







Who of Blatrice
Simonon.



POEMS AND LETTERS

BY THOMAS GRAY.





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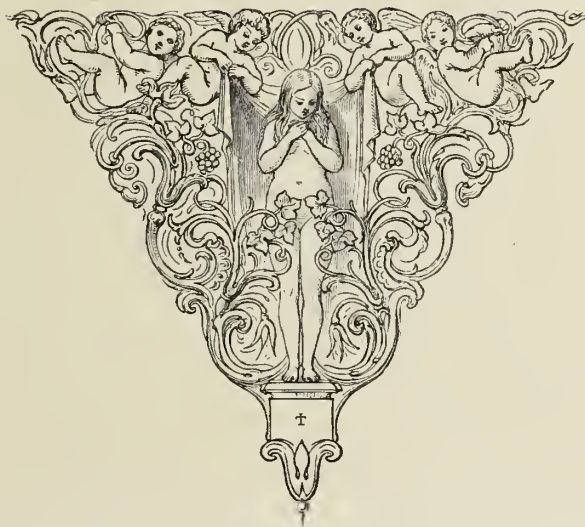
P O E M S

AND

L E T T E R S

BY

THOMAS GRAY



LONDON


PRINTED AT THE CHISWICK PRESS

1863



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“ MR. THOMAS GRAY.

(BY THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE.)



HE was the son of a money scrivener, by Mary Antrobus, a milliner in Cornhill, and sister to two Antrobus's, who were ushers of Eton School. He was born in 1716, and educated at Eton College, chiefly under the direction of one of his uncles, who took prodigious pains with him, which answered exceedingly. He particularly instructed him in the virtues of *simples*. He had a great genius for music and poetry. From Eton he went to Peter House at Cambridge, and in 1739 accompanied Mr. H. W. in travelling to France and Italy. He returned in 1741, and returned to Cambridge again. His letters are the best I ever saw,

and had more novelty and wit. One of his first pieces of poetry was an answer in English verse to an epistle from H. W. At Naples he wrote a fragment, describing an earthquake, and the origin of Monte Nuovo, in the style of Virgil; at Rome an Alcaic ode, in imitation of Horace, to R. West, Esq. After his return he wrote the inimitable ode, On a Distant Prospect of Eton College; another moral ode; and that beautiful one on a cat of Mr. Walpole's drowned in a tub of gold fishes. These three last have been published in Doddsley's Miscellanies. He began a poem on the reformation of learning, but soon dropped it, on finding his plan too much resembling the Dunciad. It had this admirable line in it:

‘ And gospel-light first *flashed* from Bullen's eyes.’

He began, too, a philosophical poem in Latin, and an English tragedy of Agrippina, and some other odes, one of which, a very beautiful one, entitled, ‘ Stanzas written in a Country Churchyard,’ he finished in 1750. He was a very flow, but very correct writer. Being at Stoke in

the summer of 1750, he wrote a kind of tale, addressed to Lady Schaub and Miss Speed, who had made him a visit at Lady Cobham's. The Elegy written in the Churchyard was published by Doddsley, Feb. 16, 1751, with a short advertisement by Mr. H. W., and immediately went through four editions. He had some thoughts of taking his Doctor's degree, but would not, for fear of being confounded with Dr. Grey, who published the foolish edition of Hudibras.

“ In March, 1753, was published a fine edition of his poems, with frontispieces, head and tail pieces, and initial letters, engraved by Grignion and Müller, after drawings of Richard Bentley, Esq. He lost his mother a little before this, and at the same time finished an extreme fine poem, in imitation of Pindar, On the Power of Musical Poetry, which he began two or three years before. In the winter of 1755, George Hervey, Earl of Bristol, who was soon afterwards sent Envoy to Turin, was designed for Minister to Lisbon: he offered to carry Mr. Gray as his secretary, but he declined it. In August, 1757, was

published two odes of Mr. Gray; one, On the Power and Progress of Poesy, the other, On the Destruction of the Welsh Bards by Edward I. They were printed at the new press at Strawberry Hill, being the first production of that printing-house. In October, 1761, he made words for an old tune of Geminiani, at the request of Mrs. Speed. It begins,

‘Thyrsis, when we parted, swore.’

Two stanzas the thought from the French.”

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P O E M S.





ODE

ON THE SPRING.!



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

The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of spring:
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader browner shade,
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade,²
 Beside some water's rusky brink
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclined in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the crowd,
 How low, how little are the proud,
 How indigent the great !³

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;
 The panting herds repose :
 Yet hark, how through the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !
 The insect-youth are on the wing,
 Eager to taste the honied spring,
 And float amid the liquid noon :
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some show their gayly-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the fun.⁴

To Contemplation's sober eye

Such is the race of Man :

And they that creep, and they that fly,

Shall end where they began.

Alike the Busy and the Gay

But flutter through life's little day,

In Fortune's varying colours drest :

Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,

Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance

They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,

The sportive kind reply :

Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?

A solitary fly !

Thy joys no glittering female meets,

No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,

No painted plumage to display :

On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;

Thy fun is set, thy spring is gone—

We frolic while 'tis May.



ODE

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT,

DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES.¹

WAS on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dyed
 The azure flowers, that blow ;
 Demurest of the tabby kind,
 The pensive Selima, reclined,²
 Gazed on the lake below.

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

Still had she gazed; but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms³ were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream:
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
 Through richest purple to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw:
 A whisker first, and then a claw,
 With many an ardent wish,
 She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize.
 What female heart can gold despise?
 What Cat's averse to fish?⁴

Prefumptuous maid! with looks⁵ intent
 Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between.
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)
 The flipp'ry verge her feet beguiled,
 She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood

She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry God,

Some speedy aid to fend.

No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd :

Nor cruel Tom, nor Sufan heard.

A fav'rite has no friend !⁶

From hence, ye beauties, undeceived,

Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,

And be with caution bold.

Not all that tempts⁷ your wand'ring eyes

And heedless hearts is lawful prize,

Nor all, that glifters, gold.







ODE

ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

**Ἄνθρωπος, ἰκανὴ πρόφασις 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's² holy shade ;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way :

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!

Ah, fields beloved in vain!

Where once my careless childhood stray'd,

A stranger yet to pain!

I feel the gales that from ye blow

A momentary bliss bestow,

As waving fresh their gladsome wing,

My weary soul they seem to soothe,

And, redolent of joy and youth,³

To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames, for thou hast seen

Full many a sprightly race

Disporting on thy margin green,

The paths of pleasure trace;

Who foremost now delight to cleave,

With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?

The captive linnet which enthrall?

What idle progeny succeed

To chase the rolling circle's speed,⁴

Or urge the flying ball?

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

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast :
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom
 The little victims play ;
 No sense have they of ills to come,
 Nor care beyond to-day :
 Yet see, how all around 'em wait
 The ministers of human fate,
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,
 To seize their prey, the murth'rous band !
 Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that sculks behind ;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws the secret heart ;
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

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

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

To each his suff'rings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise.



HYMN TO ADVERSITY.¹

—Ζῆνα—

.
 Τὸν φρονεῖν βροτοῦς ἰδῶ-
 σαντα, τὸν πάθει μάθος
 Θέντα κυρίως ἔχειν.

ÆSCH. *Agam.* 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!
 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.

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

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good.
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe ;
 By vain Prosperity received,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in fable garb array'd,
 Immerfed in rapt'rous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, filent maid,
 With leaden eye that loves the ground,
 Still on thy folemn fteps attend :
 Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
 With Juftice, to herfelf fevere,
 And Pity, dropping foft the fadly-pleafing tear.

Oh ! gently on thy fuppliant's head,
 Dread goddefs, lay thy chaft'ning hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Not circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art feen)
 With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
 With fcreaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
 Defpair, and fell Difafe, and ghafly Poverty :

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.



THE PROGRESS OF POESY.¹

A PINDARIC ODE.

Φωνᾶντα συνετοῖσιν' ἔς

Δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἑρμηνέων

Χατίζει.

PINDAR. *Ol.* ii. v. 152.

I. I.



WAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,²

And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.

From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take :

The laughing flowers that round them blow,

Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of music winds along,

Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,

Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign :

Now rolling down the steep again,

Headlong, impetuous, see it pour ;

The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

I. 2.

Oh ! Sov'reign of the willing foul,³
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell ! the fullen Cares
 And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.
 On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
 Has curb'd the fury of his car,
 And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
 Perching on the sceptred hand⁴
 Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
 With ruffled plumes and flagging wing :
 Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
 The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,⁵
 Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
 O'er Idalia's velvet-green
 The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
 On Cytherea's day ;

With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet :
 To brisk notes in cadence beating,
 Glance their many-twinkling feet.⁶
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare :
 Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
 With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :
 O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.⁷

II. I.

Man's feeble race what ills await !⁸
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate !
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.

Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse ?
 Night and all her fickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
 He gives to range the dreary sky ;
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar⁹
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,¹⁰
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
 In loose numbers wildly sweet,
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and gen'rous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and freedom's holy flame.

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,¹¹
 Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
 Fields, that cool Iliffus laves,
 Or where Mæander's amber waves
 In lingering lab'rinth creep,
 How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish !
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around ;
 Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They fought, oh Albion ! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the fun and summer-gale,
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling¹² laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
 To him the mighty mother did unveil
 Her awful face : the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms and smiled.
 " This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year :
 Thine too these golden keys, immortal Boy !
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears."

III. 2.

Nor second He,¹³ that rode sublime
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy,
 The secrets of th' abyss to spy.

He pass'd the flaming¹⁴ bounds of place and time :

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
 Where angels tremble while they gaze,
 He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.¹⁵
 Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two courfers of ethereal race,
 With necks in thunder clothed,¹⁶ and long-resounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.¹⁷
 But ah! 'tis heard no more—
 Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban eagle¹⁸ bear,
 Sailing with supreme dominion

Through the azure deep of air :
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun :
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.



THE BARD.¹

A PINDARIC ODE.

I. I.



UIN feize thee, ruthlefs King!

Confufion on thy banners wait;

Though fann'd by Conqueft's crimfon wing,

They mock the air with idle ftate.²

Helm, nor hauberk's³ twifted mail,

Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, fhall avail

To fave thy fecret foul from nightly fears,

From Cambria's curfe, from Cambria's tears!"

Such were the founds that o'er the crefted pride⁴

Of the firft Edward fcatter'd wild difmay,

As down the fteep of Snowdon's⁵ fhaggy fide

He wound with toilsome march his long array.

Stout Gloſter⁶ flood aghaſt in ſpeechleſs trance :
 “ To arms ! ” cried Mortimer, and couch’d his quiv’ring
 lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whoſe haughty brow
 Frowns o’er cold Conway’s foaming flood,
 Robed in the fable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the poet flood ;
 (Looſe his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream’d, like a meteor, to the troubled air)⁷
 And with a maſter’s hand, and prophet’s fire,
 Struck the deep furrows of his lyre.
 “ Hark, how each giant-oak, and deſert-cave,
 Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice beneath !
 O’er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave,
 Revenge on thee in hoarſer murmurs breathe ;
 Vocal no more, ſince Cambria’s fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel’s harp, or ſoft Llewellyn’s lay.

I. 3.

“ Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,
 That hush’d the stormy main :
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
 On dreary Arvon’s⁸ shore they lie,
 Smear’d with gore, and ghastly pale :
 Far, far aloof th’ affrighted ravens sail ;
 The famish’d eagle⁹ screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,¹⁰
 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 grievly band,
 I see them sit, they linger yet,
 Avengers of their native land :

With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. I.

“ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 The winding-sheet of Edward’s race.
 Give ample room, and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death, through Berkley’s roof that ring,¹¹
 Shrieks of an agonizing king !

She-wolf of France,¹² 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.¹³ What terrors round him wait !
 Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
 And sorrow’s faded form, and solitude behind.

II. 2.

“ Mighty victor, mighty lord !
 Low on his funeral couch he lies !¹⁴
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 A tear to grace his obsequies.
 Is the fable warrior fled ?¹⁵
 Thy fon is gone. He refts among the dead.
 The fwarm, that in thy noontide beam were born ?
 Gone to falute the rifing morn.
 Fair laughs the morn, and foft the zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o’er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded veffel goes ;¹⁶
 Youth on the prow, and Pleafure at the helm ;
 Regardlefs of the fwEEPing whirlwind’s fway,
 That, hufh’d in grim repofe, expects his ev’ning prey.

II. 3.

“ Fill high the fparkling bowl,
 The rich repaft prepare,

Reft of a crown, he yet may fhare the feaft :
 Clofe by the regal chair
 Fell Thirft and Famine fowl
 A baleful fmile upon their baffled gueft.¹⁷
 Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 Lance to lance, and horfe to horfe?¹⁸
 Long years of havock urge their deftined courfe,
 And through the kindred fquadrons mow their way.
 Ye towers of Julius,¹⁹ London's lafting fhame,
 With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his confort's²⁰ faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek ufurper's²¹ holy head.
 Above, below, the rofe of fnow,²²
 Twined with her blufhing foe, we fpread :
 The briftled boar²³ in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny fhade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. I.

“ Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.²⁴
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
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.
But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending flow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur²⁵ we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

III. 2.

“ Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old

In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine !
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
 Her lion-port,²⁶ her awe-commanding face,
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play.
 Hear from the grave, great Talieffin,²⁷ hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

“ The verse adorn again
 Fierce war, and faithful love,²⁸
 And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 In buskin'd²⁹ 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,³⁰

That lost in long futurity expire.

Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,

Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day ?

To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,

And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Enough for me ; with joy I see

The diff'rent doom our fates assign.

Be thine despair, and scept'red care,

To triumph, and to die, are mine."

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height

Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.³¹






ODE FOR MUSIC.'

(IRREGULAR.)

I. AIR.

“  ENCE, avaunt, ('tis holy ground)
Comus, and his midnight-crew,
And Ignorance with looks profound,
And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
Mad Sedition's cry profane,
Servitude that hugs her chain,
Nor in these consecrated bowers,
Let painted Flatt'ry hide her serpent-train in flowers.

CHORUS.

Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
While bright-eyed Science watches round:
Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!”

II. RECITATIVE.

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

III. AIR.

“ Ye brown o'er-arching groves,
 That contemplation loves,
 Where willowy Camus lingers with delight !

Oft at the blush of dawn
 I trod your level lawn,
 Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
 In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
 With Freedom by my side, and soft-eyed Melancholy."

IV. RECITATIVE.

But hark ! the portals sound, and pacing forth
 With solemn steps and flow,
 High potentates, and dames of royal birth,
 And mitred fathers in long order go :
 Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
 From haughty Gallia torn,
 And sad Chatillon,² on her bridal morn
 That wept her bleeding Love, and princely Clare,
 And Anjou's heroine, and the paler rose,³
 The rival of her crown and of her woes,
 And either Henry⁴ there,
 The murder'd faint, and the majestic lord,
 That broke the bonds of Rome.

(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
 Their human passions now no more,
 Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.)

ACCOMPANIED.

All that on Granta's fruitful plain
 Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
 And bad these awful fanes and turrets rise,
 To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come ;
 And thus they speak in soft accord
 The liquid language of the skies :

V. QUARTETTO.

“ What is grandeur, what is power ?
 Heavier toil, superior pain.
 What the bright reward we gain ?
 The grateful memory of the good.
 Sweet is the breath of vernal flower,
 The bee's collected treasures sweet,
 Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
 The still small voice of gratitude.”

VI. RECITATIVE.

Foremost and leaning from her golden cloud

The venerable Marg'ret^s see !

“ Welcome, my noble son, (she cries aloud)

To this, thy kindred train, and me :

Pleased in thy lineaments we trace

A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.⁶

AIR.

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,

To glitter on the diadem.

VII. RECITATIVE.

“ Lo ! Granta waits to lead her blooming band,

Not obvious, not obtrusive, she

No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings ;

Nor dares with courtly tongue refined

Profane thy inborn royalty of mind :

She reveres herself and thee.

With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow,

The laureate wreath, that Cecil⁷ wore, she brings,

And to thy just, thy gentle hand,

Submits the fasces of her sway,

While spirits blest above and men below

Join with glad voice the loud symphonious lay.

VIII. GRAND CHORUS.

“ Through the wild waves as they roar,

With watchful eye and dauntless mien,

Thy steady course of honour keep,

Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore :

The star of Brunswick smiles serene,

And gilds the horrors of the deep.”

THE FATAL SISTERS.¹

AN ODE. FROM THE NORSE TONGUE.



OW the storm begins to lower,
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare,)
Iron fleet of arrowy shower²
Hurtles in the darken'd air.

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

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

Shafts for shuttles, dipt in gore,
 Shoot the trembling cords along.
Sword, that once a monarch bore,
 Keep the tiffue close and strong.

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

Ere the ruddy fun be set,
 Pikes must shiver, javelins sing,
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
 Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

(Weave the crimson web of war)
 Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
 Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
 Wading through th' enfanguined field,
Gondula, and Geira, spread
 O'er the youthful king your shield.

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

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

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

Long his lofs ſhall Erin weep,
 Ne'er again his likenefs ſee ;
Long her ſtrains in ſorrow ſteep :
 Strains of immortality !

Horror covers all the heath,
 Clouds of carnage blot the fun.
Sifters, weave the web of death ;
 Sifters, ceafe ; the work is done.

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

Mortal, thou that hear'ſt the tale,
 Learn the tenour of our ſong.
Scotland, through each winding vale
 Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sifters, hence with spurs of speed :

Each her thundering faulchion wield ;

Each bestride her fable steed.

Hurry, hurry to the field !





THE VEGTAM'S KIVITHA ;'

OR THE DESCENT OF ODIN. AN ODE. FROM THE
NORSE TONGUE.

Upreis Odinn allda gaufr, &c.



PROSE the king of men with speed,
And faddled fraight his coal-black steed ;
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's² drear abode.

Him the dog of darknefs spied ;
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
(While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd :)
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin ;
And long pursues with fruitless yell,
The father of the powerful spell.

Onward still his way he takes,
 (The groaning earth beneath him shakes,)
 Till full before his fearless eyes
 The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
 By the moss-grown pile he fate ;
 Where long of yore to sleep was laid
 The dust of the prophetic maid.
 Facing to the northern clime,
 Thrice he traced the Runic rhyme ;
 Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
 The thrilling verse that wakes the dead :³
 Till from out the hollow ground
 Slowly breathed a fullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms perfume
 To break the quiet of the tomb ?
 Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
 And drags me from the realms of night ?

Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
 The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
 The drenching dews, and driving rain !
 Let me, let me sleep again.
 Who is he, with voice unblest,
 That calls me from the bed of rest ?

ODIN.

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

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet see
 The pure bev'rage of the bee :
 O'er it hangs the shield of gold ;
 'Tis the drink of Balder bold :

Balder's head to death is giv'n.
Pain can reach the fons of heav'n !
Unwilling I my lips unclofe :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey,⁴
Prophetess, arise, and fay,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate ?

PROPHETESS.

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

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey,
Once again arise, and fay,

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 compr'est,
A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven-hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the fun'ral pile.
Now my weary lips I close :
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey ;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,

That their flaxen tresses tear,
 And snowy veils that float in air?
 Tell me whence their sorrows rose:
 Then I leave thee to repose.

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!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home,
 That never shall enquirer come
 To break my iron-sleep again;
 Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain;

Never, till substantial night
Has reassumed her ancient right ;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.





THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN.†

A FRAGMENT. FROM THE WELSH.



WEN'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,
Nor on all profusely pours ;
Lord of every regal art,
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hofts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came ;
This the force of Eirin hiding,
Side by side as proudly riding,

On her shadow long and gay
 Lochlin plows the wat'ry way ;
 There the Norman fails afar
 Catch the winds and join the war :
 Black and huge along they sweep,
 Burdens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
 The dragon-son of Mona stands ;
 In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
 High he rears his ruby crest.
 There the thund'ring strokes begin,
 There the press, and there the din ;
 Talymalfra's rocky shore
 Echoing to the battle's roar.
 Check'd by the torrent-tide of blood,
 Backward Meinai rolls his flood ;
 While, heap'd his master's feet around,
 Prostrate warriors gnaw the ground.
 Where his glowing eye-balls turn,

Thousand banners round him burn :
Where he points his purple spear,
Hafty, hafty rout is there,
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There confusion, terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable death.

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THE DEATH OF HOEL.¹

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,
Great Cian's son : of Madoc old
He ask'd no heaps of hoarded gold ;
Alone in nature's wealth array'd,
He ask'd and had the lovely maid.

To Cattræth's vale in glitt'ring row
Thrice two hundred warriors go :

Every warrior's manly neck
 Chains of regal honour deck,
 Wreathed in many a golden link :
 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 Cattræth's vale return,
 Save Aëron brave, and Conan strong,
 (Bursting through the bloody throng)
 And I, the meanest of them all,
 That live to weep and sing their fall.


HAVE ye seen the tusky boar,²
 Or the bull, with fullen roar,
 On furrounding foes advance ?
 So Caràdoc bore his lance.


ONAN'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.





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 cheerful fields resume their green attire :
 These ears, alas ! for other notes repine ;
 A different object do these eyes require :
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
 And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
 Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men :
 The fields to all their wonted tribute bear :
 To warm their little loves the birds complain :
 I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
 And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

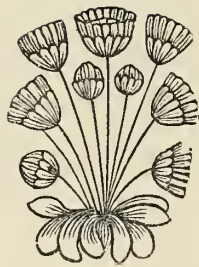


EPITAPH ON MRS. JANE CLERKE.¹



O! where this filent marble weeps,
 A friend, a wife, a mother sleeps :
 A heart, within whose sacred cell
 The peaceful virtues loved to dwell.

Affection warm, and faith sincere,
 And soft humanity were there.
 In agony, in death resign'd,²
 She felt the wound she left behind,
 Her infant image here below,
 Sits smiling on a father's woe :
 Whom what awaits, while yet he strays
 Along the lonely vale of days?
 A pang, to secret sorrow dear ;
 A sigh ; an unavailing tear ;
 Till time shall every grief remove,
 With life, with memory, and with love.



EPITAPH ON SIR WILLIAM WILLIAMS.¹

“ Valiant in arms, courteous and gay in peace,
See *Williams* snatch'd to an untimely tomb.”

HALL STEVENSON'S *Poems*, ii. p. 49.



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 dared to view him with a frown.

At Aix, his voluntary sword he drew,

There first in blood his infant honour seal'd ;
From fortune, pleasure, science, love, he flew,

And scorn'd repose when Britain took the field.

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





ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY
CHURCH-YARD.¹



HE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,²
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary
way,

And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

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

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

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

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

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;
No children run to lip their fire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kifs to share.

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

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

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

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If 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.

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

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or waked to extasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page

Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll ;
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

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

Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,

The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applaufe of lift'ning fenates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despife,
 To fcatter plenty o'er a fmiling land,
 And read their hiftory in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad : nor circumfcribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
 Forbad to wade through flaughter to a throne,
 And fhut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The ftuggling pangs of confcious truth to hide,
 To quench the blufhes of ingenuous fhame,
 Or heap the fhrine of luxury and pride
 With incenfe kindled at the Mufe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ftife,
 Their fober wifhes never learn'd to ftay ;
 Along the cool fequefter'd vale of life
 They kept the noifelefs 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.

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

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

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.³

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Doft in thefe lines their artlefs tale relate ;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred fpirit fhall enquire thy fate,—

Haply fome hoary-headed fwain may fay,
 “ Oft have we feen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hafty fteps the dews away,
 To meet the fun upon the upland lawn :

“ There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantaftic roots fo high,
 His liftlefs length at noontide would he ftretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

“ Hard by yon wood, now fmiling as in fcorn,
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crofs'd in hopelefs love.

“ One morn I mis’d him on the custom’d hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav’rite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he :

“ The next, with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :—
 Approach and read (for thou can’st read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.”

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown :
 Fair science frown’d not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy mark’d him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense 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,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,⁴)
The bosom of his Father and his God.







A LONG STORY.¹

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.

Full oft within the spacious walls,
 When he had fifty winters o'er him,
 My grave Lord-Keeper² led the brawls ;
 The seals and maces danced before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
 His high-crown'd hat, and fatin doublet,
 Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
 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 ?

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 filks and tiffues.

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

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

To celebrate her eyes, her air—
 Coarse panegyrics would but tease her ;
 Melissa is her “ nom de guerre.”
 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.

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

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

The heroines undertook the task,
 Through lanes unknown, o'er ftiles they ventured,
 Rapp'd at the door, nor ftay'd to ask,
 But bounce into the parlour enter'd.

The trembling family they daunt,
 They flirt, they fing, they laugh, they tattle,
 Rummage his mother, pinch his aunt,
 And up ftairs in a whirlwind rattle :

Each hole and cupboard they explore,
 Each creek and cranny of his chamber,
 Run hurry-fcurry round the floor,
 And o'er the bed and tefter clamber ;

Into the drawers and china pry,
 Papers and books, a huge imbroglio !
 Under a tea-cup he might lie,
 Or creafed, like dogs-ears, in a folio.

On the firft marching of the troops,
 The Mufes, hopelefs of his pardon,
 Convey'd him underneath their hoops
 To a fmall clofet in the garden.

So rumour fays : (who will, believe.)
 But that they left the door ajar,
 Where, fafe and laughing in his fleeve,
 He heard the diftant din of war.

Short was his joy. He little knew
 The pow'r of magic was no fable ;
 Out of the window, wisk, they flew,
 But left a spell upon the table.

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

So cunning was the apparatus,
 The powerful pot-hooks did fo move him,
 That, will he, nill he, to the great houfe
 He went, as if the devil drove him.

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

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

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

Such as in silence of the night
 Come (sweep) along some winding entry,
 (Styack³ has often seen the fight)
 Or at the chapel-door stand fentry :

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

The peerefs comes. The audience ftare,
 And doff their hats with due fubmiffion :
 She curtfies, as fhe takes her chair,
 To all the people of condition.

The bard, with many an artful fib,
 Had in imagination fenced him,
 Difproved the arguments of Squib,⁴
 And all that Groom⁵ could urge againft him.

But foon his rhetoric forfook him,
 When he the folemn hall had feen ;
 A fudden fit of ague fhook him,
 He ftood as mute as poor Maclean.⁶

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

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

The ghostly prudes with hagg’d face
Already had condemn’d the finner.
My lady rose, and with a grace—
She smiled, and bid him come to dinner.

“ Jesu-Maria ! Madam Bridget,
Why, what can the Viscountess mean ?”
(Cried the square-hoods in woful fidget)
“ The times are alter’d quite and clean !

“ Decorum’s turn’d to mere civility ;
Her air and all her manners show it.
Commend me to her affability !
Speak to a commoner and a poet !”

[Here five hundred stanzas are lost.]

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



ODE
ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM
VICISSITUDE.¹



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
The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
 Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
 Forgetful of their wintry trance
 The birds his presence greet :
 But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
 His trembling thrilling extasy ;
 And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
 Melts into air and liquid light.

Rise, my soul ! on wings of fire,
 Rise the rapt'rous choir among ;
 Hark ! 'tis nature strikes the lyre,
 And leads the gen'ral song :
 " Warm let the lyric transport flow,
 Warm as the ray that bids it glow ;
 And animates the vernal grove
 With health, with harmony, and love."

Yesterday the fullen year

Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;

Mute was the music of the air,

The herd stood drooping by :

Their raptures now that wildly flow,

No yesterday nor morrow know ;

'Tis man alone that joy descries

With forward, and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow

Soft reflection's hand can trace ;

And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw

A melancholy grace ;

While hope prolongs our happier hour,

Or deepest shades, that dimly lower

And blacken round our weary way,

Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rofy pleafure leads,
 See a kindred grief purfue ;
 Behind the fteps that mifery treads,
 Approaching comfort view :
 The hues of blifs more brightly glow,
 Chafufed by fabler tints of woe ;
 And blended form, with artful ftrife,
 The ftrength and harmony of life.

See the wretch, that long has toft
 On the thorny bed of pain,
 At length repair his vigour loft,
 And breathe and walk again :
 The meanefl floweret of the vale,
 The fimpleft note that fwells the gale,
 The common fun, the air, the fkies,
 To him are opening paradife.

Humble quiet builds her cell,

Near the source whence pleasure flows ;

She eyes the clear crystalline well,

And tastes it as it goes.

“ While ” far below the “ madding ” crowd

“ Rush headlong to the dangerous flood, ”

Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,

“ And ” perish in the boundless deeps.

Mark where indolence and pride,

“ Sooth'd by flattery's tinkling sound, ”

Go, softly rolling, side by side,

Their dull but daily round :

“ To these, if Hebe's self should bring

The purest cup from pleasure's spring,

Say, can they taste the flavour high

Of sober, simple, genuine joy ?

“ Mark ambition’s march fublime
 Up to power’s meridian height ;
 While pale-eyed envy fees him climb,
 And fickens at the fight.
 Phantoms of danger, death, and dread,
 Float hourly round ambition’s head ;
 While spleen, within his rival’s breaſt,
 Sits brooding on her ſcorpion neſt.

“ Happier he, the peaſant, far,
 From the pangs of paſſion free,
 That breathes the keen yet wholeſome air
 Of rugged penury.
 He, when his morning taſk is done,
 Can flumber in the noontide fun ;
 And hie him home, at evening’s cloſe,
 To ſweet repaſt, and calm repoſe.

“ He, unconfcious whence the blifs,
Feels, and owns in carols rude,
That all the circling joys are his,
Of dear Viciffitude.

From toil he wins his fpirits light,
From bufy day the peaceful night ;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven’s beft treasures, peace and health.”





HYMN TO IGNORANCE.¹

A FRAGMENT.



AIL, horrors, hail ! ye ever gloomy bowers,
 Ye gothic fanes, and antiquated towers,
 Where rushy Camus' slowly-winding flood
 Perpetual draws his humid train of mud :

Glad I revisit thy neglected reign,
 Oh take me to thy peaceful shade again.
 But chiefly thee, whose influence breathed from high
 Augments the native darkness of the sky ;
 Ah, ignorance ! soft salutary power !
 Prostrate with filial reverence I adore.
 Thrice hath Hyperion roll'd his annual race,
 Since weeping I forsook thy fond embrace.
 Oh say, successful dost thou still oppose
 Thy leaden ægis 'gainst our ancient foes ?

Still stretch, tenacious of thy right divine,
 The massy sceptre o'er thy slumb'ring line ?
 And dews Lethean 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,
 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 !
 Can powers immortal feel the force of years ?
 Not thus of old, with ensigns wide unfurl'd,
 She rode triumphant o'er the vanquish'd world ;
 Fierce nations own'd her unresisted might,
 And all was ignorance, and all was night.

Oh ! sacred age ! Oh ! times for ever lost !
 (The schoolman's glory, and the churchman's boast.)
 For ever gone—yet still to fancy new,
 Her rapid wings the transient scene pursue,

And bring the buried ages back to view.

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

* * * a team of harness'd monarchs bend

* * * * *





THE ALLIANCE OF
EDUCATION AND GOVERNMENT.

A FRAGMENT.

ESSAY I.

—— Πόταγ', ὧ'γαθέ· τὰν γὰρ αἰδᾶν
Οὔτι πα εἰς Αἴδαν γε τὸν ἐκλελάθοντα φυλαξεῖς.

THEOCRITUS, *Id.* i. 63.



S sickly plants betray a niggard earth,
Whose barren bosom starves her generous
birth,
Nor genial warmth, nor genial juice retains,
Their roots to feed, and fill their verdant veins :
And as in climes, where winter holds his reign,
The foil, 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,

Unform'd, unfriended, by those kindly cares,
 That health and vigour to the foul 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
 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,
 And blast the blooming promise of the year.

This spacious animated scene survey,
 From where the rolling orb, that gives the day,
 His fable sons with nearer course furrounds,
 To either pole, and life's remotest bounds,
 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,
 They follow pleasure, and they fly from pain ;
 Their judgment mends the plan their fancy draws,
 The event presages, and explores the cause ;
 The soft returns of gratitude they know,
 By fraud elude, by force repel the foe ;
 While mutual wishes, mutual woes endear
 The social smile, the sympathetic tear.

Say, then, through ages by what fate confined
 To different climes seem different souls assign'd ?
 Here measured laws and philosophic ease
 Fix, and improve the polish'd arts of peace ;
 There industry and gain their vigils keep,
 Command the winds, and tame th' unwilling deep :
 Here force and hardy deeds of blood prevail ;
 There languid pleasure sighs in every gale.
 Oft o'er the trembling nations from afar
 Has Scythia breathed 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, hoft impelling hoft,
 The blue-eyed myriads from the Baltic coaft.
 The prostrate fouth to the deftroyer yields
 Her boafed 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 rofe,
 And quaff the pendent vintage as it grows.
 Proud of the yoke, and pliant to the rod,
 Why yet does Afia dread a monarch's nod,
 While European freedom ftill withftands
 Th' encroaching tide that drowns her leffening lands ;
 And fees far off, with an indignant groan,
 Her native plains, and empires once her own ?
 Can opener fkies and funs of fiercer flame
 O'erpower the fire, that animates our frame ;
 As lamps, that fhed at eve a cheerful ray,
 Fade and expire beneath the eye of day ?
 Need we the influence of the northern ftar
 To ftring our nerves and fteel our hearts to war ?

And, where the face of nature laughs around,
 Must sick'ning virtue fly the tainted ground ?
 Unmanly thought ! what seasons can control,
 What fancied zone can circumscribe the foul,
 Who, conscious of the source from whence she springs,
 By reason's light, on resolution's wings,
 Spite of her frail companion, dauntless goes
 O'er 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 :
 The stubborn elements confess her sway ;
 Their little wants, their low desires, refine,
 And raise the mortal to a height divine.

Not but the human fabric from the birth
 Imbibes a flavour of its parent earth :
 As various tracts enforce a various toil,
 The manners speak the idiom of their soil.
 An iron-race the mountain-cliffs maintain,
 Foes to the gentler genius of the plain :

For where unwearied finews muſt be found
 With ſide-long plough to quell the flinty ground,
 To turn the torrent's ſwift-deſcending flood,
 To brave the ſavage ruſhing from the wood,
 What wonder if to patient valour train'd,
 They guard with ſpirit, what by ſtrength they gain'd?
 And while their rocky ramparts round they ſee,
 The rough abode of want and liberty,
 (As lawleſs force from confidence will grow)
 Inſult the plenty of the vales below?
 What wonder, in the fultry climes, that ſpread
 Where Nile redundant o'er his ſummer-bed
 From his broad boſom life and verdure flings,
 And broods o'er Egypt with his wat'ry wings,
 If with advent'rous oar and ready ſail
 The duſky people drive before the gale;
 Or on frail floats to neighb'ring cities ride,
 That riſe and glitter o'er the ambient tide
 * * * * *
 When love could teach a monarch to be wiſe,
 And goſpel-light firſt dawn'd from Bullen's eyes.'

STANZAS TO MR. BENTLEY.¹

A FRAGMENT.



IN silent gaze the tuneful choir among,
Half pleased, half blushing, let the Muse
admire,
While Bentley leads her sister-art along,
And bids the pencil answer to the lyre.

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

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

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

But not to one in this benighted age
 Is that diviner inspiration giv'n,
 That burns in Shakespeare's or in Milton's page,
 The pomp and prodigality of heav'n.

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

Enough for me, if to some feeling breast
 My lines a secret sympathy "impart;"
 And as their pleasing influence "flows confest,"
 A sigh of soft reflection "heaves the heart."²

* * * * *

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 im-
portune ;

He had not the method of making a fortune :
Could love, and could hate, so was thought
somewhat odd ;

No very great wit, he believed in a God :

A post or a pension he did not desire,

But left church and state to Charles Townshend and Squire.



AMATORY LINES.¹

WITH beauty, with pleasure furrounded, 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 !



SONG.¹



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!

'Twas the nightingale that sung!

Idle notes! untimely green!

Why this unavailing haste?

Western gales and skies serene

Speak not always winter past.

Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,

Spare the honour of my love.



IMPROMPTU,

SUGGESTED BY A VIEW, IN 1766, OF THE SEAT AND
RUINS OF A DECEASED NOBLEMAN, AT
KINGSGATE, KENT.¹



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

On this congenial spot he fix'd his choice ;
Earl Goodwin trembled for his 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;
 Yet Nature could not furnish out the feast,
 Art he invokes new horrors still to bring.

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

“ Ah !” said the fighting peer, “ had B—te been true,
 Nor ²M—'s, R—'s, B—'s friendship vain,
 Far better scenes than these had blest our view,
 And realized the beauties which we feign :

“ Purged 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.”

THE CANDIDATE :

OR, THE CAMBRIDGE COURTSHIP.¹

WHEN fly 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 Phyfic 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 nose 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 filly, 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 !
 His lying and filching, and Newgate-bird tricks ;—
 Not I—for a coronet, chariot and fix.”

Divinity heard, between waking and dozing,
 Her sisters denying, and Jemmy proposing :
 From table she rose, and with bumper in hand,
 She stroked up her belly, and stroked down her band—
 “ What a pother is here about wenching and roaring !
 Why, David loved 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 bufs me—I’ll be Mrs. Twitcher myself.’”

* * * * *



PROPERTIUS, LIB. III. ELEG. III. v. 41.



E juvat in primâ coluisse Heliconâ juventâ,

Musarumque choris implicuisse manus.

Me juvat et multo mentem vincire Lyæo,

Et caput in verna semper habere rosa.


Atque ubi jam Venerem gravis interceperit ætas,

Sparferit et nigras alba senecta comas :

EXTRACTS.

PROPERTIUS, LIB. III. ELEG. III. v. 41.

IMITATED.


LONG as of youth the joyous hours remain,
 Me may Castalia's sweet recess detain,
 Fast by the umbrageous vale lull'd to repose,
 Where Aganippe warbles as it flows ;
 Or roused by sprightly sounds from out the trance,
 I'd in the ring knit hands, and join the Muses' dance.
 Give me to send the laughing bowl around,
 My soul in Bacchus' pleasing fetters bound ;
 Let on this head unfading flowers reside,
 There bloom the vernal rose's earliest pride ;
 And when, our flames commission'd to destroy,
 Age step 'twixt Love and me, and intercept the joy ;
 When my changed head these locks no more shall know,
 And all its jetty honours turn to snow ;

Tum mihi naturæ libeat perdiscere mores,
 Quis deus hanc mundi temperet arte domum :
Qua venit exoriens, qua deficit ; unde coactis
 Cornibus in plenum menstrua Luna redit :
Unde falo superant venti : quid flamine captet
 Eurus, et in nubes unde perennis aqua :
Si ventura dies, mundi quæ subruat arces :
 Purpureus pluvias cur bibat arcus aquas :
Aut cur Perrhæbi tremuere cacumina Pindi,
 Solis et atratis luxerit orbis equis :

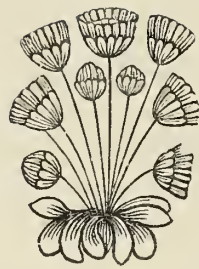
Then let me rightly spell of Nature's ways ;
 To Providence, to HIM my thoughts I'd raise,
 Who taught this vast machine its steadfast laws,
 That first, eternal, universal cause ;
 Search to what regions yonder star retires,
 That monthly waning hides her paly fires,
 And whence, anew revived, with silver light
 Relumes her crescent orb to cheer the dreary night :
 How rising winds the face of ocean sweep,
 Where lie the eternal fountains of the deep,
 And whence the cloudy magazines maintain
 Their wintry war, or pour the autumnal rain ;
 How flames perhaps, with dire confusion hurl'd,
 Shall sink this beauteous fabrick of the world ;
 What colours paint the vivid arch of Jove ;
 What wondrous force the solid earth can move,
 When Pindus' self approaching ruin dreads,
 Shakes all his pines, and bows his hundred heads ;
 Why does yon orb, so exquisitely bright,
 Obscure his radiance in a short-lived night ;

Cur ferus versare boves, et plaustra Bootes :
 Pleiadum spisso cur coit imbre chorus :
 Curve suos fines altum non exeat æquor,
 Plenus et in partes quatuor annus eat :
 Sub terris si jura deum, et tormenta Gigantum :
 Tifiphones atro si furit angue caput :
 Aut Alcæoniæ furia, aut jejunia Phinei ;
 Num rota, num scopuli, num fitis inter aquas :
 Num tribus infernum custodit faucibus antrum
 Cerberus, et Tityo jugera pauca novem :
 An ficta in miseras descendit fabula gentes,
 Et timor haud ultra, quam rogos esse potest.
 Exitus hic vitæ superet mihi.



Whence the Seven-Sifters' congregated fires,
 And what Bootes' lazy waggon tires ;
 How the rude furge its sandy bounds control ;
 Who measured out the year, and bade the seasons roll ;
 If realms beneath those fabled torments know,
 Pangs without respite, fires that ever glow,
 Earth's monster brood stretch'd on their iron bed,
 The hissing terrors round Alecto's head,
 Scarce to nine acres Tityus' bulk confined,
 The triple dog that scares the shadowy kind,
 All angry heaven inflicts, or hell can feel,
 The pendent rock, Ixion's whirling wheel,
 Famine at feasts, or thirst amid the stream ;
 Or are our fears the enthusiast's empty dream,
 And all the scenes, that hurt the grave's repose,
 But pictured horror and poetic woes.

These soft inglorious joys my hours engage ;
 Be love my youth's pursuit, and science crown my age.



TASSO GERUS. LIB. CANT. XIV. ST. 32.



DISMISS'D at length, they break through all
delay

To tempt the dangers of the doubtful way ;
And first to Ascalon their steps they bend,

Whose walls along the neighbouring sea extend,

Nor yet in prospect rose the distant shore ;

Scarce the hoarse waves from far were heard to roar,

When thwart the road a river roll'd its flood

Tempestuous, and all further course withstood ;

The torrent stream his ancient bounds disdains,

Swoll'n with new force, and late-descending rains.

Irresolute they stand ; when lo, appears

The wondrous Sage : vigorous he seem'd in years,

Awful his mien, low as his feet there flows

A vestment unadorn'd, though white as new-fall'n snows ;

Against the stream the waves secure he trod,
His head a chaplet bore, his hand a rod.

As on the Rhine, when Boreas' fury reigns,
And winter binds the floods in icy chains,
Swift shoots the village-maid in rustic play
Smooth, without step, adown the shining way,
Fearless in long excursion loves to glide,
And sports and wantons o'er the frozen tide.

So moved the Seer, but on no harden'd plain;
The river boil'd beneath, and rush'd toward the main.
Where fix'd in wonder stood the warlike pair,
His course he turn'd, and thus relieved their care :

“ Vast, oh my friends, and difficult the toil
To seek your hero in a distant foil !
No common helps, no common guide ye need,
Art it requires, and more than winged speed.
What length of sea remains, what various lands,
Oceans unknown, inhospitable sands !
For adverse fate the captive chief has hurl'd
Beyond the confines of our narrow world :

Great things and full of wonder in your ears
 I shall unfold ; but first dismiss your fears ;
 Nor doubt with me to tread the downward road
 That to the grotto leads, my dark abode.”

Scarce had he said, before the warriors' eyes
 When mountain-high the waves departed rise ;
 The flood on either hand its billows rears,
 And in the midst a spacious arch appears.
 Their hands he seized, and down the steep he led
 Beneath the obedient river's inmost bed ;
 The watery glimmerings of a fainter day
 Discover'd half, and half conceal'd their way ;
 As when athwart the dusky woods by night
 The uncertain crescent gleams a flicky light.
 Through subterraneous passages they went,
 Earth's inmost cells, and caves of deep descent ;
 Of many a flood they view'd the secret source,
 The birth of rivers rising to their course,
 Whate'er with copious train its channel fills,
 Floats into lakes, and bubbles into rills ;

The Po was there to see, Danubius' bed,
 Euphrates' fount, and Nile's mysterious head.
 Further they pass, where ripening minerals flow,
 And embryo metals undigested glow,
 Sulphureous veins and living silver shine,
 Which soon the parent sun's warm powers refine,
 In one rich mass unite the precious store,
 The parts combine and harden into ore :
 Here gems break through the night with glittering beam,
 And paint the margin of the costly stream,
 All stones of lustre shoot their vivid ray,
 And mix attemper'd in a various day ;
 Here the soft emerald smiles of verdant hue,
 And rubies flame, with sapphire's heavenly blue,
 The diamond there attracts the wondrous sight,
 Proud of its thousand dies and luxury of light.

P O E M A T A .

HYMENEAL

ON THE MARRIAGE OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCE OF WALES.¹



IGNARÆ nostrûm mentes, et inertia corda,
 Dum curas regum, et fortem miseramur
 iniquam,
 Quæ folio affixit, vetuitque calefcere flammâ
 Dulci, quæ dono divûm, gratissima serpit
 Viscera per, mollesque animis lene implicat æstus ;
 Nec teneros sensus, Veneris nec præmia nôrunt,
 Eloquiumve oculi, aut facunda silentia linguæ :
 Scilicet ignorant lacrymas, sævosque dolores,
 Dura rudimenta, et violentæ exordia flammæ ;
 Scilicet ignorant, quæ flumine tinxit amaro

Tela Venus, cæcique armamentaria Divi,
 Irasque, infidiasque, et tacitum sub pectore vulnus;
 Namque sub ingressu, primoque in limine Amoris
 Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curæ;
 Intus habent dulces Rifus, et Gratia sedem,
 Et roseis resupina toris, roseo 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,
 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,
 Affatu fruitur tacito, auscultatque tacentem
 Immemor artificis calami, risumque, ruboremque
 Aspicit in fucis, pictæque in virginis ore:
 Tanta Venus potuit; tantus tenet error amantes.

Nascere, magna Dies, qua sese AUGUSTA Britanno
 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,
 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.

Nascere, Lux major, qua sese AUGUSTA Britanno
 Committat juveni totam, propriamque dicabit ;
 At citius (precor) Oh ! cedas melioribus astris ;
 Nox finem pompæ, finemque imponere curis
 Possit, et in thalamos furtim deducere nuptam ;
 Sufficiat requiemque viris, et amantibus umbras :
 Adsit Hymen, et subridens cum matre Cupido
 Accedant, sternantque toros, ignemque ministrent ;

Ilicet haud pictæ incandescit imagine formæ
 Ulterius juvenis, verumque agnoscit amorem.

Sculptile ficut ebur, faciemque arfisse venustam
 Pygmaliona canunt: ante hanc suspiria ducit,
 Alloquiturque amens, flammamque et vulnera narrat;
 Implorata Venus jussit cum vivere fignum,
 Fœmineam inspirans animam; quæ gaudia surgunt,
 Audiit ut primæ nascentia murmura linguæ,
 Luctari in vitam, et paulatim volvere ocellos
 Sedulus, aspexitque novâ splendescere flammâ;
 Corripit amplexu vivam, jamque oscula jungit
 Acria confestim, recipitque rapitque; prioris
 Immemor ardoris, Nymphæque oblitus eburnæ.

THO. GRAY. Pet. Coll.

LUNA HABITABILIS.¹

UM Nox rorantes, non incomitata per auras
 Urget equos, tacitoque inducit sidera lapsu ;
 Ultima, sed nulli soror inficianda sororum,
 Huc mihi, Musa ; tibi patet alti janua cœli,
 Aftra vides, nec te numeri, nec nomina fallunt.
 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,
 Noctis opes, nobis tantum lucere ; virûmque
 Ostentari oculis, nostræ laquearia terræ,
 Ingentes scenas, vastique aulæa theatri ?
 Oh ! quis me pennis æthræ super ardua sistet
 Mirantem, propiusque dabit convexa tueri ;

Teque adeo, undè fluens reficit lux mollior arva
Pallidiorque dies, tristes folata tenebras ?

Sic ego, fubridens Dea fic ingreffa viciffim :
Non pennis opus hìc, fupera ut fimul illa petamus :
Disce, Puer, potiùs cœlo deducere Lunam ;
Neu crede ad magicas te invitum accingier artes,
Theffalicoſve modos ; ipſam descendere Phœben
Conſpicias novus Endymion ; ſequè offeret ultrò
Viſa tibi ante oculos, et notâ major imago.

Quin tete admoveas (tumuli fuper aggere ſpectas),
Compoſitum tubulo ; fimul imum invade canalem
Sic intentâ acie, cœli fimul alta pateſcent
Atria ; jamque, auſus Lunaria viſere regna,
Ingrediêre ſolo, et caput inter nubila condas.

Ecce autem ! vitri ſe in vertice fiſtere Phœben
Cernis, et Oceanum, et crebris Freta confiſta 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 :

Verum *his*, quæ, maculis variata nitentibus, auro
 Cœrula discernunt, celfo sese infula dorso
 Plurima protrudit, prætentaque littora faxis ;
 Liberior datur his quoniàm natura, minusque
 Lumen depascunt liquidum ; sed tela diei
 Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammæ.

Hinc longos videas tractus, terræque jacentes
 Ordine candenti, et claros se attollere montes ;
 Montes quæis Rhodope affurgat, quibus Offa nivali
 Vertice : tum scopulis infrà pendentibus antra
 Nigrescunt clivorum umbrâ, nemorumque tenebris.
 Non rores illi, aut defunt 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
 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.

Quin, uti nos oculis jam nunc juvat ire per arva,
 Lucentesque plagas Lunæ, pontumque profundum ;
 Idem illos etiàm ardor agit, cum se aureus effert
 Sub fudum globus, et terrarum ingentior orbis ;
 Scilicèt omne æquor tum lustrant, scilicèt omnem
 Tellurem, gentesque polo sub utroque jacentes ;
 Et quidam æstivi indefessus ad ætheris ignes
 Pervigilat, noctem exercens, cælumque fatigat ;
 Jam Galli apparent, jam se Germania latè
 Tollit, et albescens pater Apenninus ad auras ;
 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 :
 Forfitan 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 queâs parcior usus,
 Lunarum chorus, et tenuis penuria Phœbi ;

Nî, meditans eadem hæc audaci evolvere cantu,
 Jam pulset citharam foror, et præludia tentet.

Non tamen has proprias laudes, nec facta filebo
 Jampridèm in fatis, patriæque oracula famæ.
 Tempus erit, furfùm totos contendere cœtus
 Quo cernes longo excursu, primosque colonos
 Migrare in lunam, et notos mutare Penates :
 Dum stupet obtutu tacito vetus incola, longèque
 Infolitas explorat aves, claffemque volantem.

Ut quondàm ignotum marmor, camposque natantes
 Tranavit Zephyros vifens, nova regna, Columbus ;
 Litora mirantur circùm, mirantur et undæ
 Inclusas acies ferro, turmasque bifformes,
 Monftraque fœta armis, et non imitabile fulmen.
 Fœdera mox ic̄ta, et gemini commercia mundi,
 Agminaque affueto glomerata fub æthere cerno.
 Anglia, quæ pelagi jamdudum torquet habenas,
 Exercetque frequens ventos, atque imperat undæ ;
 Aëris attollet fafces, veteresque triumphos
 Hùc etiam feret, et victis dominabitur auris.



ALCAIC ODE,

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE,

IN DAUPHINY, AUGUST, 1741.



H Tu, feveri Religio loci,
 Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
 Nativa nam certè fluenta
 Numen habet, veteresque fylvas ;
 Præfentiozem et confpicimus Deum
 Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
 Clivosque præruptos, fonantes
 Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem ;
 Quàm fi repositus fub trabe citreâ
 Fulgeret auro, et Phidiacâ manu)
 Salve vocanti ritè, feffo et
 Da placidam juveni quietem.

Quod si invidendis sedibus, et frui
Fortuna sacrâ lege silentii

Vetat volentem, me reforbens

In medios violenta fluctus :

Saltem remoto des, Pater, angulo

Horas senectæ ducere liberas ;

Tutumque vulgari tumultu

Surripias, hominumque curis.



DE PRINCIPIIS COGITANDI.

LIBER PRIMUS. AD FAVONIUM.



UNDE Animus scire incipiat ; quibus inchoet
 orsa

Principiis feriem rerum, tenuemque catenam
 Mnemosyne : Ratio unde rudi sub pectore
 tardum

Augeat imperium ; et primum mortalibus ægris
 Ira, Dolor, Metus, et Curæ nascantur inanes,
 Hinc canere aggredior. Nec dedignare canentem,
 O decus ! Angliacæ certe O lux altera gentis !
 Si quâ primus iter monstras, vestigia conor
 Signare incertâ, tremulâque infistere plantâ.
 Quin potius duc ipse (potes namque omnia) sanctum
 Ad limen (si ritè adeo, si pectore puro,)

Obscuræ referans Naturæ ingentia claustra.

Tu cæcas rerum causas, fontemque severum

Pande, Pater ; tibi enim, tibi, veri magne Sacerdos,

Corda patent hominum, atque altæ penetralia Mentis.

Tuque aures adhibe vacuas, facilesque, Favonî,

(Quod tibi crescit opus) simplex nec despice carmen,

Nec vatem : non illa leves primordia motus,

Quamquam parva, dabunt. Lætum vel amabile quicquid

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

Quin ea conspirent simul, eventusque fecundent.

Hinc variæ vitæ artes, ac mollior usus,

Dulce et amicitæ vinclum : Sapientia dia

Hinc roseum accendit lumen, vultuque sereno

Humanas aperit mentes, nova gaudia monstrans,

Deformesque fugat curas, vanosque timores :

Scilicet et rerum crescit pulcherrima Virtus.

Illam etiam, quæ te (mirum) noctesque diesque

Affidue fovet inspirans, linguamque sequentem

Temperat in numeros, atque horas mulcet inertes ;

Aurea non aliâ se jactat origine Musa.

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

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

Ac uti longinquis descendunt montibus amnes
Velivolus Tamifis, flaventisque Indus arenæ,
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
Cæruleam faciem, et diſuſo marmore ridet :
Haud aliter ſpecies properant ſe inferre novellæ
Certatim menti, atque aditus quino agmine complent.

Primas tactus agit partes, primuſque minutæ
Laxat iter cæcum turbæ, recipitque ruentem.
Non idem huic modus eſt, qui fratribus : amplius ille
Imperium affectat ſenior, penituſque medullis,
Viſceribuſque habitat totis, pellis que recentem
Funditur in telam, et latè per ſtamina vivit.
Necdum etiam matris puer eluctatus ab alvo
Multiplices ſolvit tunicas, et vincula rupit ;

Sopitus molli fomno, tepidoque liquore
 Circumfufus adhuc : tactûs tamen aura laceffit
 Jamdudum levior fenfus, animamque reclufit.
 Idque magis, fimul ac folitum blandumque calorem
 Frigore mutavit cœli, quod verberat acri
 Impete inaffuetos artus : tum fævior adftat
 Humanæque comes vitæ Dolor excipit ; ille
 Cunctantem fruſtrâ et tremulo multa ore querentem
 Corripit invadens, ferreisque amplectitur ulnis.
 Tum ſpecies primùm patefacta eſt candida Lucis
 (Uſque vices adeò Natura bonique, malique,
 Exæquat, juſtâque manu ſua damna rependit)
 Tum primùm, ignotoſque bibunt nova lumina ſoles.

Carmine quo, Dea, te dicam, gratiffima cœli
 Progenies, ortumque tuum ; gemmantia rore
 Ut per prata levi luſtras, et floribus halans
 Purpureum Veris gremium, ſcenamque virentem
 Pingis, et umbriferos colles, et cærula regna ?
 Gratia te, Veneriſque Lepos, et mille Colorum,
 Formarumque chorus ſequitur, motuſque decentes.

At caput invifum Stygiis Nox atra tenebris
 Abdidit, horrendæque fimul Formidinis ora,
 Pervigilesque æftus Curarum, atque anxius Angor :
 Undique lætitiâ florent mortalia corda,
 Purus et arridet largis fulgoribus Æther.

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

Altior huic verò ſenſu, majorque videtur
 Addita, Judicioque arctè connexa poteſtas,
 Quod fimul atque ætas volventibus auxerit annis,

Hæc fimul, affiduo depafcens omnia vifu,
 Perfpiciet, vis quanta loci, quid polleat ordo,
 Juncturæ quis honos, ut res accendere rebus
 Lumina conjurant inter fe, et mutua fulgent.

Nec minor in geminis viget auribus infita virtus,
 Nec tantum in curvis quæ pervigil excubet antris
 Hinc atque hinc (ubi Vox tremefecerit oftia pulfu
 Aëriis invecta rotis) longèque recurset :
 Scilicet Eloquio hæc fonitus, hæc fulminis alas.
 Et mulcere dedit dictis et tollere corda,
 Verbaque metiri numeris, verfuque ligare
 Repperit, et quicquid difcant Libethrides undæ,
 Calliope quotiès, quotiès Pater ipfe canendi
 Evolvat liquidum carmen, calamove loquenti
 Inspiret dulces animas, digitifque figuret.

At medias fauces, et linguæ humentia templa
 Guftus habet, quæ fe infinuet jucunda faporum
 Luxuries, dona Autumni, Bacchique voluptas.

Naribus interea confedit odora hominum vis,
 Docta leves captare auras, Panchaïa quales

Vere novo exhalat, Floræve quod oscula fragrant
 Roscida, cum Zephyri furtim sub vesperis horâ
 Respondet votis, mollemque aspirat amorem.

Tot portas altæ capitis circumdedit arci
 Alma Parens, sensûsque vias per membra recludit ;
 Haud solas : namque intus agit vivata facultas,
 Quâ sese explorat, contemplatusque repenti
 Ipse suas animus vires, momentaque cernit.
 Quid velit, aut possit, cupiat, fugiatve, vicissim
 Percipit imperio gaudens ; neque corpora fallunt
 Morigera ad celeres actus, ac numina mentis.

Qualis Hamadryadum quondam si fortè sororum
 Una, novos peragrans saltus, et devia rura ;
 (Atque illam in viridi suadet procumbere ripâ
 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
 Unâ inferre gradus, unâ succedere sylvæ
 Aspicit alludens ; seseque agnoscit in undis.

Sic fenſu interno rerum ſimulacra ſuarum
 Mens ciet, et proprios obſervat conſcia vultus.
 Nec verò ſimplex ratio, aut jus omnibus unum
 Conſtat imaginibus. Sunt quæ bina oftia nôrunt ;
 Hæ privos ſervant aditus ; ſine legibus illæ
 Paſſim, quâ data porta, ruunt, animoque propinquant.
 Reſpice, cui à cunis triftes extinxit ocellos,
 Sæva et in eternas merſit natura tenebras :
 Illi ignota dies lucet, vernuſque colorum
 Offuſus nitor eſt, et vivæ gratia formæ.
 Corporis at filum, et motus, ſpatiumque, locique
 Intervalla datur certo dignoſcere tactu :
 Quandoquidem his iter ambiguum eſt, et janua duplex,
 Excluſæque oculis ſpecies irrumpere tendunt
 Per digitos. Atqui ſolis conceſſa poteſtas
 Luminibus blandæ eſt radios immittere lucis.

Undique proporrò fociis, quacunque pateſcit
 Notitiæ campus, miſtæ laſciva feruntur
 Turba voluptatis comites, formæque dolorum
 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.

Nunc age quo valeat pacto, quâ sensilis arte
 Affectare viam, atque animi tentare latebras
 Materies (dictis aures adverte faventes)
 Exsequar. Imprimis spatii quam multa per æquor
 Millia multigenis pandant se corpora seclis,
 Expende. Haud unum invenies, quod mente licebit
 Amplecti, nedum propiùs deprendere sensu,
 Molis egens certæ, aut solido sine robore, cujus
 Denique mobilitas linquit, texturave partes,
 Ulla nec orarum circumcæfura coërcet.

Hæc conjuncta adeò 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.

Inde potestatum enasci densissima proles ;

Nam quodcunque ferit visum, tangive laborat,
 Quicquid nare bibis, vel concava concipit auris,
 Quicquid lingua sapit, credas hoc omne, necesse est
 Ponderibus, textu, discursu, mole, figurâ
 Particulas præstare leves, et femina rerum.
 Nunc oculos igitur pascunt, et luce ministrâ
 Fulgere cuncta vides, spargique coloribus orbem,
 Dum de sole trahunt alias, aliasque supernè
 Detorquent, retròque docent se vertere flammâs.
 Nunc trepido inter se fervent corpuscula pulsu,
 Ut tremor æthera per magnum, latèque natantes
 Aurarum fluctus avidi vibrantia claustra
 Auditûs queat allabi, sonitumque propaget.
 Cominûs interdum non ullo interprete per se
 Nervorum invadunt teneras quatientia fibras,
 Sensiferumque urgent ultrò per viscera motum.

* * * * *



LIBER QUARTUS.



ACTENUS 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 !
 Vidi egomet duro graviter concussa dolore
 Pectora, in alterius non unquam lenta dolorem ;
 Et languere oculos vidi, et pallefcere amantem
 Vultum, quo nunquam Pietas nisi rara, Fidesque,
 Altus amor Veri, et purum spirabat Honestum.
 Vifa tamen tardi demùm inclementia morbi
 Ceffare est, reducemque iterum roseo ore Salutem
 Speravi, atque unà tecum, dilecte Favoni !
 Credulus heu longos, ut quondàm, fallere Soles :

Heu spes nequicquam dulces, atque irrita vota !
 Heu mæstos Soles, sine te quos ducere flendo
 Per desideria, et questus jam cogor inanes !

At Tu, sancta anima, et nostri non indiga luctûs,
 Stellanti templo, sincerique ætheris igne,
 Unde orta es, frueri ; atque ô si secura, nec ultra
 Mortalis, notos olîm miserata labores
 Respectes, tenuesque vacet cognoscere curas ;
 Humanam si fortè altâ de fede procellam
 Contemplêre, metus, stimulosque cupidinis acres,
 Gaudiaque et gemitus, parvoque in corde tumultum
 Irarum ingentem, et sævos sub pectore fluctus ;
 Respice et has lacrymas, memori quas ictus amore
 Fundo ; quod possum, juxtâ lugere sepulchrum
 Dum juvat, et mutæ vana hæc jactare favillæ.

*

*

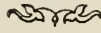
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EXTRACTS.



RIME DI PETRARCA.

SONETTO 170.¹

ASSO, ch' i' ardo, ed altri non mel crede !
 Si crede ogni uom, se non fola colei
 Ch' è fover' ogni altra, e ch' i' fola vorrei :
 Ella non par che 'l creda, e sì fel vede.

Infinita bellezza e poca fede,

Non vedete voi 'l cor negli occhi miei ?

Se non fosse mia stella, i' pur devrei

Al fonte di pietà trovar mercede.

Quest' aider mio, di che vi cal s'è poco,

E i vostri onori in mie rime diffusi

Ne porian infiammar fors' ancor mille :

Ch' i' veggio nel pensier, dolce mio foco,

Fredda una lingua, e duo begli occhi chiusi,

Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville.



ROR, io ; veros at nemo credidit ignes :

Quin credunt omnes ; dura sed illa negat,

Illa negat, soli volumus cui posse probare ;

Quin videt, et visos improba diffimulat.

Ah, durissima mi, sed et, ah, pulcherrima rerum !

Nonne animam in miserâ, Cynthia, fronte vides ?

Omnibus illa pia est ; et, si non fata vetâssent,

Tam longas mentem flecteret ad lacrymas.

Sed tamen has lacrymas, hunc tu, quem spreveris, ignem,

Carminaque auctori non bene culta suo,

Turba futurorum non ignorabit amanti :

Nos duo, cumque erimus parvus uterque cinis,

Jamque faces, eheu ! oculorum, et frigida lingua,

Hæ sine luce jacent, immemor illa loqui ;

Infelix musa æternos spirabit amores,

Ardebitque urnâ multa favilla meâ.

ΠΑΥΛΟΥ Σιλεντιαρίου εἰς Βάκχην ἐν Βυζαντίῳ.

Ἐκφρονα τὴν Βάκχην οὐχ' ἡ φύσις ἀλλ' ἡ τέχνη
Θήκατο, καὶ μανίην ἐγκατέμιξε λίθῳ.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ εἰς στήλην Ἀλεξάνδρου τοῦ Μακεδόνα.

Λύσιππε πλάστα Σικυώνιε, θαρσαλέη χεῖρ,
Δάϊε τεχνίτα, πῦρ τοι ὁ χαλκὸς ὄρῃ
Ἄν κατ' Ἀλεξάνδρου μορφᾶς χέεσ· οὐκέτι μεμπτοὶ
Πέρσαι· συγγνώμη βουσι λέοντα φυγεῖν.

FROM THE ANTHOLOGIA GRÆCA.

EDIT. HEN. STEPH. 1566.

IN BACCHÆ FURENTIS STATUAM.¹



REDITE, non viva est Mænas; non spirat

imago:

Artificis rabiem miscuit ære manus.

IN ALEXANDRUM, ÆRE EFFICTUM.²



QUANTUM audet, Lysippe, manus tua! furgit in ære

Spiritus, atque oculis bellicus ignis adest:

Spectate hos vultus, miserisque ignoscite Persis:

Quid mirum, imbelles si leo sparfit oves?

ΑΝΤΙΦΙΛΟΥ Βυζαντίου εἰς εἰκόνα Μηδείας.

Τὰν ὅλοαν Μήδειαν ὅτ' ἔγραφε Τιμομάχου χεῖρ,
 Ζάλῳ καὶ τέκνοις ἀντιμεθελκομέναν,
 Μυρίον ἄρατο μόχθον, ἵν' ἦθεα δισσαὶ χαράξῃ,
 ὦν τὸ μὲν εἰς ὄργαν νευῖε, τὸ δ' εἰς ἔλεον.
 Ἄμφω δ' ἐπλήρωσεν ὄρα τύπον· ἐν γὰρ ἀπειλᾷ
 Δάκρυον, ἐν δ' ἐλέῳ θυμὸς ἀναστρέφεται.
 Ἄρκει δ' ἅ μέλλησις, ἔφα σοφός· αἶμα δὲ τέκνων
 Ἐπρεπε Μηδείῃ, κοῦ χερὶ Τιμομάχου.

Εἰς ἄγαλμα Νιόβης.

Ἐκ ζωῆς με θεοὶ τεῦξαν λίθον· ἐκ δὲ λίθοιο
 Ζωὴν Πραξιτέλης ἔμπαλιν εἰργάσατο.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΝΟΥ εἰς ἄγαλμα Ἀφροδίτης.

Σοῖ μορφῆς ἀνέθηκα τεῆς περικαλλῆς ἄγαλμα,
 Κύπρι, τεῆς μορφῆς φέρτερον οὐδὲν ἔχων.

IN MEDEÆ IMAGINEM, NOBILE TIMOMACHI OPUS.³

FEN ubi Medææ varius dolor æstuat ore,
 Jamque animum nati, jamque maritus, habent !
 Succenset, miseret, medio exardescit amore,
 Dum furor inque oculo gutta minante tremit.
 Cernis adhuc dubiam ; quid enim ? licet impia matris
 Colchidos, at non fit dextera Timomachi.

IN NIOBES STATUAM.⁴

FECERAT e vivâ lapidem me Jupiter ; at me
 Praxiteles vivam reddidit e lapide.

IN VENERIS STATUAM.⁵

TE tibi, sancta, fero, nudam ; formosius ipsâ
 Cum tibi, quod ferrem, te, Dea, nil habui.

Εἰς Ἔρωτα κοιμώμενον.

Εὔδεις ἀγρύπνους ἐπάγων θνητοῖσι μερίμνας ;
 Εὔδεις ἀτηρῆς, ἃ τέκος Ἄφρογενοῦς,
 Οὐ πεύκην πυρόεσσαν ἐπηρμένος, οὐδ' ἀφύλακτον
 Ἐκ κέραος ψάλλων ἀντιτόνοιο βέλος ;
 Ἄλλοι θαρσεΐτωσαν· ἐγὼ δ', ἀγέρωχε, δέδοικα
 Μῆ μοι καὶ κνώσσων πικρὸν ὄνειρον ἴδης.

ΠΛΑΤΩΝΟΣ εἰς Ἔρωτα ἐν ἄλσει κοιμώμενον· εὐρέθη δὲ ὑπὸ ὑδάτων.

Ἄλσος δ' ὡς ἰκόμεσθα βαθύσκιον, εὔρομεν ἔνδον
 Πορφυρέοις μήλοισιν ἐοικότα παῖδα Κυθήρης.
 Οὐδ' ἔχεν ἰοδόκον φαρέτρην, οὐ καμπύλα τόξα·
 Ἄλλὰ τὰ μὲν δένδρεσσιν ὑπ' εὐπετάλοισι κρέμαντο,
 Αὐτὸς δ' ἐν καλύκεσσι ῥόδων πεπεδημένος ὕπνω,
 Εὔδεν μειδιῶν, ξουθαὶ δ' ἐφύπερθε μέλισσαι
 Κηροχύτοις ἐντὸς λαγαροῖς ἐπὶ χεῖλεσι βαΐνον.

IN AMOREM DORMIENTEM.⁶

DOCTE puer vigiles mortalibus addere curas,
 Anne potest in te somnus habere locum?
 Laxi juxta arcus, et fax suspenſa quieſcit,
 Dormit et in pharetrâ clauſa ſagitta ſuâ;
 Longè mater abeſt; longè Cythereïa turba:
 Verùm auſint alii te prope ferre pedem,
 Non ego; nam metui valdè, mihi, perfide, quiddam
 Forſan et in ſomnis ne meditare mali.

NTUR⁷ in Idalios tractus, felicia regna,
 Fundit ubi denſam myrtea ſylva comam,
 Intus Amor teneram viſus ſpirare quietem,
 Dum roſeo roſeos imprimit ore toros;
 Sublimem procul a ramis pendere pharetram,
 Et de languidulâ ſpicula lapſa manu,
 Vidimus, et riſu molli diducta labella
 Murmure quæ aſſiduo pervolitabat apis.

ΜΑΡΙΑΝΟΥ σχολαστικοῦ εἰς βαλανεῖον.

Τάσδ' ὑπὸ τὰς πλατάνους ἀπαλῶ πεπεδημένος ὕπνω
 Εὔδεν Ἔρωσ, νύμφαισ λαμπάδα παρθέμενος.
 Νύμφαι δ' ἀλλήλησι, τί μέλλομεν; αἶθε δὲ τούτῳ
 Σβέσσαμεν (εἶπον) ὁμοῦ πῦρ κραδίας μερόπων.
 Λαμπὰς δ' ὡς ἔφλεξε καὶ ὕδατα, θερμὸν ἐκείθεν
 Νύμφαι ἐρωτιάδες λουτροχοοῦσιν ὕδωρ.

ΛΟΥΚΙΑΛΙΟΥ.

Μῦν Ἀσκληπιάδης ὁ φιλάργυρος εἶδεν ἐν οἴκῳ,
 Καί, τί ποιεῖς, φησὶν, φίλτατε μῦ, παρ' ἐμοί;
 Ἦδὺ δ' ὁ μῦς γελάσας, μηδὲν φίλε, φησὶ, φοβηθῆς·
 Οὐχὶ τροφῆς παρὰ σοὶ χρῆζομεν, ἀλλὰ μονῆς.

IN FONTEM AQUÆ CALIDÆ.*

SUB platanis puer Idalius prope fluminis undam
Dormiit, in ripâ deposuitque facem.

Tempus adest, sociæ, Nympharum audentior una,
Tempus adest, ultra quid dubitamus? ait.

Ilicet incurrit, pestem ut divûmque hominumque
Lampada collectis exanimaret aquis :

Demens! nam nequiiit sævam restinguere flammam
Nympha, sed ipsa ignes traxit, et inde calet.

RREPSISSE⁹ suas murem videt Argus in ædes,
Atque ait, heus, a me nunquid, amice, velis?

Ille autem ridens, metuas nihil, inquit; apud te,

O bone, non epulas, hospitium petimus.

ΡΟΥΦΙΝΟΥ.

Πέμπω σοί, Ῥοδόκλεια, τόδε στέφος, ἄνθεσι πλέξας,
 Αὐτὸς ὑφ' ἡμετέραις δρεψάμενος παλάμαις.
 Ἐστι κρίνον, ῥοδέη τε κάλυξ, νοτερὴ τ' ἀνεμώνη,
 Καὶ νάρκισσος ὑγρὸς, καὶ κυαναυγὲς ἴον.
 Ταῦτα στεψαμένη, λῆξον μεγάλαυχος ἐοῦσα.
 Ἄνθεις, καὶ λήγεις καὶ σὺ καὶ ὁ στέφανος.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ.

Λίσσομ', ἔρωσ, τὸν ἄγρυπνον ἐμοὶ πόθον Ἡλιοδώρας
 Κοίμισον, αἰδέσθεις μοῦσαν ἐμὴν ἰκέτιν.
 Νῆ γὰρ δὴ τὰ σὰ τόξα, τὰ μὴ δεδίδαγμένα βάλλειν
 Ἄλλον, αἰεὶ δ' ἐπ' ἐμοὶ πτηνὰ χέοντα βέλη,
 Εἰ καὶ με κτείνης, λείψω φωνὴν προίεντα
 Γράμματ', ἔρωτος ὄρα, ξεῖνε, μισαιφονίην.

HANC¹⁰ tibi Rufinus mittit, Rodoclea, coronam,
 Has tibi decerpens texerat ipse rofas ;
 Est viola, est anemone, est suave-rubens hyacinthus,
 Mistaque Narcisso lutea caltha suo :
 Sume ; sed aspiciens, ah, fidere desine formæ ;
 Qui pinxit, brevis est, fertaque teque, color.

AD AMOREM.¹¹

PAULISPER vigiles, oro, compeſce dolores,
 Reſpue nec muſæ ſupplicis aure preces ;
 Oro brevem lacrymis veniam, requiemque furori :
 Ah, ego non poſſum vulnera tanta pati !
 Intima flamma, vides, miſeros depaſcitur artus,
 Surgit et extremis ſpiritus in labiis :
 Quòd ſi tam tenuem cordi eſt exſolvere vitam,
 Stabit in opprobrium ſculpta querela tuum.
 Juro perque faces iſtas, arcumque ſonantem,
 Spiculaque hoc unum figere docta jecur ;
 Heu fuge crudelem puerum, ſævaſque ſagittas !
 Huic fuit exitii cauſa, viator, Amor.





NOTES TO THE POEMS.





NOTES.

Page 3, note 1.



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

P. 4, note 2.—"A bank *o'ercanopied* with luscious woodbine."—*Mids. N. Dr.* Act. ii. Sc. 2.

P. 4, note 3.— "How low, how indigent the proud,
How little are the great!"—*Doddsley*.

P. 4, note 4.—"Sporting with *quick glance*, show to the *sun* their waved coats dropp'd with gold."—*Par. L.* vii. 405-6.

"While insects from the threshold preach," Green, in the Grotto. *Doddsley*, Misc. v. p. 161.

P. 7, note 1.—This Ode first appeared in *Doddsley*, Col. vol. ii. p. 274, with some variations.

P. 7, note 2.— "The pensive Selima reclined,
Demurest of the tabby kind."—*Doddsley*.

P. 8, note 3.—"Two beauteous forms."—*Doddsley*.

P. 8, note 4.—"A foe to fish."—*Doddsley*.

P. 8, note 5.—*Looks.*] Eyes.—MS.

P. 9, note 6.— “ nor *Harry* heard.
What favourite has a friend ?—*Doddsley*.

P. 9, note 7.—Strikes.—MS.

P. 11, note 1.—This, as Mafon informs us, was the *first English* production of Gray which appeared in print. It was published in folio, in 1747, and appeared again in *Doddsley*, Col. vol. ii. p. 267, without the name of the author.

P. 11, note 2.—King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College.

P. 12, note 3.—“ And bees their honey *redolent of spring*,” *Dryden’s Fable on the Pythag. System*.

P. 12, note 4.—“ To chafe the hoop’s elusive speed.”—MS.

P. 17, note 1.—This Hymn first appeared in *Doddsley*, Col. vol. iv. together with the “ *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.”

P. 21, note 1.—Finished in 1754. Printed together with the “ *Bard, an Ode*,” Aug. 8, 1757.—MS.

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.

P. 21, note 2.—“ Awake, my glory: awake, lute and harp.”—*David’s Psalms*.

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

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 swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.

P. 22, note 3.—Power of harmony to calm the turbulent fallies of the soul. The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.

P. 22, note 4.—This is a weak imitation of some beautiful lines in the same ode. Pyth. i. ver. 10.

P. 22, note 5.—Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.

P. 23, note 6.— Μαρμαρυγὰς θνεῖτο ποδῶν· θαύμαζε δὲ θυμῷ.
Hom. Od. Θ. ver. 265.

P. 23, note 7.— Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφύρεσι
Παρείησι φῶς ἔρωτος.
Phrynicus apud Athenæum.

P. 23, note 8.—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.

P. 24, note 9.—“ Or seen the morning’s well appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hills afar.”—*Cowley.*

P. 24, note 10.—Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations: its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. [See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh fragments, the Lapland and American songs.]

“ Tutta lontana dal camin del sole.”—*Petr. Canz. ii.*

P. 25, note 11.—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 Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.

P. 26, note 12.—“ Nature’s darling.” Shakespeare.

“ The flowery May, who from her *green lap* throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.”

Milton, Son. on May Morn.

P. 26, note 13.—*Milton, P. L.* vi. 771.

P. 26, note 14.—“*Flammantia mœnia mundi*.”—*Lucret.* i. 74.

“For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. And above the firmament that was over their heads, was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone. This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord.”—*Ezek.* i. 20. 26. 28.

P. 27, note 15.—ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἀμερσεῖ δίδου δ' ἠδείϊαν ἀοιδὴν.

Hom. Od. Θ. ver. 64.

P. 27, note 16.—“Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?”—*Job*. This verse and the foregoing are meant to express the stately march and founding energy of Dryden's rhymes.

P. 27, note 17.—“Words that weep, and tears that speak.”

Cowley, Prophet, vol. i. p. 113.

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.

P. 27, note 18.—Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον, *Olymp.* ii. 159. 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.

P. 29, note 1.—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.

P. 29, note 2.—“Mocking the air with colours idly spread.”

King John, Act v. Sc. 1.

P. 29, note 3.—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.

P. 29, note 4. — “ The crested adder’s pride.”—*Dryden, Indian Queen.*

P. 29, note 5.—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 amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery;*” and Matthew of Westminster, (ad ann. 1283) “ *Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniæ fecit erigi castrum forte.*”

P. 30, note 6.—Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law to King Edward.

Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore.

They both were Lord Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the king in this expedition.

P. 30, note 7.—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.

P. 31, note 8.—The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite the isle of Anglesey.

P. 31, note 9.—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 *Craigian-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 upon the peak of Derbyshire. [See *Willoughby’s Ornithol.* by Ray.]

P. 31, note 10.—“ As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.”—*Jul. Cæsar*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

P. 32, note 11.—Edward the Second, cruelly butchered in Berkley Castle.

P. 32, note 12.—Isabel of France, Edward the Second’s adulterous queen.

P. 32, note 13.—Triumphs of Edward the Third in France.

P. 33, note 14.—Death of that king, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress.

P. 33, note 15.—Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father.

P. 33, note 16.—Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissard and other contemporary writers.

P. 34, note 17.—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.

For the profusion of Richard II. see *Harding, Chron.* quoted in the Preface to *Mason's Hoccleve*, p. 5; *Daniel, Civil Wars*, iii. 87; and *Pennant, London*, p. 89, 4to.

P. 34, note 18.—Ruinous wars of York and Lancaster.

P. 34, note 19.—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.

P. 34, note 20.—Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown.

Henry the Fifth.

P. 34, note 21.—Henry the Sixth, very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown.

P. 34, note 22.—The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster.

P. 34, note 23.—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.

P. 35, note 24.—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.

P. 35, note 25.—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.

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

P. 36, note 26.—Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, ambassador of Poland, says, “And thus she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert orator no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartness of her princely checks.”

P. 36, note 27.—Talieffin, chief of the bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen.

P. 36, note 28.—“Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralize my song.” Spenser, Proëme to the *F. 2*.

P. 36, note 29.—Shakespeare.

P. 37, note 30.—The succession of poets after Milton’s time.

P. 37, note 31.—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, (and approach Mount Snowdon, ms.) 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 (desolation and misery, ms.) which he had brought on his country; foretells the misfortunes of the Norman race, and with prophetic spirit declares, that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the noble ardour of poetic genius in this island; and that men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and valour in immortal strains, to

expose vice and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression. His song ended, he precipitates himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at its foot."

"Fine (says Mr. Mason) as the conclusion of this ode is at present, I think it would have been still finer, if he could have executed it according to this plan; but, unhappily for his purpose, instances of English poets were wanting. Spenser had that enchanting flow of verse which was peculiarly calculated to *celebrate virtue and valour*; but he chose to celebrate them, not literally, but in allegory. Shakespeare, who had talents for everything, 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*, Shakespeare *for his powers of moving the passions*, and Milton *for his epic excellence*. I remember the ode lay unfinished by him for a year or two on this very account; and I hardly believe that it would ever have had his last hand, but for the circumstance of his hearing Parry play on the Welsh harp at a concert at Cambridge, (see Letter xxxv. 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 *da capo* of it must be suddenly broke in upon, and put to silence by the clang of the harp in a tumultuous rapid movement, joined with the voice, all at once, and not ushered in by any symphony. The harmony may be strengthened by any other stringed instrument; but the harp should everywhere prevail, and form the continued running accompaniment, submitting itself to nothing but the voice.'

"I cannot (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 composition, and to the practice of ancient art. Not to take Pindar and his odes for an example, (though what I am here defending were written professedly in imitation of him,) I would ask, are all the writings of Horace, his Epistles, Satires, and Odes, equally 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 ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙ), but also with the men of fashion: as to critics of a lower class, it may be sufficient to transcribe, for their improvement, an unfinished remark, or rather maxim, which I found amongst our author's papers; and which he probably wrote on occasion of the common preference given to his Elegy. 'The *Goût 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.'

P. 39, note 1.—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. This Ode is printed with the divisions adopted by the composer, Dr. Randall, then Professor of Music at Cambridge.

P. 41, note 2.—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.

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. She founded Clare Hall.

P. 41, note 3.—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.

P. 41, note 4.—Henry the Sixth and Eighth. The former the founder of King's, the latter the greatest benefactor to Trinity College.

P. 43, note 5.—Countess of Richmond and Derby; the mother of Henry the Seventh, founders of St. John's and Christ's Colleges.

P. 43, note 6.—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.

P. 44, note 7.—Lord Treasurer Burleigh was chancellor of the University in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

P. 45, note 1.—To be found in the *Orcades* of Thormodus Torfæus; Hafniæ, 1697, folio; and also in Bartholinus, p. 617. lib. iii. c. 1. 4to. (The song of the Weird Sisters, translated from the Norwegian, written about 1029. Wharton, ms.)

P. 45, note 2.—“How quick they wheel'd, and, flying, behind them shot Sharp *sleet of arrowy show'r*.”—*Par. Reg.* iii. 324.

“The noise of battle hurtled in the air.”—*Julius Cæsar*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

P. 51, note 1.—The original is to be found in Sæmund's *Edda*, and in Bartholinus, *De Causis contemnendæ Mortis*; Hafniæ, 1689, quarto, Lib. iii. c. ii. p. 632. (See Warton, *Hist. of E. Poetry*, vol. i. p. xli. And Warton's *Pope*, vol. ii. p. 70. “This Ode, I think with Lord Orford, equal to any of Gray's.”)

P. 51, note 2.—Hela, in the *Edda*, is described with a dreadful countenance, and her body half flesh colour, and half blue.

P. 52, note 3.—The original word is *Valgalldr*; from *Valr* mortuus, and *Galldr* incantatio.

P. 54, note 4.—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 *Rauda Sogu*, (apud Bartholin., lib. i. cap. iv. p. 688.) “She had on a blue vest spangled all over with stones, a necklace of glass beads, and a cap made of the skin of a black lamb lined with white cat-skin. She leaned on a staff adorned with brass, with a round head set with 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-facia; and *Uifindakona*, i. e. Oraculorum Mulier; *Nornir*, i. e. Parcæ.

P. 59, note 1.—From Evans, *Spec. of the Welsh Poetry*, 1764, quarto, p. 25, where is a prose version of this Poem, and p. 127. Owen succeeded his father Griffith ap Cynan in the principality of N. Wales, A. D. 1137. This battle was fought in the year 1157. Jones, *Relics*, vol. ii. p. 36.

P. 63, note 1.—See S. Turner's *Vindication of Ancient British Poems*, p. 50. Warton's *Engl. Poetry*, vol. i. p. lxiii.

P. 64, note 2.—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, *Relics*, vol. i. p. 17.

P. 69, note 1.—This lady, the wife of Dr. John Clerke, physician at Epfom, died April 27, 1757; and was buried in the church of Beckenham, Kent.

P. 69, note 2.— “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.

P. 71, note 1.—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.

Sir William Peere Williams, bart., a captain in Burgoyne's dragoons.

P. 73, note 1.—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.

P. 73, note 2.—
 "squilla di lontano
 Che paia 'l giorno pianger, che si muore."
Dante, Purgat. l. 8.

P. 78, note 3.—"Ch' i' veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
 Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi
 Rimaner doppo noi pien di faville."—*Petr. Son. clxx.*

P. 81, note 4.—"paventosa speme."—*Petr. Son. cxiv.*

P. 83, note 1.—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 Stoke Poges. 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 on 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, surpris'd 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." Printed in 1753 with Mr. Bentley's designs, and repeated in a second edition. MS.

This Poem was rejected by Gray in the Collection published by himself.

P. 83, note 2.—Sir Christopher Hatton, promoted by Queen Elizabeth for his graceful person and fine dancing.

P. 89, note 3.—*Styack*] The housekeeper.

P. 90, note 4.—*Squib*] Groom of the chamber.

P. 90, note 5.—*Groom*] The steward.

P. 90, note 6.—*Macleane*] A famous highwayman hanged the week before.

P. 93, note 1.—Left unfinished by Gray. With additions by Mason, distinguished by inverted commas.

P. 101, note 1.—See *Mason's Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 75. Supposed to be written about the year 1742, when Gray returned to Cambridge.

P. 110, note 1.—This 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.

P. 111, note 1.—These were in compliment to Bentley, who drew a set of designs for Gray's poems, particularly a head-piece to the "Long Story."

P. 112, note 2.—The words within the inverted commas were supplied by Mason.

P. 115, note 1.—The following Lines by Gray first appeared in Warton's edition of Pope, vol. i. p. 285.

P. 117, note 1.—Written at the request of Miss Speed, to an old air of Geminiani:—the thought from the French.

This Song is in this edition printed from the copy as it appears in H. Walpole's Letters to the Countess of Ailesbury. See his Works, vol. v. p. 561.

P. 119, note 1.—Written at Denton in the Spring of 1766.

P. 120, note 2.—These initials stand for "Mungo's, Rigby's, Bradshaw's."

P. 121, note 1.—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 canvass.

P. 135, note 1.—Printed in the Cambridge Collection, 1736, fol.

P. 139, note 1.—This copy of verses was written by desire of the College, in 1737.

P. 162, note 1.—From *Le Rime di Messer Petrarca*, p. 208. Parigi, 1838.

P. 165, note 1.—*Anthologia Græca*, p. 296.

P. 165, note 2.—Ibid. p. 314.

P. 167, note 3.—Ibid. p. 317.

P. 167, note 4.—Ibid. p. 315.

P. 167, note 5.—Ibid. p. 323.

P. 169, note 6.—Ibid. p. 332. Catullianam illam spirat mollitiem.

P. 169, note 7.—Ibid. p. 332. “Elegantissimum hercle fragmentum, quod sic Latinè nostro modo adumbravimus.”

P. 171, note 8.—Ibid. p. 354.

P. 171, note 9.—Ibid. p. 186.

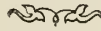
P. 173, note 10.—Ibid. p. 474.

P. 173, note 11.—Ibid. p. 452.





LETTERS.





LETTER I.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

PERMIT me again to write to you, though I have so long neglected my duty, and forgive my brevity, when I tell you it is occasioned wholly by the hurry I am in to get to a place where I expect to meet with no other pleasure than the sight of you ; for I am preparing for London in a few days at furthest. I do not wonder in the least at your frequent blaming my indolence, it ought rather to be called ingratitude, and I am obliged to your goodness for softening so harsh an appellation. When we meet, it will, however, be my greatest of pleasures to know what you

do, what you read, and how you spend your time, &c. &c. and to tell you what I do not read, and how I do not, &c. for almost all the employment of my hours may be best explained by negatives; take my word and experience upon it, doing nothing is a most amusing business; and yet neither something nor nothing gives me any pleasure. When you have seen one of my days, you have seen a whole year of my life; they go round and round like the blind horse in the mill, only he has the satisfaction of fancying he makes a progress and gets some ground; my eyes are open enough to see the same dull prospect, and to know that having made four-and-twenty steps more, I shall be just where I was; I may, better than most people, say my life is but a span, were I not afraid lest you should not believe that a person so short-lived could write even so long a letter as this; in short, I believe I must not send you the history of my own time, till I can send you that also of the reformation. However, as the most undeserving people in the world must sure have the vanity to wish somebody had a regard for them, so I need not wonder at

my own, in being pleased that you care about me. You need not doubt, therefore, of having a first row in the front box of my little heart, and I believe you are not in danger of being crowded there; it is asking you to an old play, indeed, but you will be candid enough to excuse the whole piece for the sake of a few tolerable lines.

For this little while past I have been playing with Statius; we yesterday had a game at quoits together; you will easily forgive me for having broke his head, as you have a little pique to him. I send you my translation which I did not engage in because I liked that part of the Poem, nor do I now send it to you because I think it deserves it, but merely to show you how I mispend my days.

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P. PAPINII STATII THEBAIDOS LIB. VI. V. 646.

HUNC vocat, emisso si quis discernere disco
 Impiger, et vires velit ostentare superbas.
 It jussus Pterelas, et aënae lubrica massæ
 Pondera vix toto curvatus corpore juxta
 Dejicit: inspectant taciti, expenduntque laborem
 Inachidæ. Mox turba ruunt: duo gentis Achææ,
 Tres Ephyriadæ, Pisâ fatus unus, Acarnan
 Septimus: et plures agitabat gloria, ni se
 Arduus Hippomedon caveâ stimulante tulisset
 In medios, latèque ferens sub pectore dextro
 Orbem alium: Hunc potius, juvenes, qui mœnia saxis

THEN thus the King :—Adraftus.

“ Whoe’er the quoit can wield,
 And furthest fend its weight athwart the field,
 Let him stand forth his brawny arm to boast.”
 Swift at the word, from out the gazing host,
 Young Pterelas with strength unequal drew,
 Labouring, the disc, and to small distance threw.
 The band around admire the mighty mass,
 A slipp’ry weight, and form’d of polish’d brass.
 The love of honour bade two youths advance,
 Achaians born, to try the glorious chance ;
 A third arose, of Acarnania he,
 Of Pisa one, and three from Ephyre ;
 Nor more, for now Nestor’s son,—(*Hippomedon*,)
 By acclamations roused, came tow’ring on.
 Another orb upheaved his strong right hand,
 Then thus : “ Ye Argive flower, ye warlike band,

Frangere, qui Tyrias dejectum vaditis arces,
 Hunc rapite : aſt illud cui non jaculabile dextræ
 Pondus ? Et abreptum nullo conamine jecit
 In latus. Abſiſtunt procul, attonitique fatentur
 Cedere : vix unus Phlegyas, acerque Menestheus
 (Hos etiam pudor et magni tenuere parentes)
 Promiſere manum : conceſſit cetera pubes
 Sponte, et adorato rediit ingloria diſco.
 Qualis Biſtoniis clypeus Mavortis in arvis
 Luce malâ Pangæa ferit, ſolemque refulgens
 Territat, incuſſâque Dei grave mugit ab haſtâ.
 Piſæus Phlegyas opus inchoat, et ſimul omnes
 Abſtulit in ſe oculos exhausto corpore virtus
 Promiſſa : ac primum terrâ diſcumque manumque
 Aſperat ; excuſſo mox circum pulvere verſat,
 Quod latus in digitos, mediæ quod certius ulnæ
 Conveniat ; non artis egens : hic ſemper amor
 Ludus erat, patriæ non tantum ubi laudis obiret
 Sacra, ſed alternis Alpheon utrimque ſolebat

Who trust your arms shall raise the Tyrian towers,
 And batter Cadmus' walls with stony showers,
 Receive a worthier load; yon puny ball
 Let youngsters toss:—
 He said, and scornful flung th' unheeded weight
 Aloof; the champions, trembling at the sight,
 Prevent disgrace, the palm despair'd resign;
 All but two youths th' enormous orb decline,
 These conscious shame withheld, and pride of noble line.
 As bright and huge the spacious circle lay,
 With double light it beam'd against the day:
 So glittering shows the Thracian Godhead's shield,
 With such a gleam affrights Pangæa's field,
 When blazing 'gainst the sun it shines from far,
 And, clash'd, rebellows with the din of war.
 Phlegyas the long-expected play began,
 Summon'd his strength, and call'd forth all the man.
 All eyes were bent on his experienced hand;
 For oft in Pifa's sports, his native land
 Admired that arm, oft on Alpheus' shore

Metiri ripis, et, quâ latissima distant,
Non unquam merſo transmittere flumina diſco.
Ergo operum fidens non protinus horrida campi
Jugera, ſed cœlo dextram metitur, humique
Preſſus utroque genu, collecto fanguine diſcum
Ipſe ſuper ſeſe rotat, atque in nubila condit.
Ille citus ſublime petit, ſimiliſque cadenti
Crefcit in adverſum, tandemque exhaustus ab alto
Tardior in terram redit, atque immergitur arvis.
Sic cadit, attonitis quoties avellitur aſtris,
Solis opaca ſoror : procul auxiliantia gentes
Æra crepant, fruſtrâque timent : at Theſſala victrix
Ridet anhelantes audito carmine bigas.

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The pond'rous brafs in exercife he bore ;
 Where flow'd the wideft fream he took his ftand ;
 Sure flew the difc from his unerring hand,
 Nor ftopp'd till it had cut the further ftand.
 And now in duft the polifh'd ball he roll'd,
 Then grafp'd its weight, elufive of his hold ;
 Now fitting to his gripe and nervous arm,
 Sufpends the crowd with expectation warm ;
 Nor tempts he yet the plain, but hurl'd upright,
 Emits the maf, a prelude of his might ;
 Firmly he plants each knee, and o'er his head,
 Collecting all his force, the circle fped ;
 It towers to cut the clouds ; now through the fkies
 Sings in its rapid way, and ftrengthens as it flies ;
 Anon, with flacken'd rage comes quiv'ring down,
 Heavy and huge, and cleaves the folid ground.

So from th' aftonifh'd ftars, her nightly train,
 The fun's pale fifter, drawn by magic ftrain,
 Deferts precipitant her darken'd fphere :
 In vain the nations with officious fear

* * * * *

Tertius Hippomedon valida ad certamina tardos
Molitur gressus ; namque illum corde sub alto
Et casus Phlegyæ monet, et fortuna Menesthei.
Erigit assuetum dextræ gestamen, et altè
Sustentans, rigidumque latus, fortesque lacertos
Confulit, ac vasto contorquet turbine, et ipse
Prosequitur : fugit horrendo per inania saltu,
Jamque procul meminit dextræ, servatque tenorem
Discus ; nec dubiâ junctâve Menesthea victum
Transabiit metâ : longe super æmula signa
Confedit, viridesque humeros, et opaca Theatri
Culmina, ceu latæ tremefecit mole ruinæ.

Their cymbals tofs, and founding brafs explore ;
 Th' Æmonian hag enjoys her dreadful hour,
 And fmiles malignant on the labouring power.

Third in the labours of the difc came on,
 With fturdy ftrep and flow, Hippomedon ;
 Artful and ftiong he poifed the well-known weight
 By Phlegyas warn'd, and fired by Mneftheus' fate,
 That to avoid, and this to emulate.

His vigorous arm he tried before he flung,
 Braced all his nerves, and every finew ftung ;
 Then, with a tempeft's whirl, and wary eye,
 Purfued his caft, and hurl'd the orb on high ;
 The orb on high tenacious of its courfe,
 True to the mighty arm that gave it force,
 Far overleaps all bound, and joys to fee
 Its ancient lord fecure of victory.

The theatre's green height and woody wall
 Tremble ere it precipitates its fall ;
 The ponderous mafs finks in the cleaving ground,
 While vales and woods and echoing hills rebound.

Quale vaporiferâ saxum Polyphemus ab Ætnâ
Lucis egente manû, tamen in vestigia puppis
Auditæ, juxtaque inimicum exegit Ulixen.

* * * * *

Tunc genitus Talao victori tigrin inanem
Ire jubet, fulvo quæ circumfusa nitebat
Margine, et extremos auro manfueverat ungues.




As when from Ætna's smoking summit broke,
The eyeless Cyclops heaved the craggy rock ;
Where Ocean frets beneath the dashing oar,
And parting surges round the vessel roar ;
'Twas there he aim'd the meditated harm,
And scarce Ulysses scaped his giant arm.
A tiger's pride the victor bore away,
With native spots and artful labour gay,
A shining border round the margin roll'd,
And calm'd the terrors of his claws in gold.

Cambridge, May 8, 1736.



LETTER II.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.


 YOU must know that I do not take degrees, and, after this term, shall have nothing more of college impertinences to undergo, which I trust will be some pleasure to you, as it is a great one to me. I have endured lectures daily and hourly since I came last, supported by the hopes of being shortly at full liberty to give myself up to my friends and classical companions, who, poor souls! though I see them fallen into great contempt with most people here, yet I cannot help sticking to them, and out of a spirit of obstinacy (I think) love them the better for it; and indeed, what can I do else? Must I plunge into metaphysics? Alas, I cannot see in the dark; nature has not furnished me with the optics of a cat. Must I pore upon mathematics? Alas, I cannot see in too much light; I am no

eagle. It is very possible that two and two make four, but I would not give four farthings to demonstrate this ever so clearly; and if these be the profits of life, give me the amusements of it. The people I behold all around me, it seems, know all this and more, and yet I do not know one of them who inspires me with any ambition of being like him. Surely it was of this place, now Cambridge, but formerly known by the name of Babylon, that the prophet spoke when he said, “the wild beasts of the desert shall dwell there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall build there, and satyrs shall dance there; their forts and towers shall be a den for ever, a joy of wild asses; there shall the great owl make her nest, and lay and hatch and gather under her shadow; it shall be a court of dragons; the screech owl also shall rest there, and find for herself a place of rest.” You see here is a pretty collection of desolate animals, which is verified in this town to a tittle, and perhaps it may also allude to your habitation, for you know all types may be taken by abundance of handles; however, I defy your owls to match mine.

If the default of your spirits and nerves be nothing but the effect of the hyp, I have no more to say. We all must submit to that wayward queen; I too in no small degree own her sway,

I feel her influence while I speak her power.

But if it be a real distemper, pray take more care of your health, if not for your own at least for our sakes, and do not be so soon weary of this little world: I do not know what refined friendships you may have contracted in the other, but pray do not be in a hurry to see your acquaintance above; among your terrestrial familiars, however, though I say it, that should not say it, there positively is not one that has a greater esteem for you than yours most sincerely, &c.

Peterhouse, December, 1736.

LETTER III.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.

YOU can never weary me with the repetition of any thing that makes me sensible of your kindness; since that has been the only idea of any social happiness that I have almost ever received, and which (begging your pardon for thinking so differently from you in such cases) I would by no means have parted with for an exemption from all the uneasiness mixed with it: but it would be unjust to imagine my taste was any rule for yours; for which reason my letters are shorter and less frequent than they would be, had I any materials but myself to entertain you with. Love and brown sugar must be a poor regale for one of your goût, and, alas! you know I am by trade a grocer. Scandal (if I had any) is a merchandize you do not profess dealing in; now and then, indeed, and to oblige a friend,

you may perhaps flip a little out of your pocket, as a decayed gentlewoman would a piece of right mecklin, or a little quantity of run tea, but this only now and then, not to make a practice of it. Monsters appertaining to this climate you have seen already, both wet and dry. So you perceive within how narrow bounds my pen is circumscribed, and the whole contents of my share in our correspondence may be reduced under the two heads of 1st, you, 2ndly, I; the first is, indeed, a subject to expatiate upon, but you might laugh at me for talking about what I do not understand; the second is so tiny, so tiresome, that you shall hear no more of it, than that it is ever yours.

Peterhouse, December 23, 1736.



LETTER IV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.



FTER a month's expectation of you, and a fortnight's despair, at Cambridge, I am come to town, and to better hopes of seeing you. If what you sent me last be the product of your melancholy, what may I not expect from your more cheerful hours? For by this time the ill health that you complain of is (I hope) quite departed; though, if I were self-interested, I ought to wish for the continuance of any thing that could be the occasion of so much pleasure to me. Low spirits are my true and faithful companions; they get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and returns as I do; nay, and pay visits, and will even affect to be jocular, and force a feeble laugh with me; but most commonly we sit alone together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world. However, when you come,

I believe they must undergo the fate of all humble companions, and be discarded. Would I could turn them to the same use that you have done, and make an Apollo of them. If they could write such verses with me, not hartshorn, nor spirit of amber, nor all that furnishes the closet of an apothecary's widow, should persuade me to part with them: But, while I write to you, I hear the bad news of Lady Walpole's death on Saturday night last. Forgive me if the thought of what my poor Horace must feel on that account, obliges me to have done in reminding you that I am yours, &c.

London, Aug. 22, 1737.



LETTER V.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.



WAS hindered in my last, and so could not give you all the trouble I would have done. The description of a road, which your coach wheels have so often honoured, it would be needless to give you; suffice it that I arrived safe¹ at my Uncle's, who is a great hunter in imagination; his dogs take up every chair in the house, so I am forced to stand at this present writing; and though the gout forbids him galloping after them in the field, yet he continues still to regale his ears and nose with their comfortable noise and stink. He holds me mighty cheap, I perceive, for walking when I should ride, and reading when I should hunt. My comfort amidst all this is, that I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own, at least as good as so, for I

spy no human thing in it but myself. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover cliff; but just such hills as people who love their necks as well as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were more dangerous: Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches, and other very reverend vegetables, that, like most other ancient people, are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds,

And as they bow their hoary tops relate,
In murm'ring founts, the dark decrees of fate;
While visions, as poetic eyes avow,
Cling to each leaf, and swarm on every bough.

At the foot of one of these squats ME I (*il penferoso*), and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise, before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil, as I commonly do there. In this situation I often converse with my Horace, aloud too, that

is talk to you, but I do not remember that I ever heard you answer me. I beg pardon for taking all the conversation to myself, but it is entirely your own fault. We have old Mr. Southern at a Gentleman's house a little way off, who often comes to see us; he is now seventy-seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory; but is as agreeable as an old man can be, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Oroonoko. I shall be in Town in about three weeks. Adieu.

September, 1737.



LETTER VI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.²

SYMPATHIZE with you in the sufferings which you foresee are coming upon you. We are both at present, I imagine, in no very agreeable situation; for my part I am under the misfortune of having nothing to do, but it is a misfortune which, thank my stars, I can pretty well bear. You are in a confusion of wine, and roaring, and hunting, and tobacco, and, heaven be praised, you too can pretty well bear it; while our evils are no more I believe we shall not much repine. I imagine, however, you will rather choose to converse with the living dead, that adorn the walls of your apartments, than with the dead living that deck the middles of them; and prefer a picture of still life to the realities of a noisy one, and as I guess, will imitate what you prefer, and for an hour or two at noon

will ftick yourfelf up as formal as if you had been fixed in your frame for thefe hundred years, with a pink or rofe in one hand, and a great feal ring on the other. Your name, I affure you, has been propagated in thefe countries by a convert of yours, one * *, he has brought over his whole family to you; they were before pretty good Whigs, but now they are abfolute Walpolians. We have hardly any body in the parifh but knows exactly the dimenfions of the hall and faloon at Houghton, and begin to believe that the lanthorn³ is not fo great a confumer of the fat of the land as difaffected perfons have faid: For your reputation, we keep to ourfelves your not hunting nor drinking hogan, either of which here would be fufficient to lay your honour in the duft. To-morrow fe'nnight I hope to be in Town, and not long after at Cambridge. I am, &c.

Burnham, Sept. 1737.

LETTER VII.

MR. WEST TO MR. GRAY.



RECEIVING no answer to my last letter, which I writ above a month ago, I must own I am a little uneasy. The slight shadow of you which I had in Town, has only served to endear you to me the more. The moments I past with you made a strong impression upon me. I singled you out for a friend, and I would have you know me to be yours, if you deem me worthy.—Alas, Gray, you cannot imagine how miserably my time passes away. My health, and nerves, and spirits are, thank my stars, the very worst, I think in Oxford. Four and twenty hours of pure unalloyed health together, are as unknown to me as the 400,000 characters in the Chinese vocabulary. One of my complaints has of late been so over-civil as to visit me regularly once a month—*jam certus conviva*. This is

a painful nervous head-ach, which perhaps you have sometimes heard me speak of before. Give me leave to say, I find no physic comparable to your letters. If, as it is said in Ecclesiasticus, “ Friendship be the physic of the mind,” prescribe to me, dear Gray, as often and as much as you think proper, I shall be a most obedient patient.

Non ego

Fidis irascar medicis, offendar amicis.

I venture here to write you down a Greek epigram,⁴ which I lately turned into Latin, and hope you will excuse it.

ΠΟΣΕΙΔΙΠΠΟΥ.

Τὸν τριετῆ παίζοντα περὶ φρέαρ Ἀστυάνακτα
 Ἐιδῶλον μορφᾶς κωφὸν ἐπεσπάσατο.
 Ἐκ δ' ὕδατος τὸν παῖδα διάβροχον ἤρπασε μήτηρ,
 Σκεπτομένα ζωᾶς εἴ τινα μοῖραν ἔχει.
 Νύμφας δ' οὐκ ἐμίγηεν ὁ νήπιος, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ γούνων
 Ματρὸς κοιμηθεῖς τὸν βαθὺν ὕπνον ἔχει.

Perſpicui puerum ludentem in margine rivi ;
 Immerſit vitreæ limpidus error aquæ :
 At gelido ut mater moribundum e flumine traxit
 Credula, & amplexu funus inane fovet ;

Paulatim puer in dilecto pectore, fomno
Languidus, æternùm lumina composuit.

Adieu! I am going to my tutor's lectures on one
Puffendorff, a very jurisprudent author as you shall read
on a summer's day. Believe me yours, &c.

Christ Church, Dec. 2, 1738.



LETTER VIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.



ITERAS mi Favonî! abs te demum, nudiuf-
 tertius credo, accepi planè mellitas, nisi fortè
 quâ de ægritudine quâdam tuâ dictum:
 atque hoc sane mihi habitum est non paulò
 acerbius, quod te capitis morbo implicitum esse intellexi;
 oh morbum mihi quam odiosum! qui de industria id agit,
 ut ego in singulos menses, dii boni, quantis jocunditatibus
 orbarer! quàm ex animo mihi dolendum est, quod

Medio de fonte leporum
 Surgit amari aliquid.

Salutem mehercule, nolo, tam parvipendas, atq; amicis
 tam improbè consulas: quanquam tute fortassis—æstuas
 angusto limite mundi, viamq; (ut dicitur) affectas Olympo,
 nos tamen non esse tam sublimes, utpote qui hisce in for-
 dibus & fæce diutius paululum versari volumus, reminiscen-

dum est : illæ tuæ Musæ, si te ament modo, derelinqui paulisper non nimis ægrè patientur : indulge, amabo te, plusquam soles, corporis exercitationibus : magis te campus habeat, aprico magis te dedas otio, ut ne id ingenium quod tam cultum curas, diligenter nimis dum foves, officiosarum matrum ritu, interimas. Vide quæso, quam *ιατρικῶς* tecum agimus,

ἡδ' ἐπιθήσω

Φάρμαχ' ἃ κεν παύσῃσι μελαινῶων ὀδυνῶων.⁵

si de his pharmacis non satis liquet ; sunt festivitates meræ, sunt facetiæ & risus ; quos ego equidem si adhibere nequeo, tamen ad præcipiendum (ut medicorum fere mos est) certè satis sim ; id, quod poeticè sub finem epistolæ lusisti, mihi gratissimum quidem accidit ; admodum latinè coctum & conditum tetrasticon, græcam tamen illam *ἀφελείαν* mirificè sapit : tu quod restat, vide, fodes, hujusce hominis ignorantiam ; cum, unde hoc tibi sit depromptum, (ut fatear,) prorsus nescio : sane ego equidem nihil in capsis reperio quo tibi minimæ partis solutio fiat. Vale, & me ut soles, ama.

A. D. 11, Kalend. Februar.

LETTER IX.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.



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 ?

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

Cedere nocti ;

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

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

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

Hæ novo nostrum ferè pectus anno
 Simplices curæ tenuere, cælum
 Quamdiu sudum explicuit Favonî
 Purior hora :

Otia et campos nec adhuc relinquo,

Nec magis Phœbo Clytie fidelis ;

(Ingruant venti licet, et fenescat

Mollior ætas.)

Namque, ceu, lætos hominum labores

Prataque et montes recreante curru,

Purpurâ tractus oriens Eoos

Vestit, et auro ;

Sedulus fervo veneratus orbem

Prodigum splendoris ; amœniori

Sive dilectam meditatur igne

Pingere Calpen ;

Ufque dum, fulgore magis magis jam

Languido circum, variata nubes

Labitur furtim, viridisque in umbras

Scena recessit.

O ego felix, vice si (nec unquam
 Surgerem rursus) simili cadentem
 Parca me lenis fineret quieto

Fallere Letho !

Multa flagranti radiisque cincto
 Integris ah ! quam nihil inviderem,
 Cum Dei ardentem medius quadrigas

Sentit Olympus.

Ohe ! amicule noster, et unde, fodes tu *μεσοπάτακτος*
 adeò repente evasisti? jam rogaturum credo. Nescio
 hercle, sic planè habet. Quicquid enim nugarum *ἐπὶ*
σχολῆς inter ambulandum in palimpsesto scriptitavi, hisce
 te maxumè impertiri visum est, quippe quem probare, quod
 meum est, aut certè ignoscere solitum probè novi: bonâ
 tuâ veniâ sit si fortè videar in fine subtristior; nam risui
 jamdudum salutem dixi; etiam paulò mœstitiæ studiosiorem
 factum scias, promptumque, *Καινοῖς παλαιὰ δακρύοις σένειν*
κακά.

O lacrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo ; quater
Felix ! in imo qui scatentem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, fenfit.

Sed de me fatis. Cura ut valeas.

Jun. 1738.



LETTER X.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WALPOLE.



Y dear Sir, I should say Mr. Inspector General of the Exports and Imports;⁶ but that appellation would make but an odd figure in conjunction with the three familiar monosyllables above written, for

Non benè conveniunt nec in unâ fede morantur
Majestas & amor.⁷

Which is, being interpreted, Love does not live at the Custom-house; however, by what style, title, or denomination soever you choose to be dignified or distinguished hereafter, these three words will stick by you like a burr, and you can no more get quit of these and your christian name than St. Anthony could of his pig. My motions at present (which you are pleased to ask after) are much like those of a pendulum or (Dr. Longically speaking⁸) oscil-

latory. I swing from Chapel or Hall home, and from home to Chapel or Hall. All the strange incidents that happen in my journeys and returns I shall be sure to acquaint you with; the most wonderful is, that it now rains exceedingly, this has refreshed the prospect, as the way for the most part lies between green fields on either hand, terminated with buildings at some distance, castles, I presume, and of great antiquity. The roads are very good, being, as I suspect, the works of Julius Cæsar's army, for they still preserve, in many places, the appearance of a pavement in pretty good repair, and, if they were not so near home, might perhaps be as much admired as the Via Appia; there are at present several rivulets to be crossed, and which serve to enliven the view all around. The country is exceeding fruitful in ravens and such black cattle; but, not to tire you with my travels, I abruptly conclude. Yours, &c.

August, 1738.

LETTER XI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.



AM coming away all so fast, and leaving behind me without the least remorse, all the beauties of Sturbridge Fair. Its white bears may roar, its apes may ring their hands, and crocodiles cry their eyes out, all's one for that ; I shall not once visit them, nor so much as take my leave. The university has published a severe edict against schismatical congregations, and created half-a-dozen new little procterlings to see its orders executed, being under mighty apprehensions lest Henley⁹ and his gilt tub should come to the Fair and seduce their young ones ; but their pains are to small purpose, for lo, after all, he is not coming.

I am at this instant in the very agonies of leaving college, and would not wish the worst of my enemies a worse situation. If you knew the dust, the old boxes, the bed-

steads, and tutors that are about my ears, you would look upon this letter as a great effort of my resolution and unconcernedness in the midst of evils. I fill up my paper with a loose sort of version of that scene in *Pastor Fido* that begins, *Care selve beati*.

Sept. 1738.



LETTER XII.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

Amiens, April 1, N. S. 1739.



S we made but a very short journey to-day, and came to our inn early, I fit down to give you some account of our expedition. On the 29th (according to the style here) we left Dover at twelve at noon, and with a pretty brisk gale, which pleased every body mighty well, except myself, who was extremely sick the whole time; we reached Calais by five: The weather changed, and it began to snow hard the minute we got into the harbour, where we took the boat and soon landed. Calais is an exceeding old, but very pretty town, and we hardly saw any thing there that was not so new and so different from England, that it surpris'd us agreeably. We went the next morning to the great Church, and were at high Mass (it being Easter Monday).

We saw also the Convents of the Capuchins, and the Nuns of St. Dominic ; with these last we held much conversation, especially with an English Nun, a Mrs. Davis, of whose work I sent you by the return of the Pacquet, a letter-case to remember her by. In the afternoon we took a post-chaise (it still snowing very hard) for Boulogne, which was only eighteen miles further. This chaise is a strange sort of conveyance, of much greater use than beauty, resembling an ill-shaped chariot, only with the door opening before instead of the side ; three horses draw it, one between the shafts, and the other two on each side, on one of which the postillion rides, and drives too : This vehicle will, upon occasion, go fourscore miles a-day, but Mr. Walpole, being in no hurry, chooses to make easy journies of it, and they are easy ones indeed, for the motion is much like that of a sedan ; we go about six miles an hour, and commonly change horses at the end of it : It is true they are no very graceful steeds, but they go well, and through roads which they say are bad for France, but to me they seem gravel walks and bowling-greens ; in short, it would be the finest

travelling in the world, were it not for the inns, which are mostly terrible places indeed. But to describe our progress somewhat more regularly, we came into Boulogne when it was almost dark, and went out pretty early on Tuesday morning; so that all I can say about it is, that it is a large, old, fortified town, with more English in it than French. On Tuesday we were to go to Abbéville, seventeen leagues, or fifty-one short English miles; but by the way we dined at Montreuil, much to our hearts' content, on stinking mutton cutlets, addled eggs, and ditch water. Madame the hostess made her appearance in long lappets of bone lace and a sack of linsley-woolsey. We supped and lodged pretty well at Abbéville, and had time to see a little of it before we came out this morning. There are seventeen convents in it, out of which we saw the chapels of Minims and the Carmelite Nuns. We are now come further thirty miles to Amiens, the chief city of the province of Picardy. We have seen the cathedral, which is just what that of Canterbury must have been before the Reformation. It is about the same size, a huge Gothic building, beset on

the outside with thousands of small statues, and within adorned with beautiful painted windows, and a vast number of chapels dressed out in all their finery of altar-pieces, embroidery, gilding, and marble. Over the high altar are preserved, in a very large wrought shrine of massy gold, the relics of St. Firmin, their patron saint. We went also to the chapels of the Jesuits and Ursuline Nuns, the latter of which is very richly adorned. To-morrow we shall lie at Clermont, and next day reach Paris. The country we have passed through hitherto has been flat, open, but agreeably diversified with villages, fields well-cultivated, and little rivers. On every hillock is a windmill, a crucifix, or a Virgin Mary dressed in flowers, and a sarcenet robe; one sees not many people or carriages on the road; now and then indeed you meet a strolling friar, a countryman with his great muff, or a woman riding astride on a little ass, with short petticoats, and a great head-dress of blue wool. * *

LETTER XIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

Paris, April 12, 1739.



ENFIN donc me voici à Paris. Mr. Walpole is gone out to supper at Lord Conway's, and here I remain alone, though invited too. Do not think I make a merit of writing to you preferably to a good supper; for these three days we have been here, have actually given me an aversion to eating in general. If hunger be the best sauce to meat, the French are certainly the worst cooks in the world; for what tables we have seen have been so delicately served, and so profusely, that, after rising from one of them, one imagines it impossible ever to eat again. And now, if I tell you all I have in my head, you will believe me mad, mais n'importe, courage, allons! for if I wait till my head grow clear and settle a little, you may stay long enough for a letter. Six

days have we been coming hither, which other people do in two; they have not been disagreeable ones; through a fine, open country, admirable roads, and in an easy conveyance; the inns not absolutely intolerable, and images quite unusual presenting themselves on all hands. At Amiens we saw the fine cathedral, and eat *pâté de perdrix*; passed through the park of Chantilly by the Duke of Bourbon's palace, which we only beheld as we passed; broke down at Lufarche; stopt at St. Denis, saw all the beautiful monuments of the Kings of France, and the vast treasures of the abbey, rubies, and emeralds as big as small eggs, crucifixes, and vases, crowns and reliquaries, of inestimable value; but of all their curiosities the thing the most to our tastes, and which they indeed do the justice to esteem the glory of their collection, was a vase of an entire onyx, measuring at least five inches over, three deep, and of great thickness. It is at least two thousand years old, the beauty of the stone and sculpture upon it (representing the mysteries of Bacchus) beyond expression admirable; we have dreamed of it ever since. The jolly old Benedictine,

that showed us the treasures, had in his youth been ten years a soldier; he laughed at all the relics, was very full of stories, and mighty obliging. On Saturday evening we got to Paris, and were driving through the streets a long while before we knew where we were. The minute we came, voilà Milors Holderneffe, Conway and his brother; all stayed supper, and till two o'clock in the morning, for here nobody ever sleeps; it is not the way: Next day go to dine at my Lord Holderneffe's, there was the Abbé Prevôt, author of the Cleveland, and several other pieces much esteemed: The rest were English. At night we went to the Pandore; a spectacle literally, for it is nothing but a beautiful piece of machinery of three scenes. The first represents the chaos, and by degrees the separation of the elements. The second, the temple of Jupiter, the giving of the box to Pandora. The third, the opening of the box, and all the mischiefs that ensued. An absurd design, but executed in the highest perfection, and that in one of the finest theatres in the world; it is the grande salle des machines in the Palais des Tuileries. Next day

dined at Lord Waldegrave's; then to the opera. Imagine to yourself for the drama four acts' entirely unconnected with each other, each founded on some little history, skilfully taken out of an ancient author, e. g. Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, &c. and with great address converted into a French piece of gallantry. For instance, that which I saw, called the *Ballet de la Paix*, had its first act built upon the story of Nireus. Homer having said he was the handsomest man of his time, the poet, imagining such a one could not want a mistress, has given him one. These two come in and sing sentiment in lamentable strains, neither air nor recitative; only, to one's great joy, they are every now and then interrupted by a dance, or (to one's great sorrow) by a chorus that borders the stage from one end to the other, and screams, past all power of simile to represent. The second act was *Baucis and Philemon*. *Baucis* is a beautiful young shepherdess, and *Philemon* her swain. *Jupiter* falls in love with her, but nothing will prevail upon her; so it is all mighty well, and the chorus sing and dance the praises of *Constancy*. The two other acts were about

Iphis and Ianthe, and the judgment of Paris. Imagine, I say, all this transacted by cracked voices, trilling divisions upon two notes and a half, accompanied by an orchestra of humstrums, and a whole house more attentive than if Farinelli sung, and you will almost have formed a just notion of the thing. Our astonishment at their absurdity you can never conceive; we had enough to do to express it by screaming an hour louder than the whole dramatic personæ. We have also seen twice the Comédie Française; first, the Mahomet Second, a tragedy that has had a great run of late; and the thing itself does not want its beauties, but the actors are beyond measure delightful. Mademoiselle Gauffin (M. Voltaire's Zara) has with a charming (though little) person the most pathetic tone of voice, the finest expression in her face, and most proper action imaginable. There is also a Dufrêne, who did the chief character, a handsome man and a prodigious fine actor. The second we saw was the Philosophe marié, and here they performed as well in comedy; there is a Mademoiselle Quinault, somewhat in Mrs. Clive's way, and a Monsieur

Grandval, in the nature of Wilks, who is the genteelest thing in the world. There are several more would be much admired in England, and many (whom we have not seen) much celebrated here. Great part of our time is spent in seeing churches and palaces full of fine pictures, &c. the quarter of which is not yet exhausted. For my part, I could entertain myself this month merely with the common streets and the people in them. * * *



LETTER XIV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

Paris, May 22, 1739.



FTER the little particulars aforefaid I ſhould have proceeded to a journal of our tranſactions for this week paſt, ſhould have carried you poſt from hence to Verſailles, hurried you through the gardens to Trianon, back again to Paris, ſo away to Chantilly. But the fatigue is perhaps more than you can bear, and moreover I think I have reaſon to ſtomach your laſt piece of gravity. Suppoſing you were in your ſobereſt mood, I am ſorry you ſhould think me capable of ever being ſo diſſipé, ſo evaporé, as not to be in a condition of reliſhing any thing you could ſay to me. And now, if you have a mind to make your peace with me, arouſe ye from your megrims and your melancholies, and (for exerciſe is good for you) throw away your night-

cap, call for your jack-boots, and set out with me, last Saturday evening, for Versailles—and so at eight o'clock, passing through a road speckled with vines, and villas, and hares, and partridges, we arrive at the great avenue, flanked on either hand with a double row of trees about half a mile long, and with the palace itself to terminate the view; facing which, on each side of you, is placed a semi-circle of very handsome buildings, which form the stables. These we will not enter into, because you know we are no jockeys. Well! and is this the great front of Versailles? What a huge heap of littleness! it is composed, as it were, of three courts, all open to the eye at once, and gradually diminishing till you come to the royal apartments, which on this side present but half a dozen windows and a balcony. This last is all that can be called a front, for the rest is only great wings. The hue of all this mass is black, dirty red, and yellow; the first proceeding from stone changed by age; the second, from a mixture of brick; and the last, from a profusion of tarnished gilding. You cannot see a more disagreeable tout-ensemble; and, to finish

the matter, it is all stuck over in many places with small busts of a tawny hue between every two windows. We pass through this to go into the garden, and here the case is indeed altered; nothing can be vaster and more magnificent than the back front; before it a very spacious terrace spreads itself, adorned with two large basins; these are bordered and lined (as most of the others) with white marble, with handsome statues of bronze reclined on their edges. From hence you descend a huge flight of steps into a semi-circle formed by woods, that are cut all around into niches, which are filled with beautiful copies of all the famous antique statues in white marble. Just in the midst is the basin of Latona; she and her children are standing on the top of a rock in the middle, on the sides of which are the peasants, some half, some totally changed into frogs, all which throw out water at her in great plenty. From this place runs on the great alley, which brings you into a complete round, where is the basin of Apollo, the biggest in the gardens. He is rising in his car out of the water, surrounded by nymphs and tritons, all in bronze,

and finely executed, and these, as they play, raise a perfect storm about him; beyond this is the great canal, a prodigious long piece of water, that terminates the whole: All this you have at one coup d'œil in entering the garden, which is truly great. I cannot say as much of the general taste of the place: every thing you behold favours too much of art; all is forced, all is constrained about you; statues and vases sowed every where without distinction; sugar loaves and minced pies of yew; scrawl work of box, and little squirting jets-d'eau, besides a great sameness in the walks, cannot help striking one at first sight, not to mention the silliest of labyrinths, and all Æsop's fables in water; since these were designed in usum Delphini only. Here then we walk by moonlight, and hear the ladies and the nightingales sing. Next morning, being Whitfunday, make ready to go to the Installation of nine Knights du Saint Esprit, Cambis is one:² high mass celebrated with music, great crowd, much incense, King, Queen, Dauphin, Mesdames, Cardinals, and Court: Knights arrayed by his Majesty; reverences before the altar, not bows, but curtsies;

stiff hams: much tittering among the ladies; trumpets, kettle-drums and fifes. My dear West, I am vastly delighted with Trianon, all of us with Chantilly; if you would know why, you must have patience, for I can hold my pen no longer, except to tell you that I saw Britannicus last night; all the characters, particularly Agrippina and Nero, done to perfection; to-morrow Phædra and Hippolitus. We are making you a little bundle of petites pièces; there is nothing in them, but they are acting at present; there are too Crebillon's Letters, and Amusemens sur le langage des Bêtes, said to be of one Bougeant, a Jesuit; they are both esteemed, and lately come out. This day se'nnight we go to Rheims.



LETTER XV.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

Rheims, June 21, N. S. 1739.



WE have now been settled almost three weeks in this city, which is more considerable upon account of its size and antiquity, than from the number of its inhabitants, or any advantages of commerce. There is little in it worth a stranger's curiosity, besides the cathedral church, which is a vast Gothic building of a surprising beauty and lightness, all covered over with a profusion of little statues, and other ornaments. It is here the Kings of France are crowned by the Archbishop of Rheims, who is the first Peer, and the Primate of the kingdom: The holy vessel made use of on that occasion, which contains the oil, is kept in the church of St. Nicasius hard by, and is believed to have been brought by an angel from heaven at the

coronation of Clovis, the first christian king. The streets in general have but a melancholy aspect, the houses all old ; the public walks run along the side of a great moat under the ramparts, where one hears a continual croaking of frogs ; the country round about is one great plain covered with vines, which at this time of the year afford no very pleasing prospect, as being not above a foot high. What pleasures the place denies to the sight, it makes up to the palate ; since you have nothing to drink but the best champagne in the world, and all sort of provisions equally good. As to other pleasures, there is not that freedom of conversation among the people of fashion here, that one sees in other parts of France ; for though they are not very numerous in this place, and consequently must live a good deal together, yet they never come to any great familiarity with one another. As my Lord Conway had spent a good part of his time among them, his brother, and we with him, were soon introduced into all their assemblies : As soon as you enter, the lady of the house presents each of you a card, and offers you a party at quadrille ; you sit down,

and play forty deals without intermission, excepting one quarter of an hour, when every body rises to eat of what they call the *goûter*, which supplies the place of our tea, and is a service of wine, fruits, cream, sweetmeats, crawfish, and cheese. People take what they like, and sit down again to play; after that, they make little parties to go to the walks together, and then all the company retire to their separate habitations. Very seldom any suppers or dinners are given; and this is the manner they live among one another; not so much out of any aversion they have to pleasure, as out of a sort of formality they have contracted by not being much frequented by people who have lived at Paris. It is sure they do not hate gaiety any more than the rest of their country-people, and can enter into diversions, that are once proposed, with a good grace enough: for instance, the other evening we happened to be got together in a company of eighteen people, men and women of the best fashion here, at a garden in the town to walk; when one of the ladies bethought herself of asking, Why should not we sup here? Immediately the cloth was laid by the side of a

fountain under the trees, and a very elegant supper served up; after which another said, Come, let us sing; and directly began herself: From singing we insensibly fell to dancing, and singing in a round; when somebody mentioned the violins, and immediately a company of them was ordered: Minuets were begun in the open air, and then came country-dances, which held till four o'clock next morning; at which hour the gayest lady there proposed, that such as were weary should get into their coaches, and the rest of them should dance before them with the music in the van; and in this manner we paraded through all the principal streets of the city, and waked every body in it. Mr. Walpole had a mind to make a custom of the thing, and would have given a ball in the same manner next week; but the women did not come into it; so I believe it will drop, and they will return to their dull cards, and usual formalities. We are not to stay above a month longer here, and shall then go to Dijon, the chief city of Burgundy, a very splendid and very gay town; at least such is the present design.

LETTER XVI.

MR. GRAY TO HIS FATHER.

Dijon, Friday, Sept. 11, N. S. 1739.



WE have made three short days journey of it from Rheims hither, where we arrived the night before last : The road we have passed through has been extremely agreeable : it runs through the most fertile part of Champagne by the side of the river Marne, with a chain of hills on each hand at some distance, entirely covered with woods and vineyards, and every now and then the ruins of some old castle on their tops ; we lay at St. Dizier the first night, and at Langres the second, and got hither the next evening time enough to have a full view of this city in entering it : It lies in a very extensive plain covered with vines and corn, and consequently is plentifully supplied with both. I need not tell you that it is the chief city of Burgundy, nor that it is

of great antiquity ; considering which one should imagine it ought to be larger than one finds it. However, what it wants in extent, is made up in beauty and cleanliness, and in rich convents and churches, most of which we have seen. The palace of the States is a magnificent new building, where the Duke of Bourbon is lodged when he comes every three years to hold that assembly, as governor of the Province. A quarter of a mile out of the town is a famous Abbey of Carthusians, which we are just returned from seeing. In their chapel are the tombs of the ancient Dukes of Burgundy, that were so powerful, till at the death of Charles the Bold, the last of them, this part of his dominions was united by Lewis XI. to the crown of France. To-morrow we are to pay a visit to the Abbot of the Cistercians, who lives a few leagues off, and who uses to receive all strangers with great civility ; his Abbey is one of the richest in the kingdom ; he keeps open house always, and lives with great magnificence. We have seen enough of this town already to make us regret the time we spent at Rheims ; it is full of people of condition, who seem to

form a much more agreeable society than we found in Champaigne; but as we shall stay here but two or three days longer, it is not worth while to be introduced into their houses. On Monday or Tuesday we are to set out for Lyons, which is two days journey distant, and from thence you shall hear again from me.



LETTER XVII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

Lyons, Sept. 18, N.S. 1739.



CAVEZ-VOUS bien, mon cher ami, que je vous hais, que je vous déteste? voilà des termes un peu forts; and that will save me, upon a just computation, a page of paper and six drops of ink; which, if I confined myself to reproaches of a more moderate nature, I should be obliged to employ in using you according to your deserts. What: to let any body reside three months at Rheims, and write but once to them! Please to consult Tully de Amicit. page 5, line 25, and you will find it said in express terms, “Ad amicum inter Remos relegatum mense uno quinquies scriptum esto;” nothing more plain or less liable to false interpretations. Now because, I suppose, it will give you pain to know we are in being, I take this opportunity to tell you that we

are at the ancient and celebrated Lugdunum, a city situated upon the confluence of the Rhône³ and Saône (Arar, I should say), two people, who though of tempers extremely unlike, think fit to join hands here, and make a little party to travel to the Mediterranean in company ; the lady comes gliding along through the fruitful plains of Burgundy, *incredibili lenitate, ita ut oculis in utram partem fluit judicari non possit*; the gentleman runs all rough and roaring down from the mountains of Switzerland to meet her; and with all her soft airs she likes him never the worse; she goes through the middle of the city in state, and he passes incog. without the walls, but waits for her a little below. The houses here are so high, and the streets so narrow, as would be sufficient to render Lyons the dismallest place in the world, but the number of people, and the face of commerce diffused about it, are, at least, as sufficient to make it the liveliest: between these two sufficiencies, you will be in doubt what to think of it; so we shall leave the city, and proceed to its environs, which are beautiful beyond expression: it is surrounded with mountains, and

those mountains all bedropped and bespeckled with houses, gardens, and plantations of the rich Bourgeois, who have from thence a prospect of the city in the vale below on one hand, on the other the rich plains of the Lyonnais, with the rivers winding among them, and the Alps, with the mountains of Dauphiné, to bound the view. All yesterday morning we were busied in climbing up Mount Fourvière, where the ancient city stood perched at such a height, that nothing but the hopes of gain could certainly ever persuade their neighbours to pay them a visit: Here are the ruins of the Emperors' palaces, that resided here, that is to say, Augustus and Severus; they consist in nothing but great masses of old wall, that have only their quality to make them respected. In a vineyard of the Minims are remains of a theatre; the Fathers, whom they belong to, hold them in no esteem at all, and would have showed us their sacristy and chapel instead of them: The Ursuline Nuns have in their garden some Roman baths, but we having the misfortune to be men, and heretics, they did not think proper to admit us. Hard by are eight

arches of a most magnificent aqueduct, said to be erected by Antony, when his legions were quartered here : There are many other parts of it dispersed up and down the country, for it brought the water from a river many leagues off in La Forez. Here are remains, too, of Agrippa's seven great roads which met at Lyons ; in some places they lie twelve feet deep in the ground : In short, a thousand matters that you shall not know, till you give me a description of the País de Tombridge, and the effect its waters have upon you.



LETTER XVIII.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

Lyons, Oct. 13, N. S. 1739.



IT is now almost five weeks since I left Dijon, one of the gayest and most agreeable little cities of France, for Lyons, its reverse in all these particulars. It is the second in the kingdom in bigness and rank, the streets excessively narrow and nasty; the houses immensely high and large; (that, for instance, where we are lodged, has twenty-five rooms on a floor, and that for five stories;) it swarms with inhabitants like Paris itself, but chiefly a mercantile people, too much given up to commerce, to think of their own, much less of a stranger's diversions. We have no acquaintance in the town, but such English as happen to be passing through here, in their way to Italy and the south, which at present happen to be near thirty in number. It is a fortnight since

we fet out from hence upon a little excursion to Geneva. We took the longeſt road, which lies through Savoy, on purpoſe to ſee a famous monaſtery, called the Grande Chartreufe, and had no reaſon to think our time loſt. After having travelled ſeven days very flow (for we did not change horſes, it being impoſſible for a chaiſe to go poſt in theſe roads) we arrived at a little village, among the mountains of Savoy, called Echelles; from thence we proceeded on horſes, who are uſed to the way, to the mountain of the Chartreufe: It is fix miles to the top; the road runs winding up it, commonly not fix feet broad; on one hand is the rock, with woods of pine⁴-trees hanging over head; on the other, a monſtrous precipice, almoſt perpendicular, at the bottom of which rolls a torrent, that ſometimes tumbling among the fragments of ſtone that have fallen from on high, and ſometimes precipitating itſelf down vaſt deſcents with a noiſe like thunder, which is ſtill made greater by the echo from the mountains on each ſide, concurs to form one of the moſt ſolemn, the moſt romantic, and the moſt aſtoniſhing ſcenes I

ever beheld: Add to this the strange views made by the crags and cliffs on the other hand; the cascades that in many places throw themselves from the very summit down into the vale, and the river below; and many other particulars impossible to describe; you will conclude we had no occasion to repent our pains. This place St. Bruno chose to retire to, and upon its very top founded the afore-said convent, which is the superior of the whole order. When we came there, the two fathers, who are commissioned to entertain strangers, (for the rest must neither speak one to another, nor to any one else,) received us very kindly; and set before us a repast of dried fish, eggs, butter and fruits, all excellent in their kind, and extremely neat. They pressed us to spend the night there, and to stay some days with them; but this we could not do, so they led us about their house, which is, you must think, like a little city; for there are 100 fathers, besides 300 servants, that make their clothes, grind their corn, press their wine, and do every thing among themselves: The whole is quite orderly and simple; nothing of finery, but

the wonderful decency, and the strange situation, more than supply the place of it. In the evening we descended by the same way, passing through many clouds that were then forming themselves on the mountain's side. Next day we continued our journey by Chambéry, which, though the chief city of the duchy, and residence of the king of Sardinia, when he comes into this part of his dominions, makes but a very mean and insignificant appearance; we lay at Aix, once famous for its hot baths, and the next night at Annecy; the day after, by noon, we got to Geneva. I have not time to say anything about it, nor of our solitary journey back again. * * *



LETTER XIX.

MR. GRAY TO HIS FATHER.

Lyons, Oct. 25, N. S. 1739.



IN my last I gave you the particulars of our little journey to Geneva : I have only to add, that we staid about a week, in order to see Mr. Conway settled there : I do not wonder so many English choose it for their residence ; the city is very small, neat, prettily built, and extremely populous ; the Rhône runs through the middle of it, and it is surrounded with new fortifications, that give it a military compact air ; which, joined to the happy, lively countenances of the inhabitants, and an exact discipline always as strictly observed as in time of war, makes the little republic appear a match for a much greater power ; though perhaps Geneva, and all that belongs to it, are not of equal extent with Windsor and its two parks. To one that has

passed through Savoy, as we did, nothing can be more striking than the contrast, as soon as he approaches the town. Near the gates of Geneva runs the torrent Arve, which separates it from the King of Sardinia's dominions; on the other side of it lies a country naturally, indeed, fine and fertile; but you meet with nothing in it but meagre, ragged, bare-footed peasants, with their children, in extreme misery and nastiness; and even of these no great numbers; You no sooner have crossed the stream I have mentioned, but poverty is no more; not a beggar, hardly a discontented face to be seen; numerous and well-dressed people swarming on the ramparts; drums beating, soldiers, well clothed and armed, exercising; and folks, with business in their looks, hurrying to and fro; all contribute to make any person, who is not blind, sensible what a difference there is between the two governments, that are the causes of one view and the other. The beautiful lake, at one end of which the town is situated; its extent; the several states that border upon it; and all its pleasures, are too well known for me to mention them. We failed upon

it as far as the dominions of Geneva extend, that is, about two leagues and a half on each side; and landed at several of the little houses of pleasure, that the inhabitants have built all about it, who received us with much politeness. The same night we eat part of a trout, taken in the lake, that weighed thirty-seven pounds; as great a monster as it appeared to us, it was esteemed there nothing extraordinary, and they assured us, it was not uncommon to catch them of fifty pounds; they are dressed here and sent post to Paris upon some great occasions; nay, even to Madrid, as we were told. The road we returned through was not the same we came by: We crossed the Rhône at Seyffel, and passed for three days among the mountains of Bugey, without meeting with any thing new: At last we came out into the plains of La Bresse, and so to Lyons again. Sir Robert has written to Mr. Walpole, to desire he would go to Italy; which he has resolved to do; so that all the scheme of spending the winter in the south of France is laid aside, and we are to pass it in a much finer country. You may imagine I am not sorry to have this opportunity

of seeing the place in the world that best deserves it: Besides as the Pope (who is eighty-eight, and has been lately at the point of death) cannot probably last a great while, perhaps we may have the fortune to be present at the election of a new one, when Rome will be in all its glory. Friday next we certainly begin our journey; in two days we shall come to the foot of the Alps, and six more we shall be in passing them. Even here the winter is begun; what then must it be among those vast snowy mountains where it is hardly ever summer? We are, however, as well armed as possible against the cold, with muffs, hoods, and masks of beaver, fur-boots, and bear-skins. When we arrive at Turin, we shall rest after the fatigues of the journey. * * *

LETTER XX.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

Turin, Nov. 7, N. S. 1739.



AM this night arrived here, and have just set down to rest me after eight days tirefome journey: For the three first we had the same road we before passed through to go to Geneva; the fourth we turned out of it, and for that day and the next travelled rather among than upon the Alps; the way commonly running through a deep valley by the side of the river Arc, which works itself a passage, with great difficulty and a mighty noise, among vast quantities of rocks, that have rolled down from the mountain tops. The winter was so far advanced, as in great measure to spoil the beauty of the prospect; however, there was still somewhat fine remaining amidst the savageness and horror of the place: The sixth we began to go up several of these

mountains ; and as we were passing one, met with an odd accident enough : Mr. Walpole had a little fat black spaniel, that he was very fond of, which he sometimes used to set down, and let it run by the chaise side. We were at that time in a very rough road, not two yards broad at most ; on one side was a great wood of pines, and on the other a vast precipice ; it was noon-day, and the sun shone bright, when all of a sudden, from the wood-side (which was as steep upwards, as the other part was downwards) out rushed a great wolf, came close to the head of the horses, seized the dog by the throat, and rushed up the hill again with him in his mouth. This was done in less than a quarter of a minute ; we all saw it, and yet the servants had not time to draw their pistols, or do any thing to save the dog. If he had not been there, and the creature had thought fit to lay hold of one of the horses ; chaise, and we, and all must inevitably have tumbled above fifty fathoms perpendicular down the precipice. The seventh we came to Lanebourg, the last town in Savoy ; it lies at the foot of the famous mount Cenis, which is so

situated as to allow no room for any way but over the very top of it. Here the chaise was forced to be pulled to pieces, and the baggage and that to be carried by mules : We ourselves were wrapped up in our furs, and seated upon a sort of matted chair without legs, which is carried upon poles in the manner of a bier, and so begun to ascend by the help of eight men. It was six miles to the top, where a plain opens itself about as many more in breadth, covered perpetually with very deep snow, and in the midst of that a great lake of unfathomable depth, from whence a river takes its rise, and tumbles over monstrous rocks quite down the other side of the mountain. The descent is six miles more, but infinitely more steep than the going up ; and here the men perfectly fly down with you, stepping from stone to stone with incredible swiftness in places where none but they could go three paces without falling. The immensity of the precipices, the roaring of the river and torrents that run into it, the huge crags covered with ice and snow, and the clouds below you and about you, are objects it is impossible to conceive without seeing them ;

and though we had heard many strange descriptions of the scene, none of them at all came up to it. We were but five hours in performing the whole, from which you may judge of the rapidity of the men's motion. We are now got into Piedmont, and stopped a little while at La Ferriere, a small village about three quarters of the way down, but still among the clouds, where we began to hear a new language spoken round about us; at last we got quite down, went through the Pas de Sufe, a narrow road among the Alps, defended by two fortresses, and lay at Boffolens: Next evening through a fine avenue of nine miles in length, as straight as a line, we arrived at this city, which, as you know, is the capital of the Principality, and the residence of the King of Sardinia. * * * We shall stay here, I believe, a fortnight, and proceed for Genoa, which is three or four days journey to go post. I am, &c.

LETTER XXI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

Turin, Nov. 16, N. S. 1739.



FTER eight days journey through Greenland, we arrived at Turin. You approach it by a handsome avenue of nine miles long, and quite straight. The entrance is guarded by certain vigilant dragons, called Douaniers, who mumbled us for some time. The city is not large, as being a place of strength, and consequently confined within its fortifications; it has many beauties and some faults; among the first are streets all laid out by the line, regular uniform buildings, fine walks that surround the whole, and in general a good lively clean appearance: But the houses are of brick plastered, which is apt to want repairing; the windows of oiled paper, which is apt to be torn; and every thing very flight, which is apt to tumble down.

There is an excellent Opera, but it is only in the Carnival : Balls every night, but only in the Carnival : Masquerades too, but only in the Carnival. This Carnival lasts only from Christmas to Lent ; one half of the remaining part of the year is passed in remembering the last, the other in expecting the future Carnival. We cannot well subsist upon such slender diet, no more than upon an execrable Italian Comedy, and a Puppet-Show, called *Rappresentatione d'un' anima dannata*, which, I think, are all the present diversions of the place ; except the *Marquise de Cavillac's Conversazione*, where one goes to see people play at *Ombre* and *Taroc*, a game with 72 cards all painted with suns, and moons, and devils, and monks. Mr. Walpole has been at court ; the family are at present at a country palace, called *La Venerie*. The palace here in town is the very quintessence of gilding and looking-glasses ; inlaid floors, carved panels, and painting, wherever they could stick a brush. I own, I have not, as yet, anywhere met with those grand and simple works of Art, that are to amaze one, and whose sight one is to be the better for :

But those of Nature have astonished me beyond expression. In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse, I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation, that there was no restraining: Not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is pregnant with religion and poetry. There are certain scenes that would awe an atheist into belief, without the help of other argument. One need not have a very fantastic imagination to see spirits there at noon-day; You have death perpetually before your eyes, only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frightening it. I am well persuaded St. Bruno was a man of no common genius, to choose such a situation for his retirement; and perhaps should have been a disciple of his, had I been born in his time. You may believe Abelard and Heloise were not forgot upon this occasion: If I do not mistake, I saw you too every now and then at a distance along the trees; *il me semble, que j'ai vu ce chien de visage là quelque part.* You seemed to call to me from the other side of the precipice, but the noise of the river below was so great, that I really could not distinguish what you said; it seemed to

have a cadence like verse. In your next you will be so good to let me know what it was. The week we have since passed among the Alps, has not equalled the single day upon that mountain, because the winter was rather too far advanced, and the weather a little foggy. However, it did not want its beauties; the savage rudeness of the view is inconceivable without seeing it: I reckoned in one day, thirteen cascades, the least of which was, I dare say, one hundred feet in height. I had Livy in the chaise with me, and beheld his “*Nives cœlo propè immistæ, tecta informia imposita rupibus, pecora jumenta que torrida frigore, homines intonsi & inculti, animalia inanima que omnia rigentia gelu; omnia confragosa, præruptaque.*”^s The creatures that inhabit them are, in all respects, below humanity; and most of them, especially women, have the tumidum guttur, which they call *goscia*. Mont Cenis, I confess, carries the permission mountains have of being frightful rather too far; and its horrors were accompanied with too much danger to give one time to reflect upon their beauties. There is a family of the Alpine monsters I have

mentioned, upon its very top, that in the middle of winter calmly lay in their stock of provisions and firing, and so are buried in their hut for a month or two under the snow. When we were down it, and got a little way into Piedmont, we began to find “*Apricos quosdam colles, rivosque prope fylvas, & jam humano cultu digniora loca.*”⁶ I read Silius Italicus too, for the first time; and wished for you according to custom. We set out for Genoa in two days time.



LETTER XXII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

Genoa, Nov. 21, 1739.

HORRIDOS tractus, Boreæq; linquens
 Regna Taurini fera, molliorem
 Advehor brumam, Genuæq; amantes
 Litora foles.



At least if they do not, they have a very ill taste: for I never beheld anything more amiable: Only figure to yourself a vast semi-circular basin, full of fine blue sea, and vessels of all sorts and sizes, some sailing out, some coming in, and others at anchor; and all round it palaces, and churches peeping over one another's heads, gardens, and marble terraces full of orange and cypress trees, fountains, and trellis-works covered with vines, which altogether compose the grandest of theatres. This is the first coup

d'œil, and is almost all I am yet able to give you an account of, for we arrived late last night. To-day was, luckily, a great festival, and in the morning we resorted to the church of the Madonna delle Vigne, to put up our little orisons ; (I believe I forgot to tell you, that we have been some time converts to the holy Catholic church ;) we found our Lady richly dressed out, with a crown of diamonds on her own head, another upon the child's, and a constellation of wax lights burning before them : Shortly after came the Doge, in his robes of crimson damask, and a cap of the same, followed by the Senate in black. Upon his approach began a fine concert of music, and among the rest two eunuchs' voices, that were a perfect feast to ears that had heard nothing but French operas for a year. We listened to this, and breathed nothing but incense for two hours. The Doge is a very tall, lean, stately old figure, called Constantino Balbi ; and the Senate seem to have been made upon the same model. They said their prayers, and heard an absurd white friar preach, with equal devotion.

After this we went to the Annonciata, a church built by the family Lomellini, and belonging to it ; which is, indeed, a most stately structure, the inside wholly marble of various kinds, except where gold and painting take its place. From hence to the Palazzo Doria. I should make you sick of marble, if I told you how it was lavished here upon the porticoes, the balustrades, and terraces, the lowest of which extends quite to the sea. The inside is by no means answerable to the outward magnificence ; the furniture seems to be as old as the founder of the family.⁷ There great embossed silver tables tell you, in bas-relief, his victories at sea ; how he entertained the Emperor Charles, and how he refused the sovereignty of the Commonwealth when it was offered him ; the rest is old-fashioned velvet chairs, and Gothic tapestry. The rest of the day has been spent, much to our hearts' content, in cursing French music and architecture, and in singing the praises of Italy. We find this place so very fine, that we are in fear of finding nothing finer. We are fallen in love with the Mediter-

ranean sea, and hold your lakes and your rivers in vast contempt. This is

“ The happy country where huge lemons grow,”
as Waller says ; and I am forry to think of leaving it in a week for Parma, although it be

The happy country where huge cheefes grow.



LETTER XXIII.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

Bologna, Dec. 9, N.S. 1739.



OUR journey hither has taken up much less time than I expected. We left Genoa (a charming place, and one that deserved a longer stay,) the week before last; crossed the mountains, and lay that night at Tortona, the next at St. Giovanni, and the morning after came to Piacenza. That city (though the capital of a Duchy) made so frippery an appearance, that instead of spending some days there, as had been intended, we only dined, and went on to Parma; stayed there all the following day, which was passed in visiting the famous works of Correggio in the Dome, and other churches. The fine gallery of pictures, that once belonged to the Dukes of Parma, is no more here; the King of Naples has carried it all thither, and

the city had not merit enough to detain us any longer, so we proceeded through Reggio to Modena; this, though the residence of its Duke, is an ill-built melancholy place, all of brick, as are most of the towns in this part of Lombardy: He himself lives in a private manner, with very little appearance of a court about him; he has one of the noblest collections of paintings in the world, which entertained us extremely well the rest of that day and a part of the next; and in the afternoon we came to Bologna. So now you may wish us joy of being in the dominions of his Holiness. This is a populous city, and of great extent: All the streets have porticoes on both sides, such as surround a part of Covent Garden, a great relief in summer-time in such a climate; and from one of the principal gates to a church of the Virgin, [where is a wonder-working picture, at three miles distance,] runs a corridor of the same sort, lately finished, and indeed a most extraordinary performance. The churches here are more remarkable for their paintings than architecture, being mostly old structures of brick; but the palaces are numerous, and fine enough to supply us

with fomewhat worth seeing from morning till night. The country of Lombardy, hitherto, is one of the most beautiful imaginable ; the roads broad, and exactly straight, and on either hand vast plantations of trees, chiefly mulberries and olives, and not a tree without a vine twining about it, and spreading among its branches. This scene, indeed, which must be the most lovely in the world during the proper season, is at present all deformed by the winter, which here is rigorous enough for the time it lasts ; but one still sees the skeleton of a charming place, and reaps the benefit of its product, for the fruits and provisions are admirable ; in short, you find every thing that luxury can desire in perfection. We have now been here a week, and shall stay some little time longer. We are at the foot of the Apennine mountains ; it will take up three days to cross them, and then we shall come to Florence, where we shall pass the Christmas. Till then we must remain in a state of ignorance as to what is doing in England, for our letters are to meet us there : If I do not find four or five from you alone, I shall wonder.

LETTER XXIV.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

Florence, Dec. 19, N. S. 1739.



WE spent twelve days at Bologna, chiefly (as most travellers do) in seeing fights; for as we knew no mortal there, and as it is no easy matter to get admission into any Italian house, without very particular recommendations, we could see no company but in public places; and there are none in that city but the churches. We saw, therefore, churches, palaces, and pictures from morning to night; and the 15th of this month set out for Florence, and began to cross the Apennine mountains; we travelled among and upon them all that day, and, as it was but indifferent weather, were commonly in the middle of thick clouds, that utterly deprived us of a sight of their beauties: For this vast chain of hills has its beauties, and all the

valleys are cultivated; even the mountains themselves are many of them so within a little of their very tops. They are not so horrid as the Alps, though pretty near as high; and the whole road is admirably well kept, and paved throughout, which is a length of fourscore miles, and more: We left the Pope's dominions, and lay that night in those of the Grand Duke at Fiorenzuola, a paltry little town, at the foot of Mount Giogo, which is the highest of them all. Next morning we went up it; the post-house is upon its very top, and usually involved in clouds, or half-buried in the snow. Indeed there was none of the last at the time we were there, but it was still a dismal habitation. The descent is most excessively steep, and the turnings very short and frequent; however, we performed it without any danger, and in coming down could dimly discover Florence, and the beautiful plain about it, through the mists, but enough to convince us, it must be one of the noblest prospects upon earth in summer. That afternoon we got thither; and Mr. Mann,⁸ the resident, had sent his servant to meet us at the gates, and conduct us to his house. He

is the best and most obliging person in the world. The next night we were introduced at the Prince of Craon's assembly (he has the chief power here in the Grand Duke's absence). The princess, and he, were extremely civil to the name of Walpole, so we were asked to stay supper, which is as much as to say, you may come and sup here whenever you please; for after the first invitation this is always understood. We have also been at the Countess Suarez's, a favourite of the late Duke, and one that gives the first movement to every thing gay that is going forward here. The news is every day expected from Vienna of the Great Duchess's delivery; if it be a boy, here will be all sorts of balls, masquerades, operas, and illuminations; if not, we must wait for the Carnival, when all those things come of course. In the mean time it is impossible to want entertainment; the famous gallery, alone, is an amusement for months; we commonly pass two or three hours every morning in it, and one has perfect leisure to consider all its beauties. You know it contains many hundred antique statues, such as the whole world cannot match, besides the

vast collection of paintings, medals, and precious stones, such as no other prince was ever master of; in short, all that the rich and powerful house of Medicis has in so many years got together. And besides this city abounds with so many palaces and churches, that you can hardly place yourself anywhere without having some fine one in view, or at least some statue or fountain, magnificently adorned; these undoubtedly are far more numerous than Genoa can pretend to; yet, in its general appearance, I cannot think that Florence equals it in beauty. Mr. Walpole is just come from being presented to the Electress Palatine Dowager; she is a sister of the late Great Duke's; a stately old lady, that never goes out but to church, and then she has guards, and eight horses to her coach. She received him with much ceremony, standing under a huge black canopy, and, after a few minutes talking, she assured him of her good will, and dismissed him: She never sees any body but thus in form; and so she passes her life, poor woman! * * *

LETTER XXV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

Florence, Jan. 15, 1740.



THINK I have not yet told you how we left that charming place Genoa: How we crossed a mountain of green marble, called Buchetto: How we came to Tortona, and waded through the mud to come to Castel St. Giovanni, and there eat mustard and sugar with a dish of crows' gizzards: Secondly, how we passed the famous plains;

Qua Trebie glaucas falices interfecat undâ,

Arvaque Romanis nobilitata malis.

Vifus adhuc amnis veteri de clade rubere,

Et fufpirantes ducere mœftus aquas;

Maurorumque ala, et nigræ increbefcere turmæ,

Et pulfa Aufonidum ripa fonare fugâ.

Nor, thirdly, how we passed through Piacenza, Parma, Modena, entered the territories of the Pope; stayed twelve

days at Bologna; crossed the Appennines, and afterwards arrived at Florence. None of these things have I told you, nor do I intend to tell you, till you ask me some questions concerning them. No not even of Florence itself, except that it is as fine as possible, and has every thing in it that can bless the eyes. But, before I enter into particulars, you must make your peace both with me and the Venus de Medicis, who, let me tell you, is highly and justly offended at you for not inquiring, long before this, concerning her symmetry and proportions. * * *



LETTER XXVI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WHARTON.

Proposals for Printing by Subscription, in

THIS LARGE LETTER,

THE TRAVELS OF T. G. GENT.

WHICH WILL CONSIST OF THE FOLLOWING PARTICULARS.

CHAP. I.



HE Author arrives at Dover; his conversation with the Mayor of that Corporation. Sets out in the packet boat: grows very sick; the Author spews; a very minute account of all the circumstances thereof. His arrival at Calais; how the inhabitants of that country speak French, and are said to be all Papishes; the Author's reflections thereupon.

II.

How they feed him with soupe, and what soupe is. How he meets with a capucin, and what a capucin is. How they shut him up in a post-chaise and send him to Paris; he goes wondering along during six days; and how there are trees and houses just as in England. Arrives at Paris without knowing it.

III.

Full account of the river Seine, and of the various animals and plants its borders produce. Description of the little creature called an Abbé, its parts, and their uses; with the reasons why they will not live in England, and the methods that have been used to propagate them there. A cut of the inside of a nunnery; its structure wonderfully adapted to the use of the animals that inhabit it; a short account of them, how they propagate without the help of a male: and how they eat up their own young ones, like cats and rabbits: supposed to have both sexes in themselves like a snail. Dissection of a Duchess, with copper-plates, very curious.

IV.

Goes to the opera : grand orchestra of humstrums, bagpipes, falt-boxes, tabors and pipes. Anatomy of a French ear, showing the formation of it to be entirely different from that of an English one ; and that sounds have a directly contrary effect upon one and the other. Farinelli, at Paris, said to have a fine manner, but no voice. Grand ballet, in which there is no seeing the dance for petticoats. Old women with flowers and jewels stuck in the curls of their grey hair. Red-heeled shoes and roll-ups innumerable ; hoops and panniers immeasurable, paint unspeakable. Tables, wherein is calculated, with the utmost exactness, the several degrees of red, now in use, from the rising blushes of an Advocate's wife, to the flaming crimson of a princess of the Blood ; done by a limner in great vogue.

V.

The author takes unto him a taylor ; his character. How he covers him with filk and fringe, and widens his figure with buckram, a yard on each side. Waistcoat and

breeches so strait, he can neither breathe nor walk. How the barber curls him en bequille, and à la negligée, and ties a vast solitaire about his neck. How the milliner lengthens his ruffles to his fingers' ends, and sticks his two arms into a muff. How he cannot stir; and how they cut him in proportion to his clothes.

VI.

He is carried to Versailles, despises it infinitely. A dissertation upon taste. Goes to an Installation in the Chapel Royal; enter the King and fifty fiddlers solus: kettle-drums and trumpets; queens and dauphins; princesses and cardinals; incense and the mafs; old knights making curtsies; Holy Ghosts and fiery tongues.

VII.

Goes into the country to Rheims, in Champagne, stays there three months; what he did there (he must beg the reader's pardon but) he has really forgot.

VIII.

Proceeds to Lyons, vastness of that city. Can't see the streets for houses. How rich it is, and how much it stinks. Poem upon the confluence of the Rhone and the Saône, by a friend of the Author's; very pretty.

IX.

Makes a journey into Savoy, and in his way visits the Grande Chartreuse: he is set aside upon a mule's back, and begins to climb up the mountains: rocks and torrents beneath, pine trees and snows above: horrors and terrors on all sides. The Author dies of the fright.

X.

He goes to Geneva. His mortal antipathy to a presbyterian, and the cure for it. Returns to Lyons; gets a surfeit with eating ortolans and lampreys; is advised to go into Italy for the benefit of the air.

XI.

Sets out the latter end of November to cross the Alps. He is devoured by a wolf: and how it is to be devoured by a wolf: the seventh day he comes to the foot of Mount Cenis. How he is wrap'd up in bear-skins and beaver-skins; boots on his legs; caps on his head: muffs on his hands, and taffety over his eyes. He is placed on a bier and is carried to heaven by the savages blind-fold. How he lights among a certain fat nation called Clouds: how they are always in a sweat, and never speak but they ——; how they flock about him, and think him very odd for not doing so too. He falls plump into Italy.

XII.

Arrives at Turin: goes to Genoa, and from thence to Placentia; crosses the river Tribia. The ghost of Hannibal appears to him, and what it and he say upon the occasion. Locked out of Parma on a cold winter's night; the Author, by an ingenious stratagem, gains admittance.

Despises that city, and proceeds through Reggio to Modena. How the Duke and Duchefs lie over their own ftables, and go every night to a vile Italian Comedy; despises them and it, and proceeds to Bologna.

XIII.

Enters into the dominions of the Pope o'Rome. Meets the devil, and what he fays on the occafion. Very publick and fcandalous doings between the vine and the elm trees, and how the olive trees are fhocked thereupon. Author longs for Bologna faufages and hams, and how he grows as fat as an hog.

XIV.

Observations on antiquities. The Author proves that Bologna was the ancient Tarentum; that the battle of Salamis, contrary to the vulgar opinion, was fought by land, and that not far from Ravenna; that the Romans were a colony of the Jews; and that Eneas was the fame with Ehud.

XV.

Arrival at Florence. Is of opinion that the Venus of Medicis is a modern performance, and that a very indifferent one, and much inferior to the K. Charles at Charing-crofs. Account of the city and manners of the inhabitants. A learned Differtation on the true fituation of Gomorrah. . . .

And here will end the first part of these instructive and entertaining voyages. The Subscribers are to pay twenty guineas, nineteen down, and the remainder upon delivery of the book. N. B. A few are printed on the softest royal brown paper, for the use of the curious.

MY DEAR, DEAR WHARTON,

(WHICH is a dear more than I give any body else. It is very odd to begin with a parenthesis, but) You may think me a beast not having sooner wrote to you, and to be sure a beast I am. Now, when one owns it, I don't see what

you have left to say. I take this opportunity to inform you (an opportunity I have had every week this twelve-month) that I am arrived safe at Calais, and am at present at—Florence, a city in Italy, in I don't know how many degrees of N. latitude. Under the line I am sure it is not, for I am at this instant expiring with cold. You must know, that not being certain what circumstances of my history would particularly suit your curiosity, and knowing that all I had to say to you would overflow the narrow limits of many a good quire of paper, I have taken this method of laying before you the contents, that you may pitch upon what you please, and give me your orders accordingly to expatiate thereupon: for I conclude you will write to me: won't you? oh! yes, when you know that in a week I set out for Rome, and that the Pope is dead, and that I shall be (I should say, God willing; and if nothing extraordinary intervene; and if I am alive and well; and in all human probability) at the coronation of a new one. Now, as you have no other correspondent there, and as if you do not, I certainly shall not write

again, (observe my impudence,) I take it to be your interest to send me a vast letter, full of all sorts of news and politics, and such other ingredients, as to you shall seem convenient with all decent expedition, only do not be too severe upon the Pretender; and if you like my style, pray say so. This is à la Française; and if you think it a little too foolish, and impertinent, you shall be treated alla Toscana with a thousand Signoria Illustriſſimas, in the mean time I have the honour to remain Your loving friend till death,

T. GRAY.

Florence, March 12, N. S. 1740.

P. S. This is à l'Angloise. I don't know where you are; if at Cambridge pray let me know all, how, and about it: and if my old friends, Thomson or Clarke, fall in your way, say I am extremely theirs. But if you are in town, I entreat you to make my best compliments to Mrs. Wharton. Adieu. Yours, sincerely, a second time.

LETTER XXVII.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

Florence, March 19, 1740.



HE Pope^r is at last dead, and we are to set out for Rome on Monday next. The conclave is still sitting there, and likely to continue so some time longer, as the two French Cardinals are but just arrived, and the German ones are still expected. It agrees mighty ill with those that remain inclosed: Ottoboni is already dead of an apoplexy; Altieri and several others are said to be dying, or very bad: Yet it is not expected to break up till after Easter. We shall lie at Sienna the first night, spend a day there, and in two more get to Rome. One begins to see in this country the first promises of an Italian spring, clear unclouded skies, and warm suns, such as are not often felt in England; yet, for your sake, I hope at present you have your proportion

of them, and that all your frosts, and snows, and short breaths are, by this time, utterly vanished. I have nothing new or particular to inform you of; and, if you see things at home go on much in their old course, you must not imagine them more various abroad. The diversions of a Florentine Lent are composed of a sermon in the morning, full of hell and the devil; a dinner at noon, full of fish and meagre diet; and in the evening, what is called a *Conversazione*, a sort of assembly at the principal people's houses, full of I cannot tell what: Besides this, there is twice a week a very grand concert. * * *



LETTER XXVIII.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

Rome, April 2, N. S. 1740.



THIS is the third day since we came to Rome, but the first hour I have had to write to you in. The journey from Florence cost us four days, one of which was spent at Sienna, an agreeable, clean, old city, of no great magnificence or extent; but in a fine situation, and good air. What it has most considerable is its cathedral, a huge pile of marble, black and white laid alternately, and laboured with a gothic niceness and delicacy in the old-fashioned way. Within too are some paintings and sculpture of considerable hands. The sight of this, and some collections that were shewed us in private houses, were a sufficient employment for the little time we were to pass there: and the next morning we set forward on our journey through a country

very oddly composed ; for some miles you have a continual scene of little mountains cultivated from top to bottom with rows of olive-trees, or else elms, each of which has its vine twining about it, and mixing with the branches ; and corn sown between all the ranks. This diversified with numerous small houses and convents, makes the most agreeable prospect in the world : But, all of a sudden, it alters to black barren hills, as far as the eye can reach, that seem never to have been capable of culture, and are as ugly as useless. Such is the country for some time before one comes to Mount Radicofani, a terrible black hill, on the top of which we were to lodge that night. It is very high, and difficult of ascent ; and at the foot of it we were much embarrassed by the fall of one of the poor horses that drew us. This accident obliged another chaise, which was coming down, to stop also ; and out of it peeped a figure in a red cloak, with a handkerchief tied round its head, which, by its voice and mien, seemed a fat old woman : but upon its getting out, appeared to be Senefino, who was returning from Naples to Sienna, the place of his birth

and residence. On the highest part of the mountain is an old fortress, and near it a house built by one of the Grand Dukes for a hunting-seat, but now converted into an inn; It is the shell of a large fabric, but such an inside, such chambers, and accommodations, that your cellar is a palace in comparison; and your cat fups and lies much better than we did; for, it being a faint's eve, there was nothing but eggs. We devoured our meagre fare; and, after stopping up the windows with the quilts, were obliged to lie upon the straw beds in our clothes. Such are the conveniences in a road, that is, as it were, the great thoroughfare of all the world. Just on the other side of this mountain, at Ponte-Centino, one enters the patrimony of the church; a most delicious country, but thinly inhabited. That night brought us to Viterbo, a city of a more lively appearance than any we had lately met with; the houses have glass windows, which is not very usual here; and most of the streets are terminated by a handsome fountain. Here we had the pleasure of breaking our fast on the leg of an old hare and some broiled crows. Next morning,

in descending Mount Viterbo, we first discovered (though at near thirty miles distance) the cupola of St. Peter's, and a little after began to enter on an old Roman pavement, with now and then a ruined tower, or a sepulchre on each hand. We now had a clear view of the city, though not to the best advantage, as coming along a plain quite upon a level with it; however it appeared very vast, and surrounded with magnificent villas and gardens. We soon after crossed the Tiber, a river that ancient Rome made more considerable than any merit of its own could have done: However, it is not contemptibly small, but a good handsome stream; very deep, yet somewhat of a muddy complexion. The first entrance of Rome is prodigiously striking. It is by a noble gate, designed by Michael Angelo, and adorned with statues; this brings you into a large square, in the midst of which is a vast obelisk of granite, and in front you have at one view two churches of a handsome architecture, and so much alike that they are called the twins; with three streets, the middlemost of which is one of the longest in Rome. As high as my

expectation was raised, I confess, the magnificence of this city infinitely surpasses it. You cannot pass along a street but you have views of some palace, or church, or square, or fountain, the most picturesque and noble one can imagine. We have not yet set about considering its beauties, ancient and modern, with attention; but have already taken a slight transient view of some of the most remarkable. St. Peter's I saw the day after we arrived, and was struck dumb with wonder. I there saw the Cardinal d'Auvergne, one of the French ones, who upon coming off his journey, immediately repaired hither to offer up his vows at the high altar, and went directly into the Conclave; the doors of which we saw opened to him, and all the other immured Cardinals came thither to receive him. Upon his entrance they were closed again directly. It is supposed they will not come to an agreement about a Pope till after Easter, though the confinement is very disagreeable. I have hardly philosophy enough to see the infinity of fine things, that are here daily in the power of any body that has money, without regretting the want of

it; but custom has the power of making things easy to one. I have not yet seen his majesty of Great-Britain, &c. though I have the two boys in the gardens of the Villa Borghefe, where they go a-shooting almost every day; it was at a distance, indeed, for we did not choose to meet them, as you may imagine. This letter (like all those the English send or receive) will pass through the hands of that family, before it comes to those it was intended for. They do it more honour than it deserves; and all they will learn from thence will be, that I desire you to give my duty to my father, and wherever else it is due, and that I am, &c.



LETTER XXIX.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

Rome, April 15, 1740. Good-Friday.



LO-DAY I am just come from paying my adoration at St. Peter's to three extraordinary relics, which are exposed to public view only on these two days in the whole year, at which time all the confraternities in the city come in procession to see them. It was something extremely novel to see that vast church, and the most magnificent in the world, undoubtedly, illuminated (for it was night) by thousands of little crystal lamps, disposed in the figure of a huge cross at the high altar, and seeming to hang alone in the air. All the light proceeded from this, and had the most singular effect imaginable as one entered the great door. Soon after came one after another, I believe, thirty processions, all dressed in linen frocks, and girt with a cord, their heads covered with a cowl all over,

only two holes to see through left. Some of them were all black, others red, others white, others party-coloured; these were continually coming and going with their tapers and crucifixes before them; and to each company, as they arrived and knelt before the great altar, were shown from a balcony at a great height, the three wonders, which are, you must know, the head of the spear which wounded Christ; St. Veronica's handkerchief, with the miraculous impression of his face upon it; and a piece of the true cross, on the sight of which the people thump their breasts, and kiss the pavement with vast devotion. The tragical part of the ceremony is half a dozen wretched creatures, who with their faces covered, but naked to the waist, are in a side chapel disciplining themselves with scourges full of iron prickles; but really in earnest, as our eyes can testify, which saw their backs and arms so raw we should have taken it for a red satin doublet torn, and shewing the skin through, had we not been convinced of the contrary by the blood which was plentifully sprinkled about them. It is late; I give you joy of Port-Bello, and many other things, which I hope are all true. * * *

LETTER XXX.

MR. WALPOLE TO MR. WEST.

Rome, April 16, N. S. 1740.



'LL tell you, West, because one is amongst new things, you think one can always write new things. When I first came abroad every thing struck me, and I wrote its history; but now I am grown so used to be surpris'd, that I don't perceive any flutter in myself when I meet with any novelties; curiosity and astonishment wear off, and the next thing is, to fancy that other people know as much of places as one's self; or, at least, one does not remember that they do not. It appears to me as odd to write to you of St. Peter's, as it would do to write to you of Westminster Abbey. Besides, as one looks at churches, &c. with a book of travels in one's hand, and sees every thing particularized there, it would appear transcribing to write

upon the same subjects. I know you will hate me for this declaration; I remember how ill I used to take it when any body served me so that was travelling. Well, I will tell you something if you will love me: you have seen prints of the ruins of the temple of Minerva Medica; you shall only hear its situation, and then figure what a villa might be laid out there.

'Tis in the middle of a garden: at a little distance are two subterraneous grottos, which were the burial-places of the liberti of Augustus. There are all the niches and covers of the urns with the inscriptions remaining: and in one, very considerable remains of an ancient stucco ceiling, with paintings in grotesque.

Some of the walks would terminate upon the Castellum Aquæ Martiæ, St. John Lateran, and St^a Maria Maggiore, besides other churches: the walls of the garden would be two aqueducts, and the entrance through one of the old gates of Rome. This glorious spot is neglected, and only serves for a small vineyard and kitchen garden.

I am very glad that I see Rome while it yet exists; be-

fore a great number of years are elapsed, I question whether it will be worth seeing. Between the ignorance and poverty of the present Romans, every thing is neglected and falling to decay; the villas are entirely out of repair, and the palaces so ill kept, that half the pictures are spoiled by damp.

At the villa Ludovisi is a large oracular head of red marble, colossal, and with vast foramina for the eyes and mouth: the man that shewed the palace said it was *un ritratto della famiglia*. The Cardinal Corfini has so thoroughly pushed on the misery of Rome by impoverishing it, that there is no money but paper to be seen. He is reckoned to have amassed three millions of crowns. You may judge of the affluence the nobility live in, when I assure you that what the chief princes allow for their own eating is a testoon a-day (eighteen-pence); there are some extend their expense to five pauls, or half-a-crown. Cardinal Albani is called extravagant for laying out ten pauls for his dinner and supper. You may imagine they never have any entertainments: so far from it, they never

have any company. The Princeffes and Ducheffes, particularly, lead the difmalleft of lives. Being the pofterity of Popes, though of worfe families than the ancient nobility, they expect greater refpect than my ladies the Counteffes and Marquifes will pay them; confequently they confort not, but mope in a vaft palace with two miferable tapers, and two or three Monfignori, whom they are forced to court and humour, that they may not be entirely deserted. Sundays they do iffue forth in a vaft unwieldy coach to the Corfo.

In fhort, child, after fun-fet one paffes one's time here very ill; and if I did not wifh for you in the mornings, it would be no compliment to tell you that I do in the evening. Lord! how many Englifh I could change for you, and yet buy you wondrous cheap! and then French and Germans I could fling into the bargain by dozens. Nations fwarm here. You will have a great fat French Cardinal, garnifhed with thirty Abbés, roll into the area of St. Peter's, gape, turn fhort, and talk of the Chapel of Verfailles. I heard one of them fay t'other day, he had been

at the *Capitale*. One asked of course how he liked it—
Ab! il y a assez de belles choses.

Tell Afheton I have received his letter ; and will write next post ; but I am in a violent hurry and have no more time ; so Gray finishes this delicately.

Not so delicate ; nor, indeed, would his conscience suffer him to write to you, till he received de vos nouvelles, if he had not the tail of another person's letter to use by way of evasion. I sha'n't describe, as being in the only place in the world that deserves it, which may seem an odd reason—but they say as how it's fulsome, and every body does it, (and, I suppose, every body says the same thing,) else I should tell you a vast deal about the Coliseum, and the Conclave, and the Capitol, and these matters. A-propos du Colifée, if you don't know what it is, the Prince Borghese will be very capable of giving you some account of it, who told an Englishman that asked what it was built for,—“ They say 'twas for Christians to fight tigers in.”

We are juſt come from adoring a great piece of the true croſs, St. Longinus's ſpear, and St. Veronica's handkerchief; all which have been this evening expoſed to view in St. Peter's. In the ſame place, and on the ſame occaſion, laſt night, Walpole ſaw a poor creature, naked to the waift, diſcipline himſelf with a ſcourge filled with iron prickles, till he had made himſelf a raw doublet, that he took for red ſatin torn, and ſhowing the ſkin through. I ſhould tell you that he fainted away three times at the fight, and I twice and a half at the repetition of it. All this performed by the light of a vaſt fiery croſs, compoſed of hundreds of little cryſtal lamps, which appear through the great altar under the grand tribuna, as if hanging by itſelf in the air.

All the confraternities of the city reſort thither in ſolemn proceſſion, habited in linen frocks, girt with a cord, and their heads covered with a cowl all over, that has only two holes before to ſee through. Some of theſe are all black, others parti-coloured and white; and with theſe maſqueraders that vaſt church is filled, who are ſeen thumping

their breast, and kissing the pavement with extreme devotion. But methinks I am describing—'tis an ill habit, but this, like every thing else, will wear off. We have sent you our compliments by a friend of yours, and correspondent in a corner, who seems a very agreeable man; one Mr. Williams: I am sorry he staid so little a while in Rome. I forget Porto Bello all this while; pray let us know where it is, and whether you or Asheton had any hand in the taking of it. Duty to the Admiral.—Adieu!
Ever yours,


T. GRAY.



LETTER XXXI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

Tivoli, May 20, 1740.

 HIS day being in the palace of his Highness the Duke of Modena, he laid his most serene commands upon me to write to Mr. West, and said he thought it for his glory, that I should draw up an inventory of all his most serene possessions for the said West's perusal.—Imprimis, a house, being in circumference a quarter of a mile, two feet and an inch; the said house containing the following particulars, to wit, a great room. Item, another great room; item, a bigger room; item, another room; item, a vast room; item, a sixth of the same; a seventh ditto; an eighth as before; a ninth as above said; a tenth (see No. 1.); item, ten more such, besides twenty besides, which, not to be too particular, we shall pass over. The said rooms contain nine

chairs, two tables, five stools and a cricket. From whence we shall proceed to the garden, containing two millions of superfine laurel hedges, a clump of cypress trees, and half the river Teverone. Finis.—Dame Nature desired me to put in a list of her little goods and chattels, and, as they were small, to be very minute about them. She has built here three or four little mountains, and laid them out in an irregular semi-circle; from certain others behind, at a greater distance, she has drawn a canal, into which she has put a little river of hers, called Anio; she has cut a huge cleft between the two innermost of her four hills, and there she has left it to its own disposal; which she has no sooner done, but, like a heedless chit, it tumbles headlong down a declivity fifty feet perpendicular, breaks itself all to shatters, and is converted into a shower of rain, where the sun forms many a bow, red, green, blue, and yellow. To get out of our metaphors without any further trouble, it is the most noble fight in the world. The weight of that quantity of waters, and the force they fall with, have worn the rocks they throw themselves among into a thou-

fand irregular crags, and to a vast depth. In this channel it goes boiling along with a mighty noise till it comes to another steep, where you see it a second time come roaring down (but first you must walk two miles farther) a greater height than before, but not with that quantity of waters; for by this time it has divided itself, being crossed and opposed by the rocks, into four several streams, each of which, in emulation of the great one, will tumble down too; and it does tumble down, but not from an equally elevated place; so that you have at one view all these cascades intermixed with groves of olive and little woods, the mountains rising behind them, and on the top of one (that which forms the extremity of one of the half-circle's horns) is seated the town itself. At the very extremity of that extremity, on the brink of the precipice, stands the Sibyl's temple, the remains of a little rotunda, surrounded with its portico, above half of whose beautiful Corinthian pillars are still standing and entire; all this on one hand. On the other, the open Campagna of Rome, here and there a little castle on a hillock, and the city itself on the

very brink of the horizon, indistinctly seen (being 18 miles off) except the dome of St. Peter's; which, if you look out of your window, wherever you are, I suppose, you can see. I did not tell you that a little below the first fall, on the side of the rock, and hanging over that torrent, are little ruins which they shew you for Horace's house, a curious situation to observe the

“ Præceps Anio, & Tiburni lucus, & uda
Mobilibus pomaria rivis.”

Mæcenas did not care for such a noise, it seems, and built him a house (which they also carry one to see) so situated that it sees nothing at all of the matter, and for any thing he knew there might be no such river in the world. Horace had another house on the other side of the Teverone, opposite to Mæcenas's; and they told us there was a bridge of communication, by which “ andava il detto Signor per traftullarsi coll isteffo Orazio.” In coming hither we crossed the Aquæ Albulæ, a vile little brook that stinks like a fury, and they say it has stunk so these thousand years. I forgot the Piscina of Quintilius

Varus, where he used to keep certain little fishes. This is very entire, and there is a piece of the aqueduct that supplied it too; in the garden below is old Rome, built in little, just as it was, they say. There are seven temples in it, and no houses at all; They say there were none.

May 21.

We have had the pleasure of going twelve miles out of our way to Palestrina. It has rained all day as if heaven and us were coming together. See my honesty, I do not mention a syllable of the temple of Fortune, because I really did not see it; which, I think, is pretty well for an old traveller. So we returned along the Via Prænestina, saw the Lacus Gabinus and Regillus, where, you know, Castor and Pollux appeared upon a certain occasion. And many a good old tomb we left on each hand, and many an aqueduct,

Dumb are whose fountains, and their channels dry.

There are, indeed, two whole modern ones, works of Popes, that run about thirty miles a-piece in length; one

of them conveys still the famous Aqua Virgo to Rome, and adds vast beauty to the prospect. So we came to Rome again, where waited for us a splendidissimo regalo of letters; in one of which came You, with your huge characters and wide intervals, staring. I would have you to know, I expect you should take a handsome crow-quill when you write to me, and not leave room for a pin's point in four fides of a sheet of royal. Do you but find matter, I will find spectacles.

I have more time than I thought, and I will employ it in telling you about a ball that we were at the other evening. Figure to yourself a Roman villa; all its little apartments thrown open, and lighted up to the best advantage. At the upper end of the gallery, a fine concert, in which La Diamantina, a famous virtuosa, played on the violin divinely, and fung angelically; Giovannino and Pasqualini (great names in musical story) also performed miraculously. On each side were ranged all the secular grand monde of Rome, the Ambassadors, Princesses, and all that. Among the rest Il Serenissimo Pretendente (as

the Mantova gazette calls him) displayed his rueful length of person, with his two young ones, and all his ministry around him. “Poi nacque un grazioso ballo,” where the world danced, and I sat in a corner regaling myself with iced fruits, and other pleasant refreshments.



LETTER XXXII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

Rome, May, 1740.



ATER rosarum, cui teneræ vigent
 Auræ Favonî, cui Venus it comes
 Lasciva, Nympharum choreis
 Et volucrum celebrata cantu !

Dic, non inertem fallere quâ diem
 Amat sub umbrâ, seu finit aureum
 Dormire plectrum, seu retentat
 Pierio Zephyrinus antro
 Furore dulci plenus, et immemor
 Reptantis inter frigora Tusculi
 Umbrosa, vel colles amici
 Palladiæ superantis Albæ.

Dilecta Fauno, et capripedum choris

Pineta, testor vos, Anio minax

Quaecunque per clivos volutus

Præcipiti tremefecit amne,

Illius altum Tibur, et Æfulæ

Audisse fylvas nomen amabiles,

Illius et gratas Latinis

Naisin ingeminasse rupes ;

Nam me Latinæ Naides uvidâ

Vidère ripâ, quâ niveas levi

Tam sæpe lavit rore plumas

Dulcè canens Venufinus ales ;

Mirum ! canenti conticuit nemus,

Sacrique fontes, et retinent adhuc

(Sic Musa iussit) faxes molles

Docta modos, veteresque lauri.

Mirare nec tu me citharæ rudem

Claudis laborantem numeris : loca

Amœna, jucundumque ver in-

compositum docuere carmen ;

Hærent sub omni nam folio nigri
 Phœbea luci (credite) fomnia,
 Argutiusque et lympha et auræ
 Nescio quid folito loquuntur.

I am to-day juſt returned from Alba, a good deal fatigued; for you know the Appian is ſomewhat tireſome. We dined at Pompey's; he indeed was gone for a few days to his Tuſculan, but, by the care of his Villicus, we made an admirable meal. We had the dugs of a pregnant ſow, a peacock, a diſh of thruſhes, a noble ſcarus juſt freſh from the Tyrrhene, and ſome conchyliæ of the Lake with garum ſauce: For my part I never eat better at Lucullus's table. We drank half-a-dozen cyathi a-piece of ancient Alban to Pholoë's health; and, after bathing, and playing an hour at ball, we mounted our eſſedum again, and proceeded up the mount to the temple. The prieſts there entertained us with an account of a wonderful ſhower of birds' eggs, that had fallen two days before, which had no ſooner touched the ground, but they were

converted into gudgeons; as also that the night past, a dreadful voice had been heard out of the Adytum, which spoke Greek during a full half-hour, but nobody understood it. But quitting my Romanities, to your great joy and mine, let me tell you in plain English, that we come from Albano. The present town lies within the inclosure of Pompey's Villa in ruins. The Appian way runs through it, by the side of which, a little farther, is a large old tomb, with five pyramids upon it, which the learned suppose to be the burying-place of the family, because they do not know whose it can be else. But the vulgar assure you it is the sepulchre of the Curiatii, and by that name (such is their power) it goes. One drives to Castel Gondolfo, a house of the Pope's, situated on the top of one of the Collinette, that forms a brim to the basin, commonly called the Alban lake. It is seven miles round; and directly opposite to you, on the other side, rises the Mons Albanus, much taller than the rest, along whose side are still discoverable (not to common eyes) certain little ruins of the old Alba Longa. They had need be very

little, as having been nothing but ruins ever since the days of Tullus Hostilius. On its top is a house of the Constable Colonna's, where stood the temple of Jupiter Latiaris. At the foot of the hill Gondolfo, are the famous outlets of the lake, built with hewn stone, a mile and a half underground. Livy, you know, amply informs us of the foolish occasion of this expence, and gives me this opportunity of displaying all my erudition, that I may appear considerable in your eyes. This is the prospect from one window of the palace. From another you have the whole Campagna, the City, Antium, and the Tyrrhene sea (twelve miles distant) so distinguishable, that you may see the vessels sailing upon it. All this is charming. Mr. Walpole says, our memory sees more than our eyes in this country. Which is extremely true; since, for realities, Windsor, or Richmond Hill, is infinitely preferable to Albano or Fiescati. I am now at home, and going to the window to tell you it is the most beautiful of Italian nights, which, in truth, are but just begun (so backward has the spring been here, and every where else, they say). There is a

moon! there are stars for you! Do not you hear the fountain? Do not you smell the orange flowers? That building yonder is the convent of S. Isidore; and that eminence, with the cypress trees and pines upon it, the top of M. Quirinal. This is all true, and yet my prospect is not two hundred yards in length. We send you some Roman inscriptions to entertain you. The first two are modern, transcribed from the Vatican library by Mr. Walpole.

Pontifices olim quem fundavere priores,
 Præcipuâ Sixtus perficit arte tholum;²
 Et Sixti tantum se gloria tollit in altum,
 Quantum se Sixti nobile tollit opus:
 Magnus honos magni fundamina ponere templi,
 Sed finem cæptis ponere major honos.
 Saxa agit Amphion, Thebana ut mænia condat:
 Sixtus & immensæ pondera molis agit.³
 Saxa trahunt ambo longè diversa: sed arte
 Hæc trahit Amphion; Sixtus & arte trahit.
 At tantum exsuperat Dircaum Amphiona Sixtus,
 Quantum hic exsuperat cætera faxa lapis.

Mine is ancient, and I think not less curious. It is exactly transcribed from a sepulchral marble at the villa Giustiniani. I put stops to it, when I understand it.

Dis Manibus
 Claudiæ, Piftes
 Primus Conjugi
 Optumæ, Sanctæ,
 Et Piae, Benemeritate.

Non æquos, Parcae, ftatuiſtis ftamina vitæ.
 Tam bene compoſitos potuiſtis fede tenere.
 Amiſſa eſt conjux. cur ego & ipſe moror?
 Si · bella · eſſe · mî · iſte · mea · vivere · debuit ·
 Triſtia contigerunt qui amiſſâ conjuge vivo.
 Nil eſt tam miſerum, quam totam perdere vitam.
 Nec vita enaſci dura peregiſtis crudelia penſa, ſorores,
 Ruptaque deficiunt in primo munere fuſi.
 O nimis injuſtæ ter denos dare munus in annos,
 Deceptus · grautus · fatum · ſic · preſſit · egeſtas ·
 Dum vitam tulero, Primus Piſtes lugea conjugium.



LETTER XXXIII.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

Naples, June 17, 1740.



YOUR journey hither was through the most beautiful part of the finest country in the world; and every spot of it on some account or other, famous for these three thousand years past. The season has hitherto been just as warm as one would wish it; no unwholesome airs, or violent heats, yet heard of: The people call it a backward year, and are in pain about their corn, wine, and oil; but we, who are neither corn, wine, nor oil, find it very agreeable. Our road was through Velletri, Cisterna, Terracina, Capua, and Averfa, and so to Naples. The minute one leaves his Holiness's dominions, the face of things begins to change from wide uncultivated plains to olive groves and well-tilled fields of corn, intermixed with ranks of elms, every

one of which has its vine twining about it, and hanging in festoons between the rows from one tree to another. The great old fig-trees, the oranges in full bloom, and myrtles in every hedge, make one of the delightfulest scenes you can conceive; besides that, the roads are wide, well-kept, and full of passengers, a sight I have not beheld this long time. My wonder still increased upon entering the city, which I think for number of people, outdoes both Paris and London. The streets are one continued market, and thronged with populace so much that a coach can hardly pass. The common sort are a jolly lively kind of animals, more industrious than Italians usually are; they work till evening; then take their lute or guitar (for they all play) and walk about the city, or upon the sea-shore with it, to enjoy the fresco. One sees their little brown children jumping about stark-naked, and the bigger ones dancing with castanets, while others play on the cymbal to them. Your maps will show you the situation of Naples; it is on the most lovely bay in the world, and one of the calmest seas: It has many other beauties besides those of nature.

We have spent two days in visiting the remarkable places in the country round it, such as the bay of Baiæ, and its remains of antiquity; the lake Avernus, and the Solfatara, Charon's grotto, &c. We have been in the Sibyl's cave and many other strange holes under ground (I only name them because you may consult Sandy's travels); but the strangest hole I ever was in, has been to-day at a place called Portici, where his Sicilian Majesty has a country-seat. About a year ago, as they were digging, they discovered some parts of ancient buildings above thirty feet deep in the ground: Curiosity led them on, and they have been digging ever since; the passage they have made, with all its turnings and windings, is now more than a mile long. As you walk you see parts of an amphitheatre, many houses adorned with marble columns, and incrusted with the same; the front of a temple, several arched vaults of rooms painted in fresco. Some pieces of painting have been taken out from hence finer than any thing of the kind before discovered, and with these the king has adorned his palace; also a number of statues, medals, and gems;

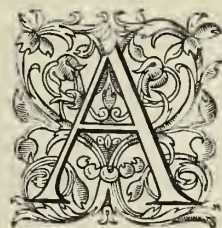
and more are dug out every day. This is known to be a Roman town, that in the emperor Titus's time was overwhelmed by a furious eruption of Mount Vefuvius, which is hard by. The wood and beams remain fo perfect that you may fee the grain ! but burnt to a coal, and dropping into duft upon the leaft touch. We were to-day at the foot of that mountain, which at present fmokes only a little, where we faw the materials that fed the ftream of fire, which about four years fince ran down its fide. We have but a few days longer to ftay here ; too little in confcience for fuch a place. * * *



LETTER XXXIV.

MR. GRAY TO HIS FATHER.

Florence, July 16, 1740.



T my return to this city, the day before yesterday, I had the pleasure of finding yours dated June the 9th. The period of our voyages, at least towards the South, is come as you wish. We have been at Naples, spent nine or ten days there, and returned to Rome, where finding no likelihood of a Pope yet these three months, and quite wearied with the formal assemblies and little society of that great city, Mr. Walpole determined to return hither to spend the summer, where he imagines he shall pass his time more agreeably than in the tedious expectation of what, when it happens, will only be a great show. For my own part, I give up the thoughts of all that with but little regret; but the city itself I do not part with so easily,

which alone has amusements for whole years. However, I have passed through all that most people do, both ancient and modern; what that is you may see better than I can tell you, in a thousand books. The Conclave we left in greater uncertainty than ever; the more than ordinary liberty they enjoy there, and the unusual coolness of the season, makes the confinement less disagreeable to them than common, and consequently maintains them in their irresolution. There have been very high words, one or two (it is said) have come even to blows; two more are dead within this last month, Cenci and Portia; the latter died distracted: and we left another (Altieri) at the extremity: Yet nobody dreams of an election till the latter end of September. All this gives great scandal to all good catholics, and every body talks very freely on the subject. The Pretender (whom you desire an account of) I have had frequent opportunities of seeing at church, at the corso, and other places; but more particularly, and that for a whole night, at a great ball given by Count Patrizii to the Prince and Princess Craon, (who were come to Rome at

that time, that he might receive from the hands of the Emperor's minister there, the order of the golden fleece) at which he and his two sons were present. They are good fine boys, especially the younger, who has the more spirit of the two, and both danced incessantly all night long. For him, he is a thin ill-made man, extremely tall and awkward, of a most unpromising countenance, a good deal resembling King James the Second, and has extremely the air and look of an idiot, particularly when he laughs or prays. The first he does not often, the latter continually. He lives private enough with his little court about him, consisting of Lord Dunbar, who manages every thing, and two or three of the Preston Scotch Lords, who would be very glad to make their peace at home.

We happened to be at Naples on Corpus Christi Day, the greatest feast in the year, so had an opportunity of seeing their Sicilian Majesties to advantage. The King walked in the grand procession, and the Queen (being big with child) sat in a balcony. He followed the Host to the Church of St. Clara, where high mass was celebrated


to a glorious concert of music. They are as ugly a little pair as one can see: she a pale girl marked with the small-pox; and he a brown boy with a thin face, a huge nose, and as ungain as possible.

We are settled here with Mr. Mann in a charming apartment; the river Arno runs under our windows, which we can fish out of. The sky is so serene, and the air so temperate, that one continues in the open air all night long in a slight nightgown without any danger; and the marble bridge is the resort of every body, where they hear music, eat iced fruits, and sup by moonlight; though as yet (the season being extremely backward every where) these amusements are not begun. You see we are now coming northward again, though in no great haste; the Venetian and Milanese territories, and either Germany or the South of France, (according to the turn the war may take,) are all that remain for us, that we have not yet seen; as to Loretto, and that part of Italy, we have given over all thoughts of it.

LETTER XXXV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

Florence, July 16, 1740.

OU do yourself and me justice, in imagining that you merit, and that I am capable of sincerity. I have not a thought, or even a weakness, I desire to conceal from you; and consequently on my side deserve to be treated with the same openness of heart. My vanity perhaps might make me more reserved towards you, if you were one of the heroic race, superior to all human failings; but as mutual wants are the ties of general society, so are mutual weaknesses of private friendships, supposing them mixt with some proportion of good qualities; for where one may not sometimes blame, one does not much care ever to praise. All this has the air of an introduction designed to soften a very harsh reproof that is to follow; but it is no such matter:

I only meant to ask, Why did you change your lodging? Was the air bad, or the situation melancholy? If so, you are quite in the right. Only, is it not putting yourself a little out of the way of a people, with whom it seems necessary to keep up some sort of intercourse and conversation, though but little for your pleasure or entertainment, (yet there are, I believe, such among them as might give you both,) at least for your information in that study, which, when I left you, you thought of applying to? for that there is a certain study necessary to be followed, if we mean to be of any use in the world, I take for granted; disagreeable enough (as most necessities are) but, I am afraid, unavoidable. Into how many branches these studies are divided in England, every body knows; and between that which you and I had pitched upon and the other two, it was impossible to balance long. Examples shew one that it is not absolutely necessary to be a blockhead to succeed in this profession. The labour is long, and the elements dry and unentertaining; nor was ever any body (especially those that afterwards made a figure in it) amused

or even not disgusted in the beginning; yet upon a further acquaintance, there is surely matter for curiosity and reflection. It is strange if, among all that huge mass of words, there be not somewhat intermixed for thought. Laws have been the result of long deliberation, and that not of dull men, but the contrary; and have so close a connection with history, nay, with philosophy itself, that they must partake a little of what they are related to so nearly. Besides, tell me, have you ever made the attempt? Was not you frightened merely with the distant prospect? Had the Gothic character and bulkiness of those volumes (a tenth part of which perhaps it will be no further necessary to consult, than as one does a dictionary) no ill effect upon your eye? Are you sure, if Coke had been printed by Elzevir, and bound in twenty neat pocket volumes, instead of one folio, you should never have taken him for an hour, as you would a Tully, or drank your tea over him? I know how great an obstacle ill spirits are to resolution. Do you really think, if you rid ten miles every morning, in a week's time you should not entertain much

stronger hopes of the Chancellorship, and think it a much more probable thing than you do at present? The advantages you mention are not nothing; our inclinations are more than we imagine in our own power; reason and resolution determine them, and support under many difficulties. To me there hardly appears to be any medium between a public life and a private one; he who prefers the first, must put himself in a way of being serviceable to the rest of mankind, if he has a mind to be of any consequence among them: Nay, he must not refuse being in a certain degree even dependent upon some men who are so already. If he has the good fortune to light on such as will make no ill use of his humility, there is no shame in this: If not, his ambition ought to give place to a reasonable pride, and he should apply to the cultivation of his own mind those abilities which he has not been permitted to use for others' service. Such a private happiness (supposing a small competence of fortune) is almost always in every one's power, and the proper enjoyment of age, as the other is the employment of youth. You are yet young,

have some advantages and opportunities, and an undoubted capacity, which you have never yet put to the trial. Set apart a few hours, see how the first year will agree with you, at the end of it you are still the master; if you change your mind, you will only have got the knowledge of a little somewhat that can do no hurt, or give you cause of repentance. If your inclination be not fixed upon any thing else, it is a symptom that you are not absolutely determined against this, and warns you not to mistake mere indolence for inability. I am sensible there is nothing stronger against what I would persuade you to, than my own practice; which may make you imagine I think not as I speak. Alas! it is not so; but I do not act what I think, and I had rather be the object of your pity, than you should be that of mine; and be assured, the advantage that I may receive from it, does not diminish my concern in hearing you want somebody to converse with freely, whose advice might be of more weight, and always at hand. We have some time since come to the southern period of our voyages; we spent about nine days

at Naples. It is the largest and most populous city, as its environs are the most deliciously fertile country, of all Italy. We sailed in the bay of Baiæ, sweated in the Solfatara, and died in the grotto del Cane, as all strangers do; saw the Corpus Christi procession, and the King and the Queen, and the city underground, (which is a wonder I reserve to tell you of another time,) and so returned to Rome for another fortnight; left it (left Rome!) and came hither for the summer. You have seen an Epistle to Mr. Ashton,⁴ that seems to me to be full of spirit and thought, and a good deal of poetic fire. I would know your opinion. Now I talk of verses, Mr. Walpole and I have frequently wondered you should never mention a certain imitation of Spenser, published last year by a namesake⁵ of yours, with which we are all enraptured and enmarvailed.



LETTER XXXVI.

MR. WALPOLE AND MR. GRAY TO
MR. WEST.

DEAR WEST,

Florence, July 31, 1740, N. S.



HAVE advis'd with the most notable anti-
quarians of this city, on the meaning of
Thur gut Lueticis; I can get no satisfactory
interpretation. In my own opinion 'tis
Welsh. I don't love offering conjectures on a language
in which I have hitherto made little proficiency, but I will
trust you with my explication. You know the famous
Aglaughlan, mother of Cadwallador, was renowned for
her conjugal virtues, and grief on the death of her royal
spouse. I conclude this medal was struck in her regency,
by her express order, to the memory of her Lord, and that
the inscription, *Thur gut Lueticis*, means no more than her
dear Llewys, or Llewelin.

In return for your coins I send you two or three of different kinds. The first is a money of one of the kings of Naples; the device a horse; the motto, *Equitas regni*. This curious pun is on a coin in the Great Duke's collection, and by great chance I have met with a second. Another is a satirical medal struck on Lewis XIV.; 'tis a bomb, covered with flower-de-luces, bursting, the motto, *Se ipsissimo*. The last, and almost the only one I ever saw with a text well applied, is a German medal, with a rebellious town besieged and blocked up; the inscription, *This kind is not expelled but by fasting*.

Now I mention medals, have they yet struck the intended one on the taking Porto Bello? Admiral Vernon will shine in our medallic history. We have just received the news of the bombarding Carthage, and the taking Chagre. We are in great expectation of some important victory obtained by the squadron under Sir John Norris: we are told the Duke is to be of the expedition; is it true? All the letters too talk of France's suddenly declaring war; I hope they will defer it for a season, or one shall be

obliged to come through Germany. The Conclave still subsists, and the divisions still increase; it was very near separating last week, but by breaking into two Popes; they were on the dawn of a schism. Aldovrandi had thirty-three voices for three days, but could not procure the requisite two more; the Camerlingo having engaged his faction to sign a protestation against him, and each party were inclined to elect.

I don't know whether one should wish for a schism or not; it might probably rekindle the zeal for the church in the powers of Europe, which has been so far decaying. On Wednesday we expect a third she-meteor. Those learned luminaries the ladies P—— and W—— are to be joined by the lady M—— W—— M——. You have not been witness to the rhapsody of mystic nonsense which these two fair ones debate incessantly, and consequently cannot figure what must be the issue of this triple alliance; we have some idea of it. Only figure the coalition of prudery, debauchery, sentiment, history, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and metaphysics; all except the second

understood by halves, by quarters, or not at all. You shall have the journals of this notable academy. Adieu, my dear West. Yours ever,

HOR. WALPOLE.

THOUGH far unworthy to enter into so learned and political a correspondence, I am employed pour barbouiller une page de sept pouces et demie en hauteur, et cinq en largeur; and to inform you that we are at Florence, a city of Italy, and the capital of Tuscany; the latitude I cannot justly tell, but it is governed by a Prince called Great Duke; an excellent place to employ all one's animal sensations in, but utterly contrary to one's rational powers. I have struck a medal upon myself: the device is thus, O, and the motto *Nihilissimo*, which I take in the most concise manner to contain a full account of my person, sentiments, occupations, and late glorious successes. If you choose to be annihilated too, you cannot do better than undertake this journey. Here you shall get up at twelve o'clock, breakfast till three, dine till five, sleep till six, drink cooling

liquors till eight, go to the bridge till ten, sup till two, and so sleep till twelve again.

Labore fessi venimus ad larem nostrum
 Desideratoque acquiescimus lecto :
 Hoc est, quod unum est, pro laboribus tantis.
 O quid solutis est beatius curis ?

We shall never come home again ; a universal war is just upon the point of breaking out ; all out-lets will be shut up. I shall be secure in my nothingness, while you that will be so absurd as to exist, will envy me. You don't tell me what proficiency you make in the noble science of defence. Don't you start still at the sound of a gun ? Have you learned to say Ha ! ha ! and is your neck clothed with thunder ? Are your whiskers of a tolerable length ? And have you got drunk yet with brandy and gunpowder ? Adieu, noble Captain !

T. GRAY.



LETTER XXXVII.

MR. GRAY TO HIS MOTHER.

Florence, Aug. 21, N. S. 1740.



T is some time since I have had the pleasure of writing to you, having been upon a little excursion cross the mountains to Bologna. We set out from hence at sun-set, passed the Appennines by moon-light, travelling incessantly till we came to Bologna at four in the afternoon next day. There we spent a week agreeably enough, and returned as we came. The day before yesterday arrived the news of a Pope; and I have the mortification of being within four days journey of Rome, and not seeing his coronation, the heats being violent, and the infectious air now at its height. We had an instance, the other day, that it is not only fancy. Two country fellows, strong men, and used to the

country about Rome, having occasion to come from thence hither, and travelling on foot, as common with them, one died suddenly on the road; the other got hither, but extremely weak, and in a manner stupid; he was carried to the hospital, but died in two days. So, between fear and laziness, we remain here, and must be satisfied with the accounts other people give us of the matter. The new Pope is called Benedict XIV. being created Cardinal by Benedict XIII. the last Pope but one. His name is Lambertini, a noble Bolognese, and Archbishop of that city. When I was first there I remember to have seen him two or three times; he is a short, fat man, about sixty-five years of age, of a hearty, merry countenance, and likely to live some years. He bears a good character for generosity, affability, and other virtues; and, they say, wants neither knowledge nor capacity. The worst side of him is, that he has a nephew or two; besides a certain young favourite, called Melara, who is said to have had, for some time, the arbitrary disposal of his purse and family. He is reported to have made a little speech to

the Cardinals in the Conclave, while they were undetermined about an election, as follows: “Most eminent Lords, here are three Bolognese of different characters, but all equally proper for the Popedom. If it be your pleasures to pitch upon a Saint, there is Cardinal Gotti; if upon a Politician, there is Aldrovandi; if upon a Booby, here am I.” The Italian is much more expressive, and, indeed, not to be translated; wherefore, if you meet with any body that understands it, you may show them what he said in the language he spoke it. “Emin^{ssimi} Sigrⁱ. Ci siamo tré, diversi sì, mà tutti idonei al Papato. Si vi piace un Santo, c’è l’Gotti; se volete una testa scaltra, e Politica, c’è l’Aldrovandi; se un Coglione, ecco mi!” Cardinal Coscia is restored to his liberty, and, it is said, will be to all his benefices. Corfini (the late Pope’s nephew) as he has had no hand in this election, it is hoped, will be called to account for all his villanous practices. The Pretender, they say, has resigned all his pretensions to his eldest boy, and will accept of the Grand Chancellorship, which is thirty thousand crowns a-year; the pension

he has at present is only twenty thousand. I do not affirm the truth of this article; because, if he does, it is necessary he should take the ecclesiastical habit, and it will found mighty odd to be called his Majesty the Chancellor.

—So ends my Gazette.



LETTER XXXVIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

Florence, Sept. 25, N. S. 1740.



WHAT I fend you now, as long as it is, is but a piece of a poem. It has the advantage of all fragments, to need neither introduction nor conclusion : Besides, if you do not like it, it is but imagining that which went before, and came after, to be infinitely better. Look in Sandy's Travels for the history of Monte Barbaro, and Monte Nuovo.

“ West of Cicero's villa stands the eminent Gaurus, a
 “ stony and desolate mountain, in which there are diverse
 “ obscure caverns, choked almost with earth, where many
 “ have consumed much fruitless industry in searching for
 “ treasure. The famous Lucrine Lake extended formerly
 “ from Avernus to the aforesaid Gaurus : But is now no

“ other than a little fedyg plash, choked up by the horrible
 “ and astonishing eruption of the new mountain : whereof,
 “ as oft as I think, I am easy to credit whatsoever is
 “ wonderful. For who here knows not, or who elsewhere
 “ will believe, that a mountain should arise, (partly out of
 “ a lake and partly out of the sea,) in one day and a night,
 “ unto such a height as to contend in altitude with the
 “ high mountains adjoining? In the year of our Lord
 “ 1538, on the 29th of September, when for certain days
 “ foregoing the country hereabout was so vexed with per-
 “ petual earthquakes, as no one house was left so entire as
 “ not to expect an immediate ruin; after that the sea had
 “ retired two hundred paces from the shore, (leaving
 “ abundance of fish, and springs of fresh water rising in
 “ the bottom,) this mountain visibly ascended about the
 “ second hour of the night, with an hideous roaring,
 “ horribly vomiting stones and such store of cinders as
 “ overwhelmed all the building thereabout, and the salu-
 “ brious baths of Tripergula, for so many ages celebrated;
 “ consumed the vines to ashes, killing birds and beasts: the

“ fearful inhabitants of Puzzol flying through the dark
 “ with their wives and children; naked, defiled, crying
 “ out, and detesting their calamities. Manifold mischiefs
 “ have they suffered by the barbarous, yet none like this
 “ which Nature inflicted.—This new mountain, when
 “ newly raised, had a number of issues; at some of them
 “ smoking and sometimes flaming; at others disgorging
 “ rivulets of hot waters; keeping within a terrible rum-
 “ bling; and many miserably perished that ventured to
 “ descend into the hollows above. But that hollow on
 “ the top is at present an orchard, and the mountain
 “ throughout is bereft of its terrors.”—SANDY’S *Travels*,
 book iv. pages 275, 277, and 278.

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

Nam fama est olim, mediâ dum rura filebant
 Nocte, Deo victa, et molli perfusa quiete,
 Infremuisse æquor ponti, auditamque per omnes
 Latè tellurem furdùm immugire cavernas :
 Quo fonitu nemora alta tremunt : tremit excita tuto
 Parthenopæa sinu, flammantisque ora Vesevi.
 At subito se aperire solum, vastosque recessus
 Pandere sub pedibus, nigrâque voragine fauces ;
 Tum piceas cinerum glomerare sub æthere nubes
 Vorticibus rapidis, ardentique imbre procellam.
 Præcipites fugere feræ, perque avia longè
 Sylvarum fugit pastor, juga per deserta,
 Ah, miser ! increpitans sæpe altâ voce per umbram
 Nequicquam natos, creditque audire sequentes.
 Atque ille excelso rupis de vertice solus
 Respectans notasque domos, et dulcia regna,
 Nil usquàm videt infelix præter mare tristi
 Lumine percussum, et pallentes sulphure campos
 Fumumque, flammisque, rotataque turbine faxa.
 Quin ubi detonuit fragor, et lux reddita cælo ;

Mæstos confluere agricolas, passuque videres
 Tandem iterum timido deferta requirere tecta :
 Sperantes, si forte oculis, si forte darentur
 Uxorum cineres, miserorumve ossa parentum
 (Tenuia, sed tanti saltem solatia luctûs)
 Unâ colligere et justâ componere in urnâ.
 Uxorum nusquam cineres, nusquam ossa parentum
 (Spem miseram !) affuetosve Lares, aut rura videbunt.
 Quippe ubi planities campi diffusa jacebat ;
 Mons novus : ille supercilium, frontemque favillâ
 Incanum ostentans, ambustis cautibus, æquor
 Subjectum, stragemque suam, mæsta arva, minaci
 Despicit imperio, soloque in littore regnat.

Hinc infame loci nomen, multosque per annos
 Immemor antiquæ laudis, nescire labores
 Vomeris, et nullo tellus revirescere cultu.
 Non avium colles, non carmine matutino
 Pastorum resonare ; adeò undique dirus habebat
 Informes latè horror agros saltusque vacantes.
 Sæpius et longè detorquens navita proram

Monstrabat digito littus, sævæque revolvens
 Funera narrabat noctis, veteremque ruinam.

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

Raro per clivos haud fecius ordine vidi
 Canescentem oleam : longum post tempus amicti
 Vite virent tumuli ; patriamque revisere gaudens
 Bacchus in affuētis tenerum caput exerit arvis
 Vix tandem, infidoque audet se credere cœlo.

There was a certain little ode set out from Rome in a letter of recommendation to you, but possibly fell into the enemies' hands, for I never heard of its arrival. It is a little impertinent to enquire after its welfare ; but you,

that are a father, will excuse a parent's foolish fondness. Last post I received a very diminutive letter: It made excuses for its unentertainingness, very little to the purpose; since it assured me, very strongly, of your esteem, which is to me the thing; all the rest appear but as the petits agrémens, the garnishing of the dish. P. Bougeant, in his *Langage des Bêtes*, fancies that your birds, who continually repeat the same note, say only in plain terms, "Je vous aime, ma chère; ma chère, je vous aime;" and that those of greater genius indeed, with various trills, run divisions upon the subject; but that the *fond*, from whence it all proceeds, is "toujours je vous aime." Now you may, as you find yourself dull or in humour, either take me for a chaffinch or nightingale; sing your plain song, or show your skill in music, but in the bottom let there be, toujours de l'amitié.

As to what you call my serious letter; be assured, that your future state is to me entirely indifferent. Do not be angry, but hear me; I mean with respect to myself. For whether you be at the top of Fame, or entirely unknown

to mankind; at the Council-table, or at Dick's coffee-house; sick and simple, or well and wife; whatever alteration mere accident works in you, (supposing it utterly impossible for it to make any change in your sincerity and honesty, since these are conditions sine quâ non) I do not see any likelihood of my not being yours ever.



LETTER XXXIX.

MR. GRAY TO HIS FATHER.

Florence, Oct. 9, 1740.



THE beginning of next spring is the time determined for our return at furthest; possibly it may be before that time. How the interim will be employed, or what route we shall take is not so certain. If we remain friends with France, upon leaving this country we shall cross over to Venice, and so return through the cities north of the Po to Genoa; from thence take a felucca to Marfeilles, and come back through Paris. If the contrary fall out, which seems not unlikely, we must take the Milanese, and those parts of Italy, in our way to Venice; from thence pass through the Tirol into Germany, and come home by the Low-Countries. As for Florence, it has been gayer than ordinary for this last month, being one round of balls and

entertainments, occasioned by the arrival of a great Milanese Lady; for the only thing the Italians shine in, is their reception of strangers. At such times every thing is magnificence: The more remarkable, as in their ordinary course of life they are parsimonious, even to a degree of nastiness. I saw in one of the vastest palaces in Rome (that of Prince Pamfilio) the apartment which he himself inhabited, a bed that most servants in England would disdain to lie in, and furniture much like that of a sofa at Cambridge, for convenience and neatness. This man is worth 30,000*l.* sterling a year. As for eating, there are not two Cardinals in Rome that allow more than six paoli, which is three shillings a day, for the expence of their table: and you may imagine they are still less extravagant here than there. But when they receive a visit from any friend, their houses and persons are set out to the greatest advantage, and appear in all their splendour; it is, indeed, from a motive of vanity, and with the hopes of having it repaid them with interest, whenever they have occasion to return the visit. I call visits going from one city of Italy

to another; for it is not so among acquaintance of the same place on common occasions. The new Pope has retrenched the charges of his own table to a sequin (ten shillings) a meal. The applause which all he says and does meets with, is enough to encourage him really to deserve fame. They say he is an able and honest man; he is reckoned a wit too. The other day, when the Senator of Rome came to wait upon him, at the first compliments he made him, the Pope pulled off his cap: His Master of the Ceremonies, who stood by his side, touched him softly, as to warn him that such a condescension was too great in him, and out of all manner of rule: Upon which he turned to him and said, "Oh! I cry you mercy, good Master, it is true, I am but a Novice of a Pope; I have not yet so much as learned ill manners." * * *



LETTER XL.

MR. GRAY TO HIS FATHER.

Florence, Jan. 12, 1741.



WE still continue constant at Florence, at present one of the dullest cities in Italy. Though it is the middle of the Carnival there are no public diversions; nor is masquerading permitted as yet. The Emperor's obsequies are to be celebrated publicly the 16th of this month; and after that, it is imagined every thing will go on in its usual course. In the mean time, to employ the minds of the populace, the Government has thought fit to bring into the city in a solemn manner, and at a great expence, a famous statue of the Virgin called the Madonna dell' Impruneta, from the place of her residence, which is upon a mountain seven miles off. It never has been practised but at times of public calamity; and was done at present to avert the ill

effects of a late great inundation, which it was feared might cause some epidemical distemper. It was introduced a fortnight ago in procession, attended by the Council of Regency, the Senate, the Nobility, and all the Religious Orders, on foot and bare-headed, and so carried to the great church, where it was frequented by an infinite concourse of people from all the country round. Among the rest I paid my devotions almost every day, and saw numbers of people possessed with the devil who were brought to be exorcised. It was indeed in the evening, and the church-doors were always shut before the ceremonies were finished, so that I could not be eye-witness of the event; but that they were all cured is certain, for one never heard any more of them the next morning. I am to-night just returned from seeing our Lady make her exit with the same solemnities she entered. The show had a finer effect than before; for it was dark; and every body (even those of the mob that could afford it) bore a white wax flambeau. I believe there were at least five thousand of them, and the march was near three hours in passing before the window.

The subject of all this devotion is supposed to be a large Tile with a rude figure in bas-relief upon it. I say supposed, because since the time it was found (for it was found in the earth in ploughing) only two people have seen it; the one was, by good luck, a faint; the other was struck blind for his presumption. Ever since she has been covered with seven veils; nevertheless, those who approach her tabernacle cast their eyes down, for fear they should spy her through all her veils. Such is the history, as I had it from the Lady of the house where I stood to see her pass; with many other circumstances; all which she firmly believes, and ten thousand besides.

We shall go to Venice in about six weeks, or sooner. A number of German troops are upon their march into this State, in case the King of Naples thinks proper to attack it. It is certain he has asked the Pope's leave for his troops to pass through his country. The Tuscans in general are much discontented, and foolish enough to wish for a Spanish government, or any rather than this. * * *

LETTER XLI.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

Florence, April 21, 1741.



KNOW not what degree of satisfaction it will give you to be told that we shall set out from hence the 24th of this month, and not stop above a fortnight at any place in our way. This I feel, that you are the principal pleasure I have to hope for in my own country. Try at least to make me imagine myself not indifferent to you; for I must own I have the vanity of desiring to be esteemed by somebody, and would choose that somebody should be one whom I esteem as much as I do you. As I am recommending myself to your love, methinks I ought to send you my picture (for I am no more what I was, some circumstances excepted, which I hope I need not particularize to you); you must add then, to your former idea,

two years of age, a reasonable quantity of dullness, a great deal of silence, and something that rather resembles, than is, thinking; a confused notion of many strange and fine things that have swum before my eyes for some time, a want of love for general society, indeed an inability to it. On the good side you may add a sensibility for what others feel, and indulgence for their faults and weaknesses, a love of truth, and detestation of every thing else. Then you are to deduct a little impertinence, a little laughter, a great deal of pride, and some spirits. These are all the alterations I know of, you perhaps may find more. Think not that I have been obliged for this reformation of manners to reason or reflection, but to a severer school-mistress, Experience. One has little merit in learning her lessons, for one cannot well help it; but they are more useful than others, and imprint themselves in the very heart. I find I have been haranguing in the style of the Son of Sirach, so shall finish here, and tell you that our route is settled as follows: First to Bologna for a few days, to hear the Viscontina sing; next to Reggio, where is a Fair. Now,

you must know, a Fair here is not a place where one eats gingerbread or rides upon hobby-horses; here are no musical clocks, nor tall Leicestershire women; one has nothing but masquing, gaming, and finging. If you love operas, there will be the most splendid in Italy, four tip-top voices, a new theatre, the Duke and Duchesse in all their pomps and vanities. Does not this sound magnificent? Yet is the city of Reggio but one step above Old Brentford. Well; next to Venice by the 11th of May, there to see the old Doge wed the Adriatic Whore. Then to Verona, so to Milan, so to Marfeilles, so to Lyons, so to Paris, so to West, &c. in sæcula sæculorum. Amen.

Eleven months, at different times, have I passed at Florence; and yet (God help me) know not either people or language. Yet the place and the charming prospects demand a poetical farewell, and here it is.

* * OH Fæfulæ amœna

Frigoribus juga, nec nimiùm spirantibus auris!

Alma quibus Tusci Pallas decus Apennini

Effè dedit, glaucâque fuâ canescere fylvâ !
 Non ego vos posthâc Arni de valle videbo
 Porticibus circum, et candenti cinctâ coronâ
 Villarum longè nitido confurgere dorso,
 Antiquamve Ædem, et veteres præferre Cupressus
 Mirabor, tectisque super pendentia tecta.

I will fend you, too, a pretty little Sonnet of a Sig^r
 Abbate Buondelmonte, with my imitation of it.

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 traftullo, e par dispetto ;
 Mà nel suo diverso aspetto
 Sempr' egli, è l' istesso Amor.

LUSIT amicitiaè interdum velatus amictu,
 Et bene compositâ veste fefellit Amor.

Mox iræ affumpfit cultus, faciemque minantem,
 Inque odium verfus, verfus et in lacrymas :
 Ludentem fuge, nec lacrymanti, aut crede furenti ;
 Idem eft diffimili femper in ore Deus.

Here comes a letter from you.—I muft defer giving my opinion of Paufanias till I can fee the whole, and only have faid what I did in obedience to your commands. I have fpoken with fuch freedom on this head, that it feems but juft you fhould have your revenge ; and therefore I fend you the beginning not of an Epic Poem, but of a Metaphyfic one. Poems and Metaphyfis (fay you, with your fpectacles on) are inconfiftent things. A metaphyfical poem is a contradiction in terms. It is true, but I will go on. It is Latin too to increafe the abfurdity. It will, I fuppose, put you in mind of the man who wrote a treatife of Canon Law in Hexameters. Pray help me to the defcription of a mixt mode, and a little Epifode about Space.

LETTER XLII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.



TRUST to the country, and that easy indolence you say you enjoy there, to restore you your health and spirits; and doubt not but, when the sun grows warm enough to tempt you from your fireside, you will (like all other things) be the better for his influence. He is my old friend, and an excellent nurse, I assure you. Had it not been for him, life had often been to me intolerable. Pray do not imagine that Tacitus, of all authors in the world, can be tedious. An annalist, you know, is by no means master of his subject; and I think one may venture to say, that if those Pannonian affairs are tedious in his hands, in another's they would have been insupportable. However, fear not, they will soon be over, and he will make ample amends. A man, who could join the *brilliant* of wit and

concise sententiousness peculiar to that age, with the truth and gravity of better times, and the deep reflection and good sense of the best moderns, cannot choose but have something to strike you. Yet what I admire in him above all this, is his detestation of tyranny, and the high spirit of liberty that every now and then breaks out, as it were, whether he would or no. I remember a sentence in his *Agricola* that (concise as it is) I always admired for saying much in a little compass. He speaks of Domitian, who upon seeing the last will of that General, where he had made him Coheir with his Wife and Daughter, “*Satis constat lætatum eum, velut honore, judicioque: tam cæca & corrupta mens assiduis adulationibus erat, ut nesciret a bono patre non scribi hæredem, nisi malum principem.*”

As to the *Dunciad*, it is greatly admired: the Genii of Operas and Schools, with their attendants, the pleas of the Virtuofos and Florists, and the yawn of dulness in the end, are as fine as any thing he has written. The Metaphysicians’ part is to me the worst; and here and there a few ill-expressed lines, and some hardly intelligible.

I take the liberty of sending you a long speech of Agrippina ; much too long, but I could be glad you would retrench it. Aceronia, you may remember, had been giving quiet counsels. I fancy, if it ever be finished, it will be in the nature of Nat. Lee's Bedlam Tragedy, which had twenty-five acts and some odd scenes.

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 lic̄tor,
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,
 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
 Without a spell to raise, and bid it fire
 A thousand haughty hearts, unused 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
 Of th' unpledged bowl, they love not aconite.

ACERONIA.

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

AGRIPPINA.

And dost thou talk to me, to me of danger,
 Of haughty youth and irritated power,
 To her that gave it being, her that arm'd
 This painted Jove, and taught his novice hand
 To aim the forked bolt; while he stood trembling,
 Scared at the sound, and dazzled with its brightness?

'Tis like thou hast forgot, when yet a stranger
 To adoration, to the grateful steam
 Of flatt'ry's incense, and obsequious vows
 From voluntary realms, a puny boy,
 Deck'd with no other lustre, than the blood
 Of Agrippina's race, he lived unknown
 To fame or fortune; haply eyed at distance
 Some edileship, ambitious of the power
 To judge of weights and measures; scarcely dared
 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;

Show'd him where empire tower'd, and bade him strike
 The noble quarry. Gods! then was the time
 To shrink from danger; fear might then have worn
 The mask of prudence; but a heart like mine,
 A heart that glows with the pure Julian fire,
 If bright ambition from her craggy feat
 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:
 Hence rise my fears. Nor am I yet to learn
 How vast the debt of gratitude which Nero
 To such a mother owes; the world, you gave him,
 Suffices not to pay the obligation.

I well remember too (for I was present)
 When in a secret and dead hour of night,
 Due sacrifice perform'd with barb'rous rites
 Of mutter'd charms, and solemn invocation,
 You made the Magi call the dreadful powers,

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

AGRIPPINA.

' Thus ever grave and undisturb'd reflection
 Pours its cool dictates in the madding ear

Of rage, and thinks to quench the fire it feels not.
 Say'ft thou I muft be cautious, muft be filent,
 And tremble at the phantom I have raifed ?
 Carry to him thy timid counfels. He
 Perchance may heed 'em : tell him too, that one
 Who had fuch liberal power to give, may ftill
 With equal power refume that gift, and raife
 A tempeft that fhall fhake her own creation
 To its original atoms—tell me ! fay
 This mighty emperor, this dreaded hero,
 Has he beheld the glittering front of war ?
 Knows his foft ear the trumpet's thrilling voice,
 And outcry of the battle ? Have his limbs
 Sweat under iron harnefs ? Is he not
 The filken fon of dalliance, nurfed in eafe
 And pleasure's flow'ry lap ?—Rubellius lives,
 And Sylla has his friends, though fchool'd by fear
 To bow the fupple knee, and court the times
 With fhows of fair obeifance ; and a call
 Like mine, might ferve belike to wake pretentions

Drowfier than theirs, who boast the genuine blood
Of our imperial house.

ACERONIA.

Did I not wish to check this dangerous passion,
I might remind my mistress that her nod
Can rouse eight hardy legions, wont to stem
With stubborn nerves the tide, and face the rigour
Of bleak Germania's snows. Four, not less brave,
That in Armenia quell the Parthian force
Under the warlike Corbulo, by you
Mark'd for their leader: these, by ties confirm'd,
Of old respect and gratitude, are yours.
Surely the Massians too, and those of Egypt,
Have not forgot your fire: the eye of Rome,
And the Prætorian camp, have long revered
With custom'd awe, the daughter, sister, wife,
And mother of their Cæsars.

AGRIPPINA.

Ha! by Juno,
It bears a noble semblance. On this base

My great revenge shall rise ; or say we found
 The trump of liberty ; there will not want,
 Even in the fervile senate, ears to own
 Her spirit-stirring voice ; Soranus there,
 And Cassius ; Vetus too, and Thrasea,
 Minds of the antique cast, rough, stubborn souls,
 That struggle with the yoke. How shall the spark
 Unquenchable, that glows within their breasts,
 Blaze into freedom, when the idle herd
 (Slaves from the womb, created but to stare,
 And bellow in the Circus) yet will start,
 And shake 'em at the name of liberty,
 Stung by a senseless word, a vain tradition,
 As there were magic in it? Wrinkled beldams
 Teach it their grandchildren, as somewhat rare
 That anciently appear'd, but when, extends
 Beyond their chronicle—oh ! 'tis a cause
 To arm the hand of childhood, and retrace
 The slacken'd sinews of time-wearied age.

Yes, we may meet, ungrateful boy, we may !

Again the buried Genius of old Rome
 Shall from the dust uprear his reverend head,
 Roused by the shout of millions : there before
 His high tribunal thou and I appear.
 Let majesty sit on thy awful brow,
 And lighten from thy eye : around thee call
 The gilded swarm that wantons in the sunshine
 Of thy full favour ; Seneca be there
 In gorgeous phrase of labour'd eloquence
 To dress thy plea, and Burrhus strengthen it
 With his plain soldier's oath, and honest seeming.
 Against thee, liberty and Agrippina :
 The world, the prize ; and fair befall the victors.

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

ACERONIA.

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

AGRIPPINA.

My thought aches at him; not the basilisk
 More deadly to the fight, 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,
 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
 What; so't be strange and dreadful.—Sorceries,
 Assassinations, poisonings—the deeper
 My guilt, the blacker his ingratitude.
 And you, ye manes of ambition's victims,

Enshrined Claudius, with the pitied ghosts
 Of the Syllani, doom'd to early death,
 (Ye unavailing horrors, fruitless crimes !)
 If from the realms of night my voice ye hear,
 In lieu of penitence, and vain remorse,
 Accept my vengeance. Though by me ye bled,
 He was the cause. My love, my fears for him,
 Dried the soft springs of pity in my heart,
 And froze them up with deadly cruelty.
 Yet if your injured shades demand my fate,
 If murder cries for murder, blood for blood,
 Let me not fall alone ; but crush his pride,
 And sink the traitor in his mother's ruin.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. OTHO, POPPÆA.

OTHO.

THUS far we're safe. Thanks to the rosy queen
 Of amorous thefts : and had her wanton son

Lent us his wings, we could not have beguiled
With more elusive speed the dazzled fight
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 reclined, so was she borne
By the young Trojan to his gilded bark
With fond reluctance, yielding modesty,
And oft reverted eye, as if she knew not
Whether she fear'd, or wish'd to be pursued.

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LETTER XLIII.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

London, April, Thursday.



YOU are the first who ever made a Muse of a Cough; to me it seems a much more easy task to versify in one's sleep, (that indeed you were of old famous for,) than for want of it. Not the wakeful nightingale (when she had a cough) ever sung so sweetly. I give you thanks for your warble, and wish you could sing yourself to rest. These wicked remains of your illness will sure give way to warm weather and gentle exercise; which I hope you will not omit as the season advances. Whatever low spirits and indolence, the effect of them, may advise to the contrary, I pray you add five steps to your walk daily for my sake; by the help of which, in a month's time, I propose to set you on horseback.

I talked of the Dunciad as concluding you had seen it;

if you have not, do you choofe I fhould get and fend it you? I have myfelf, upon your recommendation, been reading *Joseph Andrews*. The incidents are ill laid and without invention; but the characters have a great deal of nature, which always pleafes even in her loweft fhapes. *Parfon Adams* is perfectly well; fo is *Mrs. Slipflop*, and the ftory of *Wilson*; and throughout he fhows himfelf well read in *Stage-Coaches*, *Country Squires*, *Inns*, and *Inns of Court*. His reflections upon high people and low people, and miffes and mafters, are very good. However the exaltednefs of fome minds (or rather as I fhrewdly fufpect their infipidity and want of feeling or obfervation) may make them infenfible to thefe light things, (I mean fuch as characterize and paint nature,) yet furely they are as weighty and much more ufeful than your grave difcourfes upon the mind, the paffions, and what not. Now as the paradifaical pleafures of the *Mahometans* confift in playing upon the flute and lying with *Houris*, be mine to read eternal new romances of *Marivaux* and *Crebillon*.

You are very good in giving yourfelf the trouble to read

and find fault with my long harangues. Your freedom (as you call it) has so little need of apologies, that I should scarce excuse your treating me any otherwise; which, whatever compliment it might be to my vanity, would be making a very ill one to my understanding. 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, where 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 derivatives: Nay sometimes words of their own composition or invention. Shakespear and Milton have been great creators this way; and no one more licentious than Pope or Dryden, who perpetually borrow expressions from the former. Let me give you some instances from Dryden, whom every body reckons a great master of our poetical tongue.— Full of *musful mopeings*—unlike the *trim* of love—a pleasant *beverage*—a *roundelay* of love—stood silent in his

mood—with knots and *knares* deformed—his *ireful mood*—
 in proud *array*—his *boon* was granted—and *disarray* and
 shameful rout—*wayward* but wise—*furbished* for the field
 —the *foiled dodderd* oaks—*disberited*—*smouldering* flames
 —*retchless* of laws—*crones* old and ugly—the *beldam* at his
 side—the *grandam-hag*—*villanize* his Father's fame.—
 But they are infinite: And our language not being a
 settled thing (like the French) has an undoubted right to
 words of an hundred years old, provided antiquity have
 not rendered them unintelligible. In truth, Shakespear's
 language is one of his principal beauties; and he has no
 less advantage over your Addisons and Rowes in this, than
 in those other great excellences you mention. Every word
 in him is a picture. Pray put me the following lines
 into the tongue of our modern Dramatics:

But I, that am not shaped for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass:
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph:
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,

Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up—

And what follows. To me they appear untranslatable; and if this be the case, our language is greatly degenerated. However, the affectation of imitating Shakespear may doubtless be carried too far; and is no sort of excuse for sentiments ill-suited, or speeches ill-timed, which I believe is a little the case with me. I guess the most faulty expressions may be these—*silken son of dalliance*—*drowsier pretensions*—*wrinkled beldams*—*arched* the hearer's brow and *riveted* his eyes in *fearful extasie*. These are easily altered or omitted: and indeed if the thoughts be wrong or superfluous, there is nothing easier than to leave out the whole. The first ten or twelve lines are, I believe, the best; and as for the rest, I was betrayed into a good deal of it by Tacitus; only what he has said in five words, I imagine I have said in fifty lines. Such is the misfortune of imitating the inimitable. Now, if you are of my opinion, una litura may do the business better than a dozen; and you need not fear unravelling my web. I am a sort of

spider ; and have little else to do but spin it over again, or creep to some other place and spin there. Alas ! for one who has nothing to do but amuse himself, I believe my amusements are as little amusing as most folks'. But no matter ; it makes the hours pass ; and is better than *ἐν ἀμαθίᾳ καὶ ἀμουσίᾳ καταβιῶναι*. Adieu.



LETTER XLIV.


MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

London, April, 1742.



SHOULD not have failed to answer your letter immediately, but I went out of town for a little while, which hindered me. Its length (besides the pleasure naturally accompanying a long letter from you) affords me a new one, when I think it is a symptom of the recovery of your health, and flatter myself that your bodily strength returns in proportion. Pray do not forget to mention the progress you make continually. As to Agrippina, I begin to be of your opinion; and find myself (as women are of their children) less enamoured of my productions the older they grow. She is laid up to sleep till next summer; so bid her good night. I think you have translated Tacitus very

justly, that is, freely; and accommodated his thoughts to the turn and genius of our language; which, though I commend your judgment, is no commendation of the English tongue, which is too diffuse, and daily grows more and more enervate. One shall never be more sensible of this, than in turning an Author like Tacitus. I have been trying it in some parts of Thucydides (who has a little

UOD mihi si tantum, Mæcenas, fata dedissent,
Ut possem heroas ducere in arma manus :

Non ego Titanas canerem, non Ossan Olympo

Impositum, ut cælo Pelion esset iter :

Non veteres Thebas, nec Pergama nomen Homeri,

Xerxis et imperio bina coiffe vada :

Regnave prima Remi, aut animos Carthaginis altæ,

Cimbrorumque minas, et benefacta Marî.

Bellaque resque tui memorarem Cæsaris ; et tu

Cæsare sub magno cura secunda fores.

reſemblance of him in his concifeneſs) and endeavoured to do it cloſely, but found it produced mere nonſenſe. If you have any inclination to ſee what figure Tacitus makes in Italian, I have a Tuſcan tranſlation of Davanzati, much eſteemed in Italy; and will ſend you the ſame ſpeech you ſent me; that is, if you care for it. In the mean time accept of Propertius.

YET would the tyrant Love permit me raiſe
 My feeble voice, to ſound the victor's praiſe,
 To paint the hero's toil, the ranks of war,
 The laurell'd triumph, and the ſculptured car;
 No giant race, no tumult of the ſkies,
 No mountain-ſtructures in my verſe ſhould riſe,
 Nor tale of Thebes, nor Ilium there ſhould be,
 Nor how the Perſian trod the indignant ſea;
 Not Marius' Cimbrian wreaths would I relate,
 Nor lofty Carthage ſtruggling with her fate.
 Here ſhould Auguſtus great in arms appear,
 And thou, Mæcenus, be my ſecond care;

Nam quoties Mutinam, aut civilia busta Philippos,
 Aut canerem Siculæ classica bella fugæ :
 Everfosque focos antiquæ gentis Etruscæ,
 Et Ptolemææ litora capta Phari :
 Aut canerem Ægyptum, et Nilum, cum tractus in urbem
 Septem captivis debilis ibat aquis :
 Aut regum auratis circumdata colla catenis,
 Actiaque in sacrâ currere rostra viâ :
 Te mea Musa illis semper contexeret armis,
 Et sumtâ, et positâ pace fidele caput.
 Theseus infernis, superis testatur Achilles,
 Hic Ixioniden, ille Menætiaden.
 Sed neque Phlegræos Jovis, Enceladique tumultus
 Intonet angusto pectore Callimachus :
 Nec mea conveniunt duro præcordia versu
 Cæfaris in Phrygios condere nomen avos.
 Navita de ventis, de tauris narrat arator,
 Enumerat miles vulnera, pastor oves.
 Nos contrâ angusto versamus prælia lecto.
 Quâ pote quisque, in eâ conterat arte diem.

Here Mutina from flames and famine free,
 And there the enfanguined wave of Sicily,
 And scepter'd Alexandria's captive shore,
 And sad Philippi, red with Roman gore :
 Then, while the vaulted skies loud Ios rend,
 In golden chains should loaded monarchs bend,
 And hoary Nile with pensive aspect seem
 To mourn the glories of his sevenfold stream,
 While prows, that late in fierce encounter met,
 Move through the sacred way and vainly threat,
 Thee too the Muse should consecrate to fame,
 And with her garlands weave thy ever-faithful name.

But nor Callimachus' enervate strain
 May tell of Jove, and Phlegra's blasted plain ;
 Nor I with unaccustom'd vigour trace
 Back to its source divine the Julian race.
 Sailors to tell of winds and seas delight,
 The shepherd of his flocks, the foldier of the fight.
 A milder warfare I in verse display ;
 Each in his proper art should waste the day :

Laus in amore mori : laus altera, si datur uno

Possè frui, fruar O solus amore meo.

His saltem ut tenear jam finibus ; aut, mihi si quis

Venerit alter amor, acriùs ut moriar.

Si memini, solet illa leves culpāre puellas,

Et totam ex Helenâ non probat Iliada.

Seu mihi sint tangenda novercæ pocula Phædræ,

Pocula privigno non nocitura suo :

Seu mihi Circæo pereundum gramine, five

Colchis Iolciacis urat athena focus ;

Una meos quoniam prædata est fœmina sensus,

Ex hac ducentur funera nostra domo.

Omnes humanos sanat medicina dolores,

Solus amor morbi non amat artificem.

Tarda Philoëtetæ sanavit crura Machaon,

Phœnicis Chiron lumina Phillyrides.

Nor thou my gentle calling disapprove,
To die is glorious in the bed of Love.

Happy the youth, and not unknown to fame,
Whose heart has never felt a second flame.
Oh, might that envied happiness be mine !
To Cynthia all my wishes I confine ;
Or if, alas ! it be my fate to try
Another love, the quicker let me die :
But she, the mistress of my faithful breast,
Has oft the charms of constancy confessed,
Condemns her fickle sex's fond mistake,
And hates the tale of Troy for Helen's sake.
Me from myself the soft enchantress stole ;
Ah ! let her ever my desires control,
Or if I fall the victim of her scorn,
From her loved door may my pale corpse be borne.
The power of herbs can other harms remove,
And find a cure for every ill, but love.
The Lemnian's hurt Machaon could repair,
Heal the flow chief, and send again to war ;

Et deus extinctum Creffis Epidaurius herbis
 Restituit patriis Androgeona focis.
 Myfus et Æmoniâ juvenis quâ cuspide vulnus
 Senferat, hac ipsâ cuspide senfit opem.
 Hoc si quis vitium poterit mihi demere, solus
 Tantaleæ poterit tradere poma manu.
 Dolia virgineis idem ille repleverit urnis,
 Ne tenera assiduâ colla graventur aquâ.
 Idem Caucafiâ solvet de rupe Promethei
 Brachia, et a medio pectore pellet avem.
 Non hîc herba valet : non hîc nocturna Cytæis :
 Non Perimedeâ gramina cocta manu.
 Quippe ubi nec causas, nec apertos cernimus ictus,
 Unde tamen veniant tot mala, cæca via est.
 Non eget hic medicis, non lectis mollibus æger :
 Huic nullum cœli tempus, et aura nocet.
 Ambulat, et subitò mirantur funus amici.
 Sic est incautum quicquid habetur amor.
 Quandocunque igitur vitam mea fata reposcent,
 Et breve in exiguo marmore nomen ero :

To Chiron Phœnix owed his long-lost fight,
 And Phœbus' son recall'd Androgeon to the light.
 Here arts are vain, e'en magic here must fail,
 The powerful mixture and the midnight spell ;
 The hand that can my captive heart release,
 And to this bosom give its wonted peace,
 May the long thirst of Tantalus allay,
 Or drive the infernal vulture from his prey.
 For ills unseen what remedy is found ?
 Or who can probe the undiscover'd wound ?
 The bed avails not, nor the leech's care,
 Nor changing skies can hurt, nor sultry air.
 'Tis hard th' elusive symptoms to explore :
 To-day the lover walks, to-morrow is no more ;
 A train of mourning friends attend his pall,
 And wonder at the sudden funeral.

When then the fates that breath they gave shall claim,
 And the short marble but preserve a name,
 A little verse my all that shall remain ;
 Thy passing courier's slacken'd speed restrain ;

Mæcenas nostræ spes invidiosa juventæ,
Et vitæ, et morti gloria iusta meæ ;
Si te forte meo ducet via proxima busto,
Effeda cælatis fiste Britanna jugis,
Taliaque inlacrymans mutæ jace verba favillæ :
Huic misero fatum dura puella fuit.



(Thou envied honour of thy poet's days,
Of all our youth the ambition and the praise !)
Then to my quiet urn awhile draw near,
And say, while o'er that place you drop the tear,
Love and the fair were of his youth the pride ;
He lived, while she was kind ; and when she frown'd, he
died.



LETTER XLV.

MR. GRAY TO MR. WEST.

London, May 27, 1742.



INE, you are to know, is a white Melancholy, or rather Leucocholy for the most part; which, though it seldom laughs or dances, nor ever amounts to what one calls Joy or Pleasure, yet is a good easy sort of a state, and ça ne laisse que de s'amuser. The only fault of it is insipidity; which is apt now and then to give a sort of Ennui, which makes one form certain little wishes that signify nothing. But there is another sort, black indeed, which I have now and then felt, that has somewhat in it like Tertullian's rule of faith, Credo quia impossibile est; for it believes, nay, is sure of every thing that is unlikely, so it be but frightful; and on the other hand excludes and shuts its eyes to the most possible hopes, and every thing that is pleasurable;

from this the Lord deliver us! for none but he and sunshiny weather can do it. In hopes of enjoying this kind of weather, I am going into the country for a few weeks, but shall be never the nearer any society; so, if you have any charity, you will continue to write. My life is like Harry the Fourth's supper of Hens,⁷ " Poulets à la broche, Poulets en Ragoût, Poulets en Hâchis, Poulets en Fricassées." Reading here, Reading there; nothing but books with different fauces. Do not let me lose my desert then; for though that be Reading too, yet it has a very different flavour. The May seems to be come since your invitation; and I propose to bask in her beams and dress me in her robes.

Et Caput in vernâ semper habere rosâ.⁸

I shall see Mr. * * and his Wife, nay, and his Child too, for he has got a Boy. Is it not odd to consider one's Cotemporaries in the grave light of Husband and Father? There is my Lords * * and * * *, they are Statesmen: Do not you remember them dirty boys playing at cricket? As for me, I am never a bit the older, nor the bigger, nor

the wifer than I was then : No, not for having been beyond fea. Pray how are you ?

I fend you an infcription for a wood joining to a park of mine ; (it is on the confines of Mount Cithæron, on the left hand as you go to Thebes,) you know I am no friend to hunters, and hate to be difturbed by their noife.

Ἄζόμενος πολύθηρον ἔκηβόλου ἄλσος ἀνάσσας,
 Τᾶς δεινᾶς τεμένη λειῖπε, κυναγέ, θεᾶς,
 Μοῦνοι ἄρ' ἔνθα κύνων ζαθέων κλαγγεῦσιν ὕλαγμοι,
 Ἄνταχεῖς Νυμφᾶν ἀγροτεράν κελάδῳ.

Here follows alfo the beginning of an Heroic Epiftle ; but you muft give me leave to tell my own ftory firft, becaufe Hiftorians differ. Maffiniffa was the fon of Gala King of the Maffyli ; and, when very young, at the head of his father's army, gave a moft fignal overthrow to Syphax, King of the Mafæfylians, then an ally of the Romans. Soon after Afdrubal, fon of Gifgo the Carthaginian General, gave the beautiful Sophonifba, his daughter, in marriage to

the young prince. But this marriage was not consummated on account of Maffiniffa's being obliged to hasten into Spain, there to command his father's troops, who were auxiliaries of the Carthaginians. Their affairs at this time began to be in a bad condition; and they thought it might be greatly for their interest, if they could bring over Syphax to themselves. This in time they actually effected; and to strengthen their new alliance, commanded Afrubal to give his daughter to Syphax. (It is probable their ingratitude to Maffiniffa arose from the great change of affairs, which had happened among the Maffylians during his absence; for his father and uncle were dead, and a distant relation of the royal family had usurped the throne.) Sophonisba was accordingly married to Syphax; and Maffiniffa, enraged at the affront, became a friend to the Romans. They drove the Carthaginians before them out of Spain, and carried the war into Africa, defeated Syphax, and took him prisoner; upon which Cirtha (his capital) opened her gates to Lælius and Maffiniffa. The rest of the affair, the marriage, and the sending of poison, every

body knows. This is partly taken from Livy, and partly from Appian.

EGREGIUM accipio promissi Munus amoris,
 Inque manu mortem, jam fruitura, fero :
 Atque utinam citius mandaffes, luce vel unâ ;
 Tranfieram Stygios non inhonestâ lacus.
 Victoris nec passâ toros, nova nupta, mariti,
 Nec fueram factus, Roma superba, tuos.
 Scilicet hæc partem tibi, Mafiniffa, triumphî
 Detractam, hæc pompæ jura minora suæ
 Imputat, atque uxor quòd non tua pressâ catenis,
 Objecta et sævæ plaufibus orbis eo :
 Quin tu pro tantis cepisti præmia factis,
 Magnum Romanæ pignus amicitiaë !
 Scipiadaë excufes, oro, si, tardius utar
 Munere. Non nimum vivere, crede, velim.
 Parva mora est, breve sed tempus mea fama requirit :
 Detinet hæc animam cura suprema meam.
 Quæ patriæ prodesse meæ Regina ferebar,

Inter Elifæas gloria prima nurus,
 Ne videar flammæ nimis indulgisse secundæ,
 Vel nimis hostiles extimuisse manus.
 Fortunam atque annos liceat revocare priores,
 Gaudiaque heu ! quantis nostra repensa, malis !
 Primitiasne tuas meministi atque arma Syphacis
 Fusa, et per Tyrias ducta trophæa vias ?
 (Laudis at antiquæ forsan meminisse pigebit,
 Quodque decus quondam causa ruboris erit.)
 Tempus ego certe memini, felicia Pœnis
 Quo te non pudit solvere vota deis ;
 Mœniaque intrantem vidi : longo agmine duxit
 Turba salutantum, purpureique patres.
 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,
 Seque cupit laudi furripuiffe suæ.
 Prima genas tenui signat vix flore juventas,

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

* * * * *





NOTES TO THE LETTERS.





NOTES.

Page 215, note 1.



T Burnham, in Buckinghamshire.

P. 218, note 2.—At this time with his father at Houghton. Mr. Gray writes from the same place he did before, from his Uncle's house in Buckinghamshire.—*Mason*.

P. 219, note 3.—A lanthorn for eighteen candles, of copper-gilt, hung in the hall at Houghton. It became a favourite object of Tory satire at the time; see the *Craftsman*. This lanthorn was afterwards sold to the Earl of Chesterfield. See *Walpole's Works*, vol. ii. p. 263; and *Letters to H. Mann*, vol. ii. p. 368.

P. 221, note 4.—Of Pofidippus. *Vide Anthologia, H. Stephan.* p. 220. Mr. Gray, in his MS. notes to this edition of the *Anthologia*, inserts this translation, and adds “*Descriptio pulcherrima & quæ tenuem illum græcorum spiritum mirificè sapit;*” and in conclusion, “*Pofidippus inter principes Anthologiæ poetas emicat, Ptolemæi Philadelphi seculo vixit.*”—*Mason*.

P. 224, note 5.—*Hom. Il. Δ. v. 191.*

P. 230, note 6.—Mr. Walpole was just named to that post, which he exchanged soon after for that of Usher of the Exchequer.—*Mason*.

P. 230, note 7.—*Ovidii Met.* II. v. 846-7.

P. 230, note 8.—Dr. Long, the Master of Pembroke Hall, at this time read lectures in experimental philosophy.—*Mafon*.

P. 232, note 9.—Orator Henley.

P. 241, note 1.—The French opera has only three acts, but often a prologue on a different subject, which (as Mr. Walpole informs me, who saw it at the same time) was the case in this very representation.—*Mafon*.

P. 247, note 2.—The Comte de Cambis was lately returned from his embassy in England.—*Mafon*.

P. 257, note 3.—See *Walpole's Memoirs*, pp. 414-18. From Pitt's Speech, comparing Fox and the Duke of Newcastle to the Rhône and Saône.

P. 261, note 4.—*Not pine trees*, but beech and firs.

P. 275, note 5.—See *Livii Hist.* lib. xxi. cap. xxxii.

P. 276, note 6.—See *Livii Hist.* lib. xxi. cap. xxxvii.

P. 279, note 7.—The famous Andrea Doria.

P. 285, note 8.—Now Sir Horace Mann, and Envoy Extraordinary at the same court.—*Mafon*.

P. 286, note 9.—See *Walpole's Letters to H. Mann*, vol. ii. p. 283, l. cxviii.

P. 300, note 1.—Clement the Twelfth.

P. 329, note 2.—Sixtus V. built the dome of St. Peter's.—*Mafon*. St. Peter's was begun by Nicholas V. in 1450; the Cupola was completed in 1590; in 1612-14, the Church and Vestibule were finished: in 1667 the Colonnade. Up to 1694 it is computed that forty-seven millions of Scudi, upwards of ten million and a half sterling, have been expended upon it.

P. 329, note 3.—He raised the obelisk in the great area.

P. 344, note 4.—The reader will find this in Doddsley's Miscellany, and also amongst Mr. Walpole's Fugitive Pieces.—*Mason*.

P. 344, note 5.—Gilbert West, Esq. This poem, "On the abuse of Travelling," is also in Doddsley's Miscellany.—*Mason*.

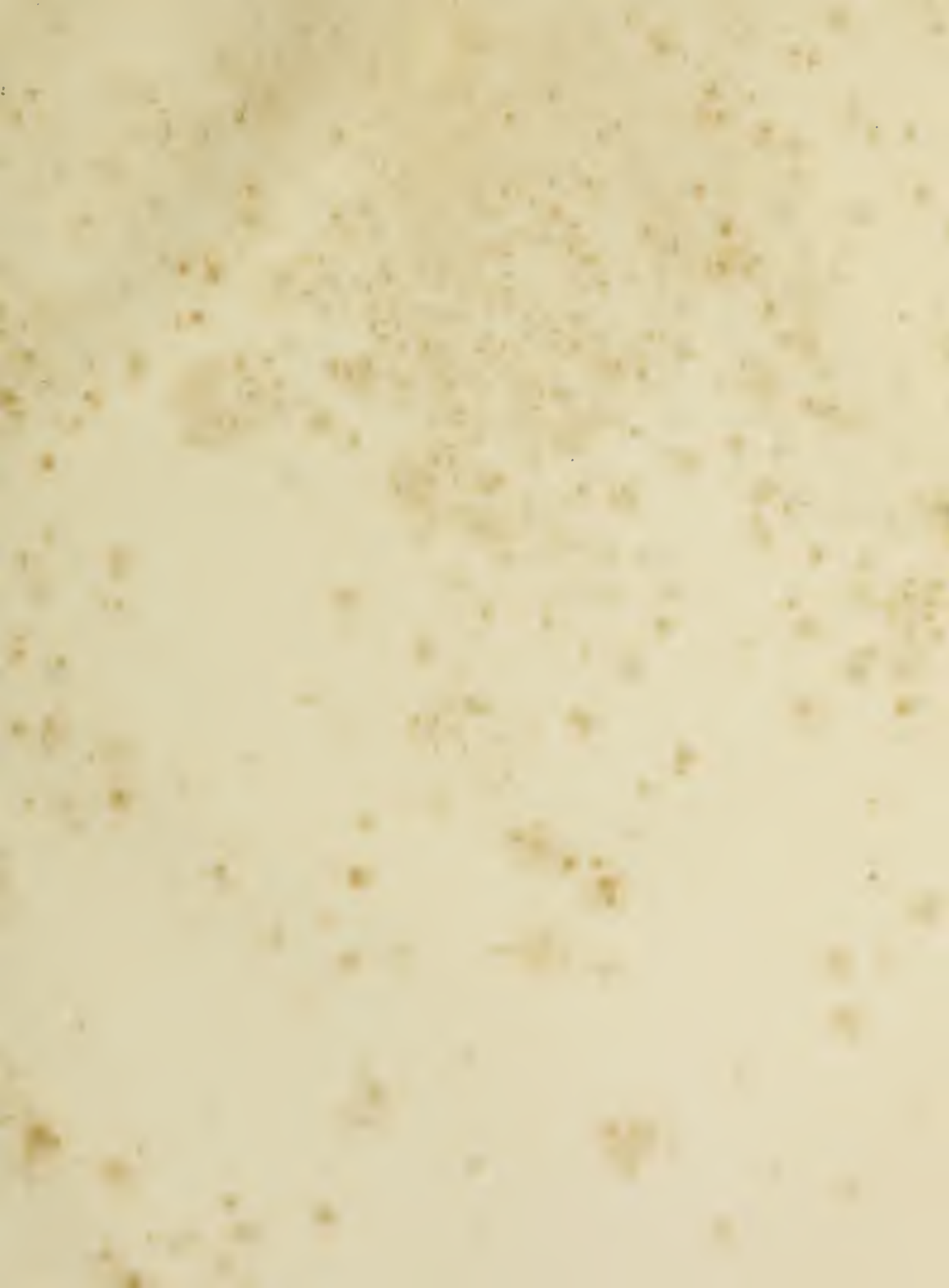
P. 379, note 6.—In Gray's MS. Agrippina's was one continued speech from this line to the end of the scene. Mr. Mason informs us, that he has altered it to the state in which it now stands.

P. 405, note 7.—Francis the First's Supper of Hens, *v.* Boccaccio.—*Rogers*.

P. 405, note 8.—Propert. III. iii. 44.



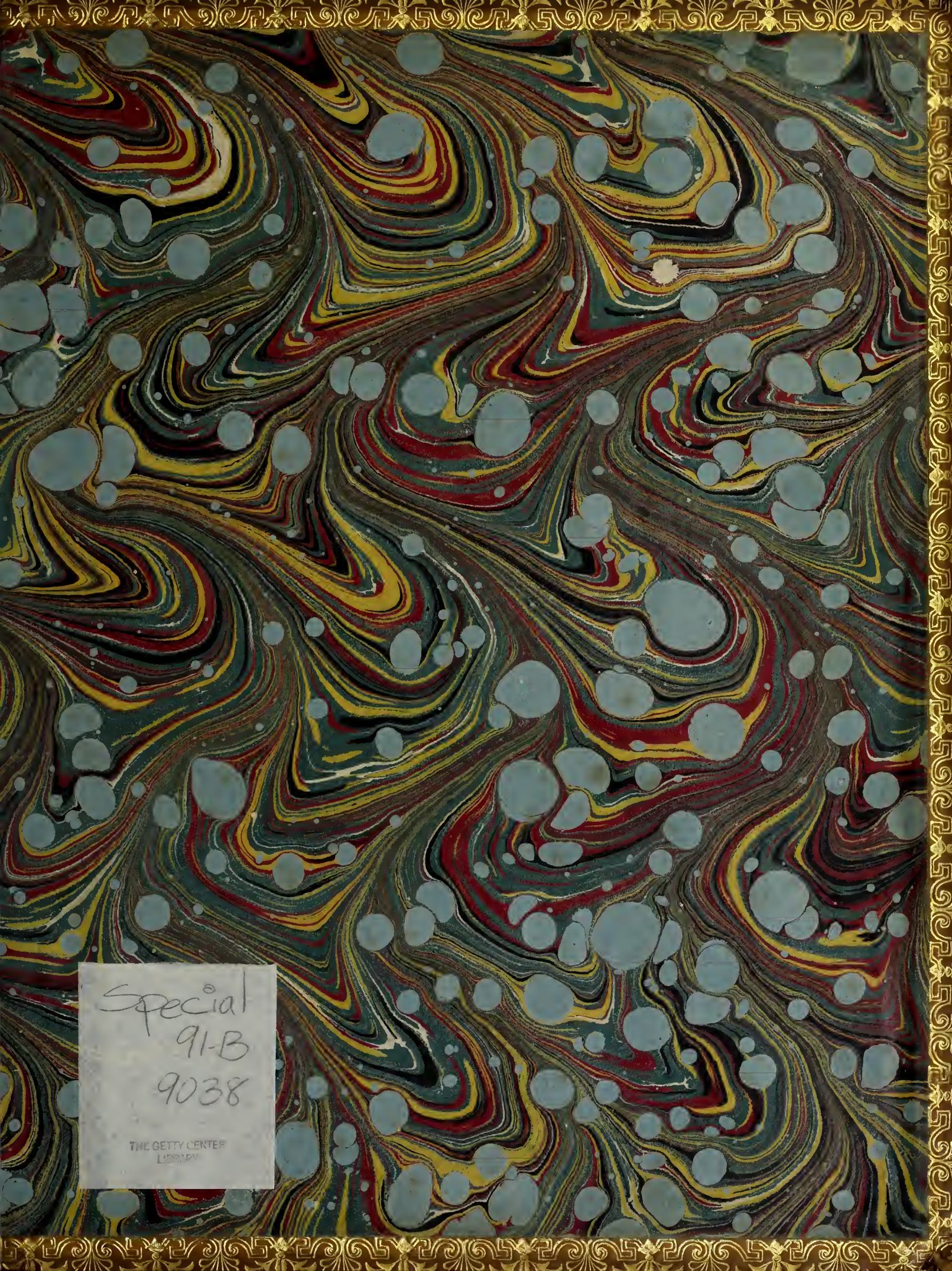
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