To break my iron-foot again;  
Till, Lok has burst his tenfold chain.

Never, till substantial Night;  
Till wrapped in flames, in ruin hur'd.

The fabric of the world.

THE TRIUMPHS OF OWEN:

A FRAGMENT.

BY THE SAME.

Owen's praise demands my song;  
Owen's praise and Owen's strong;

Owen Twift and Owen Hroth,  
Fairest flower of Roderic's stem,

Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.

Fate. Lok is the evil Being, who continues in chains till the Twilight of the Gods approaches, when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the earth, the seas, and fire shall degenerate, and even Odin himself shall consume the Aesir: for a further explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's Introduction to the History of Denmark, 1755, Quarto.

Owen succeeded his Father Griffin in the Principality of North-Wales, A. D. 1150. This battle was fought near forty Years afterwards.

North-Wales.
He nor heapes his brooded flores,  
Nor on all profusely pours.  
Liberal hand, and open heart.

Big with hoops 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 watery way;  
There the Norman falls afar  
Catch the winds, and join the war.

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

Daumles on his native lands  
The dragon Son of Mona flanks;  
In glittering arms and glory drest,  
High he rears his ruby crest.

There the thundering strokes begin,  
There the preys, and there the din;  
Talymsfia's rocky shore  
Echoing to the battle's roar.

Where he glowing ey-balls turn,  
Thousand Banners round him burn.

Where
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there,
Marking with ignominy to fly,
Fear to stop, and flame to fly,
There Confusion, Terror's child,
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild,
Agony, that pants for breath,
Despair and honourable Death.

AN INVITATION TO THE FEATHERED RACE.

WRITTEN AT CLAVERTON, NEAR BATH.

BY THE REV. MR. GRAVES.

AGAIN the balmy Zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove,
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his notes to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noon tide heat;
My thaws a cooling shade supply,
My groves a safe retreat.