In Mr. Mason's edition it is called an *Ode*; but the title is now restored, as it was given by the author. The motto from Æschylus is not in Dodsley.

Ver. 1. *Daughter of Jove, relentless power*] Ἄττη, who may be called the goddess of Adversity, is said by Homer to be the daughter of Jupiter: Hom. Il. τ. 91. Πηέσσα διὸς θυγάτηρ Ἄττη, ἣ πάντας ἀάται. Perhaps, however, Gray only alluded to the passage of Æschylus which he quoted, and which describes Affliction as sent by Jupiter for the benefit of man. Potter in his Translation has had an eye on Gray. See his Transl. p. 19:

“ Yet often when to Wisdom's seat
Jove deigns to guide man's erring feet,
His virtues to improve;
He to Affliction gives command
To form him with her chast'ning hand;
The memory of her rigid lore,
On the sad heart imprinted deep,
Attends him through day's active hour,” &c.

Bound in thy adamantine chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

NOTES.

Ver. 2. *Thou tamer of the human breast*] “Then he, great tamer of all human hearts,” Pope’s *Dunciad*, i. 163.

Ver. 3. *Iron scourge*] So Fletcher, *Purpl. Isl.* ix. 28: “Affliction’s *iron flail*.”

Ibid. Tort’ring hour] In Mr. Wakefield’s note, he remarks an impropriety in the poet joining to a material image, the “torturing hour.” If there be an impropriety in this, it must rest with Milton, from whom Gray borrowed the verse:

“ — when the *scourge*
 Inexorably, and the *torturing hour*,
 Calls us to penance.” Par. Lost, ii. 90.

But this mode of speech is indeed authorized by ancient and modern poets. In Virgil’s description of the lightning which the Cyclopes wrought for Jupiter, *Æn.* viii. 429:

“Tres imbris torti radios, tres nubis aquosæ
 Addiderant, rutili tres ignis, et alitis Austri:
Fulgores nunc terrificos, sonitumque, metumque
 Miscebant,” &c.

In Par. Lost, x. 297, as the original punctuation stood:

“Bound with Gorgonian *rigor* not to move,
 And with Asphaltic *slime*.”*

The Latin authors of the later ages, and Ovid (see *Metamorph.* iv. ver. 500) indeed in better times, abound with this kind of expression, carried much beyond the limits of grave and judicious style. It must be remarked, however, that there is no attempt at point, or conceit, either in Gray or Milton; it occurs again in the ‘Alliance of Education and Government:’ “Her boasted *titles* and her golden *fields*.”

Ver. 5. *Bound in thy adamantine chain*] Ἰδαμαντίνων δεσμῶν ἐν ἀρρήκτοις πέδαις: *Æsch. Prom.* vi. W., from whom Milton, Par. Lost, i. 48: “In *adamantine chains*, and penal fire.” And the expression occurs also in the Works of Spenser, Drummond, Fletcher, and Drayton. See Todd’s note on Milton. “In *adamantine chains* shall Death be bound,” Pope’s *Messiah*, ver. 47; and lastly, Manilius in his *Astron.* lib. i. 921.

Ver. 7. *And purple tyrants vainly groan*] “Till some new *tyrant* lifts his *purple*

* I ought to remark that this punctuation is now altered in most of the editions. The new reading was proposed by Dr. Pearce.

When first thy sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd, 10
 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, 15
 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. 20
 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.

NOTES.

hand," Pope's Two Choruses, ver. 23. Wakefield cites Horace, Book I. Ode xxxv. 12 :
 " *Purpurei metuunt tyranni.*"

Ver. 8. *With pangs unfelt before*] From Milton, Par. Lost, ii. 703: " Strange
 horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

Ver. 10. *Virtue his darling*] " So, che quando hai mandato su la Terra la VIRTU' tua
 figliuola, le hai data per guida la SVENTURA," Lettere di Jacopo Ortis. p. 68.

Ver. 15. *Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore*] An expression similar to this occurs in
 Sir P. Sydney's Arcadia, vol. iii. p. 100: " Ill fortune, my awful governess." Whitehead
 has copied Gray in his Elegy, IV. written at Rome in 1756, vol. iv. p. 211, the year after
 this poem appeared :

" Stern War, the rugged nurse of virtuous Rome ;"

and T. Warton in his poem On the Birth of the Prince of Wales : " Her simple institutes
 and rigid lore."

Ver. 20. *And leave us leisure to be good*] See Hurd's Cowley, vol. i. p. 136: " If
 we for HAPPINESS COULD LEISURE find," and the note of the editor. " And know
 I have not yet the leisure to be good," Oldham's Ode, stanz. v. vol. i. p. 83.

Ver. 22. *The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe*] See Troilus and Cressida, act iii.
 sc. 3. p. 364:

Wisdom in sable garb array'd, 25
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :
 Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend, 30

NOTES.

“ — For *men*, like butterflies,
 Shew not their mealy wings, but to the *summer*.”

Also,

“ The common people swarm like *summer flies*,
 And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun.”

Henry VI. Part iii. act 2. sc. 9.

Timon of Athens, act iii. sc. 7. “ Such *summer-birds* are men !” But the exact expression is to be found in the poems of Herbert : “ fall and flow, like leaves, about me, or like *summer-friends*, flies of estates and sunshine,” Herbert's Temple, p. 296.

Gray seems to have had Horace in his mind, Book I. Ode xxxv. 25.

“ At vulgus infidum, et meretrix retro,
 Perjura cedit ; diffugiunt cadis
 Cum fæce siccatis amici,
 Ferre jugum pariter dolosi,”

and in the next stanza we are reminded of “ Te Spes, et albo rara Fides colit, &c.”

Ver. 25. *Wisdom in sable garb array'd*] “ O'erlaid with *black*, staid *Wisdom's* hue,”
 Il Pensero. 16. W.

Ver. 28. *And Melancholy, silent maid,*

With leaden eye that loves the ground]

“ With a sad *leaden* downward cast,
 Thou *fix* them on the earth as fast.”

Il Pensero. 43. W.

Dryden's Cimon and Iphig. ver. 57. “ And stupid eyes that ever loved the ground.”
 Pope's Ode on St. Cecilia, ver. 30 : “ Melancholy lifts her head.” And in Pericles
 Prince of Tyre, act. i. sc. 2 :

“ The sad companion, *dull-eyed Melancholy*.”

And so we read “ *leaden Contemplation* ” in Love's Labour's Lost, p. 123. act iv. sc. 3.
 In Beaumont's Passionate Madman :

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, 35
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 fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty: 40

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,

NOTES.

“ A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound.”

Act. iii. sc. 1.

Ver. 31. *With Justice, to herself severe*]

“ To Servants kind, to Friendship clear,
To *nothing but herself severe.*”

Carew's Poems, p. 87.

And

“ Judge of thyself alone, for none there were
Could be so *just*, or could be so *severe.*”

Oldham's Ode on Ben Jonson, p. 71, vol. ii.

Ver. 32. *And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear*] So Whitehead in his
Atys, p. 67 :

“ If *soft-ey'd Pity* takes her rise from thence,
If hence we learn to *feel another's pain*,
And from our own misfortunes grow humane.”

Ver. 35. *Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad*] So Ovid. *Metam.* IV. 801 :

“ *Gorgoneum turpes crinem mutavit in hydros.*
Nunc quoque, ut attonitos formidine terreat hostes.”

Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The gen'rous spark extinct revive, 45
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

NOTES.

And Val. Flac. vi. 175 :

“ ——— Horrentem colubris, vultuque tremendam
 Gorgoneo.” ———

Ver. 48. *What others are to feel, and know myself a Man*] This line has been
 borrowed by Whitehead in his *Creusa*, 122 :

“ To *feel* for others' woes, and bear my own
 With manly resignation.”

And in the concluding stanza of his *Enthusiast*, p. 161 :

“ If not thy bliss, thy excellence
 Thou yet hast learn'd to scan ;
 At least thy *wants, thy weakness know,*
 And see them all uniting show,
 That *man was made for man.*”

Both poets were indebted to Terence, *Heautontim*, act i. ver. 25.

THE PROGRESS OF POESY.

A PINDARIC ODE.*

Φωνάιντα συνετούσιν' ἔς
Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηγέων
Χατίζει.

Pindar, Olymp. II. v. 152.

I. 1.

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

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Awake, Æolian lyre, awake.*] “Awake, my lyre: my glory, wake,” MS.

Ver. 2. *Rapture*] Transport, MS.

NOTES.

* When the author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some few explanatory notes; but had too much respect for the understanding of his readers to take that liberty. GRAY.

Ver. 1. *Awake, Æolian lyre, awake*] “Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp,” David's Psalms. GRAY.

Cowley in his Ode of David, vol. ii. p. 423 :

“Awake, awake, my lyre,
And tell thy silent master's humble tale.”

And Akenside, Ode, I. ii. 4 : “But thou, my lyre, awake, arise.”

The laughing flowers that round them blow, 5
 Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
 Now the rich stream of music winds along,
 Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,

NOTES.

Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, *Αἰολίς μολπὴ, Αἰολίδες χορδαί, Αἰολίδων πνοαὶ αὐλῶν*, Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute. *GRAY.*

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

Ver. 3. *From Helicon's harmonious springs*] Thomson has joined the subject and simile in a passage strongly resembling this (*Liberty*, ii. v. 257):

“ In thy full language speaking mighty things,
 Like a clear torrent close, or else diffus'd
 A broad majestic stream, and rolling on
 Thro' all the winding harmony of sound.”

And see Quintilian, *Inst.* xii. 10. 6'. “ At ille qui saxa devolvat,” &c.

In Huntingford's *Apology for his Monostrophics*, p. 80, referred to by Wakefield, several passages of Pindar are pointed out; to which he supposes that Gray alluded, viz. *Ol.* ii. 62. 229. vii. 12. xii. 6.

Ver. 5. *The laughing flowers that round them blow*] “ *Albaque de viridi riserunt lilia prato*,” Petron. cap. 127. “ *Ridentes calathos*,” Claud. R. Pros. ii. 139. “ *Ridenti colocasia fundet acantho*,” Virg. *Ecl.* iv. 20; and Achilles Tatius has the expression, τὸ πέταλον τῷ ζεφύρω γελᾷ.

Ver. 6. *Drink life and fragrance as they flow*] “ *Bibant violaria fontem*,” Virg. *Georg.* iv. ver. 32. W.

* This note was occasioned by a strange mistake of the Critical Reviewers, who supposed the Ode addressed to the “ Harp of Æolus.” See Mason's *Memoirs*, let. 26. sec. 4; and *Critical Review*, vol. iv. p. 167. And see the *Literary Magazine* for 1757, p. 422; at p. 466 of the same work, is an Ode to Gray on his Pindaric Odes.

'Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :
 Now rowling down the steep amain, 10
 Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
 The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11. With torrent rapture, see it pour, ms.

NOTES.

“ And mounting in loose robes the skies
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.”

Green's Spleen, v. 79.

Ver. 7. *Now the rich stream, &c.*] This couplet seems to have been suggested by some lines of Pope (Hor. Epist. II. ii. 171) :

“ Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong.”*

Wakefield refers to Pope's Cecilia (10) :

“ While in more lengthen'd notes, and slow,
 The *deep majestic* solemn organs blow.”

Dr. Berdmore of the Charter-House, in his pamphlet on *Literary Resemblance*, p. 16, supposes that Gray had Horace in his mind :

* This latter line of Pope is taken from Prior's *Carmen Seculare XXII.* written in 1700 : who in his turn was indebted to Denham :

“ But her own king she likens to his Thames,
 With gentle course devolving fruitful streams,
Serene yet strong, majestic yet sedate,
 Swift without violence, without terror great.”

In fact, these famous lines of Denham were imitated so often, and by so many writers, as to occasion this admonition, in a poem called ‘*Apollo's Edict*,’ in the *Gulliveriana*, p. 53 :

“ If Anna's happy reign you praise,
 Pray, not a word of *halcyon days*.
 Nor let my votaries shew their skill,
 In aping lines from *Cooper's-Hill* ;
 For know, I cannot bear to hear,
 The mimickry of—‘*deep yet clear*.’”

I. 2.

Oh! Sov'reign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,

15

NOTES.

“ — Quod adest, memento
 Componere æquus.—Cætera fluminis
 Ritu feruntur, nunc medio alveo
 Cum pace delabentis Etruscum
 In mare: nunc lapides adesos,
 Stirpesque raptas, et pecus, et domos,
 Volventis una, non sine montium
 Clamore, vicinæque silvæ.” Od. III. xxix. 32.

Ver. 9. *Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign*] Copied by Whitehead, Ode VII. vol. ii. p. 282:

“To warmer suns, and *Ceres' golden reign.*”

Ver. 12. *The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar*] Dryden's *Virg. Georg. i.* “And rocks the bellowing voice of boiling seas resound.” Pope's *Iliad*: “Rocks rebellow to the roar.”

Ver. 13. *Oh! Sov'reign of the willing soul*] Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar. GRAY.

Ver. 15. *Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares*] “While *sullen Cares* and wither'd Age retreat,” Eusden's *Court of Venus*, p. 101. “Revengeful *Cares*, and *sullen Sorrows* dwell,” Dryden's *Virgil*, vi. 247.

Ver. 17. *On Thracia's hills the Lord of War*] So Dryden, vol. iii. 60. ed. Warton:

“ — The *God of War*

Was drawn triumphant on his iron car.”

And thence *Collius* in his Ode to Peace, ver. 4:

“When War by vultures drawn afar,

To Britain bent his *iron car.*”

And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the scept' red hand
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:

20

NOTES.

“Mavortia Thrace,” Statii Theb. 1. 201; and “Mars Threecen occupat,” Ovid. Ar. Am. ii. ver. 588.

Ver. 19. *And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command*] Collins, in his Ode to Mercy, ver. 5: “Win’st from his fatal grasp the spear.” In Fletcher’s Purple Island is a beautiful stanza (vi. 16.) much resembling the image drawn by Gray and Collins:

“But see how ’twixt her sister, and her sire,
 Soft-hearted Mercy sweetly interposing,
 Settles her panting heart against her sire,
 Pleading for grace, and chains of death unloosing,
 Neat from her lips the melting honey flows,
 The striking Thunderer recals his blows,
And every armed soldier, down his weapon throws.”

In the *Lusus Poetici* of Jortin (Hymn to Harmony, p. 45.), published in 1722, is the following couplet, strongly resembling Gray’s, and from the same source:

“Thou mak’st the *God of War* forsake the field,
 And drop his lance, and lay aside his shield.”

See also Ovid. Fasti, iii. v. 1: “Bellice, depositis clypeo paullisper et hastâ, Mars, ades.”

Ver. 20. *Perching on the scept’ red hand*] This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode. GRAY.

The passage in the first Pythian of Pindar, which Gray has imitated, is the following (ver. 10):

— EU —

-δει δ' ἀνά σκάπτω Διὸς αἰετὸς ὤ-
 -κέϊαν πτέρυν' ἀμφοτέρω-
 -θεν καλᾶξαις,
 Ἄρχὸς οἰωνῶν. κελαινῶ-
 -πιν δ' ἐπὶ οἱ νεφέλαι
 Ἄγκύλω κρατὶ, γλεφάρων
 Ἄδδ' κλαίστρον, κατέχευας, ὃ δὲ κνώστων

Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 23. *Dark*] *Black*, ms.

NOTES.

Ἴγρὸν νῶτον αἰωρεῖ, τεσσῆς
Ῥιπαῖσι κατασχόμενος· καὶ γὰρ βια-
-τὰς Ἰλίου, τραχεῖαν ἀνευθε λιπῶν
Ἐγγέων ἀμῶν ἰαίνει καρδίαν
Κῶματι.—

Akenside has also imitated it in his Hymn to the Naiads, p. 170, Park's ed.; a poem perhaps unequalled in our language for the exquisite harmony of its numbers :

“ — with slacken'd wings,
While now the solemn concert breathes around,
Incumbent o'er the sceptre of his lord
Sleeps the stern eagle, by the number'd notes
Possess'd, and satiate with the melting tone.
Sovereign of birds; the furious God of War
His darts forgetting, and the winged wheels
That bear him vengeful o'er the embattled plain,
Relents, and soothes his once fierce heart to ease.”

Gray has departed from the order in which the images are placed by Pindar and Akenside. The figure of Mars, which is slightly drawn, he has introduced first; and closed his stanza with the more elaborate description of the power of music over the ferocity of the eagle. As the images are transposed by Gray, it has been thought that the transition from *Thracia's Hills*, and the *Lord of War*, to the *Eagle*, is too violent even for lyric poetry. See Stewart's *Philos. Essays*, p. 373. T. Warton, in his Latin Translation of this Ode of Pindar, has inserted the last line of Gray's stanza. See Mr. Mant's edition, vol. ii. p. 278:

“ — carentque
Rostra minis, oculique flammis,” v. 12.

Ver. 21. *Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king*]
“ Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the *Eagle feather'd King*.”

Shaksp. *Pass. Pilg.* xx. p. 733, ed. Malone.

Ver. 22. *With ruffled plumes and flagging wing*] H. Walpole, in describing the famous

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
 On Cytherca's day ;

25

NOTES.

Boccapadugli eagle, of Greek sculpture, says: " Mr. Gray has drawn the ' flagging wing.' " See H. Walpole's Works, vol. ii. p. 463.

Ver. 25. *Thee the voice, the dance, obey*] Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body. GRAY.

Ver. 27. *O'er Idalia's velvet-green*] So Fairfax in his Tasso, xiii. 38 :

" At length a fair and spacious *green* he spide,
 Like calmest waters, plain ; like *velvet*, soft."

Garrick, in his Ode to Shakspeare, has copied this passage :

" Link'd to a numerous *frolic band*,
 With *roses* and with *myrtle crown'd*,
 O'er the *green velvet* lightly bound."

Young's Love of Fame, Sat. V. p. 128 :

" She rears her flowers, and spreads her *velvet-green*."

This expression, it is well known, has met with reprehension from Dr. Johnson; who appears by his criticism to have supposed it first* introduced by Gray. It was numbered, however, among the absurd expressions of Pope, by the authors of the *Alexanderiad*, (some of the heroes of the *Dunciad*,) see p. 288. It occurs in a list of epithets and nouns which Pope had used, and which these authors held up to ridicule: some of the others are, ' pensive steed,' ' brown horror,' ' blue languish,' ' self-mov'd tripod,' ' curling spire,' ' liquid road,' ' vermilion prose,' &c. The expression ' *velvet green*' may be seen in its original rudeness in the Poems of Quarles and Habington :

" I like the *green plush* which your meadows wear."

Castara, p. 110.

" And what 's a life? the flourishing array
 Of the proud summer-meadow, which to-day
 Wears her *green plush*, and is to-morrow hay."

Emblems, iii. 13.

* Shakspeare has, " Make boot upon the summer's *velvet buds*," Henry V. act i. sc. 2.

With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures, 30
 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. 35
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare :

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 30. *Sport*] Sports, MS.Ver. 34. *In cadence*] The cadence, MS.

NOTES.

Ver. 30. *With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures*]

“ I ’ll charm the air to give a sound,
 While you perform your *antic round*.”

Macbeth, act iv. sc. 2. W.

Ver. 32. *Now pursuing, now retreating*] Wakefield refers to Callimachi Hymn. Dian. 3.
 and Hom. II. Σ. 593.

Ver. 35. *Glance their many-twinkling feet*]

Μαρμαρυγὰς θηεῖτο ποδῶν δαΐμαζε δὲ θυμῶ.

Hom. Od. Θ. ver. 265. GRAY.

“ Or rustling turn the *many-twinkling* leaves
 Of aspin tall.”

Thoms. Spring, 155. W.

Ver. 36. *Slow melting*] Compare the following stanza of a poem by Barton Booth
 (the famous actor), in his *Life*, written in 1718, published 1733 :

“ Now to a *slow and melting air* she moves,
 So like in air, in shape, in mien,
 She passes for the Paphian queen ;
The Graces all around her play
 The wond’ring gazers die away ;
 Whether her *easy body* bend,
 Or her faire *bosom heave* with sigls ;
 Whether her *graceful arms extend*,
 Or gently fall, or slowly rise ;
 Or *returning or advancing*,
Swimming round, or sidelong glancing,
 Strange force of motion that subdues the soul.”

Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
 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 40
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,

NOTES.

Ver. 37. *Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay*] So in Dryden's *Flower and Leaf*, v. 191 :

“ For wheresoe'er she turn'd her face, they bow'd.”

Ver. 39. *In gliding state she wins her easy way*] This image is represented by Broome in his *Poems*, p. 262 :

“ Then swimming smooth along, magnificently treads.”

“ *Incessu patuit Dea,*” Virg. *Æn.* i. 405. And see Heyne's quotation from Eustathius.

“ On all sides round environ'd, wins his way.”

Milton's *Par. Lost*, ii. 1016.

Ver. 41. *The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love*]

Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφύρεῇσι

Παλείησι φῶς ἔρωτος.

Phrynicus apud Athenæum. GRAY.

“ — — *lumenque juventæ*

Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflârat honores.”

Virg. *Æn.* i. 594. W.

Add Ovid. *Amor.* ii. 1. 38: “ *Purpureus quæ mihi dietat Amor.*” And ix. 34: “ *Notaque purpureus tela resumit Amor.*” And Art. *Amor.* i. 292. And Claudian *Rap. Proserp.* i. 270 :

“ — — *Niveos infecit purpura vultus*

Per liquidas succensa genas, castæque pudoris

Illuxere faces.”

And Virg. *Æn.* xii. 67.

Ver. 42. *Man's feeble race what ills await*] To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the night. GRAY.

Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate! 45
 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, 50
 He gives to range the dreary sky ;
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 52. *Till down the eastern cliffs afar*]

“ Till fierce Hyperion from afar

Pours on their scatter'd rear, his glitt'ring shafts of war,” MS.

NOTES.

Ver. 49. *Night and all her sickly dews*] Wakefield refers to Milton's Hymn to the Nativity, stan. xxvi. and Par. Reg. iv. 419. But a passage in Cowley is pointed out by his last editor, Dr. Hurd, as alluded to by Gray, vol. i. p. 195 :

“ Night and her ugly subjects thou dost fright,
 And Sleep, the lazy owl of night;
 Asham'd and fearful to appear,
 They skreen their horrid shapes with the black hemisphere.”

Ver. 50. *Birds of boding cry*]

“ Love not so much the doleful knell
 And news the *boding night-birds* tell.”

Green's Grotto, 126.

“ Obscœnique Canes, importunaque Volucres
 Signa dabant.”

Virg. Georg. i. v. 470.

“ He withers at the heart, and looks as wan
 As the *pale spectre* of a murder'd man.”

Dryden's Pal. and Arcite. B. 1.

Ver. 52. *Till down the eastern cliffs afar*]

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

Cowley. GRAY.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam, 55
 The muse has broke the twilight gloom
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.

NOTES.

The couplet from Cowley has been wrongly quoted by Gray, and so continued by his different editors. It occurs in Brutus, an Ode, stan. iv. p. 171. vol. 1. Hurd's ed.:

“ One would have thought 't had heard the morning crow,
 Or seen her well-appointed star
 Come marching up the eastern hills afar.”

In Gray's Letter to Dr. Wharton, containing a Journal of his Tour to the Lakes, he says: “ While I was here, a little shower fell, red *clouds came marching up the hills from the east,*” &c. Mason's ed. 4. p. 175.

Ver. 53. *Hyperion's march*] In Mr. Mant's edition of Warton (vol. ii. p. 41), and in Mr. Steevens's note on Hamlet, (act i. sc. 2), it is remarked that all the English poets are guilty of the same *false quantity*, with regard to this word, except Akenside, as quoted by Mr. Mant, Hymn to the Naiads, 46; and the author of 'Fuimus Troes' by Mr. Steevens. See Dodsley's Old Plays, vol. vii. p. 500:

“ — Blow gently, Africus,
 Play on our poops; when *Hyperion's* son
 Shall couch in west his foam-bedappled jades,
 We'll rise to run our course.”

The assertions, however, of these learned editors are not correct; as will appear from the following quotations:

“ That Hyperion far beyond his bed
 Doth see our lions ramp, our roses spread.”

Drummond of Hawthornd. Wand. Muses, p. 180.

“ Then Hyperion's son, pure fount of day,
 Did to his children the strange tale reveal.”

West's Pindar, Ol. viii. 22. p. 63.

Gray has used this word again with the same quantity: Hymn to Ignorance, v. 12:
 “ Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race.” The same neglect of quantity* has

* The old English Poets (as Jortin remarks) did not regard quantity. Spenser has Iole,

And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat, 60
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,

NOTES.

attended a word of similar formation in England's Helicon, p. 130, *Astrophel and Stella*, by Sir P. Sydney :

“ If stones good measure daunc'd, the Thebane walls to build,
 To cadence of the tunes, which *Amphyon's* lyre did yield.”

Ver. 53. *Glitt'ring shafts of war*] “ Non radii solis, neque lucida tela diei,” Lucret. i. 148. vi. 39. Ausonii Mosell. 269: “ *Luciferique* pavent letalia tela diei.” W. Add Euripid. Phœnissæ, 171. ed. Porson.

Ἐώρις ὁμοία φλεγέθων
 βολαιστὶν ἀελίου.

This expression occurs also in Prudentii Hamartig. 86, and Marius Victor, Comm. in gen. i. 101.

Ver. 54. *In climes beyond the solar road*] Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilised 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.]

“ Extra anni solisque vias—”

Virg. *Æn.* vi. 795.

“ Tutta lontana dal camin del sole.”

Petrarch, *Canzon.* 2. GRAY.

“ Out of the *solar walk*, and heaven's high way,” Dryden's *Thenod.* August. stanz. 12.
 “ Inter solisque vias, Arctosque latentes.” Manilius, i. 450. Pope also has this expression: “ Far as the *solar walk* and milky way,” *Essay on Man*, ch. i. 102. Broome has used it also: “ Lifts me from earth above the *solar way*,” *Verses to Pope*, p. 195.

Ver. 56. *The twilight gloom*]

“ The nymphs in *twilight shade* of tangled thickets mourn.”

Milton's *Hymn to Nativ.* st. xx. W.

Pylades, Caphæreus, Rhætéan. Gaseoygne in his ‘ *Ultimum Vale* :’ “ Kinde Erato, and wanton Thalia.” Turberville in the ‘ *Ventrous Lover*,’ stanz. i :

“ If so Leander durst, from Abydon to Sest,

To swim to Hero, whom he chose his friend above the rest.”

Lord Sterling in his ‘ *Third Hour*,’ stanz. xiii p. 50: “ Then Pleiades, Arcturus, Orion, all.”
 Id. p. 87: “ Which carrying Orion safely to the shore.”

Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame. 65

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,

NOTES.

Ver. 61. *In loose numbers wildly sweet*] Milton's L'Allegro, 133:

“ Or sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,
 Warble his native woodnotes wild.” W.

Ver. 62. *Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs*] So Milton, Par. Lost, ix. 1116:

“ Girt with feather'd cincture.”

Ver. 62. *Dusky loves*] So Pope's Winds. For. 410: “ Reap their own fruits, and woo their *sable loves*.” Gray's epithet, as Dr. Warton remarks, is the more correct. He has used it again: “ The *dusky* people drive before the gale,” Frag. on Educ. and Gover. ver. 105.

Ver. 64. *Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame*] This use of the verb plural after the first substantive, is in Pindar's manner, Nem. x. 91. Pyth. 4. 318. Hom. Il. E. 774. W. “ I cannot help remarking (says Mr. D. Stewart, in his Philosophy of the Human Mind, p. 506, 8vo.) the effect of the solemn and uniform flow of the verse in this exquisite stanza, in retarding the pronunciation of the reader, so as to arrest his attention to every successive picture, till it has time to produce its proper impression.”

Ver. 66. *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; 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. GRAY.

“ With hollow shriek the *steep of Delphos* leaving.”

Milton's Hymn to Nativ. xix. W.

Ver. 67. *Isles, that crown the Ægean deep*] So Dionysius, in his chaste and classical poem The Periegesis, v. 4:

— ἐν γὰρ ἐκείνῳ

Πᾶσα γῆν, ἅτε νῆσος ἀπειρίτος ἐστεφανῶται.

Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering lab'rinth creep, 70
 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 75
 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. 80

NOTES.

Ovid in *Metam.* v. 388 : "Silva coronat aquas." And Seneca in *Œdip.* 488 : "Naxos Ægeæ redimita Ponto."

And Jortin, in his *Lusus Poetici*, vol. i. p. 4 :

"Cyclades sparsas ubi Naxos inter
 Surgit Ægeæ redimita Ponto."

Ver. 68. *Cool Ilissus laves*] This epithet is given by Seneca in the *Hippolyt.* 1. 13 :

"Ubi par glacie lenis Ilissus ;
 Ubi Mæander, sic per inæquales
 Labitur agros."

Ver. 69. *Mæander's amber waves*] "There Susa by Choaspes, *amber stream*," Par. Reg. iii. 288. "Rolls o'er Elysian flow'rs her *amber stream*," Par. Lost, iii. 359. Callimæchi Cer. 29 :

— τὸ δ', ὡστ' ἀλέκτρινον, ὕδωρ
 ἐξ ἁμαρᾶν ἀνέθουε. W.

To which add Euripid. *Hippolyt.* ver. 741. "Electro purior resplendebat amnis," Martian. Capella, c. viii. l. ed. Goetz.

Ver. 71. *How do your tuneful echoes languish*] In the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1814, No. xxii. p. 314, some lines are quoted from Addison's letter from Italy, containing an idea similar to these of Gray : "Poetic fields encompass me around," &c.

Ver. 80. *And coward Vice, that revels in her chains*] "Servitude that hugs her chain," Ode on the Install. V. W.

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

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd.

85

To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd.

NOTES.

Ver. 84. *In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid*] "Nature's darling." Shakspeare.
GRAY.—This expression occurs in Cleveland's Poems, p. 314.

"Here lies within this stony shade,
Nature's darling; whom she made
Her fairest model, her brief story,
In him heaping all her glory."

"The flowery May, who from her *green lap* throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose."

Milton's Son. on May Morn. Shaksp. GRAY.

Ver. 86. *To him the mighty mother did unveil*]

"The *mighty mother*, and her son who brings
The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings." Pope's Dunciad, i. 1.
"A cloud of fogs dilates her *awful face*."

Id. i. 262. W.

See also Virg. Georg. i. by Dryden:

"On the *green turf* thy careless limbs display,
And celebrate the *mighty mother's* day."

Ver. 87. . . . *The dauntless child*

Stretch'd forth his little arms and smil'd] Mr. Wakefield refers to Virg. Eclog. iv. 60: "Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem." And Berdmore, in his Literary Resemblances, p. 40, to the description of the infant Hercules in Theocritus, Idyll. xxiv. 55. But the truth is, that the two lines in Gray are almost exactly the same as two in Sandys's Ovid, p. 78. ed. 12mo. (see Metam. iv. 515.)

“ This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year: 90
 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 95
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy,
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time:

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 93. *Horror*] *Terror*, MS.

NOTES.

“ — — *the child*

Stretch'd forth its little arms, and on him smil'd.”

Ver. 91. *Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy*]

“ Yet some there be, that with due steps aspire
 To lay their hands upon that *golden key*
 That opes the palace of eternity.”

Milton's *Comus*, 13. W.

This passage of Milton is from Fletcher's *Purpl. Isl.* vii. 62:

“ Not in his lips, but hands, *two keys* he bore,
 Heaven's doors and hell's to shut, and open wide.”

Ver. 95. *Nor second He, that rode sublime*] Milton. GRAY.

Ver. 97. *The secrets of th' abyss to spy*] This alludes to Milton's own picture of himself:

— — “ Up led by thee

Into the Heaven of Heavens, I have presumed
 An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air.” Par. L. vii. 12.

Ver. 98. *He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time*] “ *Flammantia mœnia mundi,*”
 Lucret. i. 74. GRAY.—See also Stat. *Silv.* iv. 3. 156: “ *Ultra sidera, flammeumque so-*
lem.” And Cicero de *Finibus*, ii. 31. Hor. *Epist.* I. xiv. 9.

The living throne, the saphire blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze, 100
 He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear

NOTES.

Ver. 99. *The living throne, the saphire 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 saphire stone. This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord,” Ezek. i. 20, 26, 28. GRAY. — “Ay sang before the *saphir-color'd* throne,” Poem at a solemn Music (Milton), ver. 7.

“Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,

The cherub Contemplation.” Il Pens. ver. 53.

“Whereon a *saphire throne* inlaid, with pure

Amber, and colours of the showery arch.” Par. Lost. vi. 758.

“He on the wings of cherub rode sublime,

On the crystalline sky, in *saphire thron'd*.” Ibid. ver. 771.

Ver. 102. *Clos'd his eyes in endless night*]

Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε' δίδου δ' ἠδέϊαν ἀοιδῆν.

Hom. Od. Θ. ver. 64. GRAY.

“In æternam clauduntur lumina noctem,” Virg. Æn. x. 746. W. “He clos'd his eyne in everlastynge nyghte,” Chatterton's *Battle of Hastings*, p. ii p. 278. See also Milton's *Sonnets*, xix. xxii. The blindness of *Homer* was accounted for among the ancients, in the same poetical way as Milton's by Gray. *Homer*, when he resolved to write of *Achilles*, had a desire to fill his mind with a just idea of the hero, and entreated a sight of him. The hero rose in a glorious armour, which cast so insufferable a splendor that the poet lost his sight. See *Allatius de Patriâ Homeri*, c. viii. and *Pope's Essay on Homer*, p. lxxxv. *Politian* has used this fiction, which he derived from *Hermias in Phædr. Platonis*, (see the passage quoted in *Allatius*, p. 1785. *Gronov. Gr. Thes.* vol. x.) in his *Ambra*:

“Ipse ardens clypeo ostentat, terramque fretumque

Atque indefessum solem, solisque sororem

Jam plenam, et tanto volentia sidera mundo.

Ergo his defixus vates, dum singula visu

Explorat miser incauto, dum lumina figit,

Lumina nox pepulit.”

Ver. 103. *Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car*] See *Pope's account of Dryden*, *Epist. I. book ii. ver. 267* :

Two coursers of ethereal race, 105
 With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn. 110

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 108. *Bright-eyed*] Full-plumed, ms.

NOTES.

“Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full *resounding* line,
 The long majestick march, and energy divine.”

Ver. 106. *With necks in thunder cloth'd*] “Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?”
 Job.—This verse and the foregoing are meant to express the stately march and sounding
 energy of Dryden’s rhymes. GRAY.

“Curram, geminosque jugales
 Semine ab æthereo, spirantes naribus ignem.”

Virg. *Æn.* vii. 280. W.

Ver. 108. *Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er*] “Bright-eyed Fancy hovering near,”
 Smollett’s Ode to Mirth, xxxv. p. 251. ed. Anderson.

Ver. 110. *Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn*]

“Words that weep, and tears that speak,”

Cowley, *Prophet*, vol. i. p. 113. GRAY.

Dryden’s *Palamon and Arcite*, ii. p. 39:

“Prayers that e’en spoke, and pity seem’d to call;
 And issuing sighs that smoked along the wall.”

So Mallet, in his *Funeral Hymn*, ver. 23:

“Strains that sigh, and words that weep.”

And in his *Amyntor and Theodora*, ii. 306:

“Words that weep, and strains that agonize.”

Dr. Warton’s censure of Mallet’s poem quoted last, which so offended the author, was not
 without sufficient reason. The following line is in the first canto: “Song, fragrance, health,
 ambrosiate every breeze,” which surely is not far removed from nonsense. His poem called
 ‘Excursion,’ is almost a cento from Thomson’s Seasons.

But ah! 'tis heard no more——
 Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban eagle bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Thro' the azure deep of air :

115

NOTES.

Ver. 111. *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 choruses; above all in the last of *Caractacus* :

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

Ver. 113. *Wakes thee now*] So *Elegy*, st. xii :

“Or wake to extasy the living lyre.”

And *Lucret.* ii. 412 :

“Ac Musæa mole per chordas organici quæ
 Mobilibus digitis expergefucta figurant.”

And *Callimach. Hymn. Del.* 312. W.

Ver. 115. *That the Theban eagle bear*] Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιθα θεῶν, *Olymp.* ii. 114. 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. GRAY.

See *Spenser's Fairy Queen*, V. iv. 42 :

“Like to an eagle in his *kingly* pride
 Soaring thro' his wide empire of the aire
 To weather his brode sailes.”

Cowley, (i. 166. *Hurd's ed.*) in his Translation of *Hor. Od. IV. ii.* calls Pindar “the Theban swan :”

“Lo! how the obsequious wind and swelling air
 The *Theban swan* does upward bear.”

Pope in his *Temple of Fame*, 210, has copied Horace, and yoked four swans to the car of the poet :

“Four swans sustain a car of silver bright.”

See also *Berdmore, Specimens of Lit. Resemblance*, p. 102.

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 : 120
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

NOTES.

Ver. 117. *Thro' the azure deep of air*] “Cœli fretum,” Ennius apud Non. Marcell. 3. 92. Lucret. ii. 151. v. 277 : “Aeris in magnum fertur mare.” W. Oppian. *Κυνηγ.* iii. 497 :

Ἦέρος ὑψιπόροισιν ἐπιπλωούσι κελεύθεις.

Shaksp. *Timon of Athens*, act iv. sc. 2. p. 126. ed. Steevens : “Into this sea of air.” And Cowley's *Poems* : “Row thro' the trackless *ocean of the air*.”

Ver. 118. *Yet oft before his infant eyes would run*] See the observation of Mr. D. Stewart in his *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, p. 486 : “that Gray, in describing the infantine reveries of poetical genius, has fixed with exquisite judgement on that class of our conceptions which are derived from *visible* objects.” And see also his *Philosophical Essays*, p. 231. There is a passage in Sir William Temple's *Essay on Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 402, which has been supposed to have been the origin of this passage. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lxi. p. 91.

Ver. 123. *Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great*

— — “How much it is a meaner thing
 To be unjustly *great*, than honorably *good*.”

Duke of Buckingham on Lord Fairfax.

I cannot conclude the notes to this Poem without inserting the admirable observation of Professor Stewart, from his *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, in a chapter on *Imagination*, where he is considering the different effects produced by words upon the mind : “I have sometimes thought (he says) that in the last line of the following passage, Gray had in view the two different effects of words already described; the effect of *some*, in awakening the powers of conception and imagination; and that of *others* in exciting associated emotions.

“Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
 Scatters from her pictur'd urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.” P. 507.

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

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. GRAY.

I. 1.

“ RUIN seize thee, ruthless King! *
Confusion on thy banners wait;
Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing,
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail,
Nor e’en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail

5

NOTES.

* It is the opening of this poem, that the Ode by Soame Jenyns, on a ‘ Giant run mad with disappointment in Love and Ambition,’ is meant to ridicule. See his Poems, p. 118. Park’s ed.

Ver. 3. *Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing*]

“ Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold.” Macbeth, act i. sc. 2.

Ver. 4. *They mock the air with idle state*]

“ Mocking the air with colours idly spread.”

Shakspeare’s King John. GRAY.

Ver. 5. *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. GRAY.

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
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay, 10
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

NOTES.

"*Hawberks and helms* are hew'd with many a wound,"

Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite*, lib. iii. ver. 1879. Fairfax, in his *Translation of Tasso*, has joined these words in many places: As canto vii. 38: "Now at his *helm*, now at his *hawberk* bright." See also p. 193, 199, 299, of the folio edition of 1624.

Ver. 9. *That o'er the crested pride]*

"The crested adder's pride."

Dryden's *Indian Queen*. GRAY.

Ver. 11. *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 east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the castle of Conway, built by King Edward the First, says, "Ad ortum annis Conway ad clivum montis Eryri;" and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283) "Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi castrum forte." GRAY.

The epithet "shaggy," applied to "Snowdon's side," is highly appropriate, as Leland says that great woods clothed the different parts of the mountain in his time: see *Itin.* v. 45. Dyer, in his *Ruins of Rome*, p. 137:

"as Britannia's oaks

On Merlin's mount, or *Snowdon's rugged sides*,
 Stand in the clouds."

Ver. 13. *Stout Glo'ster]* Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward. GRAY.

Ver. 14. "*To arms!*" *cried Mortimer]* Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. GRAY.

They both were Lord Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition. GRAY.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow 15
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet stood ;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air) 20
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

NOTES.

Ver. 15. *On a rock, whose haughty brow*] So Homer, II. γ. ver. 151: 'Ἐπ' ὀφρύσι καλλικολώνης. And Mosch. Id. ii. 48: 'Ἐπ' ὀφρύος ἀγίαλοιο. Ap. Rhod. i. ver. 178. St. Luke, iv. 29. And Virg. Georg. i. 108. "Ecce supercilio clivosi tramitis." W.

Ver. 17. *Robed in the sable garb of woe*] "Perpetuo mærore, et nigra veste senescant," Juvenal. Sat. x. 245. W. Also Propertius, Eleg. IV. vii. 28: "Atram quis lacrimis incaluisse togam."

Ver. 19. *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 to be originals, one at Florence, the other in the Duke of Orleans' collection at Paris. GRAY.

Ver. 20. *Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air*]

"Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind."

Par. Lost, i. ver. 535. W.

"— Her fair yellow locks behind her flew,
 Loosely disperst with puff of every blast ;
 All as a blazing star doth far outcast
 His hairy beams and flaming locks disperst."

Spenser.

The comparison of hair to a meteor, or comet, is not uncommon in poetry. See Hudibras, Pt. I. cant. i. ver. 247 :

"His tawny beard was th' equal grace
 Both of his wisdom and his face.

.
 This hairy meteor did denounce
 The fall of sceptres, and of crowns."

“ 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, 25
 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.

NOTES.

Also in his Remains*, p. 135:

“ Which holy vow he firmly kept:
 And most devoutly wore
 A grisly meteor on his face.”

Mr. Todd mentions a passage very similar to the one in the text: “ The circumference of his *snowy beard* like *the streaming rays of a meteor* appeared,” Persian Tales of Inatulla, vol. ii. p. 41. This image is often used metaphorically, as Statii Theb. iii. 932. And see Manilii Astron. i. 836.

Ford, in his Perkin Warbeck, p. 25, ed. Weber:

“ ——— since the *beard*
 Of this *wild comet* conjur’d into France.”

Milton has applied it very beautifully to the long streaks of light that appear near the horizon, at the break of the morning: “ Love-darting eyes, and *tresses like the morn*,” Comus, ver. 753.

Ver. 27. *Vocal no more, since Cambria’s fatal day*] See some observations on the poetical and proper use of “vocal,” as used by Gray in this place, in Huntingford’s Apolog. for the Monosh. p. 31.

Ver. 28. *To high-born Hoel’s harp* †] Hoel is called *high-born*, being the son of Owen.

* Is there not a curious similarity between a passage in the will of Burke, and one in the mock will of Lord Pembroke in Butler’s Remains? “ I desire (says Burke) that *no monument*, beyond a middle-sized tablet, with a small and simple inscription on the church wall, or on the flag-stone, be erected.—*But I have had in my life-time but too much of noise and compliment.*” Burke’s Will, in Bisset’s Life, p. 578.

“ *My will is that I have no monument*, for then I must have epitaphs and verses. *But all my life long I have had but too much of them.*” Lord Pembroke’s Will. Butler’s Remains, p. 281.

† *Hoel’s Harp*] This passage is copied by Lovibond, in his Complaint of Cambria:
 “ Revere thy Cambria’s flowing tongue,
 Tho’ high-born Hoel’s lips be dumb;

I. 3.

“ Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,
That hush’d the stormy main : 30
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
Mountains, ye mourn in vain

NOTES.

Gwynedd, prince of North Wales, by Finnog an Irish damsel. He was one of his father’s generals in his wars against the English, Flemings, and Normans, in South Wales; and was a famous bard, as his poems that are extant, testify. See Evans’s *Specimens*, p. 26, 4to.; and Jones’s *Relics*, vol. ii. p. 36, who says that he wrote eight pieces, five of which are translated by him in his interesting publication. The whole are given in Mr. Owen’s translation in Mr. Southey’s *Madoc*, vol. ii. p. 162: and his ‘*Lay of Love*’ sounds sweetly in the numbers of the latter bard. See *Madoc*, xiv. 136.

Ver. 28. *Soft Llewellyn’s lay*] In a Poem to Llewellyn, by Eimion the son of Guigan, a similar epithet is given to him (p. 22): “Llewellyn is a *tender-hearted* prince.” And in another Poem to him, by Llywarch Brydydd y Moch (p. 32): “Llewellyn, though in battle he killed with fury, though he burnt like an outrageous fire, yet was a *mild prince* when the mead horns were distributed.” Also in an Ode to him by Llygard Gwr (p. 39), he is called “Llewellyn the *mild*, and prosperous governor of Gwynedd.” Llewellyn’s ‘*soft Lay*’ is given by Jones in his *Relics*, vol. ii. p. 64.

Ver. 29. *Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue*] *Cadwallo* and *Urien* are mentioned by Dr. Evans in his ‘*Dissertatio de Bardis*,’ p. 78, among those bards of whom no works remain. *Modred* is, I suppose, the famous “*Myrddin ab Morvryn*,” called *Merlin the Wild*; a disciple of *Taliessin*, and bard to the Lord *Gwenddolaw ab Ceidiaw*. He fought under King *Arthur* in 542 at the battle of *Camlan*, and accidentally slew his own nephew. He was reckoned a truer prophet, than his predecessor the great magician *Merdhin Ambrose*. See a poem of his called the ‘*Orchard*’ in Jones’s *Relics*, vol. i. p. 24. I suppose *Gray* altered the name ‘*euphoniae gratia*?’ as I can no where find a bard mentioned of the name of ‘*Modred*.’

Ver. 30. *That hush’d the stormy main*]

“ Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song.”

Mids. N. Dream, act ii. sc. 2. W.

Cadwallor’s harp no more is strung,
And silence sits on soft Llewellyn’s tongue.”

Chalmers’s Poets, vol. xvi. p. 295.

Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie, 35
 Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale :
 Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail ;
 The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes, 40

NOTES.

Ver. 34. *Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head*] "Cloud-capt towers," Tempest, act iv. sc. 1. W.—Drayton has used this image very poetically in his *Poly-Olbion*, vol. iii. p. 1126, in the speech of Skedow :

"But from my glorious height into its depth I pry,
 Great hills far under me, but as my pages lie;
 And when my *helm of clouds upon my head* I take."

So in the tragedy of Nero, 1624, p. 27 : "Hebrus stood still, *Pangæa bow'd his head*."

Ver. 35. *On dreary Arvon's shore they lie*] The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey. GRAY.

Ver. 36. *Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale*] "*Smear'd with gore, a ghastly stream*." King of France's Daughter : Percy's Reliques, iii. 164.

Ver. 37. *Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail*] This image may be found in Lucret. vi. ver. 1213. Ovid. Metam. vii. 550. Lucan. vi. ver. 625. Statii Theb. i. ver. 624. It is also in Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite*, ver. 1142 :

"The fowl that scent afar the borders fly,
 And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky."

Ver. 38. *The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by*] Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their aerie among the rocks of Snowdon, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh *Craigiau-eryri*, 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 *Wilmington's Ornithol.* published by Ray.] GRAY.

Ver. 40. *Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes*]

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

Shakspeare's *Jul. Cæsar*, act ii. sc. 2. GRAY.

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet, 45
 Avengers of their native laud :
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding-sheet of Edward's race. 50
 Give ample room, and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright

NOTES.

See Callimach. H. Dian. v. 211. Theocr. Id. cap. 53. Quint. Smyrn. x. 475. Catullus, xiv. 1. Virg. Æn. iv. 31. Otway, in his Venice Preserved, act v. p. 309, was more immediately in Gray's mind :

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

In Sir P. Sydney's Arcadia, vol. ii. p. 415 : “ Oh, mother, said Amphialus, speak not of doing them hurt, no more than to mine *eyes* or my *heart*, or if I have any thing more *dear than eyes or heart unto me*.” King Lear, act i. sc. 2 : “ Dearer than eye-sight.”

Ver. 42. *Ye died amidst your dying country's cries*] “ And greatly falling with a falling state,” Pope. “ And couldst not fall, but with thy country's fate,” Dryden. W.

Ver. 44. *On yonder cliffs, a griesly band*] I have thought this image was shadowed by the poet from the following passage of Stat. xi. 421. The third line is almost translated :

“ Ipse quoque Ogygios monstra ad gentilia manes
 Tartareus rector porta jubet ire reclusa.
 Montibus insidunt patriis, tristisque corona
 Infecere diem, et *vinci* tua crimina gaudent.”

Ver. 48. *And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line*] See the Norwegian ode (the Fatal Sisters) that follows. GRAY.

'The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roof that ring, 55
Shrieks of an agonizing king!

She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heav'n. What terrors roud him wait! 60
Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.

NOTES.

Ver. 51. *Give ample room and verge enough*]

“ I have a soul that like an *ample* shield
Can take in all, and *verge enough* for more.”

Dryden's Sebastian, act i. sc. 1.

Ver. 55. *The shrieks of death, thro' Berkley's roof that ring*] Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley castle. GRAY.—See Drayton's Barons' Wars, v. lxvii. :

“ Berkley, whose fair seat hath been famous long,
Let thy sad *echoes shriek a deadly sound* ;
To the vast air ; complain his grievous wrong,
And keep the blood that issued from his wound.”

Ver. 56. *Shrieks of an agonizing king*] This line of Gray is almost in the same words as Hume's description, vol. ii. p. 359: “The *screams* with which the *agonizing king* filled the castle.”

Ver. 57. *She-wolf of France*] Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous queen. GRAY.

This expression is from Shakspeare's Henry VI. part III. act i. sc. 4. p. 41 (Steev. ed.): “*She-wolf of France*, but worse than wolves of France.” Latin writers have used the same language. Apuleius, speaking of the sisters of Psyche: “*Perfidæ lupulæ nefarias insidias comparant.*” And Ausonius, ed. Tollii, p. 23: “*Et mater est vere lupa.*” Plutarch in Vita Romuli, c. iv. p. 84. ed. Reiske. ΛΟΥΠΑΣ γὰρ ἐκάλουν ‘Οἱ ΛΑΤΙΝΟΙ τῶν τε θηρίων τὰς λυκαίνας, καὶ τῶν γυναικῶν τὰς ἐταιροῦσας, &c. See also Dionys. Halicarn. Ant. Rom. lib. I. c. lxxxiv. and Constantiu. Manasses.

*Ἦτις κοινὸν τοῦ σώματος τὸ κάλλος ποιομένη,
ΛΟΥΠΑ κατωνομάζετο τῇ γλώττῃ τῇ πατρίῳ,
*Ἦτοι κατὰ διάλεκτον Ἑλληνικὴν ἐταῖρα.

Annales, ed. Meursii, p. 404.

Ver. 60. *The scourge of heav'n*] Triumphs of Edward the Third in France. GRAY.

II. 2.

“ Mighty victor, mighty lord !
 Low on his funeral couch he lies !
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies. 65
 Is the sable warrior fled ?
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 63. *Victor*] Conqueror, MS. Ver. 64. *His*] The, MS.
 Ver. 65. *No, no*] What, what, MS.

NOTES.

Ver. 60. *What terrors round him wait*]

“ Circumque atræ formidinis ora,
 Iræque, insidiæque, Dei comitatus, aguntur.”

Virg. *Æn.* xii. 335. W.

Ver. 61. *Amazement in his van*] Cowley has a couplet with similar imagery, vol. i. p. 254:

“ He walks about the perishing nation,
 Ruin behind him stalks, and empty desolation.”

And Oldham in his Ode to Homer, stanz. iii.

“ Where'er he does his dreadful standard bear,
 Horror stalks in the van, and slaughter in the rear.”

Ver. 64. *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. GRAY.

Ver. 65. *No pitying heart*] The same words, with the same elliptical expression, occur in the *Instal. Ode*, vi:

“ Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
 The flower unheeded shall descry.”

On this ellipsis see Jortin's *Observ.* on Spenser: *Tracts*, vol. i. p. 91.

Ver. 67. *Is the sable warrior fled*] Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father. GRAY.

“ Hence Edward dreadful with his *sable shield*.”

Prior's *Poems*, p. 210.

“ The *sable-suited* prince,” T. Warton's *Poems*, vol. i. p. 20. In Peacham's ‘*Period of Mourning*,’ 1613, a similar epithet is given, but from a different reason:

The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born?
 Gone to salute the rising morn.
 Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm

70

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 69. *In thy noontide beam were born*] Hover'd in thy noontide ray, ms.

Ver. 70. *Morn*] Day, ms.

Ver. 71—76. *Fair laughs, &c.*]

“ Mirrors of Saxon truth and loyalty,
 Your helpless, old, expiring master view!
 They hear not: scarce religion docs supply
 Her mutter'd requiems, and her holy dew.
 Yet thou, proud boy, from Pomfret's walls shall send
 A sigh, and envy oft thy happy grandsire's end.”

NOTES.

“ Appeared then in armes a goodly prince
 Of *swarthy hew*, by whom there hung a lance
 Of wondrous length, preserved ever since
 He overthrew, at Poitiers, John of Fraunce.
 A dial his device, the stile at *one*—
 And this, ‘ *No night, and yet my day is done.*’”

Ver. 69. *The swarm, that in thy noontide beam were born*] So in Agrippina:

“ — around thee call
 The *gilded swarm*, that wantons in the *sunshine*
 Of thy full favour.” —

Ver. 71. *Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows*] Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissard and other contemporary writers. GRAY.

In Malone's Suppl. to Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 700, Mr. Henley thinks that Gray caught from the following passage of Shakspeare his imagery:

“ How like a younker, or a prodigal,
 The skarfed bark puts from its native bay;
 Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind:
 How like a prodigal doth she return
 With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind.”

Merchant of Venice, act ii. sc. 6.

In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
 Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm ;
 Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway, 75
 'That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey.

NOTES.

There is, however, a passage in Petrarch, (Canzoni XLII. st. ii. p. 35,) which more nearly resembles the text :

“ Indi per alto mar, vidi una nave
 Con le sarte di seta, e d'or la vela
 Tutta d'avorio, e d'ebeno contesta ;
 E'l mar tranquillo, e l'aura era soave :
 E'l ciel, qual' e se nulla nube il vela
 Ella carca di ricca merce onesta ;
 Poi repente tempesta
 Oriental turbò sì l'aere, e l'onde
 Che la nave percosse ad uno serglio.”

In Spenser's 'Vision of the World's Vanity,' the following stanza is too beautiful not to be quoted :

“ Looking far fourth into the ocean wide,
 A goodly ship with banners bravely dight :
 And flag in her top-gallant I espide,
 Thro' the maine-sea making her merry flight ;
 Faire blew the wind into her bosome right,
 And the heavens looked lovely all the while,
 That she did seeme to daunce as in delight,
 And at her own felicitie did smile.” St. ix.

A stanza of stronger resemblance is in Spenser's 'Vision of Petrarch,' ii : “ After at sea a tall ship did appear,” &c. which is a translation of the passage quoted from Petrarch.

Ver. 73. *In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes*] So Pope, *Donne's Sat.* iv. 230, who has used the same words on the same subject : “ *Top-gallant* he, and she in all her *trim*.”

“ The goodly London in her *gallant trim*,

And on her shadow *rides* in floating *gold*.” Dryden's *An. Mirab.* 151.

Ver. 74. *Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm*] “ Ipse gubernabit residens in puppe Cupido,” *Ov. Ep.* xv. 215. And so Petrarch : “ E al governo, siede 'l Signor, anzi 'l nimico mio,” *Son.* CLVI.

Ver. 75. *Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway*] So in his *Fragment on Education and Government*, ver. 48 :

II. 3.

“ Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 The rich repast prepare,
 Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
 Close by the regal chair
 Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.

80

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 82. *A baleful smile*] A smile of horror, MS.

NOTES.

“ And where the deluge burst with *sweepy sway*.”

The expression is from Dryden. See Virg. Georg. i. 483 :

“ And rolling onwards with a *sweepy sway*.”

And in Granada, act v. sc. 1 :

“ That whirls along with an impetuous *sway*,
 And like chain-shot *sweeps* all things in the way.”

Ver. 77. *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 Exon, is of much later date. GRAY.

For the profusion of Richard II. see Hardyng's Chron. quoted in the Preface to Mason's Hoccleve, p. 5 ; Daniel's Civil Wars, iii. 87 ; and Pennant's London, p. 89, 4to. Dr. Berdmore, in his Spec. of Lit. Resemblance, p. 31, compares this passage with the following lines of Virgil, Æn. vi. 603 :

“ Lucent genialibus altis

Aurea fulera toris, epulæque ante ora paratæ
 Regifico luxu: Furiarum maxima juxta
 Adcubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas,
 Exsurgitque facem adtollens, atque intonat ore.”

Ver. 79. *Reft of a crown*]

“ Such is the robe that kings must wear,
 When death has *reft their crown*.”

Mallet's Will, and Marg. st. 3. W.

Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
 Long years of havock urge their destin'd course, 85
 And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head. 90
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread :

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 87. *Ye*] Grim, ms.Ver. 90. *Holy*] Hallow'd, ms.

NOTES.

Ver. 82. *A baleful smile upon their baffled guest*]

"He ceas'd: for both seem'd highly pleas'd; and Death

Grim'd horrible a *ghastly smile*."

Par. Lost, ii. 845. W.

So Hom. Il. γ. 212: *Μειδίῳ βλοσυροῖσι προσώπασι*. And other examples cited in the note of Newton to the Par. Lost.Ver. 83. *Heard ye the din of battle bray*] Ruinous wars of York and Lancaster. GRAY.Ver. 86. *And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way*] "*Cognatasque acies*," Lucan. i. 4. W.—And so in Sidonius Apollin. xv. 28: "*Cognatam portans aciem*." In Dryden's 'All for Love,' act i. we find an expression similar to the text"Mow them out a *passage*,And entering where the foremost *squadrons* yield."Ver. 87. *Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,**With many a foul and midnight murder fed*]

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. GRAY.

Ver. 89. *Revere his consort's faith*] Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown. GRAY.Ibid. *His father's fame*] Henry the Fifth. GRAY.Ver. 90. *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. GRAY.

The bristled boar in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom, 95
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

NOTES.

Ver. 91. *Above, below, the rose of snow*] The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster. GRAY.

“ — — no, Plantagenet,
 'Tis not for fear, but anger—that thy cheeks
 Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses.

Shaksp. Henry VI. part i. act ii. sc. 4.

And,

“ The *red* rose and the *white* are on his face,
 The fatal colours of our striving houses.”

Henry VI. part iii. act ii. sc. 7.

And Dart's Westminster Abbey, 27 :

“ Till Richmond, most auspicious name, arose,
 Who bound in one, each fair contending rose.”

Ver. 93. *The bristled boar * in infant-gore*] 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. GRAY.

“ Nor easier fate the *bristled boar* is lent.”

See Mirror for Magis. p. 417. Anon. 62. 69. 80. Again,

* The crest, or bearing of a warrior (says Mr. Scott in his notes to the Lay of the Last Minstrel, p. 300), was often used as a “nom de guerre.” Thus Richard III. acquired his well-known epithet,—‘the Boar of York.’ In the violent satire on Cardinal Wolsey, commonly but erroneously imputed to Dr. Bull, the Duke of Buckingham is called the *Beautiful Swan*; and the Duke of Norfolk, or Earl of Surrey, the *White Lion*. And see the Lay of the Last Minstrel, cant. iv. stanz. xxx.

“ Yet hear, quoth Howard, calmly hear,
 Nor deem my words, the words of fear;
 For who, in field or foray slack,
 Saw the *Blanche Lion* e'er fall back?”

And so in Shakspeare's Henry VI. part ii. act v. sc. 2. Warwick is called the *Bear*, from his father's badge, old Neville's crest:

“ The rampant *Bear* chained to the ragged staff.”

III. 1.

“ Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done.) 100
 Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 101. *Thus*] Here, MS.

Ver. 102. *Me unblest'd, unpitied, here*] Your despairing Caradoc, MS.

Ver. 103. *Track*] Clouds, MS.

Ver. 104. *Melt*] Sink, MS.

NOTES.

“ At Stonie Stratford being upon my way,
 The *bloodie bore my uncle* that did aine.”

Mirror for Magis. p. 740.

The Princes are called the roses :

“ Oh! noble Edward, from whose royal blood
 Life to their infant bodies nature drew,
 Thy roses both are cropt e'en in the bud.”

And p. 745, with the same allusion :

“ Why didst thou leave that *bore* in time t' ensue
 To spoil those *plants* that in thy garden grew.”

See also the Battle of Flodden Field, st. 255 ; and Ford's Perkin Warbeck, act i. sc. 1.
 p. 12. ed. Weber.

Ver. 98. *Weave we the woof. The thread is spun*]

“ Yet rather let him live, and twine

His *woof of dayes* with some *thread* stolen from mine.”

Cartwright's Poems, p. 239

Ver. 99. *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. GRAY.

But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height 105
 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.
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail! 110

III. 2.

“Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 105. *Solemn scenes*] Scenes of Heaven, MS.

Ver. 106. *Glittering*] Golden, MS.

Ver. 109, 110. *No more our long-lost, &c.*]

“From Cambria's thousand hills a thousand strains
 Triumphant tell aloud, another *Arthur* reigns,” MS.

Ver. 111, 112. *Girt with, &c.*]

“Youthful knights, and barons bold
 With dazzling helm, and horrent spear,” MS.

NOTES.

Ver. 107. *Visions of glory, spare my aching sight*] From Dryden's *State of Innocence*, act iv. sc. 1 :

“Their *glory* shoots upon my *aching sight*.”

Ver. 109. *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.

Iscanus, in his poem ‘*De Bello Trojano*,’ lib. iii. 466, says that the Lesbians do not believe in the death of Castor and Pollux, though they have sought them in vain among the Trojans, and on the ocean. They sacrifice to them as gods, and expect their return, as the Britons wait for the arrival of Arthur—

“Sic Britonum ridenda fides, et credulus error,
Arturum expectat, expectabitque peremèd.”

Ver. 110. *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. GRAY.

And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine! 115
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
 Her lyon-port, her awe-commanding face,
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 117. *Her, her*] A, an, MS.

NOTES.

Ver. 111. *Girt with many a baron bold*] “*Girt with many an armed peer*,” T. War-
 ton’s Poems, vol. ii. p. 252.

Ver. 112. *Sublime their starry fronts they rear*] So Milton: “*His starry front low
 rooft beneath the skies*,” Ode on the Passion, iii. 18. “*Sideribus similes oculos*,”
 Ovid. Metam. i. 499. “*Heu! ubi siderei vultus*,” Statii Theb. v. 613. “*Sidereo læta
 supercilio*,” Claudian. xv. v. 58; and “*Sidereos oculos*,” Manilius Ast. iv. 905; and,
 lastly, “*Gli occhi sereni, et le stellanti ciglia*,” Petrarca, Son. CLXVII. v. 9.

Ver. 114. *In bearded majesty appear*] It has been remarked that there is an inaccuracy
 in this expression, as the Bard, whose own beard is compared to a *meteor*, would not be
 struck with the dignity of the *short curled beards of Elizabeth’s days*. See Gentleman’s
 Magazine. Selections from vol. ii. p. 237.

Ver. 116. *Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line*] So Peacham, in his ‘*Period of
 Mourning*,’ p. 16, speaking of Elizabeth:

“Where when I saw that brow, that cheek, that eye
 Hec left imprinted in *Eliza’s face*.”

Mr. Wakefield quotes a stanza from Spenser’s *Hobbinol’s Dittie*, in praise of Eliza:

“Tell me, have ye seene her *angelike face*,
 Like Phœbe fayre?
 Her heavenly haveour, her *princely grace*
 Can you well compare?
 The *redde rose* medled, with the *white y fere*
 In either cheek depeincten *lively chere*,
 Her modest *eye*,
 Her *majesty*,
 When have you seene the like but there?”

What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play ! 120
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

NOTES.

England's Helicon, p. 13: and Spenser's Poems, by Todd, i. 64: and the note of T. Warton.

Ver. 117. *Her lyon-port, her awe-commanding face*] Specter, 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 majestical deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes." GRAY.

Ver. 121. *Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear*] Taliessin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen. GRAY.

See Evans's Specimens, p. 18, who says, "Taliessin's poems, on account of their great antiquity, are very obscure." There is a great deal of the Druidical cabala introduced in his works, especially about the transmigration of souls. Evans says that he had fifty of Taliessin's poems; and that many spurious ones are attributed to him. At p. 56, Evans has translated one of his odes, beginning "Fair Elphin, cease to weep;" comforting his friend on his bad success in the salmon-fishery. There is a fuller account of him in Jones's Relies, vol. i. p. 18, 21. vol. ii. p. 12, 19, 31, 34, where many of his poems are translated; and Pennant's Wales, vol. ii. p. 316; and particularly Turner's Vindication of the Ancient British Poems, p. 225, 237.

Ver. 123. *Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings*] From Congreve's Ode to Lord Godolphin, st. vi.:

"And soars with rapture while she sings."

Ver. 124. *Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-colour'd wings*]

"Interest that waves on party-colour'd wings." Pope's Dunc. iv. 538.

And,

"Colours that change where'er they wave their wings." Rape of the Lock, ii. 68.

Mr. Wakefield cites the Tempest, act iv. sc. 1:

"Hail, many-colour'd messenger."

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again 125
 Fierce war, and faithful love,
 And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 In buskin'd measures move
 Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
 With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast. 130
 A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
 Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 That lost in long futurity expire.
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud, 135
 Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?

NOTES.

" Her angel's face

As the great *eye of Heaven* shined bright."

Spenser's *F. Queen*, cant. iii.

Ovid. *Met.* iv. 228 : "Mundi oculus." And Milton's *Il. Pens.* ver. 141 : "Hide me from *day's garish eye*." Par. *Lost*, b. v. ver. 171 : "Thou *sun* of this great *world*, both *eye* and soul."

Ver. 126. *Fierce war, and faithful love*]

" Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song."

Spenser's *Proëme* to the *Fairy Queen*. GRAY.

Ver. 127. *And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest*]

" With *truth severe* she temper'd partial praise."

T. Warton, vol. i. p. 32.

Ver. 128. *In buskin'd measures move*] Shakspeare. GRAY.

Ver. 131. *A voice, as of the cherub-choir*] Milton. "And thus a cherub-voice,"

T. Warton, i. 153, who has also imitated the next line :

" *Blooming* in immortal prime,

By *gales of Eden* ever faun'd." Wart. *Poems*, ii. 62.

Ver. 133. *And distant warblings lessen on my ear*] The succession of poets after Milton's time. GRAY.

Ver. 135. *Fond impious*] This apostrophe with its imagery seems taken from *Vida* :

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me: with joy I see
 The diff'rent doom our fates assign.
 Be thine despair, and scept' red care,
 To triumph, and to die, are mine."

140

NOTES.

—— " Impie quid furis ?

Tene putas posse illustres abscondere cœli
 Auricomî flammâs, ipsumque extinguere solem ?

.
 Forsitan humentem nebulam proflare, brevemque
 Obsessis poteris radiis obtendere nubem.
 Erumpet lux ; erumpet rutilantibus auribus
 Lampas ; et aurifluâ face, nubila differet omnia.

Vidæ Hymnus D. Andreae Apostolo. v. 99. T. i. p. 335.

Mr. Steevens refers to ' Fuimus Troes,' act i. sc. 1 :

" Think ye the smoky mist
 Of sun-boil'd seas, can stop the eagle's eye."

Ver. 137. *To-morrow he repairs the golden flood]*

" And yet anon repairs his drooping head."

Lycidas, 169.

" So soon repairs her light, trebling her new born raies."

Fletcher's Purple Island, vi. 64.

" That never could he hope his waning to repaire."

Ib. stan. 70.

Ver. 141. *Be thine despair, and scept' red care]* There is a passage in the Thebaid of Statius, iii. 85, similar to this, describing a bard who had survived his companions :

" Sed jam nudaverat ensem

Magnanimus vates, et nunc trucis ora tyranni
 Nunc ferrum aspectans, Nunquam tibi sanguinis hujus
 Jus erit, aut magno feries imperdita Tydeo
 Pectora. Vado equidem exultans, creptaque fata
 Insequor, et comites feror expectatus ad umbras ;
 Te superis, fratrique.——

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

NOTES.

Compare also the conclusion of the first Olym. of Pindar, ver. 184, which Gray seems to have had in his mind :

Εἴη σέ τε τοῦτον
Ἵψοῦ γρόνον πατεῖν, ἐμέ
Τε τασσάδε νικαφόροις
Ὅμιλεῖν. κ. τ. λ.

This similarity has apparently struck the author of the late Translations, as I judge by this language :

“ Each hath his proper eminence.
To *kings* indulgent Providence
(No farther seek the will of Heaven)
The glories of the earth hath given.—
Still may'st thou reign! *Enough for me*
To dwell with heroes like to thee,
Myself the chief of Grecian minstrelsy.”

Reg. Heber's Poems, p. 94.

Ver. 143. *He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height*] “ *Medias præceps tunc fertur in undas,*” Lucan. ix. 122.

* The original argument of this ode, as Mr. Gray had set it down in 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 cele-

brate them, not literally, but in allegory. Shakspeare, 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 conclusion: hence we perceive, that in the last epode he praises Spenser only *for his allegory*, Shakspeare *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 play on the Welsh harp at a concert at Cambridge, (see Letter xxv. sect. iv.) 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. This 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 *du 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 every where prevail, and form the continued running accompaniment, submitting itself to nothing but the voice.’

“ I cannot (adds 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 composi-

tion, 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 perspicuous? Among his odes, separately considered, are there not remarkable differences of this very kind? Is the spirit and meaning of that which begins, "Descende cælo, et dic, age, tibiâ," Ode iv. lib. 3, so readily comprehended as "Persicos odi, puer, apparatus," Ode xxxviii. lib. 1. And is the latter a finer piece of lyrical composition on that account? Is "Integer vitæ, scelerisque purus," Ode xxii. lib. 1, superior to "Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari," Ode ii. lib. 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 College; 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 insurmountable, 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 superadds 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 ΣΤΝΕΤΟΙ), 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 excellence 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.'

ODE FOR MUSIC.*

(IRREGULAR.)

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.

I.

“ HENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
Comus, and his midnight-crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,

NOTES.

* Alluding to this Ode, Junius, in his Letter to the Duke of Grafton, says, vol. i. p. 105 : “ The learned Dullness of Declamation will be silent, and even the *venal Muse*, though happiest in fiction, will forget your virtues ”

Ver. 1. *Hence, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)*] So Callimach. H. in Apoll. ver. 2: 'Εκάς ἐκάς ὅστις ἀλιτρός. Virg. Æn. vi. 258: “ Procul, O procul este profani.” Statii Sylv. iii. 3: “ Procul hinc, procul ite nocentes.” Claudiani Rap. Proserp. i. 3: “ Gressus removete profani.”—As I have mentioned Claudian in this note, I will add a circumstance that may lead to a curious discovery concerning the originality of a modern poem of note. The motto of Darwin's Bot. Garden, (Part ii.) On the Loves of the Plants, consists of the four following lines from Claudian ‘ De Nuptiis Honorii et Mariæ,’ ver. 65 :

“ Vivunt in Venerem frondes, omnisque vicissim,
Felix arbor amat ; nutant ad mutua palmæ
Fœdera ; populeo suspirat populus ictu ;
Et platani platanis, alnoque assibilat alnus.”

Mad Sedition's cry profane, 5
 Servitude that hugs her chain,
 Nor in these consecrated bowers
 Let painted Flat'ry hide her serpent-train in flowers.
 Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
 Dare the Muse's walk to stain, 10
 While bright-eyed Science watches round :
 Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

II.

From yonder realms of empyrean day
 Bursts on my ear th' indignant lay :
 There sit the sainted sage, the bard divine, 15
 The few, whom genius gave to shine
 Thro' every unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
 Rapt in celestial transport they ;

NOTES.

In his note on this very passage of Claudian, Gesner mentions a Latin poem in the following words: "Suavissimum est Adria van Royen carmen elegiacum de *Amoribus et Connubiis Plantarum*, 4to. L. B. 1732. There can be little doubt but that Darwin must have seen this note on the passage he picked out for his motto; especially as Gesner's is the most common edition: it would be curious to see whether he was indebted to the poem of this Dutch author.

Ver. 2. *Comus, and his midnight-crew]*

"Meanwhile welcome joy, and feast,
 Midnight shout, and revelry,
 Topsy dance, and jollity."

Comus, ver. 102. W.

Ver. 7. *Nor in these consecrated bowers]*

"Near to her close and consecrated bower."

Shaksp. Mids. N. Dr. act iii. sc. 2, p. 417, ed. Steev. W.

Ver. 17. *Thro' every unborn age, and undiscover'd clime]*

"Nations unborn your mighty name shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found."

Pope's Essay on Criticism, 193. W.

Yet hither oft a glance from high
 They send of tender sympathy 20
 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, 25
 And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme.

III.

“ Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
 That contemplation loves,
 Where willowy Camus lingers with delight !

NOTES.

Ver. 26. *And nods his hoary head, and listens to the rhyme*]

“ E'en mitred Rochester would *nod the head.*”

Pope's Prol. to the Sat. 143. W.

Ver. 27. *Ye brown o'er-arching groves*]

“ To *arched walks of twilight groves,*
 And shadows *brown that Sylvan loves.*”

Il Penser. 133. W.

And so Pope, in his Translation * of the Odyssey : “ Brown with o'er-arching shades.”

This stanza, supposed to be sung by Milton, is very judiciously written in the metre which he fixed upon for the stanza of his Christmas Hymn : “ 'Twas in the winter wild,” &c.

MASON.

Ver. 29. *Where willowy Camus*]

“ Or where the *Cam thro' willows* winds his way.”

Dart's Westm. Abbey, p. 61.

* I possess Pope's copy of Chapman's Translation of Homer's Iliad ; and find that he was very industrious in his examination of it. Wherever Chapman introduced any thing of his own, Pope has marked it, and sometimes written “ Interpolated ” against eight or nine successive lines. This copy Warburton gave to Mr. Thomas Warton.

Oft at the blush of dawn
 I trod your level lawn,
 Oft woo'd the gleam of Cythia silver-bright
 In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
 With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy."

NOTES.

" Nought have we here but *willow-shaded shore*,
 To tell our *Grant* his banks are left forlore."

Hall's Sat. b. i. sat. 1.

Ver. 29. *Lingers with delight*] This image is enlarged in some beautiful lines by T. Heyrick of Peter-House; a much neglected poet. See p. 83. 1691. 4to.

" So some smooth river, loth to leave the plains
 And those fresh fields where health and pleasure reigns,
 In many wand'ring turns his passage takes,
 A thousand stops, a thousand windings makes;
 Plays with his flowery banks, oft turns his head,
 And with full eyes o'er-looks his watery bed;
 Courts every wanton shade, and feigns delay," &c.

In this volume of Heyrick are two poems by Joshua Barnes, pag. vii 15.

Ver. 50. *Oft at the blush of dawn*] Mr. Wakefield has justly remarked that this stanza is indebted to the following passage in the *Il Penseroso* of Milton, ver. 61:

" Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of *folly*,
 Most musical, most *melancholy*! *

* Gaw. Douglas, in his Translation of Virgil, Prolog. to book xiii. p. 450, describes the notes of the nightingale as *merry*:

" — The *mery* nyghtyngele Philomene,
 That on the thorne sat syngand fro the splene,
 Quhais *myrthfull* nottis langing for to here," &c.

And Thomson, in his *Agamemnon*, p. 63:

" Ah! far unlike the nightingale!—she sings
 Unceasing thro' the balmy nights of May;
 She sings from *love and joy*."

And Gascoigne's *Complaynt of Phylomene*:

" Him will I *cheare* with chaunting all this night,
 And with that word she 'gan to clear her throate;

IV.

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth 35
 With solemn steps and slow,
 High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
 And mitred fathers in long order go:
 Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
 From haughty Gallia torn, 40

NOTES.

Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
 I woo to hear thy even-song;
 And missing thee, I walk unseen,
 On the dry *smooth-shaven green*,
 To behold the wand'ring *moon*
 Riding near her highest *noon*.

.

But let my due feet never fail
 To walk the studious *cloysters pale*." Ver. 155.

Ver. 34. *Soft-eyed Melancholy*] "And sensible *soft Melancholy*," Pope's Poem on a certain Lady at Court, ver. 8. W.

Ver. 36. *With solemn steps and slow*] "With wand'ring *steps and slow*," Par. Lost, b. xii. ver. 648. W.—And Pope's *Odyssey*, b. x. ver. 286. *Dunciad*, b. iv. ver. 465, as quoted by Mr. Todd.

Ver. 38. *And mitred fathers in long order go*] "Unde omnes *longo ordine* possit
 Adversos legere, et venientum discere vultus."

Virg. *Æn.* vi. 754. W.

Ver. 39. *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.

But such a *lively song*, now by this light,
 Yet never heard I such another note."

Mr. Fox has, I think, given no authority but that of *Chaucer*, for the *merry* notes of the nightingale; see his Letter to Lord Grey, p 12. Nor do I recollect any other instances in English poetry, than those which I have mentioned.

And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn
 That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare,
 And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose,
 The rival of her crown and of her woes,
 And either Henry there,

45

NOTES.

" Draw *mighty Edward* as he conq'ring stood,
 The *lilies on his shield* stain'd red with Gallic blood."

Dart's Westm. Abbey, p. 36.

So T. Warton, i. 20. ed. Mant :

" I see the sable-suited Prince advance,
 With *lilies crown'd*, the spoil of bleeding France."

And Philips, in 'Cyder,' ii. 592 :

" *Great Edward* thus array'd,
 With *golden Iris* his broad shield emboss'd."

Ver. 41. *And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn*] 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. GRAY.

Ver. 42. *That wept her bleeding Love, 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. GRAY.

Ver. 43. *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. GRAY.

So Whitehead, in his Poems, vol. iii. p. 38 :

" *Margaret the Anjouvine*, of Spain
 Faire Blanche, and Ellen of Guienne."

Ver. 45. *And either Henry there*] Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College. GRAY.

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.) 50
 All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bad these awful fanes and turrets rise;
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
 And thus they speak in soft accord 55
 The liquid language of the skies :

V.

“ What is grandeur, what is power?
 Heavier toil, superior pain.
 What the bright reward we gain?
 The grateful memory of the good. 60
 Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
 'The bee's collected treasures sweet,

NOTES.

Ver. 49. *Their human passions now no more*] “ One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven,” Pope's *Eloisa*, 358. W.

Ver. 50. *Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb*] “ Charity never faileth,” St. Paul, 1 Corinth. xiii. 8. W.

Ver. 56. *The liquid language of the skies*]

“ — Cui *liquidam* Pater

Vocem.”

Hor. Od. I. xxiv. 3. W.

And so *Lucretius*, v. 1378: “ *Liquidas voces.*” *Calpurn. Eclog. iv. ver. 149.* And *Ovid. Amor. I. xiii. 8.*

Ver. 62. *The bee's collected treasures sweet*] This comparison we find also in *Theocr. Id. viii. 83*: Κρέσσον μελπομένω τεῦ ἀκουέμεν, ἢ μέλι λείχεν. And in *Calpurn. Eclog. iv. ver. 150.* These four verses, as Mr. Wakefield remarks, were suggested by Milton's

Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude."

VI.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud 65
The venerable Marg'ret see!
" Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud)
To this, thy kindred train, and me :

NOTES.

Paradise Lost, b. iv. ver. 641 : " Sweet is the breath of morn," &c. : but see also Theocritus Idyll. 9. ver. 33 :

— οὔτε γὰρ ὕπνος,
Οὔτ' ἄρ' ἐξαπίνης γλυκερώτερον, οὔτε μελίσσαις
Ἄνθεα, ὅσσον ἐμὴν μοῦσαι φίλαι.

Ver. 64. *The still small voice of gratitude*] " After the fire, a *still small voice*," 1 Kings, xix. 12. And in a rejected stanza of the Elegy :

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

The same expression occurs in Dryden :

" Now in a *still small tone*
Your dying accents fall." Oedipus, act ii.

Again :

" Soft as those gentle whispers were
In which the Almighty did appear,
By the *still sound* the prophet knew him there."
Threnod. August. st. ix.

" It is the *still small voice*,
That breathes conviction."

Walpole's Myst. Mother, act i. sc. 5.

And so also in Green's Ode on Barclay's Apology :

" The world can't hear the *small still voice*."

Ver. 66. *The venerable Marg'ret see*] Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, foundress of St. John's and Christ's Colleges. GRAY.

Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace
 A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace. 70
 Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye,
 'The flow'r unheeded shall descry,
 And bid it round heav'n's altars shed
 The fragrance of its blushing head :
 Shall raise from earth the latent gem 75
 To glitter on the diadem.

VII.

“ Lo! Granta waits to lead her blooming band,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, she
 No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;

NOTES.

Ver. 70. *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. GRAY.

Ver. 71. *Thy liberal heart, thy judging eye*]

“ Dryden alone escaped his *judging eye*.”

Pope's Prol. to the Sat. 246.

Also :

“ A face untaught to feign, a *judging eye*.”

Pope's Epist. to Craggs, p. 289.

Ver. 72. *The flow'r unheeded shall descry*] This allusion to the *flower* and the *gem* we meet with again in the Elegy.

Ver. 73. *And bid it round heav'n's altars shed*] “ *Delubra, et aras caelitum,*” Seneca Agam. v. 392. “ *Catolque educitur ara,*” Sil. Ital. xv. 388. “ *Araque Divorum,*” Manil. Astr. v. 18.

Ver. 78. *Not obvious, not obtrusive, she*] “ *Not obvious, not obtrusive,* but retired,” Par. Lost, viii. 504. W.—And so in the ‘Fool of Quality,’ by Henry Brooke: “The maid who would achieve the whole laurel of conquest, must not be *obvious* or *obtrusive*,” vol. ii. p. 275.

Ver. 79. *No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings*] “ No hireling she, no prostitute for praise,” Pope's Epist. to Lord Oxford, ver. 36. W.

Nor dares with courtly tongue refin'd 80
 Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :
 She reveres herself and thee.
 With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,
 The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she brings,
 And to thy just, thy gentle hand, 85
 Submits the fasces of her sway,
 While spirits blest above and men below
 Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

VIII.

“ Thro’ the wild waves as they roar,
 With watchful eye and dauntless mien, 90
 Thy steady course of honour keep,
 Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :

NOTES.

Ver. 82. *She reveres herself and thee*] Πάντων δὲ μάλιστα αἰσχροῦ σαυτὸν, Pythagoræ
 Aur. ver. 12. W.—And so Galen, ‘ De Curatione Morb. Animi :’ Σὺ δὲ σαυτὸν αἰδοῦ μάλιστα.

Ver. 83. *With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow*] “ Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,” Par. Lost, iv. 310.

Ver. 84. *The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she brings*] Lord Treasurer Burleigh was chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. GRAY.

Ver. 85. *And to thy just, thy gentle hand*] Milton’s Par. Lost, b. iv. ver. 308, “ gentle sway,” from Horace, “ lenibus imperiis,” Epist. I. xviii. 44. W.—But the sentiment, as well as expression, was taken from Dryden, ‘Threnod. August. 284 :

“ And with a *willing hand* restores
The fasces of the main.”

Ver. 88. *Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay*] See Milton’s Par. Lost, vii. 559.

Ver. 89. *Thro’ the wild waves as they roar*]

“ Well knows to still the *wild waves* when *they roar.*”

Comus, ver. 87. W.

The Star of Brunswick smiles serene,
And gilds the horrors of the deep."

NOTES.

Ver. 92. *Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore*]

" Neque altum

Semper urguendo, neque, dum procellas

Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo

Littus iniquum." Hor. Od. II. x. ver. 1. W.

Ver. 93. *The Star of Brunswick smiles serene*] Pope, in his *Essay on Criticism*, has a similarly beautiful image, ver. 645 :

" The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deep explore ;
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star."

Young, in his ' *Universal Passion*,' Sat. vii. ver. 169 :

" And outwatch every star, for *Brunswick's* sake."

THE FATAL SISTERS.

AN ODE.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

To be found in the *Orcades* of Thormodus Torfæus; Hafniæ, 1697, folio; and also in Bartholinus, p. 617. lib. iii. c. 1. 4to.

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, of the name of *Darrud*, 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.

Now the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

Glitt'ring lances are the loom, 5
 Where the dusky warp we strain,
 Weaving many a soldier's doom,
 Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.

See the griesly texture grow!
 ('Tis of human entrails made) 10
 And the weights, that play below,
 Each a gasping warrior's head.

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
 Shoot the trembling cords along.

NOTES.

Ver. 3. *Iron sleet of arrowy shower*]

“ How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them shot . . .
 Sharp sleet of arrowy show'r.”

Milton's *Par. Reg.* iii. 324. GRAY.

Avianus has a similar expression: “ *Ausa pharetratis imbribus ista loqui,*” *Fab.* xli. ver. 6. “ *Sic et imbrem ferreum dicunt, cum volunt multitudinem significare telorum,*” *Lactantii Epitome*, c. xi.

Ver. 4. *Hurtles in the darken'd air*]

“ The noise of battle hurtled in the air.”

Shaksp. *Julius Cæsar*, act ii. sc. 2. GRAY.

Ver. 7. *Weaving many a soldier's doom*] In Thomson's *Masque of Alfred*, p. 126, the weaving of the enchanted standard is thus described :

“ ——— 'Tis the same

Wrought by the sisters of the Danish king,
 Of furious Ivar, in a midnight hour,
 While the sick moon, at their enchanted song
 Wrapt in pale tempest, labour'd thro' the clouds.
 The demons of destruction then, (they say,)
 Were all abroad, and mixing with the woof
 Their baleful power; the Sisters ever sung,
 ‘ Shake, standard, shake, this ruin on our foes!’ ”

Ver. 11. *And the weights, that play below*] Dr. Warton, in his *Notes on Pope* (vol. ii. p. 227), has compared this passage of Gray to some lines in the *Thebais* of Statius, i. 720.

Sword, that once a monarch bore, 15
 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. 20

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
 Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
 Blade with clattering buckler meet,
 Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war) 25
 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, 30
 Gondula, and Geira, spread
 O'er the youthful king your shield.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 15. *Sword*] Blade, MS.

Ver. 17. *Mista, black*] Sangrida, terrific, MS.

Ver. 18. *Sangrida and*] Mista black, and, MS.

Ver. 23. *Blade*] Sword. W. MS.

Ver. 31. *Gondula, and Geira*] Gunna, and Gondula, MS.

NOTES.

Ver. 17. *Mista, blaek terrific maid*] The names of the Sisters, in the original, are Hilda, Hiorthrimula, Sangrida, and Swipula.

We the reins to slaughter give,
 Ours to kill, and ours to spare :
 Spite of danger he shall live. 35
 (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. 40

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, 45
 Ne'er again his likeness see ;
 Long her strains in sorrow steep :
 Strains of immortality !

Horror covers all the heath,
 Clouds of carnage blot the sun. 50

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 44. *Shall*] Must, ms.Ver. 50. *Blot*] Veil, ms.

NOTES.

Ver. 45. *Eirin*] Ireland.Ver. 49. *Horror covers all the heath*] This stanza, as it appears in the original, Mr. Herbert has translated without the insertion or omission of a word :

“ 'Tis horrid now to gaze around,
 While clouds thro' heaven gore-dropping sail ;

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.

55

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

60

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

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 59. *Winding*] Echoing, MS.

Ver. 61—64. *Sisters, hence, &c.*]

“ Sisters, hence, 'tis time to ride :
Now your thundering faulchion wield ;
Now your sable steed bestride.
Hurry, hurry to the field.” MS.

NOTES.

Air must be stain'd with blood of men,
Ere all our oracles shall fail.”

See *Select Icelandic Poetry*, p. 50.

Ver. 59. *Scotland, thro' each winding vale*] This and the following line are not in the original. Indeed, this poem is not so much a translation, as a loose, though highly-spirited paraphrase ; and, as Mr. Herbert observes, inferior to the ‘ Descent of Odin.’

THE VEGTAM'S KIVITHA;

OR,

THE DESCENT OF ODIN.*

AN ODE.

FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.

The original is to be found in Sæmund's Edda, and in Bartholinus, *De Causis contemnendæ Mortis*; Hafniæ, 1680, quarto, Lib. III. c. ii. p. 632.

Upreis Odinn allda gantr, &c.

U PROSE the king of men with speed,
And saddled straight his coal-black steed :

NOTES.

* This Ode is much more literally translated than the preceding. The original title I have restored from Gray's MS. The first five stanzas of this Ode are omitted; in which Balder, one of the sons of Odin, was informed that he should soon die. Upon his communication of his dream, the other gods, finding it true, by consulting the oracles, agreed to ward off the approaching danger, and sent Frigga to exact an oath from every thing not to injure Balder. She however overlooked the mistletoe, with a branch of which he was afterwards slain by Hoder, at the instigation of Lok. After the execution of this commission, Odin, still alarmed for the life of his son, called another council; and hearing nothing but divided opinions among the gods, to consult the Prophetess, "he up-rose with speed." Vali, or Ali, the son of Rinda, afterwards avenged the death of Balder, by slaying Hoder, and is called a "wondrous boy, because he killed his enemy, before he was a day old; before he had washed his face, combed his hair, or seen one setting-sun." See Mr. Herbert's Icelandic Translations, p. 45; to which I am indebted for part of this note.

Down the yawning steep he rode,
 That leads to Hela's drear abode.
 Him the dog of darkness spied ; 5
 His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
 While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
 Foam and human gore distill'd :
 Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
 Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ; 10
 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 15
 The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
 By the moss-grown pile he sate ;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 11. *Fruitless*] Ceaseless, MS.

Ver. 14. *Shakes*] Quakes, MS.

NOTES.

Ver. 2. *Coal-black steed*] Sleipner was the horse of Odin, which had eight legs. *Vide* Edda. MASON.

Ver. 4. *That leads to Hela's drear abode*] Nifheliar, 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. MASON.

Hela, in the Edda, is described with a dreadful countenance, and her body half flesh-colour, and half blue. GRAY.

Ver. 5. *Him the dog of darkness spied*] The Edda gives this dog the name of Managarmar. He fed upon the lives of those that were to die. MASON.

Ver. 17. *Right against the eastern gate*] So Milton :

" Right against the eastern gate

When the great sun begins his state."

L'Alleg. v. 60.

Where long of yore to sleep was laid
 The dust of the prophetic maid. 20
 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 25
 Slowly breath'd a sullen sound.

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? 30
 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.

VARIATIONS.

- Ver. 23. *Accents*] Murmurs, MS.
 Ver. 27. *What call unknown*] What voice unknown, MS.
 Ver. 29. *My troubled*] A weary, MS.

NOTES.

Ver. 22. *Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme*] In a little poem called the ' Magic of Odin,' (see Bartholinus, p. 641,) Odin says, " If I see a man dead, and hanging aloft on a tree, I engrave *Runic characters* so wonderful, that the man immediately descends and converses with me. When I see magicians travelling through the air, I disconcert them with a single look, and force them to abandon their enterprise." ED.

Ver. 24. *The thrilling verse that wakes the dead*] The original word is *Valgalldr*; from *Valr* mortuus, and *Galldr* incantatio. GRAY.

Ver. 34. *Let me, let me sleep again*] This and the two following verses are not in the original, and therefore Gray probably borrowed them from the Thessalian Incantation in

Who is he, with voice unblest, 35
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, 40
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 ; 45
'Tis the drink of Balder bold :
Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the sons of heav'n!

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 35. *He*] This, ms.

Ver. 41. *Yon*] The, ms.

Ver. 48. *Reach*] Touch, ms.

NOTES.

Lucan. Ph. vi. 320: "Sic postquam fata peregit, stat vultu mœstus tacito, *mortemque reposcit.*" See Quart. Review, No. xxii. p. 314.

Ver. 40. *Tell me what is done below*] Odin was anxious about the fate of his son Balder, who had dreamed he was soon to die. He was killed by Odin's other son, Hoder, who was himself slain by Vali, the son of Odin and Rinda, consonant with this prophecy. See the Edda.

Ver. 43. *Mantling in the goblet see*] "The spiced goblets mantled high," T. Warton's Works, ii. 74.

Unwilling I my lips unclose:
 Leave me, leave me to repose. 50

ODIN.

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

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom ; 55
 His brother sends him to the tomb.

VARIATIONS.

Verses 51, 52. *Once again, &c.*]

“ Prophetess, my call obey,
 Once again arise and say,” MS.

NOTES.

Ver. 50. *Leave me, leave me to repose*] “ Quid, oro, me post Lethæa pocula, jam Stygiis paludibus innatantem ad momentariæ vitæ reducit officia? *Desine jam, precor, desine, ac me in meam quietem permitte,*” Apuleii Memor. ii. 40. quoted in the Quarterly Review, No. xxii. p. 314.

Ver. 51. *Once again my call obey*] 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 Eirik's Randa 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 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 *Fiolkunnug*, i. e. Multi-scia; and *Fisinlakona* i. e. Oraculorum Mulier; *Nornir*, i. e. Parcæ. GRAY.

Now my weary lips I close :
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey,
 Once again arise, and say, 60
 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,
 A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear, 65
 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. 70

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 59, 60. *Prophetess, &c.*]

“ Once again my call obey,
 Prophetess. arise and say,” ms.

Ver. 61, 62. *Who th' avenger, &c.*] These verses are transposed in ms.

Ver. 65. *Wond'rous*] Giant, ms.

NOTES.

Ver. 66. *Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair*] King Harold made (according to the singular custom of his time) a solemn vow never to *clip or comb his hair*, till he should have extended his sway over the whole country. Herbert's *Iceland*. Translat. p. 39. In the Translation of the Dying Song of Asbiorn, p. 52 :

“ Know, gentle mother, know,
 Thou wilt *not comb my flowing hair*,
 When summer-sweets return,
 In Denmark's vallies, Svanhvide fair !”

Now my weary lips I close :
 Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

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

75

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 74. *Awake*] Arise, MS.Ver. 77. *That, flaxen*] Who, flowing, MS.

NOTES.

Ver. 75. *What virgins these, in speechless woe*] “It is not certain,” says Mr. Herbert, “what Odin means by the question concerning the weeping virgins; but it has been supposed that it alludes to the embassy afterwards sent by Frigga to try to redeem Balder from the infernal regions, and that Odin betrays his divinity by mentioning what had not yet happened.” Iceland. Translat. p. 48,—The object of this embassy was frustrated by the perfidy of Loke, who having assumed (as was supposed) the shape of an old woman, refused to join in the general petition. “I Lok (she said) will weep with *dry eyes* the funeral of Balder. Let all things living or dead, weep if they will, but let Hela keep her prey.”—After this, Loke hid himself, built a house among the mountains, and made a net. Odin however found out his hiding-place, and the gods assembled to take him. He seeing this, burnt his net, and changed himself into a salmon. After some trouble, Thor caught him by the *tail*, and this is the reason why salmons, ever after, have had their tails so fine and thin. They bound him with chains, and suspended the serpent Skada over his head, whose venom falls upon his face drop by drop. His wife Siguna sits by his side, catches the drops as they fall from his face in a basin, which she empties as often as it is filled. He will remain in chains till the end of the world, or as the Icelanders call it, the Twilight of the Gods. To this the prophetess alludes in the last stanza.

Ver. 76. *That bend to earth their solemn brow*] This and the following verse are not in the Latin translation.

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

80

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 !

85

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
That never shall enquirer come

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 79. *Tell me whence*] Say from whence, MS.

Ver. 83. *Mightiest of the mighty line*] The mightiest of the mighty line, MS.

Ver. 87. *Hie thee hence, and boast*] Hie thee, Odin, boast, MS.

NOTES.

Ver. 86. *But mother of the giant brood*] In the Latin, “ mater trium gigantum :” 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 of Midgard, and Hela, all of them called giants in that system of mythology. MASON.

Ver. 88. *That never shall enquirer come*] In the original, this and the three following lines are represented by this couplet :

“ Et deorum crepusculum
Dissolventes aderint.”

Mr. Herbert has published a translation of the introductory lines of this poem, and also much curious information illustrating several passages in the text. See his *Select Iceland. Poetry*, p. 48. He mentions some little amplifications in Gray, tending to convey notions of the Icelandic mythology, not warranted by the original, as ‘ *Coal-black steed* ;’ *Raven-*

To break my iron-sleep again ;
 Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain ; 90
 Never, till substantial night
 Has reassum'd her ancient right ;
 Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
 Sinks the fabric of the world.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 90. *Has*] Have, ms.Ver. 92. *Has reassum'd*] Reassumes her, ms.

NOTES.

hair ; ' *Thrice* he trac'd the Runic rhyme ; ' The portals *nine* of hell ; ' Foam and human gore.'

Ver. 90. *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'Histoire de Dannemarc par Mons. Mallet,*' 1755, quarto ; or rather a translation of it published in 1770, and entitled ' *Northern Antiquities,*' in which some mistakes in the original are judiciously corrected. MASON.

Compare with this poem, ' *Hermode's Journey to Hell,*' in Dr. Percy's Translation of Mallet's *Northern Antiquities*, vol. ii. p. 149.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.*

A FRAGMENT.

FROM THE WELSH.

From Mr. Evans's Specimens of the Welsh Poetry : London, 1764, quarto, p. 25, and p. 127.
Owen succeeded his father Griffith ap Cynan in the principality of North Wales, A.D. 1137.
This battle was fought in the year 1157. Jones's Relics, vol. ii. p. 36.

OWEN'S praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong ;
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores, 5
Nor on all profusely pours ;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

NOTES.

* The original Welsh of the above poem was the composition of Gwalchmai the son of Melir, immediately after Prince Owen Gwynedd had defeated the combined fleets of Iceland, Denmark, and Norway, which had invaded his territory on the coast of Anglesea. There is likewise another poem which describes this famous battle, written by Prince Howel, the son of Owen Gwynedd ; a literal translation of which may be seen in Jones's Relics, vol. ii. p. 56. In Mason's edition, and in all the subsequent, it is said that Owen succeeded his father, A.D. 1120. The date I have altered, agreeably to the text of Mr. Jones, to A. D. 1137.

Ver. 4. *Gwyneth*] North Wales.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
 Squadrons three against him came; 10
 This the force of Eirin hiding,
 Side by side as proudly riding,
 On her shadow long and gay
 Lochlin plows the wat'ry way ;
 There the Norman sails afar 15
 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 ; 20
 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 ;

NOTES.

Ver. 10. *Squadrons three against him came*] “ A battle round of *squadrons three* they shew,” Fairfax’s *Tasso*, xviii. 96. Mr. Whitehead, in his ‘ *Battle of Argoed Llwyfain*,’ translated from Taliessin, vol. iii. p. 85, seems to have had his eye on these lines :

“ Flamdwyn pour’d his rapid bands
 Legions four o’er Riged’s lands.
 The numerous host, from *side to side*,
 Spread destruction wild, and wide.”

Ver. 14. *Lochlin*] Denmark.

Ver. 20. *The dragon-son of Mona stands*] The red dragon is the device of Cadwallader, which all his descendants bore on their banners. MASON.

Ver. 25. *There the thund’ring strokes begin*] “ It seems (says Dr. Evans, p. 26,) that the fleet landed in some part of the frith of Menai, and that it was a kind of mist engagement, some fighting from the shore, others from the ships ; and probably the great slaughter was owing to its being low-water, and that they could not sail. This will doubtless remind many of the spirited account delivered by the noblest historian of ancient Greece, of a similar

Talymalfra's rocky shore	25
Echoing to the battle's roar.	
Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,	
Backward Meinai rolls his flood ;	
While, heap'd his master's feet around,	
Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.	30
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	35
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.	40
* * * * *	

NOTES.

conflict on the shore of Pylus, between the Athenians and the Spartans under the gallant Brasidas. Thucyd. Bel. Pelop. lib. iv. cap. 12."

Ver. 27. *Check'd, &c.*] This and the three following lines are not in the former editions, but are now added from the author's MSS. MASON.

Ver. 31. *Where his glowing eye-balls turn*] From this line, to the conclusion, the translation is indebted to the genius of Gray, very little of it being in the original, which closes with a sentiment omitted by the translator: "And the glory of our Prince's wide-wasting sword shall be celebrated in a hundred languages, to give him his merited praise."

THE DEATH OF HOEL.

AN ODE.

SELECTED FROM THE GODODIN.*

HAD I but the torrent's might,
With headlong rage and wild affright
Upon Deïra'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,

5

NOTES.

* Of Aneurin, styled the Monarch of the Bards. He flourished about the time of Taliessin, A. D. 570.* This Ode is extracted from the Gododin. See Mr. Evans's Specimens, p. 71 and 73.

"Aneurin with the flowing Muse, King of Bards, brother to Gildas Albanus the historian, lived under Mynyddawg of Edinburgh, a prince of the North, whose Eurdorchogion, or warriors wearing the golden torques, three hundred and sixty-three in number, were all slain, except Aneurin and two others, in a battle with the Saxons at Cattrath, on the eastern coast of Yorkshire. His Gododin, an heroic poem written on that event, is perhaps the oldest and noblest production of that age." Jones's Relics, vol. i. p. 17.—Taliessin composed a poem called 'Cunobiline's Incantation,' in emulation of excelling the Gododin of Aneurin his rival. He accomplished his aim, in the opinion of subsequent bards; by condensing the prolixity, without losing the ideas, of his opponent.

Ver. 3. *Upon Deïra's squadrons hurl'd*] The kingdom of Deïra included the counties of

* Mr. Jones, in his Relics, vol. i. p. 17, says, that Aneurin flourished about A. D. 510.

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. 10

To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row
 Thrice two hundred warriors go :
 Every warrior's manly neck
 Chains of regal honour deck,
 Wreath'd in many a golden link : 15
 From the golden cup they drink
 Nectar that the bees produce,
 Or the grape's extatic juice.
 Flush'd with mirth and hope they burn :
 But none from Cattraeth's vale return, 20
 Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
 (Bursting through the bloody throng)

NOTES.

Yorkshire, Durham, Lancashire, Westmoreland, and Cumberland. See Jones's Relics, vol. i. p.17.

Ver. 7. *Cian*] In Jones's Relics it is spelt 'Kian.'

Ver. 11. *To Cattraeth's vale in glitt'ring row*] In the rival poem of Taliessin mentioned before, this circumstance is thus expressed : " Three, and threescore, and three hundred heroes flocked to the variegated banners of Cattraeth; but of those who hastened from the flowing mead-goblet, save three, returned not. Cynon and Cattraeth with hymns they commemorate, and me for my blood they mutually lament." See Jones's Relics, vol. ii. p. 14.—" The great topic perpetually recurring in the Gododin, is, that the Britens lost the battle of Cattraeth, and suffered so severely, because they had drank their mead too profusely. The passages in the Gododin are numerous on this point." See Sharon Turner's Vindication of the Anc. British Poems, p. 51.

Ver. 20. *But none from Cattraeth's vale return*] In the Latin translation : " Ex iis autem, qui nimio potu madidi ad bellum properabant, non evasere nisi tres."

Ver. 21. *Conan*] Properly 'Conon,' or, as in the Welsh, 'Chynon.'

And I, the meanest of them all,
That live to weep and sing their fall.

24

—◆—

HAVE ye seen the tusky boar,*
Or the bull, with sullen roar,
On surrounding foes advance?
So Caràdoc 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.

NOTES.

Ver. 23. *And I, the meanest of them all*] In the Latin translation: "Et egomet ipse sanguine rubens, aliter ad hoc carmen compingendum non superstes fuisssem."

* This and the following short fragment ought to have appeared among the Posthumous Pieces of Gray; but it was thought preferable to insert them in this place, with the preceding fragment from the Gododin. See Jones's Relics, vol. i. p. 17.

† In Jones's Relics, vol. i. p. 17, it is 'Fedel's name;' and in turning to the original I see 'Rhudd Fedel,' as well as in the Latin translation of Dr. Evans, p. 75.

SONNET

ON

THE DEATH OF MR. RICHARD WEST.

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 chearful fields resume their green attire :
These ears, alas ! for other notes repine, 5
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 chear,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men : 10
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.

NOTES.

Ver. 14. *And weep the more, because I weep in vain*] A line similar to this occurs in Cibber's *Alteration of Richard the Third*, act ii. sc. 2 :

“ So we must weep, because we weep in vain.”

“Solon, when he wept for his son's death, on one saying to him, ‘Weeping will not help,’ answered: *Δι' αὐτὸ δὲ τοῦτο δακρύω, ὅτι οὐδὲν ἀνύπτω*. ‘I weep for that very cause, that weeping will not avail.’” See *Diog. Laert.* vol. i. p. 39. ed. Meibomii. It is also told of Augustus.

EPITAPH

ON

MRS. JANE CLERKE.

This lady, the wife of Dr. John Clerke, physician at Epsom, died April 27, 1757; and was 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,

5

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 7—10. *In agony, &c.*]

“ To hide her cares her only art,
Her pleasure, pleasures to impart,
In ling'ring pain, in death resign'd,
Her latest agony of mind
Was felt for him, who could not save
His all from an untimely grave.” MS.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Lo! where this silent marble weeps]*

“ This weeping marble had not ask'd a tear.”

Pope's Epitaph on Ed. Duke of Buckingham.

Her infant image here below,
 Sits smiling on a father's woe : 10
 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 every grief remove, 15
 With life, with memory, and with love.

 NOTES.

And Dart's Westminster Abbey, p. 31 :

“ While o'er the grave the *marble statue weeps.*”

Ver. 6. *Soft humanity*]

“ Yet *soft in nature*, though severe his lay.”

Pope's Epit. on Earl of Dorset, 5.

EPITAPH

ON

SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS.*

This Epitaph was written at the request of Mr. Frederick Montagu, who intended to have inscribed it on a monument at Bellisle, at the siege of which Sir W. Williams was killed, 1761. See Mason's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 73; and vol. iv. p. 76.

HERE, foremost in the dangerous paths of fame,
Young Williams fought for England's fair renown;
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,
There first in blood his infant honour seal'd;

5

NOTES.

* Sir William Peere Williams, Bart. a captain in Burgoyne's dragoons.

Ver. 3. *His mind each Muse, each Grace adorn'd his frame]*

Εἴνεκεν εὐπέτης πινυτόφρονος, ἣν ὁ μελιχρὸς
ἔσκησεν Μουσῶν, ἄμμιγα καὶ Χάριτων.

Sophoclis Epit. ed. Brunck. vol. i. p. 10.

Τὸν Μῶσαισι φίλον ἄνδρα, τὸν οὐ Νυμφαίσιν ἀπέχθη. Theocr. Idyll. α. 141.

I recollect also the same expression in Gregory Nazianzen's Epitaph on Amphilocheus; though I am unable to cite the passage from memory.

“A thousand *Graces* round her *person* play,
And all the *Muses* mark'd her *fancy's* way.”

A. Hill's *Poems*, vol. iii. p. 60.

Ver. 5. *At Aix, his voluntary sword he drew]* Sir William Williams, in the expedition

From fortune, pleasure, science, love, he flew,
 And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.

With eyes of flame, and cool undaunted breast,
 Victor he stood on Bellisle's rocky steeps— 10
 Ah, gallant youth! this marble tells the rest,
 Where melancholy friendship bends, and weeps.

NOTES.

to Aix, was on board the *Magnanime* with Lord Howe; and was deputed to receive the capitulation. This expression has been adopted by Mr. Scott:

“ Since riding side by side, our hand
 First drew the voluntary brand.”

Marmion, Introd. to Cant. iv.

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN

A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The manuscript variations in this poem, in the Wharton papers, agree generally with those published by Mr. Mathias, vol. i. p. 65, in his edition of Gray's works.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *The curfew tolls the knell of parting day*]

“The curfew tolls!—the knell of parting day.”

So I read, says Dr. Warton, in his Notes on Pope, vol. i. p. 82. Dryden has a line resembling this:

“That tolls the knell of their departed sense.”

See Prologue to *Troilus and Cressida*, ver. 22. And not dissimilar is Shaksp. *Henry IV.* Part ii. act i. sc. 2:

“—— a sullen bell

Remember'd knolling a departed friend.”

“—— squilla di lontano

Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore.”

Dante, *Purgat.* l. 8. GRAY.

The seventh stanza of T. Warton's poem on Vale Royal Abbey is taken from the opening of this Elegy. See his *Poems*, vol. i. p. 132. The opening of this poem is also transferred into the '*Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*,' p. 70

Ver. 2. *The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea*]

“The lowing herds through living pastures rove.”

Whitehead's *Elegy I.* vol. ii. p. 204.

The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, 5
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 8. *And*] Or, ms. M. and W.

NOTES.

In the *Diosemcia* of Aratus, this picture is drawn similar to that of the English poet, ver. 387 :

ἼΙ δ' ὅτε μυκηθμοῖο περίπλειοι ἀγέρονται
Ἐρχόμενοι σταθμόνδε βροές βουλύσιον ἄρηγ,
Σκυθραὶ λειμωνὸς πόριες καὶ βουβοσίοιο.

And so Dionysius in his *Periegesis*, ver. 190 :

Κείνοις δ' οὐποτε τερπνὸς ἀκούεται ὀλλκὸς ἀμάξις
Οὐ δὲ βρωῶν μυκηθμὸς ἐς αὐλίον ἐρχομενάων.

See also *Homeri Odys.* xvii. 170, pointed out by Mr. Wakefield.

Ver. 4. *And leaves the world to darkness and to me*] A similar expression occurs in Petrarch, p. 124 :

“ Quando 'l sol bagna in mar l' aurato cerco,
E 'l aer nostro, e la mia mente imbruna.”

Ver. 7. *Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight*]

“ —— Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyster'd flight ; ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-born beetle with his drowsy hum
Hath rung night's yawning peal.”

Macbeth, act iii. sc. 2.

And so Collins, in his *Ode to Evening* :

“ Or where the beetle winds
His small, but sullen horn ;
As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum.” W.

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
 The mopeing owl does to the moon complain 10
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,

NOTES.

Ver. 8. *And drowsy tinklings*] Warton's Ode on the approach of Summer, 110 :

“ Her sound of distant-tinkling bell.”

Ver. 10. *The mopeing owl does to the moon complain*] The “ignavus bubo” of Ovid, see *Metam.* v. 550. The two following passages might supply the images in the Elegy :

“ Assiduous in his *bower* the *wailing owl*

Plies his sad song.”

Thomson's Winter, 114.

And,

“ the *wailing owl*

“ Screams *solitary* to the mournful *moon*.”

Mallett's Excursion, p. 244.

Compare also T. Warton's ‘Pleasures of Melancholy,’ p. 71, ed. Mant; where the learned editor has brought the contrasted passages nearer together, by quoting a line of Gray in the following manner :

“ Of such as wandering near her *sacred bower*.”

Ver. 12. *Molest her ancient solitary reign*] “Desertaque regna pastorum,” *Virg. Georg.* iii. 476. W.

Ver. 13. *Beneath those rugged elms*] De Lille, in his ‘Jardins,’ has imitated these stanzas of the Elegy :

“ Voyez sous ses vieux ifs la tombe où vont se rendre
 Ceux qui, courbés pour vous sur des sillons ingrats,
 Au sein de la misère espèrent le trépas.
 Rougiriez-vous d'orner leurs humbles sepultures ?
 Vous n'y pouvez graver d'illustres aventures.
 Sans doute. Depuis l'aube, où le coq matinal
 Des rustiques travaux leur donne le signal,
 Jusques à la veillée, où leur jeune famille
 Environne avec eux le sarment qui petille,
 Dans les mêmes travaux roulent en paix leurs jours.

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

15

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,

NOTES.

Des guerres, des traités n'en marquent point le cours.
Naître, souffrir, mourir, c'est toute leur histoire;
Mais leur cœur n'est point sourd au bruit de leur mémoire.
Quel homme vers la vie, au moment du départ;
Ne se tourne, et ne jette un triste et long regard.
A l'espoir d'un regret ne sent pas quelque charme,
Et des yeux d'un ami n'attend pas une larme? C. iv. p. 86.

Ver. 14. *Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap]*

“Those graves with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground.”

Parnell's Night Piece, 29. W.

Ver. 15. *Each in his narrow cell for ever laid]* “The narrow house is pleasant to me, and the grey stone of the dead,” Ossian's Oithona, vol. i. p. 119. “Here let him rest, in his narrow house, far from the sound of Lota,” *ibid.* p. 306.

And so Horace, Od. I. iv. 17: “*Domus exilis Plutonia.*” The word *domus*, which answers to our poet's *cell*, is often in Latin authors put for *sepulchrum*; as may be seen by referring to Burmann's Petronius, cap. 71; and Markland's Statius, p. 255: the reason of which is given in Barthelemy's Travels in Italy, p. 349. Compare the Lettere di Jacopo Ortis, p. 71, with this stanza.

Ver. 17. *Incense-breathing morn]*

“And e'er the odorous breath of morn,” Arcades, ver. 56.

Also Milton's Par. Lost, b. ix. 192:

“In Eden, on the humid flowers that breath'd
Their morning incense.” W.

And so Pope's Messiah, ver. 24: “With all the incense of the breathing spring.”

And T. Warton, vol. i. p. 125: “The meadows incense breathe at eve.”

Ver. 18. *The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed]*

“Maue jam clarum reserat fenestras,
Jam strepit nidis vigilax hirundo.”

Auson. p. 94, ed. Tollii.

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening-care ;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 19. Or] And, MS. M. and W.

NOTES.

Hesiod gives the swallow a very appropriate epithet : *χελιδὼν ἀρθρογόνη* *Erg.* 567. Mr. Wakefield quotes Thomson, *Autumn*, ver. 835.

Ver. 19. *The cock's shrill clarion*] Philips in 'Cyder,' i. 753 :

"When *chanticleer* with *clarion shrill* recalls
 The tardy day."

Mr. Wakefield cites Milton, *Par. Lost*, b. vii. 448 :

"The crested *cock*, whose *clarion* sounds
 The silent hours."

And Hamlet, act i. sc. 1. To which add Quarles in *Argalus and Parthenia*, p. 22 :

"I slept not, till the early *bugle-horn*
 Of *chaunticlere* had summon'd in the morn."

Thomas Kyd has also joined the two images (*England's Parnassus*, p. 325) :

"The cheerful *cock*, the sad night's *trumpeter*,
 Wayting upon the rising of the sunne.
 The wandering *swallow* with her broken song."

Ibid. *Echoing horn*] See *L'Allegro*, ver. 53. W.

Ver. 21. *For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn*] Compare Apoll. Rhod. iv. 1062. Lucretius, iv. 907 :

"At jam non domus accipiet te læta, neque uxor
 Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
 Præripere."

Horace has added to the picture an image copied by Gray :

"Quod si pudica mulier, in partem juvet
 Domum, atque dulces liberos,

 Sacrum et vetustis exstruat lignis focum
 Lassi sub adventum viri."

No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 24. *Or*] Nor, ms. W.

NOTES.

See also Thomson's *Winter*, 311:

"In vain for him the officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm:
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling *storm*,* demand their sire
With tears of artless innocence."

Ver. 24. *Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share*]

"Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati."

Virg. *Georg.* ii. ver. 523. W.

So Dryden, vol. ii. p. 565, ed. Warton :

"Whose little arms about thy legs are cast,
And climbing for a kiss prevent their mother's haste."

See also Thomson's *Liberty*, iii. 171, and Ovid. *Heroid.* Ep. viii. 93.

* In the earlier editions, "Into the mingling *rack*." And, what is singular, five lines farther on it stood :

"Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse,
Unstretch'd, and bleaching in the northern blast."

In the MS. copy I have, Thomson has altered it, with a pen, to "*stretch'd out*," as it is read in the subsequent editions. "*Unstretch'd*" is a Scotticism, meaning "*unfolded*."

In Thomson's *Winter*, 975, the couplet

"Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd:
Th' astonished Euxine hears the Baltic roar"—

was probably suggested by the following passages :

"— Ægeas transit in undas

"Tyrrenum; sonat Ionio vagus Hadria Ponto."

Lucan. *Phars.* v. 614.

Also,

"J'entens deja fremir les deux mers etonnées,
De voir les flots unies au piè des Pirénées."

Boileau, *Épître* i. 146.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, 25
 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 ; 30
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 25. *Sickle*] Sickles, MS. W.

NOTES.

Ver. 27. *How jocund did they drive their team afield*]

“ He drove afield.” Lycidas, 27. W.

Ver. 28. *How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke*]

“ But to the roote bent his *sturdie stroake*,
 And made many woundes in the waste oake.”

Spenser's February, ed. Todd, vol. i. p. 43. W.

Ver. 33. *The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r*] “ Very like,” says the editor, (in a note to the following passage of Cowley,) “ in the expression as well as sentiment, to that fine stanza in Mr. Gray's Elegy, vol. ii. p. 213, Hurd's ed. :

“ ‘ *Beauty*, and strength, and wit, and *wealth*, and *power*,

Have their short flourishing *hour* ;

And love to see themselves, and smile,

And joy in their pre-eminence a while ;

E'en so in the same land

Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers together stand.

Alas! Death mows down all with an impartial hand.’ ”

Gray's stanza is, however, chiefly indebted to some verses in his friend West's Monody on Queen Caroline:

Await alike th' inevitable hour. 35
 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 through the long-drawn isle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. 40

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 35] *Await*] Awaits, ms. M. and W.

Ver. 37, 38. *Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise*]
 "Forgive, ye proud, th' involuntary fault,
 If memory to these no trophies raise," ms. M. and W.

NOTES.

"Ah me! what boots us all our *boasted power*,
 Our golden treasure, and our *purple state*;
 They cannot ward the *inevitable hour*,
 Nor stay the fearful violence of fate."

Dodsley's Misc. ii. 279.

Ver. 36. *The paths of glory lead but to the grave*] In the new Biographia Britannica, vol. iv. p. 429, in the Life of Crashaw, written by Mr. Hayley, it is said that this line is "literally translated from the Latin prose of Bartholinus in his Danish Antiquities."

Ver. 39. *The long-drawn isle*]

"And the *long isles* and vaulted roofs rebound."

Dart's Westminster Abbey, p. 7.

Ibid. *Fretted*]

"—— the roof o' the chamber
 With golden cherubims is *fretted*."

Cymbeline, act ii. sc. 4. W.

And so Hamlet, act ii. sc. 2: "This majestic roof *fretted* with golden fire."

Ver. 40. *The pealing anthem swells the note of praise*]

"There let the *pealing* organ blow,
 To the full-voiced quire below,
 In service high, and *anthem* clear." Il Pens. 163. W.

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 45
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre:

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page 50
 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.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 47. *Rod*] Reins, ms. M.

NOTES.

Ver. 41. *Animated bust*] "Heroes in *animated marble frown*," Temple of Fame, 73. W.

Ver. 44. *The dull cold ear of death*] "And sleep in *dull cold marble*," Shaksp. Henry VIII. act iii. sc. 2.

Ver. 47. *Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd*] "Sunt mihi quas possint sceptrā decere manus," Ovid. Ep. v. ver. 86. "Proud names that once *the reins of empire held*," Tickell's Poem to Earl of Warwick, ver. 37.

Ver. 48. *Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre*] "*Waken raptures high*," Milt. Par. Lost, iii. 369. And Lucretius, ii. 412: "*Mobilibus digitis expergefata figurant*."

"Begin the song, and strike the *living lyre*." Cowley.

And Pope's Winds. For. 281:

"—— where Cowley strung

His *living harp*, and lofty Denham sung." W.

Ver. 51. *Their noble rage*]

"Be justly warm'd with your own *native rage*."

Pope's Prol. to Cato, 43. W.

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.

55

Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 58. *Fields*] Lands, erased in ms. M.

NOTES.

And :

“ How hard the task ! how rare the *godlike rage*.”

Tickell's Prol. (Steele's Misc. p. 70.)

Ver. 53. *Full many a gem of purest ray serene*]

“ That like to rich and various gems inlay
 The unadorned bosom of the deep.”

Comus, ver. 22.

And see Young's 'Ocean,' st. xxiv.

“ There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowells of the earth, many a fair *pearle in the bosome of the sea*, that never was scene, nor never shall bee,” Bishop Hall's Contemplations, l. vi. p. 872. See Quart. Rev. No. xxii. p. 314.

Ver. 55. *Full many a flower is born to blush unseen*]

“ Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.”

Pope's Rape of the Lock, iv. 157. W.

Also Chamberlayne's Pharonida, part ii. b. iv. p. 94 :

“ Like beauteous flowers which vainly waste their scent
 Of odors in unhaunted deserts.”

And Young's Univ. Passion, Sat. v. p. 128 :

“ In distant wilds, by human eyes *unscen*,
 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.”

“ Like woodland flowers, which paint the *desert* glades,
 And *waste their sweets in unfrequented* shades.”

A. Philips' Thule, p. 135.

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. 60

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

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone 65
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;

NOTES.

For the expression 'desert air,' Mr. Wakefield refers to Pindar Olymp. i. 10: *Ερημίας δὲ αἰθέρος*. Also Fragm. Incert. cxvi.

Ver. 59. *Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest*] So Philips, in his animated and eloquent preface to his *Theatrum Poetarum*, p. xiv. ed. Brydges: "Even the very names of some who having perhaps been comparable to Homer for heroic poesy, or to Euripides for tragedy; yet nevertheless *sleep inglorious in the crowd of the forgotten vulgar.*"

Ver. 60. *Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood*] Mr. Edwards, the author of 'The Canons of Criticism,' here added the two following stanzas, to supply what he deemed a defect in the poem:

"Some lovely fair, whose unaffected charms
 Shone with attraction to herself unknown;
 Whose beauty might have bless'd a monarch's arms,
 Whose virtue cast a lustre on a 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 healthful offspring that adorn'd their house."

Ver. 61. *Th' applause of list'ning senates*]

"Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke."

Pope's Mor. Essays, i. 134.

Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, 70
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 68. *And*] Or, ms. M. and W.Ver. 71. *Shrine*] Shrines, ms. W.

NOTES.

Ver. 67. *Wade thro' slaughter to a throne*]

"And swam to empire thro' the purple flood."

Temple of Fame, 347. W.

Ver. 68. *And shut the gates of mercy on mankind*] "The *gates of mercy* shall be all shut up," Shaksp. Henry V. act iii. sc. 3. Also in Henry VI. part iii: "Open thy *gate of mercy*, gracious Lord." And so says an obscure poet:

"His humble eyes, sighs, cries, and bruised breast,
Forc'd ope the gates of mercy, gave him rest."

Nath. Richards's Poems, Sacred and Satyrical, 12mo. 1641. p. 145.

Also Congreve's Mourning Bride, act iii. sc. 1:

"So did it tear the *ears of mercy* from his
Voice, *shutting the gates of prayer* against him."

Ver. 72. *With incense kindled at the Muse's flame*] After this verse, in Mr. Gray's first MS. of the poem, were the four following stanzas:

"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:

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life 75
 They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

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. 80

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply :

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 82. *Elegy*] Epitaph, ms. M.

NOTES.

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

“ 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 tenour 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. Mr. Mason thinks the third of these rejected stanzas equal to any in the whole elegy.

Ver. 74. *Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray*]

“ With all thy *sober* charms possesst,
 Whose *wishes never learnt to stray.*”

Laughorne's Poems, p. ii. p. 123. Park's ed.

Ver. 75. *Along the cool sequester'd vale of life*]

“ Foe to *loud* praise, and friend to learned ease,
 Content with science, in the *vale of peace.*”

Pope's Ep. to Fenton, 6. W.

And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, 85
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ; 90

NOTES.

“ Mollia per placidam delectant otia vitam.”

Manil. Astr. iv. 512.

Ver. 87. *Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day*] “ *Dias in luminis oras,*” Lucretius, i. 23. W.

Ver. 88. *Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind*] So Petrarch, 192:

“ Che 'l piè va innanzi, e l' occhio torna indietro.”

So Whitehead's Ode I. vol. ii. p. 263:

“ The voice resum'd again, proceed,
Nor cast one ling'ring look behind.”

Mr. Wakefield quotes a passage in the *Alcestis* of Euripides, ver. 201. This passage is almost literally translated in the ‘ *Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*, p. 81. “ *E chi mai cede,*” &c.

Ver. 89. *On some fond breast the parting soul relies*] So Drayton in his ‘ *Moses*,’ p. 1564. vol. iv. ed. 1753:

“ It is some comfort to a wretch to die,
(If there be comfort in the way of death)
To have some friend, or kind alliance by
To be officious at the parting breath.”

Ver. 90. *Some pious drops the closing eye requires*]

“ No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier ;
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd.”

Pope's *Elegy*, 81.

And, “ Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,” ver. 80.

And so Solon, ver. 5. ed. Brnck.:

Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

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

95

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 92. *Ev'n, live*] And, glow, ms. M. and W.

Ver. 92. *Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires*]

“Awake and faithful to her wonted fires.” So the first and second editions.

NOTES.

Μηδ' ἐμὸν ἀκλαυστος θάνατος μὲλοι, ἀλλὰ φίλοισι
καλλείπομαι θανῶν ἄλγεια καὶ στοναχάς. W.

Ver. 91. *Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries*] Some lines in the *Anthologia Latina*, p. 600. Ep. cliii. have a strong resemblance to those in the text :

“Crede mihi vires aliquas natura sepulchris
Adhibuit, tumulos vindicat umbra suos.”

So also Ausonius (*Parentalia*), p. 109. ed. Tollii :

“Gaudet compositi cineres sua nomina dici.”

Ver. 92. *Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires*]

“Ch' i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, e due begli ocelli chiusi
Rimaner doppio noi pien di faville.”

Petr. SON. CLXIX. GRAY.

“Yet in our ashen cold, is fire yreken.”

Chaucer's *Reve's Prologue*, ver. 3880. p. 186.

And Ovid. *Trist.* III. iii. 83 :

“Quamvis in cinerem corpus mutaverit ignis,
Sentiet officium mcesta favilla pium.”

Propert. II. xiii. 41 :

“Interea cave, sis nos adspersata sepultos,
Non nihil ad verum conscia terra sapit.”

Mr. Wakefield cites Pope's Ep. to M. Blount, ver. 72 :

“By this e'en now they live, e'en now they charm,
Their wit still sparkling, and *their flame still warm.*”

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 :

100

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 100. *To meet the sun upon the upland lawn*]

“ On the high brow of yonder hanging lawn.”

After which, in his first MS., 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.”

NOTES.

Ver. 97. *Hoary-headed swain*] “ Hoary-tressed hind,” Warton’s Works, i. 159.

Ver. 99. *Brushing with hasty steps the dews away*] Milton, Par. Lost. v. 429 :

“ — From off the ground, each morn,
 We brush mellifluous dews.”

So also Arcades, ver. 50 : “ And from the boughs brush off the evil dew.”

Ver. 100. *To meet the sun*] So Petrarch, in Rime Scelti, p. 120 :

“ Re degli altri, superbo, altero fiume
 Che ’n contril sol, quando e ne mena il giorno.”

And Tasso, in his Sonnet to Camoëns :

“ Vasco, te cui felicità ardite antenne
 Incontro al sol che ne riporta il giorno,” &c.

And in another Sonnet :

“ Come va innanzi a l’ altro sol l’ aurora,” &c.

Langhorne, in ‘Visions of Fancy,’ Elegy III :

“ Then let me meet the morn’s first ray.”

And T. Warton, ii. 147 :

“ On airy uplands met the piercing gale.”

Compare also Lucan, Phars. iii. 232.

“ 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.

“ Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;

105

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 106. *He would*] Would he, MS. M. and W.

NOTES.

Ver. 100. *Upland lawn*] “ Ere the *high lawns* appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn.”
Lycidas, 25. W.

Ver. 102. *That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high*]
“ From the deep dell where shaggy roots
Fringe the rough brink with *wreathed* shoots.”
T. Warton’s Ode VII. 53.

Ver. 103. *His listless length at noontide would he stretch*]
“ ——— spread
His listless limbs at noontide on the marge
Of smooth translucent pools.”

Scott’s Amwell, p. 22. Park’s ed.

Ver. 104. *And pore upon the brook that babbles by*] “ *Unde loquaces lymphæ desiliunt
tuæ,*” Hor. Od. III. xiii. 15.

“ He lay along
Under an oak, whose *antique root peep’d out*
Upon the *brook*, that brawls along this wood.”

As You Like It, act ii. sc. 1. W.

Ver. 105. *Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn*] “ Yet at my parting sweetly did she *smile*
— n scorn.” Shakspeare’s Sonnets.

—— “ *smylynge halfe in scorne*
At our foly.” Skelton’s Prologue to the Brage of Courte, p. 59.

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 ; 110
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 through the church-way path we saw him borne :—
Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay 115
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.*

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown :

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 109. *On*] From, ms. M.

NOTES.

Ver. 107. *Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn*]

“ For pale and *wanne* he was, alas! the while
May seeme he *lov'd* or else some *care* he tooke.”

Spenser's January, 8. W.

Ver. 114. *Through the church-way path*]

“ In the *church-way paths* to glide.”

Mids. Night's Dream, act v. sc. 2. W.

Ver. 115. *Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay*]

“ Tell, (for you can,) what is it to be wise.”

Pope's Ep. iv. 260. W.

“ And steal (for you can steal) celestial fire.” Young.

* “ Before the Epitaph,” says Mr. Mason, “ 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 :

Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark'd him for her own. 120

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to mis'ry (all he had) a tear,
 He gain'd from heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose, 125
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,
 'The bosom of his Father and his God.

NOTES.

“ ‘ 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.' ”

Ver. 117. *Here rests his head upon the lap of earth*] So Milton:

“ — How glad would lay me down,
 As in my mother's lap.” Par. Lost, x. 777.

Also Spens. F. Queen, V. vii. 9:

“ — On their *mother earth's dear lap* did lie.”

“ *Redditur enim terræ corpus, et ita locatum ac situm quasi operimento matris obducitur.*” Cicero de Legibus, ii. 22.

I cannot help adding to this note, the short and pathetic sentence of Pliny, H. N. ii. 63.
 “ *Nam terra novissime complexa gremio jam a reliquâ naturâ abnegatos, tum maxime, ut mater, operit.*”

Ver. 119. *Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth*]

“ *Quem tu Melpomene semel
 Nascentem placido lumine videris,*” Hor. Od. IV. iii. 1. W.

Ver. 121. *Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere*]

“ *Large was his soul, as large a soul as e'er
 Submitted to inform a body here,*” Cowley, vol. i. p. 119.

“ A passage which,” says the editor, “ Gray seem'd to have had his eye on.”

Ver. 127. *There they alike in trembling hope repose*] “*Spe trepido*,” Lucan. vi. 297. W. And Mallet :

“*With trembling tenderness of hope and fear.*”

Funeral Hymn, ver. 473.

Hooker has defined ‘*hope*’ to be a “*trembling expectation of things far removed*,” Eccl. Pol. B. I. cited in Quart. Rev. No. XXII. p. 315.

“*—— paventosa speme*,” Petr. Son. CXIV. GRAY.

In the Gentleman’s Magazine, vol. lii. p. 20, it is asserted that Gray’s Elegy was taken from Collins’s Ode to Evening ; while in the Monthly Review, vol. liii. p. 102, it is said to be indebted to an Elegy by Gay. I see, however, not the least reason for assenting to these opinions. The passages from ‘*Celso Magno*,’ produced in the Edinburgh Review, vol. v. p. 51, are very curious, and form an interesting comparison. It is well known how much the Italian poet Pignotti is indebted to the works of Gray : some passages would have been given, but the editor was unwilling to increase the number of the notes, already perhaps occupying too much space.

A LONG STORY.

THIS Poem was rejected by Gray in the Collection published by himself; and though published afterwards by Mr. Mason in his Memoirs of Gray, he placed it amongst the Letters, together with the Posthumous Pieces; not thinking himself authorized to insert among the Poems, what the author had rejected.

A LONG STORY.

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 130.)

Mr. Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-Yard, previous to its publication, was handed about in manuscript; and had amongst other admirers the Lady Cobham, who resided at the mansion-house at Stoke Pogeis. The performance inducing her to wish for the author's acquaintance, her relation, Miss Speed, and Lady Schaub, then at her house, undertook to effect it. These two ladies waited upon the author at his aunt's solitary habitation, where he at that time resided; and not finding him at home, they left a card behind them. Mr. Gray, surprised at such a compliment, returned the visit. And as the beginning of this acquaintance bore some appearance of romance, he soon after gave a humorous account of it in the following copy of verses, which he entitled 'A Long Story.'

(Note in Mr. Wakefield's edition.)

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

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

5

NOTES.

Ver. 2. *An ancient pile of building stands*] 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. MASON.

Ver. 7. *Rich windows that exclude the light*]

“ And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.” Il Penseroso, 159.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
 When he had fifty winters o'er him, 10
 My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls ;
 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, 15
 Though 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 ? 20

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.

NOTES.

And Pope's *Eloisa*, 142 :

“ Where awful arches make a noonday night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light.” W.

Ver. 11. *My grave Lord-Keeper*] Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing. GRAY.—See Hume's *England*, vol. v. p. 330. Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia*, and Oeklandi *Elizabetha*, m i.

Ver. 11. *Led the brawls*] Brawls were a sort of French figure-dance, then in vogue. See *England's Helicon*, p. 101 ; *Browne's Poems*, vol. iii. p. 149, ed. Thompson ; and the Note by Steevens to *Love's Labour's Lost*, act iii. sc. 1, p. 52. And so Ben Jonson, in a *Masque*, vol. vi. p. 27, ed. Whaley :

“ And thence did Venus learn to lead
 The Idalian *brawls*.”

But see more particularly Marston's *Malcontent*, act iv. sc. 2, where it is described :

“ We have forgot the brawl,” &c.

The first came cap-a-pee from France, 25
 Her conqu'ring destiny fulfilling,
 Whom meaner beauties eye askance,
 And vainly ape her art of killing.

The other amazon kind heav'n
 Had arm'd with spirit, wit, and satire ; 30
 But Cobham had the polish giv'n,
 And tipp'd her arrows with good-nature.

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
 Coarse panegyrics would but tease her ;
 Melissa is her “ nom de guerre.” 35
 Alas, who would not wish to please her!

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. 40

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

Who prowld the country far and near, 45
 Bewitch'd the children of the peasants,

NOTES.

Ver. 41. *Fame, in the shape of Mr. P—t*] It has been said, that this gentleman, a neighbour and acquaintance of Mr. Gray's in the country, was much displeas'd with the liberty here taken with his name : yet, surely, without any great reason. MASON.

Dried up the cows, and lam'd the deer,
And suck'd the eggs, and kill'd the pheasants.

My lady heard their joint petition,
Swore by her coronet and ermine, 50
She'd issue out her high commission
To rid the manor of such vermin.

The heroines undertook the task,
Through lanes unknown, o'er stiles they ventur'd,
Rapp'd at the door, nor stay'd to ask, 55
But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
They flirt, they sing, they laugh, they tattle,
Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
And up stairs in a whirlwind rattle: 60

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;

NOTES.

Ver. 51. *She'd issue out her high commission*] Henry the Fourth, in the fourth year of his reign, issued out the following *commission* against this species of *vermin*:—"And it is enacted, that no master-rimour, minstrel, or other *vagabond*, be in any wise sustained in the land of Wales, to make commoiths, or gatherings upon the people there."—" *Vagabond*," says Ritson, "was a title to which the profession had been long accustomed."

"Beggars they are with one consent,
And rogues by act of parliament."

See Preface to *Ancient Songs*, p. xi.

There are still stronger Scotch statutes against them, some condemning them and "such like fules" to lose their ears, and others their lives.

Into the drawers and china pry, 65
 Papers and books, a huge imbrøglìo!
 Under a tea-cup he might lie,
 Or creased, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the first marching of the troops, 70
 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 ajar,
 Where, safe and laughing in his sleeve, 75
 He heard the distant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
 The pow'r of magic was no fable ;

NOTES.

Ver. 67. *Under a tea-cup he might lie*] There is a very great similarity between the style of part of this poem, and Prior's Tale of the 'Dove:' as for instance in the following stanzas, which Gray, I think, must have had in his mind at the time.

“ With one great peal they rap the door,
 Like footmen on a visiting day :
 Folks at her house at such an hour,
 Lord ! what will all the neighbours say ?
 * * * * *

“ Her keys he takes, her door unlocks,
 Thro' wardrobe, and thro' closet bounces,
 Peeps into every chest and box,
 'Turns all her furbelows and flouncers.
 * * * * *

“ I marvel much, she smiling said,
 Your poultry cannot yet be found :
 Lies he in yonder slipper dead,
 Or may be in the tea-pot drown'd.”

Out of the window, wisk, they flew,
 But left a spell upon the table. 80

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

So cunning was the apparatus, 85
 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) 90
 To Phœbus he preferr'd his ease,
 And begg'd his aid that dreadful day.

The godhead would have back'd his quarrel ;
 But with a blush, on recollection,
 Own'd that his quiver and his laurel 95
 '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 : 100

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

In peaked hoods and mantles tarnish'd, 105
 Sour visages, enough to scare ye,
 High dames of honour once, that garnish'd
 The drawing-room of fierce Queen Mary.

The peecress comes. The audience stare,
 And doff their hats with due submission : 110
 She curtsies, as she takes her chair,
 To all the people of condition.

The bard, with many an artful fib,
 Had in imagination fenc'd him,
 Disprov'd the arguments of Squib, 115
 And all that Groom 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. 120

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,)

 NOTES.

Ver. 103. *Styack*] The housekeeper. G.

Ver. 115. *Squib*] Groom of the chamber. G.

Ver. 116. *Groom*] The steward. G.

Ver. 120. *Maclean*] A famous highwayman hanged the week before. G.

THE
POSTHUMOUS
POEMS AND FRAGMENTS
OF
GRAY.

O D E

ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM

VICISSITUDE.

Left unfinished by Mr. Gray. With additions by Mr. Mason, distinguished by inverted commas.

Now the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy spring :
Till April starts, and calls around 5
The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet ; 10
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet :

NOTES.

Ver. 8. *Scatters his freshest, tenderest green*]

“ Half rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge,

Or to the distant eye displays

Weakly green its budding sprays.” Warton's 1st of April, i. 180.

See Mr. Mant's note upon the passage.

But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
 His trembling thrilling extasy ;
 And, lessening from the dazzled sight, 15
 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 gen'ral song : 20
 ' 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 25
 Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;

NOTES.

Ver. 9. *New-born flocks, in rustic dance*]

— “ *Hinc nova proles,*

Artubus infirmis teneras lasciva per herbas

Ludit.” Lucret. i. 260.

“ O'er the broad downs a novel race,

Frisk the lambs with faltering pace.” T. Warton, i. 155.

Ver. 17. *Rise, my soul ! on wings of fire*] Mr. Mason informs us, that he has heard Gray say, that Mr. Gresset's ‘ *Épître à ma Sœur* ’ gave him the first idea of this Ode ; and whoever, he says, compares it with the French Poem, will find some *slight* traits of resemblance, but chiefly in the author's seventh stanza. The following lines seem to have been in Gray's remembrance at this place :

“ *Mon ame, trop long tems flétrie*

Va de nouveau s' épanouir ;

Et loin de toute rêverie

Voltiger avec le Zéphire,

Occupé tout entier du soin du plaisir d'être,” &c.

Mute was the music of the air,
 The herd stood drooping by :
 Their raptures now that wildly flow,
 No yesterday nor morrow know ; 30
 '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 35
 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. 40

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, 45
 Chastis'd by sabler tints of woe ;

NOTES.

Ver. 31. *'Tis man alone that joy descries*]

“ Sure he that made us with such large discourse
Looking before and after.” Hamlet, act iv. sc. 4.

Ver 43. *Behind the steps that misery treads*] Dr. Warton refers to Pope's *Essay on Man*, ii. 270:

“ See some strange comfort every state attend,
 And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend :
 See some fit passion every age supply ;
 Hope travels on, nor quits us till we die.”

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 floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,

50

NOTES.

Ver. 45. *The hues of bliss more brightly glow*]

“ Here sweet, or strong, may every colour flow ;
Here let the pencil warm, the colours glow ;
Of light and shade provoke the noble strife,
And wake each striking feature into life.”

Brown's *Essay on Satire*, ii. 358.

Ver. 49. *See the wretch, &c.*]

“ O ! jours de la convalescence !
Jours d'une pure volupté :
C'est une nouvelle naissance,
Un rayon d'immortalité.
Quel feu ! tous les plaisirs ont volé dans mon ame,
J'adore avec transport le céleste flambeau ;
Tout m'intéresse, tout m'enflâme—
Pour moi, l'univers est nouveau.

.
Les plus simples objects ; le chante d'un Fauvette,
Le matin d'un beau jour, la verdure des bois,
La fraîcheur d'une violette ;
Milles spectacles, qu' autrefois,
On voyoit avec nonchalance,
Transportent aujourd'hui, présentent des appas
Inconnus a l'indifférence,
Et que la foule ne voit pas.” Gresset, tom. i. p. 145.

The common sun, the air, the skies, 55
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. 60

‘ 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, 65
‘ Sooth’d by flattery’s tinkling sound,’

NOTES.

Ver. 55. *The common sun, &c.*]

“ Communemque prius, ceu lumina solis.”

Ovid *Metam.* i. 135.

“ *Nec solem proprium natura, nec aëra fecit.*”

Id. vi. 350.

Ver. 56. *To him are opening paradise]*

“ The fields assum’d unusual bloom,
And every zephyr breath’d perfume :
The laughing sun with genial beams
Danc’d lightly on the exulting streams ;
’Twas transport not to be express,
’Twas paradise.”

Whitehead’s *Variety*, p.6.

And Dryden’s *Absalom*, vol. i. p.116. ed. Derrick :

“ And *paradise* was open’d in his face.”

And T. Warton, ed. *Mant*, ii. 31 :

“ With whom each *field’s a paradise.*”

Ver. 59. *She eyes the clear crystalline well]* So Milton accents the word :

“ On the crystalline sky, in sapphire thron’d.”

Par. Lost, b. vi. ver. 772.

- 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, 70
 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-eyed envy sees him climb, 75
 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. 80
- ‘ 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, 85
 Can slumber in the noontide sun ;
 And hie him home, at evening’s close,
 To sweet repast, and calm repose.

NOTES.

Ver. 65. *Mark, where indolence and pride]*

“ Tout s’ émousse dans l’habitude ;
 L’amour s’endort sans volupté ;
 Las des mêmes plaisirs, las de leur multitude.
 Le sentiment n’est plus flaté.”

' He, unconscious whence the bliss,
 Feels, and owns in carols rude, 90
 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, 95
 In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.'

TRANSLATION

OF

A PASSAGE FROM STATIUS.*

THEB. Lib. VI. ver. 704—724.

THIRD in the labours of the disc came on,
With sturdy step and slow, Hippomedon ;
Artful and strong he pois'd the well-known weight,
By Phlegyas warn'd, and fir'd by Mnestheus' fate,
That to avoid, and this to emulate. 5
His vigorous arm he try'd before he flung,
Brac'd all his nerves, and every sinew strung ;
Then, with a tempest's whirl, and wary eye,
Pursu'd his cast, and hurl'd the orb on high ;
The orb on high tenacious of its course, 10
True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
Far overleaps all bound, and joys to see
Its ancient lord secure of victory.
The theatre's green height and woody wall
Tremble ere it precipitates its fall ; 15

NOTES.

* This translation, which Gray sent to West, consisted of about a hundred and ten lines. Mr. Mason selected twenty-seven lines, which he published, as Gray's first attempt at English verse ; and to show how much he had imbibed of Dryden's spirited manner at that early period of his life. See the Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 12.

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, 20
 And parting surges round the vessel roar ;
 'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
 And scarce Ulysses scap'd his giant arm.
 A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
 With native spots and artful labour gay, 25
 A shining border round the margin roll'd,
 And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

Cambridge,
 May 8, 1736.

THE
FRAGMENT OF A TRAGEDY,
DESIGNED BY MR. GRAY,
ON THE SUBJECT OF
THE DEATH OF AGRIPPINA.*

“THE *Britannicus* of Mr. 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 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 Englishman, he would have written precisely in the same style and manner. However, as there is at present in this nation a general prejudice against declamatory plays, I agree with a learned friend, who perused the manuscript, that this fragment will be little relished by the many; yet the admirable strokes of nature and character with which it abounds, and the majesty of its diction, prevent 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 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 Shakspeare 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, what I

* See Tacitus's *Annals*, book xiii. xiv. MASON.

have asserted elsewhere,* 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.”

(See Mason’s Life of Gray, vol. iii. p. 8.)

* See Letters prefixed to Elfrida, particularly Letter II.

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 Baiæ.

“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 mean time 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 accusation 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 intrusted by Otho, con-

trives the following plot to ruin Agrippina : he betrays his trust to Otho, and brings Nero, as it were by chance, to the sight of the beautiful Poppæa ; the Emperor is immediately struck with her charms, and she, by a feigned resistance, increases his passion : though, in reality, she is from the first dazzled with the prospect of empire, and forgets Otho : she therefore joins with Anicetus in his design of ruining Agrippina, soon perceiving that it will be for her interest. Otho hearing that the Emperor 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. Agrippina, 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 discourse ; 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 Baïæ. 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, conveys her to Nero's apartment : she then 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 Baïæ 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." MASON.

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 trembled ;
 You think, you spied a tear stand in her eye, 10
 And would have dropp'd, but that her pride restrain'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 15
 Without a spell to raise, and bid it fire
 A thousand haughty hearts, unus'd to shake
 When a boy frowns, nor to be lured with smiles
 To taste of hollow kindness, or partake
 His hospitable board : they are aware 20
 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 25
 In haughty youth, and irritated power.

AGRIPPINA.

And dost thou talk to me, to me, of danger,

NOTES.

Ver. 19 *To taste of hollow kindness*] So in the *Britannicus* of Racine, act iv. sc. 2, Agrippina says :

“ Vous êtes un ingrat, vous le fûtes toujours.
 Des vos plus jeunes ans, mes soins et mes tendresses
 N'ont arraché de vous, que de *feintes caresses*.”

Of haughty youth and irritated power,
 To her that gave it being, her that arm'd
 This painted Jove, and taught his novice hand 30
 To aim the forked bolt ; while he stood trembling,
 Scar'd at the sound, and dazzled with its brightness ?
 'Tis like, thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger
 To adoration, to the grateful steam
 Of flattery's incense, and obsequious vows 35
 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 40
 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
 Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness ; 45

NOTES.

Ver. 29. *To her that gave it being*]

“ Il mêle avec l'orgueil qu'il a pris dans leur sang,
 La fierté des Nérons, qu'il puisa dans son flanc.”

Britannicus, act i. sc. 1.

Ver. 33. *Unknown to fame or fortune*] So Elegy (Epitaph): “ A youth, to fortune
 and to fame unknown.”

Ver. 45. *Oped his young eye to bear the blaze of greatness*]

“ Ce jour, ce triste jour, frappe encor ma mémoire ;
 Où Néron fut lui-même ébloui de sa gloire.”

Britannicus, act i. sc. 1.

“ Hæc (exclamat) mihi pro tanto
 Munere reddis præmia, quate ?
 Hac sum, fateor, digna carinâ

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, 50
 If bright ambition from her craggy seat
 Display the radiant prize, will mount undaunted,
 Gain the rough heights, and grasp the dangerous honour.

ACERONIA.

Through various life I have pursued your steps,
 Have seen your soul, and wonder'd at its daring: 55
 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) 60
 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 65
 Impending o'er your son: their answer was,
 If the son reign, the mother perishes.
 Perish (you cried) 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, 70

NOTES.

Quæ te genui, quæ tibi lucem
 Atque imperium, nomenque dedi
 Casaris, amens."

Agrippina's Speech in Seneca's Octavia, ver. 335.

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, 75
 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 80
 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, 85
 And tremble at the phantom I have raised?
 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 90
 A tempest that shall shake her own creation
 To its original atoms—tell me! say
 This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero,

NOTES.

* In Gray's MS. Agrippina's was one continued speech from this line to the end of the scene. Mr. Mason informs us, that he has altered it to the state in which it now stands.

Ver. 91. *Her own creation*]

“Et c'est trop respecter l'ouvrage de mes mains.”

Britannicus, act iii. sc. 3.

Has he beheld the glittering front of war?
 Knows his soft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice, 95
 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 flow'ry lap?—Rubellius lives,
 And Sylla has his friends, though school'd by fear 100
 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 theirs, who boast the genuine blood
 Of our imperial house. 105

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, 110
 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, 115
 Have not forgot your sire: the eye of Rome,
 And the Prætorian camp have long rever'd,

NOTES.

Ver. 110. *Not less brave, &c.*] But Tacitus says: "*Sed Corbuloni plus molis adversus ignaviam militum, quam contra perfidiam hostium, erat.*" *Annales*, xiii. 35.

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 120
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, 125
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, 130
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 135

NOTES.

Ver. 118. *The daughter, sister, wife]*

“ Et moi, qui sur le trône ai suivi mes ancêtres,
Moi, fille, femme, sœur, et mere de vos maîtres.”

Britannicus, act i. sc. 2.

Ver. 124. *Her spirit-stirring voice]*

“ The *spirit-stirring* drum, the ear-piercing fife.”

Othello, act iii. sc. 3.

“ — the *spirit-stirring* form
Of Cæsar, raptur'd with the charms of rule.”

Dyer's Rome.

That anciently appear'd, but when, extends
 Beyond their chronicle—oh! 'tis a cause
 To arm the hand of childhood, and retrace
 The slacken'd sinews of time-wearied age.

Yes, we may meet, ungrateful boy, we may! 140
 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, 145
 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 labour'd eloquence
 To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it 150
 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 155

NOTES.

Ver. 147. *The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine]*

“The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born,” Bard.

Ver. 148. *Seneca]* “Hi rectores imperatoriae juventæ, et pari in societate potentiæ, concordēs, diversâ arte, ex æquo pollebant. *Burrus* militaribus curis, et severitate morum: *Seneca* præceptis eloquentiæ, et comitate honestâ.” Taciti *Annales*, xiii. c. 2.

Ver. 150. *And Burrhus strengthen it]* So in the speech of Burrhus in the *Britannicus* of Racine, act i. sc. 2:

“Je répondrai, madame, avec la liberté
 D'un soldat, que sait-mal farder la vérité.”

And again, act i. sc. 2:

“Burrhus pour le mensonge, eut toujours trop d'horreur.”

These hated walls that seem to mock my shame,
And cast me forth in duty to their lord.

ACERONIA.

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

AGRIPPINA.

My thought aches at him ; not the basilisk 160
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 so soon may—

AGRIPPINA.

Yes, I will be gone, 165
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 riveted
His eyes in fearful extasy : no matter 170
What ; so't be strange, and dreadful.—Sorceries,

NOTES.

Ver. 169. *Have arch'd the hearer's brow*]

“ Whom have I hurt? has poet yet or peer

Lost the *arch'd eyebrow*, or Parnassian sneer?”

Pope's Prolog. to the Satires, ver. 95.

Assassinations, poisonings—the deeper
My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.

And you, ye manes of ambition's victims,
Enshrined Claudius, with the pitied ghosts 175
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. Though by me ye bled, 180
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, 185
Let me not fall alone; but crush his pride,
And sink the traitor in his mother's ruin.

[*Exeunt.*

NOTES.

Ver. 172. *Assassinations, poisonings*]

“ Pour rendre sa puissance, et la vôtre odieuses,
J' avoûrai les rumeurs les plus injurieuses,
Je confesserai tout, exils, assassinâts,
Poison même.”

Britannicus, act iii. sc. 3.

See also Taciti Annales, lib. xiii. c. 15.

Ver. 176. *Of the Syllani*]

“ Prô facinus ingens! fœminæ est munus datus
Silanus, et cruore fœdavit suo
Patrios Penates, criminis ficti reus.”

Senecæ Octavia, ver. 148.

And see Taciti Annales, xii. c. 3, 4.

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 190
 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 195
 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.

* * * * *

NOTES.

Ver. 195. *So her white neck reclin'd*]

“ Et caput *inflexá* lentum *cervice* recumbit
Marmoreá.”

Virgillii Ciris. 449.

“ — *Niveá* *cervice* *reclinis*

Mollitur ipsa.”

Maull. Astron. 5, v. 555.

This particular beauty is also given to Helen by Constantine Manasses, in his ‘*Annales*,’ (see Meursii Opera, vol. vii. p. 390):

Δειρὴ μακρὰ κάταλευκος, ὅθεν ἐμβουεργήθη
 Κυκνογενῆ τὴν εὐόπτου Ἑλένην χρημάτιζειν.

And so also in the *Antehomerica* of Tzetzes, ed. Jacobs. p. 115 (though the passage is corrupted):

“ That soft cheek springing to the *marble neck*,
 Which *bends aside* in vain.”

Akenside's Pl. of Imag. b. i. p. 112. ed. Park.

HYMN TO IGNORANCE.

A FRAGMENT.

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 75.)

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, 5
Oh take me to thy peaceful shade again.
But chiefly thee, whose influence breathed from high
Augments the native darkness of the sky ;
Ah, ignorance! soft salutary power!
Prostrate with filial reverence I adore. 10

NOTES.

Ver. 3. *Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood*] "*Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura
revisere Camum,*" Miltoni Eleg. i. 11.

Ver. 4. *Perpetual draws his humid train of mud*] So Milton, Par. Lost, vii. 310:

" — where rivers now

Stream, and perpetual draw their humid train."

Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
 Since weeping I forsook thy foud embrace.
 Oh say, successful dost thou still oppose
 Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes?
 Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine, 15
 The massy sceptre o'er thy slumb'ring line?
 And dews Lethæan through 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, 20

NOTES.

Ver. 14. *Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes]*

“ To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.”*

Pope's *Dunciad*, i. 28.

And so in the speech of Ignorance in ‘ Henry and Minerva,’ by I. B. 1729 (one among the poetical pieces bound up by Pope in his library, and now in my possession):

“ Myself behind this *ample shield of lead*,
 Will to the field my daring squadrons head.”

* In the *Dunciad*, b. ii. ver. 352,

“ Dullness is sacred in a sound divine,”

is from Dryden's prologue to *Troilus and Cressida* :

“ Dullness is decent in the church and state.”

And in the *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*, ver. 261,

“ Ah! hopeless, lasting flames ; like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn,”

is taken from *Hudibras*, Part II. cant. i. ver. 309 :

“ Love in your heart as idly burns
 As fire in antique Roman urns,
 To warm the dead, and vainly light
 Those only, that see nothing by 't.”

With damp, cold touch forbid it to aspire,
And huddle up in fogs the dang'rous fire.

Oh say—she hears me not, but, careless grown,
Lethargic nods upon her ebon throne.

Goddess! awake, arise, alas my fears! 25

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. 30

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. 35

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

* * * a team of harness'd monarchs bend

* * * * *

NOTES.

Ver. 22. *And huddle up in fogs the dang'rous fire]*

“ Here *Ignorance* in steel was arm'd, and there
Cloath'd in a cowl, dissembled fast and pray'r;
Against my sway her pious hand stretch'd out,
And *fenc'd* with *double fogs* her idiot rout.”

Henry and Minerva.

And so in the *Dunciad*, b. i. ver. 80:

“ All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
Beholds thro' *fogs* that magnify the scene.”

Ver. 37. *Like old Sesostris with barbaric pride]*

“ *Sesostris*-like, such charioteers as these
May drive *six harness'd monarchs* if they please.”

Young's *Love of Fame*, Sat. V.

THE
ALLIANCE
OF
EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

A FRAGMENT.*

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 99.)

ESSAY I.

— Πόταγ', ὡ'γαθέ· τὰν γὰρ αἰοῖδ' ἄν
Οὔτι πα εἰς Λίδαν γε τὸν ἐκλεδάλλοντα φυλαξεῖς.

Theocritus, Id. I. 63.

As sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous birth,

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 2. *Barren*] *Flinty*, ms.

NOTES.

* In a note to 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?" Vol. iii. p. 248. 4to.—Would it not have been more philosophical in Mr. Gibbon to have lamented the situation in which Gray was placed; which was not only not favourable to the cultivation of poetry, but which naturally directed his thoughts to those learned inquiries, that formed the amusement or business of all around him?

Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,
 Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins :
 And as in climes, where winter holds his reign, 5
 The soil, though fertile, will not teem in vain,
 Forbids her gems to swell, her shades to rise,
 Nor trusts her blossoms to the churlish skies :
 So draw mankind in vain the vital airs,
 Uniform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares, 10
 That health and vigour to the soul impart,
 Spread the young thought, and warm the opening heart :
 So fond instruction on the growing powers
 Of nature idly lavishes her stores,
 If equal justice with unclouded face 15
 Smile not indulgent on the rising race,
 And scatter with a free, though 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, 20
 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, 25
 How rude so e'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, 30
 They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain ;

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 19. *But tyranny has*] Gloomy sway have, MS. Ver. 21. *Blooming*] Vernal, MS.

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 ; 35
 While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
 The social smile and sympathetic tear.
 Say, then, through ages by what fate confin'd
 To different climes seem different souls assign'd ?
 Here measur'd laws and philosophic ease 40
 Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace ;
 There industry and gain their vigils keep,
 Command the winds, and tame th' unwilling deep :
 Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail ;
 There languid pleasure sighs in every gale. 45
 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, 50
 The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast.

NOTES.

Ver. 36. *While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear*]

“ On mutual wants, build mutual happiness.”

Pope's Ep. iii. 112.

Ver. 46. *Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar*] This description is also found in Whitehead's Ode VII. vol. ii. p. 282 :

“ When first the rude o'erpeopled North,” &c.

Ver. 48. *And, where the deluge burst, with sweepy sway*] So Claudian calls it, Bell. Getico, 641, “ Cimbrica tempestas.”

“ The dull clock swinging slow with *sweepy sway*.”

Warton's Pl. of Melancholy, p. 209.

Ver. 50. *As oft have issued, host impelling host*] So Thomson's Liberty, iv. 803 :

“ Hence many a people, fierce with freedom, rush'd

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.

55

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 55. *Heav'ns*] Skies, ms.Ver. 56. *Scent*] Catch, ms.

NOTES.

From the rude iron regions of the *North*
 To Libyan deserts, *swarm protruding swarm.*"

And Winter, 840 :

" Drove martial, *horde on horde, with dreadful sweep*
 Resistless rushing o'er the enfeebled South."

And so in the poem of Henry and Minerva, cited before, on the same subject, p. 19, are the following spirited lines :

" The Alps in vain their vast barrier oppose,
Swarms rise on swarms, and foes succeed to foes.
 I saw their armed wains, and harness'd steeds,
 O'erspread the Sabine fields, and Tuscan meads ;
 I heard their savage horns provoke to war,
 While human victims bled to horrid Thor."

Ver. 51. *The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coast*] So Pope, *Dunciad*, iii. 89 :

" The *North* by *myriads* pours her mighty sons."

" The fair complexion of the *blue-eyed warriors of Germany* formed a singular contrast with the swarthy or olive hue, which is derived from the neighbourhood of the torrid zone," Gibbon's *Rom. Hist.* iii. 337.

Ausonius gives them this distinguishing feature : "*Oculos cœrula, flava comas,*" *De Bissula*. 17. p. 341. ed. Tollii.

Ver. 57. *And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows*] Claudian in his poem *De Bello Getico*, ver. 504, makes the Gothic warriors mention the vines of Italy : "*Quid palmitis uber Etrusei,*" &c. "*Et dulces rapuit de collibus uvas,*" *Statii Silv.* II. ; and "*Carpite de plenis pendentes vitibus uvas,*" *Ovid. Am.* I. x. 55. "*Pendet vindemia,*" *Virg. Georg.* ii. 89.

Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
 Why yet does Asia dread a monarch's nod,
 While European freedom still withstands 60
 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 ; 65
 As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray,
 Fade and expire beneath the eve of day ?
 Need we the influence of the northern star
 To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war ?
 And, where the face of nature laughs around, 70
 Must sick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground ?
 Unmanly thought ! what seasons can controul,
 What fancied zone can circumscribe the soul,
 Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
 By reason's light, on resolution's wings, 75
 Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
 O'er Libya's deserts and through Zembla's snows ?
 She bids each slumb'ring energy awake,
 Another touch, another temper take,
 Suspends th' inferior laws that rule our clay : 80
 The stubborn elements confess her sway ;
 Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
 And raise the mortal to a height divine.
 Not but the human fabric from the birth
 Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth : 85
 As various tracts enforce a various toil,
 The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
 An iron-race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
 Foes to the gentler genius of the plain :

For where unwearied sinews must be found 90
 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? 95
 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 100
 Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed
 From his broad bosom life and verdure flings,
 And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,
 If with advent'rous oar and ready sail
 The dusky people drive before the gale ; 105

NOTES.

Ver. 91. *With side-long plough to quell the flinty ground]*

“ Or drives his venturous *ploughshare* to the steep,
 Or seeks the den, where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling *savage* into day.”

Goldsmith's Traveller.

Ver. 101. *Where Nile redundant o'er his summer-bed]* “ Gaudet aquis, quas ipsa vehit
Niloque redundant.” Claudiani Nilus, ver. 7.

Ver. 103. *And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings]*

“ O'er which he kindly *spreads his spacious wing*,
 And *hatches* plenty for th' ensuing spring.”

Denham's Cooper's Hill. W.

Ver. 105. *The dusky people]* “ Cepheam hic *Meröen, fuscaque regna canat,*” Propert. IV. vi. 678. “ *Fuscis Ægyptus alumnis,*” Propert. II. xxiv. 15.

“ Jam proprio tellus gaudens Ægyptia Nilo ;
 Lenius irriguis *infuscat* corpora campis.”

Manil. iv. 727.

And so Dryden's version of Virg. Georg. iv. 409, pointed out by Mr. Wakefield :

Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
That rise and glitter o'er the ambient tide

* * * * *

[The following couplet, which was intended to have been introduced in the poem on the Alliance of Education and Government, is much too beautiful to be lost. (Mason, vol. iii. p. 114.)

When love could teach a monarch to be wise,*
And gospel-light first dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 106. *Neighb'ring*] Distant, ms.

NOTES.

“ And where in pomp the *sun-burnt people* ride
On painted barges, o'er the *teeming tide*.”

Ver. 105. *Drive before the gale*]

“ Spread the thin oar, and catch the *driving gale*.”

Pope's Essay on Man, iii. 178.

Ver. 106. *Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride*] Lucan will explain the meaning of the *frail float*:

“ — Sic cum tenet omnia Nilus,
Conseritur bibula Memphitis cymba papyro.”

Pharsal. iv. 135.

But Mr. Gilpin gives another explanation in his *Western Tour*, see p. 34.

* I will add, that the last couplet of this poem: “*When love could teach,*” &c. has been imitated by H. Walpole, in an inscription on a Gothic column to Queen Katharine; but with a loss of the metaphorical beauty in the original:

“ From Katharine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And Luther's light, from Henry's lawless bed.”

“ If (says Dryden) Conscience had any part in moving the king to sue for a divorce, she had taken a long nap of almost twenty years together before she was awakened; and, perhaps, had slept on till doomsday, if Anne Boleyn, or some other fair lady, had not given her a jog: so the satisfying of an inordinate passion cannot be denied to have had a great share at least in the production of that schism which led the very way to our pretended Reformation,” Dryden's Works, ed. Malone, vol. iii. p. 522.

COMMENTARY.

THE author's subject being (as we have seen) *The necessary alliance between a good form of government and a good mode of education, in order to produce the happiness of mankind*, the Poem opens with two similes; an uncommon kind of exordium: but which I suppose the poet intentionally chose, to intimate the analogical method he meant to pursue in his subsequent reasonings. 1st, He asserts that men without education are like sickly plants in a cold or barren soil, (line 1 to 5, and 8 to 12;) and, 2dly, he compares them, when unblest with a just and well-regulated government, to plants that will not blossom or bear fruit in an unkindly and inclement air (l. 5 to 9, and l. 13 to 22). Having thus laid down the two propositions he means to prove, he begins by examining into the characteristics which (taking a general view of mankind) all men have in common one with another (l. 22 to 39); they covet pleasure and avoid pain (l. 31); they feel gratitude for benefits (l. 34); they desire to avenge wrongs, which they effect either by force or cunning (l. 35); they are linked to each other by their common feelings, and participate in sorrow and in joy (l. 36, 37). If then all the human species agree in so many moral particulars, whence arises the diversity of national characters? This question the poet puts at line 38, and dilates upon to l. 64. Why, says he, have some nations shewn a propensity to commerce and industry; others to war and rapine; others to ease and pleasure? (l. 42 to 46) Why have the northern people overspread, in all ages, and prevailed over the southern? (l. 46 to 58) Why has Asia been, time out of mind, the seat of despotism, and Europe that of freedom? (l. 59 to 64). Are we from these instances to imagine men necessarily enslaved to the inconveniencies of the climate where they were born? (l. 64 to 72) Or are we not rather to suppose there is a natural strength in the human mind, that is able to vanquish and break through them? (l. 72 to 84.) It is confest, however, that men receive an early tincture from the situation they are placed in, and the climate which produces them (l. 84 to 88). Thus the inhabitants of the mountains, inured to labour and patience, are naturally trained to war (l. 88 to 96); while those of the plain are more open to any attack, and softened by ease and plenty (l. 96 to 99). Again, the Ægyptians, from the nature of their situation, might be the inventors of home-navigation, from a necessity of keeping up an intercourse between their towns during the inundation of the Nile (l. 99 to ***). Those persons would naturally have the first turn to commerce, who inhabited a barren coast like the Tyrians, and were persecuted by some neighbouring tyrant; or were drove to take refuge on some shoals, like the Venetian and Hollander; their discovery of some rich island, in the infancy of the world, described. The Tartar hardened to war by his rigorous climate and pastoral life, and by his disputes for water and herbage in a country without land-marks, as also by skirmishes between his rival clans, was consequently fitted to conquer his rich southern neighbours, whom ease and luxury had enervated: yet this is no proof that liberty and valour may not exist in southern climes, since the Syrians and Carthaginians gave noble instances of both; and the Arabians carried their conquests as far as

the Tartars. Rome also (for many centuries) repulsed those very nations, which, when she grew weak, at length demolished* her extensive empire. ****

* The reader will perceive that the Commentary goes further than the text. The reason for which is, that the Editor found it so on the paper from which he formed that comment; and as the thoughts seemed to be those which Mr. Gray would have next graced with the harmony of his numbers, he held it best to give them in continuation. There are other maxims on different papers, all apparently relating to the same subject, which are too excellent to be lost; these therefore (as the place in which he meant to employ them cannot be ascertained) I shall subjoin to this note, under the title of detached Sentiments.

“Man is a creature not capable of cultivating his mind but in society, and in that only where he is not a slave to the necessities of life.

“Want is the mother of the inferior arts, but Ease that of the finer; as eloquence, policy, morality, poetry, sculpture, painting, architecture, which are the improvements of the former.

“The climate inclines some nations to contemplation and pleasure; others to hardship, action, and war; but not so as to incapacitate the former for courage and discipline, or the latter for civility, politeness, and works of genius.

“It is the proper work of education and government united to redress the faults that arise from the soil and air.

“The principal drift of education should be to make men *think* in the northern climates, and *act* in the southern.

“The different steps and degrees of education may be compared to the artificer’s operations upon marble; it is one thing to dig it out of the quarry, and another to square it; to give it gloss and lustre, call forth every beautiful spot and vein, shape it into a column, or animate it into a statue.

“To a native of free and happy governments his country is always dear;

“He loves his old hereditary trees:” (COWLEY)

while the subject of a tyrant has no country; he is therefore selfish and base-minded; he has no family, no posterity, no desire of fame; or, if he has, of one that turns not on its proper object.

“Any nation that wants public spirit, neglects education, ridicules the desire of fame, and even of virtue and reason, must be ill governed.

“Commerce changes entirely the fate and genius of nations, by communicating arts and opinions, circulating money, and introducing the materials of luxury; she first opens and polishes the mind, then corrupts and enervates both that and the body.

“Those invasions of effeminate southern nations by the warlike northern people, seem (in spite of all the terror, mischief, and ignorance which they brought with them) to be necessary evils; in order to revive the spirit of mankind, softened and broken by the arts of commerce, to restore them to their native liberty and equality, and to give them again the power of supporting danger and hardship; so a comet, with all the horrors that attend it as it passes through our system, brings a supply of warmth and light to the sun, and of moisture to the air.

“The doctrine of Epicurus is ever ruinous to society: it had its rise when Greece was declining, and perhaps hastened its dissolution, as also that of Rome; it is now propagated in France and in England, and seems likely to produce the same effect in both.

“One principal characteristic of vice in the present age is the contempt of fame.

“Many are the uses of good fame to a generous mind: it extends our existence and example into future ages; continues and propagates virtue, which otherwise would be as short-lived as our frame; and prevents the prevalence of vice in a generation more corrupt even than our own. It is impossible to conquer that natural desire we have of being remembered; even criminal ambition and avarice, the most selfish of all passions, would wish to leave a name behind them.”

Thus, with all the attention that a connoisseur in painting employs in collecting every slight outline as well as finished drawing which led to the completion of some capital picture, I have endeavoured to preserve every fragment of this great poetical design. It surely deserved this care, as it was one of the noblest which Mr. Gray ever attempted; and also, as far as he carried it into execution, the most exquisitely finished. That he carried it no further is, and must ever be, a most sensible loss to the republic of letters. MASON.

STANZAS

TO

MR. BENTLEY.

A FRAGMENT.

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 148.)

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. The original drawings are in the library at Strawberry Hill. See H. Walpole's Works, vol. ii. p. 447.

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 ;

5

NOTES.

Ver. 3. *While Bentley leads her sister-art along*] So Pope in the Epistle to Jervas, 13:
" Smit with the love of *sister-arts* we came ;
And met congenial, mingling flame with flame."

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, 10
 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, 15
 And Dryden's harmony submit to mine.

But not to one in this benighted age
 Is that diviner inspiration giv'n,
 That burns in Shakspeare's or in Milton's page,
 The pomp and prodigality of heav'n. 20

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 25
 My lines a secret sympathy 'impart;'

NOTES.

Ver. 7. *Each dream, in fancy's airy colouring wrought*]

“Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,
 Strike on the sketch, or in the picture glow.”

Pope's Epist. to Jervas, ver. 42.

And as their pleasing influence 'flows confest,'

A sigh of soft reflection 'heaves the heart.'*

* * * * *

* The words within the inverted commas were supplied by Mr. Mason, a corner of the only manuscript copy being torn.

SKETCH OF HIS OWN CHARACTER.

WRITTEN IN 1761,

AND FOUND IN ONE OF HIS POCKET-BOOKS.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune ;
He had not the method of making a fortune :
Could love, and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd ;
No very great wit, he believ'd in a God :
A post or a pension he did not desire, 5
But left church and state to Charles Townshend and Squire.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune*] This is similar to a passage in one of Swift's letters to Gay, speaking of poets : " I have been considering why poets have such ill success in making their court. They are too libertine to haunt ante-chambers, too poor to bribe porters, and too proud to cringe to second-hand favourites in a great family " See Pope's Works, xi. 36. ed. Warton.

Ver. 4. *No very great wit, he believ'd in a God*]

" I pay my debts, *believe*, and say my prayers."

Pope's Prologue to the Satires, ver. 268.

Ver. 6. *Squire*] At that time Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and afterwards Bishop of St. David's.

Perhaps these lines of Gray gave a hint to Goldsmith in the 'Retaliation':

'Tho' equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool, for a drudge, disobedient,
And too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient.'

Character of Burke in the 'Retaliation.'

AMATORY LINES.

The following Lines, by Gray, first appeared in Warton's edition of Pope, vol. i. p. 285.

WITH beauty, with pleasure surrounded, to languish—
To weep without knowing the cause of my anguish :
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 meaning connected !
Ah, say, fellow-swains, how these symptoms befell me ?
They smile, but reply not—Sure Delia will tell me !

As Dr. Warton has here favoured us with some manuscript lines by Gray, it will be a species of poetical justice to give the reader some lines from a manuscript of Dr. Warton, which he intended to insert in his Ode to Fancy, and which are placed within the inverted commas :

In converse while methinks I rove
With Spenser through a fairy grove,
' Or seem by powerful Dante led
To the dark chambers of the dead,
Or to the ^{silent}/_{gloomy} towers where pine
The sons of famish'd Ugoline ;
Or by the Tuscan wizard's power
Am wafted to Alcina's bower'
Till suddenly, &c.

And after the couplet—

On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
Musing o'er thy darling's grave—

Add, from the MS.—

'To whom came trooping at thy call
Thy spirits from their airy hall,
From sea and earth, from heaven and hell,
Stern Hecate, and sweet Ariel.'

S O N G.*

THYRSIS, when we parted, swore
Ere the spring he would return—
Ah! what means yon violet flower!
And the bud that decks the thorn!
'Twas the lark that upward sprung! 5
'Twas the nightingale that sung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why this unavailing haste?
Western gales and skies serene
Speak not always winter past. 10

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. *Thyrsis, when we parted*] In Mr. Park's edition, for "when we parted," it is printed "when he left me." And for "Ere the spring," "In the spring."

Ver. 3. *Yon violet flower*] In Mr. Park's edition "the opening flower."

Ver. 5. *'Twas the lark*] In Mr. Park's edition, this and the following line are transposed.

Ver. 8. *Why this*] In Mr. Park's edition, "why such."

Ver. 9. *Western, &c.*] In Mr. Park's edition these lines are printed thus:

"Gentle gales and sky serene
Prove not always winter past."

* Written at the request of Miss Speed, to an old air of Geminiani:—the thought from the French.

Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honour of my love.

[This Song is in this edition printed from the copy as it appears in Mr. H. Walpole's Letters to the Countess of Ailesbury. See his Works, vol. v. p. 561.]

T O P H E T.*

AN EPIGRAM.

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 griesly proselyte ;
Hosannas rung through hell's tremendous borders,
And Satan's self had thoughts of taking orders.

* Mr. Etough, of Cambridge University, the person satirized, was as remarkable for the eccentricities of his character, as for his personal appearance. Mr. Tyson, of Bene't College, made an etching of his head, and presented it to Mr. Gray, who embellished it with the above lines. Some information respecting Mr. Etough, (who was rector of Therfield, Herts, and of Colmworth, Bedfordshire, and patronized by Sir Robert Walpole,) may be found in the Gentleman's Magazine, vol. lvi. p. 25, 281 ; and in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century, vol. viii. p. 261.

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 ; 5
Earl Goodwin trembled for his neighbouring sand ;
Here sea-gulls scream, and cormorants rejoice,
And mariners, though shipwreck'd, dread to land.

Here reign the blustering North and blighting East,
No tree is heard to whisper, bird to sing ; 10
Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
Art he invokes new horrors still to bring

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 2. *Form'd*] Took, MS.

Ver. 3. *A*] Some, MS.

Ver. 11. *Could*] Cannot, MS.

NOTES.

* Mr. Dallaway, in his *Anecdotes of the Arts*, p. 385, says that this house was built by Lord Holland as a correct imitation of Cicero's Formian villa, at Baia.

Here mouldering fanes and battlements arise,
 Turrets and arches nodding to their fall,
 Unpeopled monast'ries delude our eyes, 15
 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 : 20

“ Purg’d by the sword, and purified 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.”

VARIATIONS.

- Ver. 13. *Here*] Now, MS. Ver. 14. *Turrets and arches*] Arehes and turrets, MS.
 Ver. 15. *Monast'ries, our*] Palaces, his, MS. Ver. 17. *B—te*] Bute, MS.
 Ver. 18. *M—’s, R—’s, B—’s*] Shelburne’s, Rigby’s, Calcraft’s, MS.
 Ver. 19. *Better*] Other, MS. Ver. 20. *Beauties which*] Ruins that, MS.
 Ver. 21. *Purified*] Beautified, MS. Ver. 23. *Would*] Might, MS.

THE CANDIDATE :

OR,

THE CAMBRIDGE COURTSHIP.*

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, Phyzzy,—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 !

NOTES.

* These verses were 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 (Lord Sandwich) made an active canvas.

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 pothor 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.’”

* * * * *

POEMATA.

POEMATA.

HYMENEAL

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IGNARÆ nostrûm mentes, et inertia corda,
Dum curas regum, et sortem miseramur iniquam,
Quæ solio affixit, vetuitque calescere flammâ
Dulci, quæ dono divûm, gratissima serpit
Viscera per, mollesque animis lene implicat æstus; 5
Nec teneros sensus, Veneris nec præmia nôrunt,
Eloquiumve oculi, aut facunda silentia linguae:

NOTES.

* Printed in the Cambridge Collection, 1736, fol. In this Collection is also a Latin Copy of Hendecasyllables, by Horace Walpole; a short Copy by Thomas Ashton, the friend of Walpole, &c.; and there are some Greek Verses by Richard Dawes, the author of 'Miscellanea Critica.'

Ver. 1. *Ignaræ*] "Heu, vatium ignaræ mentes!" Virg. *Æn.* iv. 65. "Teucrûm mirantur inertia corda," *Æn.* ix. 55.

Ver. 2. *Sortem*] "Sortemque animo miseratus iniquam," *Æn.* vi. 332.

Ver. 4. *Gratissima*] "Dono divûm gratissima serpit," *Æn.* ii. 269.

Ver. 6. *Veneris*] "Nec dulces natos, Veneris nec præmia noris?" *Æn.* iv. 33.

Ver. 7. *Eloquium*] Vide Hor. *Od.* IV. i. 35. And Pope's Homer, book xiv. ver. 252:

"Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."

And Fairfax's Tasso, iv. 85:

"Dumb eloquence, persuading more than speech."

Scilicet ignorant lacrymas, sævosque dolores,
 Dura rudimenta, et violentæ exordia flammæ ;
 Scilicet ignorant, quæ flumine tinxit amaro 10
 Tela Venus, cæcique armamentaria Divi,
 Irasque, insidiasque, et tacitum sub pectore vulnus ;
 Namque sub ingressu, primoque in limine Amoris
 Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ ;
 Intus habent dulces Risus, et Gratia sedem, 15
 Et roseis resupina toris, roscio ore Voluptas :
 Regibus huc faciles aditus ; communia spernunt
 Ostia, jamque expers duris custodibus istis
 Panditur accessus, penetraliaque intima Templi.

 Tuque Oh ! Angliacis, Princeps, spes optima regnis, 20
 Ne tantum, ne finge metum : quid imagine captus
 Hæres, et mentem pictura pascis inani ?
 Umbram miraris : nec longum tempus, et ipsa
 Ibit in amplexus, thalamosque ornabit ovantes.
 Ille tamen tabulis inhians longum haurit amorem, 25

NOTES.

Ver. 10. *Flumine*] “ Bis flumine corpora tinguat,” Ovid. Met. xii. 413.

Ver. 11. *Armamentaria*] “ Quidquid habent telorum armamentaria cæli,” Juv. Sat. xiii. 83.

Ver. 12. *Iras*] This line, which is unmetrical, is so printed in the Cambridge Collection ; and in Park’s edition, without remark. The fault is probably in the author, and not in the printer ; as the line is composed of two hemistichs of Virgil ; *Æn.* xii. 336, “ Iræque, Insidiæque, Dei comitatus, aguntur ;” and *Æn.* iv. 67, “ Tacitum vivit sub pectore vulnus.” Or perhaps a line is omitted, which should intervene.

Ver. 14. *Luctus*] This line is from Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 274 :

“ Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ.”

Ver. 18. *Duris*] “ Quos dura premit custodia matrum,” Hor. Ep. I. i. 22.

Ver. 22. *Pictura*] “ Atque animum picturâ pascit inani,” *Æn.* i. 464.

Ver. 23. *Longum*] “ Nec longum tempus et ingens,” &c. Virg. Georg. ii. 80.

Affatu fruitur tacito, auscultatque tacentem
 Immemor artificis calami, risumque, ruboremque
 Aspicit in fucis, pietæque in virginis ore :
 Tanta Venus potuit ; tantus tenet error amantes.

Nascere, magna Dies, qua sese AUGUSTA Britanno 30
 Committat Pelago, patriamque relinquat amœnam ;
 Cujus in adventum jam nunc tria regna secundos
 Attolli in plausus, dulcique accensa furore
 Incipiunt agitare modos, et carmina dicunt :
 Ipse animo sedenim juvenis comitatur euntem 35
 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, fluctusque morantes. 40

Nascere, Lux major, qua sese AUGUSTA Britanno
 Committat jiveni totam, propriamque dicabit ;
 At citius (precor) Oh ! cedas melioribus astris ;

NOTES.

Ver. 30. *Nascere*] “ *Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo,*” Virg. Ecl. iv. 5.

Ver. 31. *Committat*] “ *Commisit pelago ratem,*” Hor. Od. I. iii. 11.

Ver. 33. *Furore*] “ *Subitoque accensa furore,*” Æn. iv. 697.

Ver. 35. *Comitatur*] “ *Virum qui sic comitatur euntem ?*” Æn. vi. 863.

Ver. 36. *Explorat*] This line is from Virgil, Æn. iii. 514 :

“ *Explorat ventos, atque auribus aëra captat.*”

Ver. 37. *Vocat*] From Virg. Georg. iv. 495 : “ *Crudelia retro Fata vocant.*” Æn. v. 138 :
 “ *Laudumque arrecta cupido.*”

Ver. 41. *Nascere*] “ *Nascere, præque diem veniens age, Lucifer, alnum,*” Virg. Ecl. viii. 118.

Ver. 42. *Propriamque dicabit*] “ *Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo,*” Virg. Æn. i. 73.

Nox finem pompæ, finemque imponere curis
 Possit, et in thalamos furtim deducere nuptam ; 45
 Sufficiat requiemque viris, et amantibus umbras :
 Adsit Hymen, et subridens cum matre Cupido
 Accedant, sternantque toros, ignemque ministrent ;
 Ilicet haud pietæ incandescit imagine formæ
 Ulterius juvenis, verumque agnoscit amorem. 50

Sculptile sicut ebur, faciemque arsisse venustam
 Pygmaliona canunt : ante hanc suspiria ducit,
 Alloquiturque amens, flammamque et vulnera narrat ;
 Implorata Venus jussit cum vivere signum,
 Fœmineam inspirans animam ; quæ gaudia surgunt, 55
 Audiit ut primæ nascentia murmura linguæ,
 Luctari in vitam, et paulatim volvere ocellos
 Sedulus, aspexitque novâ splendescere flammâ ;
 Corripit amplexu vivam, jamque oscula jungit

NOTES.

- Ver. 44. *Nox*] So in Gray's Epistle from Sophonisba :
 " Pompæ finis erat. Totâ vix nocte quievi."
 Ver. 47. *Cupido*] " Prô Venus, et tenerâ volucer cum matre Cupido," Ov. Met. ix. 481.
 Ver. 50. *Verumque agnoscit*] " Veros exponit amores," Ovid. Met. x. 439. " Veros
 parce profitemur amores," Ovid. Art. Am. ii. 639.
 Ver. 51. *Sculptile*] This is from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, x. 247 :
 " Interea niveum mira feliciter arte
Sculpítebur ; formamque dedit, qua fœmina nasci
 Nulla potest : operisque sui concepit amorem :
 Virginis est veræ facies, quam vivere credas ;
 Et, si non obstat reverentia, velle moveri :
 Ars adeo latet arte suâ. Miratur, et haurit
 Pectore Pygmalion simulati corporis ignes."
 Ver. 56. *Murmura*] " Sed parvæ murmura linguæ," Ov. Met. xii. 49.
 Ver. 59. *Amplexu*] " Excipis amplexu, feliciaque oscula jungis," Ov. Ep. xviii. 101.
 And Met. x. 256 : " Oscula dat, reddique putat ; loquiturque tenetque."

Acria confestim, recipitque rapitque; prioris
 Immemor ardoris, Nymphæque oblitus eburnæ. 60

THO. GRAY. Pet. Coll.

NOTES.

Ver. 61. *Nymphæ*]

“ Sit conjux opto, (non ausus, eburnea virgo,
 Dicere Pygmalion,) similis mea, dixit, eburnæ.”

Ov. Met. x. 275.

LUNA HABITABILIS.*

DUM Nox rorantes, non incommitata per auras
Urget equos, tacitoque inducit sidera lapsu ;
Ultima, sed nulli soror inficianda sororum,
Huc mihi, Musa ; tibi patet alti janua cœli,
Astra vides, nec te numeri, nec nomina fallunt. 5
Huc mihi, Diva veni ; dulce est per aperta serena
Vere frui liquido, campoque errare silenti ;
Vere frui dulce est ; modo tu dignata petentem
Sis comes, et mecum gelidâ spatiere sub umbrâ.
Scilicèt hos orbes, cœli hæc decora alta putandum est, 10
Noctis opes, nobis tantum lucere ; virûmque
Ostentari oculis, nostræ laquearia terræ,

NOTES.

* This copy of verses was written by desire of the College, in 1737. It has never been printed, but in the 'Musæ Etonenses,' vol. ii. p. 107 ; and has not there, the name of the author. It is referred to, in Mason's Memoirs ; a copy of verses on the subject, "Planetæ sunt habitabiles," is in the same work.

Ver. 2. *Tacito*] "Tacito lapsu," Claudian, xxii. 430. And xxxi. 40: "Tacito defluxit fistula lapsu."

Ver. 4. *Patet*] "Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis," Virg. Æn. vi. 127.

Ver. 7. *Liquido*]

" — Ver inde serenum
Protinus, et liquidî clementior aura favoni."

Claudian, i. 272.

And Virg. Georg. i. 43 :

" Vere novo, gelidus canis cum montibus humor
Liquitur."

Ingentes scenas, vastique aulæa theatri?
 Oh! quis me pennis æthræ super ardua sistet
 Mirantem, propiusque dabit convexa tueri; 15
 Teque adeo, undè fluens reficit lux mollior arva,
 Pallidiorque dies, tristes solata tenebras?
 Sic ego, subridens Dea sic ingressa vicissim:
 Non pennis opus hïc, supera ut simul illa petamus:
 Disce, Puer, potiùs cœlo deducere Lunam; 20
 Neu crede ad magicas te invitum accingier artes,
 Thessalicosve modos; ipsam descendere Phœben
 Conspicies novus Endymion; seque offeret ultrò
 Visa tibi ante oculos, et notâ major imago.
 Quin tete admoveas (tumuli super aggere spectas), 25
 Compositum tubulo; simul inum invade canalem
 Sic intentâ acie, cœli simul alta patescent
 Atria; jamque, ausus Lunaria visere regna,

NOTES.

Ver. 13. *Scenas*]

“Vel *scena* ut versis discedat frontibus; utque
 Purpurea intexti tollant *aulæa* Britanni.”

Virg. Georg. iii. 24.

Ver. 14. *Oh! quis*] This and the following line are from Virg. Georg. ii. 489; and Æn. iv. 451.

Ver. 20. *Disce*] “Disce, puer,” Æn. xii. 435. “Vel cœlo possunt deducere lunam,” Eclog. viii. 69.

Ver. 21. *Accingier*] “Magicas invitam adcingier artes,” Æn. iv. 493.

Ver. 22. *Thessalicosve*]

“Quæ sidera excantata voce Thessala
 Lunamque cœlo deripit.”

Hor. Epod. v. 45.

Ver. 24. *Visa*] This line is from Virgil, Æn. ii. 773:

“Visa mihi ante oculos, et notâ major imago.”

Ingredière solo, et caput inter nubila condēs.
 Ecce autem! vitri se in vertice sistere Phœben 30
 Cernis, et Oceanum, et crebris Freta consita terris
 Panditur *ille* atram faciem caligine condens
 Sublustri; refugitque oculos, fallitque tuentem;
 Integram Solis lucem quippè haurit aperto
 Fluctu avidus radiorum, et longos imbibit ignes: 35
 Verum *his*, quæ, maculis variata nitentibus, auro
 Cœrula discernunt, celso sese insula dorso
 Plurima protrudit, prætentaque littora saxis;
 Liberior datur his quoniàm natura, minusque
 Lumen depascunt liquidum; sed tela diei 40
 Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammās.

NOTES.

Ver. 29. *Ingredière*] “Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit,” Virg. *Æn.* iv. 177.

Ver. 31. *Freta*] “Et crebris legimus freta consita terris,” Virg. *Æn.* iii. 127.

Ver. 35. *Imbibit ignes*] There is no authority in Latin poetry for the use of the word “imbibit” in this sense. It is a word unusual in poetry, though twice found in Lucretius (iii. 1010, and vi. 71): but it is there used in another construction: as “Imbibit petere,” *i. e.* “Induxit in animum petere.” There is a note on this word in Mureti Var. Lectiones, lib. i. cap. 6. (In Gesner’s Thesaurus, and Havercamp’s Lucretius, the reference to Muretus is wrong, l. cap. 5.) The word which Gray should have used, is “bibit.” See *Æn.* i. 749; xi. 804; *Georg.* ii. 506; &c.

Ver. 38. *Protrudit*] This word is unusual in Latin poetry. It may be defended on the authority of Lucretius, iv. 247: “Extemplo protrudit, agitque aëra:”—where, however, some manuscripts read “procutit.”

Ver. 39. *Liberior*]

“—— *Natura* videtur
Libera ——.”

Lucret. ii. 1090.

Ver. 40. *Tela*] “Lucida tela diei,” Lucret. i. 148. “Luciferique pavent letalia tela diei,” Ausonii Mosell. 260.

Hinc longos videas tractus, terrasque jacentes
 Ordine candenti, et claros se attollere montes ;
 Montes quæis Rhodope assurgat, quibus Ossa nivali
 Vertice : tum scopulis infrà pendentibus antra 45
 Nigrescunt elivorum umbrâ, nemorumque tenebris.
 Non rores illi, aut desunt sua nubila mundo ;
 Non frigus gelidum, atque herbis gratissimus imber ;
 His quoque nota ardet picto Thaumantias arcu,
 Os roseum Auroræ, propriique crepuscula cœli.
 Et dubitas tantum certis cultoribus orbem 51
 Destitui? exercent agros, sua mœnia condunt
 Hi quoque, vel Martem invadunt, curantque triumphos
 Victores : sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi ;
 His metus, atque amor, et mentem mortalia tangunt. 55
 Quin, uti nos oculis jam nunc juvat ire per arva,
 Lucentesque plagas Lænæ, pontumque profundum ;
 Idem illos etiàm ardor agit, cum se aureus effert
 Sub sudum globus, et terrarum ingentior orbis :
 Scilicèt omne æquor tum lustrant, scilicèt omnem 60
 Tellurem, gentesque polo sub utroque jacentes ;
 Et quidam æstivi indefessus ad ætheris ignes

NOTES.

Ver. 45. *Scopulis*] “ Fronte sub adversâ scopulis pendentibus antrum,” Virg. *Æn.* i. 166.

Ver. 48. *Herbis gratissimus*] “ Quum ros in tenerâ pecori gratissimus herbâ,” Virg. *Eclog.* viii. 15.

Ver. 49. *Thaumantias*] “ Roseo Thaumantias ore locuta est,” Virg. *Æn.* ix. 5. “ In terram pictos delapsa per arcus,” Ov. *Met.* xiv. 838.

Ver. 53. *Invadunt*] “ Invadunt Martem elypeis,” *Æn.* xii. 712.

Ver. 54. *Præmia*]

“ — Sunt hic etiam sua præmia laudi,
 Sunt lacrymæ rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt.”

Æn. i. 461.

Pervigilat, noctem exercens, cœlumque fatigat ;
 Jam Galli apparent, jam se Germania latè
 Tollit, et albescens pater Apenninus ad auras ; 65
 Jam tandem in Borean, en ! parvulus Anglia nævus
 (Quanquam aliis longè fulgentior) extulit oras ;
 Formosum extemplò lumen, maculamque nitentem
 Invisunt crebri Proceres, serùmque tuendo ;
 Hærent, certatimque suo cognomine signant : 70
 Forsitan et Lunæ longinquus in orbe Tyrannus
 Se dominum vocat, et nostrâ se jactat in aulâ.
 Terras possim alias propiori sole calentes
 Narrare, atque alias, jubaris queîs parciore usus,
 Lunarum chorus, et tenuis penuria Phœbi ; 75
 Nî, meditans eadem hæc audaci evolvere cantu,
 Jam pulset citharam soror, et præludia tentet.
 Non tamen has proprias laudes, nec facta silebo
 Jampridèm in fatis, patriæque oracula famæ.
 Tempus erit, sursùm totos contendere cœtus 80
 Quo cernes longo excursu, primosque colonos
 Migrare in lunam, et notos mutare Penates :

NOTES.

Ver. 63. *Pervigilat*]

“ Et quidam seros hiberni ad luminis ignes
 Pervigilat.”

Virg. Georg. i. 292.

Ver. 65. *Apenninus*] “ Vertice se attollens pater Apenninus ad auras,” Æn. xii. 703.

Ver. 72. *Jactat*] “ Illâ se jactat in aulâ,” Æn. i. 140.

Ver. 75. *Lunarum*] So Virgil, Georg. i. 421 : “ Lunasque sequentes.”

Ver. 75. *Penuria*] This expression “ Penuria Phœbi” is not, I believe, warranted by the authority of any of the Latin poets. There would have been less objection, if the plain term, instead of the figurative, had been used.

Ver. 79. *In fatis*] “ Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur,” Ov. Met. i. 256.

Dum stupet obtutu tacito vetus incola, longèque
 Insolitas explorat aves, classemque volantem.

Ut quondàm ignotum inarmor, camposque natantes 85
 Tranavit Zephyros visens, nova regna, Columbus ;
 Litora mirantur circùm, mirantur et undæ
 Inclusas acies ferro, turmasque biformes,
 Monstraque fœta armis, et non imitabile fulmen.
 Fœdera mox icta, et gemini commercia mundi, 90
 Agminaque assueto glomerata sub æthere cerno.
 Anglia, quæ pelagi jamdudum torquet habenas,
 Exercetque frequens ventos, atque imperat undæ ;
 Aëris attollet fascès, veteresque triumphos
 Hùc etiam feret, et victis dominabitur auris. 95

NOTES.

Ver. 83. *Obtutu*] “ Obtutu tacito stetit,” Æn. xii. 666.

Ver. 84. *Insolitas*] “ Innumeræ comitantur aves, stipantque volantem,” Claud. Phœnix, 76.

Ver. 85. *Camposque*] “ Campique natantes,” Georg. iii. 198.

Ver. 89. *Fœta*] “ Fœta armis,” Æn. ii. 238. “ Non imitabile fulmen,” Æn. vi. 590.

Ver. 90. *Commercias*] “ Geminæque facis commercia mundo,” Claud. xxxiii. 90.

Ver. 92. *Pelagi*] “ Æquoreas habenas,” Claud. viii. 422.

Ver. 95. *Victis*] “ Servitio premet, ac victis dominabitur Argis,” Æn. i. 285.

SAPPHIC ODE:

TO MR. WEST.*

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 42.)

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

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

5

NOTES.

* Mr. Mason considered this as the first original production of Gray's Muse; the two former poems being imposed as exercises, by the College.

Ver. 3. *Lis*] "*Lis nunquam, toga rara,*" Martial. Ep. x. 47.

Ver. 4. *Æstuat*] So Claudian, xi. 24:

"Quot *æstuentes* ancipiti gradu
Furtiva carpent oscula *Naiides*."

Ver. 5. *Patulis*] "*Platanus . . . patulis est diffusa ramis,*" Cicero de Oratore, Lib. 1. cap. vii. "*Hospita umbra,*" Ovid. Trist. III. iii. 64.

Ver. 6. *Temere*] There is no authority for the *last* syllable of "*temere*" being made *long*.

Sæpe enim curis vagor expeditâ
 Mente; dum, blandam meditans Camænam, 10
 Vix malo rori, meminive seræ
 Cedere nocti;

Et, pedes quò me rapiunt, in omni
 Colle Parnassum videor videre
 Fertilem sylvæ, gelidamque in omni 15
 Fonte Aganippen.

Risit et Ver me, facilesque Nymphæ
 Nare captantem, nec ineleganti,
 Manè quicquid de violis eundo
 Surripit aura: 20

NOTES.

Yet Casimir Sarbievius (Sarbieuwsky) has erred in the quantity of this word, as well as Gray:

“Te sibilantis lenior halitus
 Perflabit Euri; me juvet interim
 Collum reclinasse; et virenti
 Sic temere jacuisse ripa.” Ad Testudinem.

In Horace, Virgil, and Ovid the final syllable of this word is always *elided*.—A friend has observed, that the last syllable of *temere* is made long in the ‘Gradus’ on the authority of Tertullian: “Immemor ille Dei temerè committere tale.” It is hardly necessary to observe that the authority of Tertullian on a question of a doubtful quantity would not be esteemed sufficient. The last syllable of *temere* being *always elided* by Virgil, Horace, and Ovid, sufficiently shows their opinion to have been, that it was *short*; and therefore that it could not be used in Hexameter verse, without lengthening its final syllable by elision.

Ver. 7. *Tenuique*] “Tenui deducta poemata filo,” Hor. Ep. II. i. 225. “Graciles Musas,” Propert. Eleg. II. x. 3. Virg. Eclog. i. 2.

Ver. 9. *Vagor*]

“—ultra
 Terminum, curis vagor expeditis.”

Hor. Od. I. xxii. 10.

Ver. 13, 14. *Pedes*] “I, pedes quo te rapiunt,” Hor. Od. III. xi. 49. “Videre magnos jam videor duces,” Od. II. i. 21.

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 25
 Simples curæ tenuere, cœlum
 Quamdiù sudum explicuit Favonû
 Purior hora :

Otia et campos nec adhuc relinquo,
 Nec magis Phœbo Clytie fidelis ; 30
 (Ingruant venti licet, et senescat
 Mollior æstas.)

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

Sedulus servo veneratus orbem
 Prodigum splendoris ; amœniori
 Sive dilectam meditatur igne
 Pingere Calpen ; 40

NOTES.

Ver. 17. *Faciles*] “ Sed faciles nymphæ risere,” Virg. Eclog. iii. 9.

Ver. 22. *Leves*] “ Levis cursu,” Virg. Æn. xii. 489.

Ver. 26. *Cœlum*] “ — Cœli in regione serenâ
 Per sudum rutilare vident.”

Virg. Æn. viii. 528.

Ver. 30. *Clytie*] See Ov. Metam. iv. 234. 264

Ver. 31. *Senescat*] “ Senescit ager,” Ovid. Art. Am. iii. 82., ex Pont. I. iv. 14. “ Molles
 anni,” Ovid. Ep. iii. 3. Tristia, iv. 43.

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

O ego felix, vice si (nec unquam 45
 Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
 Parca me lenis sineret quieto
 Fallere Letho!

Multa flagranti radiisque cincto
 Integris ah! quam nihil inviderem, 50
 Cum Dei ardentem medius quadrigas
 Sentit Olympus.

NOTES.

Ver. 45. *O ego*] The last syllable of *ego* is short, and so used by the best writers; nor will the example of Ausonius, or an instance or two of its being found *long* in Plautus and Catullus, authorize a modern poet in this licence. See the note by Heinsius on Ovid. Ep. xiii. 135, and Burmann on Propertii Eleg. I. viii. 41. "Recte Heinsius, qui nunquam a Nasone hujus voculæ ultimam *produci* notat; et falsos esse illos qui ab ullo Augustei ævi poetâ id factum contendunt, dicit ad Albinov. Epiced. Drusi. x. 193." See also Vossius de Arte Grammaticâ, lib. ii. cap. 27. Drakenborch in his note on Sil. Italicus xvii. 358, (where the last syllable of *ego* is long,) relies on the authorities produced by Vossius; and thinks that it may be lengthened, even without the power of the cæsura.

Ver. 48. *Fallere*] "Natus moriensque fefellit," Hor. Ep. I. xvii. 10.

Ver. 49. *Multa*] Mr. Mason has improperly accented this word, as if it were an adverb (*multâ*). All the other editions have followed him. It is the "nomen pro adverbio," as Hor. Od. IV. ii. 25.

ALCAIC FRAGMENT.

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 43.)

O LACRYMARUM fons*, tenero sacros
Ducentium orus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

LATIN LINES

ADDRESSED TO MR. WEST, FROM GENOA.

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 94.)

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

NOTES.

* *Lacrymarum fons*] So Sophocles, *Antigone*, ver. 803 :

— ἰσχεῖν

δ' οὐκ ἔτι πηγὰς δύναιται δάκρυων.

† *Molliorem*] So in the Sapphic Ode, "Mollior æstas." Ovid in his *Epist. ex Ponto*, I. ii. 62: "Litora mollia."

ELEGIAC VERSES,

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

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 104.)

QUA Trebie glaucas salices intersecat undâ,
Arvaque Romanis nobilitata malis.
Visus adhuc annis veteri de clade rubere,
Et suspirantes ducere mœstus aquas ;

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Trebie*] I do not know on what authority Gray has used the word "Trebie" with the final *e*. The word which is used in the Classic authors is *Trebia*, Τρεβιάς. See Sil. Ital. iv. 661, xi. 140, &c. *sape*. Lucan, ii. 46. Livy, xxi. c. 48. Pliny, N. H. 3. 20, &c. Claudian, xxiv. 145. Manilius, iv. 661.—It is most probable that Gray thought that the final syllable of *Trebia* could not be lengthened; therefore used the word *Trebie*, as *Libya*, *Libye*. But in Ovid the words, *Leda*, *Rhea*, *Hybla*, *Phædra*, *Andromeda*, *Amalthea*, &c. lengthen the final syllable. "Mittit Hypermnestrâ de tot modo fratribus uni," Ov. Ep. xiv. 1. In Propertius, II. xi. 5. the *a* in *Electra* is long; also in Ovid. *Fast.* iv. 177. See on this point D'Orville's *Misc. Obs.* ii. 202, and Burmann's notes to *Anthol. Latin.* i. 215. ii. 78. In the *Herc. Fur.* of Seneca, 203: "Megarâ parvum comitata gregem." Gray therefore would have had sufficient authority for the use of *Trebia* in this place.

Ibid. *Glaucas*] So Sil. *Italicus*, iv. 661, describing the appearance of *Trebia*:

"Tum madidos crines, et *glauca** fronde revinctum
Attollit cum voce caput."

* When the epithet *glauca* is applied to the foliage of a tree, and the tree itself not particularized, as in the passage of Sil. *Italicus*; we must refer it to the "salix," the "populus," or the "oliva;" according to situation, and other circumstances.

Maurorumque ala, et nigræ increbescere turmæ, 5
Et pulsa Ausonidum ripa sonare fugâ.

NOTES.

Ver. 5. *Nigræ*] Sil. Italicus describes the army of Hannibal, iii. 407:

“ Talia Sidonius per *campos* agmina ductor
Pulvere *nigrantes* raptat.”

C A R M E N

AD

C. FAVONIUM ZEPHYRINUM.*

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 120.)

MATER ROSARUM, cui teneræ vigent
Auræ Favonî, cui Venus it comes
Lasciva, Nympharum choreis
Et volucrum celebrata cantu!
Dic, non inertem fallere quâ diem 5
Amat sub umbrâ, seu sinit aureum
Dormire plectrum, seu retentat
Pierio Zephyrinus antro
Furore dulci plenus, et immemor
Reptantis inter frigora Tusculi 10

NOTES.

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

Ver. 1. *Vigent*] “ Et reserata *viget* genitalis *aura Favonî*,” Lucret. i. 2.

Ver. 6. *Aureum*]

“ Et te sonantem plenius *aureo*,
Alcæe, plectro.”

Hor. Od. II. xiii. 26.

Ver. 8. *Pierio*] “ Pierio recreatis antro,” Hor. Od. III. iv. 40.

Umbrosa, vel colles Amici
 Palladiæ superantis Albæ.
 Dilecta Fauno, et capripedum choris
 Pineta, testor vos, Anio minax
 Quæcunque per clivos volutus 15
 Præcipiti tremefecit amne,
 Illius altum Tibur, et Æsulæ
 Audisse sylvas nomen amabiles,
 Illius et gratas Latinis
 Naisin ingeminâsse rupes ; 20
 Nam me Latinæ Naides uvidâ
 Vidêre ripâ, quâ niveas levi
 Tam sæpe lavit rore plumas
 Duleð canens Venusinus ales ;
 Mirum ! canenti conticuit nemus, 25
 Sacrique fontes, et retinent adhuc

NOTES.

Ver. 14. *Anio*] “Et præceps Anio, ac Tiburni lucus,” Hor. Od. I. vii. 13. “Præceps Anien,” Statii. Silv. I. v. 25.

Ver. 20. *Naisin*] In Mr. Mason’s, and all the subsequent editions, the word “Naiasin,” is here placed; which would make the line unmetrical. Gray indeed might have written “Naiasin geminâsse rupes.” But the word “Naides” in the following line, which has also the same error in the editions as the former word, would make an objection to that reading. I have therefore restored the metre, by reading “Naisin” and “Naides.” See Gronovius on Senecæ Hippol. 778. Jortin’s Tracts, vol. i. p. 321.

Ver. 20. *Naisin*] See Propert. I. xx. 12: “Non minor Ausonius est amor ah! Dryasin.” And I. xx. 32: “Ah! dolor ibat Hylas, ibat Hamadryasin.” And Ov. Art. Am. iii. 672. See Burmann’s note to Ovid, Ep. xiii. 137.

Ver. 23. *Rore*] In this, the following, and the last stanza, the third line of the Alcaic stanza ends with two dissyllables; which can be defended but by very few examples of Horace.—Another error in this verse is, the absence of the *accent* on the *fifth* or sixth syllable.

Ver. 26. *Sacrique fontes*] “Κεῖνῃς ἱερὸν ῥόον,” Apoll. Rhod. i. 1208. “Ad aquæ lene

(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

30

NOTES.

caput *sacræ*," Hor. Od. I. i. 22. "Nec sacros pollue fontes," Ovid. Metam. ii. 464. "Fonte sacro," Virg. Æn. vii. 84.

Ver. 30. *Claudis laborantem*] This is the only instance in this ode in which Mr. Gray has not conformed to the rule of the "divisio versûs post quintam syllabam." In the other Alcaic Ode on the Chartreuse, there is also one instance similar to this:

"Per invias rupes, fera per juga."

The practice of Horace certainly seems to authorize this rule. Three exceptions are to be found: Od. lib. I. xxxvii. 5, I. xxxvii. 14, and Od. IV. xiv. 16. I do not know that there are any more; of course, the case of an *elided syllable* being excepted.

Ver. 31. *Amœna*] In Horace there are but nine instances of an amphibrachys, as "Amœna," beginning the third line of the Alcaic stanza. As the places where it occurs in that poet have not, I believe, been ever pointed out, I will set them down here, to save any trouble to those desirous of seeing them: I. xvii. 7, I. xxix. 7, I. xxxv. 15, I. xxxvii. 15, II. iii. 3, II. xvii. 3, II. xx. 11, III. iii. 71, III. xxix. 11.

Ver. 31, 32. *Ver in-compositum*] There is no instance in Horace of a *broken word* ending the third line of the Alcaic stanza, or, indeed, of its being used at all; and therefore it must be considered, as not defended by authority; though it may be found ending the third line of the Sapphic stanza, in Horace, I. xxv. 11, I. ii. 19, II. xvi. 7. III. xxvii. 60. but, I believe, that no example even of this can be found in the Sapphics of Seneca. It ends the first line, in Hor. Od. IV. ii. 1, and the second line in II. ii. 18, and IV. ii. 22, in which latter passage it is to be observed, that the "divisio vocis" takes place in two successive lines.

Ver. 33. *Hærent*]

"— Quam sedem Somnia vulgò
 Vana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus hærent."

Virg. Æn. vi. 283.

Phœbea lucî (credite) somnia,
Argutiusque et lymp̄ha et auræ
Nescio quid solito loquuntur.

FRAGMENT OF A LATIN POEM *

ON

THE GAURUS.

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 145.)

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

5

Nam fama est olim, mediâ dum rura silebant
Nocte, Deo victa, et molli perfusa quiete,

NOTES.

* Sent by Mr. Gray to his friend West, with a reference to Sandys's Travels, book iv. pag. 275, 277, and 278. A translation of this poem may be seen in the Gent. Mag. for July 1775.

Ver. 2. *Vitreum*] "Vitreo ponto," Hor. Od. IV. ii. 3. "Vitreæ unda," Virg. Æn. vii. 759. Georg. iv. 350.

Ver. 4. *Pampineæ*] "Bacchei vineta madentia Gauri," Statii Silv. III. v. 99. "Icario nemorosus palmite Gaurus," Silv. III. i. 147.

Ver. 5. *Premit*] "Vicinia Persidis urget," Georg. iv. 290. "Pampineas invidit colibus umbras," Virg. Ec. vii. 58.

Infremuisse æquor ponti, auditamque per omnes
 Latè tellurem surdùm immugire cavernas : 10
 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 piccas cinerum glomerare sub æthere nubes 15
 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. 20
 Atque ille excelso rupis de vertice solus
 Respectans notasque domos, et dulcia regna,
 Nil usquàm videt infelix præter mare tristi
 Lumine percussus, et pallentes sulphure campos,
 Fumumque, flammisque, rotataque turbine saxa. 25

NOTES.

Ver. 9. *Æquor*] “Immania ponti æquora,” Lucret. vi. 624.

Ver. 10. *Immugire*] “Curvisque immugiit Ætna cavernis.” Æn. iii. 674.

Ver. 15. *Piccas*] “Piceâ crassam caliginis nubem,” Virg. Georg. ii. 309. “Vorago, pestiferas aperit fauces,” Æn. vii. 569.

Ver. 17. *Fugere feræ*] “Terra tremit : fugere feræ,” Virg. Georg. i. 330.

Ver. 24. *Sulphure*]

“ — tum longo limite sulcus

Dat lucem, et latè circùm loca sulphure fumant.”

Virg. Æn. ii. 698.

And, “*Sulphurei* cum per juga consita *Gauri*,” Ausonii Mosell. p. 387. ed. Tollii.

Ver. 25. *Fumumque*] In the modern Latin poetry, this license of lengthening the “que,” before the mute and liquid, even with the power of the cæsura, ought to be avoided, as it is supported by so few examples. See Virg. Æn. vii. 186. Georg. i. 164. And see also Æn. iii. 91. Ov. Met. v. 484.

Quin ubi detonuit fragor, et 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 80
 (Tenuia, sed tanti saltem solatia luctûs)
 Unâ colligere et justâ componere in urnâ.
 Uxorum nusquam cineres, nusquam ossa parentum
 (Spem miseram !) assuetosve Lares, aut rura videbunt.
 Quippe ubi planities campi diffusa jacebat ; 85
 Mons novus : ille supercilium, frontemque favillâ
 Incanum ostentans, ambustis cautibus, æquor

NOTES.

Ver. 26. *Detonuit fragor*] This is not a common expression in Latin poetry. Val. Flaccus has, "Dum detonet ira:" iv. 294. See also Quintilian (Gesn. XII. ix. 4): "Cum illa dicendi vitiosa jactatio inter plausores sero detonuit." Petronii Sat. c. xvii. p. 37.

Ver. 31. *Tenuia*] See Virg. Georg. i. 397: "Tenuia nec lanæ," &c.—ii. 121: "Depectant tenuia Seres." Lucret. iv. 747. And Terent. Maur. ver. 474.

Ver. 31. *Solatia*]

" — Solatia luctûs
 Exigua ingentis misero sed debita patri."

Æn. xi. 62.

Ver. 32. *Unâ colligere*] I should conceive the proper phrase to be "Colligere in unum," and not *unâ*. Virg. Ecl. vii. 2: "Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum." Cicero de Inventione, i. 56: "Colligere et conferre in unum." Again, "Militibus in unum conductis." And Philip. ix.: "Si omnes juris consulti in unum conferantur." Ovidii Met. iii. 715.

Ver. 53. *Uxorum*]

" — Alas!
 Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold
 Nor friends, nor sacred home."

Thomson's Winter, ver. 315.

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

Hinc infame loci nomen, multosque per annos 40

Immemor antiquæ laudis, nescire labores

Vomeris, et nullo tellus revirescere cultu.

Non avium colles, non carmine matutino

Pastorum resonare; aded undique dirus habebat

Informes latè horror agros saltusque vacantes. 45

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, et flamma quievit, 50

Quæ nascenti aderat; seu fortè bituminis atrii

Defluxere olùm rivi, atque effæta lacuna

Pabula sufficere ardori, viresque recusat;

Sive in visceribus meditans incendia jam nunc

(Horrendùm) arcanis glomerat genti esse futuræ 55

Exitio, sparsos tacitusque recolligit ignes.

Raro per clivos haud secius ordine vidi

Canescentem oleam: longum post tempus amicti

Vite virent tumuli; patriamque revisere gaudens

NOTES.

Ver. 41. *Antiquæ*] “Res antiquæ laudis,” Virg. Georg. ii. 174.

Ver. 43. *Carminè*] “Matutini cantus,” Æu. viii. 456. Milton’s Par. Lost, v. 7.

Ver. 47. *Monstrabat*] “Indice monstraret digito,” Hor. Sat. II. viii. 26. And Pers. i. 28.

Ver. 56. *Sparsos*] “Sparsosque recolligit ignes,” Lucan. i. 157. “Dum tacitas vires, et flammam colligit ignis,” Sil. Ital. iv. 307.

Ver. 58. *Canescentem*] “Fætum canentis olivæ,” Ov. Met. vi. 81.

Bacchus in assuetis tenerum caput exerit arvis
 Vix tandem, infidoque audet se credere cœlo.

 NOTES.

Ver. 60. *Caput*] “Jam modò cœruleo nitidum caput exsere ponto,” Ov. Met. xiii. 838. And Fast. i. 458.

Ver. 61. *Audet*] “Pennis ausus se credere cœlo,” Virg. Æn. vi. 15.

FAREWELL TO FLORENCE.

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p.157.)

* * OHI Fæsulæ amœna
 Frigoribus juga, nec nimiùm spirantibus auris!
 Alma quibus Tusci Pallas decus Apennini
 Esse dedit, glaucâque suâ canescere sylvâ!
 Non ego vos posthac Arni de valle videbo 5
 Porticibus circum, et candenti cincta coronâ
 Villarum longè nitido consurgere dorso,

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Fæsulæ*] In Sil. Italicus, Pun. viii. 478, the second syllable of this word is short: "Fæsula, et antiquus Romanis mœnibus horror." Polybius also (lib. ii. cap. 9,) writes $\Phi\alpha\lambda\sigma\lambda\alpha$. In other authors, as Appian. Civ. Bell. ii. c. 2. Dion. xxxvii. it is written $\Phi\iota\sigma\sigma\lambda\alpha\tilde{\iota}$, which appears to be the more ancient orthography. See Cluver. Ital. Antiq. vol. i. p. 509.

Ver. 5. *Non ego*]

"Non ego vos posthac, viridî projectus in antro,
 Dumosâ pendere procul de rupe videbo."

Virg. Ecl. i. 76.

Ver. 7. *Villarum*] "Conspicitur *nitidis* fundata pecunia villis," Hor. Ep. I. xv. 46. "Superni villa candens Tusculi," Epod. i. 29. "Candida qua geminas ostendunt culmina turres," Propert. Eleg. iii. xvi. 3.

Antiquamve Ædem, et veteres præferre Cupressus
 Mirabor, tectisque super pendentia tecta.

NOTES.

Ver. 8. *Præferre*] “Præferimus manibus vittas,” Æn. vii. 237.

Ver. 9. *Pendentia*]

“Talia despectant longo per cœrula tractu
Pendentes saxis instanti culmine, *villæ*.”

Ausonii Mosell. ver. 283.

IMITATION

OF

AN ITALIAN SONNET

OF SIGNIOR ABBATE BUONDELMONTE.

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 158.)

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 amicitiaè interdum velatus amictu,
Et benè compositâ veste fefellit Amor.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *Velatus*] " Ut mihi prætextæ pudor exvelatus amictu," Propert. III. xxiii. 3.

Ver. 2. *Compositâ*] " At me compositâ pace fefellit amor," Propert. El. II. ii. 6.

" Cum bene compositis," Manil. iv. 58.

Ver. 1. *Amicitiaè*] " Intrat amicitiaè nomine, tectus Amor," Ovid. Ar. Am. i. 720.

Mox iræ assumpsit cultus, faciemque minantem,
 Inque odium versus, versus et in lacrymas :
 Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti ; 5
 Idem est dissimili semper in ore Deus.

NOTES.

Ver. 5. *Ludentem*] So Moschus, Idyll. i. 25 :

Κῆν ποτ' ἰδῆς κλαίοντα, φυλάσσεο μή σε πλανήσῃ.

Κῆν γελάα, τὸ νιν ἔλακε, καὶ ῆν ἐθέλη σὲ φιλάσαι

Φεῦγε.

This little poem has been translated into English verse by Mr. Walpole; see his Works, vol. iv. p. 454; and also by the author of 'The Pleasures of Memory;' see Rogers's Poems, p. 165.

ALCAIC ODE,*

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE, IN DAUPHINY,
AUGUST 1741.

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 160.)

OII TU, severi Religio loci,
Quocunq; gaudes nomine (non leve
Nativa nam certè fluenta
Numen habet, veteresque sylvas ;

NOTES.

* In Mr. Heron's [Pinkerton's] 'Letters of Literature,' p. 299, is a translation of this Ode; and after that, a most extraordinary assertion, which I wish the author of that book had not given me an opportunity of producing: as, to say no worse, it is erroneous in every instance. "This exquisite ode," says he, "*is by no means in the Alcaic measure, which Mr. Gray seems to have intended it for.* The Alcaic measure, as used by Horace, consists of six feet, or twelve syllables, in the two first lines; three feet and a half, or seven syllables, in the third; and four feet, or eight syllables, in the fourth. 'Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least*.'" And yet I am afraid that this ingenious commentator has not experienced how true is the admonition given by the Moerish grammarian:

* Shaksp. Love's Labour's Lost.

Præsentioŕem et conspicimus Deum	5
Per invias rupes, fera per juga,	
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes	
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem ;	
Quàm si repostus sub trabe citreâ	
Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu)	10
Salve vocanti ritè, fesso et	
Da placidam juveni quietem.	
Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui	
Fortuna sacrâ lege silentii	
Vetât volentem, me resorbens	15
In medios violenta fluctus:	

NOTES.

“ Quid sit litera, quid duæ,
 Junctæ quid sibi syllabæ.
 Dumos inter, et aspera
 Scruposis sequimur vadis.
 Fronte exile negotium
 Et dignum pueris putes.
*Aggressis labor arduus
 Nec tractabile pondus est.*”

Terent. Maur. Præf. 6. ed Brissæo.

Ver. 2. *Non leve*] “ Neque enim leve nomen Amatae,” Æn. vii. 581.

Ver. 6. *Per invias*] This verse would be reckoned faulty, from the absence of the cæsura in its right place. See the note to the ‘ Carmen ad Favonium,’ ver. 30.

Ver. 8. *Noctem*] “ Veteris sub nocte cupressi,” Val. Flac. i. 774. “ Nox propria luco est,” Senecæ Thyestes, ver. 678.

Ver. 9. *Trabe*] “ Ponit marmoream sub trabe citrea,” Hor. Od. IV. i. 20.

Ver. 10. *Phidiacâ*] “ Phidiacâ manu,” Martial. vi. 75. x. 89.

Ver. 11. *Ritè*] “ Mihi cumque salve

Rite vocanti.” Hor. Ode I. xxxii. 15.

Ver. 14. *Sacrâ*] “ Utrumque sacro digna silentio,” Hor. Od. II. xiii. 29. “ Resorbens,” Hor. Od. II. vii. 15.

Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo
Horas senectæ ducere liberas ;
Tutumque vulgari tumultu
Surripias, hominumque curis.

PART OF

AN HEROIC EPISTLE

FROM SOPHONISBA TO MASINISSA.

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 46.)

EGREGIUM accipio promissi Munus amoris,
Inque manu mortem, jam fruitura, fero :
Atque utinam citius mandasses, luce vel unà ;
Transieram Stygios non inhonesta lacus.
Victoris nec passa toros, nova nupta, mariti, 5
Nec fueram fastus, Roma superba, tuos.
Scilicet hæc partem tibi, Masinissa, triumph
Detractam, hæc pompæ jura minora suæ

NOTES.

Ver. 4. *Inhonestæ*]

“ Quamvis ista mihi mors est *inhonesta* futura,
Mors *inhonesta* quidem.”

Propert. El. II. vii. 89.

Ver. 5. *Passa*] “Virgineo nullum corpore passa virum,” Ovid. Fast. v. 146. Virg. Georg. iii. 60.

Ver. 7. *Masinissa*] In Mr. Mason's edition it is spelt ‘Massinissa;’ which, however, will only partially correct the quantity; as the second syllable will still be short. See Ovid. Fast. vi. 769 :

“ Postera lux melior, superat Masinissa Syphacem.”

Imputat, atque uxor quodd non tua pressa catenis,
 Objecta et sævæ plausibus orbis eo : 10
 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 : 15
 Detinet hæc animam eura suprema meam.
 Quæ patriæ prodesse meæ Regina ferebar,
 Inter Elisæas gloria prima nurus,
 Ne videar flammæ nimis indulsisse secundæ,
 Vel nimis hostiles extinuisse manus. 20
 Fortunam atque annos liceat revocare priores,
 Gaudiaque heu ! quantis nostra repensa malis.
 Primitiasne tuas meministi atque arma Syphacis
 Fusa, et per Tyrias ducta trophæa vias ?
 (Laudis at antiquæ forsan meminisse pigebit, 25
 Quodque decus quondam causa ruboris erit.)

NOTES.

And Sil. Ital. xvi. 117 :

“ Cultique Aeneadum nomen *Masinissa* superbum.”

That ‘Masinissa’ is the right orthography, see Drakenborch’s note on Sil. Italicus ; Gronovius on Livy, lib. XXV. c. xxxiv. 11 ; Vorstius on Val. Max. I. i. 31. Tortellius in his Grammatical Commentaries, under the word ‘Masanissa,’ says, “Non enim primum aliquo pacto duplicari potuit : ut ignari quidam syllabarum voluerunt.” See also Noltenui Lexicon, vol. i. p. 112. Cellarii Orthog. Lat. i. p. 285.

Ver. 12. *Pignus*] “I liber absentis pignus amicitiae,” Martial. IX. cii.

Ver. 15. *Parva*] “Parva mora est,” Ovid. Met. i. 671. Ep. ii. 144.

Ver. 18. *Elisæas*] See Sil. Italicus, ii. 239 ; vi. 346 ; xiv. 257.

Ver. 20. *Hostiles*] “Pallet, et hostiles credit adesse manus,” Ov. Fast. ii. 468.

Ver. 21. *Annos*] “Non annis revocare tuis,” Ov. Met. vii. 177.

Ver. 26. *Causa*] “Aut ubi cessaras, causa ruboris eram,” Ov. Trist. III. vii. 26.

Tempus ego certe meminini, felicia Pœnis
 Quo te non puduit solvere vota deis ;
 Mœniaque intrantem vidi : longo agmine duxit
 Turba salutantum, purpureique patres. 30
 Fœminea ante omnes longe admiratur euntem
 Hæret et aspectu tota caterva tuo.
 Jam flexi, regale decus, per colla capilli,
 Jam decet ardenti fuscus in ore color !
 Commendat frontis generosa modestia formam, 35
 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) 40

NOTES.

Ver. 27. *Ego*] Here the last syllable of *egō* is again made long. See the note to the Sapphic Ode to Mr. West, ver. 45. I have only to add to that note, that *ego* is said to be found with this quantity in the ‘Diræ Catonis,’ ver. 156 ; but which line is thus given by Wernsdorf, vol. iii. p. 19 :

“ Ausus egon’ primus custos violare pudores ? ”

and by all the other editors prior to him. See Pithæi Catal. p. 219. Scaligeri Collect. p. 61. Boxhornii Poet. Sat. p. 117. Burmanni Anthol. ii. 674.

Ver. 30. *Turba*] “ Turba salutantum,” Claudian. iii. 213. p. 30. ed. Gesu. Virgil. Georg. ii. 462.

Ver. 31. *Fœminea*] “ Omnia fœmineis quare dilecta catervis,” Martial. xi. 48. “ Venit in exsequias tota caterva meas,” Prop. IV. xi. 68. And “ aspectu hæsit,” Virg. Æn. iii. 597.

Ver. 34. *Fuscus*] “ Et enim fusco grata colore Venus,” Ov. Amor. ii. 440. And Propert. El. II. xix. 78.

Ver. 35. *Commendat*] Ov. Medicam. ver. 1 : “ Quæ faciem commendat cura.” And ad Liv. 259.

Ver. 37. *Prima*] “ Ora puer primu signans intonsa juventa,” Virg. Æn. ix. 181. Also Ovid. Met. xiii. 754. Virg. Æn. vii. 162. viii. 160.

Ver. 39. *Faciles*] “ Facilesque oculos fert omnia circum,” Virg. Æn. viii. 310.

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, 45
 Quæ poterat visus detinuisse tuos:
 Nulla fuit circum æqualis quæ dignior esset,
 Asseruitque decus conscia forma suum.
 Pompæ finis erat. Totà vix nocte quievi,
 Sin premat invitæ lumina victa sopor, 50
 Sonnus habet pompas, eademque recursat imago;
 Atque iterum hesterno munere victor ades.*
 * * * * *

NOTES.

Ver. 40. *Casus*] “Ad fratrem *casu* lumina flexa tulit,” Ov. Trist. III. ix. 22.

Ver. 43. *Molle spirare*] Gray has in this instance preserved a metrical canon, which has been broken through by many of the modern Latin poets:—repeatedly by Milton, Addison, and T. Warton. See the Classical Journal, 1. 71. 283.

Ver. 46. *Visus*] “Sæpe oculos etiam detinuisse tuos,” Ov. Trist. ii. 520.

Ver. 49. *Totà vix*] “Infelix, totà quicumque *quiescere nocte*,” Ovid. Amor. ii. 9. 39.

Ver. 50. *Lumina*] “*Lumina* cum placido *victa sopore* jacent,” Ov. Ep. xvi. 100.

* Mr. Ellis, in his Historical Sketch of English Poetry, (p. 224,) thinks that the description of the entry of Troilus into Troy, in Chaucer’s romance of Troilus and Creseida, suggested to Gray some very beautiful lines in this Epistle: “Jam flexi, regale decus,” &c. (See Chaucer, b. xi. st. 83. fol. 151. ed. 1602.)

“This Troilus sat on his baye steed,
 All armed, save his head, full richely,” &c.

DIDACTIC POEM,

UNFINISHED :

ENTITLED,

DE PRINCIPIIS COGITANDI.

LIBER PRIMUS. AD FAVONIUM.

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 55.)

UNDE Animus scire incipiat ; quibus inchoet orsa
Principiis seriem rerum, tenuemque eatenam
Mnemosyne : Ratio unde rudi sub pectore tardum
Augeat imperium ; et primum mortalibus ægris
Ira, Dolor, Metus, et Curæ nascantur inanes, 5
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.

NOTES.

Ver. 7. *O lux*] "Magnæ spes altera Romæ," Virg. *Æn.* xii. 168.

Ver. 9. *Tremulâque*] "Tremulis possunt insistere plantis," Juv. Sat. vi. 96.

Quin potius duc ipse (potes namque omnia) sanctum 10
 Ad limen (si ritè adco, si pectore puro,
 Obscuræ rescerans Naturæ ingentia claustra.
 Tu cæcas rerum causas, fontemque severum
 Pande, Pater ; tibi enim, tibi, veri magne Sacerdos,
 Corda patent hominum, atque altæ penetralia Mentis. 15
 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, 20
 Quin ea conspirent simul, eventusque secudent.
 Hinc variæ vitæ artes, ac mollior usus,
 Dulce et amicitæ vinculum : Sapiëntia dia
 Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno
 Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monstrans, 25
 Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores :
 Scilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima Virtus.
 Illa etiam, quæ te (mirùm) noctesque diesque
 Assiduè fovet inspirans, linguamquæ sequentem
 Temperat in números, atque horas mulcet inertes ; 30
 Aurea non aliâ se jactat origine Musa.

NOTES.

Ver. 12. *Naturæ*] “*Naturæ* primus portarum *claustra* cupiret,” Lucret. i. 72. “*Cæcas causas*,” Ibid. iii. 317.

Ver. 13. *Fontemque severum*] “*Annemque severum*,” Virg. *Æn.* vi. 374. And Georg. iii. 7; “*Annemque severum Cocyti metuet*.”

Ver. 15. *Penetralia*] “*Mentis penetralia nudat*,” Claud. Rap. Pros. i. 213.

Ver. 16. *Faciles*] “*Faciles habuit aures*,” Quintil. Inst. Orat. VI. v. p. 576. “*Vacuas aures adhibe*,” Lucret. i. 45.

Ver. 21. *Eventus*] “*Eventusque secundet*,” Virg. Georg. iv. 397.

Ver. 24. *Roseum*] “*Rubens accendit lumina Vesper*,” Virg. Georg. i. 251.

Ver. 27. *Scilicet*] “*Scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma*,” Georg. ii. 534.

Principio, ut magnum fœdus Natura creatrix
 Firmavit, tardis jussitque inolescere membris
 Sublimes animas ; tenebroso in carcere partem
 Noluit ætheream longo torpere veterno : 35
 Nec per se proprium passa exercere vigorem est,
 Ne sociæ molis conjunctos sperneret artus,
 Ponderis oblita, et cœlestis conscia flammæ.
 Ideirco innumero ductu tremere undique fibras
 Nervorum instituit : tum toto corpore miscens 40
 Implicuit latè ramos, et sensile textum,
 Implevitque humore suo (seu lympha vocanda,
 Sive aura est) tenuis certè, atque levissima quædam
 Vis versatur agens, parvosque infusa canales
 Perfluit ; assiduè externis quæ concita plagis, 45
 Mobilis, incussique fidelis nuntia motûs,
 Hinc indè accensâ contage relabitur usque
 Ad superas hominis sedes, arcemque cerebri.
 Namque illè posuit solium, et sua templa sacravit

NOTES.

Ver. 31. *Aurea Musa*] “ At non *Venus aurea* contra,” Virg. *Æn.* x. 16. “ Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,” Hor. *Od.* I. v. 9.

Ver. 32. *Natura*] “ *Rerum natura creatrix*,” Lucret. i. 623.

Ver. 35. *Torpere*] “ Nec *torpere* gravi passus sua regna *veterno*,” Virg. *Georg.* i. 124.

Ver. 45. *Plagis*] “ *Sequenti concita plaga*,” Lucret. iv. 189. “ *Externis plagis*,” *Ibid.* ii. 1140.

Ver. 48. *Cerebri*]

“ — Stetit mus in arcem
Erectus capitis.”

Manilii *Astron.* iv. 905.

“ — Penitusque supremum,
In cerebrum.”

Claudian. xviii. 52.

Mens animi : hanc circum cœunt, densoque feruntur 50
 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, 55
 Euphratesque, Tagusque, et 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 60
 Cæruleam faciem, et diffuso marmore ridet.
 Haud aliter species properant se inferre novellæ
 Certatim menti, atque aditus quino agmine complent.

NOTES.

“ — Tum vapor ipsam,
 Corporis arcem flammis urit.”

Senecæ *Œdip.* 185.

See also Shakspeare :

“ — And his pure brain,
 Which some suppose the *soul's frail dwelling-house.*”

King John, act v. sc. 7.

And see ver. 135 of this Poem.

Ver. 51. *Tenuia*] So Lucretius, iii. 244 :

“ Qua nec mobilius quidquam neque *tenuius* exstat.”

And Virg. *Georg.* i. 398 :

“ *Tenuia* nec lanæ per cælum vellera ferri.”

Ver. 51. *Rerum*] “ *Rerum simulachra* ferantur,” Lucret. iv. 165. “ Geminoque facis commercia mundo,” Claud. xxxiii. 91.

Ver. 59. *Oceanus*] “ Te tuus *Oceanus natali* gurgite lassum Excipit,” Claud. vii. 176.

Ver. 60. *Dona*] “ *Dona* recognoscit populorum,” Virg. *Æn.* viii. 721.

Ver. 61. *Diffuso*] “ *Diffuso lumine* ridet,” Lucret. iii. 22.

Primas tactus agit partes, primusque minutæ
 Laxat iter cæcæ turbæ, recipitque ruentem. 65
 Non idem huic modus est, qui fratribus : amplius ille
 Imperium affectat senior, penitusque medullis,
 Visceribusque habitat totis, pellisque recentem
 Funditur in telam, et latè per stamina vivit.
 Necdum etiam matris puer eluctatus ab alvo 70
 Multiplices solvit tunicas, et vincula rupit ;
 Sopitus molli somno, tepidoque liquore
 Circumfusus adhuc : tactus tamen aura lacessit
 Jamdudum levior sensus, animamque recludit.
 Idque magis simul, ac solitum blandumque calorem 75
 Frigore mutavit cœli, quod verberat acri
 Impete inassuetos artus : tum sævior adstat
 Humanæque comes vitæ Dolor excipit ; ille
 Cunctantem frustra et tremulo multa ore querentem
 Corripit invadens, ferreisque amplectitur ulnis. 80
 Tum species primùm patefacta est candida Lucis
 (Usque vices aded Natura bonique, malique,
 Exæquat, justâque manu sua damna rependit)
 Tum primùm, ignotosque bibunt nova lumina soles.

NOTES.

Ver. 69. *Latè per stamina*] So Pope's *Essay on Man*, i. 217 :

“ The spider's touch, so exquisitely fine,
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.”

Ver. 70. *Puer*] “ *Tum porro puer.—Nixibus ex alvo matris natura profudit,*” *Lucret.*

v. 223. “ *Cum veteres ponunt tunicas,*” *Ibid.* iv. 56.

Ver. 80. *Amplectitur*] “ *Cupidisque amplectitur ulnis,*” *Ovid. Met.* xi. 63.

Ver. 81. *Species*] “ *Nam simul ac species patefacta est verna diei!*” *Lucret.* i. x.

Carmine quo, Dea, te dicam, gratissima cœli 85
 Progenies, ortumque tuum ; gemmantia rore
 Ut per prata levi lustras, et floribus halans
 Purpureum Veris gremium, scenamque virentem
 Pingis, et umbriferos colles, et cœrula regna?
 Gratia te, Venerisque Lepos, et mille Colorum, 90
 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, 95
 Purus et arridet largis fulgoribus Æther.

NOTES.

Ver. 84. *Ignotosque*]

“ *Editus ex utero cæcus nova lumina sensit,
 Et stupet ignotum se meruisse diem.*”

Claud. xcix. 10.

Ver. 85. *Cali*]

“ ——— Dignissima cœli,
 Progenies.”

Achill. Statii, ii. 372.

Ver. 88. *Purpureum*] “ *Hic Ver purpureum,*” Virg. Eclog. ix. 41.

Ver. 89. *Umbriferos*] “ *Umbriferum nemus,*” Lucret. vi. 703.

Ver. 91. *Motusque decentes*]

“ *Quove color ? decens
 Quo motus ?*”

Hor. Od. IV. xiii. 17.

Ver. 92. *Caput*] “ *Invisum hoc detrude caput sub Tartara,*” Æn. ix. 476. “ *Stygiis tenebris,*” Georg. iii. 551.

Ver. 93. *Horrendæque*] “ *Subit horrida mentem formido,*” Sil. Ital. x. 544 ; Lucret. vi. 253. “ *Curarum fluctuat æstu,*” Virg. Æn. viii. 19.

Ver. 96. *Arridet largis*] “ *Improvise vibratus ab Æthere fulgor,*” Virg. Æn. viii. 524.

Omnia nec tu ideò invalidæ se pandere Menti
 (Quippe nimis teneros posset vis tanta diei
 Perturbare, et inexpertos confundere visus)
 Nec capere infantes animos, neu cernere credas 100
 Tam variam molem, et miræ spectacula lucis :
 Nescio quâ tamen hæc oculos dulcedine parvos
 Splendida percussit novitas, traxitque sequentes ;
 Nonne videmus enim, latis inserta fenestris
 Sicubi se Phœbi dispergant aurea tela, 105
 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 arcè connexa potestas, 110
 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, et mutua fulgent. 115
 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, 120

NOTES.

Ver. 102. *Nescio*] “Nescio qua præter solitum dulcedine læti,” Virg. Georg. i. 413.

Ver. 104. *Inserta*] “Plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras,” Virg. Æn. iii. 152.

Ver. 105. *Tela*] “Lucida tela diei,” Lucret. i. 128.

Ver. 108. *Haurit*] “Expleri mentem nequit, ardescitque tuendo,” Virg. Æn. i. 713.

Ver. 113. *Polleat*] “Tantum series, juncturaque pollet,” Horat. Art. Poet. 242. “Ita res accendent lumina rebus,” Lucret. i. 1110.

Ver. 119. *Invecta*] “Punicis invecta rotis,” Virg. Æn. xii. 77.

Et mulcere dedit dictis et tollere corda,
 Verbaque metiri numeris, versuque ligare
 Repperit, et quicquid discant Libethrides undæ,
 Calliope quotiès, quotiès Pater ipse canendi
 Evolvat liquidum carmen, calamove loquenti 125
 Inspiret dulces animas, digitisque figuret.

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

Naribus interea consedit odora hominum vis, 130
 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 135
 Alma Parens, sensûsque vias per membra reclusit;
 Haud solas: namque intus agit vivata facultas,
 Quâ sese explorat, contemplatusque repenti
 Ipse suas animus vires, momentaque cernit.

NOTES.

Ver. 122. *Verba*] “Nec numeris nectere verba juvat,” Ovid. Pont. ii. 30.

Ver. 123. *Libethrides*] “Nymphæ, noster amor, Libethrides,” Virg. Eclog. vii. 21.
 Pomp. Mela, ii. 3.

Ver. 126. *Digitisque*] “Mobilibus digitis expergefata figurant,” Lucret. ii. 412.

Ver. 128. *Jucunda*] “Jucundos saporis,” Tibull. I. vii. 35.

Ver. 130. *Odora*] “Odora canum vis,” Lucret. vi. 778. Virg. Æn. iv. 132.

Ver. 132. *Floræve*] Compare Milton's Par. Lost, book v. 16: “Then with voice,
 mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes.”

Ver. 134. *Respondet*] “Votis respondet avari,” Georg. i. 43. “Divinum adspirat
 amorem,” Virg. Æn. viii. 373.

Ver. 137. *Vivata*] “Vivata potestas,” Lucret. iii. 410. 557. 680.

Ver. 139. *Animus*]

“— *Animus* vario labefactus vulnere mutat

Huc levis, atque illuc; *momentaque* sumit utroque.”

Ovid. Met. x. 375.

Quid velit, aut possit, cupiat, fugiatve, vicissim 140
 Percipit imperio gaudens; neque corpora fallunt
 Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.

Qualis Hamadryadum quondam si fortè sororum
 Una, novos peragrans saltus, et devia rura;
 (Atque illam in viridi suadet procumbere ripâ 145
 Fontis pura quies, et 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
 Unà inferre gradus, unà succedere sylvæ 150
 Aspicit alludens; seseque agnoscit in undis.

Sic sensu interno rerum simulacra suarum
 Mens ciet, et proprios observat conscia vultus.
 Nec verò simplex ratio, aut jus omnibus unum
 Constat imaginibus. Sunt quæ bina ostia nôrunt; 155

Hæ privos servant aditus; sine legibus illæ
 Passim, quâ data porta, ruunt, animoque propinquant.
 Respice, cui à cunis tristes extinxit ocellos,
 Sæva et in eternas mersit natura tenebras:

Illi ignota dies lucet, vernusque colorum 160
 Offusus nitor est, et vivæ gratia formæ.
 Corporis at filum, et motus, spatiumque, locique
 Intervalla datur certo dignoscere tactu:

NOTES.

Ver. 147. *Speculû*] “Lympharum in speculo,” Phædrus, I. iv. 3.

Ver. 149. *Eosdem*] The same synæresis is found in Propertius, IV. vii. 7:

“*Eosdem* habuit secum, quibus est elata capillos.”

And, “*Eosdem* oculos; lateri vestis adusta fuit.”

Ver. 154. *Simplex*] “*Nec ratio solis simplex*,” Lucret. v. 613. “*Constat imago*,”
 iv. 108. “*Privas aures*,” iv. 570.

Ver. 161. *Gratia formæ*] “*Ea gratia formæ*,” Ovid, Met. vii. 44.

Quandoquidem his iter ambiguum est, et janua duplex,
 Exclusæque oculis species irrumpere tendunt 165
 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 170
 Terribiles visu, et portâ glomerantur in omni.

Nec vario minus introïtu magnum ingruit Illud,
 Quo facere et fungi, quo res existere circùm
 Quamque sibi proprio cum corpore scimus, et ire
 Ordine, perpetuoque per ævum flumine labi. 175

Nunc age quo valeat pacto, quâ sensilis arte
 Affectare viam, atque animi tentare latebras
 Materies (dictis aures advertite faventes)

Exsequar. Imprimis spatii quam multa per æquor
 Millia multigenis pandant se corpora seclis, 180
 Expende. Haud unum invenies, quod mente licebit

Amplecti, nedum propriùs deprendere sensu,
 Molis egens certæ, aut solido sine robore, cujus
 Denique mobilitas linquit, texturave partes,
 Ulla nec orarum circumcæsura coërcet. 185

NOTES.

Ver. 167. *Radios*] “Radios inter quasi rumpere lucis,” Lucret. v. 288. “Radiis ardentem lucis,” Virg. *Æn.* vii. 142.

Ver. 171. *Terribiles*] “Terribiles visu formæ,” *Æn.* vi. 277.

Ver. 173. *Facere*] “At *facere, et fungi* sine corpore nulla potestas,” Lucret. i. 444.

Ver. 175. *Perpetuoque*] “*Perpetuo* possint *ævi labentia* tractu,” Lucret. v. 1215.

Ver. 177. *Affectare*] “Viamque adfectat Olympo,” Georg. iv. 562. “Tentare latebras,” *Æn.* ii. 38.

Ver. 185. *Circumcæsura*] “Extima membrorum *circumcæsura coërcet*,” Lucret. iv. 651.

Hæc conjuncta ad eò totâ compage fatetur
 Mundus, et 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. 190

Inde potestatum enasci densissima proles ;
 Nam quodcumque ferit visum, tangive laborat,
 Quicquid nare bibis, vel concava concipit auris,
 Quicquid lingua sapit, credas hoc omne, necesse est
 Ponderibus, textu, discursu, mole, figurâ 195
 Particulas præstare leves, et semina rerum.
 Nunc oculos igitur pascunt, et luce ministrâ
 Fulgere cuncta vides, spargique coloribus orbem,

NOTES.

Ver. 189. *Tactum*]

“ — Solem quis dicere falsum
 Audeat.”

Virg. Georg. i. 463.

Ver. 190. *Oculi*]

“ At si tantula pars *oculi* media illa peresa est,
 Incolumis quamvis alioqui *splendidus orbis*.”

Lucret. iii. 415.

Ver. 191. *Proles*] “ Densior hinc soboles,” Virg. Georg. iii. 308.

Ver. 192. *Ferit*] “ Quæ feriunt *oculorum acies*, visumque lacessant,” Lucret. iv. 329.

Ver. 193. *Nare*] “ Nare bibis.” Is this expression warranted by the authority of any of the Latin poets? Horace has “ Bibit aure,” Od. II. xiii. 32. ; and Statius, in Ach. ii. 120, “ Aure bibentem.” Shakspeare transfers the same word to *sight*: “ And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,” Cymbeline, act i. sc. 2. And Thomson's Spring, 106: “ Or taste the smell of dairy.”

Ver. 193. *Concava*] “ Elapsusque *cavâ* fingitur *aure lapis*,” Ov. Art. Am. i. 432.

Ver. 197. *Luce*] “ Consulit ardentem radios, et *luce magistra*,” Claud. Cons. Honor. vi. 7.

Ver. 198. *Fulgere*] “ Grammatici veteres notaverunt à Virgilio et antiquioribus poetis, *stridere* in tertiâ conjugatione cum aliis verbis, ut *fervere*, *fulgere* esse usitatum ; à Lucano autem, et Statio, et ejus ætatis poetis in secundâ.” Vide Priscian. Col. 837. 866. 893.

Dum de sole trahunt alias, aliasque supernè
 Detorqueant, retròque docent se vertere flammæ. 200
 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 205
 Nervorum invadunt teneras quætientia fibras,
 Sensiferumque urgent ultrò per viscera motum.

* * * * *

NOTES.

Lucan. ii. 250. vi. 179: ed. Oudendorp. Gesner, in a note to Claudian de Cons. Stilich. iii. 142, "Siculas obsident urbes," says, "*Obsidere* tertiâ conjugatione, nec optimos refugisse docent Thesauri nostri." It was on the authority of the use of these verbs in the third conjugation, that Vossius in his treatise 'De Arte Grammatica,' (lib. ii. p. 90), attempted to defend *respondere* in the well-known passage of Manilius, lib. v. 753.

Ver. 200. *Se vertere*] "*Faciunt ignem se vertere in auras*," Lucret. i. 783.

Ver. 207. *Sensiferumque*] "*Sensiferos motus quæ dedit prima per artus*," Lucret. iii. 246.

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 et causa laboris,
Linqvis, et æternam fati te condis in umbram! 5
Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem ;
Et languere oculos vidi, et pallescere amantem
Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque,
Altus amor Veri, et purum spirabat Honestum. 10
Visa tamen tardi demùm inclementia morbi
Cessare est, reducemque iterum roscio ore Salutem
Speravi, atque unà tecum, dilecte Favoni!
Credulus heu longos, ut quondàm, fallere Soles :

NOTES.

Ver. 2. *Primusque*] See Lucret. i. 95 ; iv. 5. And Columella de Cult. Hort. 435 :

“ Qui primus veteres ausus recludere fontes,
Astræum cecinit Romana per oppida carmen.”

Virg. Georg. ii. 175. And, iii. 12 :

“ Aonio rediens deducam vertice Musas.”

Ver. 8. *Languere*] “ Languescunt lumina morte,” Catull. lxiv. 188. “ Vultus amatos,”
Ov. Fast. vi. 579.

Ver. 9. *Fides*] “ Incorrumpita fides, nudaque veritas,” Hor. Od. I. xxiv. 7.

Ver. 14. *Credulus*] “ Teenum etenim longos memini consumere soles,” Pers. Sat. v. 41.
Virg. Eclog. ix. 51.

Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota ! 15
 Heu mæstos Soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
 Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes !
 At Tu, sancta anima, et nostri non indiga luctûs,
 Stellanti templo, sincerique ætheris igne,
 Unde orta es, fruere ; atque ô si segura, nec ultra 20
 Mortalis, notos olîm miserata labores
 Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas ;
 Humanam si fortè altâ de sede procellam
 Contemplêre, metus, stimulosque cupidinis acres,
 Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum 25
 Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluctus ;
 Respice et has lacrymas, inemori quas ictus amore
 Fundo ; quod possum, juxtâ lugere sepulchrum
 Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.

* * * * *

NOTES.

Ver. 17. *Questus*] “*Questus ad nubila rumpit inanes,*” Claud. xxxv. 249. “*Questuolvebat inani,*” Ciris. v. 401.

Ver. 18. *Sancta*] “*Sancta ad vos anima,*” Virg. Æn. xii. 648. “*Opisque haud indiga nostræ,*” Georg. ii. 428.

Ver. 21. *Miserata*] “*Oh ! sola infandos Trojæ miserata labores !*” Æn. i. 597. “*Tennisque piget cognoscere curas,*” Georg. i. 177.

Ver. 21. *Labores*]

“ — Si quid pietas antiqua labores
 Respicit humanos.”

Æn. v. 688.

Ver. 24. *Stimulos*] “*Et stimulos acres sub pectore vertit,*” Æn. ix. 718.

Ver. 29. *Mutæ*] “*Taliaque inlacrymaus mutæ jace verba favillæ,*” Propert. Eleg. II. i. 87.

GREEK EPIGRAM.

(See Mason's Memoirs, vol. iii. p. 45.)



Ἄζόμενος πολύθηρον ἐκηβόλου ἄλσος ἀνάσσας,
Τᾶς δεινᾶς τεμένη λείπε κυναγὲ θεᾶς,
Μοῦνοι ἄρ' ἔνθα κύνων ζαθέων κλαγγεῦσιν ὀλάγμαι,
Ἄιταχεῖς Νυμφᾶν ἀγροτερᾶν κελάδῃ.

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