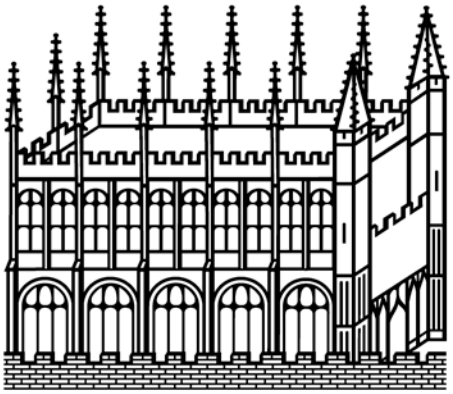

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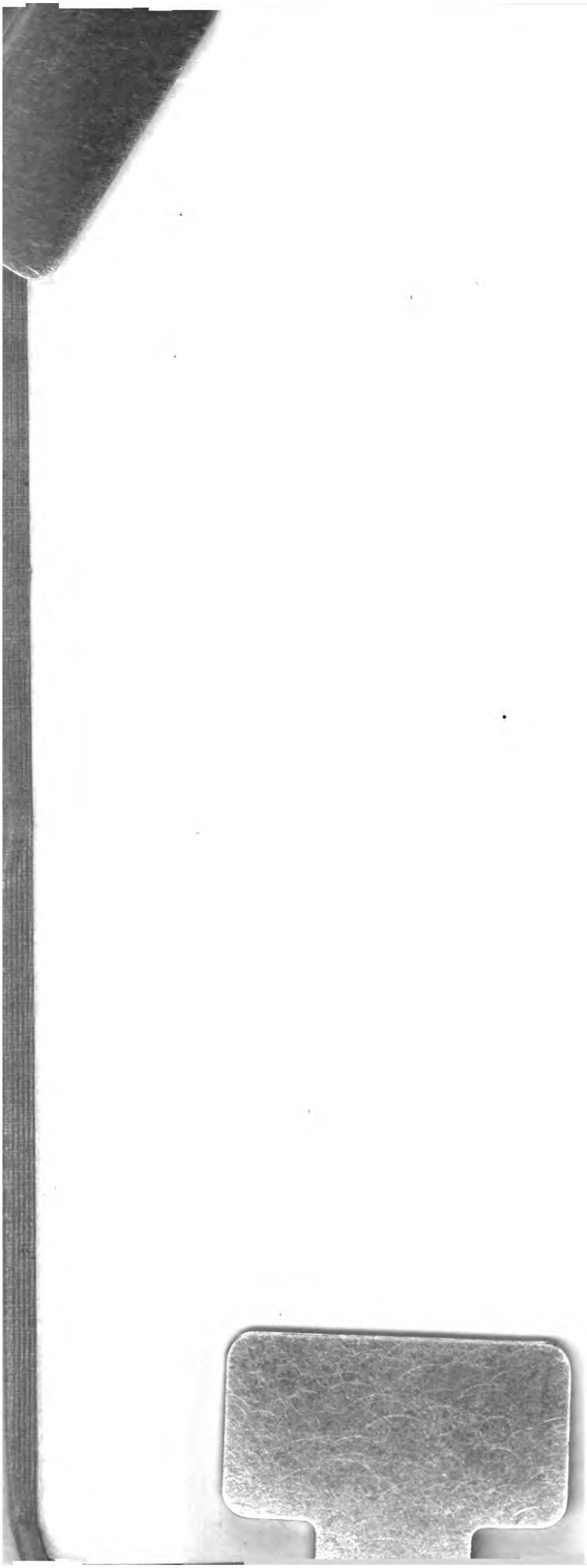

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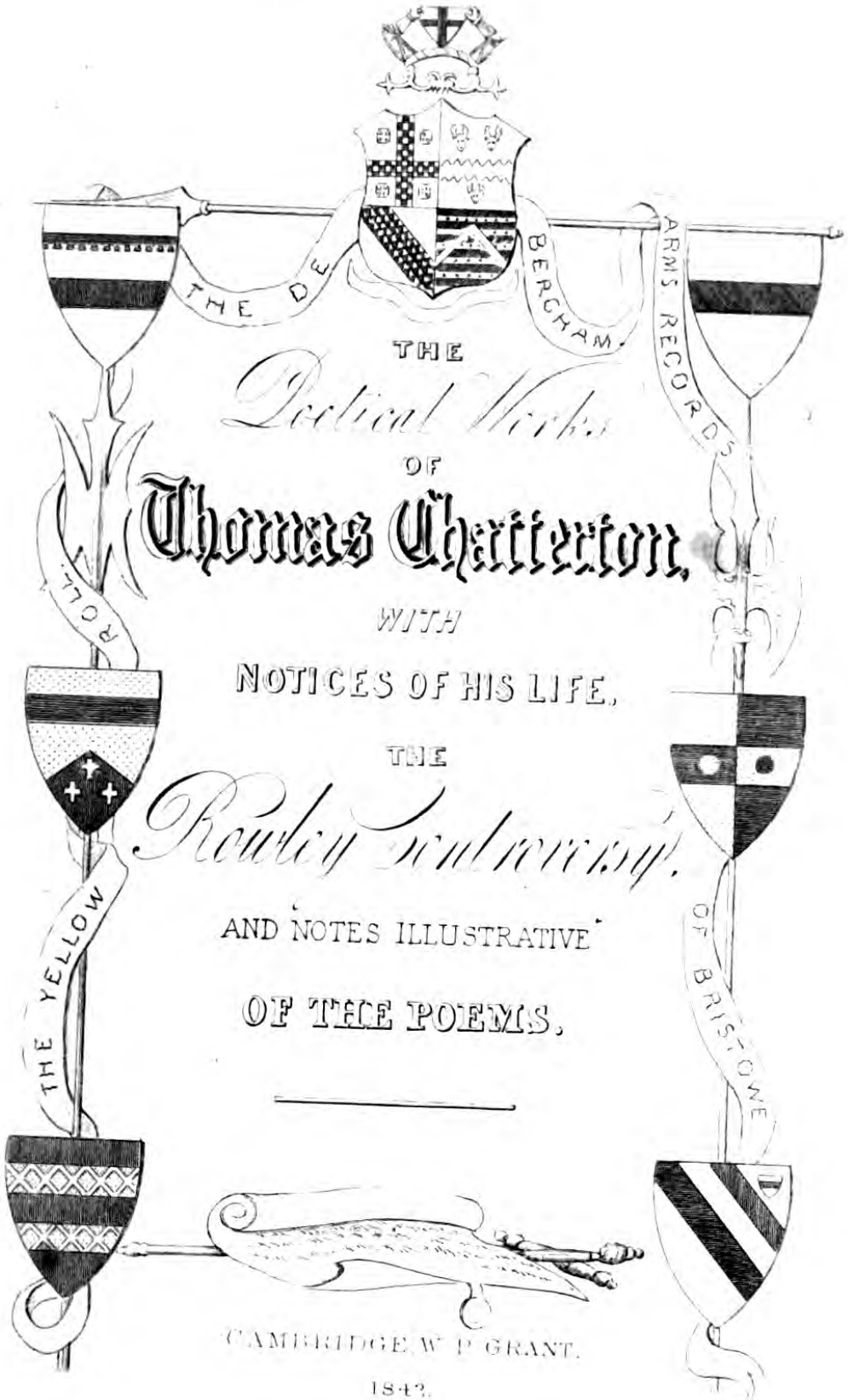

THE

Poetical Works

OF

Thomas Chatterton,

WITH

NOTICES OF HIS LIFE,

THE

Rowley Controversy,

AND NOTES ILLUSTRATIVE

OF THE POEMS.

CAMBRIDGE: W. P. GRANT.

1842.

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POETICAL WORKS

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THOMAS CHATTERTON

WITH

Notices of his Life,

HISTORY OF THE ROWLEY CONTROVERSY,

A SELECTION OF HIS LETTERS,

AND NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

VOL. II.

CAMBRIDGE:
PRINTED FOR W. P. GRANT.
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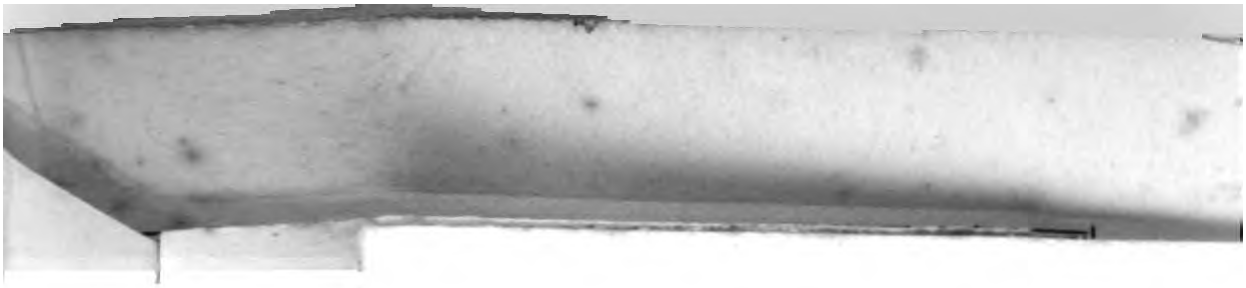
CONTENTS TO VOLUME II.

ACKNOWLEDGED POEMS.

	Page
Sly Dick	321
A Hymn for Christmas-day	324
Apostate Will	326
Narva and Mored	329
The Death of Nicou	334
February	338
A New Song	342
Heccar and Gaira	344
The Methodist	348
Colin Instructed	349
Kew Gardens	350
The Advice	393
The Copernican System	395
The Consuliad	397
Elegy	407
The Prophecy	408
A Song	413
To a Friend	415
To the beauteous Miss Hoyland	416
To Miss Hoyland	417
Ode to Miss Hoyland	418
Acrostic on Miss Hoyland	419
To Miss Hoyland	420

	Page
Acrostic on Miss Clarke	421
To Miss Hoyland	422
The same	423
The same	424
The same	425
The same	426
To Miss Clarke	427
Epistle to Rev. Mr. Catcott	428
Sentiment	439
The Defence	439
A Burlesque Cantata	443
Song	444
Happiness	445
The Whore of Babylon	451
Elegy	473
To a Friend	475
On Thomas Phillips' Death	477
Fables for the Court	478
Fragment	482
Elegy written at Stanton-Drew	484
The Romance of the Knight	485
Sunday—a Fragment	488
The Revenge	490
The Woman of Spirit	519
Resignation	523
Journal	553
Elegy	569
Clifton	571
The Art of Puffing	575
Verses	577
To Mr. Holland	580
An Elegy on Beckford	581
Elegy	587
On Mr. Alcock, of Bristol	589
To Miss Bush, of Bristol	591
Fragment	593

	Page
Elegy on the Death of Mr. Phillips	597
Translations of Horace	605
Elegy on Mr. W. Smith	609
The Happy Pair	610
Songs	612
The Invitation	613
A Bacchanalian	614
The Virgin's choice	615
To Mrs. Heywood the Novelist	616
To Miss C——	617
To Mr. Powel	618
The Resignation	619
Chatterton's Will	622
Political Letters	631
The Polite Advertiser	665
Antiquity of Christmas Games	666
On the Origin, Nature, and Design, of Sculpture	670
Of the AuntiauntеForme of Monies	673
Proclamation	676
Deed of a Foundation	678
Fragment of a Sermon	681
Extracts from Chaucer	684
Account of the De Bergham Family	687
Continuation of the same	697
Letters	711



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ACKNOWLEDGED POEMS.[1]

SLY DICK.*

Sharp was the frost, the wind was high
And sparkling stars bedeckt the sky,

* From a copy in the handwriting of Sir Herbert Croft, in the volume of Chatterton's works purchased by Mr. Waldron at the sale of Sir Herbert's Library. He says "this was written by Chatterton at about eleven: as well as the following Hymn."

[1] The poems of Chatterton may be divided into two grand classes, those ascribed to Rowley, and those which the bard of Bristol avowed to be his own composition. Of these classes, the former is incalculably superior to the latter in poetical power and diction. This is a remarkable circumstance, and forms, we think, the only forcible argument in support of the existence and claims of Rowley. But there is a satisfactory answer, founded upon more than one reason, for the inferiority betwixt the avowed and concealed productions of Chatterton. He produced those antiquated poems which he ascribed to Rowley, when a youth of sixteen; and his education had been so limited that his general acquirements were beneath those of boys of the same age, since he was neither acquainted with French nor Latin. If, therefore, there is other evidence to prove that the poems of Rowley are his own composition, it follows that the whole powers and energies of his extraordinary talents must have been converted to the acquisition of the obsolete language, and peculiar style necessary to support the deep-laid deception. He could have no time for the study of our modern poets, their rules of verse, or modes of expression, while his whole faculties were intensely employed in the Herculean task of creating the person, history and language of an ancient poet, which, vast as these faculties were, was surely sufficient wholly to engross, though not to overburden them. When, therefore, due time is allowed for a boy of sixteen to have acquired the astonishing skill in 'antique lore' necessary to the execution of this great project, it will readily be allowed that he must have come to the composition of modern poetry a mere novice, destitute of all adventitious support, and relying only on the strength of his own genius, which, powerful as it was, had hitherto been used in a different and somewhat inconsistent direction. In the poems of Rowley, therefore, we read the exertions of Chatterton in the line of his own choice, aided by all the information which his researches had enabled him to procure, and stimulated by his favourite ambition of imposing upon the

Sly Dick in arts of cunning skill'd,
Whose rapine all his pockets fill'd,
Had laid him down to take his rest
And soothe with sleep his anxious breast.

literary world; but, in his modern poems, he is engaged in a style of composition to which he was comparatively a stranger, and to which the bent of his mind and turn of his studies had not naturally inclined him. Although this argument seems to account, in a manner sufficiently satisfactory for the inequality of these productions in which Chatterton has thrown aside the mask of Rowley, it is not the only one which can be offered. Let it be remembered, that, admitting Chatterton to be engaged in a deception, he had pledged himself to maintain it; he was therefore carefully to avoid whatever might tend to remove the veil which he had spread over it; and such was his firmness of perseverance, that he seems to attest the originality of Rowley, even in the *Will* which he wrote before his projected suicide. Without therefore supposing that he had *underwritten* his own poems in order to set off those of Rowley, it is obvious that the former must have been executed under a degree of embarrassment highly unfavourable to poetical composition. As Rowley, Chatterton had put forth his whole strength, and exerted himself to the utmost in describing those scenes of antique splendour which captivated his imagination so strongly. But when he wrote in his own character, he was under the necessity of avoiding every idea, subject or expression, however favourite, which could tend to identify the style of Chatterton with that of Rowley, and surely it is no more to be expected that, thus cramped and trammelled, he should equal his unrestrained efforts, than that a man should exert the same speed with fetters on his limbs as if they were at liberty. Let it be further considered, that there exist persons to whom nature has granted the talent of mimicking, not merely the voice and gesture, but the expression, ideas, and manner of thinking of others, and who, speaking in an assumed character, display a fire and genius which evaporates when they resume their own. In like manner, Chatterton, with all his wonderful powers, appears from the habit of writing as a fictitious personage, and in a strangely antiquated dialect, to have in some degree formed a character to his supposed Rowley, superior to what he was able to maintain in his own person when his disguise was laid aside. The veil of antiquity also, the hard, and often inexplicable phrases, which he felt himself at liberty to use under his assumed character of a poet of the fifteenth century, serve in a considerable degree to blind and impose upon the reader, who does not find himself entitled to condemn what he does not understand, and who is inclined, from the eminent beauty of many passages, to extend his gratuitous admiration to those which are less intelligible. But, when writing in modern English, this advantage is lost, and we are often shocked with a bald and prosaic tautology, with bombast, and with coarseness of expression, all the defects, not of Chatterton's natural genius, but of his extreme youth and deficient education; and many instances of which will be found to exist, by curious inquirers even under the seemly and antique *Alban* of the *Deigne Thomas Rowleie Preiste of St. Johans, Bristowe.*—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

'Twas thus a dark infernal sprite
A native of the blackest night,
Portending mischief to devise
Upon Sly Dick he cast his eyes ;
Then straight descends the infernal sprite,
And in his chamber does alight :
In visions he before him stands,
And his attention he commands.
Thus spake the sprite—hearken my friend,
And to my counsels now attend.
Within the garret's spacious dome
There lies a well stor'd wealthy room,
Well stor'd with cloth and stockings too,
Which I suppose will do for you,
First from the cloth take thou a purse,
For thee it will not be the worse,
A noble purse rewards thy pains,
A purse to hold thy filching gains ;
Then for the stockings let them reeve
And not a scrap behind thee leave,
Five bundles for a penny sell
And pence to thee will come pell mell ;
See it be done with speed and care
Thus spake the sprite and sunk in air.

When in the morn with thoughts erect
Sly Dick did on his dream reflect,
Why faith, thinks he, 'tis something too,
It might—perhaps—it might—be true,

I'll go and see—away he hies,
And to the garret quick he flies,
Enters the room, cuts up the clothes
And after that reeves up the hose;
Then of the cloth he purses made,
Purses to hold his filching trade.

* * * *Cætera desunt.* * * *

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

Almighty Framer of the Skies!
O let our pure devotion rise,
  Like Incense in thy Sight!
Wrapt in impenetrable Shade
The Texture of our Souls were made
  Till thy Command gave Light.

The Sun of Glory gleam'd the Ray,
Refin'd the Darkness into Day,
  And bid the Vapors fly:
Impell'd by his eternal Love
He left his Palaces above
  To cheer our gloomy Sky.

How shall we celebrate the day,
When God appeared in mortal clay,
  The mark of worldly scorn;
When the Archangel's heavenly Lays,
Attempted the Redeemer's Praise
  And hail'd Salvation's Morn!

A Humble Form the Godhead wore,
The Pains of Poverty he bore,
To gaudy Pomp unknown:
Tho' in a human walk he trod
Still was the Man Almighty God
In Glory all his own.

Despis'd, oppress'd, the Godhead bears
The Torments of this Vale of tears;
Nor bade his Vengeance rise;
He saw the Creatures he had made,
Revile his Power, his Peace invade;
He saw with Mercy's Eyes.

How shall we celebrate his Name,
Who groan'd beneath a Life of shame
In all Afflictions tried!
The Soul is raptured to conceive
A Truth, which Being must believe,
The God Eternal died.

My Soul exert thy Powers, adore,
Upon Devotion's plumage soar
To celebrate the Day:
The God from whom Creation sprung
Shall animate my grateful Tongue;
From him I'll catch the Lay! *

* In many of the pieces which were confessedly written by him there are marks of genius, not indeed equal to those of the counterfeit Rowley, but such as prove, that the boy who wrote them could write better. In composing the ancient poems, all his attention had been exerted It

APOSTATE WILL.*

In days of old, when Wesley's power
Gathered new strength by every hour;
Apostate Will, just sunk in trade,
Resolved his bargain should be made;
Then strait to Wesley he repairs,
And puts on grave and solemn airs;
Then thus the pious man addressed.
Good sir, I think your doctrine best;

was the first, and seems to have been the greatest object of his life, to raise himself to future eminence by the instrumentality of a fictitious poet of a former age. Nights, if not days were devoted to the work; for we have it on record, that he used to sit awake in his chamber during the silence of midnight. But the little compositions which he wrote for the magazines, were either written in a careless mood, when he relaxed his mind from his grand work, or in a moment of distress, when an extemporary essay or copy of verses was necessary to procure him a halfpenny roll and a draught of small beer. When he found that the editors were more desirous of quantity than quality, and, amidst the numerous volunteers in their service, seemed backward to engage with one who wanted a stipend, he foresaw that even the little which nature wanted would not be supplied—He saw, and resigned his indignant spirit.—VICESIMUS KNOX.

* This poem is transcribed, says Sir Herbert Croft, from an old pocket-book in his mother's possession. It appears to be his first, perhaps his only copy of it; and is evidently his hand writing. By the date he was eleven years and almost five months old. It is not the most extraordinary performance in the world: but, from the circumstance of Chatterton's parentage and education, it is unlikely, if not impossible, that he should have met with any assistance or correction; whereas, when we read the ode which Pope wrote at twelve, and another of Cowley at thirteen, we are apt to suspect a parent, friend, or tutor, of an amiable dishonesty, of which we feel, perhaps, that we should be guilty. Suspicions of this nature touch not Chatterton. He knew no tutor, no friend, no parent—at least no parent who could correct or assist him.

This poem appears to have been aimed at somebody, who had formerly been a Methodist, and was lately promoted (to the dignity, perhaps, of opening a pew or a grave; for Chatterton was the sexton's nephew) in the established church.—LOVE AND MADNESS.

Your servant will a Wesley be,
Therefore the principles teach me.
The preacher then instructions gave,
How he in this world should behave:
He hears, assents, and gives a nod,
Says every word's the word of God,
Then lifting his dissembling eyes,
How blessed is the sect! he cries;
Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet,
Shall make me from this sect retreat.
He then his circumstance declared,
How hardly with him matters fared,
Begg'd him next morning *for* to make
A small collection for his sake.
The preacher said, Do not repine,
The whole collection shall be thine.
With looks demure and cringing bows,
About his business strait he goes.
His outward acts were grave and prim,
The methodist appear'd in him.
But, be his outward what it will,
His heart was an apostate's still.
He'd oft profess an hallow'd flame,
And every where preach'd Wesley's name;
He was a preacher, and what not,
As long as money could be got;
He'd oft profess, with holy fire,
The labourer's worthy of his hire.

It happen'd once upon a time,
When all his works were in their prime,
A noble place appear'd in view;
Then———to the methodists, adieu.
A methodist no more he'll be,
The protestants serve best for *he*.
Then to the curate strait he ran,
And thus address'd the rev'rend man:
I was a methodist, tis true;
With penitence I turn to you.
O that it were your bounteous will
That I the vacant place might fill!
With justice I'd myself acquit,
Do every thing that's right and fit.
The curate straitway gave consent—
To take the place he quickly went.
Accordingly he took the place,
And keeps it with dissembled grace.*

April 14th, 1764.

* It has been urged, and for an obvious reason, that the Poems acknowledged by Chatterton to be of his own composition, are of a cast much inferior to those which he produced as written by Rowley. If this be true, we should remember that Chatterton lavished all his powers on the counterfeit Rowley with whom he intended to astonish or to deceive the world, and that his Miscellanies were the temporary projeny of indigence, inconvenience, and distraction. That the former pieces, were composed, with one uniform object in view, in a state of leisure and repose, through the course of nearly one year and a half; and the latter, amidst the want of common necessaries, in disquietude and in dissipation, at the call of bookseller, and often on occasional topics, within four months. But I do not grant this boasted inequality. If there is any, at least the same hand appears in both. The acknowledged poems contain many strokes of uncommon spirit and imagination, and such as would mark any boy of seventeen for a genius. Let me add, that both collections contain an imagery of the same sort. His first poetical production when he was aged only eleven years and five months, is a satire on some Methodist, such a one as it was easy to find at Bristol, and is entitled "Apostate Will." It has a degree of humour and an ease of versification which are astonishing in such a child.—WARTON.

NARVA AND MORED,

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.*

Recite the loves of Narva and Mored
The priest of Chalma's triple idol said.
High from the ground the youthful warriors sprung,
Loud on the concave shell the lances rung:

* In a letter to his friend Cary, dated London, July 1, 1770, Chatterton tells him, "In the last London magazine, and in that which comes out to-day, are the only two pieces of mine I have the vanity to call poetry." These were the two African Eclogues, published in his Miscellanies. I am sorry I cannot unite with the author in the commendation of these pieces; but Chatterton, as well as Milton, seems to have been incapable of estimating rightly the respective merits of his own productions. They are unconnected and unequal, though it must be confessed, that they contain some excellent lines; the following occur almost at the beginning of the first eclogue, and are animated, expressive and harmonious:

> High from the ground the youthful warriors sprung,
> Loud on the concave shell the lances rung:
> In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
> The youths of Banny's burning sands advance,
> Whilst the soft virgin, panting, looks behind,
> And rides upon the pinions of the wind.

Of the correctness of the following simile in the second eclogue, I shall not determine; but the liveliness of the description evinces a most vigorous imagination:

> On Tiber's banks, close rank'd, a warring train,
> Stretch'd to the distant edge of Galca's plain:
> So when arrived at Gaigra's highest steep,
> We view the wide expansion of the deep;
> See in the gilding of her watery robe,
> The quick declension of the circling globe;
> From the blue sea a chain of mountains rise,
> Blended at once with water and with skies:
> Beyond our sight in vast extension curl'd,
> The check of waves, the guardian of the world.
>
> DR. GREGORY.

In all the mystic mazes of the dance,
The youths of Banny's burning sands advance,
Whilst the soft virgin panting looks behind,
And rides upon the pinions of the wind;
Ascends the mountain's brow, and measures round
The steepy cliffs of Chalma's sacred ground,
Chalma, the god whose noisy thunders fly
Thro' the dark covering of the midnight sky,
Whose arm directs the close-embattled host,
And sinks the labouring vessels on the coast;
Chalma, whose excellence is known from far;
From Lupa's rocky hill to Calabar.
The guardian god of Afric and the isles,
Where nature in her strongest vigour smiles;
Where the blue blossom of the forky thorn,
Bends with the nectar of the op'ning morn:
Where ginger's aromatic, matted root,
Creep through the mead, and up the mountains shoot.

Three times the virgin, swimming on the breeze,
Danc'd in the shadow of the mystic trees:
When, like a dark cloud spreading to the view,
The first-born sons of war and blood pursue;
Swift as the elk they pour along the plain;
Swift as the flying clouds distilling rain.
Swift as the boundings of the youthful roe,
They course around, and lengthen as they go.
Like the long chain of rocks, whose summits rise,
Far in the sacred regions of the skies;

Upon whose top the black'ning tempest lours,
Whilst down its side the gushing torrent pours,
Like the long cliffy mountains which extend
From Lorbar's cave, to where the nations end,
Which sink in darkness, thick'ning and obscure,
Impenetrable, mystic, and impure;
The flying terrors of the war advance,
And round the sacred oak, repeat the dance.
Furious they twist around the gloomy trees,
Like leaves in autumn, twirling with the breeze.
So when the splendor of the dying day
Darts the red lustre of the watery way;
Sudden beneath Toddida's whilstling brink,
The circling billows in wild eddies sink,
Whirl furious round, and the loud bursting wave
Sinks down to Chalma's sacerdotal cave,
Explores the palaces on Zira's coast,
Where howls the war-song of the chieftain's ghost;
Where the artificer in realms below,
Gilds the rich lance, or beautifies the bow;
From the young palm-tree spins the useful twine,
Or makes the teeth of elephants divine.
Where the pale children of the feeble sun,
In search of gold, thro' every climate run:
From burning heat to freezing torments go,
And live in all vicissitudes of woe.
Like the loud eddies of Toddida's sea,
The warriors circle the mysterious tree:

'Till spent with exercise they spread around
Upon the op'ning blossoms of the ground.
The priestess rising, sings the sacred tale,
And the loud chorus echoes thro' the dale.

PRIESTESS.

Far from the burning sands of Calabar;
Far from the lustre of the morning star;
Far from the pleasure of the holy morn;
Far from the blessedness of Chalma's horn:
Now rest the souls of Narva and Mored,
Laid in the dust, and number'd with the dead.
Dear are their memories to us, and long,
Long shall their attributes be known in song.
Their lives were transient as the meadow flow'r.
Ripen'd in ages, wither'd in an hour.
Chalma, reward them in his gloomy cave,
And open all the prisons of the grave.
Bred to the service of the godhead's throne,
And living but to serve his God alone,
Narva was beauteous as the opening day
When on the spangling waves the sunbeams play,
When the mackaw, ascending to the sky,
Views the bright splendor with a steady eye.
Tall, as the house of Chalma's dark retreat;
Compact and firm, as Rhadal Ynca's fleet,
Completely beauteous as a summer's sun,
Was Narva, by his excellence undone.

Where the soft Togla creeps along the meads,
Thro' scented Calamus and fragrant reeds;
Where the sweet Zinsa spreads its matted bed
Liv'd the still sweeter flower, the young Mored;
Black was her face, as Togla's hidden cell;
Soft as the moss where hissing adders dwell.
As to the sacred court she brought a fawn,
The sportive tenant of the spicy lawn,
She saw and loved! and Narva too forgot
His sacred vestment and his mystic lot.
Long had the mutual sigh, the mutual tear,
Burst from the breast and scorn'd confinement there.
Existence was a torment! O my breast!
Can I find accents to unfold the rest!
Lock'd in each others arms, from Hyga's cave,
They plung'd relentless to a wat'ry grave;
And falling murmured to the powers above,
"Gods! take our lives, unless we live to love."

Shoreditch, May 2, 1770. C.

THE DEATH OF NICOU,

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

On Tiber's banks, Tiber, whose waters glide
In slow meanders down to Gaigra's side;
And circling all the horrid mountain round,
Rushes impetuous to the deep profound;
Rolls o'er the ragged rocks with hideous yell;
Collects its waves beneath the earth's vast shell:
There for a while in loud confusion hurl'd,
It crumbles mountains down and shakes the world.
Till borne upon the pinions of the air,
Through the rent earth the bursting waves appear;
Fiercely propell'd the whiten'd billows rise,
Break from the cavern, and ascend the skies:
Then lost and conquered by superior force,
Through hot Arabia holds its rapid course;
On Tiber's banks where scarlet jas'mines bloom,
And purple aloes shed a rich perfume;
Where, when the sun is melting in his heat,
The reeking tygers find a cool retreat;
Bask in the sedges, lose the sultry beam,
And wanton with their shadows in the stream;
On Tiber's banks, by sacred priests rever'd,
Where in the days of old a god appear'd;
'Twas in the dead of night, at Chalma's feast,
The tribe of Alra slept around the priest.

He spoke; as evening thunders bursting near,
His horrid accents broke upon the ear;
Attend, Alraddas, with your sacred priest!
This day the sun is rising in the east;
The sun, which shall illumine all the earth,
Now, now is rising, in a mortal birth.
He vanish'd like a vapour of the night,
And sunk away in a faint blaze of light.
Swift from the branches of the holy oak,
Horror, confusion, fear, and torment broke:
And still when midnight trims her mazy lamp,
They take their way through Tiber's wat'ry swamp.
On Tiber's banks, close ranked, a warring train,
Stretch'd to the distant edge of Galca's plain:
So when arrived at Gaigra's highest steep,
We view the wide expansion of the deep;
See in the gilding of her wat'ry robe,
The quick declension of the circling globe;
From the blue sea a chain of mountains rise,
Blended at once with water and with skies:
Beyond our sight in vast extension curl'd,
The check of waves, the guardians of the world.
Strong were the warriors, as the ghost of Cawn,
Who threw the Hill-of-archers to the lawn:
When the soft earth at his appearance fled;
And rising billows play'd around his head:
When a strong tempest rising from the main,
Dashed the full clouds, unbroken on the plain.

Nicou, immortal in the sacred song,
Held the red sword of war, and led the strong;
From his own tribe the sable warriors came,
Well try'd in battle, and well known in fame.
Nicou, descended from the god of war,
Who lived coeval with the morning star:
Narada was his name; who cannot tell
How all the world through great Narada fell!
Vichon, the god who ruled above the skies,
Look'd, on Narada, but with envious eyes:
The warrior dared him, ridiculed his might,
Bent his white bow, and summon'd him to fight.
Vichon, disdainful, bade his lightnings fly,
And scatter'd burning arrows in the sky;
Threw down a star the armour of his feet,
To burn the air with supernat'ral heat;
Bid a loud tempest roar beneath the ground;
Lifted the sea, and all the earth was drown'd.
Narada still escaped; a sacred tree
Lifted him up, and bore him thro' the sea.
The waters still ascending fierce and high,
He tower'd into the chambers of the sky:
There Vichon sat, his armour on his bed,
He thought Narada with the mighty dead.
Before his seat the heavenly warrior stands,
The lightning quiv'ring in his yellow hands.
The god astonish'd dropt; hurl'd from the shore,
He dropt to torments, and to rise no more.

Head-long he falls; 'tis his own arms compel,
Condemn'd in ever-burning fires to dwell.
From this Narada, mighty Nicou sprung;
The mighty Nicou, furious, wild and young.
Who led th' embattled archers to the field,
And bore a thunderbolt upon his shield:
That shield his glorious father died to gain,
When the white warriors fled along the plain,
When the full sails could not provoke the flood,
Till Nicou came and swell'd the seas with blood.
Slow at the end of his robust array,
The mighty warrior pensive took his way:
Against the son of Nair, the young Rorest,
Once the companion of his youthful breast.
Strong were the passions of the son of Nair,
Strong, as the tempest of the evening air.
Insatiate in desire; fierce as the boar;
Firm in resolve as Cannie's rocky shore.
Long had the gods endeavour'd to destroy,
All Nicou's friendship, happiness, and joy:
They sought in vain, 'till Vicat, Vichon's son,
Never in feats of wickedness outdone,
Saw Nica, sister to the Mountain king,
Drest beautiful, with all the flow'rs of spring:
He saw, and scatter'd poison in her eyes;
From limb to limb in varied forms he flies;
Dwelt on her crimson lip, and added grace
To every glossy feature of her face.

Rorest was fir'd with passion at the sight.
Friendship and honor, sunk to Vicat's right:
He saw, he lov'd, and burning with desire,
Bore the soft maid from brother, sister, sire.
Pining with sorrow, Nica faded, died,
Like a fair aloe, in its morning pride.
This brought the warrior to the bloody mead,
And sent to young Rorest the threat'ning reed.
He drew his army forth: Oh, need I tell!
That Nicou conquer'd, and the lover fell:
His breathless army mantled all the plain;
And Death sat smiling on the heaps of slain.
The battle ended, with his reeking dart,
The pensive Nicou pierc'd his beating heart:
And to his mourning valiant warriors cry'd,
I, and my sister's ghost are satisfy'd.

FEBRUARY.

AN ELEGY.

Begin, my muse, the imitative lay,
Aonian doxies sound the thrumming string;
Attempt no number of the plaintive Gay,
Let me like midnight cats, or Collins sing.

If in the trammels of the doleful line
The bounding hail, or drilling rain descend;
Come, brooding Melancholy, pow'r divine,
And ev'ry unform'd mass of words amend.

Now the rough goat withdraws his curling horns,
And the cold wat'rer twirls his circling mop:
Swift sudden anguish darts thro' alt'ring corns,
And the spruce mercer trembles in his shop.

Now infant authors, madd'ning for renown,
Extend the plume, and hum about the stage,
Procure a benefit, amuse the town,
And proudly glitter in a title page.

Now, wrapt in ninefold fur, his squeamish grace
Defies the fury of the howling storm;
And whilst the tempest whistles round his face,
Exults to find his mantled carcase warm.

Now rumbling coaches furious drive along,
Full of the majesty of city dames,
Whose jewels sparkling in the gaudy throng,
Raise strange emotions and invidious flames.

Now Merit, happy in the calm of place,
To mortals as a highlander appears,
And conscious of the excellence of lace,
With spreading frogs and gleaming spangles glares.

Whilst Envy, on a tripod seated nigh,
In form a shoe-boy, daubs the valu'd fruit,
And darting lightnings from his vengeful eye,
Raves about Wilkes, and politics, and Bute.

Now Barry, taller than a grenadier,
Dwindles into a stripling of eighteen;
Or sabled in Othello breaks the ear,
Exerts his voice, and totters to the scene.

Now Foote, a looking-glass for all mankind,
Applies his wax to personal defects;
But leaves untouch'd the image of the mind,
His art no mental quality reflects.

Now Drury's potent king extorts applause,
And pit, box, gallery, echo, "how divine!"
Whilst vers'd in all the drama's mystic laws,
His graceful action saves the wooden line.

Now—but what further can the muses sing?
Now dropping particles of water fall;
Now vapours riding on the north wind's wing,
With transitory darkness shadow all.

Alas! how joyless the descriptive theme,
When sorrow on the writer's quiet preys;
And like a mouse in Cheshire cheese supreme,
Devours the substance of the less'ning bays.

Come, February, lend thy darkest sky.
There teach the winter'd muse with clouds to soar;
Come, February, lift the number high;
Let the sharp strain like wind thro' alleys roar.

Ye channels, wand'ring thro' the spacious street,
In hollow murmurs roll the dirt along,
With inundations wet the sabled feet,
Whilst gouts responsive, join th' elegiac song.

Ye damsels fair, whose silver voices shrill,
Sound thro' meand'ring folds of Echo's horn;
Let the sweet cry of liberty be still,
No more let smoking cakes awake the morn.

O, Winter! Put away thy snowy pride;
O, Spring! Neglect the cowslip and the bell;
O, Summer! Throw thy pears and plums aside;
O, Autumn! Bid the grape with poison swell.

The pension'd muse of Johnson is no more!
Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies:
Earth! Ocean! Heav'n! The wond'rous loss deplore,
The dregs of nature with her glory dies.

What iron Stoic can suppress the tear;
What sour reviewer read with vacant eye!
What bard but decks his literary bier!
Alas! I cannot sing—I howl—I cry—

A NEW SONG.*

Ah blame me not, Catcott, if from the right way
My notions and actions run far.
How can my ideas do other but stray,
Deprived of their ruling North-Star?

Ah blame me not, Broderip, if mounted aloft,
I chatter and spoil the dull air;
How can I imagine thy foppery soft,
When discord's the voice of my fair?

If Turner remitted my bluster and rhymes,
If Harding was girlish and cold,
If never an ogle was got from Miss Grimes,
If Flavia was blasted and old;

I chose without liking, and left without pain,
Nor welcomed the frown with a sigh;
I scorned, like a monkey, to dangle my chain,
And paint them new charms with a lie.

Once Cotton was handsome; I flam'd, and I burn'd,
I died to obtain the bright Queen:
But when I beheld my epistle return'd,
By Jesu it alter'd the scene.

* Printed from the original in the British Museum.

She's damnable ugly, my Vanity cried,
You lie, says my Conscience, you lie;
Resolving to follow the dictates of Pride,
I'd view her a hag to my eye.

But should she regain her bright lustre again,
And shine in her natural charms,
'Tis but to accept of the works of my pen,
And permit me to use my own arms.*

* We do not aver that, in general, these productions tend to augment Chatterton's fame; on the contrary, as some of them have been written almost during infancy, as others are merely unfinished fragments, and as all seem incorrect and hasty productions, we cannot but consider them as far inferior to the poems ascribed to Rowley, and even to those which Chatterton was himself pleased to own during his life. But in another point of view, these early and unfinished compositions are very interesting. In Chatterton, above all other poets, we would wish, not merely to admire the works upon which he may safely rest his claim to immortal fame, but also to investigate the performances in which his exertions have been less successful; and by comparing them together, to form, if it be possible, some idea of the strength and weakness of this prodigy of early talent. We therefore approve of publishing such pieces as 'Sly Dick' and 'Apostate Will,' which display the early satirical propensities of young Chatterton; with the elegies, songs, and burlettas, by which he endeavoured rather to supply his necessities, and postpone the dreadful crisis of his fate, than to indulge his genius, or extend his poetical fame. One of his juvenile productions is a hymn for Christmas Day, which bears ample testimony to the premature powers of the author.—Such was the early command of language displayed by a child, who, when a beardless youth, was to quell a whole synod of grizzled deans and antiquaries.—Sir Walter Scott.

HECCAR AND GAIRA,

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

Where the rough Caigra rolls the surgy wave,
Urging his thunders thro' the echoing* cave;
Where the sharp rocks, in distant horror seen,
Drive the white currents thro' the spreading green;
Where the loud tiger, pawing in his rage,
Bids the black archers of the wilds engage;
Stretch'd on the sand, two panting warriors lay,
In all the burning torments of the day;
Their bloody jav'lins reeked one living steam,
Their bows were broken at the roaring stream;
Heccar the Chief of Jarra's fruitful hill,
Where the dark vapours nightly dews distil,
Saw Gaira the companion of his soul,
Extended where loud Caigra's billows roll;
Gaira, the king of warring archers found,
Where daily lightnings plough the sandy ground,
Where brooding tempests howl along the sky,
Where rising deserts whirl'd in circles fly.

* Distant is written under echoing in the MS.

HECCAR.

Gaira, 'tis useless to attempt the chace,
Swifter than hunted wolves they urge the race;
Their lessening forms elude the straining eye,
Upon the plumage of macaws they fly.
Let us return, and strip the reeking slain
Leaving the bodies on the burning plain.

GAIRA.

Heccar, my vengeance still exclaims for blood,
'Twould drink a wider stream than Caigra's flood.
This jav'lin, oft in nobler quarrels try'd,
Put the loud thunder of their arms aside.
Fast as the streaming rain, I pour'd the dart,
Hurling a whirlwind thro' the trembling heart:
But now my ling'ring feet revenge denies,
O could I throw my jav'lin from my eyes!

HECCAR.

When Gaira the united armies broke,
Death wing'd the arrow; death impell'd the stroke.
See, pil'd in mountains, on the sanguine sand
The blasted of the lightnings of thy hand.
Search the brown desert, and the glossy green;
There are the trophies of thy valour seen.
The scatter'd bones mantled in silver white,
Once animated, dared the force* in fight.

* Query, whether not intended for foes?—SOUTHEY's *Edition.*

The children of the wave, whose pallid race,
Views the faint sun display a languid face,
From the red fury of thy justice fled,
Swifter than torrents from their rocky bed.
Fear with a sickened silver ting'd their hue;
The guilty fear, when vengeance is their due.

GAIRA.

Rouse not Remembrance from her shadowy cell,
Nor of those bloody sons of mischief tell.
Cawna, O Cawna! deck'd in sable charms,
What distant region holds thee from my arms?
Cawna, the pride of Afric's sultry vales,
Soft as the cooling murmur of the gales,
Majestic as the many colour'd snake,
Trailing his glories thro' the blossom'd brake:
Black as the glossy rocks, where Eascal roars,
Foaming thro' sandy wastes to Jaghir's shores;
Swift as the arrow, hasting to the breast,
Was Cawna, the companion of my rest.

The sun sat low'ring in the western sky,
The swelling tempest spread around the eye;
Upon my Cawna's bosom I reclin'd,
Catching the breathing whispers of the wind
Swift from the wood a prowling tiger came;
Dreadful his voice, his eyes a glowing flame;
I bent the bow, the never-erring dart
Pierced his rough armour, but escaped his heart;

He fled, tho' wounded, to a distant waste,
I urg'd the furious flight with fatal haste;
He fell, he died—spent in the fiery toil,
I strip'd his carcase of the furry spoil,
And as the varied spangles met my eye,
On this, I cried, shall my loved Cawna lie.
The dusky midnight hung the skies in grey;
Impell'd by love, I wing'd the airy way;
In the deep valley and the mossy plain,
I sought my Cawna, but I sought in vain,
The pallid shadows of the azure waves
Had made my Cawna, and my children slaves.
Reflection maddens, to recall the hour,
The gods had given me to the dæmon's power.
The dusk slow vanished from the hated lawn,
I gain'd a mountain glaring with the dawn.
There the full sails, expanded to the wind,
Struck horror and distraction in my mind,
There Cawna mingled with a worthless train,
In common slavery drags the hated chain.
Now judge, my Heccar, have I cause for rage?
Should aught the thunder of my arm assuage?
In ever-reeking blood this jav'lin dyed
With vengeance shall be never satisfied;
I'll strew the beaches with the mighty dead
And tinge the lily of their features red.

HECCAR.

When the loud shriekings of the hostile cry
Roughly salute my ear, enraged I'll fly;
Send the sharp arrow quivering thro' the heart
Chill the hot vitals with the venom'd dart;
Nor heed the shining steel or noisy smoke,
Gaira and Vengeance shall inspire the stroke.

THE METHODIST.

Says Tom to Jack, 'tis very odd,
These representatives of God,
In color, way of life and evil,
Should be so very like the devil.
Jack, understand, was one of those,
Who mould religion in the rose,
A red hot methodist; his face
Was full of puritanic grace,
His loose lank hair, his slow gradation,
Declared a late regeneration;
Among the daughters long renown'd,
For standing upon holy ground;
Never in carnal battle beat,
Tho' sometimes forced to a retreat.
But C——t, hero as he is,
Knight of incomparable phiz,

When pliant Doxy seems to yield,
Courageously forsakes the field.
Jack, or to write more gravely, John,
Thro' hills of Wesley's works had gone;
Could sing one hundred hymns by rote;
Hymns which will sanctify the throat:
But some indeed composed so odly,
You'd swear 'twas bawdy songs made godly.

COLIN INSTRUCTED.

Young Colin was as stout a boy
As ever gave a maiden joy;
But long in vain he told his tale
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

Ah why, the whining shepherd cried,
Am I alone your smiles denied?
I only tell in vain my tale
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

True Colin, said the laughing dame,
You only whimper out your flame,
Others do more than sigh their tale
To black-eyed Biddy of the Dale.

He took the hint, &c.

KEW GARDENS.*

Hail Kew! thou darling of the tuneful nine,
Thou eating-house of verse where poets dine;
The temple of the idol of the great,
Sacred to council-mysteries of state;
St. Gilbert oft, in dangerous trials known,
To make the shame and felony his own,
Burns incense on thy altars, and presents
The grateful sound of clam'rous discontents:
In the bold favour of thy goddess vain,
He brandishes his sword and shakes his chain.

* Printed from a transcript in the hand-writing of the late Mr. Isaac Reed, contained in Mr. Haslewood's collection.

The poem of 'Kew Gardens,' had never been published complete. In Southey and Cottle's edition of Chatterton's Works, a few of the concluding lines were published, and the following note was added, vol. i. p. 202:—

"Every effort has been made to obtain the remainder of this poem, but without success. The last possessor who can be traced was the late Dr. Lort. His executor, Dr. Halifax, has obligingly communicated the preceding fragment, but the remainder of the poem never came into his possession. Many lines in the 'Extract from Kew Gardens,' appear in the 'Whore of Babylon,' but differently arranged."

"Chatterton refers to this poem in his will. I have not been able to ascertain the precise time when it was written, but it is evident that it must have been produced before April, 1770, from the fact of his having named it in the document referred to. I have been fortunate enough to procure a copy of the whole poem, through Mr. Gutch, and it is here for the first time printed entire."—Dix's *Life of Chatterton*, 1837.

He knows her secret workings and desires,
Her hidden attributes, and vestal fires,
Like an old oak has seen her godhead fall,
Beneath the wild descendant of Fingal,
And happy in the view of promised store
Forgot his dignity and held the door.
* * * * happy genius comes along
Humming the music of a Highland song:
Rough and unpolish'd in the tricks of state,
He plots by instinct, is by nature great.
Who, not a mantled herald, can dispute
The native grandeur of the house of Bute?
Who, not a Caledonian, can deny
By instinct all its noble branches lie?
'Tis an entail'd estate upon the name,
To plunder, plot, and pillage into fame,
To live in splendour, infamy, and pride,
The guiders of the tools who seem to guide;
Or starve on honesty, in state their own,
And marshal sheep unnotic'd and unknown.
* * * * vers'd in juntos and intrigues,
The fool and statesman in close union leagues;
Sits at the council's head; esteem'd at most
An useful kind of circulating post:
Through whose short stage each future measure's laid,
And all the orders of the Thane convey'd.
He gives the written text by fortune wrote;
Sir Gilbert adds his necessary note.

Dyson, a plodding animal of state,
Who's classically little to be great;
An instrument made use of to record
The future witty speeches of his lord:
To write epistles to his powerful dame,
And in the dark supply his loss of flame;
To sell preferment; grovel in the dust;
The slave of interest and the slave of lust.
To lick his lordship's shoes, and find a flaw
In every statute that oppos'd his law,
To carry orders to the guiding tool,
To flatter * * * * with the hopes of rule.
To send congratulations to the man,
Who stands so well affected to the clan,
To * * * * whose conscientious mind,
Does universal service to mankind,
When red with justice, and the royal cause,
His bloody musket shook with court applause:
When monarchs, representatives of God,
Honour'd the rascal with a gracious nod,
Three ghosts in George's sanguine field were seen,
And two struck horror into Bethnal Green.
Soft pity's voice, unnotic'd by the crown,
Stole in a murmur through the weeping town;
And freedom, wand'ring restless and alone,
Saw no redress expected from the throne:
Then bade remonstrance wear a bolder dress,
And loudly supplicate, and force success.

* * * * heard, and resting on his mace,
The usual fees, my lord, and state the case.
Three thousand, and reversion to your son:
The seals my lord are mine, the matter's done.
This house of foolish cits, and drunken boys,
Offends my ears, like Broderip's* horrid noise:
'Tis a flat riot by the statute made,
Destructive to our happiness and trade.
Thy action * * * * is just in law,
In the defence of ministry *I'll* draw;
Nor doubt I when, in solemn pomp array'd,
To act as bravely, be as richly paid.
So * * * * spoke, and in his usual way,
When giving out his syllables for pay,
With happy fluency he scatter'd round
His nicely cull'd varieties of sound:
Unmeaning, unconnected, false, unfair,
All he can boast is—modulated air.
To bribe the common council to protest;
To learn a witless alderman to jest;
The father of the city to deprave,
And add the humm'd apostate to the knave,
Who wisely disinherits his first-born,
And doats upon the blossom of his horn;
To fill up places by preferment void,
Is Dison by his quadruples employed;

* A Bristol organist, who offended Chatterton by turning him out of the organ-loft.

He bears the message of the garter'd trate;
The running footman to the favour'd great:
When spent with labour, overgrown with spoil,
Some barony or earldom pays his toil.
Whilst two chief actors wisely keep away,
And two before the mystic curtain play;
The goddess, mourning for her absent god,
Approves the flying measures with a nod;
Her approbation, with her pow'r combin'd,
Exalts her tools above the common kind;
She turns the movements of the dark machine,
Nor is her management of state unseen;
Regardless of the world she still turns round,
And tumbles * * * to his native ground.
Great in possession of a mystic ring,
She leads the Lords and Commons in a string.
Where is the modest muse of Jones retir'd,*
So bashful, so impatiently admir'd?
Ah! is that noble emulation dead,
Which bade the laurels blossom on his head,
When Kew's† enchanting heap of stones was sung,
In strains superior to a mortal tongue?
And kitchen gardens most luxurious glow'd,
With flow'rs which ne'er in Mayor's window blow'd;

* Henry Jones, author of "the Earl of Essex," and other pieces. He had been a bricklayer, in Ireland, before he was taken under the protection of the late Earl of Chesterfield.—Dix.

† See "Kew Garden," a poem, in two cantos. By Henry Jones, 4to. 1767.—Dix.

Where cabbages, exotically divine,
Were tagg'd in feet, and measur'd with a line?
Ah! what invention graced the happy strain;
Well might the laureate bard of Kew be vain.
Thy Clifton* too! how justly is the theme,
As much the poet's as his jingling dream.
Who but a muse inventive, great, like thine,
Could honour Bristol with a nervous line?
What gen'rous, honest genius would have sold
To knaves and catamites his praise for gold?
To leave alone the notions which disgrace
This hawking, peddling, catamitish place,
Did not thy iron conscience blush to write
This tophet of the gentle arts polite?
Lost to all learning, elegance, and sense,
Long had the famous city told her pence,
Av'rice sat brooding in her white-wash'd cell,
And pleasure had a hut at Jacob's Well.†
Poor Hickey, ruin'd by his fine survey,
Perpetuates * * * * in the saving lay.
A mean assembly room, absurdly built,
Boasted one gorgeous lamp of copper gilt;
With farthing candles, chandeliers of tin,
And services of water, rum, and gin;

* "Clifton, a poem, in two cantos, including Bristol and all its environs." By Henry Jones, 4to. 1766.—Dix.

† Where the old theatre at Bristol stood.

There in the dull solemnity of wigs,
The dancing bears of commerce murder jigs;
Here dance the dowdy belles of crooked trunk,
And often, very often, reel home drunk;
Here dance the bucks with infinite delight,
And club to pay the fiddlers for the night.
While Broderip's hum-drum symphonies of flats
Rival the harmony of midnight cats.
What charms has music, when great Broderip sweats,
To torture sound to what his brother sets.
With scraps of ballad tunes, and *gude Scotch sangs*,
Which god-like Ramsay to his bagpipe twangs;
With tatter'd fragments of forgotten plays;
With Playford's melody to Sternhold's lays,
This pipe of science mighty Broderip comes,
And a strange, unconnected jumble thrums.
Rous'd to devotion in a sprightly air,
Danc'd into piety, and jigg'd to prayer;
A modern hornpipe's murder greets our ears,
The heav'nly music of domestic spheres;
The flying band in swift transition hops
Through all the tortur'd, vile burlesque of stops.
Sacred to sleep, in superstitious key,
Dull, doleful diapasons die away;
Sleep spreads his silken wings, and lull'd by sound,
The vicar slumbers, and the snore goes round;
Whilst Broderip at his passive organ groans
Through all his slow variety of tones.

How unlike Allen! Allen* is divine!
His touch is sentimental, tender, fine;
No little affectations e'er disgrac'd
His more refin'd, his sentimental taste:
He keeps the passions with the sound in play,
And the soul trembles with the trembling key.†
The groves of Kew, however misapplied
To serve the purposes of lust and pride,
Were, by the greater monarch's care, design'd
A place of conversation for the mind;

* Organist of Redcliff Church, and also of Temple.

† It is a curious fact, that in the poem of Kew Gardens, there are consecutively fifty lines transplanted from a yet unpublished poem, in the possession of Mr. Richard Smith, called "The Exhibition;" and, scattered here and there, are repeatedly three or four continuous lines borrowed from the same production, which is, by the bye, a most infamously satirical tirade against the Doctors, the Surgeons, and the Clergymen of the day. Perhaps it would be awkward, and no very easy matter, to fill up with the names the various hiatus—the initial and tail letters, together with the —— and the * * * which occur in every line of the "Kew Gardens," but without it the poem is almost unintelligible and the wit lost, or nearly so, and this is not to be wondered at after the lapse of sixty years.—*Bristol Paper.*

Chatterton wrote also an indecent satirical poem, called "The Exhibition," occasioned by the improper behaviour of a person in Bristol. The satire of this poem is local, and the characters of most of the surgeons in Bristol are delineated in it. Some descriptive passages in this poem have great merit. Thus, speaking of a favourite organist, probably Mr. Allen, he says:—

"He keeps the passions with the sound in play,
And the soul trembles with the trembling key."

DR. GREGORY.

[Waller, speaking of a lady playing on the harp, has—

"Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?"]

Where solitude and silence should remain,
And conscience keep her sessions and arraign.
But ah! how fallen from that better state!
'Tis now a heathen temple of the great;
Where sits the female pilot of the helm,
Who shakes oppression's fetters through the realm;
Her name is tyranny, and in a string
She leads the shadow of an infant king;*
Dispenses favours with a royal hand,
And marks, like destiny, what lord shall stand;
Her four-fold representative displays
How future statesmen may their fortune raise;
While thronging multitudes their offerings bring,
And bards, like Jones, their panegyrics sing.
The loyal alderman, a troop alone,
Protest their infamy to serve the throne;
The merchant-tailor minister declares
He'll mutilate objections with his shears.
Sir Robert, in his own importance big,
Settles his potent, magisterial wig:
Having another legacy in view,
Accepts the measures and improves it too.
Before the altar all the suppliants bow,
And would repeat a speech if they knew how;
A gracious nod the speaking image gave,
And scatter'd honours upon every knave.

* See the impudent frontispiece to the third volume of the "New Foundling Hospital for Wit."

The loyal sons of Caledonia came,
And paid their secret homage to the dame,
Then swore, by all their hopes of future reign,
Each measure of the junto to maintain,
The orders of the ministry to take,
And honour * * * for his father's sake.
Well pleased the goddess dignified his grace,
And scatter'd round the benefits of place;
With other pensions blest his lordship's post,
And smiled on murder'd * * * * injur'd ghost;
Through all the happy lovers' num'rous clan,
The inexhausted tides of favour ran:
* * * * happy in a name,
Emerg'd from poverty to wealth and fame;
And English taxes paid, (and scarcely too)
The noble generosity of Kew.
Kew! happy subject for a lengthened lay,
Though thousands write, there's something still to say;
Thy garden's elegance, thy owner's state,
The highest in the present list of fate,
Are subjects where the muse may wildly range,
Unsatiate, in variety of change;
But hold, my dedication is forgot,
Now shall I praise some late ennobled Scot?
Exalt the motto of a Highland lord,
And prove him great, like Guthrie,* by record?

* William Guthrie, compiler of the "Complete History of the English Peerage," 4to. 1762.

(Though were the truth to all the nobles known,
The vouchers he refers to are his own.)
Shall I trace * * *'s powerful pedigree,
Or shew him in an attorney's clerk, like me?
Or shall I rather give to * * * * its due,
*And to a Burgum recommend my Kew?
Why sneers the sapient Broughton at the man?
Broughton can't boast the merit Burgum can.
How lofty must imagination soar,
To reach absurdities unknown before!
Thanks to thy pinions, Broughton, thou hast brought
From the moon's orb a novelty of thought.
Burgum wants learning—See the letter'd throng
Banter his English in a Latin song.
If in his jests a discord should appear,
A dull lampoon is innocently dear:
Ye sage, Broughtonian, self-sufficient fools,
Is this the boasted justice of the schools?
Burgum has parts, parts which will set aside
The labour'd acquisitions of your pride;
Uncultivated now his genius lies,
Instruction sees his latent talents rise;
His gold is bullion, your's debas'd with brass,
Imprest with folly's head to make it pass:
But Burgum swears, so loud, so indiscreet,
His thunders echo through the list'ning street;

* The Bristol pewterer.

Ye rigid Christians, formally severe,
Blind to his charities, his oaths you hear;
Observe his actions—Calumny must own
A noble soul is in these actions shewn:
Though dark this bright original you paint,
I'd rather be a Burgum than a saint.
Hail, Inspiration! whose Cimmerian night
Gleams into day with every flying light:
If Moses caught thee at the parted flood;
If David found thee in a sea of blood;
If Mahomet with slaughter drench'd thy soil,
On loaded asses bearing off the spoil;
If thou hast favour'd Pagan, Turk, or Jew,
Say, had not Broughton inspiration too?
Such rank absurdities debase his line,
I almost could have sworn he copied thine.
Hail, Inspiration! whose auspicious ray
Immortaliz'd great Armstrong* in a day:
Armstrong, whose Caledonian genius flies
Above the reach of humble judgment's ties;
Whose lines prosaic, regularly creep,
Sacred to dulness and congenial sleep.
Hail, Inspiration! whose mysterious wings
Are strangers to what rigid * * * * sings:
By him thy airy voyages are curb'd,
Nor moping wisdom's by thy flight disturb'd;

* "Day, an Epistle to John Wilkes, Esq." 4to. 176—. This poem was written by Dr. Armstrong, but is not collected in his works.—Dix.

To ancient lore, and musty precepts bound,
Thou art forbid the range of fairy ground.
Irene* creeps so classical and dry,
None but a Greek philosopher can cry;
Through five long acts unletter'd heroes sleep,
And critics by the square of learning weep;
Hark! what's the horrid bellowing from the stage?
Oh! 'tis the ancient chorus of the age;
Grown wise, the judgment of the town refines,
And in a philosophic habit shines;
Models each pleasure in scholastic taste,
And heav'nly Greece is copied and disgrac'd.
The false alarm in * * * and subject great,
The mighty Atlas of a falling state,
Which makes us happy, insolent, and free;
O god-like inspiration! came from thee.
* * * * whose brazen countenance, like mine,
Scorns in the polish of a blush to shine,
Scrupled to vindicate his fallen grace,
Or hint he acted right—till out of place.
Why will the lovers of the truth deplore,
That miracles and wonders are no more?
Why will the deists, impudently free,
Assert what cannot now, could never be?
Why will religion suffer the reproach,
Since * * * * dresses well and keeps a coach?

* Dr. Johnson's unsuccessful tragedy.

Bristol and * * * * have bestow'd their pence,
And * * * after * * * echo'd sense.
Since * * * * once by providence, or chance,
Tumbled his length'ning quavers in a dance:
Since Catcott seem'd to reason, and display
The meaning of the words he meant to say;
Since Warburton, his native pride forgot,
Bow'd to the garment of the ruling Scot;
And offer'd * * * * ghost (a welcome gift)
And hop'd, in gratitude, to have a lift;
An universal primacy, at least,
A fit reward for such a stirring priest.
Since Horne imprudently display'd his zeal,
And made his foe the powerful reasons feel:
Since * * * has meaning in his last discourse;
Since * * * * borrow'd honesty by force,
And trembled at the measures of the friend
His infant conscience shudder'd to defend;
Since * * * in his race of vice outrun,
Scrupled to do what * * * * since hath done.
Hail, Inspiration! Catcott learns to preach,
And classic Lee attempts by thee to teach;
By inspiration North directs his tools,
And * * * above by inspiration rules;
Distils the thistles of the garter'd crew,
And drains the sacred reservoirs of Kew.
Inspir'd with hopes of rising in the kirk,
Here * * * * whines his Sunday's journey work;

Soft * * * * undeniably a saint,
Whimpers in accent so extremely faint,
You see the substance of his empty prayer,
His nothing to the purpose in his air;
His sermons have no arguments, 'tis true,
Would you have sense and pretty figures too?
With what a swimming elegance and ease
He scatters out distorted similes!
It matters not how wretchedly applied,
Saints are permitted to set sense aside:
This oratorial novelty in town
Dies into fame, and ogles to renown;
The dowdy damsels of his chosen tribe
Are fee'd to heaven, his person is the bribe;
All who can superficial talk admire,
His vanity, not beauty, sets on fire:
Enough of * * * * let him ogle still,
Convince with nonsense, and with fopp'ry kill,
Pray for the secret measures of the great,
And hope the Lord will regulate the state:
Florid as Klopstock,* and as quick as me,
At double epithet or simile;
His despicable talents cannot harm
Those who defy a Johnson's false alarm.
Hail, Inspiration! piously I kneel,
And call upon thy sacred name with zeal;

* A German writer, some of whose works have been translated into English. See particularly the "Messiah," and the "Death of Adam."

Come, spread thy sooty pinions o'er my pen,
Teach me the secrets of the lords of men;
In visionary prospects let me see,
How * * * employs his sense, deriv'd from thee,
Display the mystic sybil of the isle,
And dress her wrinkled features in a smile;
Of past and secret measures let me tell,
How * * * * pilfer'd power, and Chatham fell:
Chatham, whose patriotic actions wear
One single brand of infamy—the peer;
Whose popularity again thinks fit
To lose the coronet, revive the Pitt;
And in the upper house (where leading peers
Practise a minuet step, or scratch their ears,)
He warmly undertakes to plead the cause
Of injur'd liberty, and broken laws.
Hail, Inspiration! from whose fountain flow
The strains which circulate through all the row,
With humblest reverence thy aid I ask,
For this laborious and herculean task.
How difficult to make a piece go down
With booksellers, reviewers, and the town;
None with a Christian, charitable love,
A kind and fixed intention to approve,
The wild excursions of the muse will read.
Alas! I was not born beyond the Tweed;
To public favour I have no pretence,
If public favour is the child of sense:

To paraphrase on home in Armstrong's rhymes,
To decorate Fingal in sounding chimes,
The self-sufficient muse was never known,
But shines in trifling dulness all her own.
Where, rich with painted bricks and lifeless white,
Four dirty alleys in a cross unite,
Where avaricious sons of commerce meet,
To do their public business in the street;
There stands a dome to dulness ever dear,
Where * * * * models justice by the square;
Where bulky aldermen display their sense,
And Bristol patriots wager out their pence:
Here, in the malice of my stars confin'd,
I call the muses to divert my mind;
Come inspiration! mysticly instil
The spirit of a * * * * in my quill,
An equal terror to the small and great,
To lash an alderman or knave of state.
Here * * * thund'ring through the spacious court,
Grounds equity on Jeffries's report;
And oft, explaining to the lords of trade,
Proves himself right by statutes never made;
In * * * * able politicians see
Another * * * * in epitome.
If good Sir * * * * did not bawl so loud,
What has he else superior to the crowd?
His peruke boasts solemnity of law:
E'en there might counsellors detect a flaw.

But Providence is just, as doctors tell,
That triple mystery's a good centinel,
Was • • • • not so noisy, and more wise,
The body corporate would close its eyes.
Useless the satire, stoically wise,
Bristol can literary rubs despise;
You'll wonder whence the wisdom may proceed;
'Tis doubtful if her aldermen can read;
This as a certainty the muse may tell,
None of her common-councilmen can spell:
Why busy • • • • wilt thou trouble • • •
Their worships hear, and understand like thee.
Few beings absolutely boast the man,
Few have the understanding of a Spanne;
Every idea of a city mind
Is to commercial incidents confin'd:
True! some exceptions to this gen'ral rule
Can shew the merchant blended with the fool.
* * * * with magisterial air commits;
* * * * presides the chief of city wits;
In jigs and country dances • • • • shines,
And * * * * slumbers over Mallet's lines:
His ample visage, oft on nothing bent,
Sleeps in vacuity of sentiment;
When in the venerable gothic hall,
Where fetters rattle, evidences bawl,
Puzzled in thought by equity or law,
Into their inner room his senses draw;

There, as they sneer in consultation deep,
The foolish vulgar deem him fast asleep.
If silent * * * * senatorial pride,
Rose into being as his av'rice died,
Scatt'ring his hundreds, rattling in his coach,
What mortal wonders at the fair • • • •
Though royal Horners burn in powder'd flames,
When fell the pretty nymph of many names?
Still we behold her fiery virtue stand,
As firm as • • • • regulating band.
• • • • within whose sacerdotal face,
Add all the honorary signs of grace;
Great in his accent, greater in his size,
But mightier still in turtle and mince-pies:
Whose entertaining flows of eloquence,
In spite of affectation, will be sense.
Why patriotic • • • • art thou still?
What pension'd lethargy has seiz'd thy quill?
Hast thou forgot the murmurs of applause
Which buzz'd about the leader of the cause;
When drest in metaphors the fluent • • •
Rose from his chair, and slumb'ring drawl'd his speech?
When • • • • fir'd with loyalty and place,
Forsook his breeding to defend his Grace:
And saving • • • • from a furious blow,
Insisted on his plan, a double row.
Rise • • • • bid remonstrance tell the throne,
When freedom suffers, London's not alone:

Take off the load of infamy and shame
Which lies on Bristol's despicable name;
Revive thy ardour for thy country's cause,
And live again in honour and applause.
Alas! the patriot listens to his whore,
And popularity is heard no more;
The dying voice of liberty's forgot,
No more he drinks damnation to the Scot.
* * * * no longer in his quarrel fights;
No further dulness witty * * * * writes:
In organs and an organist renown'd,
He rises into notice by a sound,
Commemorates his spirit in a tone,
By * * * created, rival of a groan:
O be his taste immortal as the lays!
For * * * invents and tuneful * * * plays;
And this harmonious gangling of the spheres
To give the whole connexion Bristol hears.
Hail, Kew! thy more important powers I sing,
Powers which direct the conscience of a king;
The English number daringly would soar
To thy first power * * * *
* * * * * * *
Come, Newton,* and assist me to explain
The hidden meanings of the present reign.
Newton, accept the tribute of a line,
From one whose humble genius honours thine;

* Bishop of Bristol.

Mysterious shall the mazy numbers seem,
To give thee matter for a future dream;
Thy happy talent meanings to untie
My vacancy of meaning may supply;
And where the muse is witty in a dash,
Thy explanations may enforce the lash.
How shall the line, grown servile in respect,
To * * * and * * * * infamy direct,
Unless a wise * * * * * intervene,
How shall I satirize the sleepy dean?
Perhaps the muse might fortunately strike
A highly finish'd picture, very like;
But deans are all so lazy, dull, and fat,
None could be certain worthy Barton* sat.
Come then, my Newton, leave the musty lines
Where revelation's farthing candle shines;
In search of hidden truths let others go—
Be thou the fiddler to my puppet-show.
What are these hidden truths but secret lies,
Which from diseased imaginations rise?
What if our politicians should succeed
In fixing up the ministerial creed,
Who could such golden arguments refuse,
Which melts and proselytes the harden'd Jews?
When universal reformation bribes
With words, and wealthy metaphors, the tribes,

* Dean of Bristol,

To empty pews the brawny chaplain swears,
Whilst none but trembling superstition hears;
When ministers, with sacerdotal hands,
Baptize the flock in streams of golden sands,
Through every town conversion wings her way,
And conscience is a prostitute for pay.
  Faith removes mountains; like a modern dean,
Faith can see virtues which were never seen:
Our pious ministry this sentence quote,
To prove their instrument's superior vote,
Whilst * * * * happy in his lordship's voice,
Bids faith persuade us 'tis the people's choice.
This mountain of objections to remove,
This knotty rotten argument to prove,
Faith insufficient, * * * * caught the pen,
And prov'd by demonstration one was ten:
What boots it if he reason'd right or no?
'Twas orthodox—the Thane would have it so.
Whoe'er shall doubts and false conclusions draw,
Against the inquisition of the law,
With gaolers, chains, and pillories must plead,
And * * * *'s conscience settle right his creed.
Is * * * *'s conscience then, will Freedom cry,
A standard block to dress our notions by?
Why what a blunder has the fool let fall,
That * * * * has no conscience, none at all:
Pardon me, Freedom, this and something more,
The knowing writer might have known before;

But bred in Bristol's mercenary cell,
Compell'd in scenes of avarice to dwell,
What gen'rous passion can my dross refine?
What besides interest can direct the line?
And should a galling truth, like this, be told,
By me, instructed here to slave for gold,
My prudent neighbours (who can read) could see,
Another Savage* to me starved in me.
Faith is a powerful virtue every where;
By this once Bristol drest for Cato * * *
But now the blockheads grumble, * * * * made,
Lord of this idol, being lord of trade,
They bawl'd for * * * when little in their eyes,
But cannot to the titled villain rise,
This state credulity a bait for fools,
Employs his lordship's literary tools;
* * * * a bishop of the chosen sect;
A ruling pastor of the Lord's elect:
Keeps journals, posts, and magazines in awe,
And parcels out his only statute law.
Would you the bard's veracity dispute?
He borrows persecution's scourge of Bute,
An excommunication satire writes,
And the slow mischief trifles till it bites.
This faith, the subject of a late divine,
Is not as unsubstantial as his line;

* The celebrated Richard Savage, son to the Earl of Rivers, who died in jail at Bristol.

Though blind and dubious to behold the right,
Its optics mourn a fixed Egyptian night,
Yet things unseen are seen so very clear,
The new fresh muster would begin the year;
She knows that * * * by * * * and conscience led,
Will hold his honours till his favour's dead,
She knows that * * * * e'er he can be great,
Must practice at the target of the state:
If then his erring pistol should not kill,
Why * * * * must remain a * * * * still
His gracious mistress, gen'rous to the brave,
Will not neglect the necessary knave,
Since pious * * * * is become his Grace,
* * * * turns pimp, to occupy her place.
Say * * * * in the honours of the door,
How properly a rogue succeeds a whore.
She knows (the subject almost slipt my quill
Lost in that pistol of a woman's will)—
She knows that * * * will exercise his rod,
The worthiest of the worthy sons of God.
Ah! (exclaims Catcott) this is saying much;
The scripture tells us peace-makers are such.
Who can dispute his title? Who deny
What taxes and oppressions testify?
Who of the * * * beatitude can doubt?
Oh! was but * * * as sure of being out!
And (as I end whatever I begin)
Was Chatham but as sure of being in!

* * * * foster-child of fate, dear to a dame
Whom satire freely would, but dare not, name.
Ye plodding barristers, who hunt a flaw,
What treason would you from the sentence draw?
Tremble, and stand attentive as a dean,
Know royal favour is the dame I mean;
To sport with royalty my muse forbears,
And kindly takes compassion on my ears.
When once Shebbeare in glorious triumph stood,
Upon a rostrum of distinguish'd wood,
Who then withheld his guinea, or his praise,
Or envied him his crown of English bays?
But now Modestus,* truant to the cause,
Assists the pioneers who sap the laws,
Wreaths infamy around a sinking pen,
Who could withhold the pillory again?
* * * lifted into notice by the eyes
Of one whose optics always setting rise;
Forgive a pun, ye rationals, forgive
A flighty youth as yet unlearnt to live;
When I have conn'd each sage's musty rule,
I may with greater reason play the fool;
* * * * and I in ancient lore untaught,
Are always with our natures in a fault;
Though * * * * would instruct us in the part,
Our stubborn morals will not err by art.

* The signature of a writer in the newspapers of the time.

Having in various starts from order stray'd,
We'll call imagination to our aid.
See * * * astride upon a wrinkled hag,
His hand replenish'd with an open bag!
When fly the ghosts of taxes and supplies,
The sales of places, and the last excise;
Upon the ground, in seemly order laid,
The Stuarts stretch the majesty of plaid;
Rich with the poor dependence bow the head,
And see their hopes arising from the dead.
His countrymen were muster'd into place,
And a scotch piper rose above his Grace.
But say, astrologers, could this be strange?
The lord of the ascendant ruled the change;
And music, whether bagpipes, fiddles, drums,
All that has sense or meaning overcomes.
See now this universal fav'rite Scot,
His former native poverty forgot,
The highest member of the corse of state,
Where well he plays at blindman's buff with fate;
If fortune condescends to bless his play,
And drop a rich Havannah in his way,
He keeps it with intention to release
All conquests at the general day of peace:
When first and foremost to divide the spoil,
Some millions down might satisfy his toil;
To guide the car of war he fancied not,
Where honour and no money could be got.

The Scots have tender honours to a man:
Honour's the tie which bundles up the clan:
They want one requisite to be divine,
One requisite in which all others shine;
They're very poor; then who can blame the hand
Which polishes by wealth its native land?
And to complete the worth possest before,
Gives every Scotchman one perfection more;
Nobly bestows the infamy of place,
And * * * * struts about in doubled lace.
Who says * * * barter'd peace, and wisely sold
His king, his * * * * countrymen, for gold?
When ministerial hirelings proofs deny,
If Musgrave* could not prove it, how can I?
No facts unwarranted shall soil my quill,
Suffice it there's a strong suspicion still.
When * * * his iron rod of favour shook,
And bore his haughty temper in his look;
Not yet contented with his boundless sway,
Which all perforce must outwardly obey,
He thought to throw his chain upon the mind;
Nor would he leave conjecture unconfin'd.
We saw his measures wrong, and yet in spite
Of reason we must think those measures right;

* Dr. Samuel Musgrave, who, in 1769, exhibited a charge against some great persons, of having sold the peace concluded in 1762. He was examined before the House of Commons, 29th January, 1770, when his information was voted frivolous. — Dix.

Whilst curb'd and check'd by his imperious reign,
We must be satisfied, and not complain.
Complaints are libels, as the present age
Are all instructed by a law-wise sage,
Who, happy in his eloquence and fees,
Advances to preferment by degrees;
Trembles to think of such a daring step
As from a tool to chancellor to leap,
But lest his prudence should the law disgrace,
He keeps a longing eye upon the mace.
Whilst * * * was suffer'd to pursue his plan;
And ruin freedom as he rais'd the clan;
Could not his pride, his universal pride,
With working undisturb'd be satisfied?
But when we saw the villainy and fraud,
What conscience but a Scotchman's could applaud?
But yet 'twas nothing—cheating in our sight,
We should have humm'd ourselves, and thought him right:
This faith, established by the mighty Thane,
Will long outlive the system of the Dane;
This faith—but now the number must be brief,
All human things are center'd in belief;
And (or the philosophic sages dream)
All our most true ideas only seem:
Faith is a glass to rectify our sight,
And teach us to distinguish wrong from right.
By this corrected * * * appears a Pitt,
And candour marks the lines which * * * * writ;

Then let this faith support our ruin'd cause,
And give us back our liberties and laws:
No more complain of fav'rites made by lust,
No more think Chatham's patriot reasons just,
But let the Babylonish harlot see
We to her Baal bow the humble knee.
Lost in the praises of that fav'rite Scot,
My better theme, my Newton, was forgot:
Blest with a pregnant wit, and never known
To boast of one impertinence his own,
He warp'd his vanity to serve his God,
And in the paths of pious fathers trod.
Though genius might have started something new,
He honour'd lawn, and proved his scripture true;
No literary worth presumed upon,
He wrote, the understrapper of St. John;
Unravell'd every mystic simile,
Rich in the faith, and fanciful as me;
Pull'd revelation's secret robes aside,
And saw what priestish modesty would hide;
Then seiz'd the pen, and with a good intent
Discover'd hidden meanings never meant.
The reader who, in carnal notions bred,
Has Athanasius without rev'rence read,
Will make a scurvy kind of lenten feast
Upon the tortur'd offals of the beast:
But if, in happy superstition taught,
He never once presumed to doubt in thought;

Like Catcott, lost in prejudice and pride,
He takes the lit'ral meaning for his guide;
Let him read Newton, and his bill of fare:—
What prophecies unprophesied are there!
In explanations he's so justly skill'd,
The pseudo prophet's mysteries are fulfill'd;
No superficial reasons have disgraced
The worthy prelate's sacredotal taste;
No flimsy arguments he holds to view,
Like * * * * he affirms it, and 'tis true.
Faith, Newton, is the tott'ring churchman's crutch,
On which our blest religion builds so much;
Thy fame would feel the loss of this support,
As much as Sawney's instruments at court;
For secret services without a name,
And mysteries in religion, are the same.
But to return to state, from whence the muse
In wild digression smaller themes pursues;
And rambling from his Grace's magic rod,
Descends to lash the ministers of God.
Both are adventures perilous and hard,
And often bring destruction on the bard;
For priests, and hireling ministers of state,
Are priests in love, infernals in their hate:
The church, no theme for satire, scorns the lash,
And will not suffer scandal in a dash:
Not * * * so tender in his juggling game,
Not * * * so careful of his lady's name.

Has sable lost its virtue? Will the bell
No longer scare a straying sprite to hell?
Since souls, when animating flesh, are sold
For benefices, bishopricks, and gold;
Since mitres, nightly laid upon the breast,
Can charm the night-mare conscience into rest;
And learned exorcists very lately made
Greater improvements in the living trade;
Since Warburton (of whom in future rhymes)
Has settled reformation on the times;
Whilst from the teeming press his numbers fly,
And, like his reasons, just exist and die;
Since in the steps of clerical degree
All through the telescope of fancy see,
(Though fancy under reason's lash may fall,
Yet fancy in religion's all in all):
Amongst these cassock'd worthies, is there one
Who has the conscience to be Freedom's son?
Horne, patriotic Horne, will join the cause,
And tread on mitres to procure applause.
Prepare thy book and sacredotal dress,
To lay a walking spirit of the press,
Who knocks at midnight at his lordship's door,
And roars in hollow voice—a hundred more.
A hundred more! his rising greatness cries,
Astonishment and terror in his eyes;
A hundred more! by G— I won't comply:
Give, quoth the voice, I'll raise a hue and cry;

O'er a wrong scent the leading beagle's gone,
Your interrupted measures may go on;
Grant what I ask, I'll witness to the Thane,
I'm not another Fanny of Cock Lane.
Enough, says Mungo, reassume the quill;
And what we can afford to give, we will.
When * * * the ministry and people's head,
With royal favour pension'd * * * * dead;
His works, in undeserved oblivion sunk,
Were read no longer, and the man was drunk.
Some blockhead, ever envious of his fame,
Massacred * * * * in the doctor's name:
The public saw the cheat, and wonder'd not,
Death is of all mortality the lot.
* * * * has wrote his elegy, and penn'd
A piece of decent praise for such a friend;
And universal Cat-calls testified,
How mourn'd the critics when the genius died.
But now, though strange the fact to Deists seem,
His ghost is risen in a vernal theme,
And emulation madden'd all the row,
To catch the strains which from a spectre flow;
And print the reasons of a bard deceased,
Who once gave all the town a weekly feast.
As beer, to ev'ry drinking purpose dead,
Is to a wondrous metamorphose led,
And open'd to the actions of the winds,
In vinegar a resurrection finds;

His genius dead, and decently interr'd,
The clam'rous noise of duns sonorous heard,
Sour'd into life, assum'd the heavy pen,
And saw existence for an hour again;
Scatter'd his thoughts spontaneous from his brain,
And prov'd we had no reason to complain;
Whilst from his fancy figures budded out,
As hair on humid carcases will sprout.
Horne, set this restless, shallow spirit still,
And from his venal fingers snatch the quill.
If, in defiance of the priestly word,
He still will scribble floridly absurd,
North is superior to a potent charm,
To lay the terrors of a false alarm:
Another hundred added to his five,
No longer is the stumbling-block alive;
Fix'd in his chair, contented and at home,
The busy rambler will no longer roam;
Releas'd from servitude (such 'tis to think)
He'll prove it perfect happiness to drink:
Once (let the lovers of * * * * * weep)
He thought it perfect happiness to sleep;
* * * * * wondrous composition came,
To give the audience rest, the author fame;
A snore was much more grateful than a clap,
And pit, box, gallery, prov'd it in a nap.
Hail * * * * chief of bards, thy rigid laws
Bestow'd due praise, and critics snored applause.

If from the humblest station, in a place
By writers fix'd eternal in disgrace;
Long in the literary world unknown
To all but scribbling blockheads of its own;
Then only introduc'd, unhappy fate!
The subject of a satire's little hate;
Whilst equally the butt of ridicule,
The town was dirty, and the bard a fool:—
If from this place, where catamites are found
To swarm like Scots on honorary ground,
I may presume to exercise the pen,
And write a greeting to the best of men:
Health to the ruling minister I send,
Nor has that minister a better friend.
Greater, perhaps, in titles, pensions, place,
He inconsiderately prefers his Grace.
Ah, North! a humble bard is better far,
Friendship was never found near Fox's star;
Bishops are not by office orthodox:
Who'd wear a title, when they've titled Fox?
Nor does the honorary shame stop here,
Have we not * * * * * * *
If noble murders, as in tale we're told,
Made heroes of the ministers of old,
In noble murders * * * * * 's divine,
His merit claims the laureated line.
Let officers of train bands wisely try
To save the blood of citizens, and fly;

When some bold urchin beats his drum in sport,
Or tragic trumpets entertain the court;
The captain flies through every lane in town,
And safe from danger wears his civic crown:
Our noble secretary scorn'd to run,
But with his magic word discharged the gun.
I leave him to the comforts of his breast,
And midnight ghosts, to howl him into rest.
Health to the minister of * * * the tool,
Who with the little vulgar seems to rule;
But since the wiser maxims of the age
Marks for a noddy Ptolemy the sage;
Since Newton and Copernicus have taught
Our blund'ring senses ever are in fault;
The wise look further, and the wise can see
The hands of Sawney actuating thee;
The clock-work of thy conscience turns about,
Just as his mandates wind thee in and out.
By this political machine my rhymes
Conceive an estimation of the times;
And, as the wheels of state and measures move,
See how time passes in the world above:
Whilst tott'ring on the slippery edge of doubt,
• • • • • sees his train bands flying out;
Thinks the minority-acquiring state
Will undergo a change, and soon be great;
• • • issues out his hundreds to the crew,
Who catch the atoms of the golden dew;

The etiquette of wise Sir Robert takes
The doubtful stand resolv'd, and one forsakes;
He shackles every vote in golden chains,
And * * * * in his list of slaves maintains.
Rest * * * * hapless spirit, rest and drink,
No more defile thy claret glass with ink:
In quiet sleep repose thy heavy head,
* * * * disdains to —— upon the dead:
Administration will defend thy fame,
And pensions add importance to thy name.
When sovereign judgment owns thy works divine,
And every writer of reviews is thine,
Let busy * * * * vent his little spleen,
And spit his venom in a magazine.
Health to the minister! nor will I dare
To pour out flattery in his noble ear;
His virtue, stoically great, disdains
Smooth adulation's entertaining strains,
And, red with virgin modesty, withdraws
From wond'ring crowds and murmurs of applause.
Here let no disappointed rhymer say,
Because his virtue shuns the glare of day,
And, like the conscience of a Bristol dean,
Is never by the subtlest optic seen,
That virtue is with * * * a priestish jest,
By which a mere nonentity's exprest.
No, * * * is strictly virtuous, pious, wise,
As every pension'd * * * * testifies.

But, reader, I had rather you should see
His virtues from another than from me:
Bear witness, Bristol, nobly prove that I
By thee or Fox was never paid to lie.
Health to the minister! his vices known,
(As every lord has vices of his own,
And all who wear a title think to shine
In forming follies foreign to his line;)
His vices shall employ my ablest pen,
And mark him out a miracle of men.
Then let the muse the healing strain begin,
And stamp repentance upon every sin.
Why this recoil?—And will the dauntless muse
To lash a minister of state refuse?
What! is his soul so black, thou canst not find
Aught like a human virtue in his mind?
Then draw him so, and to the public tell
Who owns this representative of hell:
Administration lifts her iron chain,
And truth must abdicate her lawful reign.
  Oh, Prudence! if, by friends or counsel sway'd,
I had thy saving institutes obey'd,
And, lost to every love but love of self,
A wretch like Burgum living but in pelf;
Then happy in a coach or turtle feast,
I might have been an alderman at least.
Sage are the arguments by which I'm taught
To curb the wild excursive flights of thought:

Let Harris wear his self-sufficient air,
Nor dare remark, for Harris is a mayor;
If Catcott's flimsy system* can't be prov'd,
Let it alone, for Catcott's much belov'd;
If Burgum bought a baron for a strange,
The man has credit, and is great on change;
If Camplin ungrammatically spoke,
'Tis dang'rous on such men to break a joke;
If you from satire could withhold the line,
At every public hall perhaps you'd dine.
I must confess, exclaims a prudent sage,
You're really something clever for your age:
Your lines have sentiment, and now and then
A dash of satire stumbles from your pen:
But ah! that satire is a dang'rous thing,
And often wounds the writer with its sting;
Your infant muse should sport with other toys,
Men will not bear the ridicule of boys.
Some of the aldermen, (for some, indeed,
For want of education cannot read;
And those who can, when they aloud rehearse
What Collins, happy genius! titles verse,
So spin the strains sonorous through the nose,
The hearer cannot call it verse or prose,)
Some of the aldermen may take offence
At your maintaining them devoid of sense;

* Catcott on the Deluge.

And if you touch their aldermanic pride,
Bid dark reflection tell how Savage died!
Go to * * * * and copy worthy * * * *
Ah! what a sharp experienc'd genius that:
Well he prepares his bottle and his jest,
An alderman is no unwelcome guest;
Adult'rate talents and adult'rate wine
May make another drawling rascal shine;
His known integrity outvies a court,
His the dull tale, original the port:
Whilst loud he entertains the sleepy cits,
And rates his wine according to his wits,
Should a trite pun by happy error please,
His worship thunders at the laughing Mease; *
And Mease inserts this item in his bill,
Five shillings for a jest with ev'ry gill.
How commendable this to turn at once
To good account the vintner and the dunce,
And, by a very hocus-pocus hit,
Dispose of damaged claret and bad wit.
Search through the ragged tribe who drink small beer,
And sweetly echo in his worship's ear,
What are the wages of the tuneful nine,—
What are their pleasures when compared to mine?

* Matthew Mease, vintner. He kept the Bush, and was succeeded by John Weeks, who married his sister. Mease's father kept the Nag's Head, in Wine Street.—Dix.

Happy I eat, and tell my num'rous pence,
Free from the servitude of rhyme or sense:
Though sing-song Whitehead ushers in the year
With joy to Briton's king and sovereign dear,
And, in compliance to an ancient mode,
Measures his syllables into an ode;
Yet such the sorry merit of his muse,
He bows to deans and licks his lordship's shoes.
Then leave the wicked, barren way of rhyme,
Fly far from poverty—be wise in time—
Regard the office more—Parnassus less—
Put your religion in a decent dress;
Then may your interest in the town advance,
Above the reach of muses or romance.
Besides, the town (a sober, honest town,
Which smiles on virtue, and gives vice a frown)
Bids censure brand with infamy her name,
I, even I, must think you are to blame.
Is there a street within this spacious place
That boasts the happiness of one fair face,
Where conversation does not turn on you,
Blaming your wild amours, your morals too,
Oaths, sacred and tremendous oaths? You swear
Oaths which might shock a Luttrell's soul to hear;
These very oaths, as if a thing of joke,
Made to betray, intended to be broke;
Whilst the too tender and believing maid,
(Remember pretty * * * *) is betray'd;

Then your religion—ah, beware! beware!
Although a deist is no monster here;
Yet hide your tenets—priests are powerful foes,
And priesthood fetters justice by the nose:
Think not the merit of a jingling song
Can countenance the author's acting wrong;
Reform your manners, and with solemn air
Hear Catcott pray, and Robins squeak in prayer.
Robins, a reverend, cully-mully puff,
Who thinks all sermons, but his own, are stuff;
When harping on the dull, unmeaning text,
By disquisitions he 's so sore perplex'd,
He stammers, instantaneously is drawn
A border'd piece of inspiration lawn,
Which being thrice unto his nose applied,
Into his pineal gland the vapours glide;
And now we hear the jingling doctor roar,
On subjects he dissected thrice before.
Honour the scarlet robe, and let the quill
Be silent when old Isaac eats his fill.
Regard thy interests, ever love thyself,
Rise into notice as you rise in pelf;
The muses have no credit here, and fame
Confines itself to the mercantile name.
Then clip imagination's wing, be wise,
And great in wealth, to real greatness rise;
Or if you must persist to sing and dream,
Let only panegyric be your theme;

With pulpit adulation tickle Cutts,*
And wreathe with ivy, Garden's tavern butts;
Find sentiment in Dampier's empty look,
Genius in Collins, harmony in Rooke;
Swear Broderip's horrid noise the tuneful spheres,
And rescue Pindar from the songs of Shears.
Would you still further raise the fairy ground,
Praise Broughton,—for his eloquence profound,
His generosity, and his sentiment,
His active fancy, and his thoughts on Lent:
Make North or Chatham canonize his Grace,
And beg a pension, or procure a place.
Damn'd narrow notions! notions which disgrace
The boasted reason of the human race:
Bristol may keep her prudent maxims still,
I scorn her prudence, and I ever will:
Since all my vices magnified are here,
She cannot paint me worse than I appear;
When raving in the lunacy of ink,
I catch my pen, and publish what I think.†

* Dr. Cutts Barton, Dean of Bristol.

† Some of the lines in this poem appear also, with some slight alterations, in the "Whore of Babylon."

We have to thank Mr. Gutch and Mr. Dix conjointly for the poem called "Kew Gardens;" it is printed from the MS. of Mr. Isaac Reed, being contained in the late Mr. Haslewood's collection, now in the possession of Mr. Gutch. With the exception of some fragments, it was supposed to have been entirely lost. It consists of about 1200 lines, and is a great curiosity. The poet rambles mercilessly from London

to Bristol—from the Ministry to our Corporation—from national affairs to our domestic and civic tittle-tattle; one while abusing the bench of Bishops, and then condescending to throw his ink at the clergy of this diocese, abusing one after another, all without discrimination. The poem is altogether indeed a great acquisition, although he is dreadfully severe upon many who are known to have been of the highest respectability. But it may be taken for an axiom, generally speaking, that in the exact proportion that a man was worthy and good, in exactly the same inverse ratio would this untoward, but munificently talented boy abuse him and flog him, using absolutely a whip of scorpions.—*Bristol Paper.*

Successful attempts at satire were among the earliest manifestations of Chatterton's temperament and prematurity. A production of a more advanced age, entitled "Kew Gardens," contains many pointed lines and couplets: but who were the culprits under infliction is so well concealed behind rows of asterisms, that they might afterwards make their appearance with all effrontery as honest men, and nobody the wiser.—ECLECTIC REVIEW.

THE ADVICE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS M—— R——, OF BRISTOL.

Revolving in their destin'd sphere,
The hours begin another year
As rapidly to fly;
Ah! think, Maria, (e'er in grey
Those auburn tresses fade away;)
So youth and beauty die.

Tho' now the captivated throng
Adore with flattery and song,
And all before you bow:
Whilst unattentive to the strain,
You hear the humble muse complain,
Or wreathe your frowning brow.

Tho' poor Pitholeon's feeble line,
In opposition to the nine,
Still violates your name:
Tho' tales of passion meanly told,
As dull as Cumberland, as cold,
Strive to confess a flame.

Yet, when that bloom and dancing fire,
In silver'd rev'rence shall expire,
Aged, wrinkled, and defaced:
To keep one lover's flame alive,
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With Walpole's mental taste.*

Tho' rapture wantons in your air,
Tho' beyond simile you're fair,
Free, affable, serene:
Yet still one attribute divine
Should in your composition shine—
Sincerity, I mean.

Tho' num'rous swains before you fall,
'Tis empty admiration all,
'Tis all that you require:
How momentary are their chains!
Like you, how unsincere the strains
Of those who but admire!

Accept, for once, advice from me,
And let the eye of censure see
Maria can be true:
No more for fools or empty beaux,
Heav'n's representatives disclose,
Or butterflies pursue.

* This stanza has been brought forward by the friends of Walpole, as a proof that Chatterton altered his opinion with respect to Walpole's treatment of him. Most probably it is only satire in disguise.—Dix's *Life of Chatterton.*

Fly to your worthiest lover's arms,
To him resign your swelling charms,
And meet his gen'rous breast:
Or if Pitholeon suits your taste,
His muse with tatter'd fragments graced,
Shall read your cares to rest.*

THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

THE sun revolving on his axis turns,
And with creative fire intensely burns;
Impell'd the forcive air, our earth supreme
Rolls with the planets round the solar gleam.
First Mercury completes his transient year,
Glowing, refulgent, with reflected glare;

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* The inequality of Chatterton's various productions may be compared to the disproportions of the ungrown giant. His works had nothing of the definite neatness of that precocious talent which stops short in early maturity. His thirst for knowledge was that of a being taught by instinct to lay up materials for the exercise of great and undeveloped powers. Even in his favourite maxim, pushed it might be to hyperbole, that a man by abstinence and perserverance might accomplish whatever he pleased, may be traced the indications of a genius which Nature had meant to achieve works of immortality. Tasso (in the verses which he sent to his mother when he was nine years old) alone can be compared to him as a juvenile prodigy. No English poet ever equalled him at the same age.—CAMPBELL.

Bright Venus occupies a wider way,
The early harbinger of night and day;
More distant still our globe terraqueous turns,
Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns;
Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,
Trailing her silver glories through the night.
On the earth's orbit see the various signs,
Mark where the sun, our year completing, shines;
First the bright Ram his languid ray improves:
Next glaring wat'ry thro' the Bull he moves;
The am'rous Twins admit his genial ray;
Now burning, thro' the Crab he takes his way;
The Lion flaming, bears the solar power;
The Virgin faints beneath the sultry shower.

Now the just Balance weighs his equal force,
The slimy Serpent swelters in his course;
The sabled Archer clouds his languid face:
The Goat, with tempests, urges on his race;
Now in the water his faint beams appear,
And the cold Fishes end the circling year.
Beyond our globe the sanguine Mars displays
A strong reflection of primæval rays;
Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,
Scarcely enlighten'd with the solar beams:
With four unfix'd receptacles of light,
He tow'rs majestic thro' the spacious height:
But farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,
And five attendant luminaries drags;

Investing with a double ring his pace,
He circles through immensity of space.

These are thy wondrous works, first Source of good!
Now more admir'd in being understood.*

THE CONSULIAD.†

AN HEROIC POEM.

Of warring senators, and battles dire,
Of quails uneaten, Muse, awake the lyre,
Where Campbell's chimnies overlook the square,
And Newton's future prospects hang in air;
Where counsellors dispute, and cockers match,
And Caledonian earls in concert scratch;

* Mr. Corser, of Totterdown, has favoured me with the following anecdote of Chatterton.—Mr. C. was intimately acquainted with him, and well remembers that he once met him on a Sunday morning, at the gate of Temple church, when the bells were chiming for service. there being yet some time to spare before the prayers commenced, Chatterton proposed their taking a walk together, in the church-yard, which was then open to the public, and laid out like a garden. "Come," said he, "I want to read to you something I have just written;" and when arrived at a secluded spot, he read to Mr. Corser a treatise on Astronomy, and stated that he had not yet finished it, but that he intended to make it the subject of a poem. Not long afterwards there appeared the above poem in the Town and Country Magazine.—Dix's *Life of Chatterton.*

† The Consuliad, a political piece, written at Bristol, is in the highest strain of party scurrility.—Dr. Gregory.

[The first draught of this Poem is preserved in the British Museum. It is there called the "Constabiliad," and commences—

'Of roaring constables, and battles dire,
'Of geese uneaten,' &c.

There are frequent variations from the printed copy throughout the whole of the Poem.—Ed.]

A group of heroes occupied the round,
Long in the rolls of infamy renown'd.
Circling the table all in silence sat,
Now tearing bloody lean, now champing fat;
Now picking ortolans, and chicken slain,
To form the whimsies of an *à-la-reine*:
Now storming castles of the newest taste,
And granting articles to forts of paste;
Now swallowing bitter draughts of Prussian beer;
Now sucking tallow of salubrious deer.
The god of cabinets and senates saw
His sons, like asses, to one centre draw.

Inflated Discord heard, and left her cell,
With all the horrors of her native hell;
She on the soaring wings of genius fled,
And waved the pen of Junius round her head.
Beneath the table, veil'd from sight, she sprung,
And sat astride on noisy Twitcher's tongue:
Twitcher, superior to the venal pack
Of Bloomsbury's notorious monarch, Jack;
Twitcher, a rotten branch of mighty stock,
Whose interest winds his conscience as his clock;
Whose attributes detestable have long
Been evident, and infamous in song.
A toast's demanded! Madoc swift arose,
Pactolian gravy trickling down his clothes:
His sanguine fork a murder'd pigeon prest,
His knife with deep incision sought the breast.

Upon his lips the quivering accents hung,
And too much expedition chain'd his tongue.
When thus he sputter'd : " All the glasses fill,
And toast the great Pendragon of the hill :
Mab-Uther Owein, a long train of kings,
From whom the royal blood of Madoc springs.
Madoc, undoubtedly of Arthur's race,
You see the mighty monarch in his face ;
Madoc, in bagnios and in courts adored,
Demands this proper homage of the board."

" Monarchs !" said Twitcher, setting down his beer,
His muscles wreathing a contemptuous sneer ;
" Monarchs ! Of mole-hills, oyster-beds, a rock—
These are the grafters of your royal stock :
My pony Scrub can sires more valiant trace—"
The mangled pigeon thunders on his face ;
His op'ning mouth the melted butter fills,
And dropping from his nose and chin distils.
Furious he started, rage his bosom warms ;
Loud as his lordship's morning dun he storms.
" Thou vulgar imitator of the great,
Grown wanton with the excrements of state ;
This to thy head notorious Twitcher sends."
His shadow body to the table bends :
His straining arm uprears a loin of veal,
In these degenerate days, for three a meal ;
In ancient times, as various writers say,
An alderman or priest eat three a day.

With godlike strength the grinning Twitcher plies
His stretching muscles and the mountain flies.
Swift as a cloud that shadows o'er the plain,
It flew and scatter'd drops of oily rain.
In opposition to extended knives,
On royal Madoc's spreading chest it drives;
Senseless he falls upon the sandy ground,
Prest with the steamy load that ooz'd around.
And now Confusion spread her ghastly plume,
And Faction separates the noisy room.
Balluntun, exercised in every vice
That opens to a courtier's paradise,
With Dyson trammel'd, scruples not to draw
Injustice up the rocky hill of law:
From whose humanity the laurels sprung,
Which will in George's-Fields be ever young.
The vile Balluntun, starting from his chair,
To Fortune thus address'd his private prayer:
"Goddess of Fate's rotundity, assist
With thought-wing'd victory my untried fist:
If I the grinning Twitcher overturn,
Six Russian frigates at thy shrine shall burn;
Nine rioters shall bleed beneath thy feet;
And hanging cutters decorate each street."
The goddess smiled, or rather smooth'd her frown,
And shook the triple feathers of her crown;
Instill'd a private pension in his soul.
With rage inspir'd, he seiz'd a Gallic roll:

His bursting arm the missive weapon threw,
High o'er his rival's head it whistling flew;
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,
Receiv'd it on his ear, and kiss'd the ground.
Curraras, vers'd in every little art,
To play the minister's or felon's part,
Grown hoary in the villainies of state,
A title made him infamously great;
A slave to venal slaves—a tool to tools,
The representative to knaves and fools.
But see! Commercial Bristol's genius sit,
Her shield a turtle-shell, her lance a spit:
See, whilst her nodding aldermen are spread,
In all the branching honours of the head;
Curraras, ever faithful to the cause,
With beef and ven'son their attention draws:
They drink, they eat, then sign the mean address;
Say, could their humble gratitude do less?
By disappointment vex'd, Balluntun flies,
Red lightnings flashing in his dancing eyes.
Firm as his virtue, mighty Twitcher stands,
And elevates for furious fight his hands:
One pointed fist, his shadow'd corps defends,
The other on Balluntun's eyes descends:
A darkling, shaking light his optics view,
Circled with livid tinges red and blue.
Now fir'd with anguish and inflam'd by pride,
He thunders on his adversary's side:

With patt'ring blows prolongs th' unequal fight;
Twitcher retreats before the man of might.
But Fortune, (or some higher Power, or God)
Oblique extended forth a sable rod:
As Twitcher retrograde maintain'd the fray,
The harden'd serpent intercepts his way:
He fell, and falling with a lordly air,
Crush'd into atoms the judicial chair.
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renown'd,
Arose: but deafen'd with a singing sound,
A cloud of discontent o'erspread his brows;
Revenge in every bloody feature glows.
Around his head a roasted gander whirls,
Dropping Manilla sauces on his curls
Swift to the vile Balluntun's face it flies,
The burning pepper sparkles in his eyes:
His India waistcoat reeking with the oil,
Glows brighter red, the glory of the spoil.

The fight is gen'ral; fowl repulses fowl;
The victors thunder, and the vanquish'd howl.
Stars, garters, all the implements of show,
That deck'd the pow'rs above, disgrac'd below.
Nor swords, nor mightier weapons did they draw,
For all were well acquainted with the law.
Let Drap—r to improve his diction fight;
Our heroes, like Lord George, could scold and write.
Gogmagog early of the jocky club;
Empty as C—br—ke's oratorial tub:

A rusty link of ministerial chain,
A living glory of the present reign,
Vers'd in the arts of ammunition bread,
He wav'd a red wheat manchet round his head:
David-ap-Howel, furious, wild, and young,
From the same line as royal Madoc sprung,
Occur'd, the object of his bursting ire,
And on his nose receiv'd the weapon dire:
A double river of congealing blood,
O'erflows his garter with a purple flood
Mad as a bull by daring mastiffs *tore*,
When ladies scream and greasy butchers roar;
Mad as B—rg—e when groping through the park,
He kiss'd his own dear lady in the dark;
The lineal representative of kings,
A carving weapon seiz'd and up he springs:
A weapon long in cruel murders stain'd,
For mangling captive carcases ordain'd.
But Fortune, Providence, or what you will,
To lay the rising scenes of horror still;
In Fero's person seiz'd a shining pot,
Where bubbled scrips, and contracts flaming hot:
In the fierce Cambrian's breeches drains it dry,
The chapel totters with the shrieking cry,
Loud as the mob's reiterated yell,
When Sawny rose, and mighty Chatham fell.

Flaccus the glory of a masquerade;
Whose every action is of trifles made:

At Grafton's well-stor'd table ever found;
Like Grafton too for every vice renown'd.
Grafton to whose immortal sense we owe,
The blood which will from civil discord flow:
Who swells each grievance, lengthens every tax,
Blind to the rip'ning vengeance of the axe.
Flaccus, the youthful, degagée and gay,
With eye of pity, saw the dreary fray:
Amidst the greasy horrors of the fight,
He trembled for his suit of virgin white.
Fond of his eloquence, and easy flow
Of talk verbose whose meaning none can know:
He mounts the table, but thro' eager haste,
His foot upon a smoaking court-pie plac'd:
The burning liquid penetrates his shoe,
Swift from the rostrum the declaimer flew,
But learnedly heroic he disdains
To spoil his pretty countenance with strains.
Remounted on the table, now he stands,
Waves his high powder'd-head and ruffled hands.
"Friends! Let this clang of hostile fury cease,
Ill it becomes the plenipos of peace:
Shall olios, for internal battle drest,
Like bullets outward perforate the breast;
Shall jav'lin bottles blood ætherial spill;
Shall luscious turtle without surfeit kill?"
More had he said: when from Doglostock flung,
A custard pudding trembled on his tongue:

And, ah! misfortunes seldom come alone,
Great Twitcher rising seiz'd a polish'd bone;
Upon his breast the oily weapon clangs;
Headlong he falls, propell'd by thick'ning bangs.
The prince of trimmers, for his magic fam'd,
Quarlendorgongos by infernals nam'd:
By mortals Alavat in common stil'd;
Nurs'd in a furnace, Nox and Neptune's child:
Bursting with rage, a weighty bottle caught,
With crimson blood and weighty spirits fraught;
To Doxo's head the gurgling woe he sends,
Doxo made mighty in his mighty friends.
Upon his front the stubborn vessel sounds,
Back from his harder front the bottle bounds:
He fell. The royal Madoc rising up,
Repos'd him weary on his painful crup:
The head of Doxo, first projecting down,
Thunders upon the kingly Cambrian's crown:
The sanguine tumour swells; again he falls;
On his broad chest the bulky Doxo sprawls.
Tyro the sage, the sensible, the strong,
As yet unnotic'd in the muse-taught song.
Tyro, for necromancy far renown'd,
A greater adept than Agrippa found;
Oft as his phantom reasons interven'd,
De Viris pension'd, the defaulter screen'd;
Another C—rt—t remains in Cl—;
In Fl—the—r fifty Jefferies appear;

Tyro stood neuter, till the champions tir'd,
In languid attitudes a truce desir'd.
Long was the bloody fight; confusion dire
Has hid some circumstances from the lyre:
Suffice it, that each hero kiss'd the ground,
Tyro excepted for old laws renown'd;
Who stretching his authoritative hand,
Loudly thus issu'd forth his dread command.
"Peace, wrangling senators, and placemen, peace,
In the King's name, let hostile vengeance cease!"
Aghast the champions hear the furious sound,
The fallen unmolested leave the ground.
"What fury, nobles, occupies your breast?
What, patriot spirits, has your minds possest?
Nor honorary gifts, nor pensions, please,
Say, are you Covent-Garden patentees!
How? wist you not what ancient sages said,
The council quarrels, and the poor have bread.
See this court-pie with twenty thousand drest;
Be every thought of enmity at rest:
Divide it and be friends again," he said:
The council god return'd; and discord fled.*

* Growing up separate and alien, in a great degree, from the social interests and sentiments which bind men together, Chatterton was habitually ready and watchful for occasions to practise on their weakness and folly, and to indulge a propensity to annoyance by satire. He would play off the witty malice, no matter who was the object. He was a very Ishmael with this weapon. It is somewhere his own confession, that, when the mood was on him, he spared neither foe nor friend. Very greatly amusing as it may well be believed that his company was, when he chose to give it, nobody was safe against having his name, with his peculiarities, his hobby, his vanity, hitched into some sarcastic stanza.—Eclectic Review.

ELEGY.

Joyless I seek the solitary shade,
Where dusky Contemplation veils the scene,
The dark retreat (of leafless branches made)
Where sick'ning sorrow wets the yellow'd green.

The darksome ruins of some sacred cell,
Where erst the sons of Superstition trod,
Tott'ring upon the mossy meadow, tell
We better know, but less adore our God.

Now, as I mournful tread the gloomy cave,
Thro' the wide window (once with mysteries dight)
The distant forest, and the darken'd wave
Of the swoln Avon ravishes my sight.

But see the thick'ning veil of evening's drawn,
The azure changes to a sable blue;
The rapt'ring prospects fly the less'ning lawn,
And Nature seems to mourn the dying view.

Self-sprighted Fear creeps silent thro' the gloom,
Starts at the rust'ling leaf, and rolls his eyes;
Aghast with horror, when he views the tomb,
With every torment of a hell he flies.

The bubbling brooks in plaintive murmurs roll,
The bird of omen, with incessant scream,
To melancholy thoughts awakes the soul,
And lulls the mind to contemplation's dream.

A dreary stillness broods o'er all the vale,
The clouded moon emits a feeble glare;
Joyless I seek the darkling hill and dale,
Where'er I wander sorrow still is there.

THE PROPHECY.*

'When times are at the worst they will certainly mend.'

I.

This truth of old was Sorrow's friend,
"Times at the worst will surely mend,"
The difficulty's then to know,
How long Oppression's clock can go;
When Britain's sons may cease to sigh,
And hope that their redemption's nigh.

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* The Prophecy is in the style of Swift's minor pieces, and appears to be the genuine effusion of that enthusiastic love of liberty, which, in tumultuous times, generally takes posession of young and sanguine dispositions.—Dr. Gregory.

II.

When Vice exalted takes the lead,
And Vengeance hangs but by a thread;
Gay peeresses turn'd out o' doors;
Whoremasters peers, and sons of whores;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

III.

When vile Corruption's brazen face,
At council-board shall take her place,
And lords-commissioners resort,
To welcome her at Britain's court;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

IV.

See Pension's harbour large and clear,
Defended by St. Stephen's pier!
The entrance safe, by Current led,
Tiding round G—'s jetty head;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

V.

When Civil-Power shall snore at ease,
While soldiers fire—to keep the peace;
When murders sanctuary find,
And petticoats can Justice blind;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VI.

Commerce o'er Bondage will prevail,
Free as the wind, that fills her sail.
When she complains of vile restraint,
And Power is deaf to her complaint;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VII.

When raw projectors shall begin,
Oppression's hedge to keep her in;
She in disdain will take her flight,
And bid the Gotham fools good night;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

VIII.

When tax is laid, to save debate,
By prudent ministers of state;
And, what the people did not give,
Is levied by perogative;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

IX.

When Popish bishops dare to claim
Authority, in George's name;
By Treason's hand set up, in spite
Of George's title, William's right;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

x.

When Popish priest a pension draws
From starv'd exchequer, for the cause
Commission'd, proselytes to make
In British realms, for Britain's sake;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

xi.

When snug in power, sly recusants
Make laws for British Protestants;
And d—g William's Revolution,
As justices claim execution;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

xii.

When soldiers, paid for our defence,
In wanton pride slay innocence;
Blood from the ground for vengeance reeks,
Till Heaven the inquisition makes;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

xiii.

When at Bute's feet poor Freedom lies,
Mark'd by the priest for sacrifice,
And doom'd a victim for the sins
Of half the *outs*, and all the *ins*;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XIV.

When stewards pass a *boot* account,
And credit for the gross amount;
Then to replace exhausted store,
Mortgage the land to borrow more;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XV.

When scrutineers for private ends,
Against the vote declare their friends;
Or judge as you stand there alive,
That five is more than forty-five;
Look up, ye Britons! cease to sigh,
For your redemption draweth nigh.

XVI.

When George shall condescend to hear
The modest suit, the humble prayer;
A Prince, to purpled pride unknown!
No favourites disgrace the throne!
Look up, ye Britons! sigh no more,
For your redemption's at the door.

XVII.

When time shall bring your wish about,
Or, seven-years lease, *you sold*, is out,
No future contract to fulfil,
Your tenants holding at your will;
Raise up your heads! your right demand!
For your redemption's in your hand.

XVIII.

Then is your time to strike the blow,
And let the slaves of Mammon know,
Briton's true sons A BRIBE can scorn,
And die as *free* as they were born.
VIRTUE again shall take her seat,
And your redemption stand complete.

A SONG,

ADDRESSED TO MISS C—AM, OF BRISTOL.

As Spring now approaches with all his gay train,
And scatters his beauties around the green plain,
Come then, my dear charmer, all scruples remove,
Accept of my passion, allow me to love.

Without the soft transports which love must inspire,
Without the sweet torment of fear and desire,
Our thoughts and ideas are never refined,
And nothing but winter can reign in the mind.

But love is the blossom, the spring of the soul,
The frosts of our judgments may check, not control;
In spite of each hind'rance, the spring will return,
And nature with transports refining will burn.

This passion celestial, by Heav'n was design'd,
The only fix'd means of improving the mind,
When it beams on the senses, they quickly display,
How great and prolific, how pleasing the ray.

Then come, my dear charmer, since love is a flame,
Which polishes nature, and angels your frame,
Permit the soft passion to rise in your breast,—
I leave your good nature to grant me the rest.

Shall the beautiful flow'rets all blossom around,
Shall Flora's gay mantle enamel the ground,
Shall the red blushing blossom be seen on the tree,
Without the least pleasure or rapture for me?

And yet, if my charmer should frown when I sing,
Ah! what are the beauties, the glories of spring!
The flowers will be faded, all happiness fly,
And clouds veil the azure of every bright sky.

TO A FRIEND.

March 6th, 1768.

Dear Friend,

I have received both your favours—The Muse alone must tell my joy.

O'ERWHELM'D with pleasure at the joyful news,
I strung the chorded shell, and woke the Muse.
Begin, O Servant of the Sacred Nine!
And echo joy through ev'ry nervous line;
Bring down th' etherial Choir to aid the Song;
Let boundless raptures smoothly glide along.
My Baker's well! Oh words of sweet delight!
Now! now! my Muse, soar up th' Olympic height.
What wondrous numbers can the Goddess find,
To paint th' extatic raptures of my mind?
I leave it to a Goddess more divine,
The beauteous Hoyland shall employ my line.

TO THE

BEAUTEOUS MISS HOYLAND.

Far distant from Britannia's lofty Isle,
What shall I find to make the Genius smile?
The bubbling fountains lose the power to please,
The rocky cataracts, the shady trees,
The juicy fruitage of enchanting hue,
Whose luscious virtues England never knew;
The variegated Daughters of the Land,
Whose numbers Flora strews with bounteous hand;
The verdant vesture of the smiling fields,
All the rich pleasures Nature's store-house yields,
Have all their powers to wake the chorded string,—
But still they're subjects that the Muse can sing.
Hoyland, more beauteous than the God of Day,
Her name can quicken and awake the lay;
Rouse the soft Muse from indolence and ease,
To live, to love, and rouse her powers to please.
In vain would Phœbus, did not Hoyland rise:
'Tis her bright eyes that gilds the Eastern skies;
'Tis she alone deprives us of the light;
And when she slumbers, then indeed 'tis night.
To tell the sep'rate beauties of her face
Would stretch Eternity's remotest space,
And want a more than man, to pen the line;
I rest—let this suffice, dear Hoyland's all divine.

TO MISS HOYLAND.*

Sweet are thy charming smiles, my lovely maid,
Sweet as the flow'rs in bloom of spring array'd;
Those charming smiles thy beauteous face adorn,
As May's white blossoms gaily deck the thorn.
Then why, when mild good-nature basking lies
'Midst the soft radiance of thy melting eyes;
When my fond tongue would strive thy heart to move,
And tune its tones to every note of love;
Why do those smiles their native soil disown,
And (chang'd their movements) kill me in a frown?

Yet, is it true, or is it dark despair,
That fears you're cruel whilst it owns you fair?
O speak, dear Hoyland! speak my certain fate,
Thy love enrapt'ring, or thy constant hate.
If death's dire sentence hangs upon thy tongue,
E'en death were better than suspense so long.

* From a MS. of Chatterton's, in the British Museum.

ODE TO MISS HOYLAND.

Amidst the wild and dreary dells,
The distant echo-giving bells,
  The bending mountain's head ;
Whilst Evening, moving thro' the sky,
Over the object and the eye,
  Her pitchy robes doth spread ;

There, gently moving thro' the vale,
Bending before the blust'ring gale,
  Fell apparitions glide ;
Whilst roaring rivers echo round,
The drear reverberating sound
  Runs through the mountain side;

Then steal I softly to the grove,
And singing of the nymph I love,
  Sigh out my sad complaint ;
To paint the tortures of my mind,
Where can the muses numbers find ?
  Ah ! numbers are too faint.

Ah ! Hoyland, empress of my heart,
When will thy breast admit the dart,
  And own a mutual flame ?

When, wand'ring in the myrtle groves,
Shall mutual pleasures seal our loves,
Pleasures without a name?

Thou greatest beauty of the sex,
When will the little god perplex
The mansions of thy breast?
When wilt thou own a flame as pure
As that seraphic souls endure,
And make thy Baker blest?

O! haste to give my passion ease,
And bid the perturbation cease
That harrows up my soul!
The joy such happiness to find,
Would make the functions of my mind
In peace and love to roll.

ACROSTIC ON MISS HOYLAND.

ENCHANTING is the mighty power of Love;
Life stript of amorous joys would irksome prove:
E'en Heaven's great Thund'rer wore th' easy chain,
And over all the world, Love keeps his reign.
No human heart can bear the piercing blade,
Or I than others, am more tender made.
Right thro' my heart a burning arrow drove,
Hoyland's bright eyes were made the bows of Love.

Oh! torture inexpressibly severe!
You are the pleasing author of my care.
Look down, fair angel, on a swain distrest,
A gracious smile from you would make me blest.
Nothing but that blest favour stills my grief—
Death, that denied, will quickly give relief.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

Go, gentle Muse, and to my fair-one say,
My ardent passion mocks the feeble lay;
That love's pure flame my panting breast inspires,
And friendship warms me with her chaster fires.
Yes, more my fond esteem, my matchless love,
Than the soft turtle's cooing in the grove;
More than the lark delights to mount the sky,
Then sinking on the greensward soft to lie;
More than the bird of eve, at close of day,
To pour in solemn solitude her lay;
More than grave Camplin* with his deep-toned note,
To mouth the sacred service got by rote;
More than sage Catcott† does his storm of rain,
Sprung from th' abyss of his eccentric brain,
Or than his wild-antique and sputt'ring brother
Loves in his ale-house chair to drink and pother;

* John Camplin, M.A. Preceptor of Bristol.
† The Rev. Mr. Catcott wrote a book on the Deluge.

More than soft Lewis,* that sweet pretty thing,
Loves in the pulpit to display his ring;
More than frail mortals love a brother sinner,
And more than Bristol Aldermen their dinner,
(When full four pounds of the well-fatten'd haunch
In twenty mouthfuls fill the greedy paunch).

If these true strains can thy dear bosom move,
Let thy soft blushes speak a mutual love:
But if thy purpose settles in disdain,
Speak my dread fate, and bless thy fav'rite swain.

ACROSTIC ON MISS CLARKE.

Seraphic virgins of the tuneful choir,
Assist me to prepare the sounding lyre!
Like her I sing, soft, sensible, and fair;
Let the smooth numbers warble in the air.
Ye prudes, coquets, and all the misled throng,
Can Beauty, Virtue, Sense, demand the song?
Look then on Clarke, and see them all unite:
A beauteous pattern, to the always-right.
Rest here, my muse, nor soar above thy sphere—
Kings might pay adoration to the fair,
Enchanting, full of joy, peerless in face and air.

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* Mr. Lewis was a dissenting preacher of note, then in Bristol. Chatterton calls him, in one of his Letters, a "pulpit fop,"

TO MISS HOYLAND.

Once more the Muse to beauteous Hoyland sings;—
Her grateful tribute of harsh numbers brings
To Hoyland! Nature's richest, sweetest store,
She made an Hoyland, and can make no more.
Nor all the beauties of the world's vast round
United, will as sweet as her be found.
Description sickens to rehearse her praise—
Her worth alone will deify my days.
Enchanting creature! Charms so great as thine
May all the beauties of the day outshine.
Thy eyes to every gazer send a dart,
Thy taking graces captivate the heart.
O for a muse that shall ascend the skies,
And like the subject of the Epode rise;
To sing the sparkling eye, the portly grace,
The thousand beauties that adorn the face
Of my seraphic maid, whose beauteous charms
Might court the world to rush at once to arms;
Whilst the fair Goddess, native of the skies,
Shall sit above, and be the victor's prize.
O now, whilst yet I sound the tuneful lyre,
I feel the thrilling joy her hands inspire;
When the soft tender touch awakes my blood,
And rolls my passions with the purple flood.
My pulse beats high; my throbbing breast's on fire
In sad variety of wild desire.

O Hoyland! heavenly goddess! angel—saint!
Words are too weak thy mighty worth to paint;
Thou best, completest work that nature made,
Thou art my substance, and I am thy shade.
Possess'd of thee, I joyfully would go
Thro' the loud tempest, and the depth of woe.
From thee alone my being I derive—
One beauteous smile from thee makes all my hopes alive.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

Since short the busy scene of life will prove,
Let us, my Hoyland, learn to live and love;
To love with passions pure as morning light,
Whose saffron beams, unsullied by the night,
With rosy mantles do the heavens streak,
Faint imitators of my Hoyland's cheek.
The joys of Nature in her ruin'd state
Have little pleasure, tho' the pains are great:
Virtue and Love, when sacred bands unite,
'Tis then that Nature leads to true delight.
Oft as I wander thro' the myrtle grove,
Bearing the beauteous burden of my love,
A secret terror, lest I should offend
The charming maid on whom my joys depend,
Informs my soul, that virtuous minds alone
Can give a pleasure, to the vile unknown.

But when the body charming, and the mind,
To ev'ry virtuous christian act inclined,
Meet in one person, maid and angel join,
Who must it be, but Hoyland the divine?
What worth intrinsic will that man possess,
Whom the dear charmer condescends to bless?
Swift will the minutes roll, the flying hours,
And blessings overtake the pair by showers:
Each moment will improve upon the past,
And every day be better than the last.
Love means an unadulterated flame,
Tho' lust too oft usurps the sacred name;
Such passion as in Hoyland's breast can move,
'Tis that alone deserves the name of Love.
Oh, were my merit great enough to find
A favour'd station in my Hoyland's mind,
Then would my happiness be quite complete,
And all revolving joys as in a centre meet.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

Tell me, God of soft desires,
Little Cupid, wanton Boy,
How thou kindlest up thy fires,
Giving pleasing pain and joy?

Hoyland's beauty is thy bow,
Striking glances are thy darts:
Making conquests never slow,
Ever gaining conquer'd hearts.

Heaven is seated in her smile,
Juno's in her portly air ;
Not Britannia's fav'rite Isle
Can produce a nymph so fair.

In a desert vast and drear,
Where disorder springs around,
If the lovely fair is there,
'Tis a pleasure-giving ground.

Oh my Hoyland ! blest with thee,
I'd the raging storm defy,
In thy smiles I live, am free;
When thou frownest, I must die.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

WITH A PRESENT.

Accept, fair Nymph, this token of my love,
Nor look disdainful on the prostrate Swain :
By ev'ry sacred oath, I'll constant prove,
And act as worthy *for* to wear your chain.

Not with more constant ardour shall the sun
Chase the faint shadows of the night away ;
Nor shall he on his course more constant run,
And cheer the universe with coming day,

Than I in pleasing chains of conquest bound,
Adore the charming author of my smart;—
For ever will I thy sweet charms resound,
And paint the fair possessor of my heart.

TO MISS HOYLAND.

Count all the flow'rs that deck the meadow's side,
When Flora flourishes in new-born pride;
Count all the sparkling orbits in the sky;
Count all the birds that thro' the æther fly;
Count all the foliage of the lofty trees,
That fly before the bleak autumnal breeze;
Count all the dewy blades of verdant grass;
Count all the drops of rain that softly pass
Thro' the blue æther, or tempestuous roar:
Count all the sands upon the breaking shore;
Count all the minutes since the world began;
Count all the troubles of the life of man;
Count all the torments of the d——d in hell,—
More are the beauteous charms that make my nymph excel.*

[* I am by no means satisfied that all these poems are the production of Chatterton. They were published with his name in the Miscellanies, and at this distance of time it is impossible to distinguish between them. If they are his, they do him but little credit.—Ed.]

TO MISS CLARKE.

To sing of Clarke my muse aspires,
A theme by charms made quite divine.
Ye tuneful Virgins sound your lyres,
Apollo aid the feeble line.

If truth and virtue, wit and charms,
May for a fix'd attention call,
The darts of Love and wounding arms
The beauteous Clarke shall hold o'er all.

'Tis not the tincture of the skin,
The rosy lip, the charming eye;
No, 'tis a greater power within,
That bids the passion never die.

These Clarke possesses, and much more—
All beauty in her glances sport;
She is the goddess all adore,
In country, city, and at court.

EPISTLE

TO THE REVEREND MR. CATCOTT.

December 6th, 1769.

WHAT strange infatuations rule mankind!
How narrow are our prospects, how confined!
With universal vanity possest,
We fondly think our own ideas best;
Our tott'ring arguments are ever strong;
We're always self-sufficient in the wrong.

What philosophic sage of pride austere
Can lend conviction an attentive ear?
What pattern of humility and truth
Can bear the jeering ridicule of youth?
What blushing author ever rank'd his muse
With Fowler's Poet-Laureate of the Stews?
Dull Penny, nodding o'er his wooden lyre,
Conceits the vapours of Geneva fire.
All in the language of Apostles cry,
If angels contradict me, angels lie.
As all have intervals of ease and pain,
So all have intervals of being vain:
But some of folly never shift the scene,
Or let one lucid moment intervene;
Dull single acts of many-footed prose
Their tragi-comedies of life compose;
Incessant madding for a system toy,
The greatest of Creation's blessings cloy;

Their senses dosing a continual dream,
They hang enraptured o'er the hideous scheme:
So virgins tott'ring into ripe three-score,
Their greatest likeness in baboons adore.

When you advance new systems, first unfold
The various imperfections of the old;
Prove Nature hitherto a gloomy night,
You the first focus of primæval light.
'Tis not enough you think your system true,
The busy world would have you prove it too:
Then, rising on the ruins of the rest,
Plainly demonstrate your ideas best.
Many are best; one only can be right,
Tho' all had inspiration to indite.

Some this unwelcome truth perhaps would tell,
Where Clogher stumbled, Catcott fairly fell.
Writers on rolls of science long renown'd,
In one fell page are tumbled to the ground.
We see their systems unconfuted still;
But Catcott can confute them—if he will.
Would you the honour of a priest mistrust,
An excommunication proves him just.

Could Catcott from his better sense be drawn
To bow the knee to Baal's sacred lawn?
A mitred rascal to his long-ear'd flocks
Gives ill example * * * *

Yet we must reverence sacerdotal black,
And saddle all his faults on Nature's back;
But hold, there's solid reason to revere—
His Lordship has six thousand pounds a-year;
In gaming solitude he spends the nights,
He fasts at Arthur's, and he prays at White's;
Rolls o'er the pavement with his Swiss-tail'd six,
At White's the Athanasian Creed for tricks;
Whilst the poor Curate in his rusty gown
Trudges unnoticed thro' the dirty town.

If God made order, order never made
These nice distinctions in the preaching trade.
The servants of the devil are revered,
And bishops pull the Fathers by the beard.
Yet in these horrid forms Salvation lives,
These are Religion's representatives;
Yet to these idols must we bow the knee—
Excuse me, Broughton, when I bow to thee.
But sure Religion can produce at least,
One minister of God—one honest priest.

Search Nature o'er, procure me, if you can,*
The fancied character, an honest man

* The satire of Chatterton has more of the luxuriance, fluency, and negligence of Dryden, than of the terseness and refinement of Pope. These eight lines in particular are in the style of the former.—Dr. Gregory.

(A man of sense, not honest by constraint
For fools are canvass, living but in paint).
To Mammon or to Superstition slaves,
All orders of mankind are fools, or knaves;
In the first attribute by none surpass'd
Taylor endeavours to obtain the last.

Imagination may be too confined;
Few see too far; how many are half blind!
How are your feeble arguments perplext
To find out meaning in a senseless text!
You rack each metaphor upon the wheel,
And words can philosophic truths conceal.
What Paracelsus humor'd as a jest,
You realize to prove your system best.
Might we not, Catcott, then infer from hence,
Your zeal for Scripture hath devour'd your sense?
Apply the glass of reason to your sight,
See Nature marshal oozy atoms right;
Think for yourself, for all mankind are free:
We need not inspiration how to see.
If Scripture contradictory you find,
Be orthodox, and own your senses blind.

How blinded are their optics, who aver,
What inspiration dictates cannot err.
Whence is this boasted inspiration sent,
Which makes us utter truths we never meant?

Which couches systems in a single word,
At once depraved, abstruse, sublime, absurd.
What Moses tells us might perhaps be true,
As he was learn'd in all the Egyptians knew.

But to assert that Inspiration's giv'n,
The copy of Philosophy in heav'n,
Strikes at Religion's root, and fairly fells
The awful terrors of ten thousand hells.
Attentive search the Scriptures, and you'll find
What vulgar errors are with truths combined.
Your tortured truths, which Moses seem'd to know,
He could not unto inspiration owe;
But if from God one error you admit,
How dubious is the rest of Holy Writ!

What knotty difficulties Fancy solves!
The heav'ns irradiate, and the earth revolves;
But here Imagination is allow'd
To clear this voucher from its mantling cloud:
From the same word we different meanings quote,
As David wears a many-colour'd coat.
O Inspiration, ever hid in night,
Reflecting various each adjacent light!
If Moses caught thee in the parted flood;
If David found thee in a sea of blood;
If Mahomet with slaughter drench'd thy soil,
On loaded asses bearing off thy spoil;

If thou hast favour'd Pagan, Turk, or Jew,
Say, had not Broughton inspiration too?
Such rank absurdities debase his line,
I almost could have sworn he copied thine.

Confute with candour, where you can confute,
Reason and arrogance but poorly suit.
Yourself may fall before some abler pen,
Infallibility is not for men.
With modest diffidence new schemes indite,
Be not too positive, tho' in the right.
What man of sense would value vulgar praise,
Or rise on Penny's prose, or duller lays?
Tho' pointed fingers mark the man of fame,
And literary grocers chaunt your name;
Tho' in each tailor's bookcase Catcott shines,
With ornamental flowers and gilded lines;
Tho' youthful ladies, who by instinct scan
The Natural Philosophy of Man,
Can ev'ry reason of your work repeat,
As sands in Africa retain the heat:
Yet check your flowing pride: will all allow
To wreathe the labour'd laurel round your brow?
Some may with seeming arguments dispense,
Tickling your vanity to wound your sense:
But Clayfield censures, and demonstrates too,
Your theory is certainly untrue;
On reason and Newtonian rules he proves
How distant your machine from either moves.

But my objections may be reckon'd weak,
As nothing but my mother-tongue I speak;
Else would I ask, by what immortal Power
All Nature was dissolved as in an hour?
How, when the earth acquired a solid state,
And rising mountains saw the waves abate,
Each particle of matter sought its kind,
All in a strata regular combined?
When instantaneously the liquid heap
Harden'd to rocks, the barriers of the deep,
Why did not earth unite a stony mass,
Since stony filaments thro' all must pass?
If on the wings of air the planets run,
Why are they not impell'd into the sun?
Philosophy, nay, common sense, will prove
All passives with their active agents move.
If the diurnal motion of the air
Revolves the planets in their destined sphere,
How are the secondary orbs impell'd?
How are the moons from falling headlong held?

'Twas the Eternal's fiat, you reply;
And who will give Eternity the lie?
I own the awful truth, that God made all,
And by his fiat worlds and systems fall.
But study Nature; not an atom there
Will unassisted by her powers appear.

The fiat, without agents, is, at best,
For priestcraft or for ignorance a vest.
Some fancy God is what we Nature call,
Being itself material, all in all.
The fragments of the Deity we own,
Is vulgarly as various matter known.
No agents could assist Creation's birth:
We trample on our God, for God is earth.
'Tis past the power of language to confute
This latitudinary attribute.

How lofty must Imagination soar,
To reach absurdities unknown before!
Thanks to thy pinions, Broughton, thou hast brought
From the moon's orb a novelty of thought.
Restrain, O Muse, thy unaccomplish'd lines,
Fling not thy saucy satire at Divines;
This single truth thy brother bards must tell—
Thou hast one excellence, of railing well.
But disputations are befitting those
Who settle Hebrew points, and scold in prose.

O Learning! where are all thy fancied joys,
Thy empty pleasures and thy solemn toys?
Proud of thy own importance, tho' we see
We've little reason to be proud of thee:
Thou putrid fœtus of a barren brain,
Thou offspring illegitimate of Pain.

Tell me, sententious mortals, tell me whence
You claim the preference to men of sense?
* * * wants learning: see the letter'd throng
Banter his English in a Latin song.
Oxonian sages hesitate to speak
Their native language, but declaim in Greek.
If in his jests a discord should appear,
A dull lampoon is innocently clear.
Ye classic dunces, self-sufficient fools,
Is this the boasted justice of your schools?
* * * has parts—parts which would set aside
The labour'd acquisitions of your pride;
Uncultivated now his genius lies,
Instruction sees his latent beauties rise;
His gold is bullion, your's debas'd with brass,
Imprest with Folly's head to make it pass.

But * * * swears so loud, so indiscreet,
His thunders rattle thro' the list'ning street.
Ye rigid Christians, formally severe,
Blind to his charities, his oaths you hear;
Observe his virtues: Calumny must own
A noble soul is in his actions shown:
Tho' dark this bright original you paint,
I'd rather be a * * * than a saint.
Excuse me, Catcott, if from you I stray,
The Muse will go where Merit leads the way:
The owls of learning may admire the night,
But * * * shines with Reason's glowing light.

Still admonition presses to my pen,
The infant muse would give advice to men.
But what avails it, since the man I blame
Owns no superior in the paths of fame?
In springs, in mountains, stratas, mines, and rocks,
Catcott is every notion orthodox.
If to think otherwise you claim pretence,
You're a detested heretic in sense.*
But oh! how lofty your ideas roar,
In shewing wond'ring cits the fossile store!
The ladies are quite ravish'd, as he tells
The short adventures of the pretty shells;
Miss Biddy sickens to indulge her touch,
Madam more prudent thinks 'twould seem too much;
The doors fly open, instantly he draws
The sparry load, and—wonders of applause;
The full-dress'd lady sees with envying eye
The sparkle of her diamond pendants die;
Sage Natural Philosophers adore
The fossil whimsies of the numerous store.
But see! the purple stream begins to play,
To shew how fountains climb the hilly way:
Hark what a murmur echoes thro' the throng—
Gods! that the pretty trifle should be wrong!
Experience in the voice of Reason tells
Above its surface water never swells.

* *Renounce* is written over the two first words of this line: which is the true meaning is uncertain, both being in his own hand-writing, and uncancelled.—SOUTHEY'S *Edition*.

Where is the priestly soul of Catcott now?
See what a triumph sits upon his brow!
And can the poor applause of things like these,
Whose souls and sentiments are all disease,
Raise little triumphs in a man like you,
Catcott, the foremost of the judging few?
So at Llewellin's your great brother sits,
The laughter of his tributary wits,
Ruling the noisy multitude with ease,—
Empties his pint, and sputters his decrees.

Dec. 20th, 1769.

Mr. Catcott will be pleased to observe that I admire many things in his learned Remarks. This poem is an innocent effort of poetical vengeance, as Mr. Catcott has done me the honour to criticise my trifles. I have taken great poetical liberties, and what I dislike in verse possibly deserves my approbation in the plain prose of Truth.—The many admirers of Mr. Catcott may, on perusal of this, rank me as an enemy: but I am indifferent in all things—I value neither the praise nor the censure of the multitude.

SENTIMENT. 1769.

Since we can die but once, what matters it,
If rope or garter, poison, pistol, sword,
Slow-wasting sickness, or the sudden burst
Of valve arterial in the noble parts,
Curtail the miseries of human life?
Tho' varied is the cause, the effect's the same;
All to one common dissolution tends.*

THE DEFENCE.

Dec. 25th, 1769.

No more, dear Smith, the hacknied tale renew;
I own their censure, I approve it too.
For how can idiots, destitute of thought,
Conceive, or estimate, but as they're taught?

* Though it may not always be the effect of infidel principles, to plunge the person who becomes unfortunately infected with them into an immediate course of flagrant and shameless depravity, they seldom fail to unhinge the mind, and render it the sport of some passion unfriendly to our happiness and prosperity. One of their first effects in Chatterton was to render the idea of suicide familiar, and to dispose him to think lightly of the most sacred deposit with which man is entrusted by his Creator. It has been supposed that his violent death in London was the sudden and almost instant effect of extreme poverty and disappointment. It appears, however, that long before he left Bristol he had repeatedly intimated his intention of putting an end to his existence.—Dr. Gregory.

Say, can the satirizing pen of Shears,
Exalt his name, or mutilate his ears?
None but a Lawrence can adorn his lays,
Who in a quart of claret drinks his praise.
Taylor repeats what Catcott told before,
But lying Taylor is believ'd no more.
If in myself I think my notion just,
The Church and all her arguments are dust.

Religion's but Opinion's bastard son,
A perfect mystery, more than three in one.
'Tis fancy all, distempers of the mind;
As Education taught us, we're inclined.
Happy the man, whose reason bids him see
Mankind are by the state of nature free;
Who, thinking for himself, despises those
That would upon his better sense impose,
Is to himself the minister of God,
Nor dreads the path where Athanasius trod.
Happy (if mortals can be) is the man,
Who, not by priest but Reason, rules his span:
Reason, to its possessor a sure guide,
Reason, a thorn in Revelation's side.
If Reason fails, incapable to tread
Thro' gloomy Revelation's thick'ning bed,
On what authority the Church we own?
How shall we worship deities unknown?
Can the Eternal Justice pleas'd receive
The prayers of those who, ignorant, believe?

Search the thick multitudes of ev'ry sect,
The Church supreme, with Whitfield's new Elect;
No individual can their God define,
No, not great Penny, in his nervous line.
But why must Chatterton selected sit
The butt of ev'ry critic's little wit?
Am I alone for ever in a crime,
Nonsense in prose, or blasphemy in rhyme?
All monosyllables a line appears?
Is it not very often so in Shears?
See gen'rous Eccas, length'ning out my praise,
Enraptur'd with the music of my lays;
In all the arts of panegyric graced,
The cream of modern literary taste.*

Why, to be sure, the metaphoric line
Has something sentimental, tender, fine;
But then how hobbling are the other two—
There are some beauties, but they're very few.
Besides the author, 'faith 'tis something odd,
Commends a reverential awe of God.
Read but another fancy of his brain,
He's atheistical in every strain.
Fallacious is the charge—'tis all a lie,
As to my reason I can testify.
I own a God, immortal, boundless, wise,
Who bid our glories of Creation rise;

* These lines are an evident imitation of Pope, even to the cadence of the verse.—DR. GREGORY.

Who form'd his varied likeness in mankind,
Cent'ring his many wonders in the mind;
Who saw religion, a fantastic night,
But gave us reason to obtain the light.
Indulgent Whitfield scruples not to say,
He only can direct to Heaven's high-way;
While bishops, with as much vehemence tell,
All sects* heterodox are food for hell.
Why then, dear Smith, since doctors disagree,
Their notions are not oracles to me:
What I think right I ever will pursue,
And leave you liberty to do so too.†

* 'Sorts' is written under 'sects'; both in the author's hand-writing, and uncancelled.

† Setting aside the opinions of those uncharitable biographers whose imaginations have conducted Chatterton to the gibbet, it may be owned that his unformed character exhibited strong and conflicting elements of good and evil. Even the momentary project of the infidel boy to become a methodist preacher, betrays an obliquity of design, and a contempt of human credulity, that is not very amiable. But had he been spared, his pride and ambition would have come to flow in proper channels; his understanding would have taught him the practical value of truth and the dignity of virtue, and he would have despised artifice when he had felt the strength and security of wisdom.—CAMPBELL.

A BURLESQUE CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

MOUNTED aloft in Bristol's narrow streets,
Where pride and luxury with meanness meets,
A sturdy collier prest the empty sack,
A troop of thousands swarming on his back;
When sudden to his rapt extatic view
Rose the brown beauties of his red-hair'd Sue.
Music spontaneous echoed from his tongue,
And thus the lover rather bawl'd than sung.

AIR.

Zaunds! Pri'thee, pretty Zue, is it thee!
Odzookers I mun have a kiss.
A sweetheart should always be free,
I whope you wunt take it amiss.
Thy peepers are blacker than caul,
Thy carcase is sound as a sack,
Thy visage is whiter than ball,
Odzookers I mun have a smack!

RECITATIVE.

The swain descending, in his raptured arms
Held fast the goddess, and despoil'd her charms.
Whilst lock'd in Cupid's amorous embrace,
His jetty *skinnis* met her red bronz'd face;
It seem'd the sun when labouring in eclipse.
And on her nose he stamp'd his sable lips,
Pleas'd * * * * *

SONG.

FANNY OF THE HILL.* 1770.

If gentle Love's immortal fire
Could animate the quill,
Soon should the rapture-speaking lyre
Sing Fanny of the Hill.

My panting heart incessant moves,
No interval 'tis still;
And all my ravish'd nature loves
Sweet Fanny of the Hill.

Her dying soft expressive eye,
Her elegance must kill;
Ye Gods! how many thousands die
For Fanny of the Hill.

A love-taught tongue, angelic air,
A sentiment, a skill
In all the graces of the fair,
Mark Fanny of the Hill.

Thou mighty Power, eternal Fate,
My happiness to fill,
O! bless a wretched lover's state
With Fanny of the Hill.

* Miss F. B * * *, on Redcliff Hill, Bristol.

The name of *Fanny*, which was first written, was afterwards cancelled, and that of *Betsy* substituted in its stead; but for what reason was best known to the author.—SOUTHEY's *Edition*.

HAPPINESS.*

Since happiness was not ordain'd for man,
Let's make ourselves as easy as we can;
Possest with fame or fortune, friend or w——e,
But think it happiness—we want no more.

Hail, Revelation! sphere-envelop'd dame,
To some divinity, to most a name,
Reason's dark-lantern, superstition's sun,
Whose cause mysterious and effect are one—
From thee, ideal bliss we only trace,
Fair as Ambition's dream, or Beauty's face,
But, in reality, as shadowy found
As seeming truth in twisted mysteries bound.
What little rest from over-anxious care
The lords of Nature are design'd to share,
To wanton whim and prejudice we owe.
Opinion is the only God we know.
Our furthest wish, the Deity we fear
In diff'rent subjects, differently appear.
Where's the foundation of religion plac'd?
On every individual's fickle taste.

* In the poem on Happiness are some strokes of satire in a superior style.—Dr. Gregory.

The narrow way the priest-rid mortals tread,
By superstitious prejudice misled.—
This passage leads to Heaven—yet, strange to tell!
Another's conscience finds it lead to hell.
Conscience, the soul-camelion's varying hue,
Reflects all notions, to no notion true.—
The bloody son of Jesse, when he saw
The mystic priesthood kept the Jews in awe,
He made himself an ephod to his mind,
And sought the Lord, and always found him kind:
In murder, horrid cruelty, and lust,
The Lord was with him, and his actions just.

Priestcraft! thou universal blind of all,
Thou idol, at whose feet all nations fall;
Father of misery, origin of sin,
Whose first existence did with fear begin;
Still sparing deal thy seeming blessings out,
Veil thy Elysium with a cloud of doubt—
Since present blessings in possession cloy,
Bid hope in future worlds expect the joy:
Or, if thy sons the airy phantoms slight,
And dawning Reason would direct them right,
Some glittering trifle to their optics hold;
Perhaps they'll think the glaring spangle gold,
And, madded in the search of coins and toys,
Eager pursue the momentary joys.

Mercator worships Mammon, and adores
No other deity but gold and w——es.

Catcott is very fond of talk and fame—
His wish a perpetuity of name;
Which to procure, a pewter altar's made,
To bear his name, and signify his trade;
In pomp burlesqued the rising spire to head,
To tell futurity a pewterer's dead.
Incomparable Catcott, still pursue
The seeming happiness thou hast in view:
Unfinish'd chimnies, gaping spires complete,
Eternal fame on oval dishes beat;
Ride four-inch bridges, clouded turrets climb,
And bravely die—to live in after-time.
Horrid idea! if on rolls of fame
The twentieth century only find thy name.
Unnoticed this in prose or tagging flower,
He left his dinner to ascend the tower.
Then, what avails thy anxious spitting pain?
Thy laugh-provoking labours are in vain.
On matrimonial pewter set thy hand;
Hammer with ev'ry power thou canst command;
Stamp thy whole self, original as 'tis,
To propagate thy whimsies, name, and phiz—
Then, when the tottering spires or chimnies fall,
A Catcott shall remain admired by all.

Eudo, who has some trifling couplets writ,
Is only happy when he's thought a wit——
Thinks I've more judgment than the whole Reviews,
Because I always compliment his muse.

If any mildly would reprove his faults,
They're critics envy-sicken'd at his thoughts.
To me he flies, his best-beloved friend,
Reads me asleep, then wakes me to commend.

Say, sages—if not sleep-charmed by the rhyme,
Is flattery, much-lov'd flattery, any crime?
Shall dragon Satire exercise his sting,
And not insinuating Flattery sing?
Is it more noble to torment than please?
How ill that thought with rectitude agrees!

Come to my pen, companion of the lay,
And speak of worth where merit cannot say;
Let lazy Barton undistinguish'd snore,
Nor lash his generosity to Hoare;
Praise him for sermons of his curate bought,
His easy flow of words, his depth of thought;
His active spirit, ever in display,
His great devotion when he drawls to pray;
His sainted soul distinguishably seen,
With all the virtues of a modern dean.

Varo, a genius of peculiar taste,
His misery in his happiness is plac'd;
When in soft calm the waves of Fortune roll,
A tempest of reflection storms the soul;
But what would make another man distrest,
Gives him tranquillity and thoughtless rest:

No disappointment can his peace invade,
Superior to all troubles not self-made—
This character let grey Oxonians scan,
And tell me of what species he's a man.
Or be it by young Yeatman criticised,
Who damns good English if not Latinized.
In Aristotle's scale the Muse he weighs,
And damps her little fire with copied lays!
Vers'd in the mystic learning of the schools,
He rings bob-majors by Leibnitzian rules.

Pulvis, whose knowledge centres in degrees,
Is never happy but when taking fees.
Blest with a bushy wig and solemn grace,
Catcott admires him for a fossile face.

When first his farce of countenance began,
Ere the soft down had mark'd him almost man,
A solemn dulness occupied his eyes,
And the fond mother thought him wondrous wise;—
But little had she read in Nature's book,
That fools assume a philosophic look.

O Education, ever in the wrong,
To thee the curses of mankind belong;
Thou first great author of our future state,
Chief source of our religion, passions, fate:
On every atom of the Doctor's frame
Nature has stamp'd the pedant with his name;
But thou hast made him (ever wast thou blind)
A licens'd butcher of the human kind.

Mould'ring in dust the fair Lavinia lies;
Death and our Doctor clos'd her sparkling eyes.
O all ye Powers, the guardians of the world!
Where is the useless bolt of vengeance hurl'd?
Say, shall this leaden sword of plague prevail,
And kill the mighty where the mighty fail!
Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,
And with his cordial julep strike him dead.

But to return—in this wide sea of thought,
How shall we steer our notions as we ought?
Content is happiness, as sages say—
But what's content? The trifle of a day.
Then, friend, let inclination be thy guide,
Nor be by superstition led aside.
The saint and sinner, fool and wise attain
An equal share of easiness and pain.*

* When or how Chatterton was unfortunate enough to receive a tincture of infidelity we are not informed. Early in the year 1769, it appears from a poem on "Happiness," addressed to Mr. Catcott, that he had drunk deeply of the poisoned spring. And in the conclusion of a letter to the same gentleman, after he left Bristol, he expresses himself, "Heaven send you the comforts of Christianity; I request them not, for I am no Christian."—Dr. Gregory.

As to religion, with which a fashionable doctrine will have it that the poetical temperament is congenial, or rather so nearly identical that it may be admitted in substitution, we observe Chatterton manifesting his alienation and aversion, sometimes (as common with profane wits) by sneers and sarcasms levelled in such manner at what folly, hypocrisy, or mere canonical ceremony have odiously connected with religion, as to betray, by implication, a disregard of religion itself; sometimes avowedly, as when, derisively wishing an acquaintance who was under misfortune the benefit of his Christian notions, he says, with an evident air of self-complacency, and superiority, 'I am no Christian.' His naming, on supposition of the failure of other expedients, that of setting out as a methodist preacher, as an adventure to profit by the gullibility of mankind, did not perhaps mean an actual intention to do so; but it showed that he deemed the affair of religion no forbidden ground on which to play a part—the part of a knave, if a man were so disposed and had occasion.—Eclectic Review.

THE WHORE OF BABYLON.*

BOOK THE FIRST.

NEWTON,† accept the tribute of a line
From one whose humble genius honours thine.
Mysterious shall thy mazy numbers seem,
To give thee matter for a future dream.
Thy happy talents, meanings to untie,
My vacancy of meaning may supply;
And where the Muse is witty in a dash,
Thy explanations may enforce the lash:
How shall the line, grown servile in respect,
To North or Sandwich infamy direct?
Unless a wise *elipsis* intervene,
How shall I satirize the sleepy Dean?‡
Perhaps the Muse might fortunately strike
A highly finish'd picture very like,
But deans are all so lazy, dull, and fat,
None could be certain worthy Barton sat.
Come then, my Newton, leave the musty lines
Where Revelation's farthing candle shines,
In search of hidden truths let others go—
Be thou the fiddle to my puppet-show.

* The reader will remark that a considerable portion of the following Poem has already appeared in the "Kew Gardens."—See *ante*, page 369. The circumstance has been referred to in the Life.

† Dr. Newton, then Bishop of Bristol.

‡ Dr. Barton, Dean of Bristol.

What are these hidden truths but secret lies,
Which from diseas'd imaginations rise?
What if our politicians should succeed
In fixing up the ministerial creed,
Who could such golden arguments refuse
Which melts and proselytes the harden'd Jews?
When universal reformation bribes
With words and wealthy metaphors the tribes,
To empty pews the brawny chaplain swears,
Whilst none but trembling superstition hears.
When ministers with sacerdotal hands
Baptise the flock in streams of golden sands,
Through ev'ry town conversion wings her way,
And conscience is a prostitute for pay.
Faith removes mountains, like a modern dean;
Faith can see virtues which were never seen.
Our pious ministry this sentence quote,
To prove their instrument's superior vote,
Whilst Luttrell, happy in his lordship's voice,
Bids faith persuade us 'tis the people's choice.
This mountain of objections to remove,
This knotty, rotten argument to prove,
Faith insufficient, Newton caught the pen,
And shew'd by demonstration, one was ten.
What boots it if he reason'd right or no,
'Twas orthodox—the Thane* would have it so.
And who shall doubts and false conclusions draw
Against the inquisitions of the law,

* L-rd Bute.

With gaolers, chains, and pillories must plead,
And Mansfield's conscience settle right his creed.
Is Mansfield's conscience then, will Reason cry,
A standard block to dress our notions by?
Why what a blunder has the fool let fall,
That Mansfield has no conscience, none at all.
Pardon me, Freedom! this and something more
The knowing writer might have known before;
But bred in Bristol's mercenary cell,
Compell'd in scenes of avarice to dwell,
What gen'rous passion can refine my breast?
What besides interest has my mind possest?
And should a gabbling truth like this be told
By me instructed, here to slave for gold,
My prudent neighbours (who can read) would see
Another Savage* to be starved in me.
Faith is a pow'rful virtue ev'ry where:
By this once Bristol drest, for Cato, Clare;
But now the blockheads grumble, Nugent's made
Lord of their choice, he being lord of trade.
They bawl'd for Clare when little in their eyes,
But cannot to the titled villain rise.
This state credulity, a bait for fools,
Employs his lordship's literary tools.
Murphy, a bishop of the chosen sect,
A ruling pastor of the lord's elect,
Keeps journals, posts, and magazines in awe,
And parcels out his daily statute law.

* The unfortunate poet. Chatterton's comparison was prophetic.

Would you the bard's veracity dispute?
He borrows persecution's scourge from Bute,
An excommunication satire writes,
And the slow mischief trifles till it bites.
This faith, a subject for a longer theme,
Is not the substance of a waking dream;
Though blind and dubious to behold the right,
Its optics mourn a fixed Egyptian night.
Yet things unseen are seen so very clear,
She knew fresh muster must begin the year;
She knows that North, by Bute and conscience led,
Will hold his honours till his favour's dead;
She knows that Martin, ere he can be great,
Must practise at the target of the state:
If then his erring pistol should not kill,
Why Martin must remain a traitor still.
His gracious mistress, gen'rous to the brave,
Will not neglect the necessary knave;
Since pious Chudleigh is become her grace,
Martin turns rump, to occupy her place.
Say, Rigby, in the honours of the door
How properly a knave succeeds a whore.
She knows the subject almost slipt my quill,
Lost in that pistol of a woman's will;
She knows when Bute would exercise his rod,
The worthiest of the worthy sons of God.
But (say the critics) this is saying much,
The Scriptures tell us peace-makers are such.

Who can dispute his title, who deny
What taxes and oppression justify?
Who of the Thane's beatitude can doubt?
Oh! was but North as sure of being out:
And, (as I end whatever I begin,)
Was Chatham but as sure of being in.
But foster child of Fate, dear to a dame,
Whom satire freely would, but dare not name.
Ye plodding barristers, who hunt a flaw,
What mischief would you from the sentence draw.
Tremble and stand attentive as a dean,
Know royal favour is the thing I mean.
To sport with royalty the muse forbears,
And kindly takes compassion on my ears.
When once Shibbeard in glorious triumph stood
Upon a rostrum of distinguish'd wood,
Who then withheld his guinea or his praise,
Or envied him his crown of English bays?
But now *Modestus*, truant to the cause,
Assists the pioneers who sap the laws,
Wreaths infamy around a sinking pen,
Who could withhold the pillory again.
But lifted into notice, by the eyes
Of one whose optics always set to rise,—
Forgive a pun, ye Rationals, forgive
A flighty youth as yet unlearn'd to live.
When I have conn'd each sage's musty rule,
I may with greater reason play the fool.

Burgum and I, in ancient lore untaught,
Are always, with our nature, in a fault;
Though Camplin would instruct us in the part,
Our stubborn morals would not err by art.
Having in various starts from order stray'd,
We'll call imagination to our aid.
See *Bute* astride upon a wrinkled hag,
His hand replenish'd with an open'd bag,
Whence fly the ghosts of taxes and supplies,
The sales of places and the last excise.
Upon the ground in seemly order laid
The Stuarts stretch'd the majesty of plaid.
Rich with the peer, dependance bow'd the head,
And saw their hopes arising from the dead;
His countrymen were muster'd into place,
And a Scotch piper was above his grace.
But say, Astrologers, could this be strange,
The lord of the ascendant ruled the change,
And music, whether bagpipes, fiddles, drums,
All which is sense as meaning overcomes?
So now this universal fav'rite Scot
His former native poverty forgot,
The highest member of the car of state,
Where well he plays at blindman's buff with fate.
If Fortune condescends to bless his play,
And drop a rich havannah in his way,
He keeps it with intention to release
All conquest at the gen'ral day of peace.

When first and foremost to divide the spoil,
Some millions down might satisfy his toil:
To guide the car of war he fancied not
Where honour, and not money, could be got.
The Scots have tender honours to a man;
Honour's the tie that bundles up the clan.
They want one requisite to be divine,
One requisite in which all others shine.
They're very poor; then who can blame the hand
Who polishes by wealth his native land?
And to complete the worth possess'd before,
Gives ev'ry Scotchman one perfection more,
Nobly bestows the infamy of place,
And Campbell struts about in doubled lace.
Who says Bute barters place, and nobly sold
His king, his union'd countrymen, for gold?
When ministerial hirelings proofs defy,
If Musgrave cannot prove it, how can I?
No facts unwarranted shall soil my quill,
Suffice it there's a strong suspicion still.
When Bute the iron rod of favour shook,
And bore his haughty passions in his look,
Nor yet contented with his boundless sway,
Which all perforce must outwardly obey,
He sought to throw his chain upon the mind,
Nor would he leave conjectures unconfin'd;
We saw his measures wrong, and yet in spite
Of reason we must think these measures right:

Whilst curb'd and check'd by his imperious reign,
We must be satisfied, and not complain.
Complaints are libels, as the present age
Are all instructed by a law-wise sage,
Who, happy in his eloquence and fees,
Advances to preferment by degrees;
Trembles to think of such a daring step,
As from a tool to *Chancellor* to leap:
But lest his prudence should the law disgrace,
He keeps a longing eye upon the mace.
Whilst Bute was suffer'd to pursue his plan,
And ruin freedom as he rais'd his clan,
Could not his pride, his universal pride,
With working undisturb'd be satisfied?
But when we saw the villainy and fraud,
What conscience but a Scotchman's could applaud?
But yet 'twas nothing cheating in our sight,
We should have humm'd ourselves and thought them
right.
This faith, establish'd by the mighty Thane,
Will long outlive that system of the Dane:
This faith—but now the number must be brief,
All human things are center'd in belief;
And (or the philosophic sages dream)
Nothing is really so as it may seem.
Faith is a glass to rectify our sight,
And teach us to distinguish wrong from right:
By this corrected Bute appears a Pitt,
And candour marks the lines which Murphy writ.

Then let this faith support our ruin'd cause,
And give us back our liberties and laws.
No more complain of fav'rites made by lust,
No more think Chatham's patriot reasons just,
But let the Babylonish harlot see,
You to her *Baal* bow the humble knee.
Lost in the praises of the fav'rite Scot,
My better theme, my Newton, was forgot.
Blest with a pregnant wit, and never known
To boast of one impertinence his own,
He warp'd his vanity to serve his God,
And in the paths of pious fathers trod.
Though genius might have started something new,
He honour'd lawn, and prov'd his scripture true;
No literary worth presum'd upon,
He wrote the understrapper of St. John,
Unravell'd ev'ry mystic simile,
Rich in the faith, and fanciful as me;
Pull'd Revelation's sacred robes aside,
And saw what priestly modesty should hide;
Then seiz'd the pen, and with a good intent,
Discover'd hidden meanings never meant.
The reader who, in carnal notions bred,
Has *Athanasius* without rev'rence read,
Will make a scurvy kind of lenten-feast
Upon the tortur'd offals of the beast:
But if in happy superstition taught,
He never once presum'd to doubt in thought;

Like Catcott, lost in prejudice and pride,
He takes the literal meaning for his guide.
Let him read *Newton*, and his bill of fare—
What prophesies unprophesied are there!
In explanation he's so justly skill'd,
The pseudo-prophet's myst'ries are fulfill'd;
No superficial reasons have disgrac'd
The worthy prelate's sacerdotal taste;
No flaming arguments he holds in view,
Like Camplin he affirms it, and 'tis true.
Faith, Newton, is the tott'ring churchman's crutch,
On which our blest religion builds so much;
Thy fame would feel the loss of this support,
As much as Sawny's instruments at court:
For secret services, without a name,
And myst'ries in religion are the same.
But to return to state, from whence the muse
In wild digression smaller themes pursues,
And rambling from his grace's magic rod,
Descends to lash the ministers of God.
Both are adventures perilous and hard,
And often bring destruction on the bard;
For priests and hirelings, ministers of state,
Are priests in love, infernals in their hate.
The church, no theme for satire, scorns the lash,
And will not suffer scandal in a dash.
Not Bute, so tender in his spotless fame;
Not Bute, so careful of his lady's name.

Has sable lost its virtue? will the bell
No longer send a straying sprite to hell?
Since souls, when animate with life, are sold
For benefices, bishopricks, and gold;
Since mitres, nightly laid upon the breast,
Can charm the nightman, conscience, into rest,
And learn'd exorcists very lately made
Greater improvements in the living trade;
Since Warburton (of whom in future rhymes)
Has settled reformation on the times,
Whilst from the teeming press his numbers fly,
And, like his reasons, just exist and die;
Since in the steps of clerical degree
All through the *telescope* of fancy see;
Though fancy under reason's lash may fall,
Yet fancy in religion's all in all.
Amongst the cassock'd worthies is there one
Who has the conscience to be Freedom's son?
Horne, patriotic Horne, will join the cause,
And tread on mitres to procure applause.
Prepare thy book, and sacerdotal dress,
To lay a walking spirit of the press,
Who knocks at midnight at his lordship's door,
And roars in hollow voice, a hundred more.
A hundred more—his rising lordship cries,
Astonishment and terror in his eyes:
A hundred more—by G-d, I wo'nt comply:
Give, quoth the voice, I'll raise a hue and cry;

In a wrong scent the leading beagle's gone,
Your interrupted measures may go on;
Grant what I ask, I'll witness to the Thane
I'm not another Fanny of Cock-lane.
Enough, says Mungo, reassume the quill,
And what I can afford to give I will.
When Bute, the ministry, and people's head
With royal favour pension'd Johnson dead,
The muse in undeserv'd oblivion sunk,
Was read no longer, and the man was drunk.
Some blockhead, ever envious of his fame,
Massacred Shakspeare in the doctor's name:
The pulpit saw the cheat, and wonder'd not—
Death is of all mortality the lot.
Kenrick had wrote his elegy, and penn'd
A piece of decent praise for such a friend;
And universal catcalls testified
How mourn'd the critics when the genius died.
But now, though strange the fact to deists seem,
His ghost is risen in a venal theme!
And emulation madden'd all the Row,
To catch the strains which from a spectre flow,
And print the reason of a bard deceas'd
Who once gave all the town a weekly feast.
As beer to ev'ry drinking purpose dead,
Is to a wondrous metamorphose led,
And open'd to the action of the winds,
In vinegar a resurrection finds,

His genius dead, and decently interr'd,
The clam'rous noise of duns sonorous heard,
Tower'd into life, assum'd the heavy pen,
And saw existence for an hour again,
Scatter'd his thoughts spontaneous from his brain,
And prov'd we had no reason to complain;
Whilst from his fancy figures budded out,
As hair on humid carcases will sprout.
Horne set this restless shallow spirit still,
And from his venal fingers snatch'd the quill.
If in defiance of the priestly word
He still will scribble learnedly absurd,
North is superior in a potent charm
To lay the terrors of a false alarm.
Another hundred added to his five
No longer is the stumbling-block alive;
Fix'd in his chair, contented and at home,
The busy rambler will no longer roam;
Releas'd from servitude, (such 'tis to think,)
He'll prove it perfect happiness to drink;
Once, (let the lovers of Irene weep,)
He thought it perfect happiness to sleep:
Irene, perfect composition, came
To give us happiness, the author fame;
A snore was much more grateful than a clap,
And box, pit, gallery, own'd it in a nap.
Hail, Johnson, chief of bards! thy rigid laws
Bestow'd due praise, and critics snor'd applause.*

* Long before the fame of Chatterton had gone abroad, the verses which appeared with his name in the magazines, and with a brief ac-

If from the humblest station in a place,
By writers fix'd eternal in disgrace,

count of the obscurity of his birth, and his entire deprivation of literary instruction, had inspired my youthful mind with conviction of the magnitude of his genius, so finely of late years eulogized by Coleridge. Soon after the volume above mentioned appeared, I spoke of its author to Dr. Johnson with the warmest tribute of my admiration; but he would not hear me on the subject, exclaiming "Pho, child! don't talk to me of the powers of a vulgar, uneducated stripling. He may be another Stephen Duck. It may be extraordinary to do such things as he did, with means so slender; but what did Stephen Duck do, what could Chatterton do, which, abstracted from the recollection of his situation, can be worth the attention of learning and taste? Neither of them had opportunities of enlarging their stock of ideas. No man can coin guineas, but in proportion as he has gold."

Though Chatterton had been long dead when Johnson began his "Lives of the Poets,"—though Chatterton's poems had been long before the world,—though their contents had engaged the *literati* of the nation in controversy; yet would not Johnson allow Chatterton a place in those volumes in which Pomfret and Yalden were admitted. So invincible were his grudging and surly prejudices—enduring long-deceased genius but ill, and contemporary genius not at all. That Cowper also had paid no attention to Chatterton's writings, "of which all Britain rung from side to side," appears from his assertion that Burns, whose beautiful compositions seem to have been forced upon his notice, was the only poet since Prior's time whose compositions stood in no need of allowance from the recollected obscurity of birth and education. He must have heard of Chatterton, and if he wanted all generous curiosity to look into his verses, he had no right to make such an assertion, disgraceful to himself, and unjust to the greatest genius, his early extinction considered, which perhaps the world ever produced.—ANNA SEWARD.

That Dr. Johnson, however, was not uninterested in the discussion respecting the authenticity of the Rowley poems, will appear from the following extract from his life by Boswell.

"On Monday, April 29th, Johnson and I made an excursion to Bristol, where I was entertained by seeing him inquire, upon the spot, into the authenticity of Rowley's poetry, as I had seen him inquire, upon the spot, into the authenticity of Ossian's poetry. George Catcott, the pewterer, who was as zealous for Rowley as Dr. Hugh Blair was for Ossian, (I trust my reverend friend will excuse the comparison,) attended us at our inn, and with a triumphant air of lively simplicity cried out, "I'll make Dr. Johnson a convert." Dr. Johnson, at his desire, read aloud some of Chatterton's fabricated verses, while Catcott stood at the back of his chair, moving himself like a pendulum, and beating time with his feet, and now and then looking into Dr. Johnson's face, wondering that he was not yet convinced. We called on Mr. Barrett, the surgeon, and saw some of the *originals*, as they were called, which were executed very artificially; but from a careful inspection of them, and a consideration of the circumstances with which they were attended, we were quite satisfied of the imposture, which indeed has been clearly

Long in the literary world unknown
To all but scribbling blockheads of its own,
Then only introduc'd (unhappy fate)
The subject of a satire's deadly hate;
Whilst equally the butt of ridicule,
The town was dirty, and the bard a fool.
If from this place, where catamites are found
To swarm like Scotchmen Sawney's shade around,
I may presume to exercise the pen,
And write a greeting to the best of men;
Health is the ruling minister I send,
Nor has the minister a better friend:
Greater perhaps in titles, pensions, place,
He inconsiderately prefers his Grace.
Ah, North! a humbler bard is better far—
Friendship was never found near Grafton's star;
Bishops are not by office orthodox;
Who'd wear a title when they'd titled Fox?

demonstrated, from internal evidence, by several able critics.—Honest Catcott seemed to pay no attention whatever to any objections, but insisted, as an end of all controversy, that we should go with him to the tower of the church of St. Mary Redcliff, and 'view with our own eyes' the ancient chest, in which the ancient manuscripts were found. To this Dr. Johnson good-naturedly agreed; and though troubled with a shortness of breathing, laboured up a long flight of steps, till we came to the place where the wonderful chest stood. 'There,' said Catcott, with a bouncing, confident credulity, 'there is the very chest itself.' After this *ocular demonstration* there was no more to be said. He brought to my recollection a Scotch Highlander, a man of learning too, and who had seen the world, attesting and at the same time giving his reasons for the authenticity of Fingal: 'I have heard all that poem when I was young.' 'Have you, sir? Pray what have you heard?' 'I have heard Ossian, Oscar, and *every one of them*.'

"Johnson said of Chatterton, 'this is the most extraordinary young man that has encountered my knowledge. It is wonderful how the whelp has written such things.'"—BOSWELL'S *Johnson*.

Nor does the honorary shame stop here—
Have we not Weymouth, Barrington, and Clare?
If noble murders, as in tale we're told,
Made heroes of the ministers of old;
If noble murders, Barrington's divine,
His merit claims the laureated line:
Let officers of train bands wisely try
To save the blood of citizens, and fly.
When some bold urchin beats his drum in sport,
Our tragic trumpets entertain the court;
The captain flies thro' ev'ry street in town,
And safe from dangers wears his civic crown;
Our noble secretary scorn'd to run,
But with his magic wand discharg'd his gun:
I leave him to the comforts of his breast,
And midnight ghosts to howl him into rest.
Health to the instruments of Bute, the tool
Who with the little vulgar seems to rule!
But since the wiser maxims of the age
Mark for a Neddy Ptolemy the sage,
Since Newton and Copernicus have taught
Our blundering senses are alone in fault,
The wise look further, and the wise can see
The hand of Sawney actuating thee;
The clock-work of thy conscience turns about,
Just as his mandates wind thee in and out.
By his political machine my rhymes
Conceive an estimation of the times,

And as the wheels of state in measures move,
See how time passes in the world above,
While tott'ring on the slipp'ry age of doubt
Sir Fletcher sees his train bands flying out,
Thinks the minority, acquiring state,
Will undergo a change, and soon be great.
North issues out his hundred to the crew,
Who catch the atoms of the golden dew.
The etiquette of wise Sir Robert takes
The doubtful, stands resolv'd, and one forsakes.
He shackles ev'ry vote in golden chains,
And Johnson in his list of slaves maintains.
Rest, Johnson, hapless spirit, rest and drink,
No more defile thy claret-glass with ink,
In quiet sleep repose thy heavy head,

* * * * *

Administration will defend thy fame,
And pensions add importance to thy name:
When sovereign judgment owns thy work divine,
And ev'ry writer of reviews is thine,
Let busy Kenrick vent his little spleen,
And spit his venom in a magazine.
Health to the minister! nor will I dare
To pour out flatt'ry in his noble ear:
His virtue, stoically great, disdains
Smooth adulation's entertaining strains,
And, red with virgin modesty, withdraws
From wondering crowds and murmurs of applause.

Here let no disappointed rhymer say,
Because his virtue shuns the glare of day,
And, like the conscience of a Bristol dean,
Is never by the subtlest optic seen,
That virtue is with North a priestish jest,
By which a mere nonentity's exprest.
No—North is strictly virtuous, pious, wise,
As ev'ry pension'd Johnson testifies.
But, reader, I had rather you should see
His virtues in another than in me.
Bear witness, Bristol, nobly prove that I,
From thee or North, was never paid to lie.
Health to the minister! his vices known
(As ev'ry lord has vices of his own,
And all who wear a title think to shine
In forging follies foreign to his line)—
His vices shall employ my ablest pen,
And mark him out a miracle of men.
Then let the muse the lashing strain begin,
And mark repentance upon ev'ry sin.
Why this recoil? and will the dauntless muse
To lash a minister of state refuse?
What! is his soul so black thou canst not find
Aught like a human virtue in his mind?
Then draw him so, and to the public tell
Who owns this representative of hell.
Administration lifts her iron chain,
And Truth must abdicate her lawful strain.

O Prudence! if by friends or council sway'd
I had thy saving institutes obey'd,
And, lost to ev'ry love but love of self,
A wretch like Harris living but in pelf,
Then happy in a coach or turtle-feast,
I might have been an alderman at least.
Sage are the arguments by which I'm taught
To curb the wild excursive flights of thought.
Let Harris wear his self-sufficient air,
Nor dare remark, for Harris is a mayor.
If Catcott's flimsy system can't be prov'd,
Let it alone, for Catcott's much belov'd.
If B—ry * bought a Bacon for a Strange,
The man has credit, and is great on 'Change.
If Camplin ungrammatically spoke,
'Tis dang'rous on such men to pass a joke.
If you from satire can withhold the line,
At ev'ry public hall perhaps you'll dine.
I must confess, rejoins the prudent sage,
You're really something clever for your age:
Your lines have sentiment, and now and then
A lash of satire stumbles from your pen.
But ah! that satire is a dangerous thing,
And often wounds the writer with its sting:
Your infant muse should sport with other toys,
Men will not bear the ridicule of boys.

* Burgum, in Kew Gardens.

Some of the aldermen (for some indeed
For want of education cannot read,
And those who can, when they aloud rehearse
What Fowler, happy genius, 'titles verse,
To spin the strains sonorous thro' the nose,
The reader cannot call it verse or prose)—
Some of the aldermen may take offence
At my maintaining them devoid of sense;
And if you touch their aldermanic pride,
Bid dark reflection tell how Savage died.
Besides the town, the sober honest town,
Gives virtue her desert, and vice her frown;
Bids censure brand with infamy your name—
I, even I, must think you are to blame.
Is there a street within this spacious place
That boasts the happiness of one fair face,
Where conversation does not turn on you,
Blaming your wild amours, your morals too?
Oaths, sacred and tremendous oaths you swear,
Oaths that might shock a Lutt'rell's soul to hear;
These very oaths, as if a thing of joke,
Made to betray, intended to be broke,
Whilst the too tender and believing maid
(Remember pretty Fanny) is betray'd.
Then your religion—ah! beware, beware,
Although a deist is no monster here,
Yet hide your tenets—priests are powerful foes,
And priesthood fetters justice by the nose.

Think not the merit of a jingling song
Can countenance the author's acting wrong:
Reform your manners, and with solemn air
Hear Catcott bray, and Robins squeak in pray'r.
Honour the scarlet robe, and let the quill
Be silent when his worship eats his fill.
Regard thy int'rest, ever love thyself;
Rise into notice as you rise in pelf.
The muses have no credit here, and fame
Confines itself to the mercantile name.
Then clip Imagination's wing—be wise,
And great in wealth, (to real greatness rise);
Or if you must persist to sing and dream,
Let only panegyric be your theme:
Make North a Chatham, canonize his grace,
And get a pension, or procure a place.

Damn'd narrow notions! tending to disgrace
The boasted reason of the human race.
Bristol may keep her prudent maxims still,
But know, my saving friends, I never will.
The composition of my soul is made
Too great for servile, avaricious trade;
When raving in the lunacy of ink
I catch the pen, and publish what I think.
North is a creature, and the king's misled;
Mansfield and Norton came as justice fled;
Few of our ministers are over wise:—
Old Harpagon's a cheat, and Taylor lies.

When cooler judgment actuates my brain,
My cooler judgment still approves the strain;
And if a horrid picture greets your view,
There it continues still, if copied true.
Though in the double infamy of lawn
The future bishoprick of Barton's drawn,
Protect me, fair ones, if I durst engage
To serve ye in this catamitish age,
To exercise a passion banish'd hence,
And summon satire in to your defence.
Woman, of ev'ry happiness the best,
Is all my heaven,—religion is a jest.
Nor shall the muse in any future book
With awe upon the chains of favour look:
North shall in all his vices be display'd,
And Warburton in lively pride array'd;
Sandwich shall undergo the healing lash,
And read his character without a dash;
Mansfield, surrounded by his dogs of law,
Shall see his picture drawn in ev'ry flaw;
Luttrell (if satire can descend so low)
Shall all his native little vices show;
And Grafton, tho' prudentially resign'd,
Shall view a striking copy of his mind;
Whilst iron Justice, lifting up her scales,
Shall weigh the Princess Dowager of Wales.

Finis. Book the First.

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MR. JOHN TANDEY, SENR.

A sincere Christian Friend. He died 5th January, 1769, aged 76.

I.

Ye virgins of the sacred choir,
Awake the soul-dissolving lyre,
Begin the mournful strain;
To deck the much-lov'd *Tandey's* urn,
Let the poetic genius burn,
And all Parnassus drain.

II.

Ye ghosts! that leave the silent tomb,
To wander in the midnight gloom,
Unseen by mortal eye;
Garlands of *yew* and *cypress* bring,
Adorn his tomb, his praises sing,
And swell the gen'ral sigh.

III.

Ye wretches, who could scarcely save
Your starving offspring from the grave,
By God afflicted sore,
Vent the big tear, the soul-felt sigh,
And swell your meagre infant's cry,
For *Tandey* is no more.

IV.

To you his charity he dealt,
His melting soul your mis'ries felt,
And made your woes his own:
A common friend to all mankind,
His face the index of his mind,
Where all the saint was shown.

V.

In him the social virtues join'd,
His judgment sound, his sense refin'd,
His actions ever just—
Who can suppress the rising sigh,
To think such saint-like men must die,
And mix with common dust.

VI.

Had virtue pow'r from death to save,
The good man ne'er would see the grave,
But live immortal here:
Hawksworth and *Tandey* are no more;
Lament, ye virtuous and ye poor,
And drop the unfeigned tear.

N.B.—The above mentioned gentleman was a man of unblemished character; and father-in-law to Mr. William Barrett, author of the History of Bristol; and lies interred in *Redcliff church*, in the same vault with Mr. Barrett's wife.—The Elegy would have been inserted in one of the Bristol journals, but was suppressed at the particular request of Mr. Tandey's eldest son.—*Note by* CHATTERTON.

TO A FRIEND,

ON HIS INTENDED MARRIAGE.

I.

MARRIAGE, dear M——, is a serious thing;
'Tis proper every man should think it so:
'Twill either ev'ry human blessing bring,
Or load thee with a settlement of woe.

II.

Sometimes indeed it is a middle state,
Neither supremely blest, nor deeply curst;
A stagnant pool of life; a dream of fate—
In my opinion, of all states the worst.

III.

Observe the partner of thy future state:
If no strong vice is stamp'd upon her mind,
Take her; and let her ease thy am'rous pain:
A little error proves her human-kind.

IV.

What we call vices are not always such;
Some virtues scarce deserve the sacred name;
Thy wife may love, as well as pray too much,
And to another stretch her rising flame.

V.

Choose no religionist; whose every day
Is lost to thee and thine—to none a friend:
Know too, when pleasure calls the heart astray,
The warmest zealot is the blackest fiend.

VI.

Let not the fortune first engross thy care,
Let it a second estimation hold;
A Smithfield-marriage is of pleasures bare,
And love, without the purse, will soon grow cold.

VII.

Marry no letter'd damsel, whose wise head
May prove it just to graft the horns on thine:
Marry no idiot, keep her from thy bed—
What the brains want will often elsewhere shine.

VIII.

A disposition good, a judgment sound,
Will bring substantial pleasures in a wife:
Whilst love and tenderness in thee are found,
Happy and calm will be the married life.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

ON THOMAS PHILLIPS' DEATH.*

To Clayfield, long renown'd the Muses' friend,
Presuming on his goodness, this I send;
Unknown to you, tranquillity and fame,
In this address perhaps I am to blame.
This rudeness let necessity excuse,
And anxious friendship for a much-lov'd muse.
Twice have the circling hours unveil'd the east,
Since horror found me and all pleasure ceas'd;
Since ev'ry number tended to deplore;
Since fame asserted, Phillips was no more.

Say, is he mansion'd in his native spheres?
Or is't a vapor that exhales in tears!
Swift as idea rid me of my pain,
And let my dubious wretchedness be plain.
It is too true: the awful lyre is strung,
His elegy the sister muses sung.
O may he live, and useless be the strain!
Fly, gen'rous Clayfield, rid me of my pain.
Forgive my boldness, think the urgent cause,
And who can bind necessity with laws:
I wait the admirer of your noble parts,
You, friend to genius, sciences, and arts.

* A fac-simile of this Poem in Chatterton's hand-writing will be found at page 321. Some few variations will be observed between the autograph and the printed copy.

FABLES FOR THE COURT.*

Addressed to Mr. Michael Clayfield, of Bristol.

THE SHEPHERDS.

MORALS, as critics must allow,
Are almost out of fashion now;
And if we credit Dodsley's word,
All applications are absurd.
What has the author to be vain in
Who knows his fable wants explaining,

* Transcribed by Mr. Catcott, Oct. 19, 1796, from Chatterton's MS.

It has been urged, and for an obvious reason, that the poems acknowledged by Chatterton to be of his own composition, are of a cast much inferior to those which he produced as written by Rowley. If this be true, we should remember that Chatterton lavished all his powers on the counterfeit Rowley, with whom he intended to astonish or to deceive the world, and that his miscellanies were the temporary progeny of indigence, inconvenience, and distraction: that the former pieces were composed, with one uniform object in view, in a state of leisure and repose, through the course of nearly one year and a half; and the latter, amidst the want of common necessaries, in disquietude and in dissipation, at the call of booksellers, and often on occasional topics, within four months. But I do not grant this boasted inequality. If there is any, at least the same hand appears in both. The miscellanies contain many strokes of uncommon spirit and imagination, and such as would mark any boy of seventeen for a genius. Let me add, that both collections contain an imagery of the same sort. Mr. Walpole observes, very truly, that Chatterton and the supposed Rowley "were animated by so congenial a spirit, that the compositions of the one can hardly be discriminated from the other. The same soul animates all, and the limbs that would remain to Rowley would indeed be *disjecti membra poetæ*. Rowley would not only have written with a spirit by many centuries posterior to that of his age, but his mantle escaping the hands of all his contemporaries and successors, must have been preserved nothing the worse for time, and reserved to invest Chatterton from head to foot."—WARTON.

And substitutes a second scene
To publish what the first should mean?
Besides, it saucily reflects
Upon the reader's intellects.
When arm'd in metaphors and dashes,
The bard some noble villain lashes,
'Tis a direct affront, no doubt,
To think he cannot find it out.
The sing-song trifles of the stage,
The happy fav'rites of the age,
Without a meaning crawl along,
And, for a moral, gives a song.
The tragic muse, once pure and chaste,
Is turn'd a whore, debauch'd by taste:
Poor Juliet never claims the tear
'Till borne triumphant on the bier;
And Ammon's son is never great
'Till seated in his chair of state.
And yet the harlot scarce goes down,
She's been so long upon the town,
Her morals never can be seen.
Not rigid Johnson seems to mean,
A tittering epilogue contains
The cobweb of a poet's brains.
If what the muse prepares to write
To entertain the public sight,
Should in its characters be known,
The knowledge is the reader's own.

When villainy and vices shine,
You wo'nt find Sandwich in the line;
When little rascals rise to fame,
Sir Fletcher cannot read his name;
Nor will the muse digressive run,
To call the king his mother's son,
But plodding on the beaten way,
With honest North prepares the lay:
And should the meaning figures please
The dull reviews of laughing ease,
No politician can dispute
My knowledge of the Earl of Bute.

A flock of sheep, no matter where,
Was all an aged shepherd's care;
His dogs were watchful, and he took
Upon himself the ruling crook:
His boys who wattled in the fold
Were never bought and never sold.
'Tis true, by strange affection led,
He visited a turnip bed;
And, fearful of a winter storm,
Employ'd his wool to keep it warm;
But that comparatively set
Against the present heavy debt,
Was but a trifling piece of state,
And hardly make a villain great.
The shepherd died——the dreadful toll
Entreated masses for his soul.

The pious bosom and the back
Shone in the farce of courtly black.
The weeping Laureate's ready pen
Lamented o'er the best of men;
And Oxford sent her load of rhyme
In all varieties of chime,
Administering due consolation,
Well season'd with congratulation.
Cambridge her ancient lumber wrote,
And what could Cambridge do but quote?
All sung, tho' very few could read,
And none but mercers mourn'd indeed.
The younger shepherd caught the crook,
And was a monarch in his look.
The flock rejoic'd, and could no less
Than pay their duty and address;
And Edinburgh was heard to sing
Now heaven be prais'd for such a king.
All join'd in joy and expectation,
And union echoed thro' the nation.
A council call'd——* * *

FRAGMENT.

INT'REST, thou universal God of men,
Wait on the couplet and reprove the pen;
If aught unwelcome to thy ears shall rise,
Hold jails and famine to the poet's eyes,
Bid satire sheath her sharp avenging steel,
And lose a number rather than a meal.
Nay, prithee, honor, do not make us mad,
When I am hungry something must be had;
Can honest consciousness of doing right
Provide a dinner or a bed at night?
What though Astrea decks my soul in gold,
My mortal lumber trembles with the cold,
Then, curst tormentor of my peace, begone!
Flattery's a cloak, and I will put it on.
  In a low cottage shaking with the wind,
A door in front, a span of light behind,
Tervono's lungs their mystic play began,
And nature in the infant mark'd the man.
Six times the youth of morn, the golden sun,
Through the twelve stages of his course had run,
Tervono rose, the merchant of the plain,
His soul was traffic, his elysium gain;
The ragged chapman found his word a law,
And lost in barter every fav'rite Taw.

Through various scenes Tervono still ascends,
And still is making, still forgetting friends;
Full of this maxim, often heard in trade,
Friendship with none but equals should be made.
His soul is all the merchant. None can find
The shadow of a virtue in his mind.
Nor are his vices reason misapplied;
Mean as his spirit, sneaking as his pride.
At city dinner, or a turtle feast,
As expeditious as a hungry priest:
No foe to Bacchanalian brutal rites,
In vile confusion dozing off the nights.
Tervono would be flatter'd; shall I then
In stigmatizing satire shake the pen?
Muse, for his brow, the laurel wreath prepare,
Though soon 'twill wither when 'tis planted there.
Come panegyric; adulation haste,
And sing this wonder of mercantile taste;
And whilst his virtue rises in my lines,
The patron's happy, and the poet dines.
Some, philosophically cas'd in steel,
Can neither poverty or hunger feel;
But that is not my case; the muses know
What water-gruel stuff from Phœbus flow.
Then if the rage of satire seize my brain,
May none but brother poets meet the strain;
May bulky aldermen nor vicars rise,
Hung in terrorem to their brothers' eyes,

When lost in trance by gospel or by law,
In to their inward room the senses draw,
There as they snore in consultation deep,
Are by the vulgar reckon'd fast asleep.

ELEGY, WRITTEN AT STANTON-DREW.

Joyless I hail the solemn gloom,
Joyless I view the pillars vast and rude
Where erst the fool of superstition trod,
In smoking blood imbrued,
And rising from the tomb,
Mistaken homage to an unknown God.
Fancy, whither dost thou stray,
Whither dost thou wing thy way—
Check the rising wild delight.
Ah! what avails this awful sight
Maria is no more!
Why curst remembrance wilt thou haunt my mind,
The blessings past are mis'ry now,
Upon her lovely brow
Her lovelier soul she wore.
Soft as the evening gale
When breathing perfumes thro' the rose-hedged vale,
She was my joy, my happiness refin'd.
All hail, ye solemn horrors of this scene,
The blasted oak, the dusky green.

Ye dreary altars by whose side
The druid priest in crimson dyed,
The solemn dirges sung,
And drove the golden knife
Into the palpitating seat of life.
When rent with horrid shouts the distant valleys rung,
The bleeding body bends,
The glowing purple stream ascends,
Whilst the troubled spirit near
Hovers in the steamy air,
Again the sacred dirge they sing,
Again the distant hill and coppice valley ring.
Soul of my dear Maria haste,
Whilst my languid spirits waste,
When from this my prison free,
Catch my soul, it flies to thee;
Death had doubly arm'd his dart,
In piercing thee it pierc'd my heart.

THE ROMANCE OF THE KNIGHT.

MODERNISED BY CHATTERTON.*

From "The Romaunte of the Knyghte by John de Bergham."

The pleasing sweets of spring and summer past,
The falling leaf flies in the sultry blast,

* See 'Rowley Poems,' page 225, and note.

The fields resign their spangling orbs of gold,
The wrinkled grass its silver joys unfold
Mantling the spreading moor in heavenly white,
Meeting from every hill the ravish'd sight.
The yellow flag uprears its spotted head,
Hanging regardant o'er its wat'ry bed;
The worthy knight ascends his foaming steed,
Of size uncommon, and no common breed.
His sword of giant make hangs from his belt,
Whose piercing edge his daring foes had felt.
To seek for glory and renown he goes
To scatter death among his trembling foes;
Unnerv'd by fear they trembled at his stroke;
So cutting blasts shake the tall mountain oak.

Down in a dark and solitary vale
Where the curst screech-owl sings her fatal tale,
Where copse and brambles interwoven lie,
Where trees intwining arch the azure sky,
Thither the fate-mark'd champion bent his way,
By purling streams to lose the heat of day;
A sudden cry assaults his list'ning ear,
His soul's too noble to admit of fear.—
The cry re-echoes; with his bounding steed
He gropes the way from whence the cries proceed.
The arching trees above obscur'd the light,
Here 'twas all evening, there eternal night.
And now the rustling leaves and strengthened cry
Bespeaks the cause of the confusion nigh;

Through the thick brake the astonish'd champion sees
A weeping damsel bending on her knees:
A ruffian knyght would force her to the ground,
But still some small resisting strength she found.
(Women and cats, if you compulsion use,
The pleasure which they die for will refuse.)
The champion thus: Desist, discourteous knight,
Why dost thou shametully misuse thy mighte.
With eye contemptuous thus the knight replies,
Begone! whoever dares my fury dies.
Down to the ground the champion's gauntlet flew,
I dare thy fury, and I'll prove it too.

Like two fierce mountain boars enraged they fly,
The prancing steeds make Echo rend the sky,
Like a fierce tempest is the bloody fight,
Dead from his lofty steed falls the proud ruffian knight.
The victor, sadly pleas'd, accosts the dame,
I will convey you hence to whence you came.
With look of gratitude the fair replied
Content; I in your virtue may confide.
But, said the fair, as mournful she survey'd
The breathless corse upon the meadow laid,
May all thy sins from heaven forgiveness find!
May not thy body's crimes affect thy mind!

SUNDAY. A FRAGMENT.

Hervenis, harping on the hackney'd text,
By disquisitions is so sore perplex'd,
He stammers,—instantaneously is drawn
A bordered piece of inspiration lawn,
Which being thrice unto his nose apply'd,
Into his pineal gland the vapors glide;
And now again we hear the doctor roar
On subjects he dissected thrice before.
I own at church I very seldom pray,
For vicars, strangers to devotion, bray.
Sermons though flowing from the sacred lawn,
Are flimsy wires from reason's ingot drawn;
And to confess the truth, another cause
My every prayer and adoration draws:
In all the glaring tinctures of the bow,
The ladies front me in celestial row;
(Tho' when black melancholy damps my joys,
I call them nature's trifles, airy toys;
Yet when the goddess Reason guides the strain,
I think them, what they are, a heavenly train;)
The amorous rolling, the black sparkling eye,
The gentle hazle, and the optic sly;
The easy shape, the panting semi-globes,

The frankness which each latent charm disrobes;
The melting passions, and the sweet severe,
The easy amble, the majestic air;
The tap'ring waste, the silver-mantled arms,
All is one vast variety of charms.
Say, who but sages stretch'd beyond their span,
Italian singers, or an unman'd man,
Can see elysium spread upon their brow,
And to a drowsy curate's sermon bow?

If (but 'tis seldom) no fair female face
Attracts my notice by some glowing grace,
Around the monuments I cast my eyes,
And see absurdities and nonsense rise.
Here rueful-visag'd angels seem to tell
With weeping eyes, a soul is gone to hell;
There a child's head supported by duck's wings,
With toothless mouth a hallelujah sings:
In fun'ral pile eternal marble burns,
And a good christian seems to sleep in urns.
A self-drawn curtain bids the reader see
An honourable Welchman's pedigree;
A rock of porph'ry darkens half the place,
And virtues blubber with no awkward grace;
Yet, strange to tell, in all the dreary gloom
That makes the sacred honors of the tomb,
No quarter'd coats above the bell appear,
No batter'd arms, or golden corsets there.

• • • • • •

THE REVENGE,*

A BURLETTA;

Acted at Marylebone Gardens, 1770, with additional Songs.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER	MR. REINHOLD.
BACCHUS	MR. BANNISTER.
CUPID	MASTER CHENEY.
JUNO	MRS. THOMPSON.

Act I. Scene I.

JUPITER.

Recitative.

I SWEAR by Styx, this usage is past bearing;
My lady Juno ranting, tearing, swearing!
Why, what the devil will my godship do,
If blows and thunder cannot tame a shrew?

* Among the MSS. of Chatterton in the British Museum, there is the first outline of this Burletta under the title of 'Amphitryon,' the *dramatis personæ* of which are as follows:—*Celestials*, Jupiter, Mercury, Juno, Nox.—*Mortals*, Amphitryon, Sosia, Phocyon, Dorus, Alcmena, Phrygia. It differs in many instances from the printer's text. Chatterton is said to have received five guineas for 'The Revenge' from the Proprietor of Marylebone Gardens, when it was performed in July, 1770, nearly a year after his death. In Southey's Edition of his poems, the MS. is said to have been lost at the printing-office, but the present Editor has a distinct recollection of having observed a notice of its sale some six or seven years since, for the sum of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS. Poor Chatterton!

Air.

Tho' the loud thunder rumbles,
Tho' storms rend the sky;
Yet louder she grumbles,
And swells the sharp cry.

Her jealousy teazing,
Disgusting her form:
Her music as pleasing
As pigs in a storm.

I fly her embraces,
To wenches more fair;
And leave her wry faces,
Cold sighs and despair.

Recitative.

And oh! ye tedious minutes, steal away;
Come evening, close the folding doors of day;
Night, spread thy sable peticoat around,
And sow thy poppies on the slumb'ring ground;
Then raving into love, and drunk with charms,
I'll lose my Juno's tongue in Maia's arms.

Air.

Sighing,
Dying,
Lying,
Frying,
In the furnace of desire;
Creeping,
Sleeping,
Oh! how slow the hours retire!

When the busy heart is beating,
When the bosom's all on fire,
Oh! how welcome is the meeting!
Oh! how slow the hours retire!

Recitative.

But see—my Fury comes; by Styx I tremble:
I'll creep aside—'tis folly to dissemble.

Scene II.

JUNO, JUPITER.

JUNO.

Recitative.

See, see, my good man steals aside!
In spite of his thunder,
I make him knock under,
And own the superior right of a bride.

Air.

How happy the life
Of a governing wife,
How charming, how easy, the swift minutes pass;
Let her do what she will,
The husband is still,
And but for his horns you would think him an ass.
How happy the spouse
In his dignified brows;
How worthy with heroes and monarchs to class:
Both above and below,
Experience will shew,
But take off the horns, and each hushand's an ass.

Recitative. [*Aside.*

Zounds, I'll take heart of grace, and brave her clapper;
And, if my courage holds, egad I'll strap her:
Thro' all Olympus shall the thunders roll,
And earth shall echo to the mustard bowl,
Should she prove sturdy, by the Lord I'll heave hence,
Down to some brandy shop, this noisy grievance.

Air.

What means this horrid rattle?
And must that tongue of riot
Wage one eternal battle
With happiness and quiet?

JUNO.

Air continued.

What means your saucy question?
D'ye think I mind your bluster?
Your Godship's always best in
Words, thunder, noise, and fluster.

JUPITER.

Recitative.

Hence, thou eternal tenpest, from our regions,
And yell in concert with infernal legions:
Hence, or be calm—our will is fate—away hence,
Or on the lightning's wings you'll find conveyance.

JUNO.

Recitative.

I brave your vengeance——

JUPITER.

Oh! 'tis most provoking!

JUNO.

Should not my spirit better my condition,
I've one way left——Remonstrance and petition
To all the Gods in senate: 'tis no joking—

Air.

I will never tamely bear
All my wrongs and slights, sir;
Heaven and all the Gods shall hear
How you spend your nights, sir:
Drinking, swearing,
Roaring, tearing,
Whenching roving ev'ry where;
Whilst poor I
At home must lie,
Wishing, scheming,
Sighing, dreaming,
Grasping nothing but the air.

JUPITER.

Recitative.

O how shall I escape the swelling clatter—
I'll slit her tongue, and make short work o'th'matter.

Air.

Fury, cease,
Give me peace,
Still your racket,
Or your jacket
I'll be drubbing,
For your snubbing;
By the Gods you shall knock under.

Must you ever
Thus endeavour
Rumbling,
Grumbling,
Rowling,
Growling,
To outsound the noisy thunder?

JUNO.

Recitative. [*Aside.*

Ah! I'm quite out here—plaguily mistaken—
The man's in earnest—I must save my bacon;
Since scolding but provokes him,
A method I'll pursue.
I'll soothe him, tickle, coax him,
Then I shall have my due.

Air.

Ah, cruel, cruel Jove,
And is it thus a love,
So pure, so chaste, so strong as mine,
Is slighted, disrespected,
Unnoticed and neglected,
Return'd with such a love as thine?

JUPITER.

Air.

Did the foolish passion teaze ye,
Would you have a husband please ye,
Suppliant, pliant, am'rous, easy;
Never rate him like a fury:

By experience I'll assure ye,
Kindness, and not rage, must cure ye.

JUNO.

Recitative. [*Aside.*

He's in the right on't—hits it to a tittle—
But Juno must display her tongue a little.

Air.

I own my error, I repent;
Let thy sparkling eyes behold me,
Let thy lovely arms infold me;
Let thy stubborn heart relent.

JUPITER.

Recitative.

Egad, why this is more than I desire,
'Tis from the frying-pan to meet the fire;
Zounds, I have no stomach to the marriage bed;
But something must be either sung or said.

Air.

What is love? the wise despise it;
'Tis a bubble blown for boys:
Gods and heroes should not prize it,
Jove aspires to greater joys.

JUNO.

Air continued.

What is love? 'tis nature's treasure,
'Tis the storehouse of her joys;
'Tis the highest heaven of pleasure,
'Tis a bliss which never cloys.

JUPITER.

Air continued.

What is love? an air-blown bubble,
Only silly fools receive it:
'Tis a magazine of trouble;
'Tis but folly——thus I leave it.

[*Jupiter runs off.*

Scene III.

JUNO.

Recitative.

Well, he is gone, and I may curse my fate,
That linked my gentle love to such a mate;
He neither fills my freezing bed, my heart, nor
My vainly-folding arms: oh! such a partner!

Air.

When a woman's tied down
To a spiritless log,
Let her fondle or frown,
Yet still he's a clog.
Let her please her own mind,
Abroad let her roam;
Abroad she may find
What she can't find at home.

Scene IV.

JUNO *and* CUPID.

CUPID.

Recitative.

Ho! mistress Juno—here's a storm a-brewing—
Your devil of a spouse is always doing—
Pray step aside—this evening, I protest,
Jove and Miss Maia—you may guess the rest—

JUNO.

How! what! when! where!—nay, pri'thee now unfold it.

CUPID.

'Gad—so I will; for faith I cannot hold it.
His mighty godship in a fiery flurry
Met me just now—confusion to his hurry!
I stopt his way, forsooth, and, with a thwack,
He laid a thunderbolt across my back:
Bless me! I feel it now—my short ribs ache yet—
I vow'd revenge, and now by Styx I'll take it.
Miss Maia, in her chamber, after nine,
Receives the thund'rer, in his robes divine.
I undermined it all; see, here's the letter—
Could Dukes spell worse, whose tutors spelt no better?
You know false spelling now is much the fashion—

JUNO.

Lend me your drops—oh! I shall swoon with passion!
I'll tear her eyes out! oh! I'll stab—I'll strangle!
And worse than lover's English, her I'll mangle!

CUPID.

Nay, pray be calm; I've hit of an expedient
To do you right—

JUNO.

Sweet Cupid, your obedient—

CUPID.

Tie Maia by the leg; steal in her stead,
Into the smuggled raptures of her bed;
When the God enters, let him take possession.

JUNO.

An excellent scheme! My joy's beyond expression!

CUPID.

Nay, never stay; delaying may confute it.

JUNO.

O happy thought! I fly to execute it.

[*Exit Juno.*

Scene V.

CUPID.

Recitative.

See how she flies, whilst warring passions shake her,
Nor thought nor light'ning now can overtake her.

Air.

How often in the marriage state,
The wise, the sensible, the great,
Find misery and woe;
Though, should we dive in nature's laws,
To trace the first primæval cause,
The wretch is self-made so.

Air changes.

Love's a pleasure, solid, real,
Nothing fanciful, ideal,
'Tis the bliss of human kind;
All the other passions move
In subjection under Love,
'Tis the tyrant of the mind.

Scene VI.

CUPID, BACCHUS *with a bowl.*

BACCHUS.

Recitative.

'Odsniggers, t'other draught, 'tis dev'lish heady,
Olympus turns about; (*staggers*) steady, boys, steady!

Air.

If Jove should pretend that he governs the skies,
I swear by this liquor his thundership lies;
A slave to his bottle, he governs by wine,
And all must confess he's a servant of mine.

Air changes.

Rosy, sparkling, powerful wine,
All the joys of life are thine!
Search the drinking world around,
Bacchus ev'ry where sits crown'd:
Whilst we lift the flowing bowl,
Unregarded thunders roll.

Air changes.

Since man, as says each bearded sage,
Is but a piece of clay,
Whose mystic moisture lost by age,
To dust it falls away;
'Tis orthodox beyond a doubt,
That drought will only fret it;
To make the brittle stuff hold out,
Is thus to drink and wet it.

Recitative.

Ah! Master Cupid, 'slife I did not s'ye,
'Tis excellent champagne, and so here's t'ye:
I brought it to these gardens as imported,
'Tis bloody strong—you need not twice be courted.
Come drink, my boy—

CUPID.

Hence, monster, hence! I scorn thy flowing bowl,
It prostitutes the sense, degenerates the soul.

BACCHUS.

Gadso, methinks the youngster's woundy moral!
He plays with ethics like a bell and coral.

Air.

'Tis madness to think,
To judge ere you drink,—
The bottom all wisdom contains;
Then let you and I
Now drink the bowl dry,
We both shall grow wise for our pains.

CUPID.

Pray keep your distance, beast, and cease your bawling,
Or with this dart I'll send you catterwauling.

Air.

The charms of wine cannot compare
With the soft raptures of the fair:
Can drunken pleasures ever find
A place with love and womankind?

Can the full bowl pretend to vie
With the soft languish of the eye?
Can the mad roar our passions move,
Like gentle breathing sighs of love?

BACCHUS.

Go whine and complain
To the girls of the plain,
And sigh out your soul ere she come to the mind;
My mistress is here,
And faith I don't fear—
I always am happy, she always is kind.

Air changes.

A pox o' your lasses!
A shot of my glasses
Your arrow surpasses;
For nothing but asses
Will draw in your team;
Whilst thus I am drinking,
My misery sinking,
The cannikin clinking,
I'm lost to all thinking,
And care is a dream.

CUPID.

Provoking insolence!

BACCHUS.

What words it utters!
Alas! poor little creature, how it sputters!

CUPID.

Away, you drunkard wild—

BACCHUS.

Away, you silly child—

CUPID.

Fly, or else I'll wound thy soul.

BACCHUS.

Zounds, I'll drown thee in the bowl!

CUPID.

You rascally broacher,
You hogshead of liquor—

BACCHUS.

You shadow, you poacher!
Aha!—bring me a stick here—
I'll give you a trimmer,
You bladder of air—

CUPID.

You soul of a brimmer—

BACCHUS.

You tool of the fair—

CUPID.

You moveable tun,
You tippler, you sot—

BACCHUS.

Nay, then the work's done,
My arrow is shot.

[*Bacchus throws the contents of the bowl in Cupid's face, and runs off.*

Scene VII.

CUPID.

Recitative.

Kind usage this—it sorely shall befall him—
Here's my best arrow, and by heav'n I'll maul him.
Revenge! revenge! Oh, how I long to wound him;
Now all the pangs of slighted love confound him.

Air.

No more in the bowl
His brutalized soul
Shall find a retreat from the lass:
I'll pay him,
And slay him,
His love shall be dry as his glass. [*Exit.*

End of the first Act.

Act II. Scene I.

BACCHUS, *with his bowl on his head.*

Air.

Alas, alas! how fast
I feel my spirits sinking;
The joys of life are past,
I've lost the power of drinking.
'Egad, I find at last
The heav'nly charms of tinking,
And in the sound I cast
The miseries of thinking.

Recitative.

I'm plaguy ill—in dev'lish bad condition—
What shall I do?—I'll send for a physician:
But then the horrid fees—aye, there's the question—
'Tis losing all a man's estate in jesting,
Whilst nurses and apothecaries partake—
Zounds, this will never do, 'twill make my heart ache.
Come then, ye fiddlers, play up t'other bout,
I've a new nostrum, and I'll sing it out.

Air.

Scrape, ye fiddlers, tinkle, tinkle,
Music makes my twinklers twinkle;
Humming,
Thrumming,
Groaning,
Toning,

Squeaking,
Shrieking,
Bawling,
Squalling,
O the sweet charms of tinkle, tinkle!

Recitative.

But this is trifling with the hot disease,
Nor wine nor brandy now can give me ease.

Air.

When a jolly toper ails,
And his nectar bottle fails,
He's in a most heavenly condition:
Unless he can drink,
To the grave he must sink,
And Death be his only physician.

Recitative.

Zounds, can't I guess the cause—hum—could I say a
Short prayer or two, with pretty Mistress Maia.
Ah! there it is! why I was woundy stupid—
Faith, this is all the handy-work of Cupid.

Since I'm in love then, over ears and head in,
'Tis time to look about for bed and bedding;
But first uncovering, in this magic helmet,
I'll shew the God that love and wine are well met.

Air.

Fill the bowl, and fill it high,
Vast as the extended sky!
Since the dire disease is found,
Wine's a balm to cure the wound.

O the rapturous delights!
When with women wine unites!

Recitative.

O here, my satyrs, fill the mighty cup,
Haste, fly, begone! I'm dying for a sup.

Air.

I'll fly to her arms,
And rifle her charms,
In kisses and compliments lavish:
When heated by wine,
If she should not incline,
I'll try all my courage, and ravish.

Scene II. A dark Room.

JUNO.

Recitative.

Now, Master Jupiter, I'll catch you napping—
'Gad, you'll be finely hamper'd your own trap in.
Would ev'ry husband follow your example,
And take upon himself his own adorning,
No more would wives upon their trammels trample,
No more would stand the ancient trade of horning.

Air.

What wife but like me,
Her husband would see
A rakehelly fellow, a ranter, a rover;
If mistaking her charms,
He should die in her arms,
And lose the cold spouse in the warmth of the lover.

Recitative.

Impatiently I wait——

Air.

Hark, hark! the God approaches,
He longs to ease his pain;
Oh, how this love encroaches
Thro' ev'ry trembling vein.
Oh, how my passion's rising,
And thumping in my breast!
'Tis something most surprising,
I shall be doubly blest.

Recitative.

He's here—Now prosper, Love, my undertaking.
I'll steal aside—I'm in a piteous quaking.

Scene III.

JUNO *and* BACCHUS.

BACCHUS.

Recitative.

Now, pretty Mistress Maia, I'm your humble—
But faith, I'd better look before I tumble:
For should the little gipsy make resistance,
And call in witnesses to her assistance,
Then, Bacchus, should your friends or sister fail ye,
You'll look confounded queer at the Old Bailey—

Air.

The man that has no friend at court,
Must make the laws confine his sport;
But he that has, by dint of flaws,
May make his sport confine the laws.

Recitative.

Zounds! I've a project, and a fine one too—
What will not passion and invention do?
I'll imitate the voice and sound of Jove,
The girl's ambition won't withstand his love.
But should she squawl, and cry a rape, and scream on't,
Presto, I'm gone, and Jove will bear the blame on't.
The farce begins, the prologue's wond'rous teazing,
Pray, Cupid, the catastrophe be pleasing!

Air.

Oh! where is my Maia? O say
What shadow conceals the fair maid?
Bring hither the lantern of day,
And shew me where Maia is laid.
Envious vapours, fly away;
Come ye streaming lights, discover,
To an ardent, dying lover,
Maia and the charms of day.

JUNO, *aside.*

Recitative.

I have you fast—by all my wrongs, I'll fit ye—
Wise as you are, perhaps I may outwit ye.

Air.

Here thy longing Maia lies,
Passion flaming in her eyes;
Whilst her heart
Is thumping, beating,
All in a heat, in
Every part:

Like the ocean,
All commotion,
Through her veins the billows roll,
And the soft tempest ruffles all her soul.

BACCHUS, *aside.*

Recitative. [*Aside.*

Gods! I have struck upon the very minute;
I shall be happy, or the devil's in it:
It seems some assignation was intended,
I'd pump it—but least said is soonest mended.

Air.

Happy, happy, happy hour!
Cupid now exalts his power;
In my breast the passion raging,
All my trembling frame engaging,
Sets my every sense on fire;
Let us, Maia, now retire.

JUNO.

Recitative.

But say, should I resign my virgin charms,
Would you be ever constant to my arms?
Would not your Juno rob me of your kindness?
Must you not truckle to her royal highness?

BACCHUS.

No! by the dirty waves of Styx I swear it,
My love is your's—my wife shall never share it.

JUNO, *aside.*

'Tis a sad compliment, but I must bear it.

BACCHUS.

Air.

Then let's away,
And never delay,
'Tis folly to stay
From rapture and love:
I sicken, I die;
O come, let us fly,
From the blue vaulted sky
To the Paphian Grove.

JUNO.

Then away!
I obey
Love and nature.

BACCHUS.

Since 'tis so,
Let us go,
Dearest creature!

Scene IV.

JUNO, BACCHUS, JUPITER.

JUPITER.

Recitative.

I heard a voice within, or else I'm tipsy—
Maia, where are you? Come, you little gipsy.

BACCHUS.

Maia's with me, sir; who the devil are ye?
Sirrah, be gone; I'll trim you if you tarry.

JUPITER.

Fine lingo this to Jupiter!—why truly
I'm Jove the thund'rer—

JUNO.

Out, you rascal, you lie—

BACCHUS.

'Tis I am Jupiter, I wield the thunder!
Zounds, I'll sneak off before they find the blunder.
[*Aside.*

JUPITER.

Breaking from above, below,
Flow, ye gleams of morning, flow:
Rise, ye glories of the day,
Rise at once with strengthen'd ray.
[*Sudden light, all astonished.*

BACCHUS.

Zounds! what can this mean?

JUNO.

I am all confusion!

JUPITER.

Your pardon, Juno, for this rude intrusion.
Insatiate monster! I may now be jealous;
If I've my mistresses, you have your fellows:
I'm now a very husband without doubt,
I feel the honours of my forehead sprout.

Air.

Was it for this, from morning to night,
Tempests and hurricanes dwelt on your tongue;

Ever complaining of coldness and slight,
And the same peal was eternally rung?
Was it for this I was stinted of joy,
Pleasure and happiness banished my breast,
Poison'd with fondness which ever must cloy,
Pinn'd to your sleeve, and denied to be blest?

Recitative.

I swear by Styx, and that's a horrid oath,
I'll have revenge, and that upon you both.

JUNO.

Nay, hear me, Jove, by all that's serious too,
I swear I took the drunken dog for you.

BACCHUS.

And with as safe a conscience, I can say, as
I now stand here, I thought the chamber Maia's.

JUPITER.

It cannot be——

Air.

I'll not be cheated,
Nor be treated
Like the plaything of your will.

JUNO.

I'll not be slighted,
I'll be righted,
And I'll keep my spirits still.

JUPITER. [*To Bacchus.*

You pitiful cully——

JUNO AND BACCHUS. [*To Jupiter.*

You rakehelly bully,
Your blustering,
Clattering,
Flustering,
Spattering,
Thundering,
Blundering,
I defy.

JUPITER.

Go mind your toping,
Never come groping
Into my quarters, I desire, sir:
Here you come horning,
And adorning——

JUNO.

You are a liar, sir.

BACCHUS.

You lie, sir, you lie.

Scene V.

JUNO, BACCHUS, JUPITER, CUPID.

CUPID.

Recitative.

Here are the lovers all at clapper-clawing ;
A very pretty scene for Collett's drawing.
Oh, oh, immortals, why this catterwauling?
Through all Olympus I have heard your bawling.
Ah! Cupid, your fine plotting, with a pox,
Has set all in the wrong box.
Unravel quickly, for the Thund'rer swears
To pull creation down about our ears.

CUPID.

Air.

Attend! attend! attend!
God, demi-god, and fiend,
Mortals and immortals see,
Hither turn your wond'ring eyes,
See the rulers of the skies
Conquer'd all, and slaves to me.

JUPITER.

Recitative.

Pox o' your brawling! haste, unriddle quickly,
Or by the thunder of my power I'll tickle ye.

CUPID.

You, Jove, as punctual to your assignation,
Came here, with Maia to be very happy ;
But Juno, out of a fond inclination,
Stept in her room, of all your love to trap ye.

Struck by my power, which the slave dared despise,
Bacchus was wounded too by Maia's eyes,
And hither stealing to appease his love,
Thought Juno Maia; she thought Bacchus Jove.
Here rests the matter:—are you all contented?

JUNO.

No, no! not I——

BACCHUS.

I'm glad I was prevented.

JUPITER. [*Aside.*

A lucky disappointment, on my life,
All love is thrown away upon a wife:
How sad! my interruption could not please her.
She moves my pity—

CUPID.

Soften, Jove, and ease her.

JUPITER.

Juno, thy hand, the girls no more I'll drive at,
I will be ever thine—or wench more private. [*Aside.*

Air.

Smooth the furrows of thy brow,
Jove is all the lover now:
Others he'll no more pursue,
But be ever fix'd to you.

JUNO.

Then contented I resign
My prerogative of scolding;
Quiet when thy love is mine,
When my arms with thine are folding.

CUPID.

Then, jolly Bacchus, why should we stand out ?
If we have quarrelled, zounds! we'll drink about.

AIR.

Love and wine uniting,
Rule without control,
Are to the sense delighting,
And captivate the soul.

Love and wine uniting,
Are every where ador'd;
Their pleasures are inviting,
All heav'n they can afford.

BACCHUS.

Zounds, I agree, 'tis folly to oppose it:
Let's pay our duty here, and then we'll close it.

Air. [*To the audience.*

To you, ye brave, ye fair, ye gay,
Permit me from myself to say—
The juicy grape for you shall rise
In all the colours of the skies;
For you the vine's delicious fruit
Shall on the lofty mountains shoot;
And ev'ry wine to Bacchus dear
Shall sparkle in perfection here.

CUPID.

For you, ye fair, whose heavenly charms
Make all my arrows useless arms,
For you shall Handel's lofty flight
Clash on the list'ning ear of night,

And the soft, melting, sinking lay
In gentle accents die away:
And not a whisper shall appear
Which modesty would blush to hear.

JUNO.

Ye brave, the pillars of the state,
In valour and in conduct great,
For you the rushing clang of arms,
The yell of battle and alarms,
Shall from the martial trumpets fly,
And echo through the mantling sky.

JUPITER.

From you, ye glories of mankind,
We hope a firm support to find;
All that our humble powers can do
Shall be display'd to pleasure you:
On you we build a wish'd success,
'Tis yours, like deities, to bless;
Your smiles will better every scene,
And clothe our barren waste in green.

CHORUS.

So when along the eastern skies
The glories of the morning rise,
The humble flower which slept the night,
Expands its beauties to the light,
Glows in its glossy new array,
And shines amidst the shining day.

END OF THE REVENGE.

THE WOMAN OF SPIRIT.

A BURLETTA. 1770.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DISTORT	Mr. Bannister.
COUNCELLOR LATITAT	Mr. Reinhold.
ENDORSE	Master Cheney.
LADY TEMPEST	Mrs. Thompson.

Act I. Scene I.

LADY TEMPEST AND LATITAT.

LATITAT.

I tell you, Lady Tempest—

LADY TEMPEST.

And I tell you, Mr. Latitat, it shall not be.—I'll have no Society of Antiquaries meet here. None but the honourable Members of the Coterie shall assemble here—you shall know.

LATITAT.

Suspend your rage, Lady Tempest, and let me open my brief. Have you not this day, moved by the instigation of the devil, and not having the fear of God before your eyes, wilfully and wittingly and maliciously, driven all my friends out of my house? Was it done like a Woman of Quality?

LADY TEMPEST.

It was done like a Woman of Spirit: a character, shall ever be my task to maintain.

Air.

Away with your maxims, and dull formal rules,
The shackles of pleasure, and trammels of fools;
For Wisdom and Prudence I care not a straw,
I'll act as I please, for my will is my law.

LATITAT.

But upon my soul, Madam, I have one more consideration which should especially move you to bridle your passion: for it spoils your face. When you knocked down Lord Rust with the bust of Marcus Aurelius, you looked the very picture of the Alecto last taken out of the Herculaneum.

Air.

Passion worse than age will plough
Furrows on the frowning brow;
Rage and passion will disgrace
Every beauty of the face;
Whilst good-nature will supply
Beauties, which can never die.

LADY TEMPEST.

Mr. Latitat, I won't be abused—Did I for this condescend to forget my quality and marry such a tautology of nothing?—I will not be abused.

Scene.

DISTORT, LATITAT, LADY TEMPEST.

DISTORT.

Pray, Madam, what has enraged you? May I have the honour of knowing.

LATITAT.

Mr. Distort shall be our referee.

LADY TEMPEST.

That is, if I please, sir.

LATITAT.

Pray, my Lady, let me state the case, and you may afterwards make a reply—you must know, sir——

LADY TEMPEST.

Yes, sir, you must know, this morning Mr. Latitat had invited all his antiquated friends, Lord Rust, Horatio Trefoil, Col. Tragedus, Professor Vase, and Counterfeit the Jew, to sit upon a brass half-penny, which being a little worn, they agreed, *nem. con.* to be an Otho.

LATITAT.

And it is further necessary to be known, that, while we were all warm in debate upon the premises, my lady made a forcible entry into the parlour, and seizing an antique bust of Marcus Aurelius, of malice prepense and aforethought, did, with three blows of the said bust, knock down Anthony Viscount Rust, and—

LADY TEMPEST.

And drove them all out of the house.

LATITAT.

And furthermore—

LADY TEMPEST.

Silence, Mr. Latitat,—I insist on the privilege of English wife.

LATITAT.

And moreover—

DISTORT.

Nay, Counsellor, as I am your referee, I command silence: pray what do you lay your damages at?

LATITAT.

My lady has in her cabinet a Jupiter Tonans, which, in spite of all my endeavours to open her eyes, she persists in calling an Indian Pagod, and upon condition of my receiving that, I drop the prosecution.

DISTORT. [*Aside to Lady.*

'Tis a trifle, Madam, let him have it, it may turn to account.

LADY TEMPEST.

A very toy: he shall have it instantly, on condition I have the use of my tongue.

Air.

What are all your favourite joys?
What are our pleasures?

RESIGNATION.*

HAIL, Resignation! hail ambiguous dame,
Thou Parthian archer in the fight of fame!
When thou hast drawn the mystic veil between,
'Tis the poor minister's concluding scene:
Sheltered beneath thy pinions he withdraws,
And tells us his integrity's the cause.
Sneaking to solitude, he rails at state,
And rather would be virtuous than be great;
Laments the impotence of those who guide,
And wishes public clamours may subside.
But while such rogues as North or Sandwich steer,
Our grievances will never disappear.

Hail, Resignation! 'tis from thee we trace
The various villanies of power and place;
When rascals, once but infamy and rags,
Rich with a nation's ruin, swell their bags,
Purchase a title and a royal smile,
And pay to be distinguishably vile;
When big with self-importance† thus they shine,
Contented with their gleanings they resign.

* Copied from a poem in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

† A pen has been drawn through these words in the MS.

When ministers, unable to preside,
The tott'ring vehicle no longer guide,
The powerful Thane prepares to kick his grace
From all his glorious dignities of place;
But still the honour of the action's thine,
And Grafton's tender conscience can resign.
Lament not, Grafton, that thy hasty fall
Turns out a public happiness to all;
Still by your emptiness of look appear
The ruins of a man who used to steer;
Still wear that insignificance of face,
Which dignifies you more than power or place.

Whilst now the Constitution tott'ring stands,
And needs the firm support of able hands,
Your grace stood foremost in the glorious cause
To shake the very basis of our laws;
But thanks to Camden, and a noble few,
They stemm'd Oppression's tide, and conquer'd you.
How can your prudence be completely praised
In flying from the storm yourself had raised?
When the black clouds of discord veil'd the sky,
'Twas more than prudence in your grace to fly,
For had the thunders burst upon your head
Soon had you mingled with the headless dead;
Not Bute, though here the deputy of fate,
Could save so vile a minister of state.

Oft as the Carlton Sybil prophesied
How long each minister of state should guide,
And from the dark recesses of her cell,
When Bute was absent, would to Stuart tell
The secret fates of senators and peers,
What lord's exalted but to lose his ears,
What future plans the junto have design'd,
What writers* are with Rockingham combin'd,
Who should accept a privy seal or rod,
Who's lord-lieutenant of the land of Nod,
What pension'd nobleman should hold his post,
What poor dependant scored without his host,
What patriot big with popular applause
Should join the ministry and prop the cause ;
With many secrets of a like import
The daily tittle-tattle of a court,
By common fame retail'd as office news
In coffee-houses, taverns, cellars, stews ;
Oft from her secret casket would she draw
A knotty plan to undermine the law ;
But though the council sat upon the scheme,
Time has discovered that 'tis all a dream ;
Long had she known the date of Grafton's power,
And in her tablet mark'd his flying hour ;
Rumour reports a message from her cell
Arrived but just three hours before he fell.

* [Whether 'writers' or 'wretches' is uncertain, the MS. being obscure. Ed.]

Well knew the subtle minister of state
Her knowledge in the mysteries of fate,
And catching every pension he could find,
Obey'd the fatal summons and resign'd.

Far in the north, amidst whose dreary hills
None hear the pleasant murm'ring sound of rills,
Where no soft gale in dying raptures blows
Or ought which bears the look of verdure grows,
Save where the north wind cuts the solemn yew,
And russet rushes drink the noxious dew.
Dank exhalations drawn from stagnant moors—
The morning dress of Caledonia's shores.
Upon a bleak and solitary plain,
Expos'd to every storm of wind and rain,
A humble cottage rear'd its lowly head,
Its roof with matted reeds and rushes spread;
The walls were osiers daub'd with slimy clay,
One narrow entrance open'd to the day;
Here liv'd a Laird, the ruler of his clan,
Whose fame through every northern mountain ran;
Great was his learning, for he long had been
A student at the town of Aberdeen,
Professor of all languages at once,
To him some reckoned Chappellow* a dunce.
With happy fluency he learn'd to speak
Syriac or Latin, Arabic or Greek.

* [Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge from 1720 to 1768; eminent for his intimate acquaintance with the Oriental languages. Ed.]

Not any tongue in which Oxonians sing
When they rejoice, or blubber with the king,
To him appear'd unknown: with sapient look
He taught the highland meaning of each crook.
But often when to pastimes he inclin'd,
To give some relaxation to his mind,
He laid his books aside; forgot to read,
To hunt wild goslings down the river Tweed,
To chase a starving weasel from her bed
And wear the spoil triumphant on his head.
'Tis true his rent-roll just maintain'd his state,
But some, in spite of poverty, are great.
Though famine sunk her impress on his face,
Still you might there his haughty temper trace,
Descended from a catalogue of kings
Whose warlike arts Mac Pherson sweetly sings,
He bore the majesty of monarchs past,
Like a tall pine rent with the winter's blast,
Whose spreading trunk and withered branches show
How glorious once the lordly tree might grow.

Of all the warring passions in his breast
Ambition still presided o'er the rest;
This is the spur which actuates us all,
The visionary height whence thousands fall,
The author's hobby-horse, the soldier's steed
Which aids him in each military deed,
The lady's dresser, looking-glass and paint,
The warm devotion of the seeming saint.

Sawney, the nobler ruler of the clan,
Had number'd o'er the riper years of man,
Graceful in stature, ravishing his mien,
To make a conquest was but to be seen.
Fired by ambition he resolved to roam
Far from the famine of his native home,
To seek the warmer climate of the south,
And at one banquet feast his eyes and mouth.
In vain the am'rous highland lass complain'd,
The son of monarchs would not be restrain'd;
Clad in his native many-colour'd suit,
Forth struts the walking majesty of Bute.
His spacious sword to a large wallet strung,
Across his broad capacious shoulders hung:
As from the hills the land of promise rose
A secret transport in his bosom glows:
A joy prophetic until then unknown
Assur'd him all he view'd would be his own.
New scenes of pleasure recreate his sight,
He views the fertile meadows with delight;
Still in soliloquy he prais'd the view,
Nor more was pleased with future scenes at Kew.
His wonder broke in murmurs from his tongue,
No more the praise of highland hills he sung,
Till now a stranger to the cheerful green
Where springing flowers diversify the scene,
The lofty elm, the oak of lordly look,
The willow shadowing the bubbling brook,

The hedges blooming with the sweets of May
With double pleasure mark'd his gladsome way.
Having through varying rural prospects past,
He reach'd the great metropolis at last.
Here fate beheld him as he trudg'd the street,
Bare was his buttocks and unshod his feet,
A lengthening train of boys displayed him great,
He seem'd already minister of state.
The Carlton Sybil saw his graceful mien,
And straight forgot her hopes of being Queen.

* * * * * *

She sigh'd, she wish'd; swift virtuous Chudleigh flew
To bring the Caledonian swain to Kew;
Then introduced him to her secret cell,—
What further can the modest numbers tell?

* * * * *

None rode the broomstaff with so good a grace,
Or pleased her with such majesty of face;
Enraptur'd with her incubus she sought
How to reward his merit as she ought.
Resolved to make him greatest of the great
She led him to her hidden cave of state;
There spurs and coronets were placed around,
And privy seals were scatter'd on the ground;
Here piles of honorary truncheons lay,
And gleaming stars made artificial day;
With mystic rods whose magic power is such
They metamorphose parties with a touch.

Here hung the princely ——* of garter'd blue
With flags of all varieties of hue.
These, said the Sybil, from this present hour
Are thine, with every dignity of power.
No statesman shall be titularly great,
None shall obtain an office in the state
But such whose principles and manners suit
The virtuous temper of the Earl of Bute;
All shall pursue thy interest, none shall guide
But such as you repute are qualified.
No more on Scotland's melancholy plain
Your starving countrymen shall drink the rain,
But hither hasting on their naked feet,
Procure a place, forget themselves, and eat.
No southern patriot shall oppose my will,
If not my look, my Treasurer can kill;
His pistol never fails in time of need,
And who dares contradict my power shall bleed.
A future Barrington will also rise
With blood and death to entertain my eyes.
But this forestalls futurity and fate,
I'll choose the present hour to make thee great.
He bow'd submission, and with eager view
Gazed on the wither'd oracle of Kew.
She seized a pendant garter, and began
To elevate the ruler of the clan,

* Illegible.

Girt round his leg the honour'd trifle shone,
And gather'd double lustre from the throne;
With native dignity he fill'd the stall,
The wonder, jest, and enmity of all.
Not yet content with honorary grace,
The Sybil, busy for the sweets of place,
Kick'd out a minister, the people's pride,
And lifted Sawney in his place to guide.
The Leader of the Treasury he rose,
Whilst fate mark'd down the nation's future woes.
Mad with ambition his imperious hand
Scattered oppression through a groaning land;
Still taxes followed taxes, grants supplies,
With every ill resulting from excise.
Not satisfied with this unjust increase,
He struck a bolder stroke, and sold the peace;
The Gallic millions so convinced his mind
On honourable terms the treaty's sign'd.

But who his private character can blame,
Or brand his titles with a villain's name?
Upon an estimation of the gains
He stoop'd beneath himself to take the reins,
A good economist he serv'd the crown,
And made his master's interest his own.
His starving friends and countrymen applied,
To share the ministry, assist to guide;
Nor ask'd in vain :—his charitable hand
Made Plenty smile in Scotland's barren land,

Her wandering sons for poverty renown'd
Places and pensions, bribes or titles found.
Far from the south, was humble merit fled,
And on the northern mountains rear'd her head;
And genius having rang'd beyond the Tweed,
Sat brooding upon bards who could not read;
Whilst courage, boasting of his highland might,
Mentions not Culloden's inglorious flight,
But whilst his lordship fills the honour'd stall,
Ample provision satisfies them all.
The genius sings his praise, the soldier swears
To mutilate each murm'ring caitiff's ears;
The father of his country they adore,
And live in elegance unknown before.
Nor yet unthankful he for power and place,
He praised the Sybil with distinguish'd grace.*

* * * * *

Around this mystic sun of liquid gold
A swarm of planetary statesmen roll'd;
Though some have since as ministers been known,
They shone with borrow'd lustre not their own:
In ev'ry revolution day and night
From Bute they caught each particle of light;
He destin'd out the circles they fulfil,
Hung on the bulky nothing of his will.

How shall I brand with infamy a name
Which bids defiance to all sense of shame?

* Twelve lines, unfit for publication, are here omitted.—Ed.

How shall I touch his iron soul with pain,
Who hears unmoved a multitude complain?
A multitude made wretched by his hand,
The common curse and nuisance of the land.
Holland, of thee I sing—infernal wretch!
Say, can thy power of mischief further stretch?
Is there no other army to be sold,
No town to be destroy'd for bribes and gold?
Or wilt thou rather sit contented down,
And starve the subject to enrich the crown?
That when the treasury can boast supplies,
Thy pilfering genius may have exercise;
Whilst unaccounted millions pay thy toil,
Thou art secure if Bute divides the spoil.
Catching his influence from the best of kings,
Vice broods beneath the shadow of his wings.
The vengeance of a nation is defied,
And liberty and justice set aside.
Distinguish'd robber of the public, say,
What urged thy timid spirit's hasty way?
She —— in the protection of a king,
Did recollection paint the fate of Byng?
Did conscience hold that mirror to thy sight,
Or Aylyffe's ghost accompany thy flight?
Is Bute more powerful than the sceptred hand,
Or art thou safer in a foreign land?
In vain, the scene relinquish'd, now you grieve,
Cursing the moment you were forced to leave

Thy ruins on the Isle of Thanet built,
The fruits of plunder, villainy, and guilt.
When you presume on English ground to tread,
Justice will lift her weapon at your head.
Contented with the author of your state
Maintain the conversation of the great.
Be busy in confederacy and plot,
And settle what shall be on what is not;
Display the statesman in some wild design,
Foretell when North will tumble and resign,
How long the busy Sandwich, mad for rule,
Will lose his labour and remain a fool.
But your accounts, the subject of debate,
Are sunk beneath the notice of the great.
Let bribed exchequer-tellers find 'em just,
While on the penalty of place they must;
Before they're seen your honesty is clear,
And all will evidently right appear.

When as a Minister you had your day,
And gather'd light from Bute's superior ray,
His striking representative you shone,
And seem'd to glimmer in yourself alone;
The lives of thousands barter'd for a bribe,
With villainies too shocking to describe.
Your system of oppression testified
None but the conscientious Fox could guide.
As Bute is fix'd eternal in his sphere,
And Ministers revolve around in air,

Your infamy with such a lasting ray,
Glow'd through your orb in one continual day:
Still ablest politicians hold dispute,
Whether you gave or borrow'd light from Bute.
Lost in the blaze of his superior parts,
We often have descried your little arts.
But at a proper distance from his sphere
We saw the little villain disappear;
When drest in titles, the burlesque of place,
A more illustrious rascal shew'd his face;
Your destin'd sphere of Ministry now run,
You dropt like others in the parent sun;
There as a spot you purpose to remain,
And seek protection in the Sybil's swain.
Grafton his planetary life began,
Though foreign to the system of the clan;
Slowly he roll'd around the fount of light,
Long was his day, but longer was his night.
Irregular, unequal in his course,
Now languid he revolves, now rolls with force;
His scarce-collected light obliquely hurl'd
Was scatter'd ere it reach'd his frozen world.
Through all his under offices of place,
All had conspir'd to represent his grace;
Lifeless and dull the wheels of state were driven,
Slow as a courtier on his road to heaven.
If expedition urged the dull machine,
He knew so little of the golden mean,

Swift hurry and confusion wild began
To discompose the Thane's determin'd plan.
Error, his secretary lent his aid
To undermine each plot his cunning laid;
He wrote dispatches in his grace's name,
And ruined every project North could frame:
Yet as he blunder'd through the lengthen'd night,
He seriously protested all was right.

Since dissipation is thy only joy,
Go, Grafton, join the dance, and act the boy;
'Tis not for fops in cabinets to shine,
And justice must confess that title's thine.
Dress to excess and powder into fame,
In drums and hurricanes exalt your name.
There you may glitter, there your worth may rise
Above the little reach of vulgar eyes.
But in the high departments of the state
Your talents are too trifling to be great;
There all your imperfections rise to view,
Not Sandwich so contemptible as you.
Bute from the summit of his power descried
Your glaring inability to guide,
And mustering every rascal in his gang,
Who might for merit all together hang,
From the black catalogue and worthy crew,
The jesuitical and scheming few,
Selected by the leader of the clan,
Received instructions for their future plan;

And after proper adoration paid,
Were to their destin'd sphere of state convey'd,
To shine the Minister's satellites,
Collect his light, and give his lordship ease,
Reform his crooked politics, and draw
A more severe attack upon the law;
Settle his erring revolutions right,
And give in just proportion day and night.

Alas! the force of Scottish pride is such,
These mushrooms of a day presum'd too much;
Conscious of cunning and superior arts,
They scorn'd the Minister's too trifling parts;
Grafton resents a treatment so unjust,
And damns the Carlton Sybil's fiery lust,
By which a scoundrel Scot opprest the realm,
And rogues, below contempt, disgrac'd the helm.
Swift scandal caught the accents as they fell,
And bore them to the Sybil's secret cell.
Enrag'd she wing'd a messenger to Bute,
Some minister more able to depute;
Her character and virtue was a jest,
Whilst Grafton was of useless power possest.
This done, her just desire of vengeance warm,
She gave him notice of the bursting storm;
Timid and dubious, Grafton faced about,
And trembled at the thoughts of being out.
But as no laws the Sybil's power confined
He dropped his blushing honours and resign'd.

Step forward, North! and let the doubtful see
Wonders and miracles reviv'd in thee.
Did not the living witness haunt the court,
What ear had given faith to my report?
Amidst the rout of ministerial slaves,
Rogues who want genius to refine to knaves,
Who could imagine that the wretch most base
Should fill the highest infamy of place?
That North, the vile domestic of a peer,
Whose name an Englishman detests to hear,
Should leave his trivial share of Bedford's gains,
Become a minister, and take the reins;
And from the meanest of the gang ascend
Above his worthy governor and friend?
This wondrous metamorphose of an hour
Sufficiently evinced the Sybil's power
To ruin nations, little rogues to raise,
A virtue supernatural displays;
What but a power infernal or divine
Could honour North, or make his grace resign?

Some superficial politicians tell,
When Grafton from his gilded turret fell;
The Sybil substituted North a blank,
A mustered faggot to complete the rank,
Without a distant thought that such a tool
Would change its being and aspire to rule;
But such the humble North's indulgent fate,
When striding in the saddle of the state,

He caught by inspiration statemanship,
And drove the slow machine and smack'd his whip;
Whilst Bedford wondering at his sudden skill
With reverence view'd the packhorse of his will.

His Majesty (the buttons thrown aside)
Declared his fix'd intention to preside.
No longer sacrificed to every knave
He'd show himself discreet as well as brave;
In every cabinet and council cause
He'd be dictator and enforce the laws;
Whilst North should in his present office stand
As understrapper to direct his hand.

Now, Expectation, now extend thy wing!
Happy the land whose minister's a king;
Happy the king, who ruling each debate,
Can peep through every roguery of state.
See Hope, arrayed in robes of virgin white,
Trailing an arch'd variety of light,
Comes showering blessings on a ruin'd realm,
And shews the crown'd director of the helm.
Return, fair Goddess, till some future day,
The king has seen the error of his way;
And by his smarting shoulders seem to feel
The wheel of state is not a Catharine wheel.
Wise by experience, general nurse of fools,
He leaves the Ministry to venal tools;

And finds his happy talents better suit
The making buttons for his favourite Bute;
In countenancing the unlawful views
Which North, the delegate of Bute, pursues;
In glossing with authority a train
Whose names are infamy, and objects gain.

Hail, filial duty! great if rightly used,
How little, when mistaken and abused;
View'd from one point, how glorious art thou seen,
From others how degenerate and mean—
A seraph or an idiot's head we see:
Oft on the latter stands the type of thee,
And bowing at his parent's knee is drest
In a long hood of many-coloured vest.

The sceptred king who dignifies a throne,
Should be in private life himself alone;
No friend or mother should his conscience scan,
Or with the nation's head confound the man.
Like juggling Melchi Zadok's priestish plea,
Collected in himself a king should be.
But truths may be unwelcome, and the lay
Which shall to Royal ears such truths convey,
The conflagrations of the hangman's ire
May roast and execute with foreign fire.
The muse who values safety shall return,
And sing of subjects where she cannot burn.

Continue, North, thy vile burlesque of power,
And reap the harvest of the present hour;
Collect and fill thy coffers with the spoil,
And let thy gatherings recompense thy toil.
Whilst the rogues out revile the rascals in,
Repeat the proverb, 'let those laugh that win:'
Fleeting and transitory is the date
Of sublunary ministers of state;
Then whilst thy summer lasts, prepare thy hay,
Nor trust to autumn and a future day.

I leave thee now, but with intent to trace
The villains and the honest men of place.
The first are still assisting in thy train
To aid the pillage and divide the gain.
The last of known integrity of mind
Forsook a venal party and resigned.

Come, Satire! aid me to display the first,
Of every honest Englishman accurst;
Come, Truth, assist me to prepare the lays,
Where worth demands, and give the latter praise.
Ingenious Sandwich, whither dost thou fly
To shun the censure of the public eye?
Dost thou want matter for another speech,
Or other works of genius to impeach?
Or would thy insignificance and pride
Presume above thyself and seek to guide?

Pursue thy ignis-fatuus of power,
And call to thy assistance virtuous Gower;
Set Rigby's happy countenance in play,
To vindicate whatever you can say.
Then when you totter into place and fame,
With double infamy you brand your name.
Say, Sandwich, in the winter of your date,
Can you ascend the hobby-horse of state?
Do titles echo grateful in your ear?
Or is it mockery to call you peer?
In ——— silvered age to play the fool,
And ——— with rascals infamous a tool,
Plainly denote your judgment is no more,
Your honour was extinguished long before.

Say, if reflection ever blest thy mind,
Hast thou one real friend among mankind?
Thou hadst one once, free, generous, and sincere,
Too good a senator for such a peer;
Him thou hast offer'd as a sacrifice
To lewdness, immorality, and vice;
Your patronizing scoundrels set the gin,
And friendship was the bait to draw him in.
What honourable villain could they find
Of Sandwich's latitudinary mind?
Though intimacy seemed to stop the way,
You they employ'd to tempt him and betray.
Full well you executed their commands,
Well you deserved the pension at their hands.

For you, in hours of trifling, he compiled
A dissertation blasphemous and wild.
Be it recorded too, at your desire,
He called for demons to assist his lyre;
Relying on your friendship soon he found
How dangerous the support of rotten ground.
In your infernal attributes array'd,
You seized the wish'd-for poem and betray'd.

Hail, mighty Twitcher! can my feeble line
Give due reward to merit such as thine?
Not Churchill's keenest satire ever reach'd
The conscience of the rascal who impeach'd.
My humble numbers and untutor'd lay
On such a harden'd wretch is thrown away;
I leave thee to the impotent delight
Of visiting the harlots of the night;
Go, hear thy nightingale's enchanting strain,
My satire shall not dart a sting in vain.
There you may boast one sense is entertain'd,
Though age present your other senses pain'd:
Go, Sandwich, if thy fire of lust compel,
Regale at Harrington's religious cell,

* * * * *

Exert your poor endeavours as you please,
The jest and bubble of the harlot crew,
What entertain'd your youth, in age pursue.
When Grafton shook Oppression's iron rod,
Like Egypt's lice, the instrument of God;

When Camden, driven from his office, saw
The last weak efforts of expiring law;
When Bute, the regulator of the state,
Preferr'd the vicious, to supplant the great;
When rank corruption through all orders ran,
And infamy united Sawney's clan;
When every office was with rogues disgraced,
And the Scotch dialect became the taste—
Could Beaufort with such creatures stay behind?
No, Beaufort was a Briton, and resign'd.
Thy resignation, Somerset, shall shine
When time hath buried the recording line,
And proudly glaring in the rolls of fame,
With more than titles decorate thy name.
Amidst the gather'd rascals of the age,
Who murder noble parts, the court their stage,
One nobleman of honesty remains,
Who scorns to draw in ministerial chains;
Who honours virtue and his country's peace,
And sees with pity grievances increase;
Who bravely left all sordid views of place,
And lives the honour of the Beaufort race.

Deep in the secret, Barrington and Gower,
Rais'd upon villainy, aspire to power;
Big with importance they presume to rise
Above a minister they must despise;
Whilst Barrington as secretary shows
How many pensions paid his blood and blows.

And Gower, the humbler creature of the two,
Has only future prospects in his view.
But North requires assistance from the great
To work another Button in the state,
That Weymouth may complete the birthday suit,
Full trimm'd by Twitcher and cut out by Bute.
So many worthy schemers must produce
A statesman's coat of universal use;
Some system of economy to save
Another million for another knave.
Some plan to make a duty, large before,
Additionally great to grind the poor.
For 'tis a maxim with the guiding wise,
Just as the commons sink the rich arise.

If ministers and privy council knaves
Would rest contented with their being slaves,
And not with anxious infamy pursue
Those measures which will fetter others too,
The swelling cry of liberty would rest,
Nor Englishmen complain, nor knaves protest.
But courtiers have a littleness of mind,
And, once enslaved, would fetter all mankind.
'Tis to this narrowness of soul we owe
What further ills our liberties shall know;
'Tis from this principle our feuds began,
Fomented by the Scots, ignoble clan:
Strange that such little creatures of a tool,
By lust and not by merit rais'd to rule,

Should sow contention in a noble land,
And scatter thunders from a venal hand.
Gods! that these fly-blows of a stallion's day,
Warm'd into being by the Sybil's ray,
Should shake the constitution, rights and laws,
And prosecute the man of freedom's cause!
Whilst Wilkes to every Briton's right appeal'd,
With loss of liberty that right he seal'd:
Imprison'd and oppress'd he persevered,
Nor Sawney or his powerful Sybil fear'd.
The hag, replete with malice from above,
Shot poison on the screech-owl of her love;
Unfortunately to his pen* it fell,
And flow'd in double rancour to her cell.
Madly she raved, to ease her tortur'd mind,
The object of her hatred is confin'd:
But he, supported by his country's laws,
Bid her defiance, for 'twas Freedom's cause.
Her Treasurer and Talbot fought in vain,
Though each attain'd his favourite object—gain.
She sat as usual when a project fails,
Damn'd Chudleigh's phiz, and dined upon her nails.

Unhappy land! whose govern'd Monarch sees
Through glasses and perspective such as these,
When juggling to deceive his untried sight,
He views the ministry all trammell'd right;

* Doubtful.—SOUTHEY's Ed. [Not so: The MS. is sufficiently legible.—Ed.]

Whilst to his eye the other glass applied,
His subjects' failings are all magnified.
Unheeded the petitions are received,
Nor one retort of grievances believed;
'Tis but the voice of faction in disguise
That blinds with liberty the people's eyes:
'Tis riot and licentiousness pursues
Some disappointed placeman's private *views*.*
And shall such venal creatures steer the helm,
Waving Oppression's banners round the realm?
Shall Britons to the vile detested troop,
Forgetting ancient honour, meanly stoop?
Shall we our rights and liberties resign,
To lay those jewels at a woman's shrine?
No: let us still be Britons: be it known,
The favours we solicit are our own.
Engage, ye Britons, in the glorious task,
And stronger still enforce the things you ask:
Assert your rights, remonstrate with the throne,
Insist on liberty, and that alone.

Alas! America, thy ruin'd cause
Displays the ministry's contempt of laws.
Unrepresented thou art tax'd, excised,
By creatures much too vile to be despised;
The outcast of an ousted gang are sent,
To bless thy commerce, with .....† government.

* Omitted in the MS. † This hiatus occurs in the MS.

Whilst pity rises to behold thy fate,
We see thee in this worst of troubles great;
Whilst anxious for thy wavering dubious cause,
We give thy proper spirit due applause.
If virtuous Grafton's sentimental taste,
Is in his measures or his mistress placed;
In either 'tis originally rare,
One shews the midnight cully, one the peer:
Review him, Britons, with a proper pride,
Was this a statesman qualified to guide?
Was this the minister whose mighty hand
Has scattered civil discord through the land?
Since smallest trifles when ordained by fate,
Rise into power and counteract the great.
What shall we call thee, Grafton? Fortune's whip?
Or rather the burlesque of statesmanship:
When daring in thy insolence of place,
Bold in an empty majesty of face,
We saw thee exercise thy magic rod,
And form a titled villain with a nod;
Turn out the virtuous, airily advance
The members of the council in a dance,
And honouring Sandwich with a serious *air*,*
Commend the fancy of his solitaire.
These were thy actions, worthy of record,
Worthy the bubbled wretch and venal lord.
Since villainy is meritorious grown,
Step forward, for thy merit's not unknown.

* Omitted.

What Mansfield's conscience shudder'd to receive,
Thy mercenary temper cannot leave.
Reversions, pensions, bribes and titled stews;
What mortal scoundrel can such things refuse?
If Dunning's nice integrity of mind,
Will not in pales of interest be confined;
Let his uncommon honesty resign,
And boast the empty pension of the nine:
A Thurloe grasping every offer'd straw,
Shines his successor and degrades the law.
How like the ministry who link'd his chains,
His measures tend incessantly to gains.

If Weymouth dresses to the height of taste,
At once with fifty .....* places laced,
Can such a summer insect of the state,
Be otherwise than in externals great?
Thou bustling marplot of each hidden plan,
How wilt thou answer to the Sybil's man?
Did thy own shallow politics direct,
To treat the Mayor with purposed disrespect;
Or did it come in orders from above,
From her who sacrificed her soul to love?
Rigby, whose conscience is a perfect dice,
A just epitome of every vice,
Replete with what accomplishments support
The empty admiration of a court,

* A word omitted in the MS.

Yet wants a barony to grace record,
And hopes to lose the rascal in the lord.
His wish is granted, and the King prepares
A title of renown to brand his heirs.
When vice creates the patent for a peer,
What lord so nominally great as Clare?
Whilst Chatham from his coroneted oak
Unheeded shook the senate with his croak;
The minister too pow'rful to be right,
Laugh'd at his prophecy and second sight,
Since Mother Shipton's oracle of state
Forestall'd the future incidents of fate.
Grafton might shake his elbows, dance and dream,
'Twere labour lost to strive against the stream.
If Grafton in his juggling statesman's game
Bubbled for interest, betted but for fame,
The leader of the treasury could pay
For every loss in politics and play.
Sir Fletcher's noisy eloquence of tongue
Is on such pliant oily hinges hung,
Turn'd to all points of politics and doubt,
But though for ever worsted, never out.
Can such a wretched creature take the chair
And exercise his new made power with air?
This worthy speaker of a worthy crew,
Can write long speeches and repeat them too;
A practis'd lawyer in the venal court,
From higher powers he borrows his report;

Above the scandalous aspersion tool,
He only squares his conscience by a rule.
Granby, too great to join the hated cause,
Throws down his useless truncheon and withdraws ;
Whilst unrenowned for military deeds,
A youthful branch of royalty succeeds.

Let Coventry, Yonge, Palmerston, and Brett,
With resignation pay the crown a debt ;
If in return for offices of trust,
The ministry expect you'll prove unjust,
What soul that values freedom could with ease,
Stoop under obligations such as these.
If you a Briton, every virtue dead,
That would upon your dying freedom tread,
List in the gang and piously procure,
To make your calling and election sure ;
Go, flatter Sawney for his jockeyship,
Assist in each long shuffle, hedge and slip,
Thus rising on the stilts of favour see
What Grafton was, and future dukes will be :
How Rigby, Weymouth, Barrington began
To juggle into fame and play the man.

Amidst this general rage of turning out,
What officer will stand, remains a doubt.
If virtue's an objection at the board,
With what propriety the council's stored ;

Where could the Caledonian minion find
Such striking copies of his venal mind?
Search through the winding labyrinths of place,
See all alike politically base.
If virtues, foreign to the office, shine,
How fast the prodigies of state resign!
Still as they drop, the rising race begin
To boast the infamy of being in.
And generous Bristol, constant to his friend,
Employs his lifted crutches to ascend.
Look round thee, North! see what a glorious scene—
O let no thought of vengeance intervene:
Throw thy own insignificance aside,
And swell in self-importance, power, and pride.
See Holland easy with his pilfer'd store,
See Bute intriguing how to pilfer more,
See Grafton's coffers boast the wealth of place,
A provident reserve to hedge a race.
New to oppression and the servile chain,
Hark how the wrong'd Americans complain.
Whilst unregarded the petitions lie,
And Liberty unnoticed swells her cry;
Yet, yet reflect, thou despicable thing,
How wavering is the favour of a king;
Think, since that feeble fence and Bute is all,
How soon thy humbug farce of state may fall;
Then catch the present moment while 'tis thine,
Implore a noble pension, and resign.

JOURNAL 6th,

Saturday, September 30, 1769.*

'Tis mystery all, in every sect
You find this palpable defect,
The axis of the dark machine
Is enigmatic and unseen.
Opinion is the only guide
By which our senses are supplied,
Mere grief's conjecture, fancy's whim,
Can make our reason side with him.
But this discourse perhaps will be
As little liked by you as me,
I'll change the subject for a better,
And leave the Doctor, and his letter.
A priest whose sanctimonious face
Became a sermon, or a grace,
Could take an orthodox repast,
And left the knighted loin the last;
To fasting very little bent,
He'd pray indeed till breath was spent.
Shrill was his treble as a cat,
His organs being choak'd with fat;
In college quite as graceful seen
As Camplin or the lazy Dean,

† Copied from a Poem in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

(Who sold the ancient cross to Hoare
For one church dinner, nothing more,
The Dean who sleeping on the book
Dreams he is swearing at his cook.)
This animated hill of oil,
Was to another dean the foil.
They seem'd two beasts of different kind,
Contra in politics and mind,
The only sympathy they knew,
They both lov'd turtle a-la-stew.
The Dean was empty, thin and long,
As Fowler's back or head or song.
He met the Rector in the street,
Sinking a canal with his feet.
" Sir," quoth the Dean, with solemn nod,
" You are a minister of God ;
And, as I apprehend, should be
About such holy works as me.
But, cry your mercy, at a feast
You only shew yourself a priest,
No sermon politic you preach,
No doctrine damnable you teach.
Did not we few maintain the fight,
Mystery might sink and all be light.
From house to house your appetite
In daily sojourn paints ye right.
Nor lies true orthodox you carry,
You hardly ever hang or marry.

Good Mr. Rector, let me tell ye
You've too much tallow in this belly.
Fast, and repent of ev'ry sin,
And grow like me, upright and thin;
Be active, and assist your mother,
And then I'll own ye for a brother."

"Sir," quoth the Rector in a huff,
"True, you're diminutive enough,
And let me tell ye, Mr. Dean,
You are as worthless too as lean;
This mountain strutting to my face
Is an undoubted sign of grace.
Grace, tho' you ne'er on turtle sup,
Will like a bladder blow you up,
A tun of claret swells your case
Less than a single ounce of grace."

"You're wrong," the bursting Dean replied,
"You're logic's on the rough-cast side,
The minor's right, the major falls,
Weak as his modern honour's walls.
A spreading trunk, with rotten skin,
Shews very little's kept within;
But when the casket's neat, not large,
We guess, th' importance of the charge."

"Sir," quoth the Rector, "I've a story
Quite apropos to lay before ye.

A sage philosopher to try
That pupil saw with reason's eye,
Prepar'd three boxes, gold, lead, stone,
And bid three youngsters claim each one.
The first, a Bristol merchant's heir,
Loved pelf above the charming fair;
So 'tis not difficult to say,
Which box the dolthead took away.
The next, as sensible as me,
Desired the pebbled one, d'ye see.
The other having scratch'd his head,
Consider'd though the third was lead,
'Twas metal still surpassing stone,
So claimed the leaden box his own.
Now to unclose they all prepare,
And hope alternate laughs at fear.
The golden case does ashes hold,
The leaden shines with sparkling gold,
But in the outcast stone they see
A jewel,—such pray fancy me."

"Sir," quoth the Dean, "I truly say
You tell a tale a pretty way;
But the conclusion to allow—
'Fore-gad, I scarcely can tell how.
A jewel! Fancy must be strong
To think you keep your water long.
I preach, thank gracious heaven! as clear
As any pulpit stander here,

But may the devil claw my face
If e'er I pray'd for puffing grace,
To be a mountain, and to carry
Such a vile heap—I'd rather marry!
Each day to sweat three gallons full
And span a furlong on my scull.
Lost to the melting joys of love—
Not to be borne—like justice move."

And here the Dean was running on,
Through half a couplet having gone:
Quoth Rector peevish, "I sha'nt stay
To throw my precious time away.
The gen'rous Burgum having sent
A ticket as a compliment,
I think myself in duty bound
Six pounds of turtle to confound."

"That man you mention," answers Dean,
"Creates in priests of sense the spleen,
His soul's as open as his hand,
Virtue distrest may both command;
That ragged virtue is a whore,
I always beat her from my door,
But Burgum gives, and giving shews
His honour leads him by the nose.
Ah! how unlike the church divine,
Whose feeble lights on mountains shine,

And being placed so near the sky,
Are lost to every human eye.
His luminaries shine around
Like stars in the Cimmerian ground."

"Invidious slanderer!" quoth priest,
"O may I never scent a feast,
If thy curst conscience is as pure
As underlings in Whitefield's cure.
The church, as thy display has shewn
Is turn'd a bawd to lustful town;
But what against the church you've said,
Shall soon fall heavy on your head.
Is Burgum's virtue then a fault?
Ven'son, and heaven forbid the thought!
He gives, and never eyes return,
O may paste altars to him burn!
But whilst I talk with worthless you,
Perhaps the dinner waits——adieu."

This said, the Rector trudg'd along,
As heavy as Fowlerian song.
The hollow Dean with fairy feet,
Stept lightly through the dirty street.
At last, arriv'd at destin'd place,
The bulky Doctor squeaks the grace:
"Lord bless the many-flavour'd meat,
And grant us strength enough to eat!

May all and every mother's son
Be drunk before the dinner's done.
When we give thanks for dining well, oh !
May each grunt out in Ritornello."
Amen ! resounds to distant tide,
And weapons clang on every side,
The oily river burns around
And gnashing teeth make doleful sound.
Now is the busy President
In his own fated element,
In every look and action great,
His presence doubly fills the plate.
Nobly invited to the feast,
They all contribute gold at least.
The Duke and President collected,
Alike beloved, alike respected.

Say, Baker, if experience hoar*
Has yet unbolted wisdom's door,
What is this phantom of the mind,
This love, when sifted and refined ?
When the poor lover fancy-frighted
Is with shadowy joys delighted :
A frown shall throw him in despair ;
A smile shall brighten up his air.

* This Poem immediately follows the other. It has no title, and is written upon the same paper, a whole sheet, folded into four columns.

Jealous without a seeming cause
From flatt'ring smiles he misery draws;
Again without his reason's aid,
His bosom's still, the devil's laid.
If this is love, my callous heart
Has never felt the rankling dart.
Oft have I seen the wounded swain,
Upon the rack of pleasing pain,
Full of his flame, upon his tongue
The quivering declaration hung,
When lost to courage, sense, and reason,
He talk'd of weather and the season.
Such tremors never coward me,
I'm flattering, impudent and free,
Unmov'd by frowns and low'ring eyes,
'Tis smiles I only ask and prize,
And when the smile is freely given,
You're in the highway road to heaven.
These coward lovers seldom find
That whining makes the ladies kind.
They laugh at silly silent swains
Who're fit for nothing but their chains.
'Tis an effrontery and tongue
On very oily hinges hung
Must win the blooming, melting fair,
And shew the joys of heaven here.
A rake, I take it, is a creature
Who winds through all the folds of nature.

Who sees the passions, and can tell
How the soft beating heart shall swell;
Who, when he ravishes the joy,
Defies the torments of the boy.
Who with the soul the body gains
And shares love's pleasures, not his pains.
Who holds his charmer's reputation
Above a tavern veneration;
And when a love repast he makes,
Not even prying fame partakes.
Who looks above a prostitute, he
Thinks love the only price of beauty;
And she that can be basely sold,
Is much beneath or love or gold.
Who thinks the almost dearest part
In all the body is the heart:
Without it rapture cannot rise,
Nor pleasures wanton in the eyes;
The sacred joy of love is dead,
Witness the sleeping marriage bed.
This is the picture of a rake,
Shew it the ladies—won't it take? *

* Those who have sullied the youth of Chatterton with the imputation of extraordinary vices or irregularities, and have asserted, that "his profligacy was, at least, as conspicuous as his abilities," have, I conceive, rather grounded these assertions on the apparently profane and immoral tendency of some of his productions, than on personal knowledge, or a correct review of his conduct. During his residence at Bristol, we have the most respectable evidence in favour of the regularity of his conduct, namely, that of his master, Mr. Lambert. Of few young men in his situation it can be said, that during a course of nearly three years, he seldom encroached upon the strict limits which were assigned him, with respect to his hours of liberty; that his master

A buck's a beast of th' otherside,
And real but in hoofs and hide:
To nature and the passions dead,
A brothel is his house and bed;
To fan the flame of warm desire
And after wanton in the fire,
He thinks a labour, and his parts
Were not designed to conquer hearts.

• • • • •

could never accuse him of improper behaviour, and that he had the utmost reason to be satisfied he never spent his hours of leisure in any but respectable company.

Mrs. Newton, with that unaffected simplicity which so eminently characterises her letter, most powerfully controverts the obloquy which had been thrown upon her brother's memory. She says, that while he was at Mr. Lambert's, he visited his mother regularly most evenings before nine o'clock, and they were seldom two evenings together without seeing him. He was for a considerable time remarkably indifferent to females. He declared to his sister that he had always seen the whole sex with perfect indifference, except those whom nature had rendered dear. He remarked, at the same time, the tendency of severe study to sour the temper, and indicated his inclination to form an acquaintance with a young female in the neighbourhood, apprehending that it might soften that austerity of temper which had resulted from solitary study. The juvenile Petrarch wanted a Laura, to polish his manners and exercise his fancy. He addressed a poem to Miss Rumsey; and they commenced, Mrs. Newton adds, a corresponding acquaintance. "He would also frequently," she says, "walk the College-Green with the young girls that statedly paraded there to shew their finery;" but she is persuaded that the reports which charge him with libertinism are ill-founded. She could not perhaps have added a better proof of it, than his inclination to associate with modest women. The testimony of Mr. Thistlethwaite is not less explicit or less honourable to Chatterton. "The opportunities," says he, "which a long acquaintance with him afforded me, justify me in saying, that whilst he lived at Bristol, he was not the debauched character he has been represented. Temperate in his living, moderate in his pleasures, and regular in his exercises, he was undeserving of the aspersion. I admit that amongst his papers may be found many passages, not only immoral, but bordering upon a libertinism, gross and unpardonable. It is not my intention to attempt a vindication of those passages, which, for the regard I bear his memory, I wish he had never written; but which I nevertheless believe to have originated rather from a warmth of imagination, aided by a vain affectation of singularity, than from any natural depravity, or from a heart vitiated by evil example."—Dr. GREGORY.

The girls of virtue when he views,
Dead to all converse but the stews,
Silent as death, he's nought to say
But sheepish steals himself away.
This is a buck to life display'd,
A character to charm each maid.
Now, prithee, friend, a choice to make,
Wouldst choose the buck before the rake?
The buck, as brutal as the name,
Invenoms every charmer's fame;
And though he never touch'd her hand
Protests he had her at command.
The rake in gratitude for pleasure
Keeps reputation dear as treasure.

* * * * *

[*After these asterisks follows, without title.*]

But Hudibrastics may be found
To tire ye with repeated sound;
So, changing for a Shandeyan stile,
I ask your favour and your smile.

ODE.

Recitative.

In his wooden palace jumping,
Tearing, sweating, bawling, thumping,
Repent, repent, repent,
The mighty Whitfield cries,
Oblique light'ning in his eyes,
Or die and be damn'd! all around
The long-ear'd rabble grunt in dismal sound,

Repent, repent, repent,
Each concave mouth replies.*
The comet of gospel, the lantern of light,
Is rising and shining
Like candles at night.
He shakes his ears,
He jumps, he stares;
Hark, he's whining,
The short-hand saints prepare to write,
And high they mount their ears.

Air.

Now the devil take ye all,
Saints or no saints, all in a lump;
Here must I labour and bawl,
And thump, and thump, and thump;
And never a souse to be got,
Unless—I swear by jingo,
A greater profit's made
I'll forswear my trade,
My gown and market lingo,
And leave ye all to pot.

Recitative.

Now he raves like brindled cat,
Now 'tis thunder,
Rowling,
Growling,

* Of the whining piety of the Methodists he has made many ludicrous exhibitions. In a long recitative poem, called the Journal, he has exhibited the cant vulgarity and interestedness of Whitfield with such powerful humour that he convulses the breast with laughter.—DAVIS's LIFE OF CHATTERTON.

Rumbling,
Grumbling,
Noise and nonsense, jest and blunder.
Now he chats of this and that,
No more the soul jobber,
No more the sly robber.
He's now an old woman who talks to her cat.
Again he starts, he beats his breast,
He rolls his eyes, erects his chest;
Hark! hark! the sound begins,
'Tis a bargain and sale for remission of sins.

Air.

Say, beloved congregation,
In the hour of tribulation,
Did the power of man affray me?
Say ye wives, and say ye daughters,
Han't I staunch'd your running waters?
I have labour'd—pay me—pay me!
I have given absolution,
Dont withhold your contribution;
Men and angels should obey me—
Give but freely, you've remission
For all sins without condition;
You're my debtors, pay me, pay me!

Recitative.

Again he's lost, again he chatters
Of lace and bobbin and such matters.
A thickening vapor swells—
Of Adam's fall he tells,

Dark as twice ten thousand hells
Is the gibberish which he spatters.
Now a most dismal elegy he sings,
Groans, doleful groans are heard about;
The Issacharian rout
Swell the sharp howl, and loud the sorrow rings.

He sung a modern buck whose end
Was blinded prejudice and zeal.
In life to every vice a friend,
Unfix'd as fortune on her wheel.
He lived a buck, he died a fool,
So let him to oblivion fall,
Who thought a wretched body all,
Untaught in nature's or the passion's school.
Now he takes another theme,
Thus he tells his waking dream.

Air.

After fasting and praying and grunting and weeping,
My guardian angel beheld me fast sleeping;
And instantly capering into my brain,
Relieved me from prison of bodily chain.
The soul can be every thing as you all know,
And mine was transform'd to the shape of a crow.
(The preacher or metre has surely mistook,
For all must confess that a parson's a rook.)
Having wings, as I think I inform'd ye before,
I shot through a cavern and knock'd at hell's door.
Out comes Mr. Porter Devil,
And, I'll assure ye, very civil.

"Dear sir," quoth he, "pray step within,
The company is drinking tea;
We have a stranger just come in,
A brother from the triple tree."

Well, in I walk'd, and what d'ye think?
Instead of sulphur, fire and stink,
'Twas like a masquerade,
All grandeur, all parade.
Here stood an amphitheatre,
There stood the small Haymarket-house,
With devil actors very clever,
Who without blacking did Othello.
And truly a huge horned fellow
Told me, he hoped I would endeavour
To learn a part, and get a souse,
For pleasure was the business there.

A lawyer ask'd me for a fee,
To plead my right to drinking tea;
I begg'd his pardon, to my thinking
I'd rather have a cheering cup,
For tea was but insipid drinking,
And brandy rais'd the spirits up.
So having seen a place in hell,
I straight awoke, and found all well.

Recitative.

Now again his cornets sounding,
Sense and harmony confounding,

Reason tortur'd, scripture twisted,
Into every form of fancy:
Forms which never yet existed,
And but his oblique optics can see.
He swears,
He tears,
With sputter'd nonsense now he breaks the ears;
At last the sermon and the paper ends;
He whines, and hopes his well-beloved friends
Will contribute their souse
To pay the arrears for building a house.
With spiritual doctors, and doctors for poxes,
Who all must be satisfied out of the boxes.
Hark! hark!—his cry resounds,
Fire and thunder, blood and wounds,
Contribute, contribute,
And pay me my tribute,
Or the devil, I swear,
Shall hunt ye as sportsmen would hunt a poor hare.
Whoever gives, unto the Lord he lends.
The saint is melted, pays his fee, and wends;
And here the tedious length'ning Journal ends.

ELEGY.*

Why blooms the radiance of the morning sky?
Why spring the beauties of the season round?
Why buds the blossom with the glossy dye?
Ah! why does nature beautify the ground?

Whilst softly floating on the zephyr's wing,
The melting accents of the thrushes rise;
And all the heavenly music of the spring,
Steal on the sense, and harmonize the skies.

When the rack'd soul is not attuned to joy,
When sorrow an internal monarch reigns:
In vain the choristers their powers employ,
'Tis hateful music, and discordant strains.

The velvet mantle of the skirted mead,
The rich varieties of Flora's pride,
Till the full bosom is from trouble freed,
Disgusts the eye, and bids the big tear glide.

Once, ere the gold-hair'd sun shot the new ray
Through the grey twilight of the dubious morn,
To woodlands, lawn, and hills, I took my way,
And list'ned to the echoes of the horn;

* This poem was printed in the Town and Country Magazine for February, 1770, and was signed with Chatterton's initials, and dated Shoreditch.

Dwelt on the prospect, sought the varied view,
  Traced the meanders of the bubbling stream:
From joy to joy, uninterrupted flew,
  And thought existence but a fairy dream.

Now through the gloomy cloister's length'ning way,
  Through all the terror superstition frames,
I lose the minutes of the lingering day,
  And view the night light up her pointed flames.

I dare the danger of the mould'ring wall,
  Nor heed the arch that totters o'er my head:
O! quickly may the friendly ruin fall,
  Release me of my love, and strike me dead.

M——! cruel, sweet, inexorable fair,
  O! must I unregarded seek the grave!
Must I from all my bosom holds repair,
  When one indulgent smile from thee would save.

Let mercy plead my cause; and think, oh! think!
  A love like mine but ill deserves thy hate:
Remember, I am tottering on the brink,
  Thy smile or censure seals my final fate.

CLIFTON.*

Clifton, sweet village! now demands the lay,
The lov'd retreat of all the rich and gay;
The darling spot which pining maidens seek,
To give health's roses to the pallid cheek.
Warm from its fount the holy water pours,
And lures the sick to Clifton's neighbouring bowers.
Let bright Hygeia her glad reign resume,
And o'er each sickly form renew her bloom.
Me, whom no fell disease this hour compels
To visit Bristol's celebrated wells,
Far other motives prompt my eager view;
My heart can here its fav'rite bent pursue;
Here can I gaze, and pause, and muse between,
And draw some moral truth from ev'ry scene.
Yon dusky rocks, that, from the stream arise
In rude rough grandeur, threat the distant skies,
Seem as if nature in a painful throe,
With dire convulsions, lab'ring to and fro,
(To give the boiling waves a ready vent)
At one dread stroke the solid mountain rent;
The huge cleft rocks transmit to distant fame,
The sacred gilding of a good saint's name.
Now round the varied scene attention turns
Her ready eye—my soul with ardour burns;

* From a copy in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

For on that spot my glowing fancy dwells,
Where Cenotaph its mournful story tells—
How Britain's heroes, true to honour's laws,
Fell, bravely fighting in their country's cause.
But though in distant fields your limbs are laid,
In fame's long list your glories ne'er will fade;
But blooming still beyond the gripe of death,
Fear not the blast of time's inclouding breath.
Your generous leader rais'd this stone to say,
You follow'd still where honour led the way:
And by this tribute, which his pity pays,
Twines his own virtues with his soldiers' praise.
Now Brandon's cliffs my wand'ring gazes meet,
Whose craggy surface mocks the ling'ring feet;
Queen Bess's gift, (so ancient legends say)
To Bristol's fair; where to the sun's warm ray
On the rough bush the linen white they spread,
Or deck with russet leaves the mossy bed.

Here as I musing take my pensive stand,
Whilst evening shadows lengthen o'er the land,
O'er the wide landscape cast the circling eye,
How ardent mem'ry prompts the fervid sigh;
O'er the historic page my fancy runs,
Of Britain's fortunes—of her valiant sons.
Yon castle, erst of Saxon standards proud,
Its neighbouring meadows dyed with Danish blood.
Then of its later fate a view I take:
Here the sad monarch lost his hope's last stake;

When Rupert bold, of well achieved renown,
Stain'd all the fame his former prowess won.
But for its ancient use no more employ'd,
Its walls all moulder'd and its gates destroy'd;
In history's roll it still a shade retains,
Though of the fortress scarce a stone remains.
Eager at length I strain each aching limb,
And breathless now the mountain's summit climb.
Here does attention her fixed gaze renew,
And of the city takes a nearer view.
The yellow Avon, creeping at my side,
In sullen billows rolls a muddy tide;
No sportive Naiads on her streams are seen,
No cheerful pastimes deck the gloomy scene;
Fixed in a stupor by the cheerless plain,
For fairy flights the fancy toils in vain:
For though her waves, by commerce richly blest,
Roll to her shores the treasures of the west,
Though her broad banks trade's busy aspect wears,
She seems unconscious of the wealth she bears.
Near to her banks, and under Brandon's hill,
There wanders Jacob's ever murm'ring rill,
That pouring forth a never-failing stream,
To the dim eye restores the steady beam.
Here too (alas! though tott'ring now with age)
Stands our deserted, solitary stage,
Where oft our Powell, Nature's genuine son,
With tragic tones the fix'd attention won:

Fierce from his lips his angry accents fly,
Fierce as the blast that tears the northern sky;
Like snows that trickle down hot Ætna's steep,
His passion melts the soul, and makes us weep:
But oh! how soft his tender accents move—
Soft as the cooings of the turtle's love—
Soft as the breath of morn in bloom of spring,
Dropping a lucid tear on zephyr's wing:
O'er Shakespeare's varied scenes he wandered wide,
In Macbeth's form all human pow'r defied;
In shapeless Richard's dark and fierce disguise,
In dreams he saw the murdered train arise;
Then what convulsions shook his trembling breast,
And strew'd with pointed thorns his bed of rest!
But fate has snatch'd thee—early was thy doom,
How soon enclosed within the silent tomb!
No more our raptur'd eyes shall meet thy form,
No more thy melting tones our bosoms warm.
Without thy pow'rful aid, the languid stage
No more can please at once and mend the age.
Yes, thou art gone! and thy beloved remains
Yon sacred old cathedral wall contains;
There does the muffled bell our grief reveal,
And solemn organs swell the mournful peal;
Whilst hallow'd dirges fill the holy shrine,
Deserved tribute to such worth as thine.
No more at Clifton's scenes my strains o'erflow,
For the Muse, drooping at this tale of woe,

Slackens the strings of her enamour'd lyre,
The flood of gushing grief puts out her fire:
Else would she sing the deeds of other times,
Of saints and heroes sung in monkish rhymes;
Else would her soaring fancy burn to stray,
And through the cloister'd aisle would take her way,
Where sleep, (ah! mingling with the common dust)
The sacred bodies of the brave and just.
But vain the attempt to scan that holy lore,
These soft'ning sighs forbid the Muse to soar.
So treading back the steps I just now trod,
Mournful and sad I seek my lone abode.

THE ART OF PUFFING.

BY A BOOKSELLER'S JOURNEYMAN.*

VERSED by experience in the subtle art,
The myst'ries of a title I impart:
Teach the young author how to please the town,
And make the heavy drug of rhyme go down.
Since Curl, immortal never-dying name!
A double pica in the book of fame,
By various arts did various dunces prop,
And tickled every fancy to his shop:
Who can, like Pottinger, ensure a book?
Who judges with the solid taste of Cooke?

* Copied from a MS. of Chatterton.

Villains exalted in the midway sky,
Shall live again to drain your purses dry:
Nor yet unrivalled they: see Baldwin comes,
Rich in inventions, patents, cuts, and hums:
The honourable Boswell writes, 'tis true,
What else can Paoli's supporter do.
The trading wits endeavour to attain,
Like booksellers, the world's first idol—gain:
For this they puff the heavy Goldsmith's line,
And hail his sentiment, though trite, divine;
For this the patriotic bard complains,
And Bingley binds poor liberty in chains:
For this was every reader's faith deceived,
And Edmunds swore what nobody believed:
For this the wits in close disguises fight;
For this the varying politicians write;
For this each month new magazines are sold,
With dullness fill'd and transcripts of the old.
The Town and Country struck a lucky hit,
Was novel, sentimental, full of wit:
Aping her walk the same success to find,
The Court and City hobbles far behind:
Sons of Apollo learn: merit's no more
Than a good frontispiece to grace the door:
The author who invents a title well,
Will always find his cover'd dullness sell:
Flexney and every bookseller will buy,
Bound in neat calf, the work will never die.

VAMP.

VERSES

WRITTEN BY CHATTERTON, TO A LADY IN BRISTOL.*

To use a worn-out simile,
From flower to flower the busy bee
With anxious labour flies,
Alike from scents which give distaste,
By Fancy as disgusting plac'd,
Repletes his useful thighs.

Nor does his vicious taste prefer
The fopling of some gay parterre,
The mimicry of art!
But round the meadow-violet dwells,
Nature replenishing his cells,
Does ampler stores impart.

So I a humble-dumble drone,
Anxious and restless when alone,
Seek comfort in the fair;
And featur'd up in tenfold brass,
A rhyming, staring, am'rous ass,
To you address my prayer.

* From a copy given by Chatterton to Mr. H. Kater, of Bristol.

But ever in my love-lorn flights
Nature untouch'd by art delights—
  Art ever gives disgust.
Why, says some priest of mystic thought,
The bard alone by nature taught,
  Is to that nature just.

But ask your orthodox divine,
If ye perchance should read this line
  Which fancy now inspires:
Will all his sermons, preaching, prayers,
His hell, his heaven, his solemn airs,
  Quench nature's rising fires?

In natural religion free,
I to no other bow the knee,
  Nature's the God I own:
Let priests of future torments tell,
Your anger is the only hell,
  No other hell is known.

I steel'd by destiny was born,
Well fenced against a woman's scorn,
  Regardless of that hell;
I fired by burning planets came
From flaming hearts to catch a flame,
  And bid the bosom swell.

Then catch the shadow of a heart,
I will not with the substance part,
  Although that substance burn,
Till as a hostage you remit
Your heart, your sentiment, your wit,
  To make a safe return.

A rev'rend cully-mully puff
May call this letter odious stuff,
  With no Greek motto graced;
Whilst you, despising the poor strain,
"The dog's insufferably vain
  "To think to please my taste!"

'Tis vanity, 'tis impudence
Is all the merit, all the sense
  Through which to fame I trod;
These (by the Trinity 'tis true)
Procure me friends and notice too,
  And shall gain you by G—d.

TO MR. HOLLAND.*

What numbers, Holland, can the muses find,
To sing thy merit in each varied part,
When action, eloquence, and ease combin'd,
Make nature but a copy of thy art?

Majestic as the eagle on the wing,
Or the young sky-helm'd, mountain-rooted tree;
Pleasing as meadows blushing with the spring,
Loud as the surges of the Severn sea.

In terror's strain, as clanging armies drear:
In love, as Jove, too great for mortal praise;
In pity, gentle as the falling tear;
In all-superior to my feeble lays.

Black Anger's sudden rise, extatic pain;
Tormenting Jealousy's self-cank'ring sting;
Consuming Envy, with her yelling train;
Fraud closely shrouded with the turtle's wing:

Whatever passions gall the human breast,
Play in thy features, and await thy nod;
In thee, by art, the demon stands confest,
But nature on thy soul has stamp'd the god.

* This person was an actor of some provincial celebrity, whose performance of various characters at Bristol was for some time the engrossing subject of conversation among the friends of Chatterton.

So just thy action with thy part agrees,
Each feature does the office of a tongue;
Such is thy native elegance and ease,
By thee the harsh line smoothly glides along.

At thy feign'd woe we're really distrest,
At thy feign'd tears we let the real fall;
By every judge of nature 'tis confest,
No single part is thine, thou'rt all in all.

AN ELEGY,

On the much-lamented death of WM. BECKFORD, *Esq., late Lord Mayor of, and Representative in Parliament for the City of London.**

I.

WEEP on, ye Britons! give your gen'ral Tear;
But hence, ye venal—hence each titled Slave!
An honest pang should wait on Beckford's Bier,
And patriot Anguish mark the Patriot's Grave.

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* To the Editor of *Felix Farley's Journal.*

SIR,—As the columns of your Paper gave the earliest effusions of the highly-gifted *Chatterton* to the public eye, it may form a ground for claiming a space for an entire copy of an Elegy by him, of which only the first twelve stanzas, gathered from a contemporary review, are to be found in any edition of his works. It was advertised in the *Middle-*

II.

When like the Roman to his Field retired,
'Twas you (surrounded by unnumber'd Foes)
Who call'd him forth, his Services required,
And took from Age the Blessing of Repose.

III.

With soul impell'd by Virtue's Sacred Flame,
To stem the Torrent of corruption's Tide,
He came, heav'n fraught with Liberty! he came,
And nobly in his Country's Service died.

IV.

In the last awful, the departing Hour,
When life's poor Lamp more faint and fainter grew;
As Mem'ry feebly exercis'd her pow'r,
He only felt for Liberty and you.

V.

He view'd Death's Arrow with a Christian Eye,
With firmness only to a Christian known;
And nobly gave your Miseries that sigh
With which he never gratified his own.

---

sex Journal (the patriotic paper of that period, to which Chatterton made many communications), on the 3rd July, 1770, and was published in quarto, by Mr. Kearsley of Fleet-street, price one shilling. It is probable the author received for this production two guineas, according to his current account, inserted in his life, of the balance in favour of the Lord Mayor's death. The obtainment of a copy of the original publication was an object of search for above ten years.

Your's &c. Eu. Hood.

The punctuation, capital letters, numerals, &c. are followed, as printed in Kearsley's edition.

[For a complete copy of this celebrated Elegy—the first ever included in an edition of Chatterton's Works—the present Editor is indebted to the good services of Mr. Tyson, of Bristol.]

VI.

Thou breathing Sculpture, celebrate his fame,
And give his Laurel everlasting Bloom;
Record his worth while Gratitude has name,
And teach succeeding ages from his Tomb.

VII.

The Sword of Justice cautiously he sway'd,
His hand for ever held the balance right;
Each venial Fault with Pity he survey'd,
But MURDER found no MERCY in his sight.

VIII.

He knew, when flatterers besiege a Throne,
Truth seldom reaches to a Monarch's Ear;
Knew, IF OPPRESS'D A LOYAL PEOPLE GROAN,
'Tis not the COURTIER'S Interest HE SHOULD HEAR.

IX.

Hence honest to his Prince his manly Tongue
The PUBLIC WRONG and LOYALTY convey'd,
While TITLED TREMBLERS, ev'ry Nerve unstrung,
Look'd all around, confounded and dismay'd;

X.

Look'd all around, astonish'd to behold
(Train'd up to Flatt'ry from their early Youth)
An ARTLESS, FEARLESS Citizen unfold
To ROYAL Ears a MORTIFYING Truth.

XI.

Titles to him no pleasures could impart,
No bribes his rigid Virtue could controul;
The Star could never gain upon his Heart,
Nor turn the Tide of Honour in his soul.

XII.

For this his Name our Hist'ry shall adorn,
Shall soar on Fame's wide pinions all sublime,
'Till Heaven's own bright and never-dying morn
Absorbs our little particle of Time.

13.

Far other Fate the Venal Crew shall find,
Who sigh for pomp, or languish after strings;
And sell their native probity of mind,
For Bribes from Statesmen, or from Smiles from

14. [Kings.

And here a long inglorious list of names
On my disturb'd Imagination crowd;
O! let them perish (loud the muse exclaims),
Consign'd for ever to oblivion's cloud.

15.

"White be the page that celebrates his Fame,
"Nor let one mark of infamy appear;
"Let not the Villain's mingle with his name,
"Let Indignation stop the swelling Tear.

16.

"The swelling Tear should plenteously descend,
"The deluged Eye should give the Heart relief;
"Humanity should melt for nature's Friend,
"In all the richest Luxury of Grief."

17.

He, as a Planet with unceasing Ray,
Is seen in one unvaried course to move,
Through Life pursued, but one illustrious Way,
And all his orbit was his Country's Love.

18.

But he is gone!—And now, alas! no more
His generous Hand neglected Worth redeems;
No more around his mansion shall the Poor
Bask in his warm, his charitable Beams.

19.

No more his grateful countrymen shall hear
His manly voice, in martyr'd freedom's cause;
No more the courtly sycophant shall fear
His poignant Lash for violated Laws.

20.

Yet say, STERN VIRTUE, who'd not wish to die
Thus greatly struggling, a whole Land to save?
Who would not wish, with ardor wish to lie,
With *Beckford's* Honor, in a *Beckford's* Grave?

21.

Not Honor, such as Princes can bestow,
Whose breath a Reptile to a Lord can raise;
But far the brightest honor here below,
A grateful nation's unabating praise.

22.

But see! where LIBERTY, on yonder strand,
Where the cliff rises, and the billows roar,
Already takes her melancholy stand,
To wing her passage to some happier shore.

23.

Stay, Goddess! stay, nor leave this once bless'd Isle,
So many ages thy peculiar care;
O stay! and cheer us ever with thy smile,
Lest quick we sink in terrible despair.

24.

And lo! she listens to the muse's call;
She comes, once more, to cheer a wretched Land;
Thou, TYRANNY, shall tremble to thy fall!
To hear her high, her absolute command:—

25.

"Let not, my sons, the Laws your fathers bought,
"With such rich oceans of undaunted Blood,
"By TRAITORS, thus be basely set at nought,
"While at your Hearts you feel the purple flood.

26.

"Unite in firm, in honorable Bands;
"Break ev'ry Link of Slav'ry's hateful chain:
"Nor let your children, at their fathers' Hands,
"Demand their birthright, and demand in vain.

27.

"Where e'er the murd'rers of their country Hide;
"Whatever dignities their names adorn;
"It is your Duty—let it be your pride,
"To drag them forth to universal scorn.

28.

"So shall your lov'd, your venerated name,
"O'er Earth's vast convex gloriously expand;
"So shall your still accumulating fame,
"In one bright story with your *Beckford* stand.*

* In the Town and Country Magazine for November, 1769, there is a full-length portrait of Alderman Beckford in his magisterial robes. The Alderman, as is well known, was father to the present Wm. Beckford, Esq., the talented author of 'Vathek.' "Chatterton," says Dr. Gregory, "had, it seems, addressed an essay to the patriotic Lord Mayor, W. Beckford, which was so well received that it encouraged him to wait

ELEGY.

Haste, haste! ye solemn messengers of night,
Spread the black mantle on the shrinking plain;
But, ah! my torments still survive the light,
The changing seasons alter not my pain.

Ye variegated children of the spring;
Ye blossoms blushing with the pearly dew;
Ye birds that sweetly in the hawthorn sing;
Ye flow'ry meadows, lawns of verdant hue;

Faint are your colours, harsh your love-notes thrill,
To me no pleasure Nature now can yield:
Alike the barren rock and woody hill,
The dark-brown blasted heath, and fruitful field.

Ye spouting cataracts, ye silver streams,
Ye spacious rivers, whom the willow shrouds,
Ascend the bright-crown'd sun's far-shining beams,
To aid the mournful tear-distilling clouds.

upon his Lordship in order to obtain his approbation to address a second letter to him, on the subject of the city remonstrance, and its reception. 'His Lordship (adds he) received me as politely as a citizen could, and warmly invited me to call on him again. The rest is a secret.' His inclination doubtless led him to espouse the party of opposition; but he complains that 'no money is to be got on that side the question; interest is on the other side. But he is a poor author that cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introduced (and if I am not, I'll introduce myself) to a ruling power in the court party.' When Beckford died, he is said to have been almost frantic, and to have exclaimed that he was ruined. The elegy, however, in which he has celebrated him, contains more of frigid praise than of ardent feeling; nor is there a single line which appears to flow from the heart."

Ye noxious vapours, fall upon my head;
Ye writhing adders, round my feet entwine;
Ye toads, your venom in my foot-path spread;
Ye blasting meteors, upon me shine.

Ye circling seasons, intercept the year,
Forbid the beauties of the spring to rise;
Let not the life-preserving grain appear;
Let howling tempests harrow up the skies.

Ye cloud-girt, moss-grown turrets, look no more
Into the palace of the god of day:
Ye loud tempestuous billows, cease to roar,
In plaintive numbers through the valleys stray.

Ye verdant-vested trees, forget to grow,
Cast off the yellow foliage of your pride:
Ye softly tinkling riv'lets cease to flow,
Or, swell'd with certain death and poison, glide.

Ye solemn warblers of the gloomy night,
That rest in lightning-blasted oaks the day,
Through the black mantles take your slow-paced flight,
Rending the silent wood with shrieking lay.

Ye snow-crown'd mountains, lost to mortal eyes,
Down to the valleys bend your hoary head;
Ye livid comets, fire the peopled skies—
For—lady Betty's tabby cat is dead.

On MR. ALCOCK, of BRISTOL,

AN EXCELLENT MINIATURE PAINTER.

Ye Nine, awake the chorded shell,
Whilst I the praise of Alcock tell
In truth-dictated lays:
On wings of genius take thy flight,
O muse! above the Olympic height,
Make Echo sing his praise.

Nature, in all her glory drest,
Her flow'ry crown, her verdant vest,
Her zone etherial blue,
Receives new charms from Alcock's hand;
The eye surveys, at his command,
Whole kingdoms at a view.

His beauties seem to roll the eye,
And bid the real arrows fly,
To wound the gazer's mind;
So taking are his men display'd,
That oft th' unguarded wounded maid
Hath wish'd the painter blind.

His pictures like to nature shew,
The silver fountains seem to flow,
The hoary woods to nod;
The curling hair, the flowing dress,
The speaking attitude, confess
The fancy-forming god.

Ye classic Roman-loving fools,
Say, could the painters of the schools
With Alcock's pencil vie?
He paints the passions of mankind,
And in the face displays the mind,
Charming the heart and eye.

Thrice happy artist, rouse thy powers,
And send, in wonder-giving showers,
Thy beauteous works to view:
Envy shall sicken at thy name,
Italians leave the chair of Fame,
And own the seat thy due.*

* This piece was published in the Town and Country Magazine, under the signature of Asaphides: after Chatterton's death, a linen-draper of Bristol laid claim to it as his production. But as Chatterton mentions it as his own, in the letter to his relation, Mr. Stephens of Salisbury, his right to it (such as it is) has been considered established.—Ed.]

TO MISS BUSH, OF BRISTOL.*

Before I seek the dreary shore,
Where Gambia's rapid billows roar,
And foaming pour along,
To you I urge the plaintive strain,
And though a lover sings in vain,
Yet you shall hear the song.

Ungrateful, cruel, lovely maid,
Since all my torments were repaid
With frowns or languid sneers;
With assiduities no more
Your captive will your health implore,
Or tease you with his tears.

Now to the regions where the sun
Does his hot course of glory run,
And parches up the ground;
Where o'er the burning cleaving plains,
A long eternal dog-star reigns,
And splendour flames around:

* "Written," says Dr. Gregory, "in the style of Cowley—that is, with too much affectation of wit for real feeling." He had now in contemplation "the miserable hope of securing the very ineligible appointment of a surgeon's mate to Africa."

There will I go, yet not to find
A fire intenser than my mind,
Which burns a constant flame:
There will I lose thy heavenly form,
Nor shall remembrance, raptured, warm,
Draw shadows of thy frame.

In the rough element the sea,
I'll drown the softer subject, thee,
And sink each lovely charm:
No more my bosom shall be torn,
No more by wild ideas borne,
I'll cherish the alarm.

Yet, Polly, could thy heart be kind,
Soon would my feeble purpose find
Thy sway within my breast:
But hence, soft scenes of painted woe,
Spite of the dear delight I'll go,
Forget her, and be blest.

FRAGMENT.

Far from the reach of critics and reviews,
Brush up thy pinions and ascend, my muse!
Of conversation sing an ample theme,
And drink the tea of Heliconian stream.
Hail, matchless linguist! prating Delia, hail!
When scandal's best materials, hacknied, fail,
Thy quick invention lends a quick supply,
And all thy talk is one continued lie.
Know, thou eternal babbler, that my song
Could shew a line as venom'd as thy tongue.
In pity to thy sex I cease to write
Of London journeys and the marriage-night.
The conversation with which taverns ring
Descends below my satire's soaring sting.
Upon his elbow throne great Maro sits,
Revered at Forster's by the would-be wits;
Delib'rately the studied jest he breaks,
And long and loud the polish'd table shakes;
Retail'd in every brothel-house in town,
Each dancing booby vends it as his own.
Upon the emptied jelly-glass reclined,
The laughing Maro gathers up his wind;
The tail-bud 'prentice rubs his hands and grins,
Ready to laugh before the tale begins:

To talk of freedom, politics, and Bute,
And knotty arguments in law confute,
I leave to blockheads, for such things design'd,
Be it my task divine to ease the mind.

"To-morrow," says a Church-of-England Priest,
"Is of good St. Epiphany the feast.
"It nothing matters whether he or she,
"But be all servants from their labour free."
The laugh begins with Maro, and goes round,
And the dry jest is very witty found;
In every corner of the room are seen
Round altars covered with eternal green,
Piled high with offerings to the Goddess Fame,
Which mortals, chronicles, and journals name;
Where in strange jumble flesh and spirit lie,
And illustration sees a jest-book nigh:
Anti-venereal med'cine cheek-by-jowl
With Whitfield's famous physic for the soul;
The patriot Wilkes's ever-famed essay,
With Bute and justice in the self-same lay:
Which of the two deserved (ye casuists tell)
The conflagrations of a hangman's hell?

The clock strikes eight; the taper dully shines;
Farewell, my muse, nor think of further lines:
Nine leaves, and in two hours, or something odd,
Shut up the book,—it is enough by G—d!

28*th Oct.*

Sage Gloster's Bishop sits supine between
His fiery floggers, and a cure for spleen;
The son of flame, enthusiastic Law,
Displays his bigot blade and thunders raw,
Unconscious of his neighbours, some vile plays
Directing-posts to Beelzebub's highways;
Fools are philosophers in Jones's line,
And, bound in gold and scarlet, Dodsleys shine;
These are the various offerings Fame requires,
For ever rising to her shrines in spires;
Hence all Avaro's politics are drain'd,
And Evelina's general scandal's gain'd.

Where Satan's temple rears its lofty head,
And muddy torrents wash their shrinking bed;
Where the stupendous sons of commerce meet,
Sometimes to scold indeed, but oft to eat;
Where frugal Cambria all her poultry gives,
And where th' insatiate Messalina lives,
A mighty fabric opens to the sight:
With four large columns, five large windows dight;
With four small portals,—'tis with much ado
A common-council lady can pass through:
Here HARE first teaches supple limbs to bend,
And faults of nature never fails to mend.

Here conversation takes a nobler flight,
For nature leads the theme, and all is right;

The little god of love improves discourse,
And sage discretion finds his thunder hoarse;
About the flame the gilded trifles play,
Till, lost in forge unknown, they melt away;
And, cherishing the passion in the mind,
Their each idea's brighten'd and refined.

Ye painted guardians of the lovely fair,
Who spread the saffron bloom, and tinge the hair;
Whose deep invention first found out the art
Of making rapture glow in every part;
Of wounding by each varied attitude—
Sure 'twas a thought divinity endued.

* * * * *

ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF MR. PHILLIPS.*

Assist me, powers of Heaven! what do I hear?
Surprise and horror check the burning tear.
Is Phillips dead, and is my friend no more!
Gone like the sand divested from the shore!
And is he gone?—Can then the nine refuse
To sing with gratitude a favour'd muse.

ELEGY.

No more I hail the morning's golden gleam,
No more the wonders of the view I sing;
Friendship requires a melancholy theme,
At her command the awful lyre I string!

* This Elegy on the death of Thomas Phillips seems to have cost Chatterton some labour. Not satisfied with a first attempt, he set to work two or three months after his original effusion, and coined his grief afresh. Southey was not aware of this till after the ruder draught was printed. The second copy had found its way by some means into the hands of the late eccentric Thomas Hill, the friend and companion of all the present, and too many of the departed race of literary men. Through his medium it reached the Laureate, who printed it in the same volume with the older copy, with the following explanatory note:—"As this latter Elegy contained seven or eight new stanzas, besides many verbal alterations, instead of cancelling the old, it was deemed proper to let it remain, and to print the corrected copy also, by which the reader will be pleased in tracing Chatterton's various emendations." In the present edition the corrected copy only is retained: the emendations referred to may be noted from the variations subjoined in the margin.—Ed.

Now as I wander through this leafless grove,
Where tempests howl, and blasts eternal rise,[1]
How shall I teach the chorded shell to move,
Or stay the gushing torrent from my eyes?

Phillips! great master of the boundless lyre,
Thee would my soul-rack'd muse attempt to paint;[2]
Give me a double portion of thy fire,
Or all the powers of language are too faint.

Say, soul unsullied by the filth of vice,[3]
Say, meek-eyed spirit, where's thy tuneful shell,
Which when the silver stream was lock'd with ice,
Was wont to cheer the tempest-ravaged dell?

Oft as the filmy veil of evening drew
The thick'ning shade upon the vivid green,
Thou, lost in transport at the dying view,
Bid'st the ascending muse display the scene.

When golden Autumn, wreathed in ripen'd corn,
From purple clusters prest the foamy wine,
Thy genius did his sallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the season thine.

[1] In the original copy:—
"Where the dark vapours of the ev'ning rise."

[2] Better expressed in the former version:—
"Thee would my *grateful* muse," &c.

[3] The following stanza occurred in the original copy in the place of the fourth and fifth stanzas of the present Elegy:—
"Say what bold number, what immortal line
The image of thy genius can reflect?
Oh, lend my pen what animated thine,
To shew thee in thy native glories deck'd!"

With rustling sound the yellow foliage flies,
And wantons with the wind in rapid whirls;
The gurgling riv'let to the valley hies,
Whilst on its bank the spangled serpent curls.[4]

The joyous charms of Spring delighted saw
Their beauties doubly glaring in thy lay;
Nothing was Spring which Phillips did not draw,
And every image of his muse was May.

So rose the regal hyacinthal star,
So shone the verdure of the daisied bed,
So seemed the forest glimmering from afar;
You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming flow'ry pride
Next claim'd the honour of his nervous song;
He taught the stream in hollow trills to glide,
And led the glories of the year along.

Pale rugged Winter bending o'er his tread,
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusky light congealed and dead,
His robe, a tinge of bright etherial blue.

[4] More appropriately in the original copy :—
"And lost to sight, in dying murmurs curls."

His train a motley'd, sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet, dreary moor,
Whilst rising whirlwinds, blasting, keen, and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.*

Nor were his pleasures unimproved by thee;
Pleasures he has, though horridly deform'd;
The polished lake, the silver'd hill we see,
Is by thy genius fired,[5] preserved, and warm'd.

The rough October[6] has his pleasures too;
But I'm insensible to every joy:
Farewell the laurel! now I grasp the yew,
And all my little powers in grief employ.

Immortal shadow of my much-loved friend!
Clothed in thy native virtue meet my soul,
When on the fatal bed, my passions bend,
And curb my floods of anguish as they roll.

In thee each virtue found a pleasing cell,
Thy mind was honour, and thy soul divine;
With thee did every god[7] of genius dwell,
Thou wast the Helicon of all the nine.

* I think you have not given sufficient praise to the impersonation of Winter in the Elegy on Phillips. It appears to me so finely conceived, as that no poet, living or dead, has ever excelled it.—ANNA SEWARD *to* DR. GREGORY.

[5] *Fix'd*, in the original copy.

[6] *November*, in the first draught.

[7] In the original, *power*.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctured vest
Was ever changing to a different hue;
Her head, with varied bays and flow'rets drest,
Her eyes, two spangles of the morning dew.

With dancing attitude she swept thy string;
And now she soars, and now again descends;
And now reclining on the zephyr's wing,
Unto the velvet-vested mead she bends.

Peace, deck'd in all the softness of the dove,
Over thy passions spread her silver plume;
The rosy veil of harmony and love
Hung on thy soul in one eternal bloom.

Peace, gentlest, softest of the virtues, spread
Her silver pinions, wet with dewy tears,
Upon her best distinguished poet's head,
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres.

Temp'rance, with health and beauty in her train,
And massy-muscled strength in graceful pride,
Pointed at scarlet luxury and pain,
And did at every frugal [8] feast preside.

Black melancholy stealing to the shade
With raging madness, frantic, loud, and dire,
Whose bloody hand displays the reeking blade,
Were strangers to thy heaven-directed lyre.

[8] In the first draught, *cheerful.*

Content, who smiles in every frown of fate,
Wreath'd thy pacific brow and sooth'd thy ill:[9]
In thy own virtues and thy genius great,
The happy muse laid every trouble still.

But see! the sick'ning lamp of day retires,[10]
And the meek evening shakes the dusky grey;
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,
And like thy life, O Phillips! dies away.

Here, stretched upon this heaven-ascending hill,
I'll wait the horrors of the coming night,
I'll imitate the gently-plaintive rill,
And by the glare of lambent vapours write.

Wet with the dew the yellow hawthorns bow;*
The rustic whistles through the echoing cave;[11]
Far o'er the lea the breathing cattle low,
And the full Avon lifts the darken'd wave.

Now, as the mantle of the evening swells
Upon my mind, I feel a thick'ning gloom!
Ah! could I charm by necromantic spells [12]
The soul of Phillips from the deathy tomb!

[9] "Content, who smiles at all the frowns of fate,
Fann'd from idea ev'ry seeming ill."

[10] "The sicken'd glare of day retires."

* Note on this verse by Chatterton, "Expunged as too flowery for grief."

[11] In the first copy—
"The loud winds whistle through the echoing dell!
* * * * *
And the shrill shriekings of the screech-owl swell."

[12] "By friendship's potent spells."

Then would we wander through this darken'd vale,
In converse such as heavenly spirits use,
And, borne upon the pinions [13] of the gale,
Hymn the Creator, and exert [14] the muse.

But, horror to reflection ! now no more
Will Phillips sing, the wonder of the plain !
When, doubting whether they might not adore,
Admiring mortals heard his nervous strain.

See ! see ! the pitchy vapour hides the lawn,
Nought but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where into a blasted oak withdrawn
The scream proclaims the curst nocturnal bird.[15]

Now, rest my muse, but only rest to weep
A friend made dear by every sacred tie ;
Unknown to me be comfort peace or sleep :
Phillips is dead—'tis pleasure then to die.

Few are the pleasures Chatterton e'er knew,
Short were the moments of his transient peace ;
But melancholy robb'd him of those few,
And this hath bid all future comfort cease.*

[13] In the original copy, *plumage.*
[14] *Exhort.*
[15] In the original, thus :—
"A mad'ning darkness reigns through all the lawn,
Nought but a doleful bell of death is heard,
Save where into a hoary oak withdrawn," &c.

* An addiction to poetry is very generally the result of an uneasy mind in an uneasy body ; disease or deformity have been the attendants of many of our best. Collins, mad : Chatterton, *I* think mad : Cowper, mad : Pope, crooked : Milton, blind.—BYRON.

And can the muse be silent, Phillips gone!
And am I still alive? My soul, arise!
The robe of immortality put on,
And meet thy Phillips in his native skies.

TO THE READER.

Observe, in favour of a hobbling strain
Neat as exported from the parent brain,
And each and every couplet I have penn'd,
But little labour'd, and I never mend.

T. C.

Chatterton's sad story is well known; his life the wonder, his death the disgrace of his country. That a boy of seventeen years should have afforded a subject for dispute to the first critics and scholars of his time is scarcely to be credited: who then shall believe that this prodigy of nature should be left a prey to indigence and famine! Scorned by those who envied him, and not understood by those who pretended to patronise him, the very efforts of his genius were made a plea for attacking his moral character; and inferences were unjustly drawn from his successful imitation of ancient manuscripts, that he would not scruple to commit the crime of forgery.

This malicious insinuation, invented only to justify the odious neglect with which he was treated, met its refutation in his death, which was innocent to all the world, except himself. Hunger itself did not tempt him to the violation of any social duty, and he closed his short life, unstained by any crime, the probable guilt of which was imputed to him by avarice and envy.—SOUTHEY.

In an eminent modern work,—overlooked indeed by this generation of novel readers and the herd of superficial critics,—but praised and valued by the good, and those whose judgment is decision, there is a picture of the "silent agony" which such as Chatterton must too often endure, which is truth itself.——"They know not, they cannot tell—the cold, dull world—they cannot even remotely conceive the agony of doubt and despair, which is the doom of youthful genius. To sigh for fame in obscurity is like sighing in a dungeon for light. Yet the votary and the captive share an equal hope. But to feel the strong necessity of fame, and to be conscious without intellectual excellence life must be insupportable—to feel all this with no simultaneous faith in your own powers—these are moments of despondency for which no immortality can compensate."—CONTARINI FLEMING.

HOR. Lib. 1. Od. 19.*

Yes! I am caught, my melting soul
To Venus bends without control,
I pour th' empassioned sigh.
Ye Gods! what throbs my bosom move,
Responsive to the glance of love,
That beams from Stella's eye.

---

* These translations from Horace were made by Chatterton, from Watson's literal version; a book which his friend Mr. Edward Gardner lent him for the express purpose.—Southey's *Edition*.

De Glycera.

Mater sæva Cupidinum,
Thebanæque jubet me Semeles puer,
Et lasciva licentia,
Finitis animum reddere amoribus.
Urit me Glyceræ nitor
Splendentis Pario marmore puriùs;
Urit grata protervitas,
Et vultus nimiùm lubricus aspici.
In me tota ruens Venus
Cyprum deseruit; nec patitur Scythas,
Et versis animosum equis
Parthum dicere, nec quæ nihil attinent.
Hic vivum mihi cespitem, hic
Verbenas, pueri, ponite, thuraque,
Bimi cum paterâ meri,
Mactatâ veniet lenior hostiâ

Hor. *Lib.* 1. *Carm.* 19,

Watson's Translation is as follows:—

"Of Glycera.

"The cruel Queen of Love, and Bacchus, son of the Theban Semele, assisted by licentious desires, conspire to rekindle in me the passion of love, which I thought had been quite extinguished. I am ravished with the beauty of Glycera, which far excels the finest Parian marble. I am struck with her agreeable humour and fine complexion, which cannot be looked on without manifest danger. Venus hath left Cyprus to reign in my heart, and will not permit me to sing of either the warlike Scythians, or of the Parthians, who fight so boldly while they are flying; or of anything else, but what relates to her. Bring me then, boys, some green turf, vervain, incense, and a cup of two-year-old wine: when I have offered this goddess a sacrifice, she will be more mild and tractable.

Oh, how divinely fair that face,
And what a sweet resistless grace
On every feature dwells!
And on those features all the while,
The softness of each frequent smile
Her sweet good-nature tells.

O Love! I'm thine—no more I sing
Heroic deeds—the sounding string
Forgets its wonted strains;
For ought but love the lyre's unstrung,
Love melts and trembles on my tongue,
And thrills in every vein.

Invoking the propitious skies,
The green-sod altar let us rise,
Let holy incense smoke:
And if we pour the sparkling wine,
Sweet, gentle peace may still be mine,
This dreadful chain be broke!

HOR. LIB. I. OD. 5.*

WHAT gentle youth, my lovely fair one, say,
With sweets perfum'd now courts thee to the bow'r,
Where glows with lustre red the rose of May,
To form thy couch in love's enchanting hour?

* AD PYRRHAM.

Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro!
Cui flavam religas comam,
Simplex munditiis? heu, quoties fidem
Mutatosque Deos flebit, et aspera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur insolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aureâ:
Qui semper vacuam, semper amabilem
Sperat, nescius auræ
Fallacis! miseri, quibus
Intentata nites! me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo.

HOR. LIB. I CARM. 5.

"Who, Pyrrha, is this slender young gallant, perfumed with rich odours, that caresses you on a bed of roses in a pleasant grotto? For whom, pray, do you bind up your golden locks, genteely dressed, though plain? Poor unexperienced youth! how oft will he have cause to complain of your treachery, and to lament his own hard fate! How will he stand amazed to see your smooth temper all on a sudden ruffled as the sea with stormy winds! he who now enjoys your charms without fear, and who, unacquainted with your coquette airs, fondly thinks you are solely his, and that you will be always the same. Thrice wretched they, who, strangers to your arts, are allured with your beauty. But as trophies of my narrow escape, I have, as I vowed, hung up my tablet, and dripping wet clothes in the temple of Neptune, that great ruler of the sea."—WATSON'S *Translation*, published in 1741.

The reader will be pleased to compare with Chatterton's version of the above, the same Ode rendered by Milton "almost word for word without rhyme, according to the Latin measure, as near as the language will permit."

What slender youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
Pyrrha? for whom bind'st thou
In wreaths thy golden hair,

By zephyrs wav'd, why does thy loose hair sweep
  In simple curls around thy polish'd brow?
The wretch that loves thee now too soon shall weep
  Thy faithless beauty and thy broken vow.

Though soft the beams of thy delusive eyes
  As the smooth surface of th' untroubled stream;
Yet, ah! too soon th' extatic vision flies—
  Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.

Unhappy youth, oh, shun the warm embrace,
  Nor trust too much affection's flattering smile;
Dark poison lurks beneath that charming face,
  Those melting eyes but languish to beguile.

Thank heaven, I've broke the sweet but galling chain,
Worse than the horrors of the stormy main!

Plain in thy neatness? Oh, how oft shall he
On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
  Rough with black winds and storms
  Unwonted shall admire!
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
Who always vacant always amiable
  Hopes thee, of flattering gales
  Unmindful. Hapless they
To whom thou untried seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
  My dank and dropping weeds
  To the stern god of sea.

ELEGY

ON MR. WILLIAM SMITH.*

Ascend, my muse, on sorrow's sable plume,
Let the soft number meet the swelling sigh;
With Laureated chaplets deck the tomb,
The bloodstain'd tomb where Smith and comfort lie.

I loved him with a brother's ardent love,
Beyond the love which tenderest brothers bear;
Though savage kindred bosoms cannot move,
Friendship shall deck his urn and pay the tear.

Despised, an alien to thy father's breast,
Thy ready services repaid with hate;
By brother, father, sisters, all distrest,
They push'd thee on to death, they urged thy fate.

Ye callous-breasted brutes in human form,
Have you not often boldly wish'd him dead?
He's gone, ere yet his fire of man was warm,
O may his crying blood be on your head!

* Happily mistaken, having since heard, from good authority, it is Peter.—Chatterton.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

STREPHON.

Lucy, since the knot was tied,
Which confirm'd thee Strephon's bride,
All is pleasure, all is joy,
Married love can never cloy;
Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,
Marriage is the road to bliss.

LUCY.

Whilst thy kindness ev'ry hour
Gathers pleasure with its power,
Love and tenderness in thee
Must be happiness to me.
Learn, ye rovers, learn from this,
Marriage is substantial bliss.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,
Ruler of the happy train,
Lift thy flaming torch above
All the flights of wanton love;
Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,
Triumph in the married scene.

STREPHON.

Blest with thee, the sultry day
Flies on wings of down away,
Lab'ring o'er the yellow plain,
Open to the sun and rain;
All my painful labours fly,
When I think my Lucy's nigh.

LUCY.

O my Strephon, could my heart
Happiness to thee impart,
Joy should sing away the hour,
Love should ev'ry pleasure shower:
Search my faithful breast, and see,
I am blest in loving thee.

BOTH.

Godlike Hymen, ever reign,
Ruler of the happy train,
Lift thy flaming torch above
All the flights of wanton love;
Peaceful, solid, blest, serene,
Triumph in the married scene.

SONGS.

A BACCHANALIAN.

SUNG BY MR. REINHOLD.

Bacchus, ever smiling power,
Patron of the festive hour!
Here thy genuine nectar roll
To the wide capacious bowl,
While gentility and glee
Make these gardens worthy thee.

Bacchus, ever mirth and joy,
Laughing, wanton, happy boy!
Here advance thy clustered crown,
Send thy purple blessings down;
With the Nine to please conspire,
Wreathe the ivy round the lyre.

THE INVITATION.

TO BE SUNG BY

MRS. BARTHELEMON AND MASTER CHENEY.

Away to the woodlands, away!
The shepherds are forming a ring,
To dance to the honour of May,
And welcome the pleasures of Spring.
The shepherdess labours a grace,
And shines in her Sunday's array,
And bears in the bloom of her face
The charms and the beauties of May.
Away to the woodlands, away!
The shepherds are forming a ring, &c.

Away to the woodlands, away!
And join with the amorous train:
'Tis treason to labour to day,
Now Bacchus and Cupid must reign.
With garlands of primroses made,
And crown'd with the sweet blooming spray,
Through woodland, and meadow, and shade,
We'll dance to the honour of May.
Away, &c.

A BACCHANALIAN.

What is war and all its joys?
Useless mischief, empty noise.
What are arms and trophies won?
Spangles glittering in the sun.
Rosy Bacchus, give me wine,
Happiness is only thine!

What is love without the bowl?
'Tis a languor of the soul:
Crown'd with ivy, Venus charms,
Ivy courts me to her arms.
Bacchus, give me love and wine,
Happiness is only thine!

THE VIRGIN'S CHOICE.*

Young Strephon is as fair a swain
As e'er a shepherd of the plain
In all the hundred round;
But Ralph has tempting shoulders, true,
And will as quickly buckle to
As any to be found.

Young Colin has a comely face,
And cudgels with an active grace,
In everything complete;
But Hobbinol can dance divine,
Gods! how his manly beauties shine,
When jigging with his feet.

Roger is very stout and strong,
And Thyrsis sings a heavenly song,
Soft Giles is brisk and small.
Who shall I choose? who shall I shun?
Why must I be confined to one?
Why can't I have them all?

* [This song, together with the four preceding it, appear to have been supplied by Chatterton for the concerts held at the Marylebone Gardens. They were first printed in the same pamphlet with 'The Revenge,' fifteen or sixteen years after his death.—Ed.]

With regard to the authorship of the Rowley Poems, much importance cannot be attached to the very inferior quality of certain isolated verses taken from amongst Chatterton's known and acknowledged productions. The greatest minds are not only capable of such a descent, but are most liable and addicted to it. Nothing is more common, than to find in the history of the same individual occasional indications of weakness and fatuity, coupled with proofs of gigantic strength of intellect.—Bath and Bristol Magazine.

TO MRS. HEYWOOD, THE NOVELIST.*

I.

Let Sappho's name be heard no more,
Or Dido's fate by bards be sung,
When on the billow-beaten shore
The echo of Æneas rung.

II.

Love, the great ruler of the breast,
Proud and impatient to control,
In every novel stands confest,
Waking to nature's scenes the soul.

III.

Heywood! thy genius was divine;
The softer passions own'd thy sway;
Thy easy prose, the flowing line,
Accomplishments supreme display.

* These lines are taken from a volume of Mrs. Heywood's Novels, formerly belonging to the circulating library of a Bristol stationer, and now in the possession of the Earl of Limerick. They appeared a few years since in one of the monthly magazines, but now for the first time make part of Chatterton's collected Works. The Authoress to whom they are addressed was not distinguished for the morality of her earlier works. She produced "The Court of Carimania," "The New Utopia," with others of a like kind. Pope branded her for them in the Dunciad:

"See in the circle next, Eliza placed,
Two babes of love close clinging to her waist," &c.

She afterwards appeared as a moralist, and produced "The Female Spectator," four vols., and numerous other works. She is represented as a woman of strict decorum and delicacy in her private character. She died in 1756. During the whole of Chatterton's life her works continued their great popularity. They are now entirely forgotten.—Ed.

IV.

Pope, son of envy and of fame,
Penn'd the invidious line in vain;
To blast thy literary name,
Exceeds the power of human strain.

V.

Ye gay, ye sensible, ye fair,
To what her genius wrote attend;
You'll find engaging morals there
To help the lover and the friend.

TO MISS C.

ON HEARING HER PLAY ON THE HARPSICHORD.*

Had Israel's Monarch, when misfortune's dart
Pierced to its deepest core his heaving breast,
Heard but thy dulcet tones, his sorrowing heart
At such soft tones had soothed itself to rest.

Yes, sweeter far than Jesse's son's thy strains—
Yet what avail if sorrow they disarm?
Love's sharper sting within the soul remains,
The melting movements wound us as they charm.

* From a MS. of Chatterton's, in the British Museum.

TO MR. POWEL.*

WHAT language, Powel! can thy merits tell,
By nature form'd in every path t' excel;
To strike the feeling soul with magic skill,
When every passion bends beneath thy will?
Loud as the howlings of the northern wind,
Thy scenes of anger harrow up the mind;
But most thy softer tones our bosoms move,
When Juliet listens to her Romeo's love.
How sweet thy gentle movements then to see—
Each melting heart must sympathize with thee.

Yet, though design'd in every walk to shine,
Thine is the furious, and the tender thine;
Though thy strong feelings and thy native fire
Still force the willing gazers to admire,
Though great thy praises for thy scenic art,
We love thee for the virtues of thy heart.

* From a MS. of Chatterton's, in the British Museum.

THE RESIGNATION.*

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky,
  Whose eye this atom globe surveys,
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
  Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
  The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the pow'r of human skill,—
  But what th' Eternal acts is right.

* James Montgomery, the author of 'The Wanderer of Switzerland,' in a letter to Mr. Dix, alluded to by that gentleman in his life of Chatterton, says with reference to these verses that they "show at least some 'light from heaven' breathing through the darkness of his soul, which affected me so deeply, when as a young man I read them, that I responded to them from the depth of my heart, with a sympathy which I endeavoured to express in one of my earlier poems."

The following are Mr. Montgomery's verses :—

"A dying swan of Pindus sings
In wildly-mournful strains;
As Death's cold fingers snap the strings,
His suffering lyre complains.

Soft as the mist of evening wends
Along the shadowy vale;
Sad as in storms the moon ascends,
And turns the darkness pale;

So soft the melting numbers flow
From his harmonious lips;
So sad his woe-wan features show,
Just fading in eclipse.

The Bard to dark despair resign'd,
With his expiring art,
Sings 'midst the tempest of his mind
The shipwreck of his heart.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee
Encroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

If Hope still seem to linger nigh,
And hover o'er his head,
Her pinions are too weak to fly,
Or Hope ere now had fled.

Rash Minstrel! who can hear thy songs,
Nor long to share thy fire?
Who read thine errors and thy wrongs,
Nor execrate the lyre?

The lyre that sunk thee to the grave,
When bursting into bloom,
That lyre the power to genius gave
To blossom in the tomb.

Yes; till his memory fail with years,
Shall Time thy strains recite;
And while thy story swells his tears,
Thy song shall charm his flight."

Within four months Chatterton's London career began and closed, yet it witnessed all the most fitful extremes of hope and despair. In the hectic gaiety with which he struggles to conceal the latter feeling from his poor friends, and in the buoyant certainty of greatness to which he shows himself lifted by the most trifling success, his letters are models of the profoundest pathos. The "seething brains and shaping fantasies, which apprehend more than cooler reason can," were indeed Chatterton's; but these, we cannot help thinking, included also in his case qualities which redeem his short and unhappy life from he more ordinary class of literary miseries. His pride and his honour never deserted him. He did not die after descending to make his talents instruments of evil to others, or of disgrace to himself. Panting and jaded as he was, and pursued to the extremest verge of despair by the dogs of hunger and necessity, literature still remained a refreshment and a hope to him, when madness suddenly terminated all. His poison draught is not to be compared to Boyse's blanket, or to the prison of Savage, or even to the loaf of the starving Otway.—Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why drooping seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.*

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my sun reveals.

During the few months of his existence in London, his letters to his mother and sister, which were always accompanied with presents, expressed the most joyous anticipations. But suddenly all the flush of his gay hopes and busy projects terminated in despair. The particular causes which led to his catastrophe have not been distinctly traced. His own descriptions of his prospects were but little to be trusted; for while apparently exchanging his shadowy visions of Rowley for the real adventures of life, he was still moving under the spell of an imagination that saw everything in exaggerated colours. Out of this dream he was at length awakened, when he found that he had miscalculated the chances of patronage and the profits of literary labour.—CAMPBELL.

* Heav'n is all love; all joy in giving joy;
It never had created, but to bless.—YOUNG'S *Night Thoughts.*

CHATTERTON'S WILL.

1770.*

All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock Saturday, in the utmost distress of mind. April 14, 1770.

N.B.—In a dispute concerning the character of David, Mr. ——— argued that he must be a holy man, from the strains of piety that breathe through his whole works. I being of a contrary opinion, and knowing that a great genius can effect anything, endeavouring in the *foregoing Poems* † to represent an enthusiastic Methodist, intended to send it to Romaine, and impose it upon the infatuated world as a reality; but thanks to Burgum's generosity, I am now employed in matters of more importance.

Saturday, April 20, 1770.

Burgum, I thank thee, thou hast let me see
That Bristol has impress'd her stamp on thee,
Thy generous spirit emulates the Mayor's,
Thy generous spirit with thy Bristol's pairs.

* It was the accidental sight of this Will which occasioned Mr. Lambert to part with Chatterton; when the latter, a few days after, set off for London.—Without this intimation, and attending to the *date*, the reader might suppose that the above was the will which Chatterton wrote immediately preceding his death. Dr. Gregory states, that he was informed on good authority, that this will "was occasioned by the refusal of a gentleman, whom he had complimented in his poems, to accommodate him with a supply of money." The MS. in Chatterton's handwriting is preserved in the Library of the Bristol Institution.

† What poems are here meant is uncertain.

Gods! what would Burgum give to get a name,
And snatch his blundering dialect from shame!
What would he give, to hand his memory down
To time's remotest boundary?—A Crown.*
Would you ask more, his swelling face looks blue;
Futurity he rates at two pounds two.
Well, Burgum, take thy laurel to thy brow;
With a rich saddle decorate a sow,
Strut in Iambics, totter in an Ode,
Promise, and never pay, and be the mode.

Catcott, for thee, I know thy heart is good,
But ah! thy merit's seldom understood;
Too bigoted to whimsies, which thy youth
Received to venerate as Gospel truth,
Thy friendship never could be dear to me,
Since all I am is opposite to thee.
If ever obligated to thy purse,
Rowley discharges all—my first chief curse!
For had I never known the antique lore,
I ne'er had ventur'd from my peaceful shore,
To be the wreck of promises and hopes,
A Boy of Learning, and a Bard of Tropes;
But happy in my humble sphere had moved,
Untroubled, unsuspected, unbelov'd.†

* The sum given to Chatterton by Mr. Burgum for his pedigree.

† Such was Chatterton's firmness of perseverance, that he seems to attest the originality of Rowley, even in the *Will* which he wrote before his projected suicide. This circumstance is much founded on by believers. To me it only affords an additional proof of the unconquerable and haughty perseverance of his character. I attach no implicit faith to dying declarations; for upon points in which fame is implicated, the voice of the passions is heard even in the hour of death. I disclaim every application of the illustration which can be disrespectful to the memory of Chatterton; but it is well known, that criminals, whose crimes are not of a nature to meet public sympathy, often

To Barrett next, he has my thanks sincere,
For all the little knowledge I had here.
But what was knowledge? Could it here succeed
When scarcely twenty in the town can read?
Could knowledge bring in interest to maintain
The wild expenses of a Poet's brain;
Disinterested Burgum never meant
To take my knowledge for his gain per cent.
When wildly squand'ring ev'ry thing I got,
On books and learning, and the Lord knows what,
Could Burgum then, my critic, patron, friend!
Without security attempt to lend?
No, that would be imprudent in the man;
Accuse him of imprudence if you can.
He promis'd, I confess, and seem'd sincere;
Few keep an honorary promise here.
I thank thee, Barrett—thy advice was right,
But 'twas ordain'd by fate that I should write.
Spite of the prudence of this prudent place,
I wrote my mind, nor hid the author's face.
Harris ere long, when reeking from the press,
My numbers make his self-importance less,
Will wrinkle up his face, and damn the day,
And drag my body to the triple way—
Poor superstitious mortals! wreak your hate
Upon my cold remains———

at their death endeavour, by a denial of guilt most satisfactorily proved, to avert the odium attached to their persons and memory. It may be thought that Chatterton would have better consulted his own fame by avowing these beautiful poems; but the pride of every one is not sustained by the same nutriment. He probably deprecated the doubtful fame of an ingenious but detected impostor, and preferred the internal consciousness, that, by persisting in the deception he had commenced, future ages might venerate the poems of Chatterton, under patronage of the fictitious Rowley.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

This is the last Will and Testament of me, Thomas Chatterton, of the city of Bristol; being sound in body, or it is the fault of my last surgeon: the soundness of my mind, the coroner and jury are to be judges of, desiring them to take notice, that the most perfect masters of human nature in Bristol distinguish me by the title of the Mad Genius; therefore, if I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which all savoured of insanity.*

Item. If after my death, which will happen tomorrow night before eight o'clock, being the Feast of the Resurrection, the coroner and jury bring it in lunacy, I will and direct, that Paul Farr, Esq. and Mr. John Flower, at their joint expense, cause my body to be interred in the tomb of my fathers, and raise the monument over my body to the height of four feet five inches, placing the present flat stone on the top, and adding six tablets.

On the *first*, to be engraved in Old English characters:—

Vous qui par ici pasez
Pur l'ame Guateroine Chatterton priez
Le Cors di oi ici gist
L'ame receyve Thu Crist. MCCX.†

* Chatterton *was* insane,—better proof of this than the coroner's inquest is, that there was insanity in his family. (His sister, Mrs. Newton, was for some period confined in a mad-house.) His biographers were not informed of this important fact; and the editors of his collected works forbore to state it, because the collection was made for the benefit of his surviving relations, a sister and niece, in both of whom the disease had manifested itself.—SOUTHEY.

† Whatever obsolete spelling or mistakes may be observed here,

On the *second* tablet, in Old English characters:—

Orate pro animabus Alanus Chatterton, et Alicia Axeris ejus, qui quidem Alanus obiit x die mensis Novemb. MCCCCCXV, quorum animabus propinetur Deus Amen.

On the *third* tablet, in Roman characters:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON,

Subchaunter of the Cathedral of this city, whose ancestors were residents of St. Mary Redcliffe since the year 1140. He died the 7th of August, 1752.

On the *fourth* tablet, in Roman characters:—

TO THE MEMORY OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Reader, judge not; if thou art a Christian—believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power—to that Power alone is he now answerable.*

On the *fifth* and *sixth* tablets, which shall front each other:—

Atchievements: viz. on the one, vest, a fess, or; crest, a mantle of estate, gules, supported by a spear, sable, headed, or. On the other, or, a fess vert, crest, a cross of Knights Templars.—And I will and

either in the French or the Latin, the reader is desired to consider as the author's, not the editor's.

* This suitable portion of the inscription has been engraved on the monument recently erected to Chatterton's memory in Bristol.

direct that if the coroner's inquest bring it in *felo-de-se*, the said monument shall be notwithstanding erected. And if the said Paul Farr and John Flower have souls so Bristolish as to refuse this my request, they will transmit a copy of my Will to the Society for supporting the Bill of Rights, whom I hereby empower to build the said monument according to the aforesaid directions. And if they the said Paul Farr and John Flower should build the said monument, I will and direct that the second edition of my Kew Gardens shall be dedicated to them in the following dedication:—To Paul Farr and John Flower, Esqrs. this book is most humbly dedicated by the Author's Ghost.

Item. I give all my vigour and fire of youth to Mr. George Catcott, being sensible he is most in want of it.

Item. From the same charitable motive, I give and bequeath unto the Reverend Mr. Camplin senior, all my humility. To Mr. Burgum all my prosody and grammar,—likewise one moiety of my modesty; the other moiety to any young lady who can prove without blushing that she wants that valuable commodity. To Bristol, all my spirit and disinterestedness, parcels of goods, unknown on her quay since the days of Canning and Rowley! 'Tis true, a charitable gentleman, one Mr. Colston, smuggled a considerable quantity of it, but it being proved that he was a papist, the Worshipful Society of Aldermen

endeavoured to throttle him with the oath of allegiance. I leave also my religion to Dr. Cutts Barton, Dean of Bristol, hereby empowering the Sub-Sacrist to strike him on the head when he goes to sleep in church. My powers of utterance I give to the Reverend Mr. Broughton, hoping he will employ them to a better purpose than reading lectures on the immortality of the soul. I leave the Reverend Mr. Catcott some little of my free-thinking, that he may put on spectacles of reason and see how vilely he is duped in believing the Scriptures literally. I wish he and his brother George would know how far I am their real enemy; but I have an unlucky way of raillery, and when the strong fit of satire is upon me, I spare neither friend nor foe. This is my excuse for what I have said of them elsewhere. I leave Mr. Clayfield the sincerest thanks my gratitude can give; and I will and direct that whatever any person may think the pleasure of reading my works worth, they immediately pay their own valuation to him, since it is then become a lawful debt to me and to him as my executor in this case.*

I leave my moderation to the politicians on both sides of the question. I leave my generosity to our

* A writing in the shape of a will, drawn out at considerable length, when he had come to look deliberately to suicide as his ultimate resource in the event of the failure of his projects of literary ambition, is a sad display of cool recklessness of all that is involved in death and its consequences. The horror appropriate to such a prospect and intention is in fearful incongruity with the desperate levity of a series of satiric quips in the form of legacies. That act itself, committed in a far too deliberate determination to allow the plea of insanity in any such sense as to suspend responsibility, comes to complete the moral spectacle, in a character to which our sympathies are faintly and reluctantly given; and induces a willingness to let Chatterton retire towards oblivion.—Eclectic Review.

present Right Worshipful Mayor, Thomas Harris, Esq. I give my abstinence to the company at the Sheriffs' annual feast in general, more particularly the Aldermen.

Item. I give and bequeath to Mr. Matthew Mease a mourning ring with this motto, "Alas, poor Chatterton!" provided he pays for it himself. Item. I leave the young ladies all the letters they have had from me, assuring them that they need be under no apprehensions from the appearance of my ghost, for I die for none of them.—Item. I leave all my debts, the whole not five pounds, to the payment of the charitable and generous Chamber of Bristol, on penalty, if refused, to hinder every member from a good dinner by appearing in the form of a bailiff. If in defiance of this terrible spectre, they obstinately persist in refusing to discharge my debts, let my two creditors apply to the supporters of the Bill of Rights. Item. I leave my mother and sister to the protection of my friends, if I have any.—Executed in the presence of Omniscience this 14th of April, 1770.

THOS. CHATTERTON.

CODICIL.

It is my pleasure that Mr. Cocking and Miss Farley print this my Will the first Saturday after my death.—T. C.*

* Chatterton's Will appears to have been written a few days before he left Bristol to go to London; when in consequence, as it should seem, of his being refused a small sum of money by a gentleman, whom he had occasionally complimented in his poems, he had taken a resolu-

tion of destroying himself the next day. What prevented him from carrying this design at that time into execution does not appear, but the whole writing on this occasion is worth attention, as it throws much light on his real character, his acquaintance with old English writers, and his capability of understanding and imitating old French and Latin inscriptions, not indeed grammatically, but sufficiently to answer the purpose to which he often applied this knowledge. From this writing it also appears that he would not allow King David to have been a holy man, from the strains of piety and devotion in his psalms, because *a great genius can affect anything;* that is, *assume any character and mode of writing* he pleases. This is an answer from Chatterton himself, to one argument, and a very powerful one, in support of the authenticity of Rowley's poems, but in so guarded a manner, that it is not easy to draw any certain information for or against their authenticity; though the parties on both sides have attempted it. The address to Mr. Barrett does no less credit to his own feelings, than to that gentleman's treatment of him; and the apology that follows to the two Mr. Catcotts, for some effusions of his satire upon them, is the best recompense he then had in his power to make to those gentlemen, from whom he had experienced much civility and kindness.—Dr. Gregory.

POLITICAL LETTERS.

LETTER I.

*To the Duke of G——n.**

SIR,

Your resignation is a step which will cause as much speculation in the political world, as any harlequinade you have already acted. Those who imagine you are at last convinced of your insufficiency to support the measures you have hitherto endeavoured to establish, forget that the most striking part of your character is an obstinate perseverance in the wrong. Others, who are so little acquainted with you, as not to doubt your veracity, may be satisfied with your own reasons, and see the affair in whatever light you would choose to set it. But those who would know the real cause of your retreat, must trace it to the root of all authority and power—the Earl of Bute. It was the influence of this sun of state, that ripened your latent genius into life. He drew your talents out of obscurity; he raised you to the pinnacle of place, and you have (as in duty bound) been his pack-ass till your late retreat. 'Tis true, the measures which have set the nation in a flame, were executed by you: but they were planned

* The letters under the signature of "Decimus" were published in the Middlesex Journal for 1770, and were reprinted for the first time in 1837, in Mr. Dix's Life of Chatterton.

by him, and his more inventive projectors. I would not seem to lessen your character as a minister; but it is well known your talent does not lie in scheming; and you are very incapable of guiding, but upon the lifeless, insipid plan you first set out on. These were qualifications in the eye of the Thane: a jesuitical minister, who has parts to intrigue for himself, will pay little regard to the instruction of another. Your happy vacuity of invention, raised you to that dignity you so nobly maintained. As an instrument, you acquitted yourself to general satisfaction. You bore the infamy of every unconstitutional measure with a temerity truly stoical; you have heard unmoved the cries of the wretched; and was pleased to countenance murder, by calling a just and commendable desire of liberty, riot and licentiousness. It was certainly a little galling to find, that, notwithstanding all your labour and public infamy, you could not be permitted to nominate a friend or dependant to a lucrative post, without the consent of the Thane first meanly obtained. Your little sense of honour might have been touched; but you submitted. After such a slavish submission to the evil genius of England, it was impossible to expect any other effects from your administration than what have happened. We saw every measure pursued with that erring obstinacy which characterizes the Earl of Bute: the ministry were ever in the wrong, and still insisting on the rectitude of their actions: but had their actions been right, we had been obliged to chance; for they cannot, dare not, assert the rectitude of their intentions.

But this may be wandering from the point, in regard to your late resignation. I will proceed to it immediately. The Thane grew weary of being obliged to dictate on every trifling occasion; if he was not continually advising,

the helm was all confusion and mistake. He imagined, if he ordered the principal matters, your genius for jockey-ship might manage the frivolous. But, though you could not proceed without a director, you had the ministerial vanity to seem to despise the assistance you depended on. The Thane nominated some of his trusty friends to assist you in such cases. Nothing is more natural, than for a beggarly Scot to forget himself in prosperity. Your worthy colleagues, conscious of their superior talents for guiding, were ever assuming an equality, which must disgust a person of less rank and haughtiness than the Duke of G——n.

This you took occasion to resent. The all-powerful Thane, enraged at such behaviour from a creature his hands had formed, began to exert his authority; and had you not timely resigned, we should have seen you kicked out, with as little ceremony as you were taken in. Thus have I endeavoured to set the matter in a true light, and beg pardon if I have offended in speaking truth.

It is something surprising to hear you complain of being linked in administration with wretches justly the detestation of the public: but was your Grace ever regarded in any other light? Did you give, or receive, dishonour from your worthy assistants? That you have not been suffered to pursue your own lenient plans, is no matter of wonder, when you were admitted as minister, on condition that you proposed no plans of your own.

The people are indeed to be pitied. They have a king, (the best of kings, in the language of flattery,) who never hears the truth. They petition, and are not regarded; and if they assume a becoming spirit of freedom, it is licentiousness.

I shall conclude with observing, that your whole administration has been derogatory to the honour and dignity

of the crown; for the honour of the crown is the liberty of the subject.

DECIMUS.

Bristol, Feb. 16, 1770

LETTER II.

(From the Middlesex Journal, 17th April, 1770.)

To the Princess of Gotham.

It were an affront to your understanding, to suppose that you are unacquainted with the murmurs of the people concerning you. I hope that many of the aspersions thrown out against you, are as ill founded as infamous. You cannot forget your dignity so far as to be the tool of power, by which a tyrannous favourite protects his wretches of administration. Your ridiculous vanity in assuming the statesman, and conveying orders dictated by that minion, may make you more contemptible than the meritorious peace-maker you copy from; but till you have his genius for vice, you never will be honoured as the inventor of these master-strokes of tyranny, which we have severely felt. You are reported to be the fountain which feeds the different streams of oppression through the kingdom.

By you, the right of election was, before its perpetration, contrived to be destroyed, the constitution perverted, and a venal parliament empowered to establish an infamous precedent for future ministers to act upon. By you, men of no principle were thrust into offices they did not know how to discharge, and honoured with trusts they only accepted to violate; being made more conspi-

cuously mean, by communicating error, and often vice, to the character of the person who promoted them. None but a sovereign power can make little villains dangerous; the nobly vicious, the daringly ambitious, only rise from themselves. Without the influence of ministerial authority, Mansfield had been a pettifogging attorney, and Warburton a bustling country curate. The first had not lived to bury the substance of our laws in the shadow of his explanations; nor would the latter have confounded religion with deism, and proved of no use to either. By you, every measure of oppression is ushered into the world; and Sir Gilbert, happy in your private conversation, presumes to direct his lordship in the affairs of the nation: but all the above charges are trifling, when compared to that atrocious one of fomenting discords between the chief magistrate of the people and his subjects. That you possess the royal ear, and employ your influence there, in the most dangerous manner, representing the complaints of an injured nation as the voice of faction, and advising a misled ruler to pursue measures which will end in the destruction of his fame: that you have carried ministerial tyranny farther than the most oppressive of the Stuarts dared to do: this is the voice of rumour. With what justice it accuseth you, I dare not singly avouch; but the thoughts of the multitude I have written: their suggestions, their murmurs, increase with their grievances. If a remonstrance is a libel, the spirit of an Englishman will no more petition for redress, but redress himself. The state of affairs very much resembles the eve of the troubles of Charles the First. Unhappy monarch! thou hast a claim, a dear-bought claim, to our pity; nothing but thy death could purchase it. Hadst thou died quietly, and in peace, thou hadst died infamous: thy misfortunes were the only

happy means of saving thee from the book of shame. What a parallel could the freedom of an English pen strike out! Both are misled, and both by women; but may the fate of the former never attend the present; may the future regulation of his conduct compensate for the injured credulity of his youth; may he see for himself, and remember he is a king. Though it may be doubtful, whether the favoured Earl of Bute hangs self-balanced on his own influence, or is greatly little through your partial indulgence; yet all agree that your authority in office supersedes that of the prime minister, who should be the head of the trusts, the three estates jointly repose in him. It would be an usurpation, even in a king, to nominate officers merely from motives of favour. As a magistrate, he should discharge his duty, by honouring with his confidence men of abilities and integrity. But what shall we say, if a woman presumes to intrude such tools as North and Sandwich into offices of the highest trust; and to prefer men to places which require abilities, who neither write nor speak English? What shall we say, but that we are slaves, and ever shall be so, till we know how to free ourselves?

DECIMUS.

Bristol, April 10, 1770.

LETTER III.

(From the Middlesex Journal, 10th May, 1770.)

To the Earl of H——h.

MY LORD,

If a constant exercise of tyranny and cruelty has not steeled your breast against all sensations of com-

punction and remorse, permit me to remind you of the recent massacre at Boston. It is an infamous attribute of the ministry of the Thane, that what his tools begin in secret fraud and oppression, ends in murder and avowed assassination. Not contented to deprive us of our liberty, they rob us of our lives; knowing, from a sad experience, that the one without the other is an insupportable burden. Your lordship has bravely distinguished yourself among the ministers of the present reign. Whilst North, and the instruments of his r——l mistress, settled the plan of operations, it was your part to execute; you was the assassin, whose knife was ever ready to finish the cause. If every feeling of humanity is not extinct in you, reflect, for a moment reflect, on the horrid task you undertook, and perpetrated. Think of the injury you have done to your country, which nothing but the dissolution of a parliament, not representing the people, can ever erase. Think of the odium you and your coherents have thrown on the character of a ————, unhappy in the choice of his ministers, and blind obedience to maternal authority: that————, whose innocent credulity is the ruin of our constitution; whose undesigning simplicity will injure us more than the most tyrannous encroachments of the Stuarts; who deserves to be beloved when by himself, but should not be permitted to run blindly into destruction, by adopting the violent proceedings of his unworthy ministers.

Think of the recent murders at Boston. O my lord! however you may force a smile into your countenance, however you may trifle in the train of dissipation, your conscience must raise a hell within. I cannot think you so hardened a ruffian, as to view without concern the miseries you have occasioned. If greatly villainous, you could rejoice in the ruin of a nation—the distresses of a

private family, the cries of the widow, must awaken the torture of your soul. Since your lordship first sold yourself to the infamy of a minister, to draw in the team of the witch of the isle, what has been your reward? The Duke of Grafton had very little to give of anything, but disgrace and infamy: of that you greatly partook. But pecuniary recompences were seldom to be met with: his Grace had a strong passion for gaming; the immense sums which his r——l mistress issued out to pay the troop of titled vassals, and keep them from mutiny, were lavished by his Grace on the dice, Arabella, and Newmarket. You, and instruments of more consequence, have more than once been baulked of your pay. Mungo protests, no city porter could be more laborious, or worse paid.—Titles were sufficiently prostituted, in the dignified persons of Barrington, Grafton, and Clare; your lordship could incur no additional contempt by a ducal crown,—indeed, you sought it not; warned by the disappointment of Rigby, not to solicit what you could never obtain. Poor Rigby! whose labour in carrying so long the burthen of state, could not entitle him to a barony, to stamp his infamy with his coat of arms on his posterity.

How then could your lordship receive reward, adequate to the merit of your services, but by place? There was no other method to recompense your former servitudes, than by engaging you in a new one, which would be its own reward. In your department you have behaved consistently; tyranny made you a secretary, and you governed tyrannically: the last bloody transaction is written in characters indelible, and will make you detested to the latest posterity.

DECIMUS.

Bristol, April 27.

LETTER IV.

(From the Middlesex Journal, 15th May, 1770.)

To the P—— D—— of W——.

You are called upon by the united voices of all the friends of liberty and their country, to vindicate your conduct. When the fate of the nation trembles upon a minute, it is no time to trifle: ceremony and an appearance of respect must give way to plain truth and sincerity. The constitution has already suffered too much by an ill-timed veneration for the ————. 'Tis now the duty of an Englishman, who is a loyal subject, to throw off the unnecessary covering, and attempt to open the eyes of his misled s————. To tell him boldly who are his enemies, and to assist him in removing those enemies from his confidence. I am willing to believe that you are not the principal agent in the misfortunes of the present reign: you may be duped by the artifices of a villain, who has found the way to impose on your good nature, and make himself of consequence in your eyes. You may be imposed upon as well as his ———— ; but that you have been instrumental in those transactions is undoubted: your influence in the ministerial junto cannot be denied. I would wish your R—— H—— would know how to act worthy your situation in life; and not debase yourself by mingling with a group of ministers, the most detestable that ever embroiled a kingdom in discord and commotion. Your consequence in the council can arise only from your power over his ———— ; and that power you possess but by the courtesy of an unaccountable infatuation. Filial duty has nothing to do with the question; a king has no mother, no wife, no friend,

considered as a king; his country, his subjects, are the only objects of his public concern. It is amazing to me that his ——— cannot, or at least does not, distinguish between private obligations and public: whatever respect you claim from the former, you have no title to any on the latter account: though as a mother you might be commendable, yet, as a subject you are highly blameable: you have associated with his enemies; avowedly and openly assisted those enemies in their most criminal designs; and did all you could do to bury the fortunes of the ——— in the constitution of the country: you have estranged from him the hearts of his subjects, and left him only the infamous approbation of a v—— c—— P———. One of the three kingdoms expressed themselves highly satisfied with your conduct: they might have said highly obliged to it, if conferring infamy with places or pensions is conferring an obligation. But the friendship of Scotland is not to be depended upon; it is ominous. His ——— has made but an ill exchange in bartering the hearts and approbations of two kingdoms; he might have trusted with safety for the pretended friendship of one, which never was trusted but to betray.

To your kind management of his infant years may, with justice, be attributed all the past, present, and future troubles and misfortunes of his reign. Bred to notions of despotism, and instructed to govern by a warm stickler for monarchy and tyranny, could we look for any milder measures than his ——— has taken? Our ——— has been more unfortunate than he could possibly deserve, since his misfortunes began almost with his birth. Instead of being put under the care of an able tutor, who could teach him how to rule the hearts of his people, he was left to the tuition of one who, had he wished to do otherwise, could instruct him only how to make himself

feared and hated. His ———'s education may be considered as the foundation on which all his misfortunes are or will be raised. It was the interest of the Earl of Bute, as a firm friend to the house of Stuart, to instil into him principles which should not fail to ruin him in the love of the people, and make the throne totter under the house of Hanover. This was his plan. Let us now consider how he has succeeded. His ——— imbibed every pernicious tenet he was taught to support his regal dignity with: he looked upon his future crown as something which should exalt him above the state of mortal men, and was filled with every poison of absolute monarchy. Bute saw with rapture the improvement of the predestinated t——: he had studied the tempers of the English, and hoped to give them a ——— who should disgust; such a ——— whose behaviour should make his subjects wish for another. How unhappy must a m ——— be, thus destined to abuse his dignity! whose repeated lesson was, to maintain the authority of the crown at the expence of the rights of the subject: who was taught that kings are the representatives of God; and answerable to none for their conduct. But, thank heaven! though this pernicious doctrine is so deeply inculcated on the mind of our s———, it has not had the desired effect; spite of the united efforts of you, the Earl of Bute, and the cocoa-tree; an opposition too powerful for you to quash, will frustrate every design you can inflame. Mr. Wilkes stands now at the head of this opposition: in him you find an enemy, as long as you are an enemy to the constitution of this country; his enmity extends no further; it has nothing meanly personal. As he fights in a glorious cause, he scorns to debase that cause, by copying the littleness which characterised your resentment against him. Whilst the Duke of Cumberland lived, he

checked the progress of your diabolical junto. Conscious of his integrity, you desponded of soothing him; and fearing his rigorous justice, you kept out of sight as much as the posture of affairs would permit you. Notwithstanding the many obligations this country was under to him, by his delivering us from the tyranny of a Stuart; and then preserving us from falling into the ministerial slavery of a friend to the Stuarts: you and the junto had the daring insolence to asperse his sacred character, and endeavoured to rob him of the love of the people; but that love was founded on a basis your strongest endeavours could not shake—his virtue. The Earl of Bute gloried in the infamy of having manufactured the peace; he did not so avowedly confess that by your help he had established it. The Stuarts were ever fond of peace, and loved to bask in the sunshine of public tranquillity: intestine broils only dignify their annals. The granting this dishonourable peace, was the first means of beginning a domestic war: the nation was in general displeased at it; a revenge for the many undeserved injuries we had received from our continual enemies, was just, was laudable; and granting them a cessation of arms, was only giving them time to prepare themselves for future hostilities. The French, at the close of the war, were in the utmost distress; the navy but small, and out of repair; the army imbecilitated, and on the point of mutiny; and the whole nation trembling under the English flag, and dissatisfied with the conduct of their ministers. The best attribute of the king is mercy; but it was certainly here ill-timed. How can we sufficiently admire the clemency, which so royally condescended to stop the torrent of blood, and sheathe the ravaging sword of war, by ceding all our valuable conquests, which had cost us so much blood; (but, in the system of the present ministry, English blood is of no estimation:) whilst, in the humility of our desires, we re-

tained whatever could be of no use to us, and was but an incumbrance to the enemy. This concession shall bear the name of Bute to posterity, and grace his monument with the infamy he so richly deserves. The French are again in high spirits; they see the prospect brighten on every side, and are vigorously preparing every necessary material for the carrying on a future war, with better accommodations, and, in all probability, better success. No sooner had our glorious monarch given peace to Europe, but he began to turn his thoughts on the ease which peace allowed him; but you, stung with resentment at the writings of a man obnoxious to your favourite minister, the Earl of Bute, disturbed his serenity. Unaccountable are the prejudices of age: what could so bias you to that enemy of this country, is to me a mystery I cannot dive into. The North Briton contained facts which could not be evaded by a plain denial. An affirmation that it was a seditious libel, was not sufficient to invalidate its arguments. However, Mr. Wilkes having gloriously headed the opposition, and given great disgust by divulging important truths which should not be told; you began a persecution which does honour to his fortitude, and displays how little it is in your power to injure his noble spirit. You have continued this persecution with all the littleness which distinguishes the creatures of the ministry; you have humbled yourself to the meanest offices in the state, and acted only as a mere machine of convenience, by which the Thane received the approbation of * * *. May you be taught what your birth and royal alliances require; and make a better use of the gifts which fortune has so blindly lavished upon you.

DECIMUS.

May 10, 1770.

LETTER V.

(From the Middlesex Journal, 22nd May, 1770.)

To the Prime Minister.

My Lord,

As a lover of justice, I cannot see you blamed for measures in which you act only in obedience to a higher power, without endeavouring to vindicate you. It is an unfortunate circumstance that you are saddled with the title of premier: people who know nothing of the matter think you act as such.—It shall be my task to inform them better, and rescue the reputation of an innocent servant from ruin. As character is all menial slaves have to depend upon, 'tis a cruelty beneath humanity to deprive you of your only support, by indulging the caprice of patriotism, and mistaking the servant for the master.

That we have suffered in regard to our liberties is undoubted; that the constitution is now falling to decay, nothing but the fee'd conscience of Sir Fletcher Norton can deny. But they are infants in politics who charge you, or even his Grace, with the whole infamy of these glorious transactions. No—there are still higher powers, from whose hands we are to expect good or evil: and yet this is not the k——. I am charitable enough to believe his majesty is no more a principal than your lordship: the only difference between you I take to be this—the one is paid, and the other pays, and dearly too, for his labour. Who these higher powers are is no secret; their influence has been felt since the last memorable peace, and their influence is now laying in additional causes to increase the distractions of this unhappy kingdom.

As a servant to these powers I have nothing to accuse

you with : you have implicitly obeyed every command which Jeremiah Dyson has honoured you with. I feel some little hurt to my pride, as an Englishman, in seeing a thing which represents a minister, the director of the affairs of the nation, degraded so low as to be the servant of titled valets and petty clerks.

Sir Gilbert mouths his orders like an oracle; he speaks by inspiration from above, and his word is fate. The merit of this favoured counsellor is a little uncommon ; his talents are too contemptible for examination: in the mid-way state, between a city alderman and idiocy, he has all that little cunning which distinguishes fools: his talkative qualifications are not worth notice; and yet he is a chief director in the first junto of the state. His only merit lies in what he has seen—what he has heard—and what he has read concerning certain matters of which we speak darkly. But how, in the name of wonder, can those accomplishments qualify him for the council board? It might be the means of richly shutting his mouth, and none but a German genius would make it instrumental in learning him to speak. The insolence of this confidant is great: the Duke of Grafton thought it insupportable ; but your lordship has less pride than his Grace, perhaps less commendable pride.

From him and his colleagues flow, through the channel of your office, every measure which meets with deserved opposition.

You are only the porter in these matters: it is not for your humble hopes to aspire to the assertion of your right.

Conscious of the influence of the personage, who took you from a dependent, menial service of the Duke of Bedford, and raised you to the empty dignity of state, you let that personage preside, and, conscious of what you was, learn to obey. Humility is a capital Christian virtue, but not a political one: a little constitutional pride would do your country

more service than all the virtues your irreverend hireling can daub you with.

You may be a good husband—a good father—I cannot deny it, I know nothing of your concerns; but private virtues, or private vices, in a minister, are of no public account: I look not to the man, but to the tool of state, the slave of an infamous association, composed of creatures exalted out of obscurity, only by their villainy; and headed by a person an Englishman must blush to name. But, my lord, as you are the instrument of conveyance, through you I lay before the junto the following queries, written by an Englisman, who dares to assert in person whatever he has advanced here.

Is there among the infamous association at Carlton-house, one member daring enough to acknowledge himself a limb of that infernal body?

Has any one measure of consequence been taken since the accession of his present majesty, but what was planned, or approved of, by the Earl of Bute, and the Princess Dowager of Wales?

Was Mr. Wilkes's offence the North Briton, the Essay on Woman, or only a private quarrel with the Princess Dowager—he, as an Englishman, having dared to assert what he knew?

Has the Carlton-house gang one man of repute among them? Or can the talents of any individual, or the whole string of rogues, be thought capable of directing the state?

Is there one honest man now in the administration of public affairs? If there is one, let him be pointed out, for the author cannot find him?

These queries are submitted to the consciences of the ministerial troop, though the writer fears that conscience has lost her force in the breast of that statesman, who could plunge his country into such a ruin as now seems to hang

over it. You, my lord, how mean and servile soever your department is, may be of some use in averting the impending storm. Fly to the council, with your face whitened with fear: tell them that justice is at the door, and the axe will do its office: tell them, whilst the spirit of English freedom exists, vengeance has also an existence; and when Britons are denied justice from the powers who have the trust of their rights, the constitution hath given them a power to do themselves justice.

DECIMUS.

May 15, 1770.

LETTER VI.

(From the Middlesex Journal, 26th May, 1770.)

As we live to see the polite arts possess the place which liberty and the good of the constitution should be honoured with, in his majesty's favour and protection, I flatter myself that the following criticisms on an exhibition of sign paintings, may not be beneath the notice of the virtû.

DECIMUS.

May 17, 1770.

FIRST DAY'S EXHIBITION.

"1. *The Whore of Babylon, by the Whisperer.* This is an old piece new touched, and, by several masterly features, appears to have been once the P——— D———of W——.

"2. *A North Prospect of Carlton-House, by the same.* With what propriety can this be called a prospect? It represents three rogues in a gin-shop, sharing their last acquired booty: one, in the dress of a Highlander, is taking some innocent familiarities with the bawd, who sits above on an empty hogshead.

"3. *The Union, by the North Briton.* An Englishman sleeping, and a Scotchman picking his pocket.

"4. *The K——*; a sign for a button maker. The painter, who has not fixed his name to this performance, is certainly a very loyal subject. His m—— has that innocent vacancy of countenance which distinguishes the representation of angels and cherubims; without guilt, without meaning; without every thing but an undesigning simplicity.

"5. *A Conversation-piece, by the Whisperer.* This is a daring performance: it represents the member of a certain council-board. The principal figures are, the president receiving instructions from an old woman; and the k—— chewing thistles.

"6. ———. A great personage, and a greater personage, receiving orders from the Earl of Bute.

"7. *The Marquis of Granby;* a sign for a turner. This is an old Janus, modernized by the addition of a regimental coat.

"8. *The modern Demosthenes.* An alderman reading a speech from the crown of his hat: the gravity of this orator's countenance is finely touched; and none but those who have seen Sir Richard Glynn, can form an idea of it.

"9. *We three Loggerheads, by Germanicus.* Represents the czarina and the grand signor boxing. The former appears to have the advantage, and has a label coming out of her mouth, with these words, *I have learnt to drub.* The latter is frighted at the appearance of a candle in the tail of a kite, which he mistakes for a comet. The third figure is the King of Prussia, who is stripping for the combat, and seems eager to engage. There is great humour preserved throughout the whole piece.

"10. *Sir Robert Ladbroke;* a sign for a gin-shop. The revolutions of fortune are worthy the meditations of a Hervey. The father of the city, after having directed the affairs of the metropolis, can now only direct an old woman where to get drunk.

"11. *The genius of Bristol, by Bonner.* Represents a fish-woman sleeping on a cask: her shield a cheese, with her arms blazoned; three hogs couchant in the mire; her lance a spit, with a goose on it. There are several smaller figures in the group; a turn-spit dog, a sleeping alderman, and a Welch rabbit.

SECOND DAY'S EXHIBITION.

"12. *A Piece of Modern Antiquity, by Horace Walpole.* This is no other than a striking portrait of the facetious Mrs. Clive. Horace, finding it too large to be introduced in his next edition of Virtû, has returned it on the town.

"13. *The Dragoon dragooned, by Marplot.* This is an excellent piece, and has but one deficiency—it wants meaning. It represents Lord Barrington firing a musket with his eyes shut; and a great personage shooting at him with a bow and arrow; under the latter are these words, 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

"14. *Taste, by Phillipina Burton.* A complication of elegant figures: the design seems a little perplexed; colouring, very masterly and strong.

"15. *The Masquerade, by Truth.* Represents the court on a levee day: the company are masked in their own faces only.

"16. *The Jubilee, by Garrick.* The painter in the character of the bottle-conjurer. In his hand is a book, inscribed, 'The way to grow rich, a ballad farce.'

"17. *Fortitude, by Hugh Kelly.* This has no relation to the fortitude of this unfortunate author, in bidding defiance to the censure of the town: the piece will turn to more account; it represents the ministry.

"18. *A Word to the Wise, by the same.* The painter *in propriâ personâ*, holding a purse in one hand, and a catcall in the other.

"19. *All in the Wrong, by a Director.* The court of

directors, fighting on account of a certain general, who in the mean time is making off with the bullion.

STATUES, &c. &c.

"20. *The Earl of Bute.* The English and Scotch disagree concerning this figure. The connoisseurs of the latter assert that it is not perfect, because it wants a head; whilst the opposite party as strenuously maintain that it could not be perfect unless it wanted a head.

"21. *His M* ——. Some sacrilegious villains having stolen the former head, which was lacquered with gold, the exhibitor hath supplied the deficiency with a wooden one.

"22. *Mr. Wilkes in a Roman habit.* A bold majestic figure; in his right hand the Bill of Rights, and in the other the sword of justice.

"23. *The Harlot's Progress, by the Duchess of K——, in Silk.* It were to be wished that ladies of quality would employ their time as well as her Grace has done. It is really surprising to see how well she has played her own cards, and kept one of the higher powers from losing the game.

"24. *The Keeper, by Miss R———.* Represents the notorious Jemmy Twitcher, licking the dust from the feet of his Dulcinea; whilst her fille-de-chambre conveys away her gallant. Jemmy, for the greater propriety, is black and all black.

"25. *The last Peace.* Modelled in gingerbread, and ready to fall in pieces with the slightest touch.

LETTER VII.

To the Freeholders of the City of Bristol.

GENTLEMEN,

As a fellow-citizen, I presume to address you on a subject, which I hoped would have animated an abler pen.

At this critical situation, when the fate of the constitution depends upon the exertion of an English spirit, I confess my astonishment at finding you silent. The second city in England should not be ashamed to copy the first, in any laudable measure. Let not a false pride mislead you to neglect the care of your liberties. Though you were not the first in the spirited application to the throne, you will lose no glory in the imitation. Your silence cannot be attributed to your disapprobation of the proceedings of the livery of London.

When an infamous set of wretches take shelter under the dignity of the crown, and from that sacred covert, wound the dearest rights of the subject; it is pusillanimity, it is a treason to our country, to view it with indifference.

The reception your petition met with, should animate you to demand a satisfactory answer to the grievances you complained of: and if you cannot have redress, know on what pretence you are denied that justice. The apostacy of one of your former leaders can be no detriment to your measures; he is too inconsiderable to disconcert an affair of so much importance as your liberty, and the constitution of your country. Reflect on the importance of the measure you are under an obligation to take. It is not a transient emolument you seek: it is the inheritance of your posterity; an inheritance, without which all other possessions will be unserviceable.

Whilst thus you sit idly looking on, you do society the greatest injury it is in your power to do it. As subjects, Englishmen, and members of society, you are under a necessity to endeavour to preserve inviolate the freedom of an Englishman.

If, after every glorious attempt to rescue our invaluable rights from the wretches of power, the pernicious counsels of persons, who are a disgrace to their dignities, should still

mislead an unhappy k——, and effectually prevent the purpose of your remonstrance; you have done your duty, and discharged your conscience.—But till you have done your duty by remonstrating, you are accessory to every future proceeding of the tools of administration; and equally concerned in every scene of murder and oppression, which the ruffians of state have chalked out in their plan of operations.

I do not address myself to the corporation: I know too well their selfish regard to interest. In the cause of liberty, they will gain nothing but the consciousness of having done a good action; a pleasure so long a stranger to the breast of any one of them, that none can know how to deserve it. They are too contemptible to injure the cause of liberty by their authority; and too mercenary to seduce any of its leaders by their generosity. How meanly infamous have they made themselves, in selling their consciences to the man, whose conscience they once bought. Lord C———, however titled and outwardly advanced in the world, is still internally the little wretch he ever was. It must be confessed he has cunning; but that is the common qualification of a pick-pocket: had he been born in a lower station in life, he must have been one. He is a slave to slaves; and has even his vices, though in large quantities, from second hand. Nothing can reflect with greater acrimony on the intellects of the corporation, than the whole tenor of their behaviour to Lord C ———: as it is generally known, so it is too ridiculous for recapitulation. No person could with greater propriety than Lord C—— represent the corporation of Bristol; he is their very counterpart, little, mean, and, contemptible.—But I lose time upon them.

To you, then, ye citizens of Bristol, who look above such mercenary examples—to you, who have honour and dis-

interestedness, I address myself. Be it your task to take off the load of shame, which your superiors in command throw upon the city. Look not to their superiority in office, but to their inferiority in principle, spirit, and real worth. Now is the moment to prove yourselves Englishmen, and disappoint the evil designs of the enemies of this country.

Remember the speech of the glorious CANYNGE, in whose repeated mayoralties, honour and virtue were not unknown in the corporation. When the unhappy dissensions first broke out between the houses of Lancaster and York, he immediately declared himself for the latter. His lady, fearful of the consequences, begged him to desist, and not ruin himself and family. "My family," replied the brave citizen, "is dear to me—heaven can witness how dear! But when discord and oppressions begin to distract the realm, my country is my family; and THAT it is my duty to protect."

DECIMUS.

London, May 21.

LETTER VIII.

(From the Political Register.)

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Dartmouth.

MY LORD,

An honest, independent Englishman, who detests flattery and adulation, in sincerity of heart congratulates your lordship on your appointment to the important charge of conducting the affairs of the British colonies. The whole nation applauds the happy choice his majesty has made of so able, so conscientious, so temperate a minister. It is considered as a favourable presage of a change of sentiments at court.

The public in general form the highest expectations, from your unspotted character, from your known attachment to the principles of religious and civil liberty, and from your generous concern for the welfare of your country, that you will exert the influence you cannot fail to acquire in the closet, to protect, to countenance, and support, the just pretensions of all his majesty's subjects to partake alike of his paternal care and affection.

In a future address I may have the honour to propose some conciliating measures, to be taken at home, to render every branch of administration equally popular, and to make the people almost adore their sovereign: but for the present I shall confine myself to those objects which fall within your particular department.

There have been times, my lord, when an arbitrary minister would not have been permitted to steal out of office with impunity, after having shamefully oppressed one part of the British empire, still groaning beneath the tyranny of his dictatorial power. But we have now been long used to see the worst services the best rewarded; and the last instance is, that of your predecessor, the scourge of America, who, if he had continued his notorious mal-administration of the colonies only a few months longer, would have found the weight of the just indignation of his American brethren too heavy for him to have borne. Apprehensive of this, he dexterously avoided the impending blow by stepping aside. In his native obscurity let us leave him, while I lay before your lordship the actual state of one of the British settlements, which, instead of being made a most valuable acquisition to the mother country, by the commercial benefits to be derived from it, has been rendered the seat of internal discord and commotion, through the violent measures of the abandoned tools of his power.

Your lordship cannot be a stranger to the disputes which

have subsisted in the ceded island of GRANADA, from the time that the form of government, established and amicably settled by the first governor, on the basis of the treaty of peace, and in conformity to the king's proclamation, was altered, or rather subverted, by the mandates, private instructions, and other prerogative acts of the crown, impoliticly obtained, and illegally issued from your predecessor's office. The repeated petitions and memorials of the king's natural born subjects on this head ought to be found in your office: for persuaded as the injured parties are, that Lord Hillsborough never let them have access to the throne, they doubt not the preservation of them by the vigilance of the official secretary. These papers will save me the trouble of recapitulating the progress of despotism in Granada, till it arrived at its full height by the last acts of your predecessor's administration. The manœuvres of the lieutenant-governor Fitzmaurice (the prototype of Sir Francis Bernard), of his jesuitical secretary Staunton, and of all the abettors of the French party, Mr. Pownal has long since got by heart; and if your lordship wants further information relative to the same subject, I can refer you to abler and better authorities. It shall therefore be my business to take up the matter (in this matter) where my brother-writers seem to have left it; and to convince your lordship that it is highly expedient, from the present posture of affairs in Granada, to reverse all the measures of your predecessor, respecting its government, without loss of time.

On the strength of a promise made by the Duke of Gafton, to seat as many as he possibly could of his jockey and gaming companions in ministerial saddles, Gordon was sent to Brussels, and Leybourne to Granada. The latter, a young man, who had never had the least experience of public affairs, was appointed to a government of the most

delicate nature, rendered still more so by the odious measures that had been taken to enforce obedience to unconstitutional mandates. Without countenance, without any persuasive influence, without any fixed principle within himself, but that of making his fortune, by an implicit submission to his singular instructions he has dared to accomplish, to complete, as far as in him lies, Lord Hillsborough's illegal, oppressive plan.

The house of representatives of the British subjects of Granada, is at present composed of members chosen by the united interest of the French and Irish Roman Catholic subjects; persons of low and mean situations in life, needy dependants on the French adopted subjects, with but one Englishman amongst them, and he a man of no consequence, are the respectable legislative body of this unfortunate island. These men, under the direction of a raw governor, and an overbearing attorney-general, (who supplanted a modest, humane, equitable man) have no objection to act in conjunction with the French Roman catholic members, who, contrary to the first constitution of the island, have been admitted to sit in the assembly, and have been sworn into the king's council by prerogative mandates.

But all the British subjects of property in the island, who are animated by a sense of their duty to their native country, are determined not to acknowledge the legality of any acts passed by such an assembly. They positively refuse, and will persist, to the last extremity, in refusing to pay any taxes imposed upon them by disqualified members of the council and house of representatives; and the universal disgust taken to the governor increases the confusion: in short it has overpowered him and his master. Mr. Leybourne is in a languid state of health, and Lord Hillsborough has wisely retired to Ireland.

In this state of affairs no public business can proceed

for no act of the government will be deemed valid so long as Mr. Leybourne enforces his instructions, and commands British subjects to admit French Roman catholic subjects to privileges appertaining solely to protestant natives. The necessity, therefore, of recalling the present governor, of dissolving the present assembly, and of restoring the first, the only legal form of government established in this island, shall be made apparent, and some other obnoxious steps of which I have just received advice, shall be laid before your lordship in my next; the friends of the natural-born subjects in London being well assured that they shall find in you, my lord, an impartial judge, who will not add to their sufferings by misrepresenting their conduct to his majesty.

PROBUS.

LETTER IX.

From the Freeholder's Magazine.

To Lord N ——h.

MY LORD,

There is not, perhaps, a more exalted and refined pleasure than that which we feel from the contemplation of the great and illustrious characters of antiquity. Indeed, we partake so much in their exploits, and imbibe so much of their virtues, that while we read, we may be said 'to live o'er each scene.' What threw me into this train of reflection, at present, my lord, was reading the history of my favourite prince, Caligula. What a happiness must it have been, my lord, to have lived under the auspicious reign of that emperor, who was as munificent in rewarding merit, as he was sagacious in the discovery of it; indeed he took such a fatherly care in providing for the good of his subject, that at last discovering a genius where

it was least expected, in his *horse* I mean, he advanced him to the first honours of the state. The emperor had, no doubt, my lord, suffered by the ignorance and misconduct of former counsellors; and willing to appease the justly incensed people, he did not choose *anything* for a minister, as some later monarchs have done, but he took to support the weight of government this faithful and generous beast of burden.

This conduct of Caligula, my lord, was perhaps owing to gratitude, as well as to sagacity; the minister in question having long before *firmly supported* him in an *inferior* capacity. That your lordship had attempted something of a like nature, in *doing the business of the crown*, as it is called, is allowed by your enemies; but whether this was sufficient to entitle you to a similar degree of eminence is yet to be decided. We were all, my lord, surprised at your sudden exaltation; nor, I dare say, my lord, when your noble father pressed you to accept of the *premiership*, did your lordship immediately recollect this precedent in your favour.

But to return, my lord. Notwithstanding this prudent choice in Caligula, there were not then wanting in Rome some dangerous incendiaries, who misrepresented this step, painting it in the most ridiculous colours. To all this the minister was silent, not from a consciousness of guilt, but from a natural aversion he entertained to party debate. Indeed it was commonly objected to him, that he was *no speaker* in their house, or senate; but we, my lord, at this enlightened period, cannot sufficiently admire his *dumb administration.*

I am sorry, my lord, history has been defective in many things requisite to be known of this great minister; I mean his birth, progenitors, and education; not that the latter is of much consequence in one placed so near, and in some measure related to the crown. Many, I know, are desirous

of being informed of his person and private life, whether he was fitted for a whiskey or a dung cart; a sprightly nobleman, or a country parson; in short, whether he had good blood in his veins or not. But for my part, my lord, I entertain no doubts on this head: for while I admire his abilities as a statesman, I cannot but allow him the virtues of private life, or horse capacity; much less can I deny him that small addition to his greatness, nobility of blood. I need not further attempt to vindicate his cause, which has already been so strenuously asserted in the person of his descendant, now in the possession of Lord Talbot; this nobleman, who has risked his life in the glorious contest, has silenced the most obstinate of his opponents.

During the whole administration, my lord, of this great statesman, he could not justly be charged with a single *faux pas*, or by any means increasing the murmurs of the people; had he at any time led his royal master into any thing that was *dirty*, he had still abilities sufficient to have carried him through; not leaving him in the mire, to which he had brought him, as some later ministers have done.

I am, my lord, &c.

T. C.*

* In the Middlesex Journals, for May 3, 17, and 24, 1770, are the following paragraphs, in the notices to correspondents. What the precautions, mentioned in the first of these notices were, I have not been able to ascertain; they may refer to the omission of the names of the individuals satirised.

"Decimus has our sincere thanks, and may depend on our making use of the precautions he requires.

"Decimus may be assured his two last essays are in the Editor's hands and will be published in due time.

"The address to the Freeholders of Bristol is come to hand."—Dix.

TO THE LORD MAYOR.*

From the Political Register, June 1770.

My Lord,

The steps you have hitherto taken in the service of your country, demand the warmest thanks the gratitude of an Englishman can give. That you will persevere in the glorious task, is the wish of every one who is a friend to the constitution of this country. Your integrity insures you from falling into the infamy of apostacy; and your understanding is a sufficient guard against the secret measures of the ministry, who are vile enough to stick at no villainy to complete their detestable purposes: nor can your British heart stoop to fear the comtemptible threatenings of a set of hireling wretches, who have no power but what they derive from a person who engrosses every power and every vice. The spirit of the city has been displayed in that of its chief magistrate, in a general, as well as orderly endeavour to recover our liberties from the hands of a tyrannous junto of slaves, who would mutilate every shadow of right, law and justice. The military has been creeping upon us expeditiously; it now begins to take large strides, in upholding the infamy of government, and inforcing that article of state faith, *passive obedience*. The massacres at St. George's-fields and Boston, still reek in our memories: the latter could not be glossed over with the least colour of excuse. They had been threatened with a military plague; they endeavoured to avert the curse, but in vain. Obstinacy is one of the first attributes of the administration of the creatures of the Earl of Bute; and this diabolical firmness, in every wrong step he has taken, has not a little sullied the character of his

* Beckford.

present M————y. Sent to protect their lives, and rob them of their liberty, every soldier had his commission. Insolence was to be observed to the inhabitants of the town, and implicit obedience to the commands of their villainous officers. What will not the resolution of a ruffian ministry effect!—We exist to see our countrymen wantonly murdered for the heinous offence of a pretended riot; and murderers, avowed murderers, pardoned, from doubts which arise from within or without the royal breast. If the massacre of the Bostonians was not concerted by the ministry, they were to be enslaved in consequence of a settled plan; and as the one was the result of the other, our worthy ministers were the assassins. Alas! the unhappy town had not a Beckford! He would have checked the audacious insolence of the army; and dared, as an Englishman, to make use of his freedom. Here, though under the eye of the Secretary, no officer has had the fortitude to engage in the bloody cause, conscious that detestation and public hatred will attend the unsatisfactory promotion which the ministry could bestow. The city of London is too considerable to be treated with the forced contempt the hirelings of the crown attempt to look upon it with. Its petition may be considered as the voice of the nation; and none but a king, either lost to all feelings of humanity, or lost to himself in pride, would slight the petition of his subjects. His majesty's behaviour, when he received the complaints of his people, (not to redress them, indeed, but to get rid of them an easier way) was something particular: it was set, formal, and studied.—Should you address again, my lord, it would not be amiss to tell his Majesty, that you expect *his* answer, and not the answer of his mother or ministers.—You complain not to them, but of them; and, would they redress our grievances, they can only do it by doing justice on themselves, and being their own executioners. Your perseverance in the

glorious cause will check the rapid progress of oppression, and extort a conclusive answer from the ministry, through the mouth of his Majesty, whether they are resolved to continue the system of tyranny, and brave the vengeance of an oppressed, but injured people; or, conscious of the danger of their situation, let the reigns of arbitrary power relax, and endeavour to appease the fury of the public, by dissolving a parliament the most venal and contemptible that ever disgraced the nation? A parliament which, not representing the people, are continually heaping additional oppressions and impositions to the insupportable burthen laid on us before; who have given sanction to an act which deprives themselves of their liberties and privileges, in the most corrupt administration of former times, held sacred and inviolate. An Englishman, who petitions for a dissolution of this tainted body—and what Englishman, who has any regard for his own liberties, or the interest of his country, that does not?—The man who approves of the British spirit which your lordship and your worthy assistants display, cannot be bound by laws made by a parliament, whose authority he does not allow, and to submit to laws issued from such a house, is acknowledging their legality; an acknowledgement, I hope, you will never make. Their mischiefs are now near being suspended for a time. Would his M— take reason, and not prejudice for his guide, that time might be prolonged, and a dissolution pave the way to a reformation in the state: a blessing which, I fear, whilst his M——'s present infatuation continues, we shall never possess. The chief violation of the rights of the nation is in that of election. It is with propriety that this complaint is continually brought upon the carpet; since, in this one oppression, is involved every other oppression tyranny could invent. The constitution could not be stabbed deeper, than by the proceedings of the ministry in the Middlesex election: the wound is mortal:

palliatives are of no service: nothing but an amputation of the member which struck the blow can be beneficial: even that will fail, unless the k— pursues a conduct quite opposite to that he is now erring in, and makes choice of ministers the reverse of the present creatures of administration.—The whole fabric of British liberty is built on the Right of Election: how daring then must that minister be, who can, in defiance of conscience, law, and justice, violate this right, and support that despicable creature Col. Luttrell in his pretensions to a seat in the House of Commons! What a gross affront to the freeholders of Middlesex, to suppose him their representative! I am sorrow to say, there are many such representatives in the house; and, when we complain that Mr. Wilkes is not admitted, we have also sufficient reason to make an article of complaint, that many who were admitted are not expelled. It is not so much a matter of wonder, that we find many whose birth and fortune enable them to live independent, and in absolute freedom, selling those invaluable blessings for an empty title, or the greater meanness of mercenary views, as to find a man, whose elevated rank is temptation, preserve himself untainted with the too general disease. Your lordship has proved the goodness of your heart, the soundness of your principles, and the merit of the cause in which you are engaged, by the rectitude of your conduct. Scandal maddens at your name, because she finds nothing to reproach you with; and the venal hirelings of the ministry despair of meriting their pay by blackening your character. Illiberal abuse, and gross inconsistencies and absurdities, recoil upon the author: and only bear testimony of the weakness of his head, or the badness of his heart. That man, whose enemies can find nothing to lay to his charge, may well dispense with the incoherent Billinsgate of a ministerial writer.

A man in a public character is in a very tender situation;

his virtues are magnified, and his vices exaggerated. Your Lordship has maintained your reputation gloriously, though we are never at a loss to give your merit a proper share of applause: the opposite party must have recourse to falsehood, when they accuse you of vices. The city of London has, in an extraordinary manner, testified the opinion of your abilities; and at a time when Liberty, and all an Englishman holds sacred, was at stake, reposed a trust in you, which, were you to betray, would inevitably ruin the constitution of this country.—I would ask a troop of gartered vassals, could the most misguided favour of a King, the greatest reward of a minister, bestow such an honour as has been bestowed upon you? Birth and fortune were not the bribes which purchased it: an unshaken fidelity, a tried integrity, and the spirit of a Briton, actuating a man whose private life is irreproachable; that and that only, deserved and received it. The important trusts thus reposed in you, could be no where in greater safety. Those accomplishments which made you worthy to receive it, continue to make you worthy of keeping it. Every step you have taken speaks the patriot; and your undaunted perseverance, in insisting on redress, does honour to the choice of the city. Without such a check on their actions, whither might not the villainy of our ministers have carried them? Is there any privilege, ever so sacred, which they hesitate to violate? Your conduct, and the steady opposition of your friends, restrain the torrent of their arbitrary proceedings. Though they have too much power to be quelled in an instant, you have confined their illegal ravages within bounds; and may it be in your power to open the eyes of an unfortunate monarch, and restore liberty and tranquillity to an unfortunate people. As you only were thought capable of preserving the rights of the subject, from the imminent danger which threatened us, exert your active spirit, and tell the

tools of oppression, that the power of the chief magistrate of the city is capable of counteracting that of the servants of the Earl of Bute: and, with the same spirited resolution which has dignified your conduct hitherto, support the glorious cause in which you preside. If we must lose the birthright of Englishmen, let us not tamely lose it. However the misrepresentations of the enemies of this country may mislead his Majesty's judgment, he may be yet open to conviction; he may redeem the errors of his past conduct, by discarding his pernicious counsellors, dissolving an infamous parliament, and reposing confidence in his people: but it behoves us not to live idly in hope of this reformation: let us, as much as possible, put it forward ourselves. Let us with one united voice demand redress, if again refused: let us take the sword of justice in our hands and punish the wretches whose evil councils have estranged his Majesty from the good of the subject, and robbed him of his surest safeguard, the love of his people.

PROBUS.

THE POLITE ADVERTISER.

[To the Printer of the Town and Country Magazine.]

July 11, 1770.

SIR,

As I look upon your Magazine to be the most polite of any published, I should be obliged to you if you would spare half a page once a month to the Polite Advertiser. By Sir BUTTERFLY FEATHER.

Whereas a young fellow, whom I have great reason to imagine is either a linen-draper or haberdasher, has had the assurance to tie himself to an unaccountable long sword, thought by Horatio Otranto, the great antiquary, to be

three inches longer than the ever-memorable one of the famous Earl of Salisbury; this is to inform him, that unless he can wear it, without *fisting* it in the clumsy manner he does, it shall be taken from him.

The young lady who dropt her garter in the Mall, last Sunday, is desired not to make herself uneasy; for the person who picked it up is threescore and fifteen.

Lost, in the parish of St. James's, a parcel of love-letters, most of them beginning with *My dere letele angel*, or *My dear friend:* whoever will bring them to a certain attorney, or destroy them before publication, shall receive a *princely* reward.

A certain academician, who values himself upon his propriety, having painted William the Conqueror with a bag-wig and leather breeches, is desired not to exhibit it; as his brethren, though fools enough in all conscience, are not quite so foolish as to think it equal to his transparent paintings.

Wants meaning, every political essay in the The Public Ledger.

Wants admiration, Sir Butterfly Feather.

ANTIQUITY OF CHRISTMAS GAMES.*

In the days of our ancestors, Christmas was a period sacred to mirth and hospitality. Though not wholly neglected now, it cannot boast of the honours it once had; the veneration for religious seasons fled with popery, and old English hospitality is long since deceased. Our modern playthings of fortune, who make the whole year a revolution of dissipation and joyless festivity, cannot distinguish this

* From a MS. preserved in the British Museum. Add. MSS. 5766. C.

season; unless by resting from their laborious pleasures, and (if they can think) find a happy serenity in solitude and reflection, unknown in the tumult of hurricanes. — The ancient Christmas gambols were, in my opinion, superior to our modern spectacles and amusements; wrestling, hurling the ball, and dancing in the woodlands, were pleasures for men; it is true, the conversation of the hearthside was the tales of superstition: the faires, Robin Goodfellow, and hobgoblins, never failed to make the trembling audience mutter an Ave Maria, and cross their chins; but the laughable exercises of blindman's-buff, riddling, and question and command, sufficiently compensated for the few sudden starts of terror. Add to these amusements, the wretched voices of the chanters and sub-chanters; howling carols in Latin; the chiming of consecrated bells; the burning consecrated wax-candles; curiously repesenting the Virgin Mary; praying the saint whose monastery stood nearest; the munching consecrated cross-loaves, sold by the monks; all which effectually eradicated the spectres of their terrific stories. Nor were these the only charms against the foul fiends, and night-mare; sleeping cross-legged, like the effigies of Knights Templars, and warriors, and the holy bush and church-yard yew, were certain antidotes against those invisible beings. After this representation, I may be thought partial to my own hobby-horse, as an antiquary, in giving the preference to the amusements of the days of old; but let the sentimental reader consider that the tales of superstition, when believed, affect the soul with a sensation pleasurably horrid; we may paint in more lively colours to the eye, they spoke to the heart.

The great barons and knights usually kept open house during this season, when their villains, or vassals, were entertained with bread, beef, and beer, and a pudding, wastol cake, or Christmas kitchel, and a groat in silver at

parting; being obliged, in return, to wave the full flaggon round their heads, in honour of the master of the house. Sometimes the festival continued till Twelfth-day, when the baron, or his steward, took the deis or upper seat of the table, and after dinner gave every man a new gown of his livery, and two Christmas kitchels.—This kind of liberality endeared the barons to the common people, and made them ever ready to take up arms under their banners.

A register of the nunnery of Keynsham relates, that William, Earl of Gloucester, entertained two hundred knights with tilts and fortunys, at his great manor of Keynsham, provided thirty pies of the eels of Avon, as a curious dainty; and on the Twelfth-day began the plays for the knights by the monks; with miracles and maumeries for the henchmen and servants, by minstrels.

Here is plainly a distinction made between maumeries and miracles, and the more noble representations comprehended under the name plays. The first were the holiday entertainments of the vulgar; the other of the barons and nobility. The private exhibitions at the manors of the barons were usually family histories; the monk, who represented the master of the family, being arrayed in a tabard (or herald's coat without sleeves) painted with all the hatchments of the names. In these domestic performances, absurdities were unavoidable; and in a play wrote by Sir Tibbet Gorges,* Constance, countess of Bretagne and Richmond, marries and buries her three husbands in the compass of an hour. Sometimes these pieces were merely relations, and had only two characters of this kind, as that in Weever's Funeral monuments. None but the patrons of monasteries

* Who was Sir Thybbot Gorges? He was one of that bright galaxy of bards who flourished in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and who were unknown to the world till Chatterton generously introduced them to posterity and fame.—Ed.

had the service of monks in performing plays on holidays; provided the same contained nothing against God or the church. The public exhibitions were superior to the private; the plot, generally, the life of some pope, or the founder of the abbey the monks belonged to. I have seen several of these pieces, mostly Latin, and cannot think our ancestors so ignorant of dramatic excellence as the generality of modern writers would represent: they had a good moral in view, and some of the maumeries abound with it, which though low now, was not so then. Minstrels, jesters, and mummers, was the next class of performers; every knight had two or three minstrels and jesters, who were maintained in his house, to entertain his family in their hours of dissipation; these Chaucer mentions in the following passages:

Doe comme, he saied, myn mynstrales,
And jestours for to tellen us tales,
Anon in mye armyage.
Of Romaunces yatto been royals,
Of popes and cardinals,
And eke of love longynge.
Rime of Sir Thopas.

Of all manere of mynstrales,
And jestours thatte tellen tales,
Both of weepynge and of yame,
And of all thatte longeth unto fame.
Third Book of Fame.

[The MS. of the Christmas Games is preserved in the British Museum; but on comparing it with the 'antiquity of Christmas Games,' printed by Southey in his Edition of 1803, I discovered such a striking difference in the structure of the sentences, so much omitted in the MS. that is to be found in the printed copy, that it seems probable that there were two MSS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in existence, and that Southey's text was printed from the missing document. I have retained the article, as it has hitherto appeared in previous editions.—ED.]

ON THE ORIGIN, NATURE, AND DESIGN OF SCULPTURE.

Sculpture is an art which, by design and solid matter, imitates the palpable objects of nature. It is difficult to ascertain the epocha of its origin; it is lost in the most remote antiquity. The arts of imitation in general, as painting, architecture, sculpture, &c. were the first invented. Sculptors began to work upon clay and wax, which are more flexible, and more pliable than wood and stone. They soon made statues of trees which were neither subject to corruption nor worms, as the lemon-tree, the cypress, the palm, the olive, the ebony, and the vine: at last they made use of metals, ivory, and the hardest stones; marble especially became the most precious matter, and the most esteemed for works of sculpture.

The nations amongst which this fine art was in the greatest honour were the Ægyptians; those people, so celebrated by the monuments of their gratitude towards the memory of the kings their benefactors. It was to perpetuate their names that they erected, in the earliest ages, the two Colossean statues of Mocrus, and the Queen his spouse.

The Ægyptian sculptors excelled all other in exactness of proportion; the different parts of a statue were often formed by divers artists; and these parts united, made the whole perfect.

The Greek historians boast of the invention of that art in their country, which they attribute to love: however, it is certain that the first essays of sculpture in Greece were very unpolished; but Dedalus having travelled in Ægypt, improved himself in this art, and formed afterwards pupils who became the admiration of a people whose taste was not yet refined by the elegant statues of Phydias, Myron, Lysippus, &c.

The Greeks, subdued by the Romans, degenerated insensibly; and the arts vanished with their freedom.

Sculpture was an exotic which never could thrive in victorious Rome; its transient glory was eclipsed by the other arts in the reign of Augustus; it declined under Tiberius, Caius, and Claudius; and re-appeared with an enormous magnitude under Nero.

The Gothic sculpture sprung afterwards from a wild imagination, unassisted by nature.

The epocha of sculpture is the same in France and Italy. The celebrated Michael Angelo worked in Rome under the pontificate of Leo X., whilst John Goujon was admitted at Paris, under the patronage of Francis I.

The English advanced by slow degrees to the perfection of that art, in which they now rival their ancient masters.

The sculptors gave the name of statue to a figure in embossed work, that stands by itself in wood, stone, marble, or metal, of persons conspicuous by their birth, their rank, or their merit.

The ancients often represented figures of men, kings, and even gods, under a species of statues smaller than the natural size.

Those of persons who had distinguished themselves by their superior knowledge, their virtues, or some important services to the commonwealth, were erected at the public expence in statues of human size.

The third species of statues was designed for kings and emperors: they were taller than men commonly are; and those which personated heroes were larger in proportion.

As for the Colossean statues, they represented gods; and often kings and emperors, desirous to magnify themselves by these stupendous works, reared at their own expence monuments of their vanity and folly.

An equestrian statue exhibits a man on horseback, as the statue of Charles I. at Charing-cross; the statue of Henry IV. at Paris; and that of Cosmo de Medicis, at Leghorn.

A Greek statue is naked and antique; thus called, because the Greeks displayed in that manner the gods, the heroes, and the athletes of the Olympic games.

The Roman statues are all represented with a drapery.

A mausoleum is a pompous funeral monument, decorated with sculpture and architecture, with an epitaph sacred to the memory of some considerable personage. It derives its etymology from the magnificent tomb, which Queen Artemisia caused to be erected for Mausolus, king of Caria, her husband.

Heroes, patriots, and statesmen, are not only entitled to the love and veneration of their contemporaries during their lives, but their virtues and services ought to be transmitted to the latest posterity. This vanity of surviving our dust by lasting monuments of national gratitude, has prompted men to the most noble actions, and inspired them with the emulation of being enrolled in the records of time, with those great heroes whose statues and inscriptions they contemplate with a sort of extacy. The tombs of Westminster-Abbey fill the mind with that awful reverence, which a magnificent and grateful nation testifies for its benefactors. The portraits of the illustrious warriors who have subdued our inveterate enemies in both hemispheres, exposed to public view in Vauxhall-gardens, create even in a dissipated multitude a kind of admiration greatly superior to that inspired by the enchantment of the place. The spirit and magnanimity of the incorruptible Beckford, so becoming the first magistrate of the metropolis of a powerful empire; his noble and animated speech to the throne, which was the last public testimony of his unwearied zeal for his conntry's cause, will be echoed with applause at the sight of his statue by the succeeding generation, to whom he tried to transmit our constitution restored to its pristine purity.

Of the AUNTIAUNTE FORME of MONIES,

CAREFULLIE GOTTEN FOR MAYSTER WILLIAM CANYNGE BY MEE THOMAS ROWLEIE.*

Greete was the wysdome of him who sayde the worlde is to ne one creature, whereof every man and beaste is a member; ne manne lyveth therefore for hymself but for hys fellow creature. Excellent and pythey was the sayeing of Mr. Canynge that trade is the soule of the worlde, but monie the soule of trade, ande alasse monie is nowe the soule of manie. The age when metalles fyrste passed for monie is unnoticed: as oxen and sheepe is thoughten to have beene the moste earlie monie or change. Butte ytte is stylle more difficyle to fyx the fiyrst tyme of stampeyng ytte. Abrahame is sayde to have yeven shekylls bie wayght: an Ebrewe writer saithe that in the daies of Joshua the Ebrewes enstamped theyre monies wythe the symboles of the tabernacle vessylles, butte I thynke the fyrste enstampeyng came from Heathenne Ammulettes, whyche were markyd wythe the image of theyre idolle, and preests dyd carrie from house to house begginge or rather demaundynge offeryngs for theyr idolle.—The Ebrewes who scorn'd not to learne inyquytye frome theyr captyves, and vaynlie thynkynge as in other thyngs to copy other natyons myghte take uppe thys ensample ande enstamepynge theyre monie in the oulde tyme of Josue beyne maie happe one of the Idolatries mentyon'd in holie wrete. Examyne into antiquytie and you wylle fynde the folk of Athens stampyd an owelette the byrde of Athene, the Sycylyans fyre the symbole of theyre Godde Vulcanne, theie of Ægypt a couchaunt creeture wythe a lyon-

* From Barrett's History of Bristol, p. 37.

nes boddie and a hawkes heade symbole of theyre Godde Osyris: butte to come to owre owne countrie: oure fyrste fathers the Bryttons usyde yron and brasse ryngs some round, some shapyd like an egge: eleven of these were founde in the gardenne of Galfrydes Coombe on Saincte Mychaels Hylle, bie theyre dyspositionne in the grounde seemed to have been strunge onne a strynge, and were alle marquede on insyde thus, *M.* Lykewyse is in Maystre Canynges Cabynet an amulett of Brytishe characters peerced at the toppe. Julyus Cæsarres coynes were the fyrst enstamped monies usede in Englande: after whomme the Brytonnes coyned as followes. Tenantius at Caer Britoe, Cunobelyne at sundarie places, butte notte at Caer Brytoe. Arvyragus at Caer Brytoe, Maryus at Caer Brytoe, Bassianus at Caer Brytoe. Syke was the multitude of monies bie them coyned upon vyctoryes and sykelyke that neyther anie kynge tyll Arthurres tyme coyned quantity of metalles for anie use nor dyd Arthurre make monie but a peece of Sylverre toe be worne rounde of those who han wonne honnour in batelles. Edelbarte kynge of Kente was the fyrste chrystenned kynge and coyner in Kent, Chaulyn or Ceaulynne of the Weste Saxonnes, Arpenwaltus of the Easte Angles, Ætheldfryde of the north Humbres, and Wulferus of the Mercians. The piece coyned by the Saxonnes was clepen pennyes thryce the value of our pennyes. In Adelstanes reygn were two coyners in Brygh-stowe and one at Wyckewarre at which two places was made a peece yclepen twain penny.

Golde was not coyned tyll the tyme of Edwardus but Byzantes of Constantinople was in ure, some whereof contayned fower markas or mankas, some two, some one, and some less and more. Robert Rouse Erle of Cloucester had hys mynte at Brystowe and coyned the best monie of anie of the Baronnes. Henrie Secundus graunted to the Lord of Bristowe Castle the ryghte of coynynge, and the coynynge of

the lord wente curraunte unto the reigne of Henricus the thyrde: the coyns was onne one syde a rampaunte lyonne withynne a strooke or bende Sinyster and on the other the arms of Brightstowe.

Eke had the maioure lybertie of coyneyng and did coyne several coynes, manie of whyche are in mie seconde rolle of monies.—Kynge Henricus sext, offre d Maystre Canynge the ryghte of coynynge, whyche hee refused, whereupon Galfridus Ocamlus who was wyth Mayster Canynge and mieself concerning the saide ryghte, saieth, "Naie bie St. Pauls Crosse hadde I such an offre, I would coyne lead and make ne law, hyndrynge Hyndes takyng it." No doubte (sayde Mayster Canynge) but you'd dyspend Heaven to gette goulde, but I dyspende Goulde to get Heaven.*

* "This curious account, "says the credulous Mr. Barrett," is an exact transcript from the writing on vellum, which having all the external marks of antiquity to give it the credit of an original, could not be passed by, however readers may differ in their opinions. If genuine and authentic, it proves,

"1st. That besides the authorities above recited for the Caer Brito of Nennius being the city of Bristow, British money was coined here with that name inscribed, though hitherto unnoticed. (!)

"2dly. That coins of Bassianus and others "have been dolven wythynn its walles," besides the quantities of coins of other Roman Emperors, which have been found so frequently very near it. (!!)

"3dly. That many coins of Saxon Kings have been thrown up, on opening the ground, in the very streets of Bristol. (!!!)

"From all this the antiquity of the city of Bristol is fully demonstrated. (!!!!)"

PROCLAMATION*

To all christian people to whom this indented writing shall come, William Canynge of Bristol, merchant, and Thomas Rowley, priest, send greeting. Whereas certain disputes have arisen between the Prior of St. James, and Johan a Milverton, steward of the Bonnehommes, concerning the Unity in Trinity, which after many vain arguments asserted to invalidate the Godhead of our blessed Redeemer by him, the said John a Milverton, he hath referred it to our decision, and the said Prior, conscious of the truth, when he maintains that Christ is God, had agreed to the same. As what is above human comprehension can neither be proved nor disproved by human arguments, it is vain for the wit of man to pretende to unfolde the dark covering of the ark of the Trinity, lest like those of old he be stricken dead and his reason lost by breathing in an element too fine and subtle for the gross nature. But as the said John continues to spread about his detestable heresy of the Unity alone of God, notwithstanding John Carpenter, Bishop of Worcester, unwilling any man should die for an opinion, gave him his life and liberty, forfeit to the Holy Church; though we William Canynge and Thomas Rowley approve not of invalidating arguments by violence and death, provided a man enjoys his opinion alone; yet when he goes about to persuade others from the right way, and speaks openly of the terrestrial being of Christ, a bridle should be laid on his tongue. The weak and ignorant catch at every thing they understand not; and

* From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum. We may suppose that Chatterton, as soon as convenient, would have antiquated these documents by the substitution of old words. There are many of the same kind among his MS. of which this and the following may be taken as specimens.—Ed.

as the said John as aforesaid doth still continue to preach his heretical notions, we by power to us assigned by the said Bishop of Worcester, command him the said John, on pain of imprisonment, not to teach or preach in public or private till we give him leave so to do. And the said T. Rowley will on Sunday at St. Mary's Cross in the glebe of St. Mary Redclift deliver a discourse on the Trinity, so far as it shall tend to confute the doctrine of the said John: after the matin song, and after even song, the said John shall be at liberty, without fear of imprisonment or other punishment, to answer, and if he can, to invalidate the arguments of the said T. Rowley, a copy of his discourse to be given to Mr. Canynge for the inspection of himself, the said T. Rowley, the prior and monks of St. James, and whom it may concern: and whereas thirteen brothers of the order of the Bonnehommes did attack and cruelly beat William Cooke and five other servitours of the Monastery of St. Augustines, because they were such; and John said Bishop of Worcester hath given us William Canynge and Thomas Rowley as Ecclesiastical Knights Templars of Saint John of Jerusalem, power to search into the same and amerce the offenders; we hereby, as well as by a greater deed to which is fixed the mayoralty seal of Bristol, our ecclesiastical seal, and the seals of the principals of St. John's, St. Augustines, St. James and the Calendarys, do amerce each of the said thirteen Monks in the sum of fifty marks, to be given to William Coke and his fellow servants in equal portions. Witness our ecclesiastical seals.

DEED OF A FOUNDATION

OF AN ADDITIONAL COLLEGE AT WESTBURY.*

To all christian people to whom this indented writing shall come, Thomas Rotherham, under God and the holy Father of the Church, Bishop of the see of Rochester; John Carpenter, Bishop of the see of Worcester; John Booth, Bishop, of the see of Exeter; Sir William Canynge, Dean of St. George's college at Westbury upon Trim, and Knight Templar of St. John of Jerusalem: and John Iscam, chauntry priest. Now know ye, that we, the aforesaid Thomas, John, William, and Thomas, having assembled the third day after the feast of Easter, at Westbury, in the house of the said bishop of Worcester, having maturely considered all the circumstances attending such a design, and estimated the expence, have, for the love we bear unto holy Church and all things thereunto belonging, resolved to build a new College to be adjoining to the left wing of the college lately founded by the late John of Worcester and Sir William.—The lands proposed for the said buildings, its gardens, cloisters, and other outlets, being four acres square, and belonging to Thomas of Rochester, is by him the said Thomas, hereby given to Sir William and Sir Thomas Rowley, intended builders and endowers of the said additional college.

The said Thomas of Rochester, John of Worcester, and John of Exeter, do absolve Wm. Canynge, father, and Robert Canynge, brother to the said Sir William, from all sins by them committed during their life, as by power of the Holy Father of the Church they are enabled so to do. They, the said Sir William and Sir Thomas do give to the building

* From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

thereof 2000 marks in equal portions, to be paid by William or his heir apparent to the master builders and carpenters employed in the same: and we shall superintend the whole. John of Worcester, testified by his seal ecclesiastic hereunto set, gives the master or principal for the time being, the priests dues upon the holy offerings made in the Easter of the churches of St. Martin and the chancels of Saint Gregory, Saint Mary, and Saint Elphage, in the city of Worcester.

John of Exeter gives the master, witnessed by seal ecclesiastical, the offerings of three chancels at Teignmouth, three at Exmouth, and two at Exeter, at the choice of the master. John Iscam to be master of the college when finished, and to instruct the brethren in grammar, philosophy, and architecture: and for that purpose purchase MSS. relating to the said sciences, at the expence of Thomas Rowley, who will adorn the Boc-hord or library with gilt wood. Also at the expence of T. Rowley, an instrument of the new invented art of marking letters, to be made and set up there.

The brethren, being 20 in number, shall be advanced in degrees as they advance in learning, and incorporated with the college of 30 brethren founded by John of Worcester and Sir Thomas, under the same laws enacted, be by the same master, John Iscam, governed, who shall receive an additional stipend of 40 marks per annum.

The badge of the College to be a cross, gules, on a field argent; and the brethren, being free-masons, to observe the rules of Canynge's Red Lodge. After the death of Thomas Rowley, his estate, now computed 5000 marks, to devolve to the College, to the further emoluments of 40 of the most learned brethren. The estates to be purchased with it to lie in Somersetshire. And John Iscam, for himself and his successors, doth promise that the said T. Rowley shall be buried in the isle near the canon's seat in the church of West-

bury, with a fair ruby ring on his finger, and over his head a portraiture of his arms. Argent on a chief, or, a spear rowel gules. Sir William Canynge gives at his death 400 marks for the further emoluments of the remaining 10 unlearned brethren.

If the settling the new brethren exceed 2000 marks, Sir Thomas Rowley doth hereby covenant to make up the deficiency, and also to furnish the chapel with palls, and the house and refectory with furniture. The master, after the decease of Iscam, to be chosen by the brethren, although not considered as master till their choice is ratified by the Bishop of Worcester for the time being.

In witness of the truth of the above we have all of us hereunto set our public or private seals, as the law in this case requires, in the 8th year of the reign of King Edward.

Endowed,

Hereunto is fastened the ground-plot view, elevation, and section of the intended college.

1468

FRAGMENT OF A SERMON,

BY ROWLEY.*

Havynge whylomme ynn dyscourse provedd, orr soughte toe proove, the deitie of Chryste bie hys workes, names, and attributes, I shalle in nexte place seeke to proove the deeitie of Holye Spryte. Manne moste bee supplyedd wythe Holye Spryte toe have communyonn ryghtfullye of thynges whyche bee of Godde. Seyncte Paulle prayethe the Holye

* This Fragment was printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for April, 1782, with this note annexed. "The following fragment has been produced as a transcript from a sermon by Thomas Rowley, Priest, of the fifteenth century. There being little reason, however, to suppose that Chatterton, who apparently forged all the other pieces attributed to this occult personage, could be the immediate author of such a performance, to learn from whence the ground-work of it was borrowed is the object of the present insertion. If any person who has leisure and opportunity should happen, in the course of his researches after things of greater moment, to make such a discovery, and will communicate satisfactory proof of it through the channel of this Magazine; as a small acknowledgment for his trouble, a set of books chosen by himself, and of three guineas value, shall be at the service of the earliest satisfactory communicator."

The words ascribed to Cyprian are supposed not to belong to that Father. They are taken from a tract, *De Cardinalibus Christi Operibus*, formerly imagined to be Cyprian's, but long since rejected by the best critics, and attributed by Bishop Fell to Arnold of Chartres, Abbot of Beauval, a contemporary and friend of St. Bernard, A.D. 1160. See the citation of Arnold's Works, as printed in the Appendix to Fell's edition of Cyprian, p. 60, *De Spiritu Sanctot.*

In the number of the same Magazine for the following month there appeared this solution of the difficulty:—

"MR. URBAN, "*Wrexham, May* 14.

"I will not be confident that I have discovered the *groundwork* of the fragment enquired after, p. 177; but, if your correspondent consults the latter of two sermons on the '*Deity of the Son and Holy Spirit*,' by the Rev. Caleb Evans of Bristol, printed for Buckland, 1766, he will find the beginning very similar to the fragment; and also, upon reading the former, that Mr. Evans's proof of the Deity of Christ is agreeable to Rowley's reference. If, too, he reads p. 72 of the above sermon, Mr. Evans quotes Herman Witsius, a Dutch divine; the quotation is from his *Exercitationes in Symbolum.* Now, whether Chatterton's inquisitive genius did (as he easily might) understand so much Latin as to dip into Witsius, or might get it translated, it is certain that the very address to the Spirit, said to be from St. Cyprian, is in the beginning of Exercit. XXIII., and is introduced in almost the same words as in Rowley's fragment. I observe, further, that Witsius has,

Spryte toe assyste hys flocke ynn these wordes, *The Holye Sprytes communyonn bee wythe you.* Lette us dhere desyerr of hymm to ayde us, I ynne unplyteynge and you ynn understandynge hys deeite: lette us saye wythe Seyncte Cyprian, *Adesto, Sancte Spiritus, & paraclesin tuam expectantibus illabere cælitus; sanctifica templum corporis nostri, & consecra inhabitaculum tuum.* Seyncte Paulle sayethe yee are the temple of Godde; forr the Spryte of Godde dwellethe ynn you. Gyff yee are the temple of Godde alleyne bie the dwellynge of the Spryte, wote yee notte that the Spryte ys Godde, ande playne proofe of the personne and glorye of the thryrde personne. The personne, gyftes, operatyonns, glorye, and deeitie, are all ynn Holye Spryte, as bee prooved fromm diffraunt textes of Scrypture: beeynge, as Seyncte Peter sayethe, of the same essentyall matterr as the Fadre ande Sonne, whoe are Goddes, the Holye Spryte moste undisputably bee Godde. The Spryte orr dyvyne will of Godde moovedd uponn the waterrs att the creatyonn of the worlde: thys meanethe the Deeitie. I sayde, ynn mie laste discourse, the promyse of Chryste, whoe wythe Godde the Fadre wolde dwelle ynn the soughle of his decyples; howe coulde heie soe but bie myssyonn of Holye Spryte? Thys methynkethe prooveth ne alleyne the personallitie of Holye Spryte, but the verrie foundatyonne and grounde wurch of the Trinitie

Sect. XXXII., Rowley's argument, "Seyncte Paulle sayeth yee are the temple of Godde," &c., and speaks of the "personne, giftes, operatyonns, &c. of the Holy Spryte," all which Chatterton might acquire by a very shallow acquaintance with Latin, and indeed most of them by only reading the table prefixed to the Exercitation. I will not say where he got the curious notion, that it will be the peculiar office of the Holy Spirit to "destroye" the "worlde" (perhaps it was Mr. Chatterton's *own*), nor yet whence he had the extract from St Gregory; but your correspondent will be struck with the similarity, I was going to say, *sameness*, of the supposed Rowley's reasoning, that "the Holy Spryte cannot bee the goode thynges and vyrtues of a man's mynde" with that of Mr. Evans, p. 57-60. Is not the expression, *Deity of the Spirit*, more modern than the fifteenth century? But it is in the beginning of Mr. Evans' Sermon. "Your's, &c.

"AN ENQUIRER."

yttselfe. The Holye Spryte cannot bee the goode thynges ande vyrtues of a manns mynde, sythence bie hymm wee bee toe fast keepe yese goode thynges: gyff wee bee toe keepe a vyrtue bie thatte vyrtue ytt selfe, meethynckes the custos bee notte fytted toe the charge. The Spryte orr Godde ys the auctoure of those goode thynges and bie hys obeisaunce dheie mote alleyne bee helde. I maie notte be doltysh ne hereticalle toe saie, whate wee calle consyence ys the hyltren warninge of the Spryte, to forsake our evylle waies before he dothe solely leave our steinedd soughles. Nete bee a greaterr proofe of mie argument thann the wurchys of Holye Spryte. Hee createdd manne, hee forslaggen hymm, hee agayne raysedd mann fromm the duste, ande havethe savedd all mankynde fromme eterne rewynn; he raysedd Chryste fromme the deade, hee made the worlde, and hee shalle destroye ytt. Gyff the Spryte bee notte Godde, howe bee ytt the posessynge of the Spryte dothe make a manne sayedd toe bee borne of Godde? Ytt requyreth the powerr of Godde toe make a manne a new creatyonn, yette suche dothe the Spryte. Thus sayethe Seyncte Gregorie Naz. Of the Spryte and hys wurchys: Γενᾶται Χριστος· προτρέχει· Βαπτιζεται· μαρτυρεῖ· Πειραζέται· αναγεῖ· Δυναμεις ἐπιτελεῖ. ξυμπαραμαρτεῖ· Ανέρχεται.*

* The Greek quotation from Gregory Nazianzen contains in itself the most unquestionable proof that it was not copied from any MS. of the fifteenth century. It will be allowed, I presume, that Chatterton could only copy the characters which he found in the originals. He had no skill to vary the forms of the letters, to combine those which were apart, or to separate those which were connected together. We may be certain, therefore, that his transcript (involuntary errors excepted) was in all respects as like to his archetype as he could make it. But his transcript differs totally from all the specimens which I have ever seen of Greek writing in the fifteenth century. It appears to me to have been evidently copied from a printed book.—TYRWHITT.

[Mr. Tyrwhitt has annexed a fac-simile of the MS. in Chatterton's hand writing with the Greek attached, from which any reader can judge for himself. The Greek quotation is from Greg. Nazian. Orat. xxx. v. i. p. 610. edit. Paris, 1639. In Chatterton's fragment, the sentence is left imperfect for want of the verb διαδεχεται.—ED.

EXTRACTS FROM CHAUCER.*

But great harme was ytt as it thoughte me,
That on his skinne a mormall had he.

Chaucer's charac. Coke.

Rounde was his face and camisde was his nose.

Reevr's Tale.

Sounde of men at labor.
To plaies of miracles and to maryages.

Wyfe of Bathe, Prologue.

Doe come he saied mye minstrales,
And jestours for to tellen us tales,
Anon yn mine armynge,
Of romaunces that been reials,
Of Popes and of Cardinauls,
And eeke of love longing.

Rime of Sir Thopas.

Of all mannere of minstrales
And jestours that tellen tales,
Both of weeping and of yame,
And of all that longeth unto fame.

The Third Book of Fame.

Chaucer, when of the Inner Temple, as appears by the record, was fined two shillings for beating a Franciscan Friar in Fleet street.

Speght.

* From a MS. in Chatterton's hand-writing in the British Museum.

[These Extracts are worth preserving, as they evidence Chatterton's acquaintance with Speght and Chaucer, and shew that his habit was to transcribe such passages as he afterwards intended to introduce in his works. At the end of the Antiquity of Christmas Games, he has printed two of the above extracts.—SOUTHEY's *Edition*.]

Account

of the

Family of the De Berghams,

from the

Norman Conquest

to this time.

Collected from original Records, Tournament Rolls, and the Heralds of March and Garters' Records..by

Thomas Chatterton.

Instead of this Pedigree being founded on original and well-attested documents, as Chatterton affirmed, I have no hesitation in expressing an opinion that the whole is a *fabrication*, and that from the following considerations.

In the first place Chatterton commences the work with an erroneous assertion, No such person as "Simon de Leyncte Lyze, alias Senliz," came to England with William the Conqueror, as appears from an examination of the list of Names, still extant. And in affirming that this Senliz was created Earl of Northampton, by William, after the execution of the former Earl of that name, it is contrary to express and acknowledged fact.

Nor are the authorities which Chatterton cites in support of his assertions entitled to greater credit. We have heard of *Oral* traditions, but *Oral Deeds*, *Writings* and *Tournament Rolls*, are a new and inadmissible species of evidence. And although with many Readers the authority of Rowley may still be deemed legitimate, yet the *Records* of MARCH and GARTER, so often referred to, are absolute non-entities; these titles being applied to *officers* only in different departments of Heraldry, and not to *particular Writings*.

There are two Lancashire families of the name of Chatterton, but neither of them is entitled to arms, resembling in any respect that ascribed to "RADCLIFF DE CHATTERTON." (A most significant and appropriate Name!) The first being, Gules, a Cross Potent Cross'd, Or, and the second, Argent, a Cheveron, Gules, between three Tent Hooks.

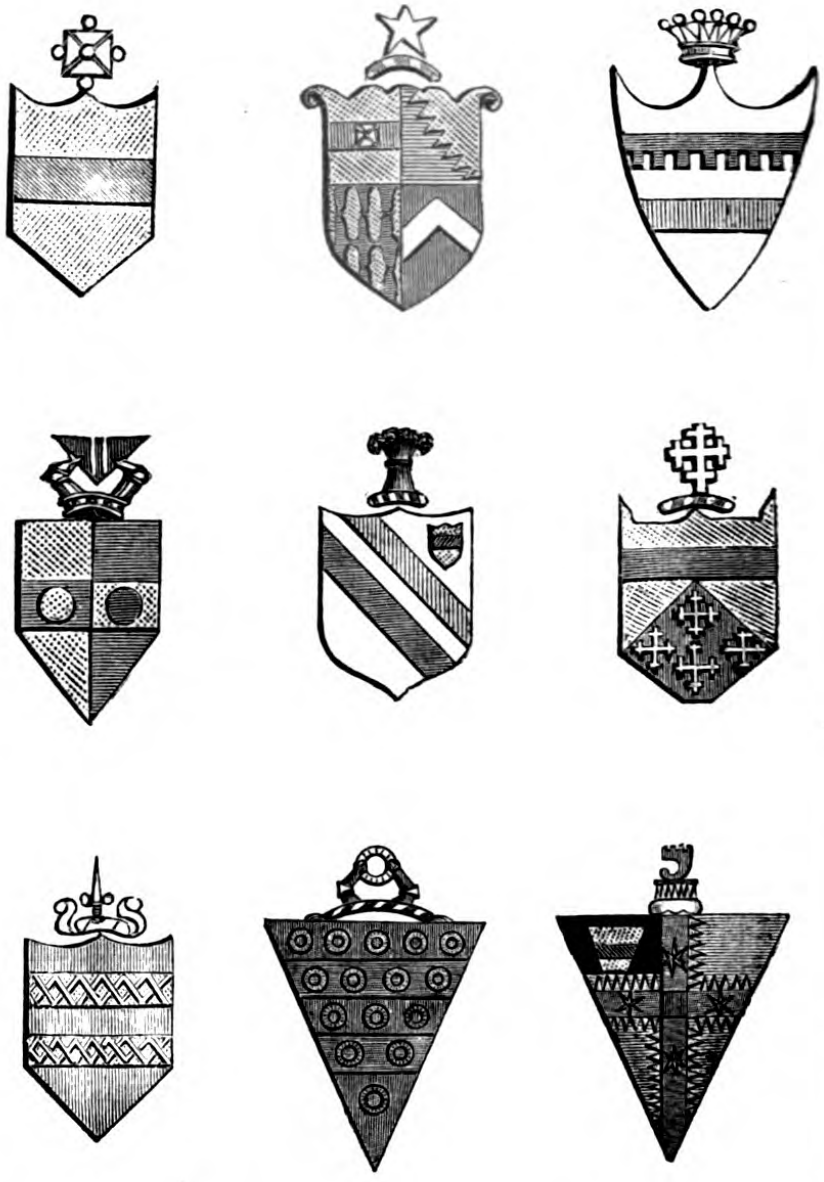
With respect to the Authorities which Chatterton gives for his Emblazonments, they will be found to consist merely of a number of names, well known in Heraldry, as might be supposed, without any *particular reference*, amongst which frequently appear, March! Garter! and Rowley!

In order to ascertain, in a general way, what portion of Truth was contained in the Pedigree of De Burgham, I have examined several of the works referred to in the margin of the MS. and find, except in one instance, the information pretended to be derived from them wholly unfounded. This one exception refers to Sir William Moleneux, who is mentioned at nearly the end of the Manuscript as having died at Canterbury, on his return from the wars in Spain, in the Year 1372, and at which place he was buried with a latin Inscription. This information and inscription are accurately taken from WEAVER'S FUNERAL MONUMENTS, page 234, and to which Chatterton directs the Reader. But there is collateral evidence that Chatterton was acquainted with this Work, as he refers to it in his account of the Christmas Games.

Several Epitaphs and Paragraphs in old French and Latin will appear in different parts of the following Pedigree; but it should be remarked that Chatterton did not understand what he had thus written, as he uniformly applied for an explanation to Barrett, the Historian of Bristol; and the translations which are given, are accurately printed from *Barrett's hand-writing*, which invariably follows the Latin and French in the original MS.

The ingenuity which Chatterton discovered in adopting and applying quotations from languages which he did not understand, will be very observable, and shew that he not only possessed no ordinary share of perseverance, but a power of assembling the *plausible*, and it may be added, a love, a very PASSION for imposing on the credulity of others.—*Remarks by Mr. Cottle.*

Arms of the De Bergham Family.



Copied from the Original Drawings in the British Museum.

Account of the De Bergham Family.

PRINTED, WITH RESPECT TO THE REFERENCES, IN THE EXTRA FORM IN WHICH CHATTERTON WROTE IT.

[1]SIMON de Leyncte Lyze, alias Senliz, married Matilda, Daughter of[2] Waltheof,* Earl of Northumberland, Northampton and Huntingdon†. He came into England, with Wm. the Conqueror ‡, who after the execution of Waltheof, for high Treason, created him Earl of Northampton in the year of Christ, M.LXXV: by Deed by him granted, it appears he was possessed of Burgham Castle, in Northumberland. He had three Sons, Simon,[3] Nigell de Lea,§ who married Hawisia de Asheton, by whom he had a Son,[4] Normannus, Father of Nigelle de Asheton,[5] Knight, who married || Hester de Haroldstan[6] Com: Pem: whose Son, Harrie de Orme,* married[7] Sywarda de Castleton, from whom descended [8]Sir Thomas de Ashton,† Knight Lord of Ashton, whose successor was, Sir Robert de Asheton, his Son and Heir, a Person of great note: for he was Vice-Chamberlain to Edward 3d, and by that title was in Commission with others, for obtaining a Peace with Charles, King of France.‡ He resided in the West, ||was Warden of the Cinque Ports, and Admiral of the narrow Seas, also Justice of Ireland in 43 of Ed. 3d, and constituted Treasurer of England in 47

* Heylin Newbery Creeche.
† Roll of Battle Abbey, 7th in order.
‡ M. Par.

§ Ex Stem: fam: de Lee.

|| Ex Stemma fam. Sir Johan de Lereches.
* Mss. R. Thoresby, F.R.S.
† Collins,
‡ Ashmole's order of the Garter Page 669.
|| Collins Thoresby.

1 Per Pale indented, Or and Gules. 2 Argent a Lyon Rampt: Azure: a Chief Gules. 3 Bendy Or and Azure, a Pale Counter-changed. 4 A Cheveron between three Gauntletts. 5 Sable on Fess Argent, an Estoile Gules. 6 4th, 1st. Or a Chief indented Azure. 2d. Argent a Lyon Rampt: Gules debrused with a frette parted per Pale, Or a Sable, 3dly. Lozengis Argent and Gules; 4thly. Barrie Bendy Or and Sable. 7 Or a Fess Vert. 8 (Omitted in the MS.

Reigat Anus Mar. 1460 Seagar Norris Camden Guillim Garter Mar. 1460

Ed. 3d, about which time being in that office, he was appointed.* with John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, King of Castile, and Leon. Sir Roger de Beaucamp and others of the greatest quality. Grantees† in Trust of divers manors, rents, and reversions purchased in Kent by the King, to enfeoff therewith the Abbey of St. Mary le Grace, near the Tower of London. He was afterwards constituted Constable of Dover Castle,‡ and was in such esteem and favour with that King, that he appointed him one of the Ex:ors of his last Will and Testament. He was continued in favour in the succeeding Reign, and in the 4th of Richard 2d, was warden of the Cinque Ports.‖ He died the 8th Richard the 2d. His Son[8] Thomas de Asheton, Father of John Asheton, being then a Knight, served in Parliament 12th Richard 2d. as one of the Knights for Lancashire.§ This Sir John was drowned at Norham, leaving Issue by his Lady, the Daughter of [9]Sir Robert Standish, of Standish, two Sons, 1st, John, and Nicholas, Knight of [10]St John of Jerusalem in Bristol.* John de Asheton, the eldest Son, succeeded to the Lordship of Ashton, and at the Coronation of Henry 4th, was made Knight of the Bath,† served in Parliament, 12 and 13 Henry 4, 1 and 2 Henry 5, for the County of Landcaster,‡ and was made Captain and Bailiff of Constance in France as a reward for his services, as appears by several deeds, and the following extracts from the Tournament Books of Qauraster Heralde. "Syr: R: de: Shellie [11] agenst Syr T: de Ashtoune: the which

* Mon. Angl. Vol. 1.

† Visit de Cant.

‡Thoresby

‖ Cotton's Records.

§ Pryme Brief Register.

*Rowley's MSS.
† Collins Nom. Mil: in Coll: Thos. Tekyll.
‡ Pryme.

Ex. Her: Bochor. Garter: Ap

9 Ermine a Pile Sable. 10 Per Cheveron in Chief three Estoils in Base a Lyon Rampant, t: w. 11 Or Semie de Shells Sable.

Syr Johan dyd possesse ande houlde Constaunce yn Fraunce as mede for hys vailouros Ach:me:ts." He had two Wives: from his second marriage descended the Ashton's of Middleton, and by his first Wife, (12) Isabelle Daughter of Sir Ralph Elande, of Brighouse in Com: Ebor: who was buried at Wakefield in that County, as the following Inscription testifies. He had 4 Sons and 8 Daughters. The Inscription is as follows.‡

Ex Org Penos 7 Ashton

‡ Thoresby.

Hic jacet Ossa, Dom: Isabeilae
Asheton miper Uxoris Johis Ashton,
Militis and Mater Willi Mirfield,
Militis obiit tertio Maii 1488.

By which it appears* she had been the Wife of Alan de Mirfield (13) Knight. Her 4 Sons and eight Daugh: by Sir John Asheton, were these, Viz: 1. LUCIA, married 1st. to (14) Sir Richard Byron, 2d. to Sir Bartin Entwiste,(15) and 3d. to Sir Ralph Shirley,(16) Knights. 2 MARY, Wife of (17) Thomas Langley; 3d. CATHARINE, of (18) John Duckenfield Esqrs: 4th. ELIZABETH, 1st. of (19) Sir Ralph Harrington, 2d. of (20) Sir Richard de Hammerton, Knights. ANN, of (22)Thomas Birch. MARGARET, of Edmund Talbot:(23) JOAN, of Ranulphe de Dutton and JANE,

* Collins.

Ex: 2 Rich. 3d.

Halstead's Geneal:

Ex Coll:

Ex Coll: Rad.

(12) Argent Seven Lozenges Varye 3.3.1. (13) Argent three Cat-a-Mountains Passant. (14) Parted per Bend sinister Crenselled Or and Sable. (15) 6thly. 1st. Or Six Lyoncells Rampant Gules. 2d. Or three Eagles heads erased Sable beaked Gules. 3d. Gules. 4th. Sable a Sheveron Or. Trefoil slipped proper for Difference. 5th. Gyronny of 8 Argent and Gules. 6th. as 1st. (16) Or two bars Sable. (17) Argent on a Fess Gules three Grey-Hounds courant of the field. (18) Azure a Buck Trippant Argent wreathed Vert attired Or. (19) Sable a Frett Or. (20) Vert three Garbs Or. (22) Argent a Cross reguled Sable. (23) Sable three Talbots Or.

Rougo Dragon Garter Norroy Suthroy Vol: Clarenci Garter March 1460. Garter

Thoresby. Ex etemua familia Sir Jerv: de Ashton.

of John Rochley, of Rochley in Com: Ebor: Esqrs. The Sons were 1st. THOMAS, 2d. (26)ROBERT, 3d. (27)LAURENCE, and 4th. (28)JOHN; whereof Thomas de Asheton, the Eldest succeeded to the Inheritance, and with (29)Sir Edmund de Trafford, Knight, had a Patent from Hen: 9 in the 24th year of his Reign, for the use of Alchymy and converting other metals.

Nom: Mil: Bibl: Cotton:

Per Artem sive Scientiam Philosophiæ operari E E: Metalla imperfecta de suo proprio genere, transferre and tuno ea per dictum Artem sive scientiam in aurum sive argentum perfectum transubstantiare ad omnimodas probationes and examinationes, sicut aliquod Aurum sive Argentum in aliqua minera crescens expectandum and indurandum.

Dugdale's Baron: Cotton wids: Rot. fin: 9 H. 6.

This THOMAS left issue four Sons. 1st. John. 2d. (1)Edward Ashton, of Chatterton in Com: Lanc: in the right of his Wife, the Daughter and Heir of (2)RADCLIFF DE CHATTERTON of Chat-

By the Art and Science of Philosophy &c. to transmute Metals Imperfect out of their proper kind, and then to transmute them into Gold perfect or Silver, according to all kinds of proofs and examinations, so that some Gold or Silver, growing into some Metal, be expected and harden'd by it.*

March

(24) Or a Chevor between three Gadflies. (25) Azure seven rows three, two, two proper of York. (26) Argent an Estoile Sable. (27) A Rose slipped for difference (28) A Flour de Lye for difference. (29) Gules three Cheverons Or.

Garter

(1) Argent three Estoiles Sable. (2) 12thly. 1st. Or a Fess Vert. 2d. Gules two bends one Or the other Argent

March

3d. Or a Pheon Azure 4th. Ermine a Lyon Rampt. Gules 5th. Or a Pale Gules. 6th. Argent a Cross varey Sable

1460.

and Or. 7th. Argent two bars Argent a border Engrailed Sable, 8th. Gules, a Saltier Argent, 9th. Barry of 6 Argent and Azure. 10th. Or three Lyons passant Sable, 11th. Gules a Fess Checky Or & Az. 12, Or an Annulet 9.6.7. difference.

* *This and the succeeding translations are in Barrett's hand-writing in the MS.*

terton, the Heir General of many Families. 3d. (5)Geoffrey Ashton of Shipley, in right of his Wife, Heir of Shipley. 4th. (6) Nicholas, who married Mary, Daughter of (7)Lord Brook, was called to the degree of a Sergeant at law. (6) 21. Hen. 6, and the first in the call, also in the 23d. year of the same King's Reign, constituted one of the Justices of the bench. John the eldest Brother was concerned in the Wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, and taking part with Henry, was with him in the fatal Battle of Northampton, 10 July 1460, and with eight more before the Engagement received the honour of Knighthood.* He left Issue, Sir Thomas Asheton, of Asheton, who was knighted at Rippon, 7 Hen. 7, and dying about 8 Hen. 8, without Heirs Male, his Estate devolved upon his Daughters and Co-heirs, who were married into the Families of 1st Houghton,(1) of Houghton Tower Ashton, of Barton in Com: Lanc: and 2 Booth(2) of Dunham-Massey in Com: Cest:....Having ended the direct Male Line of the Ashtons, we will slightly pass over the Ashtons of Middleton. —Sir Ralph, Son of Sir John Ashton, married

Ex Coll: Rob. Dodsw in Bibl. Bodl. Clause de cod Am Fin. lev: Stow's Chron: Nom: Equit in B. C.

* Nom Mil egused: Rh 1nColl:Thos Tekyl Pred: Ashmole Creeche

(N.B.—No Emblazonments given to No's. 5, 6, 7, and 6 in the Text.)

(1) 12thly. 1, Sable three bars Argent. 2d. Or two Bulls Passant Gules. 3d. Azure a Cross Argent. 4th. Ermine a Fess Azure. 5th. Argent a Maunch Sable. 6th. Or a Fess Vert. 7th. Gyronny of 10 Or and Sable. 8th. Argent Sem. 7 de Crosses Patee S. 9th. Gules 6 Garbs 321 Or. 10th. Arg. three Lyons Couchant Gules. 11th. Argent Billettee Sable, 12th. Ar three Barrs wavy Azure between 9 Flower de Luces Gules. (2) 4th. 1st. Or three Boars' heads couped Azure. 2d. Argent 12 Bars gemells Azure. 3d. Ermine a Lyon Rampant Sable. 4th. Barry of 6 Argent and Gules on a chief Azure three Besants.

Camden
Seager
Garter
March
March
Garter
1460

Margaret Barton,(3) was afterwards Knight* Marshall of England, Sherr:† of York, Knt.‡ Banneret,‖ Vice Constable§ of England. He had Daughters intermarried with the (4)Talbots, (5)Hasfield, (6)Cowton, (7)Woodthorp, whose family and issue quartered, (8)Hopwood, (9)Laurence,(10) Radcliff, (11)Holt, (12)Holland.

Richard Asheton, was Knighted by Henry the 8th. In a window in Middleton Church is this memorial for him.

> Orate pro bono slatii Richardi Asheton, eorum qui hanc fenestram fieri fecerunt quorum arma Imagines supra Ostenduntur, Anno Dom. MCCCCCX.

per Femmed (13)Crew and (14)Foulshurst. From him the quarterings were, (15)Strickland, (16)South-

* Awarded so by Ed: 4. also Leiutenant of the Tower.

†13 and 14. Ed: 4.

‡ Cw: by RD D of Gloucest in the field 14 & 2.

Collins
Ashmole
March
Collins

Wev: Fu:

Ashmole
Collins

§ The Deed by which he was made Vice Constable runs thus:

> Ordinavimus vos hac Vice Constabularium Nostrum Anglice ac Commissionarium nostrum and ad audiendum & examinandum ac procedendum contra quascunq . personas de Criminelesœ nostra regiœ Majestatis suspectas———

"We ordain you, by this, our Vice Constable of England, and our Commissioner to hear, examine, and proceed against all Persons suspected of the Crime of Disloyalty to us."

Ashmole
Seager
Camden
Tower
Records

Garter
March
1460
Camden
Seager
Garter
March
March
Rowley

(3)Gules. (4)Or three Talbots' heads erased Azure. (5)Per Perfess. 1st. Argent a Lyon saliant purpure languid Gules vulned in the breast with an arrow Azure barbed Vert. 2d Or three Bars Sable (6) Gules a bend Or. (7) Argent a Cat-a-mountain Gules. (8) Sable a Lyon Passant regardant Or on a Chief Gules a Leopard's Face Argent. (9) Or Cheveron between three Nags courant Azure in the dexter Canton an Inescutcheon Argent charged with a Cinquefoil Vert. (10) Per Fess Argent and Gules. (11) Ermine a Cross Or. (12)Argent a Border Gules. (13)Azure three Hippotames naisant Or. (14) three Oak leaves slipped between a Cheveron. (15) Ermine a Chief Or Gules. (16) Argent a Cross engrailed Sable between four Lozenges Vert.

worth, (17)Gerard, (18)Wood, (19)Ewwood, (20)Davenport, (21)Bellingham, (22)Houghton.

The third Son of Simon de Senlize, Earl of Northampton, was (23) Hugh Fitz Simon,* who held lands in the County of Chester; by doing† homage to Hugh (24)Lupus, Earl of Chester. He married (25) Agnes de Appledorecombe,‡ but he died without issue. He was Witness‖ to a Deed, granted by Hugh Lupus to the Monks of Chester. 13 Will: Con: He was buried§ at Appledorcomb, with this Inscription—Hugo fil: Com: Northam: He lies on his back, in a martial habit, having his shield—parted per Bend indented. His Wife Agnes was buried by him, though without any Monument.

* Creeche.
† Annals of Chester Saxon Chron.
‡ Ex Stema de Wyndh.
‖ Oral
§ Heylin
Bacon
Fam:

Simon, eldest Son of the said Simon de St. Lys, Earl of Northampton, had a Son, Alan, surnamed de Bellingham, from the place of his birth.* This Alan, lived in the reign of William Rufus, from whom descended Eudo de Bellingham, Sheriff of Westmoreland, 8 & 9. R: 1, before that Sheriffdom was made hereditary. Henry de Bellingham, knighted by Lord Clifford, 39 Hen: 6, at Wakefield, who was Father to Sir Roger Bellingham, made Knight Banneret, and the present Bellingham Knight, Baronets, and quartering— (1)Bour-

* Leland Collins, Annals of Richd: I. Stowe Leland Baker
Garter

(17) Or three Bucks Azure between a Fess Gules. (18) Argent an Oak Tree Vert. (19) Per Cheveron, 1st Argent, three Fermoulxes Sable. 2d. Gules three Palets Or. (20) Gules on a Bend Or a Spear Sable. (21) Argent three Bugle Horns Sable, garnished Or. (22) Sable three Bars Argent. (23) Argent Per Fess.... Sable. (24) Or a Wolf's head erased Gules (25) Quarterly Or and Gules. (1) Argent a Bull passant Gules hoofed Or.

Garter
Garter
March
Rowley

ished, (2) Tunstall, (3) Dolioll, (4) Loybourne, (5)Heton, (6)Thornburgh, (7)Beck, (8)Curisen.

Leland
Newbery
Rowley
Garter
March
Annals of Wm. I. and Wm. Rufus
Original Records in the Tower
Oral Rec in Bibl: Cott: and Bodl:
Heylin
Newbery
Annals of the Time

This Simon de Senliz, notwithstanding the assertions of some Authors to the contrary, was Earl of Northampton in 1105, after his Father's death, he had three Sons, Simon, likewise Earl, John de (9)Tougecestre, and Galfrid de (10)Cawcote. John married Thomasine de (11)Romara, of the Blood of the Earls of Lincoln, from which marriage descended the (11. 2d)Egstons, a Knightly Family. Galfrid became a Priest at Durham, Simon, third Earl of that name, Grandson of the last Earl, had two Sons, John de (12)Bernie and Simon de Senlize. From John descended the Lords, Bernies, who quartered, (1)Wilchingham, (2)Walcot, (3)Guntons, (4)Reedham, (5)Hevingham, (6)Appleton, and (7)Coke. Simon was succeeded in the Earldom by his youngest Son, Simon de Senliz last of the name, Earl of Northampton, who assumed the Coronet MCLXXXIIII.

(2) Or between a Fess Daucetty Sable two Cat-a-Mountains' Ermine. (3) Or a Chief Azure. (4) Argent a Cheveron between three Lizards Vert. (5) Per Bend 1st. Argent three Bars waved Sable. 2d. Or a Wolf Saliant Azure. (6) Or three Ogresses. (7) Per Fess counterchanged Argent and Azure three Lyons Rampant. (8) Gules three Capons Argent. (9) Or a Bear's head couped Gules muzzled Argent. (10) Argent three Leopards Passant Sable spotted Or. (11) Gules seven Marcils and Semie of Crossletts Or. (11. 2d) Or a Chief Gules. (12) Party Per Pale Gules and Azure a Cross Engrailed Sable. (1) Argent a Castle triple towered Gate opened Sable Portcullis down Or. (2) Argent a Cross Quartered Or and Sable. (3) 4thly. 1st Or a Lyon Rampant Gules, 2d. Gules three Pallets surmounted of a bend Arg within a border engrailed Or, 3d. Azure three Crecents Sable, 4th. Or a Fess Vert. (4) Or three Reeds Vert between a Fess Crenelled Sable. (5) Or two Lyoncels combatant Sable. (6) Argent a Fess Sable between three Apples slipped all proper. (7) Argent on a Rend Gutte de Sange a Man's head erased of the field between three Fortuexes.

Rowley
Garter
Rowley
March
Seager
Garter
March
Rowley
Acquitain
Seager
Camden
Flower

He had a Son by his first Wife ([8])Eva, who died in his Infancy, and after married ([9])Melicentia de Boion or Bohun, who had a Son and Daughter by her former Husband: but Simon dying, her issue did not succeed him. Alan de Burgham, Lord of ([10]) Burgham, or Burgh Castle in Westm: third Son of the said Simon, third Earl of Northampton, married Godreda Fitz Piers, (1159) who quartered ([11]) Mandeville, Earl of Essex. By her he had one Son, ([12]) Alan de Burgham, to whom he gave the Lordship of Lyford, which his Father by the following Grant had given him.

Annals of the Earls of Northampt.

Oral Ch: from Hen. 2d. to Sir Ino: de Burgham

Simon de Sancto Lizio omnibus hominibus &c. amicis suis tam Francigenis quam Anglicis, falutem Sciatis me dedisse &c. hac præsenti Charta confirmasse Alano dicto de Burgham filii* meo pro homagio &c. Servites suo terrrmo meam de Lyforde cum omnibus pertinentiis &c. libertatis suis, sibi &c. Heredibus ejus tenendum de me &c. Hœredibus meis libere &c. quiete, honorifica hereditarie—sicut illum ego inter alia recepi ac

Oral now in the Cottonian Library

(1) Gules between a Cheveron three Crosses partd Argent. (9) Azure a Bend Argent between two Cottizes and six Lyons rampant Or. (10) Or a Cross Checky Argent and Azure. (11)Per Pale 1st. quarterly Or and Gules a Border Varry. 2d. quarterly Or and Gules. (12)Or a Cross Azure.

Garter Sealer Rowley

* Barrett, in translating this Grant, has altered, in the MS. the word *filii*, to filio, and also corrected the Latin in several other places. But the Editor thought it the most proper to print it verbatim, as Chatterton wrote it.

"Simon de Saint Lyze, to all men and his Friends, as well French as English, sendeth health.—Know ye that I have given, and by this Charter confirmed to Alan called of Burgham, my Son, for his homage and service, all my land of Lyford, with their appurtenances and liberties, to him and to his Heirs, to be held of me and my Heirs, freely, quietly, honorably, and by Inheritance—as I held it among other things of a Gift and Munificence of Wm.,

temie de Donatione &c. munificientia Willielmi Illustrisimi Regis Angliœ pro serviliis quœ pater meus in Conquestu. Per servitium dimidæ Partis Feodi duus milit pro omni servitio seculari Ego vero Prœdictus Simon de Sancto Lyzio Hœredes mei prœdictam terram prœdicto alano &c. Hœredisus ejus contra omnes homines & femines warrantrœabimus. Hic Testibus Gardino filio Gremoaldo de Brixworth, filio Herwito, filio. Philiberto, Willielmo. Johannis le stronge Ranulphe de Chasteau &c. midtis aliis.

Annals of the Earls of Northampt.

Ex fam: Fitz Warren's Spencer's Poyning's Oral Deeds

Ex fam: T. Rowleie Sai and Thorpe and Aulstone

Alen, Son of Alan de Burgham, married Audrie de (1) Burgh, (1181) by whom he had one Son and three Daughters, Audria married to (2) Gaurin Fitz Gaurin Knight, Clare, to Sir (3) Hugo le de Spencer, and Walbury, to (4) Sir Tybbott Poynyngs, Knight. Sir Johan de Burgham, married (5) Radegunda de Morton, (1220) and had a Son Sir Alan de Burgham Knight, who married (6) Eva de Rouggilie (1260) and had three Sons. Sir John, Alan, and Guaryn, or Warrin, and four Daughters, married 1st. Joan, to Sir (7) John de

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most illustrious King of England, for the services which my Father did for him at the conquest, by the service of a moiety of two Knights' fees for all secular Service. I the foresaid Simon de Saint Lyz, and my Heirs, against all men and women. These being Witnesses—Gawin the Son, Grimbale de Brixworth, Fitz Herwin, Fitz Phillibert, William, John the Strong, Ralph de Chateau and many others."

Garter
March
Rowley

(1) Gules seven Lozenges Vary 3.2.1. (2) Argent three Cinquefoils Vert on an Inescotcheon Gules a Lyon Rampt Or. (3) Quarterly Argent and Gules over all on a Bend Sable an Escallop Or. (4) Argent a Bull passant Sable. (5) Or an Eagle displayed Sable vulned in the breast with an Arrow, Gules feathered Argent. (6) Or a Rowell Sable. (7) Per fess 1st. Barry of 10 Argent and Azure, 2d. Sable three Lyons Rampant Or.

Thorpe, Margerie, to (8) Sir Lodovicke (8) Aulston, Ellinoure, to (9) Hugh Fitz Hugh, and Emma to (10) Edwarde de Ashbie. — Fitz Hugh Deed of Gift.

(8) Argent Or a Chief Gules three Plates. (9) Argent a Wolf's head erased Sable. (10) Per Cheveron 1st. Or Six Eaglets displayed Vert, 2d. Gules 10 Besants 4, 3, 2, 1. — Garter March Rowley

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Thus far is written in a book resembling a boy's copy-book. A second book of the same size begins with the following title :—

Continuation of the Account of The Family of the De Berghams,

FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST TO THIS TIME,

By T. Chatterton.

Sir John de (1) Burgham, Eldest Son of Sir Alan, is called by Joseph a Brisiworthe, the Floure of Chivelrie. He spent his whole life in Tilting, though he was foiled by (2) Sir Simon de Burton, at Bristol. He married Agnes (3) Despencer. As this name comes from Despencer, a Steward, many Families must of course (*have*) had — Oral Deeds Writings. Rowley. Oral Turna: Record. Camden's Remains. Wood Herne

(1) Or Four Crosses Patee purpure between a Checky Cross Argent and Azure. (2) Quarterly 1st. Or a Crescent Azure. 2d. Gules three Barry Wavy Argent. 3d. Azure three Talbot's heads erased between a Fess Or. 4th. Argent an Elm proper. (3)6thly. 1st. Quarterly Argent and Gules over all a Bend Sable. 2d. Azure three Boars passant Or. 3d. Argent a Lyon Couchant Sable. 4th. Gules Gutte de Or. 5th. England depressed with a Bend. 6th. Argent three Formoulxes Sable. — Acquitaine 1293 Camden Rowley Garter March 1460.

Rowley

Mon: Angl:
Newbery
Stowe
Madox
Oral Deeds
Rec: Bath

Register de Wigorn:

In Bibl:
Cotton.
Doomds:Bk

Gevase de Virgorn.
Collins
Par:
Stowe
Tower Records
Brady
M. Westm:
M. Par:

His: of Hen: 3.

one of the name. That the word became hereditary.....before the same was neglected for the Word Steward is doubtful. Let us examine the Genealogies of Families that go further than that period. (4) Robert de Molins, surnamed De Spencer from his Office, is the first that occurs in our Records. He sat among the Barons assembled in council with William the Conqueror at London, in the 17th year of his reign 1082. He was a Witness to the Deed, for the removal of the Secular Canons from Durham, and to the Grant of Bath to John Bick$^{n.}$ of Bath. He seized the Lordship of Elmeleigh from the Monks of Worcester as forfeit to the King. He held by office 14 Lordships, by grant to him and his Heirs 22. He married (5) Joane de Pigitonne.

(1)Hugh de Bellace, was surnamed De Spencer, as Steward to King Hen. 1st. He was succeeded in his Office by (2) William de Flaroborough, who possessed the Manors of Flawborough, Woxhill and Elyngdown for Thurston le (3) Abbandon. In the Reign of Hen: 3d. the title Despencer being laid aside for that of Steward, the name of Despencer then became Hereditary. Hugh Despencer was one of the Nobles who took arms in defence of their ancient privileges, in the name of Hen: 3d. and was chosen one of the 12 Arbitrators

Garter
March
Acquitaine.

Seager
Norris
Garter
March
Acquitaine.

(4) Azure a Cross Moline Argent. (5)Or a Lyon Rampant Gules Chained and Collar'd Argent.

(1) Or a Flower de Luce, Sable. (2) Per Fess, 1st. a Lyon Rampant and Chief Gules. 2d. Per Cross Ermine Argent and Sable.

(3) 4thly. 1st. Or three Lioncelles Rampant counterchanged, Per Pale Argent and Azure. 2d. Gules ten Nails, 4.3.2.1. Argent. 3d. Argent three Bulls Passant Azure Hired Or. 4th. Gules. a Cross Jerusalem Or.

on the side of the People. In the 44 Hen: 3. he was made Chief Justiciary of England. 48 Hen: 3. he appeared again in arms at Northampton and Lewes, at the latter of which places he took Prisoner Marmaduke de (4) Twenge and (5) Alan de Eive, afterwards Governor of Oreford Castle in Com: Suff: Castle of the De vies in Wilts. Bernard Castle in Com: Dun: Oxford and Nottingham on account of the Barons. He was one of the 6 Procurators commissioned to treat in the Presents of the King of France, and the Legate of the Apostolic See. He was one of the three Barons who had the care of the King. He married Alive, Daughter of (1) Phillip Basset of Wicomb Com: Bucks, Widow of (2) Bigod, Earl

Pal: Hen. 3d. Brady Clarencieux on the ancient Nobility.

Matthew Westm: M: Par: March

Brady Dugdale

Mon: Angl:

(4) Quarterly, 1st. Lozengy Or and Gules a Chief Azure. 2d. Or Lyon Gules. 3d. Argent three Roses Proper. 4th. as 1st. (5) Sable three Lozenges between a Fess Murrey. (1) 3d. 1st. Argent three Bars Sable. 2d. Party Per Pale Or and Azure a Bend Vary. 3d. Or a Cross Gules. (2) 36th. 1st. Per Pale Or and Vert a Lyon Rampant Gules. 2d. England a Label of 5 Points Argent. 3d Pale Or and Gules a Cheveron Counterchanged. 4th. Ermine a Fess Gules. 5th. Gules a Cheveron between three Crosses Patee Argent. 6th. Argent between two Bars Sable Charged with three Besants a Lyon Passant Chief three Buck's heads caboshed of the 2d. 7th. Azure Semy Crosses Patee Argent and three Snakes conjoined in Triangles. 8th. Per Pale indented Argent and Azure. 9th Sable a March Argent within a Border Or an Orle of Swords in Saltier Gules. 10th. Sable on a Cross envecked between four Eagles displayed Or five Wolves Passant of the first. 11th. Or three Cat-a-Mountains Sable. 12th. Quarterly Ermine and Gules three Roundleys counterchanged. 13th. Or an Eagle Displayed Vert membered and beaked Gules. 14th. Quarterly Or and Gules a Border vary. 15th. Azure a Bend Argent double cotized between 6 Lyons Rampant Or. 16th. Quarterly Argent and Gules a Fess Azure in the 2d, and 3d. a Fess Or. 17th. Gules four Lozengys in Fess Or. 18th. Gules three Lyons Passant gardent Argent incensed Azure. 19th. Gules three Men's Legs armed proper Sable, conjoined in Fess at the upper part of the thigh flexed in Triangles garnished and Spurred Or.

Camden
Guillim
Porney
Blexgrave
Camden
Seager
Camden
Acquitaine
Garter
March
Blewmantle
Norroy
Seager
Camden
Norris
Flower
Guillim
Porney
Upton
Leigh
Rowley
Acquitaine
Garter
March
Norroy

Stowe
Stowe
Smollet
Brady
Ex. Coll:
Ger: Holls
Ex. Coll:
Rad:
Thoresby
Wood
Collins
Camden
Heylin
Collins
Dugdale
Madox
Leland

of Norfolk. He was slain at the Battle of Evesham 49 Hen. 7 3. The Story of his Son Hugh Despencer, Earl of Winchester, and Hugh Despencer his Grandson, Earl of Gloucester, are sufficiently known: This Family Quartered Wentworth, (1) Edmond of Langley (2) Duke of York, Son of Edward 3d. (3) Beauchamp Earl of Worcester, (4) Beauchamp Earl of Warwick, and Duke of Warwick, Another Family of the Despencers, descended from Hugh Despencer, of Great Marlow, whose Son Geofry founded a Monastery at Marlow in Com: Bud: and gave the Church of Bointon to Bridlington Priory. This Family quartered, (1) Bohun, (2) Gerves, (3) Ellendon, (4) Seocolcombe, (8) Pollard, (9) Badebie,

Charencieux

20th. Azure on a Bend Or a Chapeau Sable. 21st. Or three Piles Gules. 22d. Vairo Or and Gules on a Border Azure Eight Horseshoes Argent. 23d. Argent on a Fess Azure Three Lozenges. 24th. Barry Nebule of 6 Argent and Sable on a Chief Or a Buck's head caboshed of the 2d. 25th. Quarterly Or and Gules an Escarbunile Pomies and Flourette Sable. 26th. Gules three rests Or. 27th. Or three Cheverons Gules. 28th. Argent a Lyon Rampant Sable. 29th. Argent three Lozenges in Fess Gules. 30th. Or on a Pale Azure three Flower de Lys of the first. 31st. Or and Gules a Saltier counterchanged. 32d. Sable Six Lyons Rampant Argent. 33d. Gules Two Wings inverted and conjoined Or. 34th. Argent a Bend Sable. 35th. Or a Fess Gules a File of 12 points Argent. 36th. As 1st.

Blew—
Mantle
Rouge
Cross
Vert
Dragon
Rouge
Dragon
Acquitaine
March
Norroy
Camden
Flower
Norris
Seager
Bath
Bl: Man:
Jekyll

(1) Sable a Cheveron between 3 Leopards' Faces Or. (2) France and England a Label of difference. (3) Gules a Fess between Six Cross Crosslet. (4) iltr.

(1) Azure on a Bend between two Cotises and Six Lyons Rampt Or three Mulletts Sable. (2) Sable a Lyon Passant Or between three Cushions Ermine. (3) 4thly. 1st. Or three Nags Courant Sable bitted Argent. 2d. Sable 9 Plates between a Fess Or 3d. Azure Three Cherubs in Chief Or. 4th. Vairy Or and Gules a Lyon Azure on a Bend Argent. (4) Or three Leopards Passant Gules and Chief Argent. (8) Ermine a Talbot's head erased Or between two Swords in Bend Gules. (9) 4thly. 1st. Sable four Plates between a Cross Argent 2dly. Barry of 10 Or and Azure a Bend Gules. 3d. Argent on a Bend Or three Cinquefoils Vert between three Bucks trippant Gules. 4th. Or a Wolf's head erased Gules.

([10]) Lincoln, ([11]) Worsted, ([12]) Brown, ([13]) Wallop, ([14]) Temple, ([15]) Cope, ([16]) Ashby, ([17]) Poultney, ([18]) Graunt, ([19]) Rading, ([20]) Knightly, ([21]) Strelly. Ex fam: Scolcombe Brown Graun & ie. Collins' MS.

This Sir John de Bergham, founded a Monastery at Lyford Green. He had two Sons, Henry and John, also three Daughters. Agnes, married to ([1]) Sir Robert Cleydon Knight; Emila, to ([2]) Sir Evelyn de Brog; and Elinour, to Sir Urban ([3]) Waldon, Knights. Henry after his Father's death, was Knighted and married Ester, the Relict of Sir Richard ([4]) Burdet, and Daughter of Sir Robert de ([5]) Snittenfield Knights. ([6]) John was a Monk of the Cistercian Order in Bristol, as appears by the following Testimonial Letter. Dugdale Men. Angl: Nom: Mil: Lomp: Collins Pryn Rowley

Universis Sanclæ Matris Ecclesia filiis ad quos præsentes lilleræ pervenarint Cancellarieus Oxoniæ, Cœtusque Magistrorum ejusdem unanimis, salutem in Domino Sempiternam. Quia jucta sententiam scritalis accensa lucerna non est modis supponenda, set super candelabrum erigenda ut Oral

([10]) Barry of 6 Or and Gules a Chief Argent. ([11]) Ermine Pale Sable between two Lyons Rampant endorsed Argent. ([12]) Argent on a Fess Sable a Lyon Passant. ([13]) Gules three Escallops Or. ([14]) Or a Chief Gules. ([15]) Argent on a Cheveron three Flower-de-Lys Or between as many Roses slipped all proper. ([16]) Argent a Bend Gules. ([17]) Or Semie de Trefoyls slipped proper. ([18]) Sable a Lyon Passant Argent. ([19]) Or Two Squirrels addorsed. ([20]) Barry q 10 Argent and Sable on a Canton Gules a Spur Or. ([21]) Sable Semis de Escallops Argent. Thoresby Holles Norroy Camden Acquitaine March Orle

([1]) Sable three open Helmes Or. ([2]) Gules a Sword Sable Pommelled Or. ([3]) Argent three Cat-a-Mountains Ermine between a Cheveron Gules. ([4]) Or a Hawke Gules jessed Argent. ([5]) Argent a Sword in Pale Azure. ([6]) Or a Cross Cheeky Argent and Azure. Acquitaine Rowley MSS. Bib: Cottonii

"To all Sons of Holy Mother Church to whom these Presents shall come. The Chancellor of Oxford and Society of Masters there being of one mind send health in the Lord, because according to the Word of Truth, a lighted Candle should not be put under a bushel, but be Call & Mulen.

omnibus qui in domo domine conversantur clarius duceseat: Morum venustatem, scientiæ claritatem, ac odoriferam famœ Suavitatem corum qui inter nos profecorunt efficacius ad communem fidelium noticiam so forventius cupirnus pervenire quo suœ conversacionis maturitas, et laberis assiduites ad Dei lauhem proseimorum salutem Ecclesiæque Sanctoe profectum osidencius tendere dinoscumter Vobis itaque patefacimus per prœcentes quod carrissimus Socios noster et confrater. Magister Johannus de Burgham Monachus Ecclesiæ Beatæ Mariæ de Bristoli. ordinis cisterciensis in dicta universatats nostra fucultatis Theologica studio insistendo bene honeste ac pacifice conversatus actibus Scolasticis sufficienter probatus ac magistrorum deposicione landabili solemprietor approbatus ad prœ-eminenciam Magistralem in dicta fecultate honorifice meruit exaltari et post. Velud Lucerna a Luce vera divinitis illustrata, prœclaroe doctrinœ radiis auditores illuminans, formane sua

put upright on a Candlestick, that it may shine forth to all who are conversant in the house of the Lord. We are the more devoutly willing that the purity of Manners, the brightness of Knowledge, and the sweetness of the good name of those who have most effectually profited amongst us, should come to the common notice of all the faithful, the more evidently the maturity of their judgment, and assiduity of their employ, to the praise of God and Salvation of their Neighbours, and the promotion of Holy Church are known to tend. We make manifest to you by these presents, that our dear associate and Brother, Master John de Burgham, Monk of the Church of the blessed Mary of Bristol, of the Cistercian Order, hath been well and honestly and peaceably conversant in our said University, in the Study of Divinity sufficiently proved in Scholastic Arts, and solemnly approved by the laudible Deposition of the Master's, and has deserved to be honourably exalted in the faculty of the preeminence of a Mastership, and afterwards as a Lamp divinely illuminated by the true light, enlightening his hearers by the Rays of his

lectura landabiliter continuando procedit prout per noticiam propriam una cum fama celebri referente, plenam recipurnus veritatem Unde ne calumpniancium invidia seu insidianeium excogitata malicia tantæ profectionis & honestatis lux splendida periat quin Pocius cedat aliis in lumen & exemplum ac latius diffundatur ad sui recommendationen & testimonium omnium premissorum eidem magistro Johanno de Burgham Ordinis prælibati Consocio & Confratri nostre has Literas Testimoniales Sigillo communi Universitatis nostra fecciuus consignare Datas Oxoniæ in vigilia Omnium Sanctorum Anno Domini Millesimo bresentisimo tricesimo.*

This John, was one of the greatest Ornaments of the age in which he lived. He wrote several Books, and translated some part of the Iliad, under the Title 'Romance of Troy' which possibly may be the Book alluded to in the following French Memoire.

Bale
Leland
Rowley
Bale
Leland
Madox
Rowley

" Un Lyvre ke parle de quartee principal gestes & de Charles: Le Romaunce Titus & Vespasian:

excellent doctrine, he hath proceeded in continuing very laudibly the form of his reading, as by common report and his own celebrated character, We have received full and true Intelligence: Whence, lest, by the Envy of Calumniators, and malice forethought of the Envious, the splended light of such proficiency and honesty should perish but rather serve to others for a light and example, and spread far and wide to the recommendation of himself and testimony of all the promises, we have caused these letters, Testimonials to be sealed with the common Seal of our University to the said Master John de Burgham, Fellow of the Order aforesaid, and our Co Brother. Given at Oxford, at the Vigil of all Saints in the year of our Lord 1330."

* From the inaccuracy of the Latin, it appears probable that Chatterton copied it from some badly-written MS.

Le Romaunce de Aygres: Le Romaunce de Marchaunce: Le Romaunce de Edmund & Agoland: Le Ribaud par Monsieur Iscannus: Le Romaunce de Tibbot de Arable: Le Romaunce de Troys.*"

To give you an idea of the Poetry of the age, take the following Piece, wrote by him (John de Burgham) about 1320.

[*Here follow, in the MS. the Poem of the* ROMAUNTE OF THE CNYGHTE, *printed in page* 225 *; and the same Poem modernised by Chatterton printed among the "Acknowledged Poems."*

Dugdale Holles Thoresby Oral Halstead's Fam: de Mord:

Sir John de Burgham, Son of Sir Henry de Burgam, (1361) married Ela (1) Calvesham, Daughter of Sir Roger de Calvesham, and Alva Becket. This Sir John, together with five Lords and 11 Knights, is Witness to a Deed, from Ralph Nevil Lord of Raby, Earl Marshall and Earl of Westmoreland to Eliel priory. By his Wife Ela he had two Sons, John and William. But she dying he married a Second, (2) Agnes Osborne: by whom he had three Daughters. Hester, married to Limpoldus de (3) Burgh: Elinour to Sir John de (4) Valvasour, Knight, and Ema to Sir

Powell's MSS. Visitation de Com:

* A Book which speaks of the four principal actions of Charles: The Romance of Titus Vespatian: The Romance of Aygres: The Romance of Merchandise: The Romance of Edmund & Agoland: The Ribaud, by Mr. Iscamen: The Romance of Tybbot de Arable: The Romance of Troy, &c.

Acquitain March

(1) Argent three Pheons between a Cheveron Sable. (2) Or a Fess Argent and Bend Gules. (3) Quarterly, 1st. Or three Mascills vary Argent and Azure. 2d. Gules a Lyon passant Or. 3d. Sable a Chief and Border Argent. 4th. Azure three Mural Crowns Argent. (4) Argent a Castle tripple towered Sable.

Camden Norroy

William (5) Blaikstoke, Knight. John his eldest Son, afterwards a Knight, married (6) Eva Bardolf, Daughter of Lord Bardolf. William his youngest Son, surnamed De Pakington from the place of his birth, married (7) Ann de Felton, Daughter of Sir Thomas son of Sir Thomas Felton, Chief Justice of Chester. This William is mentioned with others in the following Fine.

Northam Ree: Bibl: Cotton: Eidswicke Rawlinson Chauncey Fines Ed:

"Philippus de Ingoldsbie Richardus de Oseford Johannes Vincent Rogerus Eyre, Guil: Burgham de Pakington, et Symon filius Willielmi Brorgensis Rowelleigh fecerunt homagium Dno Regi de Villa Rowelleigh custodienda ad opus Regis & colligenda firmas & alias proventus in eadem villa. cum omnibus exilibus Teste rege apud Northampton."*

He was Secretary and Treasurer to the Black Prince in Gascoigne and wrote a Chronicle in French, from the 9th of King John to 1380. Some extracts from the Chronicle have been printed at Oxford, in Leland's Collectanea. This William had a Grant for Life from King Rich. 2d, for the Government of the Hospital of St. Leonard's at Derby. From him descended Sir John Pakington, Chirographer of the Court of Common Pleas, Henry 7, Sir John Pakington, 25 Eliz. and the present Pakingtons, Barts. They quarter,

Collins Thoresby Dugdale and Leland.

Pal: Reg: Ric: 2. Collins Thoresby

Flower

(5) Or three branches slipped and Raguled Sable. (6) Argent 6 Roundles counterchanged Per Pale Gules and Sable. (7) Gules two Lyons Passant Ermine Crowned Or.

* Phillip de Ingoldsbie, Richard of Oseford, John Vincent, Rogor Eyre, William Burgham, of Pakington, and Simon the Son of William a Burgess, of Rowelleigh, have done homage to our Lord the King, for the Vill: of Rowelleigh, and keeping it to the use of the King, and for collecting the Ferms and other Prophets with all the Rents. Witness the King at Northampton.

Hollis
Halstead
Camden
Collins
Thoresby
Holles
Tekyll
Seager
Collins
Camden

(1) Kiviliocke, (2) De Valentine, of (4) Ypres, (5) Clevedon, (6) Tiploft, (7) Dudley, (8) Scrope, (9) Bollorgne, (10) Sweetoun, (11) Shockborought, (12) Ausele, (13) Evevel, (14) Washbourne, (15) Tycheborne, (16) Scudamore, (17) Littleton, (18) Blount, (19) Corbet, (20) Nove, (21) Audley, (22) Baldwin, (23) Bacon, (24) Soames, (25) Constable, (26) Coventry, (27) Eyre, (28) Godfrey, (29) Bertram, (30) Umfravill, (31) Brus, (32) Calthorp, (33) Hengrave, (34) Hartley, (35) Molineux.* Sir Henry, Son of the last Sir

Acquitaine
March
Flower
Norroy
Seager
Camden
March
Camden
Seager
March
Bath
Acquitaine
March
Camden

(1) Sable in Chief three Mullets Or. (2) Or 6 Garbs three two and one Gules. (3) Quarterly, 1st. Lozengy Or and Sable on a Bordar Gules 8 Plates. 2d. Or two Wolves counter saliant Sable. 3d. Or three Barrs Wavy counterchanged Per Pale Argent and Azure in Chief a Lyon gardant passant Or. 4th. Gules a Spear in Bend Or between four Scorpions reversed Or. (4) Barry of 10 Argent and Azure an Orle of Martletts Or. (5) Per Fess, 1st, Or a Lyon Passant Gules languid Azure. 2d. Ermine, a Cross Sable. (6) Argent a Saltier engrailed Gules. (7) Sable three Bucks' heads caboshed Or. (8) Sable a Bend Or. (9) Argent a Cheveron between three Bulls' heads couped Gules. (10) Ermine a Fess Or. (11) Per Cheveron Argent and Azure three Torteauxes in Chief. (12) Gules a Lyon Rampant Or languid Azure. (13) Gules a Wyverne Or. (14) Or three Torteauxes. (15) Argent two Lyons Passant Azure. (16) Gules three ——— Or. (17) Argent three Pallets varry Or and Sable on a Chief of the 2d a Talbot's head erased Azure. (18) Barry Nobuly Argent and Azure. (19) Or a Raven Close Sable. (20) Gules three Ducal Crowns in Pale Or. (21) Argent. Semies of Crosses Patee Gules. (22) Per Fess 1st. Or two Swords in Saltier Gules Pommilled Argent 2d Ermine two Barrs Azure. (23) Gules on a Chief Argent two Mullets Sable. (24) Argent three Pallets Wavy Azure. (25) Quarterly Gules and Vaire over all a Bend Or. (26) Argent a Boar incensed Azure. (27) Azure three Besants in Chief. (28) Argent a Cheveron Or between three Apples Vert. (29) Argent a Goat Saliant Gules Wreathed about the Neck and Horns Vert. (30) Argent a Barulet Gules between 10 Billets Or. (31) Gules a Cross Patee fitched Argent. (32) Or a Cheveron Gules. (33) Argent a Lyon Rampant Sable. (34) Barry Or and Sable. (35) Azure a Cross Moliux Or.

* Sir William Molineux, a Person of inimitable Valour, served under the Black Prince at the battle of Navarret in Spain, and was there made a Knight Banneret Anno

John De Burgham, was born 1395. He was Cofferer to Henry 5, as appears by his Monument. Collins Hollis Dugdale

"Orate pro Anima Johanni Burgham M - - - - Cofferarii Hospitii Excellentissimi Regis Henric quint qui obi - - - - - cia uxor ejus 1451, quorum ani mabus, propitictur Deus."* Norkan Church

He married Alicia, Daughter of Sir Henry Constable, Knight: He accompanied King Henry in all his Wars in France, and was made Knight Banneret, and had the Manor of Leyhforde granted him as a Reward for his faithful services. He had one Son and five Daughters. Alice, married first to (1) Graso de Brailsford Esquire, then to Sir Simon de (2) Tozeill Knight: Agnes, to (3) Sir Geofrie de Dorcombe: Elinoure to Sir Alan de (4) Cobb of Bristol, Merchant, commonly called the Chapman, from his Profession: Emelina to Sir Bertram (5) Blagdon Knight, and Collins Tekill Bath Chauncey Rawlinson Willis Records Bale Rowley Hollis

Dom 1369. Returning homewards he died at Canterbury and was there buried with this Epitaph.

Miles honorificus Molineus subjacet inhis Tertius Edvardus delexit hunc ut amieu Fortia qui gessit, Gallos, Navarrosq. repressit Hic cum recessit morte feriente decessit Anno Milleno trecento Sephiageno Atque hic jimje duo: sic perit omnis Homo.

Molineux, an honourable Knight, lies here within: Edward the 3d, as a Friend loved him. He did valiant Acts: subdued the Gauls and Navarrs, when he returned. Death striking him, he died, in the Year One Thousand three Hundred and seventy two.—— Thus Man Perishes."

* Pray for the soul of John de Burgham, Chief Cofferer of the Alms—or the Almoner to the most excellent King Henry the 5th who died.....
..... . Alnicia his Wife died 1451, on whose Souls God have mercy!

(1) Argent a Cross Sable between 4 Egresses. (2) Or three Barrs Sable in Chief a Wolf Passant. (3) P. F: Or and Vert a Stag at Gaze Counterchanged of the one and the other. (4) Argent on a Fess Gules three Lyon's between as many Hounds courant. (5) Or three hearts. Norroy Clarenci:

Chronicles Hollis Dugdale Ex: fam: de la Zouche Willis Willis Nom: Equit: in Bibl.

Thomasine, 1st to Anthony ([6]) Lossiff, Esq : 2d to Sir Thybbot ([7]) Waterland, Knight. Sir John the Son took arms on the part of the Yorkists, and was slain at the Battle of St. Alban's, leaving behind him two Sons, John and Henry, by his Wife Radegunda, Daughter of Sir William de ([8]) Zouch, afterwards Wife of Sir Jeann de ([9]) Hoylefowle; Sir John de Burgham (last mentioned) and his Brother Henry, went over to Richmond with the party of Lord Stanley, at the Battle of Bosworth: Sir John married Elinoure de ([10]) Cotton: and Henry was a Sergeant at Law till the Reign of Henry the 8th, Sir John had three Sons, John, William and Thomas, and three Daughters, Elinour, married to Sir Joseph ([11]) Young, Knight and Banneret. Catherine, to Edward ([12]) Pedrington, Esq. and Ann, to Emmel ([13]) Jacques, Esq. John Burgham, Esq. was a particular Favourite of Cardinal Wolsey, and was employed by him in many affairs of consequence. He was the first of his Family who settled in the West. He sold his Estates in Westmoreland & Northamptonshire to purchase others in Gloucestershire. He refused the honor of Knighthood which the Cardinal offered to procure for him. He married Ann ([1]) Noel, by her he had two

Cotton's Philpot's Chron:

Philpot

Dugdale

Guillim Porney Macklean Camden Norroy Seager

(6) Barry of 8 Argent and Azure. (7) Sable three Hinds trippant Argent. (8) Argent Six Barrs gemels Gules. (9) Sable on Cheveron Or two Estoils Gules between three fig-leaves Argents. (10) Argent Six Pellets. 3.2.1. (11) Quarterly 1st Varry Or and Sable. 2 Gules on a Fess Or Three Torteauxes between as many Long Bows. (12) Argent on a Chief indented Gules an Eagle displayed Or vulned with an Arrow Azure barbed of the Field. (13) Or a Cross Sable.

(1) 6thly 1st Argent a Fret Or on a Canton Gules a Rose

Sons, John who died in his infancy, and William. He deceased in 3 Mary, and was buried in St. Leonard's, Eastcheap, Garter King at Arms attending his interment, having this Epitaph. — Philpot

All you yatte passe bie
Wit a paternostre and Ave
Ypraie for the soulghys of John Burgham
And Anne hys Wife, 1556. — Weaver's Fun: M:

William Burgham served under Sir Francis Drake, in the memorable year 1588. He justed at the Tournament held in honour of the Queen's accession, and appeared with a train equal to any in the lists, tho' his magnificence on the occasion greatly diminished his fortune, to compensate for which Queen Elizabeth made him Keeper of three Forests in Gloucestershire. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Sir John Houndsgate(2) and relict of (3) Sir Evelyn Leigh, who quartered (4) Ridware, (5) Erdswick, (6) Hanbury, (7) Hous, (8)Westley, (9)Catesby, (10)Guildford, (11) Monson, (12)Aremene, (13) Allin, (14) Appledor, (15) Arnold, — Baldington / Baldington / Howe's Pap: Qu: Eliza: / Camden / Dugdale / Collins / Hollis / Pryne's Register

Argent. 2d Gules three Estoiles Or. 3d Sable on a Bend Argent three Escallops between two Lyons Rampant Or. 4, Ermine a Cross Lozengy Argent and Azure on a Canton Gules nowed Or. 5th, Gules a Man Tiger affrontee Argent. 6th, Argent a Lyon Salient. Azure between three Swords Gules pommeled Or. (2) Or on a Cheveron Azure two Crescents between three Hounds Saliant of the Field. (3) Quarterly Ermine and Or over all on a Bend Vert a Rowel Argent. (8) Argent on a Cross Sable 5 Estoils Or between four Lyons Rampant regardant Gules Vulned in the Shoulder with a beviled Spear Azure. (4) Argent on a Bend Sable three Garbs Or. (5) Or on a Fess Gules a Dolphin Neiant. (6) Mascilly Or and Gules. (7) Or a Bend Lozengé. (8) Gules on a Bend Or a Sword of the Field. (9)Sable an Inescotcheon within a border engrailed Argent. (10) Or a Lyon Passant Gules. (11) Azure three Gaberdines Or. (12)Ermine. (13)Sable in Chief two Boars' heads couped Or. (14) Argent a Fess wavy Or. (15) Or 3 Mascils Gules. — Norroy / March / Norroy / March / Acquitaine / Bath / Acquitaine / Garter / March / Bath / Norroy / Clarinceux / RougeDrag:

Sequestration Book.

and others. By her he had one Son, William, and deceased 3 James 1st. William his Son married Elizabeth Evans,(16) by whom he had one Son, William, and one Daughter married to Henry Wenham.(17) He deceased 13 Charles the 1st. William his Son, married Mary Walworth,(18) by whom he had one Son, John, who lived in the reign of Charles the 2d, and James the 2d.

RougeCross
Blew-
Mantle
Porney
Guiliim

(16) Or a Lyon Rampant Azure Collared and Chained Argent: (17) Argent a Bull passant Gules attired Or. (18) Argent a Cross Sable between four Torteauxes.

LETTERS.

London, April 26, 1770.

DEAR MOTHER,—Here I am, safe, and in high spirits.—To give you a journal of my tour would not be unnecessary. After riding in the basket to Brislington, I mounted the top of the coach, and rid easy; and was agreeably entertained with the conversation of a quaker *in dress*, but little so in personals and behaviour. This laughing Friend, who is a carver, lamented his having sent his tools to Worcester, as otherwise he would have accompanied me to London. I left him at Bath; when, finding it rained pretty fast, I entered an inside passenger to Speenhamland, the half-way stage, paying seven shillings. 'Twas lucky I did so, for it snowed all night, and on Marlborough Downs the snow was near a foot high.

At seven in the morning I breakfasted at Speenhamland, and then mounted the coach-box for the remainder of the day, which was a remarkable fine one.—Honest gee-hoo complimented me with assuring me, that I sat bolder and tighter than any person who ever rid with him.—Dined at Stroud most luxuriantly, with a young gentleman who had slept all the preceding night in the machine; and an old mercantile genius, whose schoolboy son had a great deal of wit, as the father thought, in remarking that Windsor was as old as *our Saviour's time.*

Got into London about five o'clock in the evening—called upon Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Dodsley. Great encouragement from them; all approved

of my design ;—shall soon be settled.—Call upon Mr. Lambert; shew him this, or tell him, if I deserve a recommendation, he would oblige me to give me one—if I do not, it will be beneath him to take notice of me. Seen all aunts, cousins—all well—and I am welcome. Mr. T. Wensley is alive, and coming home.—Sister, grandmother, &c. &c. &c. remember. I remain, your dutiful Son,

T. CHATTERTON.

Shoreditch, London, May 6th, 1770.

DEAR MOTHER,—I am surprised that no letter has been sent in answer to my last. I am settled, and in such a settlement as I would desire. I get four guineas a month by one Magazine : shall engage to write a History of England, and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect! Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings since I first corresponded with the booksellers here. I shall visit him next week, and by his interest will insure Mrs. Ballance the Trinity-House. He affirmed that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth ; and expressed a desire to know the author. By the means of another bookseller I shall be introduced to Townshend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-house, and know all the geniuses there. A character is now unnecessary; an author carries his character in his pen. My sister will improve herself in drawing. My grandmother is, I hope, well. Bristol's mercenary walls were never destined to hold me—there, I was out of my element : now, I am in it—London! Good God! how superior is London to that despicable place Bristol! Here is none of your little meannesses, none of your mercenary securities, which disgrace that miserable hamlet.—Dress, which is in Bristol an eternal fund of scandal, is here only

introduced as a subject of taste; if a man dresses well, he has taste; if careless, he has his own reasons for so doing, and is prudent. Need I remind you of the contrast? The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one. No author can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers. Without this necessary knowledge, the greatest genius may starve; and with it, the greatest dunce live in splendour. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into.—The Levant, man-of-war, in which T. Wensley went out, is at Portsmouth; but no news from him yet.—I lodge in one of Mr. Walmsley's best rooms. Let Mr. Cary copy the letters on the other side, and give them to the persons for whom they are designed, if not too much labour for him.

I remain, your's, &c. T. CHATTERTON.

P.S. I have some trifling presents for my mother, sister, Thorne, &c.

FOR MR. T. CARY.

I have sent you a task. I hope no unpleasing one. Tell all your acquaintance for the future to read the Freeholders' Magazine. When you have anything for publication, send it to me, and it shall most certainly appear in some periodical compilation. Your last piece was, by the ignorance of a corrector, jumbled under the considerations in the acknowledgements. But I rescued it, and insisted on its appearance.

Your friend, T. C.

Direct me, to be left at Chapter Coffee-house, Paternoster-row.

MR. HENRY KATOR.

If you have not forgot Lady Betty, any Complaint, Rebus, or Enigma, on the dear charmer, directed for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row, shall find a place in some Magazine or other; as I am engaged in many.

Your friend, T. CHATTERTON.

MR. WILLIAM SMITH.

When you have any poetry for publication, send it to me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row, and it shall most certainly appear. Your friend, T. C.

MRS. BAKER.

The sooner I see you the better—send me as soon as possible Rymsdyk's address. (Mr. Cary will leave this at Mr. Flower's, Small-street).

MR. MASON.

Give me a short prose description of the situation of Nash—and the poetic addition shall appear in some Magazine. Send me also whatever you would have published, and direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row. Your friend, T. CHATTERTON.

MR. MAT. MEASE.

Begging Mr. Mease's pardon for making public use of his name lately—I hope he will remember me, and tell all his acquaintance to read the Freeholder's Magazine for the future. T. CHATTERTON.

Tell Mr. Thaire, Mr. Gaster, Mr. A. Broughton, Mr. J. Broughton, Mr. Williams, Mr. Rudhall, Mr. Thomas, Mr. Carty, Mr. Hanmer, Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Ward, Mr. Kalo, Mr. Smith, &c. &c.—to read the Freeholder's Magazine.

— ———

King's Bench, for the present, May 14, 1770.

DEAR MADAM,—Don't be surprised at the name of the place. I am not here as a prisoner. Matters go on swimmingly: Mr. Fell having offended certain persons, they have set his creditors upon him, and he is safe in the King's Bench. I have been bettered by this accident: his successors in the Freeholder's Magazine knowing nothing of the matter, will be glad to engage me, on my own terms. Mr. Edmunds has been tried before the House of Lords, sentenced to pay a fine, and thrown into Newgate. His misfortunes will be to me of no little service. Last week, being in the pit of Drury-lane Theatre, I contracted an immediate acquaintance (which you know is no hard task to me) with a young gentleman in Cheapside; partner in a music-shop, the greatest in the city. Hearing I could write,

he desired me to write a few songs for him : this I did the same night, and conveyed them to him the next morning. These he shewed to a Doctor in Music, and I am invited to treat with this Doctor, on the footing of a composer, for Ranelagh and the Gardens. *Bravo, hey boys, up we go!* Besides the advantage of visiting these expensive and polite places gratis; my vanity will be fed with the sight of my name in copper-plate, and my sister will receive a bundle of printed songs, the words by her brother. These are not all my acquisitions; a gentleman who knows me at the Chapter, as an author, would have introduced me as a companion to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour. But, alas! I spake no tongue but my own!—But to return once more to a place I am sickened to write of, Bristol. Though, as an apprentice, none had greater liberties, yet the thoughts of servitude killed me: now I have that for my labour I always reckoned the first of my pleasures, and have still my liberty. As to the clearance, I am ever ready to give it; but really I understand so little of the law, that I believe Mr. Lambert must draw it. Mrs. L. brought what you mentioned. Mrs. Hughes is as well as age will permit her to be, and my cousin does very well.

I will get some patterns worth your acceptance, and wish you and my sister would improve yourselves in drawing, as it is here a valuable and never-failing acquisition.—My box shall be attended to; I hope my books are in it—if not, send them; and particularly Catcott's Hutchinsonian jargon on the Deluge, and the MS. Glossary, composed of one small book, annexed to a larger.—My sister will remember me to Miss Sandford. I have not quite forgot her; though there are so many pretty milliners, &c. that I have almost forgot myself.—Cary will think on me: upon inquiry, I find his trade dwindled into nothing here. A man may very nobly starve by it; but he must have luck indeed, who can

live by it.—Miss Rumsey, if she comes to London, would do well as an old acquaintance, to send me her address.—London is not Bristol.—We may patrole the town for a day, without raising one whisper, or nod of scandal.—If she refuses, the curse of all antiquated virgins light on her; may she be refused when she shall request! Miss Rumsey will tell Miss Baker, and Miss Baker will tell Miss Porter, that Miss Porter's favoured humble servant, though but a *young* man, is a very old lover; and in the eight-and-fiftieth year of his age: but that, as Lappet says, is the flower of a man's days; and when a lady can't get a young husband, she must put up with an old bed-fellow. I left Miss Singer, I am sorry to say it, in a very bad way; that is, in a way to be married. But, mum—Ask Miss Sukey Webb the rest; if she knows, she'll tell ye. I beg her pardon for revealing the secret; but when the knot is fastened, she shall know how I came by it.—Miss Thatcher may depend upon it, that, if I am *not* in love with her, I am in love with nobody else: I hope she is well; and if that whining, sighing, dying pulpit-fop, Lewis, has not finished his languishing lectures, I hope she will see her amoroso next Sunday.—If Miss Love has no objection to having a crambo song on her name published, it shall be done.—Begging pardon of Miss Cotton for whatever has happened to offend her, I can assure her it has happened without my consent. I did not give her this assurance when in Bristol, lest it should seem like an attempt to avoid the anger of her *furious* brother. Inquire, when you can, how Miss Broughton received her billet. Let my sister send me a journal of all the transactions of the females within the circle of your acquaintance. Let Miss Watkins know, that the letter she made herself ridiculous by, was never intended for her; but for another young lady in the neighbourhood, of the same name. I promised, before my departure, to write to some hundreds, I believe; but, what

with writing for publications, and going to places of public diversion, which is as absolutely necessary to me as food, I find but little time to write to you. As to Mr. Barrett, Mr. Catcott, Mr. Burgum, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here, matters are otherwise; had Rowley been a Londoner, instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.—In my humble opinion, I am under very few obligations to any person in Bristol: one, indeed, has obliged me; but as most do, in a manner which makes his obligation no obligation.—My youthful acquaintances will not take it in dudgeon, that I do not write oftener to them, than I believe I shall: but, as I had the happy art of pleasing in conversation, my company was often liked, where I did not like: and to continue a correspondence under such circumstances, would be ridiculous. Let my sister improve in copying music, drawing, and every thing which requires genius: in Bristol's mercantile style those things may be useless, if not a detriment to her; but here they are highly profitable.—Inform Mr. Rhise that nothing shall be wanting, on my part, in the business he was so kind as to employ me in; should be glad of a line from him, to know whether he would engage in the marine department, or spend the rest of his days, safe, on dry ground.—Intended waiting on the Duke of Bedford relative to the Trinity-House; but his Grace is dangerously ill.—My grandmother, I hope, enjoys the state of health I left her in —I am Miss Webb's humble servant.—Thorne shall not be forgot when I remit the small trifles to you. Notwithstanding Mrs. B.'s not being able to inform me of Mr. Garsed's address, through the closeness of the pious Mr. Ewer, I luckily stumbled upon it this morning.

Monday evening. THOMAS CHATTERTON.

(Direct for me, at Mr. Walmsley's, at Shoreditch—only.)

TO MR. T. CARY.

London, ————, 1770.

" Dear Arran! now prepare the smile,
Be friendly, read, and laugh awhile."

* * * * *

But by the Lord I have business of more importance than poetry.—As I wanted matter for a sheet in the 'Town and Country Magazine,' you will see this in print metamorphosed into high life.

You accuse me of partiality in my panegyric on Mr. Allen. Pardon me, my dear friend, but I believe there are very few in Bristol who know what music is. Broderipp has no taste, at least no real taste. Step into Redcliff Church, look at the noble arches, observe the symmetry, the regularity of the whole; how amazing must that idea be which can comprehend at once all that magnificence of architecture; do not examine one particular beauty or dwell upon it minutely, take the astonishing whole into your empty pericranium, and then think what the architect of that pile was in building, Allen is in music. Step aside a little and turn your attention to the ornaments of a pillar of the chapel; you see minute carvings of minute designs, whose chief beauties are deformity or intricacy. Examine all the laborious sculpture; is there any part of it worth the trouble it must have cost the artist, yet how eagerly do children and fools gaze upon these littlenesses. If it is not too much trouble, take a walk to the College gate, view the labyrinths of knots which twist round that mutilated piece, trace the windings of one of the pillars, and tell me if you don't think a great genius lost in these minutiæ of ornaments. Broderip is a complete copy of these ornamental carvers; his genius runs parallel with theirs, and his music is always disgraced with littlenesses, flowers, and flourishes. What a clash of harmony Allen dashes upon the soul. How prettily Broderip tickles their fancy by winding the same dull tune over again. How

astonishingly great is Allen when playing an overture from Handel. How absurdly ridiculous is Broderip when blundering in, and new modelling the notes of that great genius; how emptily amusing when torturing and twisting airs which he has stolen from Italian operas. I am afraid, my dear friend, you do not understand the merit of a full piece; if you did, you would confess to me that Allen is the only organist you have in Bristol—but of this enough. If you have not music enough to enter into a dispute with me on the merits of Mr. Allen, engage one who has, to throw down the gauntlet, and I shall be ever ready to take it up.

A song of mine is a great favourite with the town, on account of the fulness of the music. It has much of Mr. Allen's manner in the air. You will see that and twenty more in print after the season is over. I yesterday heard several airs of my burletta sung to the harpsichord, horns, flutes, bassoons, hautboys, violins, &c., and will venture to pronounce, from the excellence of the music, that it will take with the town. Observe, I write in all the magazines. I am surprised you took no notice of the last London; in that, and the magazine coming out to-morrow, are the only two pieces I have the vanity to call poetry. Mind the Political Register, I am very intimately acquainted with the editor, who is also editor of another publication. You will find not a little of mine in the 'London Museum,' and 'Town and Country.'

The printers of the daily publications are all frightened out of their patriotism, and will take nothing unless 'tis moderate or ministerial. I have not had five patriotic essays this fortnight, all must be ministerial or entertaining.

I remain, yours, &c. T. CHATTERTON.

Tom's Coffee-House, May 30, 1770.

DEAR SISTER,—There is such a noise of business and

politicks in the room, that my inaccuracy in writing here is highly excusable. My present profession obliges me to frequent places of the best resort. To begin with, what every female conversation begins with, dress: I employ my money now in fitting myself fashionably, and getting into good company; this last article always brings me in interest. But I have engaged to live with a gentleman, the brother of a Lord (a Scotch one indeed,) who is going to advance pretty deeply into the bookselling branches: I shall have lodging and boarding, genteel and elegant, gratis: this article, in the quarter of the town he lives, with worse accaccommodations, would be 50*l.* per annum. I shall have, likewise, no inconsiderable premium; and assure yourself every month shall end to your advantage: I will send you two silks this summer; and expect, in answer to this, what colours you prefer. My mother shall not be forgotten. My employment will be writing a voluminous History of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of the next winter. As this will not, like writing political essays, oblige me to go to the coffee-house, I shall be able to serve you the more by it; but it will necessitate me to go to Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Coventry, and every collegiate church near; not at all disagreeable journeys, and not to me expensive. The Manuscript Glossary, I mentioned in my last, must not be omitted. If money flowed as fast upon me as honours, I would give you a portion of 5,000*l.* You have, doubtless, heard of the Lord Mayor's remonstrating and addressing the King: but it will be a piece of news to inform you, that I have been with the Lord Mayor on the occasion. Having addressed an essay to his Lordship, it was very well received; perhaps better than it deserved; and I waited on his Lordship, to have his approbation, to address a second letter to him, on the subject of the remonstrance, and its reception. His Lordship received me as politely as a citizen could; and

warmly invited me to call on him again. The rest is a secret.—But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got on this side of the question. Interest is on the other side. But he is a poor author, who cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introduced (and if I am not, I'll introduce myself) to a ruling power in the Court party. I might have a recommendation to Sir George Colebrook, an East-India Director, as qualified for an office no ways despicable; but I shall not take a step to the sea, whilst I can continue on land. I went yesterday to Woolwich to see Mr. Wensley; he is paid to-day. The artillery is no unpleasant sight, if we bar reflection, and do not consider how much mischief it may do. Greenwich Hospital and St. Paul's Cathedral are the only structures which could reconcile me to anything out of the Gothic. Mr. Carty will hear from me soon: multiplicity of literary business must be my excuse.—I condole with him, and my dear Miss Sandford, in the misfortunes of Mrs. Carty: my physical advice is, to leech her temples plentifully: keep her very low in diet; as much in the dark as possible. Nor is this last prescription the advice of an old woman: whatever hurts the eyes, affects the brain: and the particles of light, when the sun is in the summer signs, are highly prejudicial to the eyes; and it is from this sympathetic effect, that the head-ache is general in summer. But, above all, talk to her but little, and never contradict her in anything. This may be of service. I hope it will. Did a paragraph appear in your paper of Saturday last, mentioning the inhabitants of London's having opened another view of St. Paul's; and advising the corporation, or vestry of Redclift, to procure a more complete view of Redclift church? My compliments to Miss Thatcher: if I am in love I am; though the devil take me if I can tell with whom it is. I believe I may address her in the words of Scripture, which no doubt she reveres; 'If you had not

ploughed with my heifer,' (or bullock rather,) 'you had not found out my riddle.' Humbly thanking Miss Rumsey for her complimentary expression, I cannot think it satisfactory. Does she, or does she not, intend coming to London? Mrs. O'Coffin has not yet got a place; but there is not the least doubt but she will in a little time.

Essay-writing has this advantage, you are sure of constant pay; and when you have once wrote a piece which makes the author enquired after, you may bring the booksellers to your own terms. Essays on the patriotic side fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuities to spare. So says one of the beggars, in a temporary alteration of mine, in the Jovial Crew:

A patriot was my occupation,
It got me a name but no pelf:
Till, starv'd for the good of the nation,
I begg'd for the good of myself.
Fal, lal, &c.

I told them, if 'twas not for me,
Their freedoms would all go to pot;
I promis'd to set them all free,
But never a farthing I got.
Fal, lal, &c.

On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it. Courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with the appearance of it. To return to private affairs.—Friend Slude may depend upon my endeavouring to find the publications you mention. They publish the Gospel Magazine here. For a whim I write in it. I believe there are not any sent to Bristol; they are hardly worth the carriage—methodistical, and unmeaning. With the usual ceremonies to my mother and grandmother; and sincerely, without ceremony, wishing them both happy;

when it is in my power to make them so, it shall be so; and with my kind remembrance to Miss Webb and Miss Thorne, I remain, as I ever was,

Yours, &c. to the end of the chapter,

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

P.S. I am this moment pierced through the heart by the black eye of a young lady, driving along in a hackney-coach. —I am quite in love: if my love lasts till that time, you shall hear of it in my next.

June 19, 1770.

DEAR SISTER,—I have an horrid cold.—The relation of the manner of my catching it may give you more pleasure than the circumstance itself. As I wrote very late Sunday night (or rather very early Monday morning,) I thought to have gone to bed pretty soon last night: when, being half undressed, I heard a very doleful voice, singing Miss Hill's favorite bedlamite song. The hum-drum of the voice so struck me, that though I was obliged to listen a long while before I could hear the words, I found the similitude in the sound. After hearing her with pleasure drawl for above half an hour, she jumped into a brisker tune, and hobbled out the ever-famous song, in which poor Jack Fowler was to have been satirized.—'I put my hand into a bush: I prick'd my finger to the bone: I saw a ship sailing along: I thought the sweetest flowers to find:' and other pretty flowery expressions, were twanged with no inharmonious bray. I now ran to the window, and threw up the sash, resolved to be satisfied, whether or not it was the identical Miss Hill, *in propria persona.* But, alas! it was a person whose twang is very well known, when she is awake, but who had drank so much royal bob (the gingerbread-baker for that, you know,) that she was now singing herself asleep. This somnifying liquor had made her voice so like the sweet echo of Miss Hill's,

that if I had not considered that she could not see her way up to London, I should absolutely have imagined it her's. —There was a fellow and a girl in one corner, more busy in attending to their own affairs, than the melody.

[*This part of the letter, for some lines, is not legible.*]

* * * * the morning) from Marybone gardens; I saw the fellow in the cage at the watch-house, in the parish of St. Giles; and the nymph is an inhabitant of one of Cupid's inns of Court. There was one similitude it would be injustice to let slip. A drunken fishman, who sells souse mackarel, and other delicious dainties, to the eternal detriment of all two-penny ordinaries; as his best commodity, his salmon, goes off at three half-pence the piece; this itinerant merchant, this moveable fish-stall, having likewise had his dose of bob-royal, stood still for awhile, and then joined chorus, in a tone which would have laid half-a-dozen lawyers, pleading for their fees, fast asleep: this naturally reminded me of Mr. Haythorne's song of

'Says Plato, who oy oy oy should men be vain?'

However, my entertainment, though sweet enough in itself, has a dish of sour sauce served up in it; for I have a most horrible wheezing in the throat: but I don't repent that I have this cold; for there are so many nostrums here, that 'tis worth a man's while to get a distemper, he can be cured so cheap.

June 29th, 1770.

My cold is over and gone. If the above did not recall to your mind some scenes of laughter, you have lost your ideas of risibility.

Dear Mother,—I send you in the box, six cups and saucers with two basins for my sister. If a china tea-pot and cream-pot, is in your opinion, necessary, I will send them; but I am informed they are unfashionable, and that

the red china, which you are provided with, is more in use. A cargo of patterns for yourself, with a snuff-box, right French, and very curious in my opinion.

Two fans—the silver one is more grave than the other, which would suit my sister best. But that I leave to you both.—Some British herb snuff, in the box; be careful how you open it. (This I omit lest it injure the other matters.) —Some British herb tobacco for my grandmother: some trifles for Thorne. Be assured whenever I have the power, my will won't be wanting to testify that I remember you.

Your's, T. CHATTERTON.

July 8, 1770.

N.B.—I shall forestall your intended journey, and pop down upon you at Christmas.

I could have wished you had sent my red pocket-book, as 'tis very material.

I bought two very curious twisted pipes for my grandmother; but both breaking, I was afraid to buy others, lest they should break in the box; and being loose, injure the china. Have you heard anything further of the clearance?

Direct for me at Mrs. Angel's, sack-maker, Brook-street, Holborn.

Mrs. Chatterton.

DEAR SISTER,—I have sent you some china and a fan. You have your choice of two. I am surprised that you chose purple and gold. I went into the shop to buy it: but it is the most disagreeable colour I ever saw—dead, lifeless, and inelegant. Purple and pink, or lemon and pink, are more genteel and lively. Your answer in this affair will oblige me. Be assured, that I shall ever make your wants my wants; and stretch to the utmost to serve you. Remember me to Miss Sandford, Miss Rumsey, Miss Singer, &c.

As to the songs, I have waited this week for them, and have not had time to copy one perfectly: when the season's over, you will have 'em all in print. I had pieces last month in the following Magazines:

"Gospel Magazine,
Town and Country, viz.
Maria Friendless,
False Step,
Hunter of Oddities,
To Miss Bush, &c.
Court and City. London. Political Register, &c.

The Christian Magazine, as they are not to be had perfect, are not worth buying.—I remain, your's,

July 11, 1770. T. CHATTERTON.

I am now about an Oratorio, which, when finished, will purchase you a gown. You may be certain of seeing me before the 1st January, 1771.—The clearance is immaterial. —My mother may expect more patterns.—Almost all the next Town and Country Magazine is mine. I have an universal acquaintance: my company is courted every where; and, could I humble myself to go into a compter, could have had twenty places before now:—but I must be among the great; state matters suit me better than commercial. The ladies are not out of my acquaintance. I have a deal of business now, and must therefore bid you adieu. You will have a longer letter from me soon—and more to the purpose.

20*th July*, 1770. Your's, T. C.

TO MR. G. CATCOTT.

London, August 12, 1770.

SIR,—A correspondent from Bristol had raised my admiration to the highest pitch by informing me, that an appearance of spirit and generosity had crept into the niches of

avarice and meanness;—that the murderer of Newton (Ferguson) had met with every encouragement that ignorance could bestow; that an episcopal palace was to be erected for the enemy of the Whore of Babylon, and the present turned into a stable for his ten-headed beast—that a spire was to be patched to St. Mary Redcliffe, and the streets kept cleaner, with many other impossibilities: but when Mr. Catcott (the *Champion* of Bristol) doubts it, it may be doubted. Your description of the intended steeple struck me. I have seen it, but not as the invention of Mr. ——. All that he can boast is Gothicising it. Give yourself the trouble to send to Weobley's, Holborn, for a View of the Church of St. Mary de la Annunciation, at Madrid, and you will see a spire almost the parallel of what you describe. The conduct of —— is no more than what I expected: I had received information that he was absolutely engaged in the defence of the Ministry, and had a pamphlet on the stocks, which was to have been paid with a translation. In consequence of this information, I inserted the following paragraph in one of my exhibitions:

'Revelation Unravelled by —.

'The Ministry are indefatigable in establishing themselves: they spare no expence, so long as the expence does not lie upon *them*. This piece represents the tools of Administration offering the Doctor a pension, or translation, to new model his Treatise on the Revelations, and to prove Wilkes to be an Atheist.'

The editor of Baddeley's Bath Journal has done me the honour to murder most of my hieroglyphics, that they may be abbreviated for his paper. Whatever may be the political sentiments of your inferior clergy, their superiors are all flamingly Ministerial. Should your scheme for a single row of houses in Bridge-street take place, conscience must tell you, that Bristol will owe even that beauty to avarice;

since the absolute impossibility of finding tenants for a double row is the only occasion of your having but one. The Gothic dome I mentioned was not designed by Hogarth. I have no great opinion of him out of his ludicrous walk—there he was undoubtedly inimitable. It was designed by the great Cipriani. The following description may give you a faint idea of it. From an hexagonal spiral tower (such I believe Redcliffe is) rose a similar palisado of Gothic pillars, three in a cluster on every angle, but single and at equal distance in angular spaces. The pillars were trifoliated (*as Rowlie terms it*) and supported by a majestic oval dome, not absolutely circular, (that would not be Gothic) but terminating in a point, surmounted with a cross, and on the top of the cross a globe. The two last ornaments may perhaps throw you into a fit of religious reflection, and give rise to many pious reflections. Heaven send you the comforts of Christianity! I request them not, for I am no Christian. Angels are, according to the orthodox doctrine, creatures of the epicene gender, like the Temple beaux* * *.

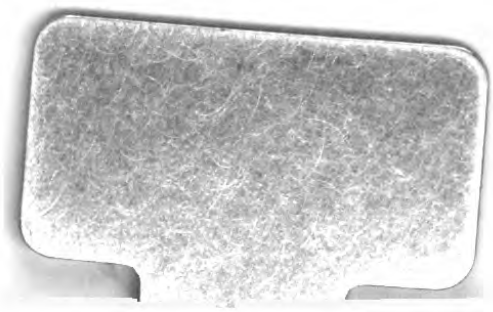
I intend going abroad as a *surgeon*. Mr. Barrett has it in his power to assist me greatly, by *his* giving me a physical character. I hope he will. I trouble you with a copy of an Essay I intend publishing. I remain,

Your much obliged humble Servant,

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

Direct to me at Mrs. Angel's, sack-maker, Brook-street, Holborn.

THE END.

14

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