



11

12

13



14

15

Rhym

- 1 a
- 2 b
- 3 a
- 4 b
- 5 c
- 6 b
- 7 c
- 8 b
- 9 c

J. A. N. Pessoa.

~~C. R. Anon~~



# The Canterbury Poets.

EDITED BY WILLIAM SHARP.

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THE DANIEL DEFOE BOOKS

EDITED BY WALTER STANLEY

JACOB CHATFIELD

\* \* \* FOR FULL LIST OF THE VOLUMES IN THIS SERIES,  
SEE CATALOGUE AT END OF BOOK.

**T**HE POETICAL WORKS OF  
THOMAS CHATTERTON.  
WITH A PREFATORY NOTICE,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,  
BY JOHN RICHMOND.

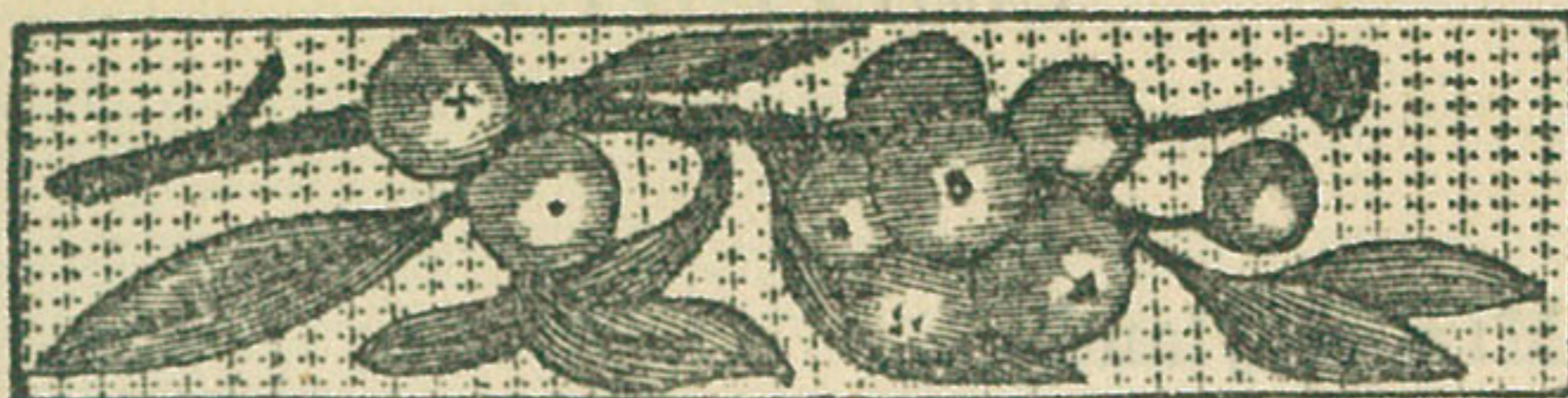
LONDON:  
WALTER SCOTT, LIMITED,  
PATERNOSTER SQUARE.

THE HISTORICAL WORKS OF  
THOMAS CHATFIELD  
WITH A PREFATORY NOTICE  
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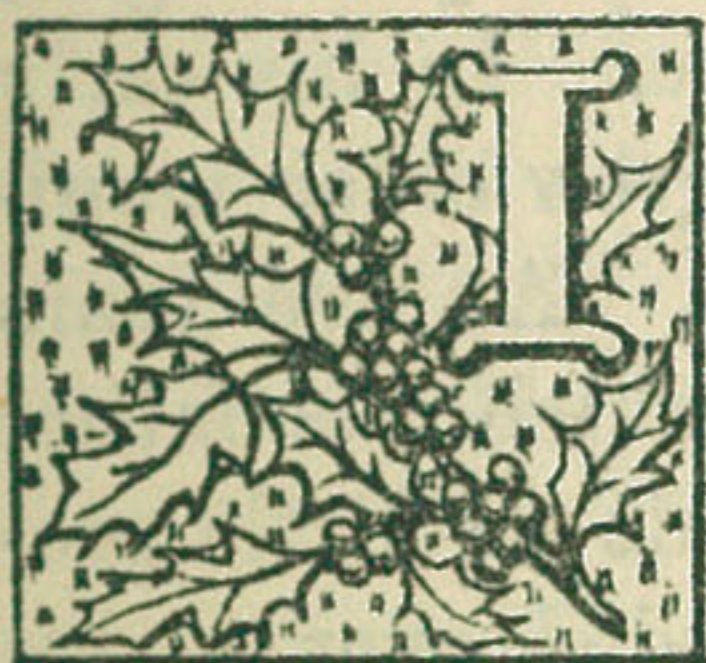
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## Prefatory Notice.

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IN the annals of English literature there is to be found no more romantic career than that of THOMAS CHATTERTON,

“ . . . the marvellous boy,  
The sleepless soul, that perished in his  
pride.”

His youth and surpassing genius, the circumstances of his alleged discovery, his unfortunate career and untimely death, all contribute to form a figure unique in the history of literature. His is a name which instinctively draws from us feelings of tenderest sympathy and pity—feelings such as no poet, save, perhaps, Keats, has ever inspired. Around his personality there clings a halo of romance which somewhat obscures our view by its distracting glow; and for this, to a great extent, the poet, the artist, and the dramatist are

responsible. Art has not given us a realistic rendering of his sufferings : the repulsive details are subordinated, while the picturesque and romantic phase of the theme is emphasised. It is only, therefore, when this pleasing but deceptive glamour is cleared away that we can perceive in its nakedness the terrible pathos and dire reality of the youthful poet's life.

Thomas Chatterton was born at Bristol on the 20th of November 1752. His father, a schoolmaster, and a "singing-man" in Bristol Cathedral, had died some months previous, leaving his widow entirely dependent on her own exertions. Thus the life of the poet began, as it ended, in indigence and misfortune. In his early years Chatterton was dull, and as he grew older manifested neither desire nor ability to learn. At five years of age he was sent to the school over which his father had formerly presided ; but there he made so little progress, that in a short time he was handed over to his mother as incapable of acquiring even his letters. His listlessness continued till chance furnished a more agreeable method of mastering the rudiments.

The illuminated capitals of an old musical manuscript, which had belonged to his father, caught the boy's fancy, and he began to apply himself in earnest. His dormant energies were now effectually roused, and under the tuition of his mother he quickly learned to read from an old black-letter Bible ; and it is not improbable that his subsequent love of antiquity may have originated in this pregnant circumstance. He quickly began to develop

a taste for literature, and it is related that "at eight years of age he was so eager for books that he read from the moment he waked, which was early, until he went to bed, if they would let him."

A very important change in his training occurred on the 3rd August 1760, when he was admitted to Colston's Charity School. In this establishment, a reproduction of Christ's Hospital, London, the boys were boarded, clothed, and fed, in addition to receiving their education. The only holidays were Saturday afternoons and Saints' days. It may well be imagined that the routine of this institution was not calculated to develop a character such as Chatterton's, and that it was distasteful to him is evident, since it necessarily implied an absence of that leisure to which he had hitherto been accustomed. Notwithstanding his dislike, the training he received was in some respects beneficial, but that it had also its negative effects is clearly seen from his subsequent career.

At school he was of a proud disposition, making but few friends, and these chiefly for their intellectual qualities. Chief among them were Thomas Phillips, an usher, on whose death he wrote an elegy; James Thistlethwaite, a person of literary tastes; and Baker, his bed-fellow, who subsequently went to Charlestown. The series of poems to Miss Hoyland were written by Chatterton for Baker, who transmitted them to the object of his affections as his own.

There must also be noted his acquaintance with Mr.

Barret, a surgeon and antiquarian. Through Barret he also became familiar with Mr. George Catcott, a man of inordinate vanity, slightly touched with bibliomania, but with some pretensions to education.

In July 1767 he left Colston's school, and entered the office of Mr. Lambert, a Bristol attorney, to learn the trade of a scrivener. Mr. Lambert's business was not large, and Chatterton's duties consisted generally in copying out precedents. He had thus ample leisure for study; and it has been surmised that during his apprenticeship he prepared the bulk of the materials for that elaborate deception with which he was shortly to astonish the literary world.

He had been about a year in Lambert's office when a new bridge at Bristol was opened, and there appeared in *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal* an account of the opening of the old bridge, purporting to be taken from an ancient manuscript. The article naturally aroused curiosity, and when the printer was appealed to, after some little trouble, he found the contributor to be a youth named Thomas Chatterton. Several leading gentlemen in Bristol called on him; but mistaking the nature they had to deal with, they treated him as a mere boy without intelligence. At this his pride rose, and in answer to their inquiries they received nothing but a sullen refusal of information. Persuasion, however, had the desired effect, and he told his visitors that the manuscript had been discovered by his father in the muniment room of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe.



The Chattertons had been connected with the church of St. Mary Redcliffe for several generations. Richard Philips, the poet's uncle—the last of the family who filled any office in the church—had been sexton. In the church, which had been rebuilt by William Canynge, a famous Bristol merchant in the reign of Edward IV., was a chest known as "William Canynge's Cofre," which in bygone days had been used for storing deeds, titles, etc. This chest had originally possessed six keys, but in course of time these were all lost. Some deed or another thought to be in the chest was required, and it became necessary to break open the coffer. After the requisite papers had been removed, the chest and its remaining manuscripts were left unsecured—a piece of carelessness of which Chatterton's father availed himself by appropriating a large number of the parchments, which he found useful for covering the books of his scholars, and which his widow after his death collected into a large deal box, utilising them as dress-shapes, and in the performance of other little domestic functions of a like nature. While staying with Mr. Lambert as an apprentice he frequently visited his mother, and during one of his visits he chanced upon a fragment of an old MS. fulfilling the humble office of a thread-paper. Attracted by its antique appearance, he made inquiries of his mother concerning it, and was rewarded by being shown the deal-box containing the rest of the parchments. These he found belonged to the fifteenth century, and consisted for the most part of poetical

compositions by William Canynge and his friend Thomas Rowley, described as a "secular priest." Besides poems, Rowley also wrote on history, architecture, etc.; and in addition to performing the priestly duties, he also produced dramas and interludes for the amusement of his patron.

William Canynge was the younger of two brothers, and became Mayor of Bristol during the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV. In 1467, after the death of his wife, Canynge took holy orders that he might avoid a marriage forced upon him by the king, gave himself up to the study of art and literature, became Dean of Westbury College, Gloucester, which he rebuilt from plans supplied by Rowley, and departed an honoured life in 1474. His father-confessor but a few years after followed him to the grave.

Such is the story Chatterton would have the world believe concerning the discovery and authors of the Rowley MSS. That Canynge was a real personage has been proved beyond doubt; but Chatterton has incorporated such a mass of fiction with the truth, that it is doubtful which predominates. He seems to have taken Canynge as the central figure of his elaborate composition, and round him to have sketched with consummate skill the incidents and characters that figure in the Rowley romance.

Naturally the first to benefit by his alleged discovery were his friends Catcott and Barret, the surgeon, who happened to be collecting materials for a work on the history and antiquities of Bristol. Chatterton supplied

Barret with numerous fragments, among others with an extraordinary composition called "Turgot's Account of Bristol, translated by T. Rowley out of Saxon into English." This, and many similar pieces, the historian, with childish credulity, incorporated with his work, and not till twenty years after, when his ponderous tomes were approaching completion, did the slightest doubt as to the authenticity of the MSS. assail him. Catcott also received several transcripts, among them "The Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin," and the finest of the pieces fathered on Rowley, "Ælla," a tragedy. In return for these fragments, Chatterton received pecuniary aid from his patrons, and also the privilege—to him a great one—of borrowing books from Barret's library. Catcott also introduced him to his brother, the Rev. Alexander Catcott, who condescendingly took an interest in the young poet, whose admiration for his patron, however, was by no means sincere.

As he became more intimate with Catcott, his characteristic thirst for literary fame began to assert itself. "His ambition," says his sister, Mrs. Newton, "increased daily. His spirits were rather uneven, sometimes so gloomed that for many days together he would say very little, and that by constraint; at other times exceedingly cheerful. When in spirits, he would enjoy his rising fame; confident of advancement, he would promise my mother and me should be partakers of his success."

Lambert's office now began to pall upon Chatterton's

taste, and he determined to remain "a mute inglorious Milton" no longer, but to make an effort to gain a footing upon the literary ladder.

To Dodsley, the fashionable bookseller in Pall Mall, he despatched a letter, acquainting him with several "ancient manuscripts" that he could easily obtain. No notice was taken of the communication, and he determined to write again. In his next letter, speaking of the tragedy of "Ælla," he says—"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 VI., 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 days. An immediate answer will oblige." But neither guinea nor answer came to gladden the heart of the youthful aspirant. This was disappointing, but he decided to make one more attempt, this time a bold one. To no less a personage than Horace Walpole did he address his next letter. It was to the effect that, while engaged in the study of antiquities, the writer had come upon a "curious manuscript," the text of which might be of service to Walpole for any future edition of his *Anecdotes of Painting*.

The "curious manuscript" he enclosed was a fragment on "The Ryse of Peyncteyne in Englande, wroten by T. Rowlie, 1469, for Mastre Canynge." Although Walpole had but shortly before been the means of introducing Macpherson's *Ossian* to the world, he does not seem to have regarded the communication with the least suspicion. He accordingly wrote back to Chatterton in most encouraging terms; at one part he writes:—

"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.”

Chatterton was greatly elated with the reception his letter had received ; surely, now, his star was in the ascendant, and those dreams of fame which long had filled his brain were about to be realised. His next letter, however, betrayed his inexperience in the world's ways : in it he revealed his poverty and youth, and these at once aroused the suspicions of Walpole, who immediately placed the MSS. he had received in the hands of his friends, Mason and Gray, by whom they were at once pronounced to be forgeries.

The whole of the subsequent correspondence has not been preserved, but Chatterton wrote desiring back his manuscripts. Walpole paid no heed to this demand, till a second letter was received, demanding the poems in

terms, says Walpole, "singularly impertinent." The only reply Chatterton received was a blank envelope enclosing the transcripts, an insult the poet never forgave. For his treatment of the youthful bard Walpole has been repeatedly censured; and there is no doubt that, indirectly, the effect of his curt refusal of aid is to be seen in that unfortunate act committed a year later. All that can be said in the matter has been very well said by De Quincey. "Nobody," he says, "blamed Lord Orford (Horace Walpole) for resisting the imposition of Chatterton. He was right in refusing to be hoaxed, he was not right in detaining Chatterton's papers; and if he did this, not through negligence or inattention, but presuming on Chatterton's rank (as Chatterton himself believed and told him), his conduct was infamous. Be this as it may, his treatment of Chatterton, whilst living, was arrogant, supercilious, and with little or no sensibility to his claims as a man of genius; of Chatterton when dead, brutal and of inhuman hypocrisy, he himself being one of the few men in any century who had practised, at a mature age, that very sort of forgery which, in a boy of seventeen, he represented as unpardonable. Did he, or did he not, introduce his own *Castle of Otranto* as a translation from an Italian MS. of one Onufrio Muralto? Do I complain of that masquerading? Not at all; but I say that the same indulgence which shelters Horace, Earl of Orford, justifies Chatterton." Walpole's own account of the transaction is, in some points, so

manifestly at variance with itself, that little is gained by an examination of it—merely a lower opinion of its writer.

Although mortified by this failure, doubly galling to his pride, Chatterton still continued his literary labours, and became a contributor to the *Town and Country Magazine*, and other London periodicals, the editors of which, though liberal with their thanks, were not so with their payments. This was unsatisfactory, and he thought if he could get to London, and obtain the *entrée* to the literary circles, he would be able to gain that fame and position he desired.

He had, about this time, become very depressed, and in matters of religion openly avowed himself a sceptic. Possessing no adequate moral training to fit him to battle with the demons of unbelief that assail every active mind, with no paternal hand to guide his footsteps on the slippery path, with no congenial friend of whom to seek advice when doubts assailed, endowed with all

“ . . . the taints of liberty,  
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,”

we cannot wonder that he went astray.

London was now his goal, and he determined to frighten Lambert into cancelling his indentures. With this purpose in view he prepared a document, which he called “The Last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton,” stating his intention of committing suicide the following day. This having fallen into Lambert’s



hands, he was much alarmed, and earnestly besought his apprentice to give over the thought of self-destruction; but deeming it imprudent to retain a clerk thus disposed, he at once released him from his engagement. "The Last Will and Testament" thus accomplished its purpose, and Thomas Chatterton set out for London on the 24th April 1770.

His friends had raised a subscription of a few pounds for him, and on this he hoped to subsist till he obtained work from the booksellers. Among the editors with whom he had corresponded, and from whom he expected work, were—Hamilton, of the *Town and Country Magazine*; Fell, of the *Freehold*; Dodsley, to whom he had written about "Ælla;" and Edmunds, a printer to the "patriotic" party, the opposition of that day, with its cry of "Wilkes and Liberty." He went to lodge with a Mrs. Ballance, some relation or another, in Shore-ditch, and the morning after his arrival he wrote to his mother—"Here I am, safe, and in high spirits. Called upon Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Dodsley. Great encouragement from them; all approved of my design; shall soon be settled." His own letters are the only existing account we have of his life in London, and they show how bravely he struggled against adversity and made the best of his misfortunes. Writing again to his mother, he says—"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."

"The greatest genius may starve"—how grimly prophetic the words! His chief work was writing political articles and songs for the Ranelagh Gardens, but the remuneration was miserably inadequate—ten and sixpence for sixteen songs, as we find from an entry in his pocket-book. That his poverty might be less visible to his friends, he removed to 4 Brook Street, Holborn, but still continued writing his mother letters full of brightest hope and expectation. Some weeks before his death, at a time when he must have been suffering the pangs of hunger, we find him buying presents for his mother and sister with the scanty sum he had gained—a touching instance of his kindly affection and total indifference to self. His landlady, Mrs. Angel, a motherly woman, pitied the boy's condition, and once wished to return part of his rent, which he paid with punctuality, when, pushing the money from him and pointing to his forehead, he said, "I have that here which will get me more."

In August 1770 the end was drawing near. For a whole week he existed upon a single loaf, stale, that it might last the longer ; his face became wild and haggard, and his eyes burned with an unnatural brightness. Ill and starving, he went one day to the baker and asked for a loaf on credit ; it was refused, and on the way back, fixed in his resolve, he procured some arsenic from an apothecary with whom he was acquainted. Next day

he did not appear, but faint sounds were heard coming from his apartment. Then silence followed for a day and a night, till his room was broken open, when, lying upon the bed, a few bits of arsenic between his teeth, was found the body of the unfortunate boy.

Thus perished, aged seventeen years nine months, a poet whose life, short though it was, served to produce works, the influence of which, it is no exaggeration to say, is felt even in our contemporary poetry. What Chatterton might have been we can but conjecture. Says Emerson—"A meteor, shaking from its horrid hair all sorts of evils and disasters, may by-and-by take its place in the clear upper sky, and blend its light with all our day." Had Chatterton, then, instead of standing in the outer darkness, reached that literary Elysium of his desire; instead of the ignorant and shallow-minded, had his associates been men of learning and depth; there is little doubt but that he would have seen the beauty of virtue, and left for himself such a name as would have placed him high among our poets. As it is, we can but grieve that such a treasure-house of glorious possibilities should have closed ere we had viewed a tithe of its contents.

In speaking of Chatterton's poetry, let it be understood we do not include his pieces of a satirical or fugitive nature, thrown off probably at the request of a friend, with no thought that they would one day figure as part of his life's work. In his time the satirical school was not wholly dead Johnstone, Savage, and

Young, it is true, had ceased writing against the abuses of the age, but Churchill still continued his fiery invectives, and furnished a model for scores of inferior writers. Satire, besides, found a ready sale, and this of itself was enough to make Chatterton wing his "arrows of satiric song." Along with the decline of the satirical school there arose a wider interest in mediævalism and the romantic past. Chaucer and the earlier poets began to be the objects of scholarly investigation; Garrick began to restore the original texts of Shakespeare's plays for the stage; the publication in 1765 of Percy's *Reliques* gave an impetus to the movement; and there began to grow up a literature which concerned itself almost wholly with the past. The effect of this revival upon Chatterton is seen in the Rowley Poems.

This is not the place to enter into the question of their authenticity: the controversy is one which has long engaged both literary critics and linguistic specialists. The names of Tyrwhitt, Warton, Malone, and Skeat, to mention no others, are a sufficient guarantee that the inquiry was able and scholarly; and it is now placed beyond doubt that the author of the Rowley Poems was none other than Thomas Chatterton. Of course people still arise, and will continue to arise, who believe in the authenticity of the MSS., just as there are people who will persist in believing Chatterton mad. Some, while not denying the spurious nature of the majority of the MSS., are inclined to think that he may have discovered some writings, and, tempted by his

knowledge of antiquities, may have added to them. But this is untenable; the fact that he forged *some* of the MSS. is a very strong proof of the counterfeit nature of the rest.

Hitherto the Rowley Poems have been nearly inaccessible to the general reader; and this is doubtless to be accounted for by "the very indifferent spelling," such as Charles Lamb's friend noticed on looking over Chaucer. In this volume an attempt has been made to modernise some of the most admired pieces, and to clear away a few of the difficulties that formerly attended a casual reading. The original has been followed as closely as possible; many of the old forms are of necessity allowed to remain; but explanations, mostly from the glossary that Chatterton himself compiled, are added where the word is obsolete or coined.

In Chatterton's true poetry, as distinguished from his fugitive and occasional work, the two pre-eminent qualities are genius and imagination. If any mortal ever possessed genius—that divine mirage so inexplicably elusive—it was Chatterton; and, as in Byron's case, it must cover a multitude of sins. Artificial and affected as much of his work is, there can still be discerned in it the artistic power of the true poet; and had he written nothing else, "The Balade of Charitie" alone would have rescued his name from oblivion.

Chatterton's second great attribute—imagination—is more readily approachable. Its functions, to quote Mr. Ruskin, are "to empower us to traverse the scenes of

all other history, and force the facts to become again visible, so as to make upon us the same impression which they would have made if we had witnessed them; and in the minor necessities of life, to enable us out of any present good to gather the utmost measure of enjoyment, by investing it with happy associations, and in any present evil, to lighten it, by summoning back the images of other hours." Does not he well merit our praises who brings back to us the glory and colour of bye-gone days—"beauties that the earth hath lost"—as Chatterton has done? He has realised for us the mediæval life, as Keats has realised the Hellenic; his work is steeped in the spirit of the old romance; his pages teem with dazzling colour and glint of polished armour; gallant knights and noble dames throng his stately castles; the gay crowd of the tourney-field is presented to us in all its brightness; and though the picture be dashed with blood, it but tends to intensify our impression of the days when might was right, and chivalry held sway.

No poet—not even Coleridge—was ever so imbued with the romantic spirit; and, without giving him more than his due, we must acknowledge Chatterton to be the founder of the modern romantic school of poetry. That Coleridge was influenced to a considerable extent by Chatterton is patent to everyone, and that he was deeply impressed by the fate of the younger poet is also evident, for thus he writes:—

“ Yet oft perforce ('tis suffering Nature's call)  
 I weep, that heaven-born Genius so should fall ;  
 That oft, in Fancy's saddest hour, my soul  
 Averted shudders at the poisoned bowl.  
 Now groans my sickening heart, as still I view  
     Thy corse of livid hue ;  
 Now indignation checks the feeble sigh,  
 Or flashes through the tear that glistens in mine eye.”

Coleridge, in turn, exercised a considerable influence on Keats and Shelley, and from these our contemporary poetry has to a great extent received its character, till now, in the works of such men as D. G. Rossetti, we recognise the survival of that romantic spirit that had its rise in Chatterton. His poetry was, moreover, the result of a combination of circumstances ; it was the natural reaction from the classical and elaborate style of Gray, then fashionable. *Poeta nascitur* NEC NON *fit*. The time was peculiarly ripe for a poet such as Chatterton, from whose honour this in no way detracts ; for, as it takes three generations to make a gentleman, so does it take centuries to make a poet.

To try and ascertain the character of Chatterton from his works were as vain as to study Shakespeare with a like object. We cannot trace his personality : in vain do we rub the ring ; the genius stubbornly refuses to appear. He belongs to the objective order of poets ; his mind is creative rather than reflective. This power of concealing, or effacing, his own identity, while still preserving a thorough sympathy with the character he is delineating, is specially surprising in one so

young, as the works of youthful poets are, as a rule, the records of their individual impressions. This but shows how vain it is to judge Chatterton's work by the common standard, and how difficult it is to judge by any.

Proceeding to the form in which he casts his productions, we find a wealth of lyric invention in his works. No one knew better than he that in lyric poetry form was of the utmost importance, and if, in some cases, his matter is not above the commonplace, the form goes far to redeem it. His experiments in arrangement led him to a most successful invention, and one which has been of great service to succeeding poets—that of the lyric octo-syllabic movement. With its measured beat Coleridge has varied the tale of “the lovely lady, Christabel;” it was adopted by Scott in “The Lay of the Last Minstrel;” and, finally, was appropriated by Byron.

Chatterton's ballads are in a simple, unaffected style that recalls “Chevy Chase,” or “The Nut-Brown Maid,” though they lack the weird, beautiful power that gives the charm to “The Ancient Mariner,” “La Belle Dame sans Merci,” and “Kilmeny.” In the “Balade of Charitie”—“the most purely artistic work, perhaps, of its time,” says Mr. Theodore Watts—we see Chatterton at his best. Evincing deep love of nature and active observation, it is a perfect example of word-painting; and such is the beauty of the accessories that we are in danger of losing sight of the central idea in the poem—



the same that ages before inspired the parable of the Good Samaritan.

“Oh! what a power hath white simplicity,” sang Keats, and here, if anywhere, we may see it. Even Chaucer, whom the theme and treatment at once suggest, has scarcely ever surpassed this ballad for tender freshness and simple directness. “The Bristowe Tragedy” is of a more stirring nature; but the same artistic perception, the same contrast between base and noble character, can again be seen.

That Chatterton’s work is very unequal cannot be denied, but it will bear and justify investigation, and a study of his poetry will do much to raise him to that position he ought to occupy in our esteem. Although the form of the Rowley Poems gives them an old-world aroma specially advantageous to romantic poetry, they lose little of their attractiveness when modernised, and are greatly superior to the majority of his acknowledged works. As Professor Skeat says, in his excellent essay on the Rowley Manuscripts, it is not the form that is difficult to supply, but the matter. This fact has furnished the partisans of Rowley with the argument that Chatterton cannot have been the writer, since his productions are greatly inferior to those he discovered. Chatterton’s plan, however, was to write his compositions first in ordinary English, then, by the aid of Bailey’s dictionary and a Chaucer glossary, to change the spelling, substitute equivalent words and phrases of an obsolete character, and thus transform them into fifteenth-century

MSS. It is evident that, as his deception began to develop, he would throw all the energy he possessed into his compositions, in order to secure a fitting welcome for—

“the young-eyed Poesy,  
All deftly masked as hoar Antiquity.”

Chatterton had a loving disposition, but was of a proud and independent spirit. He is generally represented as temperate, though some have endeavoured to establish the contrary. Studious he must have been, and possessed of great powers of self-restraint, his favourite saying being, that a man by abstinence and perseverance might accomplish whatever he wished. His life's desire was literary fame, and it was only equalled by his love of effect, which led him to weigh his actions by their probable result upon others—a practice, no doubt, responsible for the conflicting nature of the testimony regarding him.

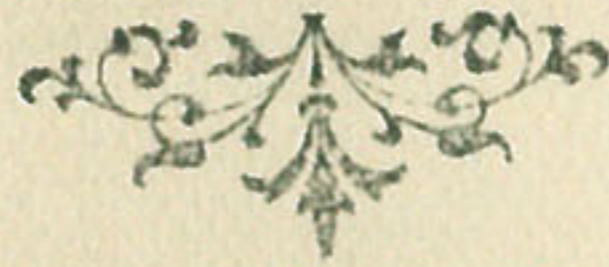
To him life was “a Fury slinging flame,” and even in death he was scarcely permitted to rest. An inquest was held upon his body, the usual verdict of insanity returned, and on the 28th August he was interred as a pauper in the burial-ground of Shoe Lane workhouse. Some time afterwards the place was torn up and converted into a market. There is a story existing, however, which it is pleasing to believe, and which is quite as well authenticated as some statements more strongly insisted upon in his “strange eventful history,”

that his mother was enabled to remove his body to his native city; and there, in the shade of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, which he had so often peopled with the creations of his fancy, his dust at length was laid to rest. And now—

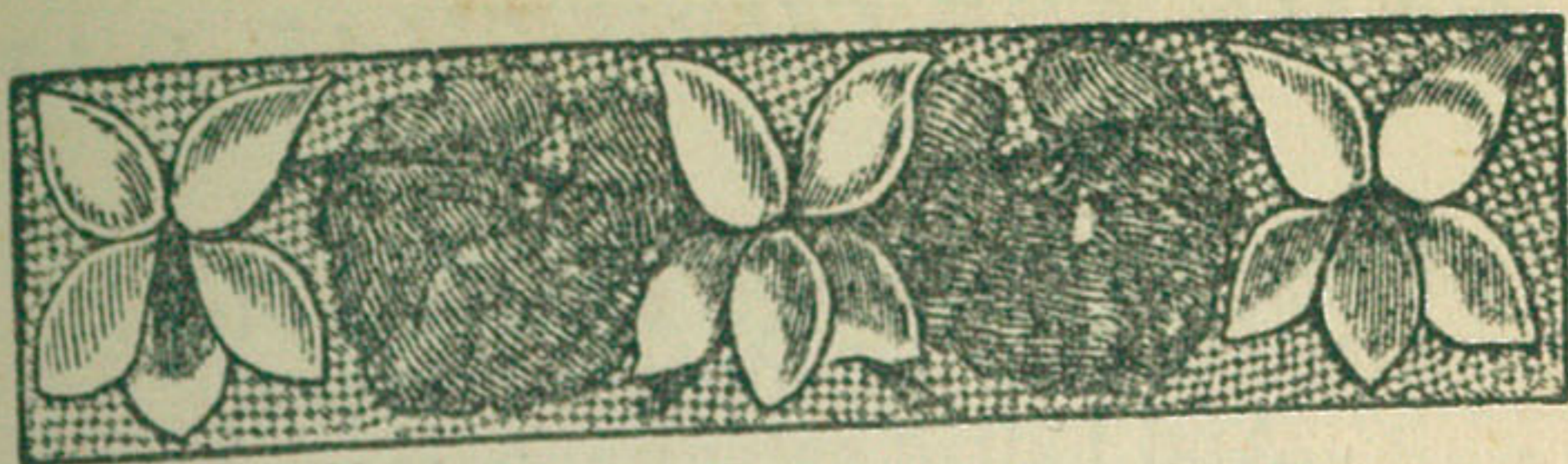
“ He has outsoar'd the shadow of our night :  
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not, and torture not again ;  
From the contagion of the world's slow stain  
He is secure, and now can never mourn  
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain ;  
Nor, when the spirit's self had ceased to burn,  
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.’

JOHN RICHMOND.

*Cambuslang, Glasgow.*







## Chatterton's Poetical Works.

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### A HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

(WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN.)

**A**LMIGHTY 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.

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 hailed 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 trod,  
 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 groaned 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.

**S**HARP was the frost, the wind was high,  
 And sparkling stars bedecked the sky,  
 Sly Dick, in arts of cunning skilled,  
 Whose rapine all his pockets filled,  
 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,—“ Harken, 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* \* \* \*

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APOSTATE WILL.

**I**N days of old, when Wesley's power  
 Gathered new strength by every hour,  
 Apostate Will, just sunk in trade,  
 Resolved his bargain should be made ;  
 Then 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 appeared 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 happened 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 Protestant's 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.  
O 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.

## NARVA AND MORED.

## AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

**R**ECITE 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, thro' every climate run :  
From burning heat to freezing torments go,  
And live in all vicissitudes of woe.  
Like the loud eddies of Toddida's sea,  
The warriors circle the mysterious tree :  
Till, spent with exercise, they spread around  
Upon the opening blossoms of the ground.  
The priestess rising, sings the sacred tale,  
And the loud chorus echoes thro' the dale.

## PRIESTESS.

Far from the burning sands of Calabar ;  
 Far from the lustre of the morning star ;  
 Far from the pleasure of the holy morn ;  
 Far from the blessedness of Chalma's horn :  
 Now rest the souls of Narva and Mored,  
 Laid in the dust, and numbered 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?  
Locked in each other's arms, from Hyga's cave,  
They plunged relentless to a watery grave;  
And falling, murmured to the powers above,  
"Gods! take our lives, unless we live to love."

## 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 thro' the spreading green;  
Where the loud tiger, pawing in his rage,  
Bids the black archers of the wilds engage;  
Stretch'd on the sand two panting warriors lay,  
In all the burning torments of the day;  
Their bloody 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 AND GAIRA.

## HECCAR.

Gaira, 'tis useless to attempt the chase,  
 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 thro' the blossom'd brake ;  
Black as the glossy rocks, where Eascal roars,  
Foaming thro' sandy wastes to Jaghir's shores ;  
Swift as the arrow, hasting to the breast,  
Was Cawna, the companion of my rest.

The sun sat 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, tho' wounded, to a distant waste,  
I urged the furious flight with fatal haste ;  
He fell, he died—spent in the fiery toil,  
I stripped his carcass of the furry spoil,  
And, as the varied spangles met my eye,  
On this, I cried, shall my loved Cawna lie.  
The dusky midnight hung the skies in grey ;  
Impell'd by love, I wing'd the airy way ;  
In the deep valley and the mossy plain,  
I sought my Cawna, but I sought in vain,  
The pallid shadows of the azure waves  
Had made my Cawna and my children slaves.

*THE DEATH OF NICOU.*

Reflection maddens to recall the hour  
 The gods had giv'n me to the dæmon's power.  
 The dusk slow vanished from the hated lawn,  
 I gain'd a mountain glaring with the dawn.  
 There the full sails, expanded to the wind,  
 Struck horror and distraction in my mind ;  
 There Cawna, mingled with a worthless train,  
 In common slavery drags the hated chain.  
 Now judge, my Heccar, have I cause for rage ?  
 Should aught the thunder of my arm assuage ?  
 In ever-reeking blood this 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.

THE DEATH OF NICOU.

AN AFRICAN ECLOGUE.

○ N 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 vanished 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,  
Looked 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 drowned.  
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,

## THE ADVICE.

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."

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 THE ADVICE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS M—— R—— OF BRISTOL.

**R**EVOLVING in their destined sphere,  
 The hours begin another year  
 As rapidly to fly ;  
 Ah ! think, Maria (ere in grey  
 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 wreath 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 silvered rev'rence shall expire,  
Aged, wrinkled, and defaced;  
To keep one lover's flame alive  
Requires the genius of a Clive,  
With Walpole's mental taste.

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:

## COLIN INSTRUCTED.

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.

## COLIN INSTRUCTED.

**Y**OUNG 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, etc.

SONG.—FANNY OF THE HILL.

**I**F 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.

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FEBRUARY.—AN ELEGY.

**B**EGIN, 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 Wat'rer 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, wrapped 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 carcass 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,  
And leaves untouched 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 wintered 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 reads with vacant eye  
 What bard but decks his literary bier !  
 Alas ! I cannot sing—I howl—I cry !

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### THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

**T**HE 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 sable Archer clouds his languid face ;  
The Goat, with tempests, urges on his race :  
Now in the Waterer 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 enlightened with the solar beams :  
With four unfixed 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.

**O**F 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 renowned.  
 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, veil'd from sight, she sprung,  
 And sat astride on noisy Twitcher's tongue.  
 Twitcher, superior to the venal pack  
 Of Bloomsbury's notorious monarch, Jack—  
 Twitcher, a rotten branch of mighty stock,  
 Whose interest winds his conscience as his clock ;  
 Whose attributes detestable have long  
 Been evident, and infamous in song.

A toast's demanded ! Madoc swift arose.  
 Pactolian gravy trickling down his clothes :  
 His sanguine fork a murdered pigeon pressed,  
 His knife with deep incision sought the breast.  
 Upon his lips the quivering accents hung,  
 And too much expedition chained his tongue ;  
 When thus he sputtered—" 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 straining arm uprears a loin of veal,  
 In these degenerate days for three a meal ;  
 In ancient times, as various writers say,  
 An alderman or priest 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,  
 Pressed 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 addressed his private prayer :  
 " Goddess of Fates' rotundity, assist  
 With thought-winged 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 the street."  
 The Goddess smiled, or rather smoothed her frown,  
 And shook the triple feathers of her crown ;  
 Instilled 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 renowned,  
 Received it on his ear, and kissed the ground.  
 Curraras, versed in every little art,  
 To play the minister's or felon's part,

Grown hoary in the villainies of state,  
A title made him infamously great ;  
A slave to venal slaves—a tool to tools,  
The representative to knaves and fools.  
But see ! Commercial Bristol's genius sit,  
Her shield a turtle-shell, her lance a spit ;  
See, whilst her nodding aldermen are spread,  
In all the branching honours of the head—  
Curraras, ever faithful to the cause,  
With beef and venison their attention draws :  
They drink, they eat, then sign the mean address—  
Say, could their humble gratitudes do less ?  
By disappointment vexed, 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 shadowed 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 with 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 maintained the fray,  
The hardened serpent intercepts his way :  
He fell, and falling with a lordly air,  
Crushed into atoms the judicial chair.  
Curraras, for his Jewish soul renowned,  
Arose ; but, deafened 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 vanquished howl.  
 Stars, garters, all the implements of show,  
 That decked 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 oratorical 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,  
 Occurred 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 mastiff's *tore*,  
 When ladies scream and greasy butchers roar ;  
 Mad as B—rg—e, when groping through the park,  
 He kissed 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 stained,  
 For mangling captive carcasses ordained.  
 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 shrieking cry,  
 Loud as the mob's reiterated yell  
 When Sawny rose and mighty Chatham fell.

Flaccus, the glory of a masquerade,  
 Whose every action is of trifles made,  
 At Grafton's well-stored table ever found,  
 Like Grafton, too, for every vice renowned—  
 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 powdered-head and ruffled hands.

" Friends ! let this clang of hostile fury cease ;  
 Ill it becomes the plenipos of peace :  
 Shall olios, for internal battle dressed,  
 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 polished bone ;  
 Upon his breast the oily weapon clangs—  
 Headlong he falls, propelled 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 tumor 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 renowned,  
 A greater adept than Agrippa found ;  
 As oft his phantom reasons intervened,  
 De Vir is pensioned, the defaulter screened ;

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 kissed the ground,  
 Tyro excepted, for old laws renowned,  
 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 possessed ?  
 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 dressed ;  
 Be every thought of enmity at rest :  
 Divide it, and be friends again,” he said.  
 The council-god returned, and Discord fled.

---

 ACROSTIC ON MISS CLARKE.

**S**ERAPHIC 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.

[6th March 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.



\*  
TO MISS HOYLAND.

**S**WEET 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.

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.

**F**AR 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 gild 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.

---

X ODE TO MISS HOYLAND.

**A** MIDST 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.

**E**NCHANTING 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 inexpressively severe !  
 You are the pleasing author of my care.  
 Look down, fair angel, on a swain distressed,  
 A gracious smile from you would make me blessed.  
 Nothing but that blessed favour stills my grief—  
 Death, that denied, will quickly give relief.

---

X TO MISS HOYLAND

**G**O, 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. M. Catcott, author of 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-fattened 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.

X  
 TO MISS HOYLAND.

**O**NCE 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,  
 To sing the sparkling eye, the portly grace,  
 The thousand beauties that adorn the face

\* Mr. Lewis was a dissenting preacher in Bristol.

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 too weak thy mighty worth to paint ;  
 Thou best, completest work that Nature made,  
 Thou art my substance and I am thy shade.  
 Possessed 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.

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## TO MISS HOYLAND

**S**INCE 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 ruined state  
 Have little pleasure, though the pains are great :  
 Virtue and Love, when sacred bands unite,  
 'Tis then that Nature leads to true delight.