Hetha Langton

1766

POEMS

BY

THOMAS CHATTERTON

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Thos. Chatterton

POEMS

BY

THOMAS CHATTERTON

WITH A MEMOIR

BY

FREDERICK MARTIN

Author of the "Life of John Clare."

ILLUSTRATED

LONDON
CHARLES GRIFFIN AND COMPANY
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Annie Langton

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THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THERE are few more beautiful churches in this country than St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol. "It is," says Camden, "on all accounts the first parish church in England." The ancient edifice, erected more than five centuries ago, stands on the brow of a hill, overlooking the fair valley of the Avon, and the stately old city which our Saxon forefathers called Brightstow—that is, a place of fame, or beauty. Connected with St. Mary Redcliffe, through the link of five or six generations, was the family of Chatterton. The Chattertons were sextons of the ancient church, filling honourably a low but not undignified position. "A stool and cushion for the sexton," says Shakespeare. The last of the family who held the office was John Chatterton, appointed in March, 1725, and relinquishing the charge only at his death, in 1748. His descendants, taking higher aim, refused the "stool and cushion," but still kept in proximity to the church. Thomas Chatterton,

nephew of John, embraced the scholastic profession, and after having been usher at an academy, became "singing man" at Bristol Cathedral, and finally master of the free school in Pyle Street. The world showed its sharp edges to the poor schoolmaster, and he, in return, had not much love for a hard-hearted world. He tried to forget his small stipend and ill-furnished larder in studying the works of Cornelius Agrippa, brooding over "De occulta philosophia," and spending years in reflections on "De incertitudine et vanitate scientiarum et artium." But all his reflections brought no bread into his cupboard, and he remained what he was before—a poor, hungry, dissatisfied schoolmaster. As such he died, still young, in August, 1752, leaving his pregnant wife to fight her life's battle in utter sorrow and distress.

On the 20th of November, 1752, three months after the death of the poor schoolmaster, the widow gave birth to a son, who was baptized at St. Mary Redcliffe on the first of January following, and called Thomas, after his father. It was no easy matter for the indigent widow to bring up this son, as well as an elder daughter; however, she managed it by dint of hard work and the most frugal fare. The family lived in a small house situated in a back court adjoining St. Mary's churchyard; and it was here little Thomas spent the first six or seven years of his life. As soon as he was able to totter about, he made his way into

the old church, the doors of which, at that time, used to be open all day. The sights he beheld here filled his young mind with wonder and astonishment. There stood conspicuously the tomb and effigy of William Canynge, the restorer of the noble edifice, lying in full length, in his priestly robes, his hands folded as in prayer. While other children were sitting on the green grass, playing with daisies and buttercups, little Thomas Chatterton groped his way among the stony images of the old church. These were first impressions, and they were more deep and lasting even than first impressions usually are. When five years old, his mother sent him to school—the same school in Pyle Street of which his father had been previously the master, and which was now superintended over by a Mr. Love. The latter was not able to teach his new pupil anything, not even the letters of the alphabet. Try as he might, little Thomas showed himself as incapable to absorb knowledge as a stone water, and was set down finally as a confirmed and incorrigible dunce. So it went on for a year and a half, until accident threw an ancient black-letter Bible into the hands of little Thomas. The sight of the antiquated type, with many grotesque illustrations, roused all the dormant faculties of the boy. What the schoolmaster was not able to do in eighteen months, he himself did in as many days; and having taught himself to read, he not only went

through his old Bible, but devoured every other book he could lay hold of. Often he would read from the moment he awoke, which was generally very early in the morning, until he went to bed, giving himself scarcely time to take a little food, and shunning entirely the company of other boys of his age. Not unfrequently he was found sitting, with some old book in his hand, near the tomb of Canynge, or in some recess of the aisles and towers of St. Mary Redcliffe.

The struggles of the poor widow for the daily bread went on increasing as her two children came to grow up, until she scarcely knew how to "make both ends meet." In this emergency she bethought herself of a charitable institution for the maintenance and education of boys, in which to place her only son. She was successful in her efforts to get him into this establishment, and in August, 1760, when he had not quite attained his eighth year, Thomas Chatterton was admitted into Colston's Charity School, an institution similar to Christ Hospital, London. The school, founded by one Edward Colston, in 1708, provides board and lodging, a coarse kind of dress, and something which is called education, for one hundred boys. By the rules of the charity, which are strictly enforced, the teaching, or what goes by the name, occupies the whole day, while the boys must be in bed at eight o'clock, and are allowed to visit their friends only for a few hours on Saturdays and "Saints' days." Among

these one hundred youthful souls, dressed in blue coat, scarlet stockings, and tonsure caps, and whipped through an endless course of reading, writing, and arithmetic, little Thomas, his brain full of mediæval romance, found himself now suddenly thrust. The life was dreary in the extreme; however, he had nothing to say against it, his only complaint being that he had not books enough to read. To get the much desired books, either by way of loan or purchase, he made every possible effort. Kind friends lent him a few volumes, and his poor mother now and then gave him a few pence to gratify his burning passion for the acquisition of knowledge. Every minute that he could spare from the dreary routine of charity, he devoted to reading. He read everything that came in his way —works on religion, on mathematics, heraldry, logic, poetry, and navigation; books of travel and adventure; treatises on astronomy, physic, and algebra; and essays on cookery, music, and the fine arts. Thus nearly four years passed, and the young mind having been stocked to repletion with undigested thought, it found vent in writing. His first efforts were in verse, and of a satirical kind. Stung to the quick by the humdrum life of the charity school, he rebelled against it in ridiculing those with whom he came into contact. Thus arose "Sly Dick," a piece printed at the beginning of most of the collections of Chatterton's poems, written by him before the age of eleven; and

"Apostate Will," another satire of the same kind, produced not long after. The intrinsic merit of these verses is not very great; but they are unique in their way, considering the author's age and the nature of his education. His verses, too, were not all satirical, and there were some of a far different stamp. One of the best of these—which will be found first in our selection—was "A Hymn for Christmas Day," written when he was little more than eleven, and the first of the poems of Chatterton which seems worth preserving. He had no sooner began putting his pen on paper when he became all at once a prolific writer. Full of ambition, even at this early age, he dropped his poetical pieces into the letter-box of *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, and had the gratification of seeing them re-appear in all the regularity of printer's ink and type.

At the age of twelve, Thomas Chatterton was confirmed by the bishop, on which occasion, according to the testimony of his sister, "he made very sensible and serious remarks on the awfulness of the ceremony." His habits about this time grew very curious and reserved. Having received permission to leave the school every Saturday from twelve to seven, he came home punctually a few minutes after the clock had struck the hour of noon, and forthwith locked himself up in a little garret belonging to his mother. The poor widow's dwelling was situated, as

already mentioned, in a back court close to St. Mary Redcliffe Church, and consisted of but two rooms, with a little garret above. The latter place was used as a receptacle for all those odds and ends of property known as lumber; including in this case a quantity of old parchment, brought from the adjoining church under somewhat remarkable circumstances. Over the north porch of St. Mary Redcliffe there had existed for many centuries a kind of muniment room, containing half-a-dozen heavy chests filled with manuscripts, one of them being distinguished as "Mr. Canynge's cofre." This particular box was said to contain most important documents—a supposition based upon the fact that it was secured by no less than six keys, two of them entrusted to the incumbent, two to the mayor, and two to the churchwardens. However, important or not, the six keys got lost in course of time, and there arising some talk about "Mr. Canynge's cofre" among the worthy burgesses of Bristol, a vestry order was passed that the chest should be forced open, in the presence of an attorney and other duly authorized persons. In consequence, the locks, not only of Mr. Canynge's box, but of its five companions in the muniment room, were broken, and as many of the contents as seemed of importance carried off by the watchful attorney. The rest, a very considerable quantity of old sheepskin, more or less bepainted and written on, was left exposed in the

ancient receptacles, a prey to whomsoever should think it worth the trouble to become a parchment thief.

There were many thieves, among them the husband of the poor widow, father of Thomas Chatterton. The good schoolmaster stole for charitable purposes, with not the faintest idea that he was doing wrong. He simply laid hold of the old parchments to cover the books of his little pupils, and for other educational purposes; and he probably would have considered it a gross interference with his duties had any one prevented him doing so. A large cupboard in the school-room was kept filled with the ancient documents during his lifetime; and after his death, his widow, considering the cupboard contents private property, carried them into her garret. It was here little Thomas found them; and they were the cause that he imprisoned himself, week after week, in the narrow chamber. From the hour of noon, on Saturday, till late at night, he did not leave his little garret for more than five minutes at a time, when he slipped down into his mother's room for a cup of tea. What he did all the while not a soul knew. His friends only saw him now and then, begrimed all over with stains of black and yellow on hands and face, and his mind so occupied with thought as to be unable to reply to the most common questions. Once or twice his sister forced her way

into the little garret, but did not find herself much enlightened by what she saw as to his real doings. Having sufficiently perplexed themselves by long discussions of the matter, his friends at last came to the conclusion that it would be best to leave him alone. Thus Thomas Chatterton was left alone in his narrow study, among the old parchments from "Mr. Canynge's cofre."

The result of the Saturday labours in the garret soon became apparent. There was at Bristol a pewterer of the name of Burgum, a vain and pompous man, who, having made money in his trade, fancied himself a great hero, sprung from a noble line of ancestors. To him little Thomas went, offering to get his pedigree, and proving his descent from the ancient nobility of the realm; from "Simon de Leyncte Lyze, alias Senliz, who married Matilda, daughter of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, Northampton, and Huntingdon." The pewterer listened attentively to the little boy in charity clothes who gave him this assurance, and eagerly accepted the offer to extract this wonderful pedigree from the ancient parchments in the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe. The great genealogical tree of Burgum made its appearance immediately, and the noble pewterer, in the fulness of his heart, presented Thomas with the magnificent sum of five shillings. It was a great encouragement for the silent boy to

prosecute his garret labours; for it seemed to point out to him the road not only to wealth, but to fame. From earliest infancy, fame had been the darling wish of his heart. When very young, a manufacturer of pottery, acquainted with his mother, promised him a cup, asking what should be the device on it. "Paint me," said little Thomas, "an angel, with wings and a trumpet, to trumpet my name all over the world."

Shortly after producing the great Burgum pedigree, Chatterton left the charity school, to be apprenticed to a lawyer of the name of Lambert. This event took place on the first of July, 1767, he being now nearly fifteen, having been about seven years at the Colston Institution. The change from the school to the lawyer's office was by no means a welcome one to poor little Thomas. Much as his high-soaring genius fretted under the narrow rules of the charity, he found himself still more unhappy at the new post to which he came to be chained. Mr. John Lambert, his master, was a mean, resentful, and almost cruel man. He had little business; but exacted nevertheless the strictest service from his new apprentice, who was not allowed to leave his desk from eight o'clock in the morning till the same hour at night. Exactly sixty minutes, neither more nor less, were allowed him during the day to take his food, and the two hours, from eight to ten in

the evening were allotted for exercise; during the rest of the time he had to sit on his three-legged stool as if chained thereto. The new master, full of vulgar pride, did not even treat him as an apprentice, but as a menial, giving him his meals in the kitchen, with the servants, and assigning one-half of the footboy's bed for his couch. All these indignities preyed terribly on the mind of Thomas Chatterton. Conscious of his mental superiority, yet condemned to obey a man for whom he felt utter contempt, his spirit chafed and fretted, ready to burst its bounds. However, he had one consolation left, that of being able to prosecute his old labours, leading, as he fancied, to the high temple of fame raised by his imagination.

That Mr. Lambert had only two, or at the utmost three hours' work for him, was the one source of satisfaction to Thomas Chatterton. He scribbled all day long; but not in the service of his master, or of the law. Before his mind's eye still stood the angel with the trumpet, blowing his name all over the world. And with this vision before him, he quietly bore all the insults of his vulgar master, and all the contumely of his low position. Already inclined to antiquarian pursuits, by past studies and researches, he now fled entirely from the present into the past. At the office there was a copy of Camden's *Britannia*, with several other old books; and over these, together

with an edition of Speght's *Chaucer*, Hollinshed's *Chronicles*, the dictionaries of Kersey and Bailey, and similar ancient works, he pored all day long, through the many hours not required for his sparse law-copyings. What was the result of these studies became soon apparent.

When Chatterton had been rather more than a year at the lawyer's office, in September, 1768, a new bridge came to be opened at Bristol, superseding the decayed old structure which had spanned the Avon for centuries. The usual ceremony took place on the occasion, stirring up some conversation among the inhabitants of the quiet old city; and stirring it up still more when there appeared, immediately after, a wonderful account in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, descriptive of the rites observed at the opening of the old bridge, some hundred years before. The account, signed "Dunhelmus Bristoliensis," was a pure invention, written by Chatterton at his lawyer's desk; nevertheless, the antiquarians and other learned men of the city held it to be genuine, and strove hard to draw the fortunate "Dunhelmus Bristoliensis," who had discovered the wonderful manuscript, from his retiring-place. With the assistance of the editor of *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, the search for "Dunhelmus" proved successful, and one fine morning little Thomas, sitting on his high three-legged stool, found himself sur-

rounded by a mob of well-dressed gentlemen, overwhelming him with questions as to the origin of the old document. They alternately threatened and coaxed, and in the end got a good story in reward for their trouble. Thomas told them, as he had told his friend the pewterer, that he had found the ancient manuscript, containing the account of the opening of the old bridge, among his father's papers, previously deposited in the muniment room of Redcliffe Church. The story was not only believed in by the learned men of Bristol, but looked upon as a most important matter; and little Thomas was encouraged on all sides to look diligently for more interesting documents among the papers in his possession. The little lawyer's clerk, very melancholy on his high three-legged stool, very much in want of work, and very ambitious, desired nothing better. He kept on producing ancient parchments with extraordinary rapidity, though not more rapidly than wished for by the eager antiquarians of his native town.

Foremost among these eager antiquarians was Mr. William Barrett, a surgeon by profession, but engaged for the moment in the compilation of a big book, entitled *The History and Antiquities of the Town of Bristol.* He had no sooner heard of the wonderful discovery of old parchments when he hurried up to Mr. Lambert's office to see and consult the little lawyer's clerk, owner of such precious documents.

Chatterton's vanity was greatly increased by this new mark of respect on the part of one of the foremost citizens of Bristol. Assuming an important air, he told the anxious historian that he had indeed most important papers in his possession, which would throw an entirely new light on the ancient history of the town. The learned surgeon was almost beside himself for joy; he offered little Thomas a handful of money, and eagerly besought him to furnish the interesting manuscripts as soon as possible. With eight hours leisure per diem, and nothing but a footboy to disturb his nightly musings, Chatterton was not long in producing the important papers. He handed Mr. Barrett, first of all, a marvellous description of mediæval Bristol, entitled "Turgot's Account of Bristol, translated by T. Rowley out of Saxon into English;" and this was followed by a number of similar documents, some of great length, and accompanied by plans and drawings of the most extraordinary kind. Such architecture as here delineated had never been seen out of China and Japan. There were the ancient churches of the city, ornamented from top to bottom with strange pilasters, cross-keys, lozenges, stars, and human figures; there was a view of "Bristol Castle in 1138; Rowlie Canonicus deleniator 1440," looking like an enchanted palace in an Arabian tale. Mr. William Barrett took it all with tremendous eagerness, and published the whole in his *History and Antiquities.*

Previous to meeting with Mr. Barrett, and supplying him with ancient manuscripts, Chatterton had made the acquaintance of Mr. George Catcott, partner of Burgum, the pewterer. Mr. Catcott was a gentleman of some education, and, like Mr. Barrett, fond of antiquarian studies; and having once come to know the wonderful little lawyer's clerk, he showed great anxiety to possess some of the treasures from the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe. Chatterton was quite willing to give—his store was all but inexhaustible. In a very short time he furnished the "Bristowe Tragedy," "Rowley's Epitaph upon Canynge's Ancestor," and a number of smaller pieces, with the receipt of all of which Mr. Catcott was so delighted that he made repeated presents to the bringer. He did more; he introduced Chatterton to his brother, the Rev. Alexander Catcott, who likewise treated the young lawyer's clerk with the greatest attention, and even engaged with him in religious controversy. It was the crowning part of Chatterton's career. Petted on all sides, furnished with money by his admirers, and, above all, praised for writings of which he was held to be only the depositor, he fancied himself on the high road to fame and fortune. His imagination painted to him in glowing colours the proud position he would fill when throwing off his mask, and coming before the world as a poet in his own name. To prepare himself for this future, he now began studying with immense

zeal, devoting every spare hour and every shilling in his possession to books—books of all kinds and on all subjects imaginable, including even medical and surgical treatises.

With increased knowledge came increased ambition. The admiration of his Bristol friends was insufficient after awhile for Chatterton, and he resolved to take flight into higher regions. Accordingly, in the winter of 1768, having been a lawyer's clerk for eighteen months, and a silent, unknown poet for twice the time, he addressed a letter to Mr. Dodsley, one of the leading publishers of the metropolis, offering some of his "ancient" manuscripts. The letter ran as follows:—

"BRISTOL, *December*, 21, 1768.

"SIR,—I take this method to acquaint you that I can procure copies of several ancient poems; and an interlude, perhaps the oldest dramatic piece extant, wrote by one Rowley, a priest in Bristol, who lived in the reigns of Henry the VIth and Edward the IVth. If these pieces will be of service to you, they are at your command, and copies shall be sent to you by your most obedient servant,

"D. B.

"Please to direct for D. B., to be left with Mr. Thomas Chatterton, Redcliffe Hill, Bristol.

"For Mr. J. Dodsley, Bookseller, Pall Mall, London."

To this letter there was no reply. Whether Mr. Dodsley doubted the genuineness of the "oldest dramatic piece extant," or did not think it worth while to enter into correspondence with an anony-

mous writer, is not known; but, at any rate, he kept silent. However, Thomas Chatterton was not discouraged by this failure, but, two months after, wrote a second letter to Mr. Dodsley. It ran:—

"Bristol, *February* 15, 1769.

"Sir,—Having intelligence that the tragedy of Ælla was in being, after a long and laborious search, I was so happy as to attain a sight of it. Struck with the beauties of it, I endeavoured to obtain a copy of it to send to you; but the present possessor absolutely denies to give me one unless I give him a guinea for a consideration. As I am unable to procure such a sum, I made search for another copy, but unsuccessfully. Unwilling such a beauteous piece should be lost, I have made bold to apply to you: several gentlemen of learning, who have seen it, join with me in praising it. I am far from having any mercenary views for myself in this affair, and, was I able, would print it at my own risque. It is a perfect tragedy; the plot clear, the language spirited, and the songs (interspersed in it) are flowing, poetical, and elegantly simple; the similes judiciously applied, and, though wrote in the reign of Henry the VIth, not inferior to many of the present age. If I can procure a copy, with or without the gratification, it shall be immediately sent to you. The motive that actuates me to do this is, to convince the world that the monks (of whom some have so despicable an opinion) were not such blockheads as generally thought, and that good poetry might be wrote in the dark days of superstition, as well as in these more enlightened ages. An immediate answer will oblige. I shall not receive your favour as for myself, but as your agent.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"Thomas Chatterton.

"P. S.—My reason for concealing my name was, lest my master (who is now out of town) should see my letters, and think I neglected his business. Direct for me on Redcliffe Hill."

It is doubtful whether Mr. Dodsley, of Pall Mall, paid any more attention to this second than to the first letter. So much is certain, he did not send the desired guinea. Publishers in general, and London publishers in particular, are not hasty in sending guineas to unknown correspondents, even for tragedies possessing the inestimable advantage of having "the plot clear." And then, too, that fatal statement of the writer, of his "master" being "now out of town"! It was quite enough to secure the purse-strings and the guineas of Mr. J. Dodsley, Bookseller, Pall Mall.

Chatterton did not get dispirited even by this second failure to connect himself with the London world of literature. Little more than a month after writing to the Pall Mall publisher, he indited another letter to no less a personage than Horace Walpole. The note, brief and to the point, was much more clever than that to Mr. Dodsley. Chatterton wrote:—

"Sir,—Being versed a little in antiquities, I have met with several curious manuscripts, among which the following may be of service to you, in any future edition of your truly entertaining Anecdotes of Painting. In correcting the mistakes (if any) in the notes, you will greatly oblige,

"Your most humble servant,

"Thomas Chatterton.

"Bristol, *March* 25, Corn Street."

The note was accompanied by a manuscript, headed—"The Ryse of Peyncteyne in Englande,

wroten by T. Rowlie, 1469, for Mastre Canynge," and beginning,—

"Peynctynge ynn England, haveth of ould tyme bin yn use; for saieth the Roman wryters, the Brytonnes dyd depycte themselves, yn soundrie wyse, of the fourmes of the sonne and moone wythe the hearbe woade: albeytte I doubte theie were no skylled carvellers. The Romans be accounted of all menne of cunnynge wytte yn peyncteynge and carvellynge; aunter theie mote inhylde theyre rare devyces ynto the mynds of the Brytonnes; albeytte att the commeynge of Hengeyst, nete appeares to wytteness yt, the Kystes are rudelie ycorven, and for the moste parte houge hepes of stones. Hengeste dyd brynge ynto this reaulme herehaughtrie, whyche dydde peyncteynge."

In the notes at the bottom of this curious manuscript, the pretended author, Rowley, or Rowlie, was described as—

"A secular priest of Saint John's, in this city; his merit as a biographer, historiographer, is great; as a poet still greater: some of his pieces would do honour to Pope; and the person under whose patronage they may appear to the world, will lay the Englishman, the antiquary, and the poet, under an eternal obligation."

Horace Walpole, shrewd man of the world though he was, went into the trap prepared for him by the little lawyer's clerk. He replied immediately to his correspondent, in a note brimful of courtesy and politeness:—

"Arlington Street, *March* 28, 1769.

"Sir,—I cannot but think myself singularly obliged, by a gentleman with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted, when I read your very curious and kind letter, which I have this minute received. I give you a thousand thanks for

it, and for the very obliging offer you make me of communicating your manuscript to me. What you have already sent me is valuable, and full of information; but, instead of correcting you, sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes, should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text.

"As a second edition of my Anecdotes was published last year, I must not flatter myself that a third will be wanted soon; but I shall be happy to lay up any notices you will be so good as to extract for me, and send me at your leisure; for as it is uncertain when I may use them, I would by no means borrow and detain your MSS.

"Give me leave to ask you where Rowley's poems are to be found. I should not be sorry to print them, or at least a specimen of them, if they have never been printed.

"The Abbot John's verses, that you have given me, are wonderful for their harmony and spirit; though there are some words I do not understand. You do not point out exactly the time when he lived, which I wish to know; as I suppose it was long before John al Ectry's discovery of oil painting: if so, it confirms what I have guessed, and have hinted in my Anecdotes, that oil painting was known here much earlier than that discovery or revival.

"I will not trouble you with more questions now, sir; but flatter myself, from the urbanity and politeness you have already shown me, that you will give me leave to consult you. I hope, too, you will forgive the simplicity of my direction, as you have favoured me with none other.

"I am, Sir, your most obliged
and obedient humble servant,
"HORACE WALPOLE.

"*P.S.—Be so good as to direct to Mr. Walpole, Arlington Street.*"

To this most encouraging letter Chatterton replied immediately; but in a manner not conspicuous for

worldly wisdom. The poor little lawyer's clerk was unable to keep his poetic mask to his face for any length of time, but as in the letter to Mr. Dodsley he revealed the existence of a "master out of town," so in the second or third note to Horace Walpole he let out the unhappy fact that he was very poor, and moving in very humble station—sleeping with the foot-boy of a country solicitor, and dining with the kitchenmaid. The great Horace shuddered on learning these particulars, or facts hinting at them. His suspicions of "Rowley's text," and "Abbot John's verses, wonderful for their harmony and spirit," were roused all at once, and not having "the happiness of understanding the Saxon language," he laid the curious documents before two happier friends, the poets Gray and Mason. They, without hesitation, pronounced the MSS. to be forgeries, recommending the immediate return of the papers to the sender. This was done; but in what manner is not known, the actual correspondence having never been produced. The story of the further development of the affair rests on the statement of Horace Walpole, who, in his subsequent defence of his treatment of Chatterton, says,—

"Being satisfied with my intelligence about Chatterton, I wrote him a letter with as much kindness and tenderness as if I had been his guardian; for, though I had no doubt of his impositions, such a spirit of poetry breathed in his coinage

as interested me for him: nor was it a grave crime in a young bard to have forged false notes of hand that were to pass current only in the parish of Parnassus. I undeceived him about my being a person of any interest, and urged to him that in duty and gratitude to his mother, who had straitened herself to breed him up to a profession, he ought to labour in it, that in her old age he might absolve his filial debt; and I told him that when he should have made a fortune, he might unbend himself with the studies consonant to his inclinations."

In another part of his account of Chatterton, Horace Walpole speaks in a manner somewhat at variance with the above. He says:—

"I should have been blamable to his mother, and society, if I had seduced an apprentice from his master, to marry him to the nine muses; and I should have encouraged a propensity to forgery, which is not the talent most wanting culture in the present age. All of the house of forgery are relations; and though it is just to Chatterton's memory to say, that his poverty never made him claim kindred with the richest, or more enriching branches, yet his ingenuity in counterfeiting styles, and I believe, hands, might easily have led him to those more facile imitations of prose, promissory notes."

These are hard words, considering that Horace Walpole himself was the author of the celebrated *Castle of Otranto*, which in the preface is described as having been discovered "in the library of an ancient Catholic family in the North of England, and printed at Naples in black letter in the year 1529." Consequently, if Chatterton was to be called a "forger" for inventing a poetic romance, Horace Walpole had to

accept the like title for himself. As to the last sentence in the above quotation, and which places writers of fiction on the same level with the vilest criminals, it must ever remain a disgrace to the memory of Walpole. Were it not for these base insinuations and accusations, his conduct might be excused on many points; particularly as regards Chatterton's scheme, certainly indefensible, of supplying him with false statements for a book not meant to be fictitious—the historical anecdotes of painters.

The reception which his offers of assistance met with on the part of Horace Walpole was naturally very irritating to Chatterton; but he felt it less for the moment because of other outlets for his literary aims. He had begun to correspond with the editor of the *Town and Country Magazine*, a periodical published in London, during the winter of 1769, and being encouraged to forward contributions, he sent in succession a large number of poems and prose essays, all of which, or nearly all, came to be published. Not long after, he entered into communication with several other metropolitan papers, the *Political Register*, the *Freeholder's Magazine*, the *London Museum*, and the *Middlesex Journal*, the editors of all which publications were profuse in thanks for the contributions received, though not profuse in their payments. However, it was a high gratification to the author merely to see his articles in print, with "Dunhelmus

Bristoliensis," or "Asaphides," at the bottom; and for the sake of it he kept writing with the greatest zeal, sacrificing even his hours of rest. Many a night, when all the inmates of his master's house were fast asleep, he rose from his humble couch, and sitting down before a flickering little candle, kept scribbling prose and poetry till the break of day. Some of the noblest productions of Chatterton's pen rose into existence during these silent hours of the night.

The London periodicals to which the young lawyer's clerk contributed represented nearly all the radical side in politics, while a few professed scepticism in matters of religion. Already much inclined, through previous want of moral training, to infidel views, Chatterton now was more and more driven in the same direction. Possessed of little real knowledge, yet with a mighty spirit soaring to the skies, he kept groping for truth, and not being able to discern it at once, sent forth a wild shriek of despair:—

> "An infant crying in the night,
> An infant crying for the light,
> And with no language but a cry."

Unhappily, the light which the poor youth was seeking for and crying for never did come. A long time after, when all doubts and fears had ceased, there was found in his pocket a small piece of paper, much soiled and crumpled, with the following notes, entitled—

"THE ARTICLES OF THE BELIEF OF ME, THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"That God being incomprehensible, it is not required of us to know the mysteries of the Trinity.

"That it matters not whether a man is a Pagan, Turk, Jew, or Christian, if he acts according to the religion he professes.

"That if a man leads a good moral life, he is a Christian.

"That the stage is the best school of morality;—and

"That the Church of Rome (some tricks of priestcraft excepted) is certainly the true Church.

"THOMAS CHATTERTON."

That these "Articles of belief" were anything but results of calm faith, but rather wild bursts of scepticism, became painfully visible before long. The dark phantoms of despair kept hovering over the soul of the poet, until shrouding the last ray of light from the "incomprehensible" God he so vainly sought.

Chatterton continued to send poetry and prose articles to London during the whole summer and autumn of 1769, and the following winter. All of them met with favourable reception; but the polite thanks of the editors were all, or nearly all, he got in return. This was well, as long as the first glow of satisfied pride lasted—some six months, or perhaps ten. After this time Chatterton began to be dissatisfied with his patrons, urging, with good reason, that if his contributions were worth printing, they were also worth paying. The logic being unanswerable, the able editors circumnavigated it with a new shower of com-

pliments and fine phrases, coupled with a promise of future substantial reward. Thereupon the little lawyer's clerk, most unselfish of mortals, continued to write as before, and, to show his abilities, entered upon the composition of a long poem, entitled "Kew Gardens," being a satire on the Princess Dowager of Wales, Lord Bute, and their friends in London and Bristol. The poem, despatched to the printer of a "patriotic newspaper" in the metropolis, was not immediately published, as expected, and this, together with other sources of vexation, particularly the unkind treatment of his master, made Chatterton feel very unhappy. His religious scepticism, too, engendered a feverish state of the mind, which ended in a project of self-destruction. Serious as it was for a moment, it was yet frustrated by the intervention of a kind friend.

On the 14th April, 1770, the day before Easter, Mr. Lambert, in the evening, found on his desk a letter from his apprentice, entitled "The last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton," stating the fixed intention of the writer to commit suicide on the following day, Easter Sunday. Mr. Lambert, much frightened by the threat, despatched the letter forthwith to Mr. Barrett, who summoned his young friend to his closet. The good surgeon talked to Chatterton long and earnestly, reproving him for keeping bad company; and, while impressing upon his mind the

fearful results of his religious scepticism, urging him not only to give up all thoughts of committing the great crime of self-murder, but to make an effort to soar into the loftier region of faith. Chatterton was greatly touched, and, with tears in his eyes, promised obedience. The next day he sent his adviser the following letter:—

"SIR,—In regard to my motives for the supposed rashness, I shall observe that I keep no worse company than *myself;* I never drink to excess, and have, without vanity, too much sense to be attached to the mercenary retailers of iniquity. No; it is my PRIDE, my damn'd, native, unconquerable PRIDE, that plunges me into distraction. You must know that nineteen-twentieths of my composition is pride. I must either live a slave—a servant, have no will of my own, which I may freely declare as such,—or DIE. Perplexing alternative! that it distracts me to think of it; I will endeavour to learn humility, but it cannot be here. What it will cost me in the trial, Heaven knows! I am, your much obliged, unhappy, humble servant,

"T. C."

The letter proves a thorough self-knowledge on the part of the writer. There is no doubt that it was his "unconquerable pride" which kept dragging him on into darkness and despair.

Notwithstanding the signs of remorse shown by his apprentice, Mr. Lambert now had become thoroughly alarmed, and made great efforts to get him out of his house. Chatterton was willing enough to go, and the short negociation ended in his leaving the lawyer's desk the week after Easter. He had not learned

much law during the two years and nine months that he had sat on it, for he was unable to draw up a paper rescinding his articles of indenture, and Mr. Lambert himself had to undertake the task. However, he did not for a moment intend to prosecute legal studies, but bent all his hopes of success upon literature. There were glorious promises from London booksellers as to possible future reward for his services; and to London, accordingly, Thomas Chatterton resolved to go. Having borrowed a few pounds from his friends, to defray the expenses of the journey, he bade adieu to his native city, which he had never before left, on the 24th of April, 1770. Though fondly attached to his mother and sister, and shedding abundant tears on bidding them farewell, his spirits rose when St. Michael's hill and the tower of the cathedral vanished behind, and he himself carried on towards the golden land of his dreams, the presumed realm of genius and wealth—the British metropolis.

Chatterton's means being slender, he had taken his seat in "the basket," a narrow cage tied to the back of the "flying machine," happily unknown to the present generation of travellers. Finding the coop too much an instrument of torture, he removed to the top, and finally, on payment of an additional seven shillings, to an inside place. It had begun to rain hard, and then to snow, and when passing Marlborough Downs the snow was one foot deep. After

passing a miserable night and another miserable day in the "flying machine," he at last arrived in London about five o'clock, on the evening of the 25th of April. Though so late, his impatience did not let him rest for one moment, and he called at once upon his great patrons, the booksellers and editors—Mr. Hamilton, proprietor of the *Town and Country Magazine;* Mr. Dodsley, the publisher of Pall Mall; Mr. Fell, editor of the *Freeholder* periodical; and Mr. Edmunds, a so-called "patriotic printer," to whom Chatterton had addressed his poem of "Kew Gardens." They all received the young author from the country in the most friendly manner—the way in which young authors are always received. Writing to his mother next morning, Chatterton gave way to his exuberance of joy. "Here I am safe, and in high spirits," he exclaimed. "Called upon Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Dodsley. Great encouragement from them; all approved of my design; shall soon be settled." Alas, poor young author!

Chatterton took lodgings at the house of a Mr. Walmsley, a plasterer in Shoreditch, where lived a seventh cousin of his, a Mrs. Ballance. From hence he wrote another letter to his mother, giving a most sanguine account of his doings, his hopes, and prospects. The faith in publishers and editors still was boundless, and he even believed in Mr. Wilkes—the notorious "Liberty-Wilkes." The letter ran:—

SHOREDITCH, LONDON, *May* 6, 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.—I remain, yours, &c.,

"T. CHATTERTON."

In the midst of all these golden visions, the dreariest state of poverty and misery was gradually creeping

in upon the young poet. His entire ignorance of the chances of his own career showed itself by the boasting language in which he spoke of the subject, asserting that "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." Thomas Chatterton soon proved that he was a genius, and not a dunce.

There are no other materials for the history of the short and tragic sojourn of the poet in London than his own letters. But they are striking enough, and furnish a wonderful insight into Chatterton's character. Eight days after writing the preceding epistle, Chatterton penned the following:—

"KING'S BENCH, for the present, *May* 14, 1770.

"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 showed 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 copperplate, 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!"

And so it went on for another couple of pages. The run of his imagination was still shining in full splendour—and kept shining for some months longer.

Chatterton's next letter, dated "Tom's Coffee-house, May 30, 1770," was addressed to his sister. The poet is more sanguine than ever. He says:—

"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 accommodations, would be £50 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. 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."

The more than sanguine temper of the poet is visible enough here; but still more in the following passage, where the "booksellers," of which he talked so much, but knew so little, turn up again.

"Essay writing," he exclaims, in a didactic manner, which would bring forth a smile, were it not so sadly serious, "has this advantage,—you are sure of constant pay; and when you have once wrote a piece which makes the author inquired 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. . . . . 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."

While the boy-poet was writing all this, building his high castles in the air, he had scarcely bread to eat, nevertheless, with boundless generosity, and an

utter abnegation of all feelings of selfishness, he spent even the few shillings which he managed to extract from those wonderful friends of his genius, the booksellers, upon presents for his beloved mother and sister. Writing to the former at the beginning of July, he says—

"DEAR MOTHER,—I send you in the box six cups and saucers, with two basins for my sister. If a china teapot and creampot 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. . . . . Be assured, whenever I have the power, my will won't be wanting to testify that I remember you.

"Yours, T. CHATTERTON."

About the time this note was penned, Chatterton removed from the house of the plasterer, at Shoreditch, where he had been for nine weeks, and went to live in lodgings at No. 4 Brook Street, Holborn—a dwelling now converted, together with the adjoining houses, into a large furniture store. It was probably nothing else but dire poverty which made him leave "one of Mrs. Walmsley's best rooms," mentioned in the letter to his mother, and take up his quarters at a meaner place. The narrow chamber in which he now

came to lodge belonged to a Mrs. Angel, a sackmaker, a kindly woman, who, though very poor herself, took pity upon the strange boy with the flashing eyes, and more than once invited him to her humble table. Chatterton accepted such slight offerings of hospitality as long as he thought that his distress was unknown to his landlady; but when he found that she knew of his poverty, his demon, his "damn'd native uncontrollable pride," drove him to reject even the crust of bread so kindly offered. He did the same with another invitation to the house of a Mr. Cross, a druggist in Brook Street, whose acquaintance he had accidentally made. Once, and once only, he overcame his pride so far as to partake of a feast of oysters with Mr. Cross, who pressed him hard, under the impression, but too well founded, that he was slowly starving. Chatterton first refused to eat at all, saying he did not feel hungry; but, once began, eat ravenously, like one who had not tasted food for a long time. It was the last good meal his lips tasted.

The golden dreams of glory which the poet-boy had cherished so long now collapsed all of a sudden. Death in its most frightful shape—death from starvation—was staring him in the face. That the sums paid to him for his literary labours were insufficient to purchase even the coarsest food, he was fully aware of, from entries in his pocket-book:—

		£	s.	d.
"Received to May 23, of Mr. Hamilton, for *Middlesex*,		1	11	6
,,	of B., ...	1	2	3
,,	of Fell, for the *Consuliad*, . . .	0	10	6
,,	of Mr. Hamilton, for *Candidus* and *Foreign Journal*, ...	0	2	0
,,	of Mr. Fell, ...	0	10	6
,,	*Middlesex Journal*, ...	0	8	6
,,	Mr. Hamilton, for 16 Songs, . .	0	10	6
		4	15	9"

Even a poet living, like Chatterton, almost entirely upon bread and water, could not exist at this rate of remuneration,—sixteen songs for half a guinea, or at the rate of eightpence per song. There were evidently only two courses open to the unhappy youth under these circumstances,—either to accept the proffered kindness of friends in London, and live to some extent upon alms, or to return immediately to his relations at Bristol. Chatterton chose neither alternative, but, driven by the furies of pride and despair, resolved upon self-destruction.

At the beginning of August, 1770, his resources were drawing to an ebb. He began to eat stale bread, that it might last the longer. But even stale bread he was not able to purchase long, and he curtailed his rations from day to day. For a whole week he existed upon a single loaf. All the while he paid his rent punctually, and on one occasion when his landlady, seeing his fearfully attenuated state, wished to return

him a portion of it, he got very angry, and pointing to his forehead, exclaimed—"I have that here which will get me more." His unconquerable pride had not yet deserted him, though his physical condition got lower every day. His cheeks were pale and hollow, and there was an awful wildness about his looks. On the 22d of August, he went out for the last time to get a loaf, upon credit; but was refused at the shop, the baker's wife telling him that she could let him have no more bread until he had paid the sum of three shillings and sixpence then owing. Chatterton said nothing, but went straightway to Mr. Cross, the druggist, asking for some arsenic "for an experiment." He readily got the poison—far more readily than the bread.

The next morning, August the 23d, Mrs. Angel did not see her lodger, but heard faint noises come from his room. They gradually ceased, and then there was deep silence. Waiting another day and night, the room was broken open, and the poet was found "lying on the bed, with his legs hanging over, quite dead. Some bits of arsenic were between his teeth." The room was strewn with papers, torn into minute fragments, but there was not a letter to any one, nor a line of explanation of the fatal deed. It explained itself:—

"Black despair,
The shadow of a starless night was thrown
Over the earth in which he moved alone."

Thus died Thomas Chatterton, aged seventeen years and nine months. The usual coroner's inquest was held, and the usual verdict of insanity returned. The poet was buried among the paupers in Shoe Lane; but there was no rest, even here, for his bones. Some time after, the burial ground was torn up to be converted into a market—Faringdon market—and the dust of the poet scattered to the winds.

Bristol has raised a memorial to the fame of one of her most genial sons. Close to the church of St. Mary Redcliffe the poet stands, in the dress of Colston's charity school, with a roll of parchment in his hand, and the inscription underneath:—

"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."

A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.*

ALMIGHTY Framer of the skies!
Oh 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.

* Written at the age of Eleven.

The Sun of Glory gleam'd the ray,
Refined the darkness into day,
  And bid the vapours 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 appear'd 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:
Though in a human walk He trode,
Still was the Man Almighty God,
  In glory all His own.

Despised, 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!

SLY DICK.

SHARP was the frost, the wind was high,
And sparkling stars bedeck'd the sky.
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.
'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-stored wealthy room,
Well stored 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.* * * *

APOSTATE WILL.*

In days of old, when Wesley's power
Gather'd new strength by every hour,
Apostate Will, just sunk in trade,
Resolved his bargain should be made;

* This poem was taken from an old pocket-book of Chatterton's.

Then straight to Wesley he repairs,
And puts on grave and solemn airs.
Then thus the pious man address'd:
"Good sir, I think your doctrine best;
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 straight 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 everywhere 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 straight he ran,
And thus address'd the reverend man:
"I was a Methodist, 'tis true—
With penitence I turn to you.
Oh that it were your bounteous will
That I the vacant place might fill!
With justice I'd myself acquit,
Do everything that's right and fit."
The curate straightway gave consent—
To take the place he quickly went.
Accordingly he took the place
And keeps it with dissembled grace.

April 14, 1764.

NARVA AND MORED.

"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 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
Through 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 opening morn;
Where ginger's aromatic, matted root,
Creeps through the mead, and up the mountains shoot.

Three times the virgin, swimming on the breeze,
Danced 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 blackening tempest lowers,
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, thickening 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 splendour of the dying day
Darts the red lustre of the watery way,
Sudden beneath Toddida's whistling 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, through 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 opening blossoms of the ground.
The priestess, rising, sings the sacred tale,
And the loud chorus echoes through 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 flower—
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 macaw, ascending to the sky,
Views the bright splendour 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,
Through scented calamus and fragrant reeds,
Where the sweet Zinsa spreads its matted bed,
Lived 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 other's arms, from Hyga's cave,
They plung'd relentless to a watery grave;
And falling, murmur'd to the powers above,
"Gods! take our lives, unless we live to love."

C.

SHOREDITCH, *May* 2, 1770.

HECCAR AND GAIRA.

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

WHERE the rough Caigra rolls the surgy wave,
Urging his thunders through the echoing cave;
Where the sharp rocks, in distant horror seen,
Drive the white currents through 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 javelins reek'd 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.

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 javelin, oft in nobler quarrels tried,
Put the loud thunder of their arms aside.
Fast as the streaming rain, I pour'd the dart,
Hurling a whirlwind through the trembling heart;
But now my lingering feet revenge denies;
Oh could I throw my javelin from my eyes!

HECCAR.

When Gaira the united armies broke,
Death wing'd the arrow, death impell'd the stroke.
See, piled 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.
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 sicken'd silver, tinged 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 through the blossom'd brake;
Black as the glossy rocks where Eascal roars,
Foaming through sandy wastes to Jaghir's shores;
Swift as the arrow, hasting to the breast,
Was Cawna, the companion of my rest.

The sun sat lowering in the western sky,
The swelling tempest spread around the eye;
Upon my Cawna's bosom I reclined,
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, though wounded, to a distant waste.
I urged the furious flight with fatal haste;
He fell, he died, spent in the fiery toil—
I stripp'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 gray;
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 vanish'd 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 javelin 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 through 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.

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.

THE ADVICE.

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

REVOLVING in their destined sphere,
The hours begin another year
As rapidly to fly;
Ah! think, Maria (ere in gray
Those auburn tresses fade away)
So youth and beauty die.

Though 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:

Though poor Pitholeon's feeble line,
In opposition to the nine,
Still violates your name:
Though 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 reverence shall expire,
Aged, wrinkled, and defaced,
To keep one lover's flame alive,
Requires the genius of a Clive,
With Walpole's mental taste.

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

Though numerous 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,
Heaven's representatives disclose,
Or butterflies pursue.

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

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,
Oh bless a wretched lover's state
  With Fanny of the Hill.

G. Barrett. W. Miller

THE DEATH OF NICOU.

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 awhile, 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 conquer'd by superior force,
Through hot Arabia holds its rapid course;—
On Tiber's banks, where scarlet jasmines bloom,
And purple aloes shed a rich perfume;
Where, when the sun is melting in his heat,
The reeking tigers 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 revered,
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 watery swamp.
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 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,
Dash'd 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 tried 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 supernatural 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 through 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 quivering in his yellow hands.
The god, astonish'd, dropp'd: hurl'd from the shore,
He dropp'd to torments, and to rise no more.
Headlong 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,
Dress'd beautiful, with all the flowers 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 fired with passion at the sight.
Friendship and honour sunk to Vicat's right:
He saw, he loved, 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 threatening 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 pierced his beating heart;
And to his mourning valiant warriors cried,
"I and my sister's ghost are satisfied."

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, power divine,
  And every unform'd mass of words amend.

Now the rough goat withdraws his curling horns,
And the cold waterer twirls his circling mop:
Swift, sudden anguish darts through altering corns,
And the spruce mercer trembles in his shop.

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

Now, wrapp'd 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 valued 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, versed 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 lessening 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 through alleys roar.

Ye channels, wandering through 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 through meandering 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 wondrous 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.

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:
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 watery, through the Bull he moves;
The amorous Twins admit his genial ray;
Now burning, through 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 primeval rays;
Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,
Scarcely enlighten'd with the solar beams:
With four unfix'd receptacles of light
He towers majestic through 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 admired in being understood.

THE CONSULIAD.

A MOCK HEROIC POEM.

Of roaring constables and battles dire,
Of geese uneaten, Muse, awake the lyre!
Where Campbell's chimneys overlook the square,
And Newton's future prospects hang in air;
Where counsellors dispute, and cockers match,
And Caledonian earls in concert scratch,—
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 chickens, 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, vail'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 press'd,
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 molehills, 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 opening 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 training 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 ate 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,
Press'd with the steamy load that oozed 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 trammell'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 smoothed her frown,
And shook the tripple feathers of her crown;
Instill'd a private pension in his soul.
With rage inspired, he seized 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,
Received it on his ear, and kiss'd the ground.
Curraras, versed in every little art,
To play the minister's or felon's part,
Grown hoary in the villanies 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 gratitudes 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 corpse defends,
The other on Balluntun's eyes descends:
A darkling, shaking light his optics view,
Circled with livid tinges red and blue.
Now fired with anguish and inflamed by pride,
He thunders on his adversary's side,
With pattering 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 general: fowl repulses fowl;
The victors thunder and the vanquish'd howl.
Stars, garters, all the implements of show,
That deck'd the powers above, disgraced 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.
Gog Magog, early of the jockey club
Empty as C—br—ke's oratorial tub,
A rusty link of ministerial chain,
A living glory of the present reign,
Versed in the arts of ammunition bread,—
He waved a red wheat manchet round his head:
David-ap-Howel, furious, wild, and young,
From the same line as royal Madoc sprung,
Occurr'd, the object of his bursting ire,
And on his nose received 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 seized, 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 seized a shining pot,
Where bubbled scrips and contracts flaming hot,
In the fierce Cambrian's breeches drains it dry—
The chapel totters with the shricking 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-stored 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 ripening 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, through eager haste,
His foot upon a smoking court-pie placed;
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 dress'd,
Like bullets outward perforate the breast?
Shall javelin bottles blood ethereal 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, seized a polish'd bone;
Upon his breast the oily weapon clangs—
Headlong he falls, propell'd by thickening bangs.
The prince of trimmers, for his magic famed,—
Quarlendorgongos by infernals named,
By mortals Alavat in common styled—
Nursed 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,
Reposed 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 unnoticed in the muse-taught song;—

Tyro, for necromancy far renown'd,
A greater adept than Agrippa found;
Oft as his phantom reasons intervened,
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, tired,
In languid attitudes a truce desired.
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 issued 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 possess'd?
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 dress'd;
Be every thought of enmity at rest:
Divide it, and be friends again," he said.
The council god return'd, and Discord fled.

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, coquettes, 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!

TO A FRIEND.

March 6, 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 every nervous line;
Bring down th' ethereal 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' ecstatic raptures of my mind?
I leave it to a goddess more divine,
The beauteous Hoyland shall employ my line.

H. Howard. R.A. T. Englehear

TO MISS HOYLAND.*

SWEET are thy charming smiles, my lovely maid,
Sweet as the flowers in bloom of spring array'd;
Those charming smiles thy beauteous face adorn,
As May's white blossoms gaily deck the thorn.

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

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 (changed 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?
Oh speak, dear Hoyland! speak my certain fate,
Thy love enrapturing or thy constant hate.
If death's dire sentence hangs upon thy tongue,
E'en death were better than suspense so long.

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 storehouse 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 separate 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.

ODE TO MISS HOYLAND.

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

There, gently moving through the vale,
Bending before the blustering 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, wandering 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?

Oh 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 Thunderer wore the 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 through my heart a burning arrow drove,
Hoyland's bright eyes were made the bows of Love.
O torture inexpressibly severe!
You are the pleasing author of my care.
Look down, fair angel, on a swain distress'd,
A gracious smile from you would make me bless'd.
Nothing but that bless'd 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 the abyss of his eccentric brain;
Or than his wild-antique and sputtering 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 favourite swain.

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.
Oh for a Muse that shall ascend the skies,
And like the subject of the epode rise,

* Mr. Lewis was a dissenting preacher in Bristol.

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.
Oh 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 to 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
Through 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, though the pains are great:
Virtue and Love, when sacred bands unite,
'Tis then that Nature leads to true delight.
Oft as I wander through 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 every 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,
Though 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.

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 flowers 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 through the ether 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
Through the blue ether 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.

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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 hindrance, the spring will return,
And nature with transports refining will burn.

This passion celestial by Heaven 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 flowerets 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 vail the azure of every bright sky.

FRAGMENT.

INTEREST, 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, honour, 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, cursed 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 favourite 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 cased in steel,
Can neither poverty nor 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.

THE WOMAN OF SPIRIT.

A BURLETTA. 1770.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DISTORT, ...	Mr. Bannister.
COUNCILLOR 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 halfpenny, 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 an English wife.

LATITAT.

And moreover—

DISTORT.

Nay, Councillor, 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?

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.

A BURLESQUE CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

Mounted aloft in Bristol's narrow streets,
Where pride and luxury with meanness meets,
A sturdy collier press'd the empty sack,
A troop of thousands swarming on his back;

When sudden to his rapt ecstatic 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! Prithee, 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 despoiled her charms.
Whilst lock'd in Cupid's amorous embrace,
His jetty *skinnis* met her red bronzed face;—
It seem'd the sun while labouring in eclipse;
And on her nose he stamp'd his sable lips,
Pleased * * * * *

THE ROMANCE OF THE KNIGHT.

THE pleasing sweets of spring and summer past,
The falling leaf flies in the sultry blast,
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 watery 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:
Unnerved 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 entwining 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 listening 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 obscured the light,
Here 'twas all evening, there eternal night.

And now the rustling leaves and strengthen'd 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 knight would force her to the ground,
But still some small resisting strength she found.

* * * * * * *

The champion thus: "Desist, discourteous knight,
Why dost thou shamefully misuse thy might?"

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 pleased, 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!"

AN EXCELENTE BALADE OF CHARITIE:

AS WROTEN BIE THE GODE PRIESTE THOMAS ROWLEIE,* 1464.

I.

IN Virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
And hotte upon the mees did caste his raie;

* Thomas Rowley, the author, was born at Norton Malreward, in Somersetshire, educated at the Convent of St. Kenna, at Keynesham, and died at Westbury, in Gloucestershire.—CHATTERTON.

The apple rodded from its palie greene,
And the mole peare did bende the leafy spraie;
The peede chelandri sunge the livelong daie;
'Twas nowe the pride, the manhode of the yeare,
And eke the grounde was dighte in its mose defte aumere.

II.

The sun was glemeing in the midde of daie,
Deadde still the aire, and eke the welken blue,
When from the sea arist, in drear arraie,
A hepe of cloudes of sable, sullen hue,
The which full fast unto the woodlande drewe,
Hiltring attenes the sunnis fetyve face,
And the blacke tempeste swolne and gatherd up apace.

III.

Beneathe an holme, faste by a pathwaie side,
Which dyde unto Seyncte Godwine's Covent* lede,
A hapless pilgrim moneynge dyd abide,
Pore in his viewe, ungentle in his weede,
Longe bretful of the miseries of neede;
Where from the hail-stone coulde the almer flie?
He had no housen theere, ne anie covent nie.

IV.

Look in his glommed face, his sprighte there scanne;
Howe woe-be-gone, how wither'd, forwynd, deade!
Haste to thie church-glebe-house, asshrewed manne!

* "Seyncte Godwine's Covent." It would have been *charitable* if the author had not pointed at personal characters in this "Ballad of Charity." The Abbott of St. Godwin's at the time of the writing of this was Ralph de Bellomont, a great stickler for the Lancasterian family. Rowley was a Yorkist. —CHATTERTON.

Haste to thie kiste, thie onlie dortoure bedde.
Cale, as the claie whiche will gre on thie hedde,
Is Charitie and Love aminge highe elves;
Knightis and barons live for pleasure and themselves.*

V.

The gatherd storme is rype; the bigge drops falle;
The forswat meadowes smethe, and drenche the raine;
The comyng ghastness do the cattle pall,
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the plaine;
Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott againe;
The welkin opes; the yellow levynne flies;
And the hot fierie smothe in the wide lowings dies.

VI.

Liste! now the thunder's rattling clymmynge sound
Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,
Shakes the hie spyre, and losst, dispended, drown'd,
Still on the gallard eare of terroure hanges;
The windes are up; the lofty elmen swanges;
Again the levynne and the thunder poures,
And the full cloudes are braste attenes in stonen showers.

VII.

Spurreynge his palfrie oere the watrie plaine,
The Abbote of Seyncte Godwynes convente came;
His chapournette was drented with the reine,
And his pencte gyrdle met with mickle shame;

* Chatterton probably alluded to his own deserted situation, since, it is said, he gave this ballad to the publisher of the *Town and Country Magazine* only a month before his death.—Dr. Gregory.

He aynewarde tolde his bederoll* at the same;
The storme encreasen, and he drew aside,
With the mist almes-craver neere to the holme to bide.

VIII.

His cope was all of Lyncolne clothe so fyne,
With a gold button fasten'd neere his chynne;
His autremete was edged with golden twynne,
And his shoone pyke a loverd's mighte have binne;
Full well it shewn he thoughten coste no sinne:
The trammels of the palfrye pleasde his sighte,
For the horse-millanare his head with roses dighte.

IX.

"An almes, sir prieste!" the droppynge pilgrim saide,
"O! let me waite within your covente dore,
Till the sunne sheneth hie above our heade,
And the loude tempeste of the aire is oer;
Helpless and ould am I, alas! and poor;
No house, ne friend, ne moneie in my pouche;
All yatte I calle my owne is this my silver crouche."

X.

"Varlet," replyd the Abbatte, "cease your dinne;
This is no season almes and prayers to give;
Mie porter never lets a faitour in;
None touch mie rynge who not in honour live."
And now the sonne with the blacke cloudes did stryve,
And shettynge on the grounde his glairie raie,
The Abbatte spurrde his steede, and eftsoones roaddeawaie.

* He told his beads backwards; a figurative expression to signify cursing.—CHATTERTON.

XI.

Once moe the skie was blacke, the thounder rolde;
Faste rayneynge oer the plaine a prieste was seen;
Ne dighte full proude, ne button'd up in golde;
His cope and jape were graie, and eke were clene;
A Limitoure he was of order seene;
And from the pathwaie side then turned hee,
Where the pore almer laie binethe the holmen tree.

XII.

"An almes, sir priest!" the droppynge pilgrim sayde,
"For sweete Seyncte Marie and your order sake."
The Limitoure then loosen'd his pouche threade,
And did thereoute a groate of silver take;
The mister pilgrim dyd for halline shake.
"Here, take this silver, it maie eathe thie care;
We are Goddes stewards all, nete of oure owne we bare.

XIII.

"But ah! unhailie pilgrim, lerne of me,
Scathe anie give a rentrolle to their Lorde.
Here, take my semecope, thou arte bare I see;
'Tis thyne; the Seynctes will give me mie rewarde."
He left the pilgrim, and his waie aborde.
Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn gloure,
Or give the mittee will, or give the gode man power!

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, hackney'd, fail,
Thy quick invention lends a quick supply,
And all thy talk is one continued lie.
Know, thou eternal babbler, that my song
Could show 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;
Deliberately 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 empty 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, cover'd 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 medicine 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!

28th 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 Evelinia'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 the 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,
There 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!

* * * * *

RESIGNATION.

HAIL, Resignation, hail! ambiguous dame!
Thou Parthian archer in the fight of fame,
When thou hast drawn the mystic vail between,
'Tis the poor minister's concluding scene:
Shelter'd 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.

When ministers, unable to preside,
The tottering 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 tottering 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 vail'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 Sibyl 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 combined,

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 dependent 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.
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 murmuring sound of rills,
Where no soft gale in dying raptures blows,
Or aught 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,
Exposed 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 lived 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 reckon'd Chappellow* a dunce.
With happy fluency he learn'd to speak
Syriac or Latin, Arabic or Greek;
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 inclined,
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 MacPherson sweetly sings,
He bore the majesty of monarchs past,
Like a tall pine rent with the winter's blast,
Whose spreading trunk and wither'd branches show
How glorious once the lordly tree might grow.

* Professor of Arabic in the University of Cambridge from 1720 to 1768; distinguished for his extensive acquaintance with Oriental languages.

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 amorous 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,
Assured 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 praised 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 pass'd,
He reach'd the great metropolis at last.

Here fate beheld him as he trudged the street,
Bare was his buttocks and unshod his feet,
A lengthening train of boys display'd him great,
He seem'd already minister of state.
The Carlton Sibyl 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;
Enraptured 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 Sibyl, "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.

* Illegible in MS.

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 hastening 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,
Girt round his leg the honour'd trifle shown,
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 Sibyl, 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
Scatter'd oppression through a groaning land
Still taxes follow'd 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 signed.

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 served 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 ranged 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 murmuring 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 Sibyl with distinguish'd grace.*
* * * * * * *
Around this mystic sun of liquid gold
A swarm of planetary statesmen roll'd;

* Twelve lines are here omitted.

Though some have since as ministers been known,
They shone with borrow'd lustre not their own:
In every revolution, day and night,
From Bute they caught each particle of light:
He destined 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?
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 scepter'd 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, villany, 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 villanies 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 dress'd in titles, the burlesque of place,
A more illustrious rascal show'd his face;
Your destined sphere of Ministry now run,
You dropp'd like others in the parent sun;
There as a spot you purpose to remain,
And seek protection in the Sibyl'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 conspired 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 determined plan.
Error, his secretary, lent his aid
To undermine each plot his cunning laid;
He wrote dispatches in his grace's name,
And ruin'd 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 altogether 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 destined 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 presumed 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 Sibyl's fiery lust,
By which a scoundrel Scot oppress'd the realm,
And rogues, below contempt, disgraced the helm.
Swift scandal caught the accents as they fell,
And bore them to the Sibyl's secret cell.
Enraged, 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 possess'd.
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 Sibyl's power confined,
He dropp'd his blushing honours and resign'd.
Step forward, North! and let the doubtful see
Wonders and miracles revived 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 Sibyl'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 Sibyl substituted North a blank,
A muster'd fagot 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, array'd in robes of virgin white,
Trailing an arch'd variety of light,

Comes showering blessings on a ruin'd realm,
And shows 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 seems 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 dress'd
In a long hood of many colour'd 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 resign'd.

Come, Satire! aid me to display the first,
Of every honest Englishman accursed;
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 ——— silver'd age to play the fool,
And ——— with rascals infamous a tool,
Plainly denote your judgment is no more,
Your honour was extinguish'd long before.

Say, if reflection ever bless'd 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 seem'd 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 call'd 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,
Raised upon villany, 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 a 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, raised to rule,
Should sow contention in a noble land,
And scatter thunders from a venal hand.
Gods! that these flyblows of a stallion's day,
Warm'd into being by the Sibyl'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 Sibyl 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 tortured mind,
The object of her hatred is confined;
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;
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.
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.

* This hiatus occurs in the MS.

If virtuous Grafton's sentimental taste
Is in his measures or his mistress placed,
In either 'tis originally rare;
One shows 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 scatter'd civil discord through the land?
Since smallest trifles, when ordain'd 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 villany is meritorious grown,
Step forward, for thy merit's not unknown.
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 Sibyl'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,
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 powerful 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,

* A word omitted in the MS.

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 practised 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 unrenown'd 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!—
Oh 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.

HOR. LIB. I. OD. 5.

WHAT gentle youth, my lovely fair one, say,
With sweets perfumed now courts thee to the bower,
Where glows with lustre red the rose of May,
To form thy couch in love's enchanting hour?

By zephyr's waved, 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 the untroubled stream;
Yet, ah! too soon the ecstatic 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!

HOR. LIB. I. OD. 19.

YES! I am caught; my melting soul
To Venus bends without control,—
I pour the empassion'd sigh.

Ye gods! what throbs my bosom move,
Responsive to the glance of love
That beams from Stella's eye!

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 aught 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!

A BACCHANALIAN.

WHAT is glory and 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 INVITATION.

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!
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.

THE MINSTREL'S SONG.

MODERNIZED.

Oh sing unto my roundelay;
Oh drop the briny tear with me;
Dance no more on holiday;
Like a running river be!
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

Black his hair as the winter night,
White his throat as the summer snow,
Red his cheek as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note;
Quick in dance as thought can be;
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout,
Oh, he lies by the willow tree.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the briery dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing,
To the night-mares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

Here, upon my true love's grave,
Shall the barren flowers be laid;

Not one holy saint to save
All the coldness of a maid.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

With my hands I'll twist the briers
Round his holy corpse to gre;
Elfin fairy, light your fires,
Here my body still shall be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my heartis blood away;
Life and all its goods I scorn,
Dance by night, or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow tree!

Water-witches, crown'd with reeds,
Bear me to your deadly tide.
I die! I come! my true love waits!—
Thus the damsel spoke, and died.

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 gray twilight of the dubious morn,
To woodlands, lawn, and hills, I took my way
And listen'd to the echoes of the horn;

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 lengthening 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 mouldering wall,
Nor heed the arch that totters o'er my head:
Oh quickly may the friendly ruin fall,
Release me of my love, and strike me dead.

M——— ! cruel, sweet, inexorable fair,
Oh 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 loved 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 favourite bent pursue;
Here can I gaze, and pause, and muse between,
And draw some moral truth from every 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 labouring 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;
For on that spot my glowing fancy dwells,
Where cenotaph its mournful story tells—
How Briton'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 raised 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 wandering gazes meet,
Whose craggy surface mocks the lingering 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 memory 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 fix'd 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;
Fix'd in a stupor by the cheerless plain,
For fairy flights the fancy toils in vain;
For though her waves, by commerce richly bless'd,
Roll to her shores the treasures of the West,
Though her broad banks trade's busy aspect wears,
She seems unconsious of the wealth she bears.

Near to her banks, and under Brandon's hill,
There wanders Jacob's ever-murmuring rill,
That, pouring forth a never-failing stream,
To the dim eye restores the steady beam.
Here, too (alas! though tottering 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 wander'd wide:
In Macbeth's form all human power defied;
In shapeless Richard's dark and fierce disguise,
In dreams he saw the murder'd 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 raptured eyes shall meet thy form,
No more thy melting tones our bosoms warm;
Without thy powerful 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—
Deservèd 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 softening sighs forbid the Muse to soar.
So, treading back the steps I just now trod,
Mournful and sad, I seek my lone abode.

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.

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.

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 for Smiles from Kings.

14.

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 plenteous 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 ardour wish to lie,
With *Beckford's* Honour, in a *Beckford's* Grave?

21.

Not Honour, such as Princes can bestow,
Whose breath a Reptile to a Lord can raise;
But far the brightest honour 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 honourable 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."

TO MR. HOLLAND.*

WHAT numbers, Holland, can the Muses find,
To sing thy merit in each varied part,
When action, eloquence, and ease combined,
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.

* 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.

Black Anger's sudden rise, ecstatic pain;
Tormenting Jealousy's self-cankering 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 confess'd,
But Nature on thy soul has stamp'd the god.

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

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

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 flowery 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.

Ye noxious vapours, fall upon my head;
Ye writhing adders, round my feet entwine;
Ye toads, your venom in my footpath 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 rivulets 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 dress'd,
Her flowery crown, her verdant vest,
Her zone ethereal 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 the unguarded wounded maid
Hath wish'd the painter blind.

His pictures like to nature show,
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.

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 ot glory run,
And parches up the ground;
Where o'er the burning cleaving plains,
A long eternal dog-star reigns,
And splendour flames around:

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.

ELEGY.

JOYLESS I seek the solitary shade
Where dusky Contemplation vails the scene,
The dark retreat (of leafless branches made)
Where sickening Sorrow wets the yellow'd green.

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

Now, as I mournful tread the gloomy cave,
Through 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 thickening vail of evening's drawn,
The azure changes to a sable blue,
The rapturing prospects fly the lessening lawn,
And Nature seems to mourn the dying view.

Self-sprighted Fear creeps silent through the gloom,
Starts at the rustling 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.

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!

Now as I wander through this leafless grove,
Where tempests howl and blasts eternal rise,
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;
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,
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 vail of evening drew
The thickening 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 press'd the foamy wine,
Thy genius did his sallow brows adorn,
And made the beauties of the season thine.

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

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 seem'd the forest glimmering from afar;
You saw the real prospect as you read.

Majestic Summer's blooming flowery 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 bedropp'd with icy dew;
His eyes a dusky light, congeal'd and dead,
His robe a tinge of bright ethereal blue;

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 polish'd lake, the silver'd hill we see,
Is by thy genius fired, preserved, and warm'd.

The rough October 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 of genius dwell,
Thou wast the Helicon of all the Nine.

Fancy, whose various figure-tinctured vest
Was ever changing to a different hue;
Her head, with varied bays and flowerets dress'd,
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 vail 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 distinguish'd poet's head,
And taught his lyre the music of the spheres

Temperance, 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 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.

Content, who smiles on every frown of fate,
Wreathed thy pacific brow and soothed thy ill:
In thy own virtues and thy genius great,
The happy Muse laid every trouble still.

But see! the sickening lamp of day retires,
And the meek evening shakes the dusky gray;
The west faint glimmers with the saffron fires,
And like thy life, O Phillips! dies away.

Here, stretch'd 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;
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 thickening gloom.
Ah! could I charm by necromantic spells
The soul of Phillips from the deathy tomb,

Then would we wander through this darken'd vale,
In converse such as heavenly spirits use;
And, borne upon the pinions of the gale,
Hymn the Creator and exert 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.

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.

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.

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?

FAITH.

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 power of human skill,—
  But what the Eternal acts is right.

Oh teach me in the trying hour,
  When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy power,
  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.

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 vital's feeble rill,
  The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank the inflictor of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of misery 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.

ON THE LAST EPIPHANY, OR CHRIST COMING TO JUDGMENT.

BEHOLD! just coming from above,
The JUDGE, with majesty and love!
The sky divides, and rolls away,
T' admit him through the realms of day.
The sun, astonish'd, hides its face,
The moon and stars with wonder gaze
At JESUS' bright superior rays!
Dread lightnings flash, and thunders roar,
And shake the earth and briny shore;
The trumpet sounds at heaven's command,
And pierceth through the sea and land;
The dead in each now hear the voice,
The sinners fear and saints rejoice;
For now the awful hour is come
When every tenant of the tomb
Must rise, and take his everlasting doom.

THE LAST VERSES WRITTEN BY CHATTERTON.*

FAREWELL, Bristolia's dingy piles of brick,
Lovers of Mammon, worshippers of Trick!
Ye spurn'd the boy who gave you antique lays,
And paid for learning with your empty praise.
Farewell, ye guzzling aldermanic fools,
By nature fitted for Corruption's tools!
I go to where celestial anthems swell;
But you, when you depart, will sink to Hell.
Farewell, my Mother!—cease, my anguish'd soul,
Nor let Distraction's billows o'er me roll!—
Have mercy, Heaven! when here I cease to live,
And this last act of wretchedness forgive.

August 24, 1770.

* These lines were found in Chatterton's pocket-book after his death.

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