Love and Madness
A Story Too True

By

Herbert Croft

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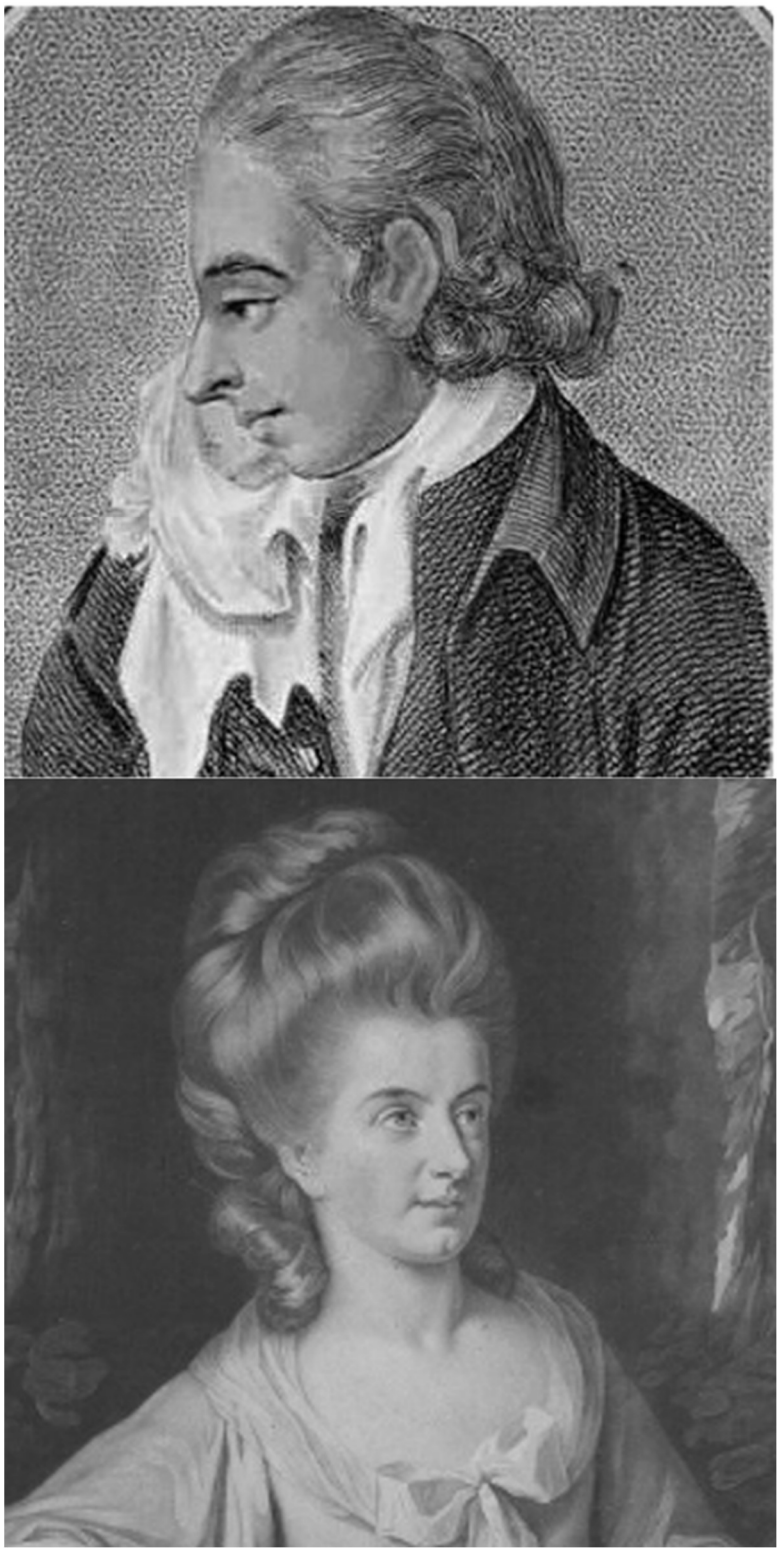
Frontispiece
James Hackman and Martha Ray



CONTENTS

Bibliographic
and Editorial Note.

Love and Madness, a Story too True was frist published in London in 1780 and went through several editions. It was also pirated by a Dublin publisher, English copyright law (such as it was) not applying in Ireland.

This Ex-Classics edition has been compiled from the fifth London edition, in which it was admitted to be a work of fiction. The introductory *Memoirs of Miss Ray*, and the excerpt from *The Politial Duenna* by Israel Pottinger, are taken from the Dublin edition.

Title Page
Of the London Edition

A NEW EDITION
CORRECTED

LOVE AND MADNESS,
A Story Too True

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS,
ONE OF WHICH CONTAINS THE
ORIGINAL ACCOUNT OF CHATTERTON.

GOVERNOR.-"Who did the bloody deed?"

OROONOKO.-"The deed was mine.
Bloody I know it is; and I expect
Your laws should tell me so. Thus, self-condemn'd,
I do resign myself into your hands,
The hands of justice."
Oroonoko. V. 3.

HARTWELL-"If this be not Love, it is Madness;
and, then, it is pardonable."
Old Bachelor. III. 10.

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LONDON:
PRINTED FOR G. KEARSLEY, No. 46, FLEET-STREET
MDCCLXXXVI.

Title Page
Of the Dublin Edition

LOVE

AND

MADNESS;

A STORY TOO TRUE

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS,

BETWEEN

Parties whose names would perhaps be mentioned
were they less known or less lamented.

GOVERNOR.-"*Who did the bloody deed?*"

OROONOKO.-"*The deed was mine.*
Bloody I know it is; and I expect
Your laws should tell me so. Thus, self-condemn'd,
I do resign myself into your hands,
The hands of justice."

OR. 5. 3.

HARTWELL-"*If this be not Love, it is Madness;*
and, then, it is pardonable."

OLD BAT.

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DUBLIN:

PRINTED BY JAMES AND RICHARD BYRN, No 18,
SYCAMORE-ALLEY,
FOR THE PROPRIETOR
M.DCC.LXXX.

Preface
And Epigraph.

IT is not necessary to say anything more, by way of Preface, than to desire that the reader, who feels an inclination to censure any of these letters, will recollect the persons between whom they appear to have passed, and the situations of those persons.

I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that loved, not wisely, but too well:
Of one, not easily jealous; but, being wrought,
Impatient in th'extreme: of one, whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.
OTHELLO.

MEMOIRS OF MISS RAY.
From the Dublin Edition

The following Account of MISS RAY, (*said to be written by a Gentleman of this City* [MR. CHRISTOPHER JACKSON]) *first appeared in the Hibernian Magazine,for April; 1779, and is now, by particular desire, republished.*
Dublin, 20 Aug. 1780.

Illa, Quis et me, inquit, miseram, et te perdidit, Orpheu?
Iamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte
Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu non tua, palmas!
VIRG.<1>

Then thus the *fair*: What fury seized on thee,
Unhappy man! to lose thyself and me?
And now farewell! Involved in shades of night,
For ever I am ravished from thy sight.
In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
In sweet embraces—ah! no longer thine!
DRYDEN.

Did we live in the days of knight errantry, when the passion of love inspired its votaries with sentiments which frequently produced the most extraordinary effects, the transactions of which we are now to treat, might pass unnoticed; but the present polished and enlightened age has exploded as chimerical, ideas which are now to be found but in the rude legends of the middle ages;—serve to embellish the agreeable fictions of the poets;—or to work up the wonderful and pathetic of a modern novel.

Illicit love now reigns triumphant, pervading all degrees, from the peer, (we had almost said prince,) to the peasant: obedient to its impulse, or the stronger dictates of interest, the fair ones of the present age submit their mercenary charms; and the men equally distinguished for dissipation and inconstancy, relinquish the happiness of a virtuous union, to violate the marriage bed;—engage in the laudable pursuits of seduction;—or revel in the arms of incontinent beauty.

The recent and deplorable act of Mr. Hackman, in whatever point of view it is considered, affords to those who make human nature the object of their study and enquiry, a remarkable incident in its history,—and a query naturally arises, which we shall, however, submit to the casuist;— "Whether love and malice to the same object can dwell together in the same breast?" Mr. Hackman shot at Miss Ray because he loved her; but how are we to reconcile the sentiment with the act? certain it is, that Miss Ray in the premature, and deplorable death, which she received by the hands of her admirer, experienced no less than she could expect or feel from the effects of his most deadly hate<2>.

That "enjoyment is the grave of desire,"—is an aphorism in love, better verified by experience than many in Hippocrates or Boerhaave; but, in direct contradiction to a generally received, and well-founded maxim, we find Mr. Hackman, after a long, and particular intimacy with Miss Ray, during which she not only encouraged his addresses, but favoured him with that last proof of her esteem, by which those who are best acquainted with the female heart, must acknowledge, that the sincerity of women in matters of love, can only be truly ascertained; as it is also the most trying test of that constancy, which the men are apt to profess, but whose ultimate object is generally possession; and whose affections and admiration is too

frequently found to decrease from the time that object is attained. But Mr. Hackman's affection is said to have continued unchanged, and his attachment unalterably fixed, from the commencement of their amour, to its final, and fatal termination<3>.

Notwithstanding the elevated situation in which Miss Ray was shown, during the last seventeen years, her first onset in life is involved in an obscurity, from which our most diligent enquiry has been able to collect but very few authentic particulars.<4> The distinctions of family or fortune, so essential to those who would rank in the circles of the great and fashionable world, shed not their lustre on the humble sphere of life in which Miss Ray originally moved; but these adventitious aids, liberal nature amply supplied, by a profusion of her more rare and estimable gifts: the character left us by Sallust of the beautiful, the gay, and accomplished Sempronia, was peculiarly applicable to Miss Ray. 'She was beautiful, excelled in music, singing, and dancing, with language at her command, she could suit it to any occasion; was modest, alluring, and wanton in it, by turns; and to sum up all, she had the readiest conception, and a fund of vivacity never to be exhausted.'

Miss Martha Ray was born in the year 1746. Her father, Mr. Jonathan Ray, was formerly a woollen-draper, in Tavistock Court, Covent Garden, London. But his failure in trade, (the consequence, it is said, of Mr. Ray's too great propensity to pleasurable pursuits,) taking place, he did not long survive the misfortune: the prospect of impending poverty, and the poignant reflection of having reduced from a state of affluence and independence, to want and distress, an amiable wife and family, contributed to hasten his death; soon after which Mrs. Ray, with her two daughters (of whom Miss Martha Ray is said to have been the youngest,) retired to obscure lodgings in Clerkenwell; where they continued to reside for a number of years. Mrs. Ray followed the profession of a mantua-maker.

During Miss Ray's residence at Covent Garden, she had constantly attended the amusements of the theatre: to her lively fancy, it then presented peculiar allurements, and she contracted a predilection for it, which she ever after retained. At length, motives of necessity, as well as inclination, induced her to embrace a theatrical life; and she was scarcely sixteen, at her first appearance as a public singer, on Covent Garden theatre. Though young, she already displayed charms, which indicated beauty ripening into perfection: her person was engaging, and her voice flexible, full, and harmonious; all contributed to the *éclat* with which her first performance was received; the connoisseurs in beauty, and the critical judges of vocal excellence, were equally unanimous, and flattering, in the praise which they bestowed, and the future excellence which they announced.

In a situation so conspicuous, she soon became the object of general attention; and every day increased the number of her admirers: (many of whom were professed suitors), among these, Mr. Hackman was distinguished by Miss Ray with peculiar marks of esteem. Mr. Hackman to a fine person, added those captivating graces of address, and conversation; which form an irresistible union, and which rarely fail of making the powerful and favourable impression on a female heart. No wonder then, that whilst motives of mere interest induced Miss Ray to engage in amours with several, who, in rank and fortune, were superior to Mr. Hackman, that he only should boast of the united possession of her heart and person.

Their connection continued for three years, in an uninterrupted flow of reciprocal enjoyment. Time, that 'clips the wings of love,' perceived no abatement in Mr. Hackman's affections, he doted on Miss Ray to a degree that bordered on an

enthusiastic attachment: but wishing at once, by the most honourable of ties, to crown and cement his happiness; he repeatedly proposed marriage to her, which she constantly rejected; perhaps like Eloisa, (or the celebrated Miss C—, a lady, who, in our days, has adopted the same doctrine, but with better fortune), she held that,

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
POPE.

But motives more prudential were assigned by Miss Ray; a tie of children<5> by a noble lord, high in office, put a bar to their union, and she was determined, in opposition to the most pressing entreaties from Mr. Hackman, to decline matrimony. He being at this time an officer in the army, and necessarily compelled to leave her at times, her absence was of too painful a nature for an affection like his to sustain with fortitude: he again renewed his solicitations to Miss Ray, on the subject, but with no better success than before.

At the commencement of Miss Ray's connection with Lord S——, she is said to have informed his lordship of her prior acquaintance with Mr. Hackman, and of his station in life; and interested herself so effectually in Mr. Hackman's favour, that she obtained from his lordship a promise of promoting in the utmost extent, Mrs Hackman's advancement in the church,<6> which, however opposite to the military profession, was considered by the latter as the most eligible line he could engage in; and as presenting the greatest probability of speedy preferment. Shortly after, he quit the military habit, and assumed that of the canonical; it may, however, be observed, that no resolutions of celibacy, no sentiments of mortification, accompanied or dictated the transition; the violent passions of the lover, and those objects which constitute the pursuit of a man of the world, still retained their ascendency.

Mr. Hackman still continued to solicit Miss Ray to agree to their marriage; she, at length, wearied out by these importunities, is said to have withdrawn herself wholly from him. This resolution Miss Ray had adhered to, for upwards of five years, during which time Mr. Hackman, with all the ardour and solicitous importunity of the most passionate lover, was constant in his applications to Miss Ray, both in person and by letter: this is said to have produced a meeting very lately between them; the consequence of which was a quarrel, and her forbidding him ever to apply to, or think of her more; she then took a final leave of him.

END OF THE MEMOIRS.

LETTER I.
From Mr. H. to Miss R. 4 Dec. 1775

Huntingdon, 4 Dec. 1775.

Dear Martha!

Ten thousand thanks for your billet by my corporal Trim yesterday. The fellow seemed happy to have been the bearer of it, because he saw that it made me happy. He will be as good a soldier to Cupid as to Mars, I dare say: and Mars and Cupid are not now to begin their acquaintance, you know. Whichever he serve, you may command him of course, without a compliment; for Venus, I need not tell you, is the Mother of Cupid, and the mistress of Mars.

At present the drum is beating up under my window for volunteers to Bacchus. In plain English, the drum tells me that dinner is ready; for a drum gives us bloody-minded heroes an appetite for eating, as well as for fighting: nay, we get up by the beat of it; and it every night sends, or ought to send us, to bed and to sleep. To-night it will be late before I get to one or the other, I fancy; indeed, the thoughts of you would prevent sleep. But, the next disgrace to refusing a challenge, is refusing a toast. The merit of a jolly fellow, and of a sponge, is much about the same. For my part, no glass of any liquor tastes as it should to me, but when I kiss my Martha on the rim.

Adieu! Whatever hard service I may have after dinner, no quantity of wine shall make me drop or forget my appointment with you tomorrow. We certainly were not seen yesterday, for reasons which I will give you.

Though you should persist in never being mine,
Ever, ever
Yours,
JAMES H.

LETTER II.
The Same to the Same. 6 Dec. 1775

Huntingdon, 6 Dec. 1775.

My dearest Martha!

No: I will not take advantage of the sweet, reluctant, amorous confession which your candour gave me yesterday. If to make me happy, be to make my Martha otherwise; then, Happiness, I'll none of thee.

And yet I could argue. Suppose he has bred you up: Suppose you do owe your numerous accomplishments, under genius, to him: are you therefore his property? Is it as if a horse that he has bred should refuse to carry him? Suppose you therefore are his property: will the fidelity of so many years weigh nothing in the scale of gratitude?

Years! why, can obligations (suppose they had not been repaid an hundred-fold) do away the unnatural disparity of years? Can they bid five-and-fifty stand still (the least that you could ask), and wait for five-and-twenty? Many women have the same obligations (if indeed there be many of the same accomplishments) to their fathers. They have the additional obligation to them (if, indeed, it be an obligation) of existence. The disparity of years is sometimes even less. But, must they therefore take their fathers to their bosoms? Must the jessamine fling its tender arms around the dying elm?

To my little fortunes you are no stranger. Will you share them with me? And you shall honestly tell his Lordship that gratitude taught you to pay every duty to him, till Love taught you there were other duties which you owed to H.

Oh, my Martha, that you would pay them!

But, did I not say I would not take advantage? I will not. I will even remind you of your children; to whom I, alas! could only show at present the affection of a father.

Martha, weigh us in the scales. If gratitude out-balance love—so.

If you command it, I swear by Love, I'll join my regiment tomorrow.

If Love prevail, and insist upon his dues; you shall declare the victory and the prize. I will take no advantage.

Think over this. Neither will I take you by surprise. Sleep upon it, before you return your answer. Trim shall make the old excuse tomorrow.

Why did you sing that sweet song yesterday, though I so pressed you? Those words, and your voice, were too much.

What words can say how much I am yours?

LETTER III.
Miss R. to Mr. H. 7 Dec. 1775

H. 7 Dec. 1775.

My dear H.

There has been a sad piece of work ever since I received yours yesterday. But, don't be alarmed; we are not discovered to the profane. Our tender tale is only known to (whom does your fear suggest?) to Love and Gratitude, my H. And they ought both, for twenty reasons, to be your friends, I am sure.

They have been trying your cause, ever since the departure of honest Trim yesterday. Love, though in my opinion not so blind, is as good a justice, as Sir John Fielding. I argued the matter stoutly: my head on his Lordship's side of the question, my heart on yours. At last they seemed to say, as if the oath of allegiance, which I had taken to Gratitude, at a time when, alas! I had never heard of Love, should be void, and I should be at full liberty to devote myself to—But call on me tomorrow before dinner, and I'll tell you their final judgment. This I will tell you now: Love sent you the tenderest wishes, and Gratitude said that I could never pay you all I owe you for your noble letter of yesterday.

Yet—oh! my H. think not meanly of me ever for this. Do not you turn advocate against me. But I will not pain you. 'Tis impossible you ever should.

Come then tomorrow; and surely Omiah<31> will not murder Love! Yet I thought the other day that he caught our eyes conversing. Eyes speak a language all can understand. But, is a child of Nature to nip in the bud that favourite passion which his mother Nature planted, and still tends? What will Oberea and her coterie say to this, Omiah, when you return from making the tour of the globe? They'll black-ball you, depend on it.

What would Rousseau say to it, my H.?

You shall tell me tomorrow. I will not write another word; lest Conscience, who is just now looking over my right shoulder, should snatch my pen, and scratch out tomorrow.

Yours, as you know,
MARTHA R.

LETTER IV.
Mr. H to Miss R. 7 Dec. 1775

Huntingdon, 7 Dec. 1775.

My dearest Soul!

I hope to Heaven, Trim will be able to get this to you to-night! Not I only, but my whole future life, shall thank you for the dear sheet of paper which I have just received. Blessings, blessings—But I could write and exclaim, and offer up vows, till the happy hour arrive.

Yet, hear me, Martha. If I have thus far deserved your love, I will deserve it still.

As a proof that I have not hitherto pressed you for anything conscience disapproves, you shall not do tomorrow what conscience disapproves. You shall not make me happy under the roof of your benefactor and my host. It were not honourable. Our Love, the inexorable tyrant of our hearts, claims his sacrifice; but does not bid us insult his Lordship's walls with it. How civilly did he invite me from Huntingdon to H. in October last, though an unknown recruiting-officer! How politely himself first introduced me to himself! Often has the recollection made me struggle with my passion. Still it shall restrain it on this side hospitality.

So far from triumphing or exulting, alas! (if Lord S. indeed love you, if indeed it be aught beside the natural preference which age gives to youth)—alas! how much I pity him! Yet, as I have either said or written before, it is only the pity that I should feel for a father whose affections were unfortunately and unnaturally fixed upon his own daughter.

Were I your seducer, Martha, and not your lover, I should not write thus; nor should I have talked, or acted, or written, as I have. Yet, blab not this, or I shall be drummed out of my regiment for a traitor to intrigue. And can you really imagine that I think so meanly of your sex! Surely you cannot imagine that I think so meanly of you. Why, then, the conclusion of your last letter but one? A word thereon.

Take men and women in the lump, the villainy of those, and the weakness of these; I maintain it to be less wonderful that a hundred or so should of your sex fall in the world, than that even one should keep her post. Is it strange that the serpent conquered Eve? The devil against a woman is fearful odds. He has conquered men, women's conquerors; he has made even angels fall.

Oh, then, ye parents! be merciful in your wrath. Join not the base betrayers of your children; drive not your children to the bottom of the precipice, because the villains have driven them halfway down, where many have stopped themselves from falling further by catching hold of some straggling virtue, which wildly decks the steep-down rock. Oh! do not force their weak hands from their hold; their last, last hold! The descent from crime to crime is natural, perpendicular, headlong enough of itself: do not increase it.

Shall I ask your pardon for all this, Martha? No, there is no occasion, you say.

But tomorrow—for tomorrow led me out of my straight path, over this fearful precipice; where I, for my part, trembled every step I took, lest I should topple down headlong. Glad am I to be once more on plain ground again with my Martha.

Tomorrow, about eleven, I'll be with you; but, let me find you in your riding-dress, and your mare ready. I have laid a plan, to which neither Honour nor Delicacy (and I always consult both before I propose anything to you) can make the least objection. This once, trust to me—I'll explain all tomorrow. Pray be ready, in your riding-dress! Need I add, in that which, you know, in my opinion, becomes you most? No; Love would have whispered that.

Love than be of our party. He shall not suffer the cold to approach you: he shall spread his wings over your bosom: he shall nestle in your dear arms.

When will tomorrow come? What torturing dreams must I not bear to-night?

I send you some lines which I picked up somewhere—I forget where. But I don't think them much amiss.—Amiss! I think them charming; only that, after loving you for fourteen years, I will bet the writer fourteen to one, that I shall love you fourteen times better, if it be possible.

Lines by the Rev. — to his wife, with a present of a penknife.

A knife, dear Girl, cuts love, they say.
Mere modish love perhaps it may;
For any tool, of any kind,
Can sep'rate what was never joined.

The knife that cuts our love in two,
Will have much tougher work to do;
Must cut your softness, worth, and spirit,
Down to the vulgar size and merit
To level yours with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste;
And, from your single beauty's store,
Chip what would dizen out a score.

The self-same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgement, sight, for ever
All mem'ry of endearments past;
All hope of comforts long to last;
All that makes fourteen years with you
A summer—and a short one too;
All that affection feels and fears,
When hours, without you, seem like years.

'Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will chip the moon)
Accept my present, undeterred,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.

If in a kiss (delicious treat)
Your lips acknowledge the receipt,
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only–Cut and come again. <7>

LETTER V.
The Same to the Same. 8 Dec. 1775

Huntingdon, 8 Dec. 1775.

Then I release my dearest soul from her promise about today. If you do not see that all which he can claim by gratitude, I doubly claim by love, I have done, and will for ever have done. I would purchase my happiness at any price but at the expense of yours.

Look over my letters; think over my conduct; consult your own heart; and read these two long letters of your writing, which I return you. Then, tell me whether we love or not. And—if we love (as witness both our hearts)—shall gratitude, cold gratitude, bear away the heavenly prize that's only due to love like ours? Shall my right be acknowledged, and must he possess the casket? Shall I have your soul; and shall he have your hand, your eyes, your bosom, your lips?

By all the powers of Love! I can neither write, nor think. Send one line, half a line, to

Your own, own
H.

LETTER VI.
Miss R. to Mr. H. 10 Dec. 1775

H. 10 Dec. 1775.

My dearest Jemmy!

Your two letters of the day before yesterday, and what you said to me yesterday in my dressing-room, have driven me mad.

To offer to sell out, and take the other step to get money for us both, was not kind. You know how such tenderness distracts me. As to marrying me, that you should not do upon any account. Shall the man whom I value, be pointed at and hooted for selling himself to a Lord, for a commission, or some such thing, to marry his cast mistress? My soul is above my situation. Besides, I will not take advantage, Mr. H. of what may be only perhaps (excuse me) a youthful passion. After a more intimate acquaintance with me of a week or ten days, your opinion of me might very much change. And yet—you may love me as sincerely as I—.

But I will transcribe you a song which I don't believe you ever heard me sing, though it's my favourite. It is said to be an old Scottish ballad, nor is it generally known that it was written by the elegant and accomplished Lady A. L. Since we have understood each other, I have never sung it before you, because it is so descriptive of our situation: how much more so since your cruelly-kind proposal of yesterday! I wept, like an infant, over many of the lines, this morning.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

When the sheep are in the fold,when the cow's come hame,
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,
The woes of my heart fa' in showers from my eye,
Unkent to my goodman who sleeps sae sound by me.

Young Jamie loved me well, and sought me for his bride,
But saving of a crown, he had nae thing beside;
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie went to sea,
And the crown, and the pound—O they were baith for me.

Before my love was gone a twelve-month and a day,
My father brake his arm—our cow was stol'n away.
My mother she fell sick, my Jamie was at sea,
And Auld Robin Gray, he came o'er a-courting me.

My father coud na work, my mother coud na spin;
I toiled baith day and night, their bread I coud na win:
Auld Rob maintained them baith, and, wi' tears in his eye,
Said "Jenny, for their sakes, oh will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I looked for Jamie back;
But the winds they blew hard, and his ship was a wreck.
His ship it was a wreck, why did na Jenny die?
O wherefore was she spared to cry out, woe is me!

My father argued sair, my mother did na speak,
But she looked in my face, 'till my heart was like to break.
They gave him my hand, while my heart was in the sea,
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was goodman to me.

I had not been his wife, but weeks only four,
When mournfully as I sat, on the stain at my door,

I saw my Jamie's ghost, I could na think it he,
Till he said, "Here I'm come home, love, to marry thee."

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
I gied him but ae kiss, and bad him gang away;
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to die;
My heart it will na break, it's sae young, woe is me!

I wander like a ghost, I care na much to spin;
I dare na think of Jamie, for that woud be a sin:
But I will do my best, a good wife aye to be;
For oh, Auld Robin Gray, he is sae kind to me!

My poor eyes will only suffer me to add, let me see my Jamie tomorrow. Your name is also Jamie.

LETTER VII.
Mr. H. to Miss R. 13 Dec. 1775

Huntingdon, 13 Dec. 75.

My Life and Soul!

BUT I will never more use any preface of this sort: and I beg that you will not. A correspondence begins with "dear," then "my dear," "dearest" "my dearest," and so on, 'till at last, panting words toil after us in vain.

No language can explain my feelings. Oh Martha, yesterday, yesterday! Language, thou liest; there is no such word as satiety, positively no such word. Oh, thou beyond my warmest dreams bewitching! what charms! what—

But words would poorly paint our joys. When, when?—Yet you shall order, govern everything. Only remember, I am *sure* of those we trust.

Are you now convinced that Love made us for each other? By that Love, by the paradise of your dear arms, I will be only yours!

Have I written sense? I know not what I write. This scrap of paper ('tis all I can find) will hold a line or two more. I must fill it up with saying, that, whatever evils envious fate design me, after those few hours of yesterday, I never will complain nor murmur.

Misfortune, I defy thee now. Martha loves me, and Jemmy's soul has its content most absolute. No other joy like this, as the poet says, succeeds in unknown fate.

LETTER VIII.
The Same to the Same. 24 Dec. 1775

Huntingdon,
24 Dec. 1775.

Talk not to me of the new year. I am a new man. I'll be sworn to it, that I am not the same identical J. H. that I was three months ago. You have created me (yes, I know what I say) created me anew.

As to thanking you for the bliss which I taste with you; to attempt it would be idle. What thanks can express—

But I will obey you in not giving such a loose to my pen as I gave the day before yesterday. That letter, and the verses that it contained, which were certainly too highly coloured, pray commit to the flames. Yet, pray too, as I begged you yesterday, do not imagine that I thought less chastely of you because I wrote them. No; I believe your mind to be as chaste as the snow, which, while I write, is driving against my window. You know not what I think of you. One time perhaps you may.

The lines which I repeated to you this morning, I send you. Upon my honour they are not mine. I think of them quite as you do. Surely an additional merit in them is, that to the uninitiated, in whom they might perhaps raise improper ideas, they are totally unintelligible.

On better thoughts I will not send you the lines. They were written by the author of *The Seasons*, and (your favourite) *The Castle of Indolence*; but they are not meet for a female eye.

LETTER IX.
Miss R. to Mr. H. 25 Dec. 1775

H. Christmas Day,

My old friend the Corporal looked as if he had been tarred and feathered yesterday, when he arrived with your dear billet. Omiah took up the sugar-caster, when he saw him through the parlour-window, and powdered a fresh slice of pudding, by way of painting the Snowy Corporal. Omiah's simplicity is certainly very diverting; but I should like him better, and take more pains with him, if I did not think that he suspected something. The other day, I am sure he came to spy. Thanks to luck, our caution prevented him.

But, why do I call your billet dear, when it did not contain the poetry, which you mention, by my favourite writer? As to your *uninitiated*; it means, I suppose, those who are not yet admitted into the mysteries, those who have not yet taken the veil; or, I should rather say, those who have not yet thrown off the veil. Why was I not permitted by my destiny to keep on mine, till my H.—You remember the story you told me, about a veil, the other day.

Cruel fortune, that it can't be so today! But we forgot, when we fixed on today, that it would be Christmas-day. I must do penance at a most unpleasant dinner, as indeed is every meal and every scene when you are absent: and that, without the consolation of having first enjoyed your company. Tomorrow at the usual time and place.

Your discontinuing your visits here, since the first day of our happiness, gratifies the delicacy of us both. Yet, may it not, my H. raise suspicions elsewhere? Your agreeable qualities were too conspicuous not to make you missed. Yet, you are the best judge.

My poor, innocent, helpless babes! Were it not on your account, your mother would not act the part she does. What if Mrs. Siddons (your and my Bath favourite, who, should she ever go to London, will be thought our female Garrick)—what if she sustain a character inimitably for one evening? Is it so trying as to play a part, and a base one too, morning, noon, and night? *Night*! But I will not make my H. uneasy.

At least, allow that I have written you a long scrawl. Behold, I have sent you a tolerably good substitute for myself. It is reckoned very like. I need not beg you not to show it. Only remember, the painter's Martha is not to rob your own Martha of a certain quantity of things called and known by the name of kisses, which I humbly conceive to be her due, though she has been disappointed of them today. *Cut and come again*, you know, from the sharp lines you sent me by some keen lover.

So, having nothing further to add at present, and the post being just going out, I remain, with all truth,

Dear Sir,
Your most humble servant,
M. R.

There's a pretty conclusion for you. Am I not a good girl? I shall become a most elegant correspondent in time, I see. This paragraph is the postscript, you know; and should therefore have been introduced by a well-flourished P. S., the Sir Clement Cottrel<8> upon these illustrious occasions.

LETTER X.
Mr H. to Miss R. 28 Dec. 1775

Huntingdon,
28 Dec. 75.

Your condescension in removing my most groundless cause of jealousy yesterday, was more than I deserved. How I exposed myself by my violence with you! But, I tell you, my passions are all gunpowder. Though, thank God, no Othello, yet am I

> "One not easily jealous; but, being wrought,
> Impatient in th' extreme;"

and how extremely do I love you, worship you, idolize you!

How could I think you particular to such a thing as B? You said that you forgave me today, and I hope that you did. Let me have it again from your own dear lips tomorrow, instead of the next day. Everything shall be ready; and the guitar, which I wrote for, is come down; and I'll bring the song, and you shall sing it, and play it: and I'll beg you to forgive me, and you shall forgive me; and—five hundred ands besides.

Why, I would be jealous of this sheet of paper, if you kissed it with too much rapture.

What a fool! No, my Martha, rather say what a lover!

Many thanks for your picture. It is like. Accept this proof that I have examined it.

'Tis true, creative man, thine art can teach
The living picture everything but speech!
True, thou hast drawn her, as she is, all fair;
Divinely fair! her lips, her eyes, her hair!
Full well I know the smile upon that face;
Full well I know those features' every grace!
But what is this? My Martha's mortal part.
There is a subject beggars all thine art:
Paint but her mind, by Heav'n! and thou shalt be,
Shalt be my more than Pagan deity.
Nature may possibly have cast, of old,
Some other beauty in as fair a mould;
But all in vain you'll search the world, to find
Another beauty with so fair a mind.

LETTER XI.
The Same to the Same. 1 Jan. 1776

Huntingdon, 1 Jan. 1776.

Lest I should not see you this morning, I will scribble this before I mount honest Crop; that I may leave it for you.

This is a new year. May every day of it be happy to my Martha! May—but don't you know there's not a wish of bliss I do not wish you?

A new year—I like not this word. There may be new lovers. I lie: there may not. Martha will never change her James. I am sure she will never change him for a truer lover.

A new year—1776. Where shall we be in 77? Where in 78? Where in 79? Where in 80?

In misery or bliss, in life or death—wherever you be, there may James be also!

The soldier whom you desired me to beg off, returns thanks to his unknown benefactress. Discipline must be kept up in our way; but I am sure you will do me the justice to believe that I am no otherwise a friend to it.

LETTER XII.
The Same to the Same. 8 Feb. 1776

Huntingdon, 8 Feb. 1776.

Since the thaw sent me from Hinchinbrook, the day before yesterday, I have written four times to you; and believe verily that I shall write four-and-forty times to you in the next four days. The bliss which I have enjoyed with you these three weeks has increased, not diminished, my affection. Three weeks and more in the same house with my Martha! Was it not more than I deserved? And yet, to be obliged to resign you every—! By these eyes, by your still dearer eyes, I don't think that I slept three hours during the whole three weeks. Yet, yet, 'twas bliss to be with you in the day. How lucky, that I was pressed to stay at Hinchinbrook the evening the snow set in! Would it had snowed till doomsday! But, then, you must have been his, every night, till doomsday. Now, my happy time may come.

Though I had not strength to resist when under the same roof with you; ever since we parted, the recollection that it was his roof has made me miserable. Whimsical, that he should bid you press me, when I at first refused his solicitation. But is not H. guilty of a breach of hospitality?

I must not question, I must not think, I must not write. But, we will meet as we fixed.

Does Robin Gray suspect? Suspect! And is H. become a subject for suspicion?

LETTER XIII.
The Same to the Same. 16 Feb. 1776

Huntingdon, 16 Feb. 1776.

Every time that I see you, I discover some new charm, some new accomplishment. By all the powers of Love, there was not a tittle of flattery in what I told you yesterday. Nothing can be flattery which I say of you; for no invention, no poetry, no anything, can come up to what I think of you.

One of our Kings said of the citizens of his good city of London, that when he considered their riches, he was in admiration at their understandings; when he considered their understandings, he was in admiration at their riches. Just so do I with regard to your person and your mind, but for a different reason.

Nature was in one of her extravagant moods when she put you together. She might have made two captivating women out of you; by my soul, half-a-dozen! Your turn for music, and excellence in it, would be a sufficient stock of charms for the most disagreeable woman to set up with in life. Music has charms to do things most incredible: music—

Now shall I, with the good-humoured, digressive pen of our favourite Montaigne in his entertaining Essays, begin with love, and end with a treatise upon the gamut?

Yet, to talk of music, is to talk of you. Martha and music are the same. What is music without you? And Harmony has tuned your mind, your person, your every look, and word, and action.

Observe—when I write to you, I never pretend to write sense. I have no head; you have made me all heart, from top to bottom. Sense—why, I am out of my senses, and have been, these six weeks. Were it possible that my scrawls to you could ever be read by any one but you I should be called a madman. Certainly I am either curst or blest (I know not which) with passions wild as the torrent's roar. But notwithstanding I take this simile from water; the element, out of which I am formed, is fire. Swift had water in his brain: I have a burning coal of fire: your hand can light it up to rapture, rage, or madness. Men, real men, have never been wild enough for my admiration: it has wandered into the ideal world, of fancy. Othello (but he should have put himself to death in his wife's sight, not his wife), Zanga,<9> are my heroes. Milk-and-water passions are like sentimental comedy, Give me (you see how, like your friend Montaigne, I strip myself of my skin, and show you all my veins and arteries, even the playing of my heart)—give *me*, I say, tragedy, affecting tragedy, in the world, as well as in the theatre.

I would massacre all mankind sooner than lose you.

—This is mere madness;
And thus, awhile, the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.<10>

Inconsistent being! While I am ranting thus about tragedy, and blood, and murder—behold, I am as weak as a woman. My tears flow at but the idea of losing you. Yes, they don't drop only; they pour; I sob, sob, like a child. Is this Othello? Is

this Zanga? We know not what we are, nor what we may become. Who dares to think he does?

This I know, that I am, and ever will be, yours and only yours.

With this I send you Ossian.<11> You will see what a favourite he is with me, by some drawings, and pieces of (what your partiality will call) poetry, which accompany the bard of other times. Should you quit this world before me, which fate forbid, often shall I hear your spirit (if I can be weak enough to survive you) foftly calling from the low-sailing cloud of night.

They abuse Macpherson for calling them translations.If he alone be the author of them, why does he not say so, and claim the prize of fame? I protest I would. They who do not refuse their admiration to the compositions, still think themselves justified to abuse Macpherson, for pretending, as they say, not to be the author of what they still admire. Is not this strange?

As we could not meet this morning (how long must our meeting depend on others, and not on ourselves?), I was determined, you see, to have a long conversation with you.

Pray seal, in future, with better wax, and more care. Something colder than one of my kisses might have thawed the seal of yesterday. But I will not talk of thawing. Had the frost and snow continued, I had still been with you at H.

The remainder of this (my second sheet of paper, observe) shall be filled with what I think a valuable curiosity. The Officer, whom you saw with me on Sunday, is lately come from America. He gave it me, and assures me that it is original. It will explain itself. Would I might be in your dear, little, enchanted dressing-room, while you read it!

The Speech of a SHAWANESE Chief, to Lord DUNMORE.

> "I appeal to any white man today, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold or naked, and I gave him not clothing. During the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle, ignominious, in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love of the Whites, that those of mine own country pointed at me as they passed by, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to live with you. But the injuries of one among you, did away that thought, and dragged me from my cabin of peace. Colonel Cressop, the last spring, in cold blood, cut off all the relations of Logan, sparing neither woman nor child. There runs not a drop of the blood of Logan in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have fought it. I have killed many. Revenge has been fully glutted.
>
> "For my country—I rejoice at the beams of peace. But, harbour not the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn his heel to save his life.
>
> "Who is there to mourn for Logan?— Not one."

May I never have to mourn for you! Yet, in that case, I must die first; and how could I bear to leave you? Fate, Fate, transfix us both at once!

LETTER XIV.
The Same to the Same. 22 Feb. 1776

Huntingdon, 22 Feb. 1776.

How silly we were, both of us, in our dispute, not to recollect your favourite Jenny! and did not Jamie think of her either?

"— Though my mother cou'd na speak,
She looked in my face, till my heart was like to break."

Was not this exactly the instance we wanted?

Something more has occurred to me on the same subject. Rather than not write to you, or than write to you as *descriptively* as recollection sometimes tempts me to write, I know you would have me write nonsense.

In Hervey's *Meditations* are two passages as fine as they are simple and natural.

"A beam or two finds its way through the grates, and reflects a feeble glimmer from the nails of the coffins." —
"Should the haggard skeleton lift a clattering hand."

In the latter passage, I know not whether the epithet haggard might not be spared.

Again—Governor Holwell, in the account of the sufferings in the black hole at Calcutta (when he speaks of the length of time he supported nature by catching the drops, occasioned by the heat, which fell from his head and face), adds these words:—"You cannot imagine how unhappy I was, when any one of them escaped my tongue." What a scene! The happiness, the existence, of a fellow creature, dependent upon being able to catch a drop of his own sweat! Shakespeare's fancy could not have invented, nor ever did invent, anything beyond this; for this is nature.

People write upon a particular situation; they do not put themselves in the situation. We only see the writer, sitting in his study, and working up a story to amuse, or to frighten; not the identical Tom Jones, not Macbeth himself.

Can you, my good Sir, become the very being you describe?

Can you look round, and mark only that which should strike in your new character, and forget all which strikes in your own? Can you bid your comfortable study be the prison of innocence, or the house of mourning? Can you transform your garret of indigence into the palace of pleasure? If you be not magician enough for this, and more, throw your pen out at window; and you had better clean shoes, than endeavour by writings to interest the imagination.

We cannot even bear to see an author watching at every parenthesis, or only peeping over the top of every page, to observe how we like what he has written.

The Player I would call a corporal actor; the Writer, a mental actor. Garrick would in vain have put his face and his body in all the situations of Lear, if Shakespeare had not before put his mind in them all. In a thousand instances, we have nothing to do but to copy Nature, if we can only get her to fit to our pencil. And yet, after all, how few of the most eminent masters are happy enough to hit off her difficult face exactly!

Who would not be almost certain that Mr. Holwell was one of the sufferers in the black hole, only from the short passage which I have noticed?

Robinson Crusoe now—what nature! It affects us throughout, exactly in the way you mentioned.

But, shall I finish my dissertation? Come—as writing to you gives me so much pleasure, and as I can't talk to you this morning—I know you'll excuse me.

Did you ever hear to what Crusoe owed his existence? You remember Alexander Selkirk's strange sequestration at Juan Fernandez. It is mentioned, I believe, in Walter's account of *Anson's Voyage* (which, by the way, was not written by Walter, but by Robins). When Captain Rogers met with him, and brought him to England, he employed the famous Daniel Defoe to revise his papers. That fertile genius improved upon his materials, and composed the celebrated story of Robinson Crusoe. The consequence was, that Selkirk, who soon after made his appearance in print, was considered as a bastard of Crusoe; with which spurious offspring the press too often teems.

In Defoe, undoubtedly, this was not honest. Had Selkirk given him his papers, there could have been no harm in working them up his own way.

Or—I can easily conceive a writer making his own use of a known fact, and filling up the outlines which have been sketched by the bold and hasty hand of Fate. A moral may be added, by such means, to a particular incident; characters may be placed in their proper lights; mankind may be amused (and amusements sometimes prevent crimes); or, if the story be criminal, mankind may be bettered, through the channel of their curiosity. But, I would not be dishonest, like Defoe; nor would I pain the breast of a single individual connected with the tale on which I deemed it for the good of the public to exercise my pen.

To explain what I mean by a *criminal* story. Faldoni and Teresa might have been prevented from making proselytes, if they ever have made any, by working up their most affecting story so as to take off the edge of their dangerous example.

The catastrophe happened near Lyons, in the month of June, 1770. Two lovers (Faldoni and Teresa Meunier) meeting with an invincible obstacle to their union, determined to put an end to their existence with pistols. The place which they chose for the execution of their terrible project, was a chapel that stood at a little distance from the house. They even decorated the altar for the occasion. They paid a particular attention to their own dress. Teresa was dressed in white, with rose-coloured ribands. The same-coloured ribands were tied to the pistols. Each held the riband that was fastened to the other's trigger, which they drew at a certain signal.

Artia and Pætus (says Voltaire) set the example; but then it must be considered that they were condemned to death by a tyrant; whereas Love was the only inventor and perpetrator of this deed.

Had it happened in our own country, for imitation seldom travels so far as Lyons, we would have tried to stop its influence by a volume of letters, in which you should have been Teresa and I Faldoni.

Yet, while I talk of taking off the dangerous edge of their example, they have almost listed me under their bloody banners.

Upon my life, I almost think that, sooner than —— Faldoni cannot proceed.

On looking over the sermon I have written, I recollect a curious anecdote of Selkirk.

(By the bye, Wilkes, I suppose, would say, that none but a Scotchman could have lived so many years upon a desert island.)

He tamed a great number of kids for society, and with them and the numerous offspring of two or three cats that had been left with him he used often to dance. From all which my inference is this—M. will not surely deprive herself of H's society; but will let him find her there tomorrow.

LETTER XV.
Miss R. to Mr. H. 23 Feb. 1776

H. 23 Feb. 1776.

Where was you (I mean, as you taught me, where were you) this morning, my life? I should have been frozen to death, I believe, with the cold, if I had not been waiting for you. I am uneasy, very uneasy. What could prevent you? Your own appointment too. Why not write, if you could not come?—Then, I had a dream last night, a sad dream, my H.

"—For thee I fear, my love;
Such ghastly dreams last night surprised my soul."<12>

You may reply, perhaps, with my favourite Iphis,

"Heed not these black illusions of the night,
The mockings of unquiet slumbers."

Alas! I cannot help it. I am a weak woman, not a soldier.

I thought you had a duel with a person whom we have agreed never to mention. I thought you killed each other. I not only saw his sword, I heard it pass through my H.'s body. I saw you both die; and with you, Love and Gratitude. Who is there, thought I, to mourn for Martha?—Not one!

You may call me foolish; but I am uneasy, miserable, wtetched! Indeed, indeed I am. Do, do, let me hear from you.

LETTER XVI.
The Same to the Same. 24 Feb. 1776

H. 24 Feb. 1776.

That business, as I told you it would, last night, obliges him to go to town. I am to follow, for the winter. Now, my H. for the Royal black bob and the bit of chalk; or for any better scheme you'll plan. Let me know, tomorrow, where you think Lady Grosvenor's scheme will be most practicable on the road, and there I'll take care to stop. I take my Bible oath that I won't deceive you; and more welcome shall you be to me than all the Dukes or Princes in Christendom.

Is not this kind and thoughtful? Why did it never occur to you, so often as we have talked of my being obliged to leave this dear place? To me most dear, since it has been the scene of my acquaintance, my happiness with H.

But, am I to leave behind me that dearest H.? Surely your recruiting business must be nearly over now. You must go to town. Though things can't often be contrived at the Admiralty, they may—they *may*?—they *shall* happen elsewhere.

Fail not tomorrow—and do not laugh at me any more about my dream. Was it a proof of my weakness? It was a proof also of my love.

I wish the day on which I am to set out from this place could be conjured a month further back, or so. Now, you ask why? Look in your almanac; and, if you cannot find out what I mean, I will never tell you.

LETTER XVII.
Mr. H. to Miss R. 26 Feb 1776

Huntingdon, 26 Feb 1776.

Why will not the wished for day arrive? And here, I have not seen you since I know not when—not for two whole days.

But I wrote you a long letter yesterday, why it would be dangerous to meet; and all in rhyme. The beginning, I assure you, was not poetry, but truth—If the conclusion seemed too highly coloured, you must excuse it. The pencil of Love executed it; and the sly rogue will indulge himself sometimes. Let the time come, and I'll convince you that his pencil did not much exaggerate.

Just now was thinking of your birthday, about which I asked you the other day. It's droll that yours and mine should be so near together: And thus I observe thereon.

Your poets, cunning rogues, pretend
That men are made of clay;
And that the heav'nly Wedgewoods
Make some five or six a day.

No wonder, Martha, you and I
Don't quite detest each other;
Or that my soul is linked to yours,
As if it were its brother.

For in one year we both were made,
Nay almost in one day—
So, ten to one, we both came from
One common heap of clay.

What? if I were not cast in near
So fine a mould as you—
My heart (or rather, Martha, yours)
Is tender, fond, and true.

Corporal Trim sets off today for our headquarters. My plan is laid so artfully, that no discovery can take place. Yet, that two such souls, as yours and mine, should be obliged to descend to arts and plans! Were it not for your dear sake, I'd scorn to do anything which I would not wish discovered.

LETTER XVIII.
Miss R. to Mr. H. 21 Feb. 1776

H. 21 Feb. 1776.

All your plans are useless. The Corporal has made his forced march to no purpose. The fates are unkind. It is determined that I am to go up post. So, we cannot possibly be happy together, as we hoped to have been, had our own horses drawn me up. I am not clear that Old Robin Gray will not stay and attend me. Why cannot my Jamie? Cruel fortune! But in town we will be happy. When, again, shall I enjoy your dear society; as I did during that, to me at least, delightful snow? Nothing but my dear children could prevent our going with Cook to seek for happiness in worlds unknown. There must be some corner of the globe where mutual affection is respected.

Don't forget to meet me. Scratch out *forget*. I know how much you think of me. Too much for your peace, nay, for your health. Indeed, my H. you don't look well. Pray be careful!

"Whatever wounds thy tender health,
Will kill thy Martha's too."

Omiah is in good humour with me again.

What kind of animal would Buffon expect from a native of Otaheite and a Huntingdonshire dairy-maid? If my eyes don't deceive me, Mr. Omiah will give us a specimen.

Will you bring me some book tomorrow to divert me, as I post it to town—that I may forget, if it be possible, that I am posting from you?

LETTER XIX.
Mr. H. to Miss R. 1 March, 1776

Hockerill, 1 March, 1776.

It is your strict injunction that I do not offend you by suffering my pen to speak of last night.

I will not, my Martha; nor should I, had you not enjoined it. You once said that a nearer acquaintance would make me change my opinion of you. It has; I have changed my opinion. The more I know you, the more — But I obey your orders, and am silent. Only I will perform a pilgrimage to this same happy Hockerill once every year of my life.

You got to town safe, I hope. One letter may find me before I shall be able to leave Huntingdon, whither I return today; or, at least, to Cambridge. I am a fool about Crop, you know. And I am now more tender of him, because he has carried you. How little did we think that morning, that we should ever make each other so happy!

Don't forget to write; and don't forget the key of the Admiralty garden-door, against I come to town.

My mind is torn, rent, with ten thousand thoughts and resolutions about you, and about myself.

When we meet, which shall be as we fixed, I may perhaps mention *one* idea to you.

Pray let us contrive to be together some evening that your favourite *Jephtha* is performed.

Enclosed is the song which I mentioned to you. Neither the words nor the music, I take it, will displease you.

Adieu!

SONG.

When your beauty appears
In its graces and airs,

All bright as an angel new-dropped from the sky;
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when, without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,

When love runs in blushes through every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,
Then I know you're a woman again.

"There's a passion and pride
In our sex," she replied;

"And thus, might I gratify both, I would do:
As an angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman to you."

LETTER XX.
The Same to the Same. 17 Mar. 1776

Cannon Coffee-house, Charing-cross.

17 March, 76.

No further than this can I get from you, before I assure you that every word just now came from the bottom of my heart. I never shall be happy, never shall be in my senses, till you consent to marry me. Notwithstanding the dear night of happiness which you conferred on me at Hockerill, and the other which your ingenuity procured me last week in Dover Street, I swear by all the powers of love, that you shall never again make me thus happy till I can call you wife.

LETTER XXI.
The Same to the Same. 17 Mar. 1776

Cannon Coffee-house,
17 March, 76.

THOUGH you can hardly have read my last scrawl, I must pester you with another. I had ordered some dinner, but I can neither eat, nor do anything else. "Mad!"—I may be mad, for what I know. I am sure I'm wretched.

For heaven's sake, for my life's sake, if you love me, write directly hither, or at least to-night to my lodgings, and say what is that insuperable reason on which you dwelt so much. "Torture shall not force you to marry me." Did you not say so? Then you hate me; and what is life worth?

Suppose you had not the dear inducement of loving me (*if* you love me! How could *if* occur to me?), and being adored by me—still, do you not wish to relieve yourself and me from the damned parts we act? My soul was not formed for such meannesses. To steal in at a back door, to deceive, to plot, to lie!—Perdition! the thought of it makes me despise myself.

Your children—Lord S.—(If we have not been ashamed of our conduct, why have we cheated conscience all along by "He" and "His," and "Old Robin Gray?" Oh, how have we descended, Martha!)— Lord S. I say, cannot but provide for your dear boys. As to your sweet little girl; I will be a father to her, as well as a husband to you. Every farthing I have I will settle on you both. I will—Heaven knows, and you shall find, what I will do for you both, when I am able. Good Heaven, what would I *not* do!

Write, write; I say, write. By all the powers of love, I will have this *insuperable reason* from you, or I will not believe that you love me.

LETTER XXII.
Miss R. to Mr. H. 17 Mar. 1776

Admiralty, 17 March, 76.

And does my H. think that I wanted such a letter as this to finish my affliction? Oh, my dear Jamie, you know not how you distress me.

And do you imagine that I have willingly submitted to the artifices to which I have been obliged, for your sake, to descend? What has been your part, from the beginning of the piece, to mine? I was obliged to act a part even to *you*. It was my business not to let you see how unhappy the artifices, to which I have submitted, made me. And that that they did embitter even our happiest moments

But Fate stands between us. We are doomed to be wretched. And I, every now and then, think that some terrible catastrophe will come of our connexion. "Some dire event," as Storgé prophetically says in *Jephtha*, "hangs o'er our heads;

"Some woful song we have to sing
In misery extreme—O never, never
Was my foreboding mind distressed before
With such incessant pangs!"

Oh, that it were no crime to quit this world like Faldoni and Teresa! and that we might be happy together in some other world, where gold and silver are unknown! By your hand I could even die with pleasure. I know I could.

"Insuperable reason!" Yes, my H., there is; and you force it from me. Yet, better to tell you, than to have you doubt my love; that love which is now almost my religion. I have hardly any deity but you. I almost offer up my prayers *to* you, as well as *for* you.

Know then, if you were to marry me, you would marry some hundred pounds worth of debts! and that you never shall do.

Do you remember a solemn oath which you took in one of your letters, when I was down at H.? and how you told me afterwards it must be so, because you had so solemnly sworn it?

In the same solemn and dreadful words I swear, that I never will marry you, happy as it would make me, while I owe a shilling in the world. Jephtha's vow is past.

What your letter says about my poor children made me weep; but it shall not make me change my resolution.

It is a further reason why I should not."

"If I do not marry you, I do not love you!" Gracious powers of love! Does my H. say so? My *not* marrying you is the strongest proof which I can give you of my love. And Heaven, you know, has heard my vow. Do you respect it, and never tempt me to break it—for not even you will ever succeed. Till I have some better portion than debts, I never will be yours.

Then what is to be done? you ask. Why, I'll tell you, H. Your determination to drop all particular intercourse till marriage has made us one, flatters me more than I can tell you, because it shows me your opinion of me in the strongest light; it almost restores me to my own good opinion. The copy of verses which you brought, me on

that subject, is superior to anything that I ever read. They shall be thy Martha's morning prayer, and her evening song. While you are in Ireland—

Yes, my love, *in Ireland*. Be ruled by me. You shall immediately join your regiment in Ireland. You know it is your duty. In the meantime, something may happen. Heaven will not desert two faithful hearts that love like yours and mine. There are joys, there is happiness in store for us yet. I feel there is. And (as I said just now,) while you are in Ireland, I'll write to you every post, twice by one post, and I'll think of you, and I'll dream of you, and I'll kiss your picture, and wipe my eyes, and. I'll kiss it again, and then I'll weep again, and—

Can I give a stronger instance of my regard for you, or a stronger proof that you ought to take my advice, than my thus begging my only joy to leave me? I will not swear that I shall survive it; but, I beseech you, go!

Fool that I am—I undo with one hand, all I do with the other. My tears, which drop between every word I write, prevent the effect of my reasoning; which, I am sure, is just.

Be a man, I say—you *are* an angel. Join your regiment; and, so sure as I love you (nothing can be more sure), I will recall you, from what will be banishment as much to me as to you, the first moment that I can marry you with honour to myself, and happiness to you.

But, I must not write thus.

Adieu!

Ill suits the voice of Love, when Glory calls,
And bids thee follow Jephtha to the field.

LETTER XXIII.
Mr. H. to Miss R. 17 Mar. 1776

Cannon Coffee-house,
17 March, 76.

AND I will respect the vow of Jephtha, and I will follow to the field. At least, I will think of it all to-night, for I am sure that I shall not sleep; and I will let you know the success of my struggle; for a struggle it will be, tomorrow. I will wait for you at the same place in the Park, where I shall see you open the Admiralty door. Should it rain, I'll write. It was my intention to have endeavoured to see you now, but I changed my mind, and wrote this here; and am glad I did. We are not in a condition to see each other. Cruel debts! Rather, cruel vow! for, would you but have let me, I would have contrived some scheme about your debts. I could form a plan. My houses at Gosport—my commission—

Alas! you frown; and I must stop. Why would not Fortune smile upon my two lottery tickets? Fortune knows that I bought them on your account. Upon the back of one of them I wrote, in case of my sudden death, "This is the property of Miss R." On the back of the other, that it belonged to your daughter.

For what am I still reserved?

LETTER XXIV.
Miss R. to Mr. H. 19 Mar. 1776

Admiralty, 19 March, 1776.

WHY, why do you write to me so often—why do you see me so often—when you acknowledge the necessity of complying with my advice?

You tell me, that, if I bid you go, you'll go. I have bid you, begged you to go. I *do* bid you go. Go, I conjure you, go! But let us not have any more partings. The last was too, too much. I did not recover myself all day. And your goodness to my little white-headed boy—He made me burst into tears this morning, by talking of the good-natured gentleman, and producing your present.

Either stay, and let our affection discover and ruin us—or go.

On the bended knees of love I entreat you, H. my dearest H., to go.

LETTER XXV.
Mr. H. to Miss R. 26 Mar. 1776

Ireland, 26 March, 1776.

Ireland—England—Good Heavens, that Martha should be in one part of the world, and her H. in another! Will not our destinies suffer us to breathe the same air? Mine will not, I most firmly believe, let me rest, till they have hunted me to death.

Will you not give me your approbation for obeying you thus? Approbation! And is that the coin to pass between us?

Yet, I will obey you further. I will restrain my pen as much as possible. I will scratch the word love out of my dictionary. I will forget—

I lie—I never *can*, nor ever *will*, forget you, or anything which belongs to you. But I will, as you wisely advise, and kindly desire me, as much as possible, write on other subjects. Everything entertaining, that I can procure, I will. I'll *Twissify*,<13> and write Tours—or anything but love-letters. This morning, pardon me: I am unable to trifle; I must be allowed to talk of love, of Martha.

And, when I *am* able to trifle as you wish me, you must allow me to put in a word or two sometimes, for myself. Today, however, I will not make *you* unhappy by telling you how truly so *I* am.

The truth is—my heart is full; and though I thought, when I took up my pen, that I could have filled a quire of paper with it, I now have not a word to say. Were I sitting by your side now (oh that I were!), I should only have power to recline my cheek upon your shoulder, and to wet your handkerchief with my tears.

My own safety, but for your sake, is the last of my considerations. Our passage was rather boisterous, but not dangerous. Mrs F. (whom I mentioned to you, I believe, in the letter which I wrote just before we embarked) has enabled me to make you laugh with an account of her behaviour, were either of us in a humour to laugh.

Why did you cheat me so about that box?

Had I known that I should find, upon opening it, that the things were for me; I would never have brought it. But this you knew. Was it kind, my Martha, to give me so many daily memorandums of you, when I was to be at such a distance from you? Oh, yes, it was, it was *most* kind. And that, and you, and all your thousand and ten thousand kindnesses, I never will forget. The purse shall be my constant companion; the shirts I'll wear by night; one of the handkerchiefs I was obliged to use in drying my eyes, as soon as I opened the box; the—

Heaven bless you in this world; that is, give you your H—! and grant you an easy passage to eternal blessings in a better world!

If you go before me, may the stroke be so instantaneous, that you may not have time to cast one longing, lingering look on

H.!

LETTER XXVI.
The Same to the Same. 8 Apr. 1776

Ireland, 8 April, 1776.

Yours, dated April the 1st, would have, diverted me, had I been some leagues nearer to you. It contained true wit and humour. I truly thank you for it, because I know with how much difficulty you study for anything like wit or humour in the situation of your mind. But you do it to divert me; and it is done for one, who, though he cannot laugh at it as he ought, will remember it as he ought. Yet, with what a melancholy tenderness it concluded! *There* spoke your heart. Your situation, when you wrote it, was something like that of an actress, who should be obliged to play a fictitious part in comedy, on the evening of a day which, by some real catastrophe, had marked her out for the capital figure of a real tragedy. Perhaps I have said something like this in the long letter which I have written to you since. Never mind.

Pray be careful how you seal your letters. The wax always robs me of five or six words. Leave a space for your seal. Suppose the space which the seal occupies should be the part of your letter which tells me that you still love me. If the wax cover it, I see it not—I find no such expression in your letter—I grow distracted—and immediately set out for Charing-Cross to ask you whether you do indeed stil love me.

In the hospitality of this country I was not deceived. They have a curse in their language, strongly descriptive of it—"May the grass grow at your door!"

The women, if I knew not you, I should find sensible and pretty. But I am deaf, dumb, blind, to everything, and to every person but you. If I write any more this morning, I shall certainly sin against your commands.

Why do you say nothing of your dear children? I insist upon it that you buy *white-head* a taw, and two dozen of marbles; and place them to the account of

Your humble servant.

P. S. For the other chap, I only authorise you to buy an alley (that's a white taw), and one dozen. Not a marble more, by my soul, on any account; because I hate him, for resembling you.

LETTER XXVII.
The Same to the Same. 20 Apr. 1776

Ireland, 20 April, 76.

Thanks for the two letters which I received last week. They drew tears from me, but not tears of sorrow.

To my poetry you are much too partial. Never talk of writing poetry for the press. It will not do. Few are they, who, like you, can judge of poetry; and, of the judges, few, alas! are just. Juvenal, the Roman Churchill<14>, advises a young man to turn auctioneer, rather than poet. In our days, Christie<15> would knock Chatterton<16> out of all chance in a week. The Spaniards have a proverb, "He who cannot make one verse, is a blockhead; he who makes more, is a fool." Pythagoras you know a little by name. Perhaps you may not know that he was starved to death in the temple of the Muses, at Metapontum. The Muses have no temples, it is true, in our days (for God knows they are not much worshipped now), but the Ladies are not without their human sacrifices.

A young man was complaining the other day that he had lost his appetite; "Turn poet, then," said one in company; "they generally have pretty stout ones."

Your *sensible* eyes have not long, I know, been dry from the tale of Chatterton. Even now a pearly drop peeps over the brim of each; and now they drop, drop, upon his mangled memory, like the Samaritan's balm upon the traveller's wounds. And, perhaps, what I had heard and told you about him, may not be half.

That I may make you some amends for teasing you with my bad poetry the other day, I will today send you some very good. It is the composition of a clergyman, an Englishman, settled near Dublin. It got the prize at Oxford not long since, and was spoken in the Theatre at such a public business, as one at which I think that I remember to have heard you say you were present. Perhaps you were there this very time.

When you have read the lines, you will think that I need not add a word about the author's abilities. He has begun to display them here; and will soon, I doubt not, rise to high honours.

On the Love of our Country.

YE souls illustrious, who, in days of yore,
With peerless might the British target bore;
Who, clad in wolf-skin, from the scythed car,
Frowned on the iron brow of mailed War,
And dared your rudely-painted limbs oppose
To Chalybean steel, and Roman foes!
And ye of later age, though not less fame,
In tilt and tournament, the princely game
Of Arthur's barons, wont, by hardiest sport,
To claim the fairest guerdon of the Court;
Say, holy shades, did e'er your gen'rous blood
Roll through your faithful sons in nobler flood,
Than late<17>, when George bade gird on every thigh
The myrtle-braided sword of Liberty?
Say, when the high-born Druids' magic strain
Roused on old Mona's top a female train

To madness, and with more than mortal rage
Bade them like furies in the sight engage;
Frantic when each unbound her bristling hair,
And shook a flaming torch, and yelled in wild despair;
Or when on Crecy's field the sable might
Of Edward dared four monarchs to the fight
Say, holy shades, did patriotic heat,
In your big hearts, with quicker transports beat,
Than in your sons, when forth like storms they poured,
In freedom's cause, the fury of the sword?
Who ruled the main, or gallant armies led
With *Hawke* who conquered, or with *Wolfe* who bled?<18>

Poor is his triumph, and disgraced his name,
Who draws the sword for empire, wealth, or fame:
For him though wealth be blown on ev'ry wind,
Though fame announce him mightiest of mankind,
Though twice ten nations crouch beneath his blade,
Virtue disowns him, and his glories fade:
For him no prayers are poured, no pæans sung,
No blessings chanted from a nation's tongue:
Blood marks the path to his untimely bier;
The curse of orphans, and the widow's tear,
Cry to high Heaven for vengeance on his head
Alive, deserted; and accurst, when dead.
Indignant of his deeds, the Muse, who sings
Undaunted truth, and scorns to flatter kings,
Shall show the monster in his hideous form,
And mark him as an earthquake, or a storm.

Not so the Patriot Chief, who dared withstand
The base invader of his native land;
Who made her weal his noblest, only end,
Ruled but to serve her, fought but to defend,
Her voice in council, and in war her sword,
Loved as her father, as her god adored;
Who firmly virtuous, and severely brave,
Sunk with the freedom that he could not save.
On worth like his, the Muse delights to wait,
Reveres alike in triumph and defeat,
Crowns with true glory and with spotless fame,
And honours *Paoli's* more than *Frederick's* name.<19>

Here let the Muse withdraw the blood-stained veil,
And show the boldest son of public zeal.
Lo, Sidney<20> leaning o'er the block! His mien,
His voice, his hand, unshaken, clear, serene.
Yet no harangue, proudly declaimed aloud,
To gain the plaudit of a wayward crowd;
No specious vaunt death's terrors to defy,
Still death deferring, as afraid to die:
But sternly silent, down he bows—to prove
How firm his virtuous, though mistaken love.
Unconquered Patriot! formed by ancient lore.
The love of ancient freedom to restore,

Who nobly acted what he boldly thought,
And sealed by death the lesson that he taught.

Dear is the tie that links the anxious sire
To the fond babe that prattles round his fire;
Dear is the love that prompts the gen'rous youth
His sire's fond cares and drooping age to soothe;
Dear is the brother, sister, husband, wife;
Dear all the charities of social life:
Nor wants firm friendship holy wreaths to bind
In mutual sympathy the faithful mind:
But not th'endearing springs that fondly move
To filial duty, or parental love,
Nor all the ties that kindred bosoms bind,
Nor all in friendship's holy wreaths entwined,
Are half so dear, so potent to control
The gen'rous workings of the patriot soul,
As is that holy voice that cancels all
Those ties, that bids him for his country fall
At this high summons, with undaunted zeal,
He bares his breast, invites th' impending steel,
Smiles at the hand that deals the fatal blow,
Nor heaves one sigh for all he leaves below.

Nor yet doth Glory, though her port be bold,
Her aspect radiant, and her tresses gold,
Guide through the walks of death alone her car,
Attendant only on the din of war:
She ne'er disdains the gentle vale of peace,
Or olive shades of philosophic ease,
Where heav'n-taught minds to woo the Muse resort,
Create in colours, or with sounds transport;
More pleased on Isis' silent marge to roam,
Than bear in pomp the spoils of Minden home.

To read with Newton's ken the starry sky,
And God the same in all his orbs descry;
To lead forth Merit from her humble shade;
Extend to rising arts a patron's aid;
Build the nice structure of the gen'rous law,
That holds the free-born mind in willing awe;
To swell the sail of trade; the barren plain
To bid with fruitage blush, and wave with grain;
O'er pale Misfortune drop, with anxious sigh,
Pity's mild balm, and wipe Affliction's eye;
There, these are deeds Britannia must approve,
Must nurse their growth with all a parent's love:
These are the deeds that Public Virtue owns,
And, just to Public Virtue, Glory crowns.

LETTER XXVIII.
The Same to the Same. 3 May, 1776

Ireland, 3d May, 1776.

My last, I hope, did not offend you. The Bank-note I was obliged to return; although, I thank you for it, more than words can tell you.

Shall I, whom you will not marry, because you will not load me with your debts, increase those debts; at least prevent you from diminishing them, by robbing you of fifty pounds? Were I capable of it, I should be unworthy your love. But be not offended that I returned it. Heaven knows how willingly a quire of such paltry silver paper should have accompanied it, had Heaven made me so rich.

Be not anxious about me. Talk not of the postage which your dear letters cost me. Will you refuse to make your H. happy? And think you that I can pay too dear for happiness?

But, Lord! you rave. I am rich—as rich as a Jew: and without taking into the calculation the treasure which I possess in your love. Why, you talk of what I allow that relation, poor soul! That does not swallow up all my lands and hereditaments at Gosport. Then there's my pay, and twenty other ways and means besides, I dare say, could I but recollect them.—Go to—I tell you I am rich. So, let me know that you got the silver paper safe, and that I am a good boy.

Rich! To be sure I am—Why, I can afford to go to plays. I saw Catley<21>last night, in your favourite character.—By the way, I'll tell you a story of her, when she was on your side the water.

Names do not immortalise praiseworthy anecdotes; they immortalise names. Some difference had arisen between Miss Catley and the managers, concerning the terms upon which she was to be engaged for the season. One of the theatrical Emperors called upon her, at her little lodgings in Drury Lane, to settle it. The maid was going to usher the monarch of trap-doors into the best apartment, and to call her mistress. "No, no," cries the actress, who was in the kitchen, and knew him by his voice, "there is no occasion to show the gentleman to a room.—I am busy below" (to the manager), "making apple dumplings for my brats. You know whether you have a mind to give me the money I ask, or not. I am none of your fine ladies, who get a cold or the toothache, and can't sing. If you choose to give me the money, say so; my mouth sha'n't open for a farthing less. So, good morning to you—and don't keep the girl there in the passage; for I want her to put the dumplings in the pot, while I nurse the child."

Are not Nan Catley's apple dumplings worthy to be served up on the same day with the turnips of Fabricius, and Andrew Marvell's cold leg of mutton, which I once mentioned to you in a letter?<22>

Come—I am not unhappy, or I could not talk of other people, and write thus gaily. Nothing can make me truly unhappy, but a change in your sentiments of me. By all that is dear to me, I know my own feelings so thoroughly, that I do not think I could survive such a change!

As you love me, scold me not about the poplin which you'll receive next week. It cost me nothing—I may surely give what was given to me. It was forced upon me, for the slender services I mentioned, by that fine fellow R. O. who, you know, is so

much valued by H. C. and who, I know, so much values him. R.O. has more capabilities about him than any young man I know.

LETTER XXIX.
The Same to the Same, 29 May 1776.

Do you think, that to make such proposals, as your last contained, is the way to reconcile me to this worse than banishment You refused to come into my scheme of marriage—Nothing shall tempt me to come into your scheme. Persist in your idea of going on the stage; and, as I live, I'll come over and make a party to damn you the first night of your appearance. Since you will not share my fortunes, I will not share your earnings.

The story which you mention at Flamborough, of that fellow Broadingham,<23> who was murdered by his wife and her lover, is most shocking. The reflections which you draw from it are most just; and what you say of our situation is most true.—The woman must have been beyond a wild beast savage. Yet their feelings, when she and Aikney were at the gallows together (supposing anything like love remained), must have been exquisite.—I protest, I would willingly embrace with Martha the cruelest death which torture could invent (provided she were on a bed of roses) than lead the happiest life without her—gallows, torture, death! What visions have I conjured up!—My pen drops from my hand.

Your catch upon a bumper I like much. It beats, both in words and music, "A Bumper, 'Squire Jones." By the way; what an odd word it is! Let me make a linguist of you today.

The learned Johnson deriveth *bumper* ("a cup filled till the liquor swells over the brims") from *bump*, which cometh, he saith, from *bum*, perhaps, as being prominent; the which *bum* cometh, we are told, from *bomme* (Dutch), and signifieth "the part on which we sit."—The word *bumper* is by some derived from *bon-père*, the usual familiar phrase for priests, who were supposed not to dislike *bumpers*:—This I may say—if "a cup filled till the liquor swells over the brims" comes from "the part on which we sit," it must be granted, as a French poet says of *Alfana's* coming from *equus*,

> *Qu'en venant de là, jusqu'ici,*
> *Il a bien changé sur la route.*<24>

And now I have ended in good spirits, as well as you. I remember the time when Hamlet might have said to me, as he does to Horatio,

> "Thou hast no revenue but thy good spirits
> To feed and clothe thee."<25>

Now, I have got a little revenue, which Martha will not share with me; and God knows who has got my good spirits.—Well, I must not think.

LETTER XXX.
The Same to the Same. 18 Jun. 1776

Ireland, 18 June, 76.

My Laura is not angry with me, I hope, for the three or four *tender* letters which I have written to her since the beginning of this month: and yet, yours of yesterday seems to say you are. If I bear my situation like a man, will you not allow me to feel it like a man?

> Misfortune, like a creditor severe
> But rises in demand for her delay:
> She makes a scourge past prosperity,
> To sting me more, and double my distress.<26>

But you say that I must not write thus. If I can help it, I will not.

Shall I write about the weather or politics? The sun shines today; yesterday it rained. If you wish to appear learned, tell the next company you go into, that the distresses of this country will soon oblige England to grant her a free trade, or something very much like it: and add, that her grievances more real now, than when, in 1601, she complained to Elizabeth of the introduction of trials by jury.

Another slice of politics. Assert boldly, that Junius was written by Mr. H—n.<27>

Is this the style of letter-writing which you allow me?—Try again, then.

The favours that I have received from the worthy man whom I mentioned in a letter or two ago, are by his goodness every day increased. Some superior souls have affected to hate mankind. Here is one, who, with an understanding and an experience inferior to none, never loses an opportunity of befriending a fellow-creature. I am afraid sometimes, that misfortune will one day or another play him some confounded dog's trick, he takes such pleasure in thwarting every scheme which she lays for anyone's ruin.

Yet, even this amiable character is not without his defects. The following lines I fent him this morning, after playing at Vingt-un in company with him last night.

> To H— says a certain friend
> (Both idle, rhyming bards),
> "——, with good manners and best sense,
> Can't bear to lose at cards.
>
> "With such a head"—"And such a heart,"
> Adds H—, "tis high treason"
> But I, who know that heart so well,
> Have found, I think, the reason.
>
> Friend to the poor, his purse their box,
> He always would be winner;
> For then they win: but, should he lose,
> The poor too lose a dinner.

This country's facetious Dean said that his friend Arbuthnot could do everything but walk. My friend can do everything but lose at cards.

Feeling, and all the commanding powers of the mind, were never perhaps before so mixed up together. A tale of sorrow will make his little eyes wink, wink,

wink, like a green girl's. Before the company came. lest night, I showed him "Auld Robin Gray;" and, though he had seen it before, he could not get over "My mother, could na speak," without winking. For the credit of your side of the water, he is an Englishman. His agreeable wife, by her beauty and accomplishments, does credit to this country. She is remarkable also for her feeling, though in a different way. You shall relate an anecdote of distress, or read a story of ill usage; and, while his eyes are winking for the object of the ill usage or the distress, hers shall be striking fire with rage against the author of it. "Good God!" she exclaims, "if that villain were but in my power!"—And I sometimes think she is going to ring for her hat and cloak, that she may sally forth, and pull his house about his ears. Bound up together (as they are, and as I hope they will long continue), they form a complete system of humanity.

It would have gratified me much to have been with you when Garrick took his farewell of the stage. Do you remember the last paper in the *Idler*,<28> upon its being the *last*? The reflection that it was the last time Garrick would ever play, was, in itself, painful. How, my Laura, my Martha, my life, shall I bear it, if I ever should be doomed to take my last leave, my last look of you!—

—In what I wrote this morning I mentioned the *Idler*. A curious letter was shown me the other day by a clergyman, which he assures me is authentic, and was written by the late Lord Gower to a friend of Dean Swift. As I know how you admire the eminent person whom it concerns, I send it to you.

> "Dear Sir,
>
> "Mr. Samuel Johnson (author of *London*, a satire, and some other poetical pieces), is a native of this country, and much respected by some worthy gentlemen in his neighbourhood, who are trustees of a charity-school now vacant, the certain salary of which, is sixty pounds per annum, of which they are desirous to make him master; but unfortunately not capable of receiving their bounty, which would make him happy for life, by not being Master of Arts, which by the statutes of this school the master of it must be. Now these gentlemen do me the honour to think that I have interest enough in you to prevail upon you to write to Dean Swift to persuade the University of Dublin to send a diploma to me, constituting this poor man Master of Arts in their Universtty. They highly extol the man's learning and probity, and will not be persuaded that the University will make any difficulty of conferring such a favour upon a stranger, if he is recommended by the Dean.—They say he is not afraid of the strictest examination, though he is of so long a journey; but will venture it if the Dean thinks it necessary, choosing rather to die upon the road, than to be starved to death in translating for booksellers, which has been his only subsistence for some time past. I fear there is more difficulty in this affair than these good-natured gentlemen apprehend; especially as their election cannot be delayed longer than the 10th of next month. If you see this matter in the same light it appears to me, I hope you will burn this, and pardon me for giving you so much trouble about an impracticable thing: but if you think there is a probability of obtaining the favour asked, I am sure your humanity and propensity to relieve merit in distress, will incline you to serve the poor man, without my adding any more to the trouble I have already given you, than assuring you
>
> I am, with great truth, &c."
>
> Trentham, Aug 1, 1737.

One other subject for your reflection, and I have done.

What must have been Johnson's feelings, when, in his wonderful work, the English Dictionary, he cited the following passage from Ascham, as an instance of the

use of the word *Men*? "Wits live obscurely, men care not how; or die obscurely, men mark not when."

LETTER XXXI.
Miss R. to Mr. H. 25 June 1776

England, 25 June, 1776.

LET me give you joy of having found such kind and agreeable friends in a strange land. The account which you sent of the gentleman and lady, especially of the latter, quite charmed me. Neither am I without my friends. A lady, from whom I have received particular favours, is uncommonly kind to me. *For the credit of your side of the water, she is an Irish woman. Her agreeable husband, by his beauty and accomplishments, does credit to this country. He is remarkable also for his feelings*.

Adieu! This will affect you, I dare say, in about the same manner your account affected.

LETTER XXXII.
Mr. H. to Miss R. 1 July 1776

Ireland, 1 July, 76.

Your little billet, of the 25th of last month, was a proper reproof for the contents of one of mine. Till I saw the joke, I was truly unhappy. If you had not written the long and kind letter the next day, which came in the same packet, I should have been miserable. Yet, I wish you happy, most happy; but I cannot bear the thoughts of your receiving happiness from any hands (man, woman, or child) but mine. Had my affections not been fixed, as they are unalterably, elsewhere, the wife of my friend, with all her charms, would never fix them. I have but two masters, Love and Honour. If I did not consider you as my wife, I would add, you know that I have but *one* Mistress.

A friend of mine is going to England; (happy fellow I shall think him, to be but in the same country with you). He will call at the Cannon Coffee-house for me. Do send me, thither, the French book you mention, *Werther*. if you don't, I positively never will forgive you. Nonsense, to say that it will make me unhappy, or that. I shan't be able to read it! Must I pistol myself, because a thick-blooded German has been fool enough to set the example, or because a German novelist has feigned such a story? If you don't lend it me, I will most assuredly procure it some time or another; so, you may as well have the merit of obliging me.

My friend will send a small parcel for you to Dover Street. The books I send you, because I know you have not got them, and because they are so much cheaper here. If you feel afraid of emptying my purse (which by the way is almost worn out), you shall be my debtor for them. So, send me a note of hand, value received. The other things are surely not worth mentioning. Tell me how the children like their parcel. The cuts out of Ogilby's *Aesop*, I suspect, will be particularly acceptable.

LETTER XXXIII.
Miss R. to Mr. H. 20 Aug 1776

England, 20 Aug. 76,

In the name of love, where are you? What is the matter? Why don't you write?

Are you ill? God forbid, and I not with you to nurse you! If ill, why don't you let somebody else, write to me? Better that all should be discovered, than suffer what I suffer. It's more than a month since I heard from you. A month used to bring me eight or ten letters.

When I grew uneasy, it was in vain, as I said in my last, that I endeavoured to find your friend who brought the parcel (for I would certainly have seen him, and asked him about you).

What is become of all my letters for this last month?

Did you get what I returned by your friend? Do you like the purse? The book which you mentioned, is just the only book you should never read. On my knees, I beg you never, never to read it! Perhaps you *have* read it—Perhaps!—I am distracted.—Heaven only knows for whom I may be writing this letter.

Madam, or Sir

If you are a woman, I think you will—if you are a man, and ever loved, I am sure you will—oblige me with one line to say what is come of Mr. James H. of the —— regiment. Direct to Mrs. ——, Dover Street, London.— Any person whose hands my letter may fall into, will not think this much trouble; and, if they send me good news, Heaven knows how a woman, who loves, if possible, too well, will thank them.

LETTER XXXIV.
Mr. H. to Miss R. 10 Sep 1776

Ireland, 10 Sept. 1776.

As I am no sportsman, there is no merit, you may think, in devoting a morning in September to this employment. Nor do I claim any merit. 'Tis only making myself happy.

Now, I hope, you are quite at ease about me. My health, upon my honour! Upon our love! is almost re-established.—Were I not determined to keep on this side the truth, I would say quite. The four letters which I have written to you, since I received your frantic sheet of paper, have, I hope, explained and made up everything. How can I sufficiently thank you for all your letters; especially for that of this week? Never did you pen a better. Did I know anybody employed in a work, where that letter could properly appear, he should insert it in your own words.

Excuse me; I am unwillingly called away.

What I said this morning about your letter, brings to my recollection something of that sort. Shall I tell it you? I will.

James Hirst, in the year 1711, lived servant with the Honourable Edward Wortley. It happened, one day, that, in re-delivering a parcel of letters to his master, he gave him by . mistake one which he had written to his sweetheart, and kept back one of Mr. Wortley's. He soon discovered the mistake, and hurried back to his master; but, unfortunately (or rather, fortunately) for poor James, it happened to be the first that presented itself to Mr. Wortley; and, before James returned, he had given way to a curiosity which led him to open it and read the love-told story of an enamoured footman. It was in vain that James begged to have it returned. "No," says Mr. Wortley, "James, you shall be a great man; this letter shall appear in the Spectator."

Mr. Wortley communicated the letter to his friend Steele. It was accordingly published in James's own words; and is that letter, Nr. 71, in the first volume of the Spectator, beginning "Dear Betty."

James found means to remove that unkindness of which he complains in his letter; but, alas! before their wishes were completed, a speedy end was put to a passion which would not discredit far superior rank, by the unexpected death of Betty. James, out of the great regard and love he bore to Betty, after her death, married the sister. He died, not many years since, in the neighbourhood. of Wortley, near Leeds, in Yorkshire.

To marry you is the utmost of my wishes; but, remember, your James don't engage to marry your sister, in case of your death. Death! How can I think of such a thing, though it be but in joke!

LETTER XXXV.
The Same to the Same. 15 Sep 1776

Ireland, 15 Sept. 1776.

The commands of your last letter, for the reasons which you give, I immediately obeyed. My inquiries about the young Englishman you mention, amount to this. He is liked tolerably well here. He would be liked more, if he took more pains to be liked. His contempt for some people in the world, whom others despise perhaps as well as he, is sometimes too conspicuous. Accident has given me an opportunity to see and know a great deal of him; and with certainty. His heart is certainly not bad. His abilities are as certainly not equal to what he once confesses to have thought them; perhaps they are superior to the opinion he now entertains of them. He has ambition and emulation enough to have almost supplied any want of genius, and to have made him almost anything, had he fallen into proper hands. But his schoolmasters knew nothing of the human heart nor over much of the head. Though at times indolent to a degree, a keen eye might have discovered, may still discover, industry at the bottom; a good cultivator might have turned it, may still; turn it, to good account. He will write his name on some great work, if he live to see his 50th year. His friendships are warm, sincere, decided: his enmities the same. He complains, now and then, that some of his friends will pretend to know him better than they know themselves, and better than they know anything else. "They would play upon him; they would seem to know his stops; they pretend to be able to sound him from his lowest note, to the top of his compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in a little pipe; yet can not they make it speak. Do they think," he demands, "that he is easier to be played than a pipe?"<29> Why, really, I do not think this is the case at present, whatever it may have been. Secrecy is not brought into the world; it is acquired in the world. An honest heart can only acquire it by experience. The character which he had certainly gotten somehow among some of his intimates, has been of service both to them and to himself. They made a point of secrecy, after they chose to discover a want of it in him; and now he has made a point of it himself. My dearest secret (you know what that is) should now sooner be trusted to him than to any of his former accusers. The loudest of them, to my knowledge, was little calculated to judge of this man; for, though he might not absolutely think him a coward, he certainly did not suspect his friend of courage, till sufficient proof of it was given under his own eye. Now, in my opinion, true courage and resolution are this gentleman's marking characteristics. This is no great compliment; for, without them, what is any man worth?

Such, in my judgement, is the young gentleman about whom you wished me to inquire, and with whom I happen to have lived a good deal. His principal merit is, that my amiable friend (the mention of whose wife just jogged your jealousy) sincerely loves him. That worthy man seldom throws away his attachment where it is not deserved. Nor do I know anything in the gentleman, whose character I have been sketching; which gives me more pleasure, or which it would give him more pleasure to have noticed, than the love and respect which I am sure he feels for my friend.

So much for business. Now for an article of news. The latter, end of last month, a lady and her servant, as they were riding in Phoenix Park, were stopped by a man on foot, very genteelly, dressed in white clothes, and a gold-laced hat. He demanded the lady's money, which she gave him, amounting to twenty-six guineas. The person put the cash into one of his pockets, and took from the orher a small

diamond hoop ring, which he presented to the lady, desiring her to wear it for the sake of an extraordinary robber, who made it a point of honour to ask no more from a beautiful lady, than he could make a return for in value. He then, with great agility, vaulted over the wall, and disappeared.

This you may perhaps call an Irish way of robbing. There certainly was something original in it. The gentleman seems clearly to imagine, that an exchange is no robbery.

As to your threat, I will answer it in the same style—"I *will* love you—and if—!" But neither my answer, nor your threat, is, original. Reading, this morning, a history of this country, I found the following anecdote. In 1487, a dreadful war was carried on in Ulster, between the Chieftain O'Neal, and the neighbouring Chieftain of Tirconnel. This war had nothing more considerable for its immediate cause, than the pride of O'Neal, who demanded that his enemy should recognise his authority by paying tribute. The laconic style in which the demand was made and rejected, would not have disgraced a nobler contest. "Send me tribute—or else!"—was the message of O'Neal. To which was returned, with the same princely brevity,—"I owe you none—and if—!"

But I talk nonsense. This does not prove your threat to have been borrowed; for I dare say, you never heard of O'Neal till this moment. It only proves that two people may express themselves alike.

Should any man who loved like me (if any man ever did love like me) have spoken of his love in terms like those which I use to speak of mine, follows it therefore that I have borrowed either his passion or his language? Were it possible for you to think so, I never would forgive you.—Pray copy the music, which you mention, in your next.

It gave me pleasure to read, in your last, that you have begun chess, though I could not persuade you. Now, you will believe me, about a thing's being easy. Not long ago, I taught it to a school-boy here in two evenings.

Come, to begin a game with you; I move my queen's pawn two moves.

LETTER XXXVI.
The Same to the Same. 18 Sep. 1776

Ireland, 18 Sept. 1776

How happens it that I have not sooner noticed what you say, in a letter the beginning of last month, about the new punishment of working upon the Thames? Politicians may write more learnedly upon the matter; but I will defy Beccaria<30> to write more feelingly or humanely. There certainly is much truth in what you say. Experience however will be the best test. Suppose the convicts were indeed ever to be sent, as you say Commodore *—* proposed, to Omiah's Country,<31> or to any of the neighbouring islands. What a new method this would be of civilising mankind! What friendship it would have been in the Romans, on the discovery of our island, to have sentenced hither all the rascals they had among them who deserved hanging! What a precious race we should now be! Yet, as it is, what sort of a race are we? Besides, Rome itself, you remember, had no better origin.

Perhaps my true reason for noticing your sensible letter thus late, is to introduce you to a scene which passed in the quicksilver mine of Idra, in Friuli, a still more unpleasant abode than Mr. Campbell's academy. This used to be Colonel G's method, you remember, of introducing his home-made jokes. Not that my story is home-made. I take it from some Italian letters which a brother officer lent me, written by Mr. Everard to a friend; and I give you the story almost in his own words—except in one or two passages, where I think he has lost an opportunity of surprising the reader.

> Dear Sir,
>
> The pleasure I always take in writing to you, wherever I am, and whatever doing, in some measure dispels my present uneasiness; an uneasiness caused at once by the disagreeable aspect of everything around me, and the more disagreeable scene to which I have been witness.
>
> Something too I have to tell you of Count Alberti. You remember him one of the gayest, most agreeable persons at the Court of Vienna; at once the example of the men, and the favourite of the fair sex. I often heard you repeat his name with esteem, as one of the few that did honour to the present age; as possessed of generosity and pity in the highest degree; as one who made no other use of fortune, but to alleviate the distresses of mankind. But first of all, the scene I mentioned.
>
> After passing several parts of the Alps, and having visited Germany, I thought I could not well return home, without visiting the quicksilver mines at Idria, and seeing those dreadful subterranean caverns, where thousands are condemned to reside, shut out from all hopes of ever again beholding the cheerful light of the sun, and obliged to toil out a miserable life under the whips of imperious task-masters. Imagine to yourself an hole in the side of a mountain, of about five yards over. Down this you are let, in a kind of bucket, more than an hundred fathom; the prospect growing still more gloomy, yet still widening, as you descend. At length, after swinging in terrible suspense for some time in this precarious situation, you at length reach the bottom, and tread on the ground; which by its hollow sounds under your feet, and the reverberations of the echo, seems thundering at every step you take. In this gloomy and frightful solitude, you are enlightened by the feeble gleam of lamps, here and there disposed, so that the wretched inhabitants of these mansions can go from one part to another without a guide. And yet, let me assure you, that though they, by custom, could see objects very distinctly by these lights, I could scarce discern, for same same time, anything; not even the person who came with me to show me these scenes of horror.

From this description, I suppose, you have but a disagreeable idea of the place; yet let me assure you that it is a palace, if we compare the habitation with the inhabitants. Such wretches mine eyes never yet beheld. The blackness of their visages only serves to cover an horrid paleness, caused by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed to procure. As they in general consist of malefactors condemned for life to this task, they are fed at the public expense; but they seldom consume much provision.—They lose their appetites in a short time; and commonly in about two years expire, from a total contraction of all the joints of the body.

In this horrid mansion I walked after my guide for some time, pondering on the strange tyranny and avarice of mankind, and thinking how the humane Alberti would rejoice in procuring light, liberty, and life, to the wretches who glided by me; when I was accosted by a voice behind me, calling me by name, and inquiring after my health with the most cordial affection. I turned and saw a creature all black and hideous, who approached me, with a most piteous accent, demanding, "Ah! Mr. Everard, don't you know me?" Good God! what was my surprise, when through the veil of his wretchedness, I discovered the seatures of my old and dear friend Alberti himself; the gallant, gay Alberti! I flew to him with affection; and, after a tear of condolence, asked how he came there? To this the wretched Count replied, that having fought a duel with a general of the Austrian insantry against the emperor's command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into one of the forests of Istria, where he was first taken, and afterwards sheltered, by some banditti, who had long infested that quarter. With these he had lived for nine months, till, by a close investiture of the place in which they were concealed, and after a very obstinate resistance, in which the greatest part of them fell, he was secured and carried to Vienna, in order to be broken alive on the wheel. When he arrived at the capital, he wss quickly known, and, several of the associates of his accusation and danger witnessing his innocence, his punishment of the rack was changed into that of perpetual confinement and labour in the mines of Idria. A sentence, in my opinion, a thousand times worse than death.

As Count Alberti was giving me this history, a young woman came up to him, who, at once I saw, had been born for better fortune. The dreadful situation of the place was not able to destroy her beauty; and even in this scene of wretchedness she seemed to have charms to grace the most brilliant assembly.

This Lady was daughter to one of the first families in Germany, and, having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon without effect, was at last resolved to share his miseries, as she could not relieve them. With him she accordingly descended into these mansions, from which few ever return; and with him she is contented to live, forgetting the gaieties of life; with him to toil, despising the splendours of opulence, and contented with the consciousness of her own constancy.

I am, dear Sir,
Yours, &c.

Now can I tell all the feelings of your dear heart. Now see I your fancy busy with her magic pencil; and affecting is the picture she has begun. Begun—for your weeping eyes will not suffer you to finish it. Can not you, through all your tears, distinguish Alberti and his wife dying in each other's arms after about half a year? What a scene!

Is there any sum of money you would not give to have this tragedy end happily?

That, of course, is impossible. But Mr. Everard speaks of the poor souls in his next letter, which I may perhaps send you in *my next*.—

Come—be a good girl, and you shall have it now, though it will not give you much consolation.

> Dear sir,
>
> "My last to you was expressive, and perhaps too much so, of the gloomy situation of my mind. I own, the deplorable condition of the worthy man described in it, was enough to add double severity to the hideous mansions. At present, however, I have the happiness to inform you, that I was spectator of the most affecting scene I ever yet beheld. Nine days after I had written my last, a person came post from Vienna to the little village near the mouth of the greater shaft. He was soon after followed by a second, and he by a third. The first inquiry was after the unfortunate Count; and I, happening to overhear the demand, gave them the best information. Two of these were the brother and cousin of the lady; the third was an intimate friend and fellow-soldier of the Count. They came with his pardon, which had been procured by the General with whom the duel had been fought, who was perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them with all the expedition of joy down to his dreary abode, and presented to him his friends, and informed him of the happy change in his circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the joy that brightened up his grief-worn countenance; nor was the young lady's emotion less vivid at seeing her friends, and hearing of her husband's freedom: some hours were employed in mending the appearances of this faithful couple, nor could I without a tear behold him taking leave of the former wretched companions of his toil. To one he left his mattock; to another his working clothes; to a third his little household utensils, necessary in that situation. We soon emerged from the mine; and he once again revisited the light of the sun, which he had totally despaired of ever seeing. A post-chaise was ready the next morning to take them to Vienna, whither, I am since informed by a letter from himself, they are returned. The Empress has taken them into favour; his fortune and rank are restored; and he and his fair partner now have the pleasing satisfaction of feeling happiness with double relish, because they once knew what it was to be miserable."<32>

Writes not a friend of yours, that the circumstance of his being at Rennes at the very time the Marquis reclaimed his forfeited nobility and his sword, was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one?—I believe it: and every other incident of good fortune befall all such travellers!

Did not I say that this second part of the story would not afford you *much* consolation? Forgive me for such a falsity. That was only to surprise you. Well I knew what would be my Martha's feelings.—Let me conclude with something less sentimental.

Are you as deep in astrology as when you wrote last to me? On the page I have to spare I will send you some hasty lines which I scribbled the other day to ridicule the weakness of a Dr. W. who is as great a fool at least as Dryden, and never fails to cast the nativity of his children.

> Kind heaven has heard the parent's prayer,
> Each gossip hails the son and heir.
> "Pray let the Doctor see."-
> "My master, ma'am? Your labour past
> He's got among the stars, to cast
> His son's nativity."
>
> Three hours elapsed, our sage descends,
> With "Well, and how's the child, my friends?"
> "He's happy, Sir, ere this."
> "Happy! why, yonder stars ne'er shed

Benigner influence on the head
Of happier, I guess.

"Worth, virtue, wisdom, honour, wealth,
Man's best and only riches, health,
Assuredly await
Heaven's favoured child—or never more.
Say I have knowledge to explore
The secret page of fate.

"'Twas there I read, my happy boy
Full seventy summers should enjoy,
Ere"—when nurse sobbed and said
"Good lack!—The babe to whom kind heaven
So many bounteous gifts hath given,
These two hours hath been dead."

LETTER XXXVII.
The Same to the Same. 26 Jan 1777

Ireland, 26 January, 1777.

One of Lord Harcourt's suite will carry this to England. His Lordship was relieved from guard yesterday by the arrival of the new Lord Lieutenant. As politics have not much: to do with love, I shall not trouble you with a history of the late reign, or with a prophecy of what will be the present. Only let our great actors take care that they do not play the farce of America in Ireland.

My spirits, I thank you, are now tolerably well. But you know that I am, at least I know that I have been, ever since you have known me, a orange, comical fellow: neither one thing nor t'other: sometimes in the garret, but much oftener down in the cellar. If Salvator Rosa, or Rousseau, wanted to draw a particular character, I am their man. But you and I shall yet be happy together, I know; and then my spirits and passions will return into their usual channels.

Why do you complain of the language and tenderness of my letters? Suppose they were not tender. What would you say, what would you think, then? Must not Love speak the language of Love? Nay, do we not see every day that Love and Religion have mutual obligations, and continually borrow phrases from each other? Put Jamie or Jenny, instead of Christ, and see what you will make of some of Mrs. Rowe's most solemn poems, or many of Dr. Watts's hymns.

Besides, let me transcribe you a letter written by another person to a lady.

> "Sir Benjamin, telling me you were not come to town at three o'clock, makes me in pain to know how your son does; and I can't help inquiring after him and dear Mrs. Freeman. The Bishop of Worcester was with me this morning, before I was dressed. I gave him my letter to the Queen; and he has promised to second it, and seemed to undertake it very willingly: though, by all the discourse I had with him (of which I will give you a particular account when I see you) I find him very partial to her. The last time he was here, I told him you had several times desired you might go from me; and I have repeated the same thing again to him for you may easily imagine I would not neglect doing you right, on all occasions. But I beg it again, for Christ Jesus's sake, that you would never name it any more to me; for be assured, if you would ever do so cruel a thing as to leave me, from that moment I shall never enjoy one quiet hour: and, should you do it without asking my consent (which if I ever give you, may I never see the face of heaven!), I will shut myself up, and never see the world more, but live where I may be forgotten by human kind."

What think you of this letter? If it should have been written by a woman to a woman, surely you will allow H. to write a little tenderly to his own Martha. This was really the case. It is transcribed from "*An account of the conduct of the Dowager Duchess of Marlborough*," printed for W. Smith in Dame Street, Dublin, 1742, which I bought at Wilson's in Dame Street yesterday. The pamphlet contains others as loving. This I find page 40. It was written to Lady Marlborough by her mistress (one would have thought the word *mistress* in one sense did belong to one of the parties) when she was only Princess of Denmark. It refers to the quarrel between the Princess and her royal sister and brother-in-law, because she would not part with her favourite upon Lord Marlborough's having displeased the King.

These two female lovers always corresponded, under the names of Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Morley, at the particular desire of the Princess, who fixed, upon the names: and this, after she was Queen Anne.

Be assured, my Martha, that, although write to you with the same madness of affection, I will never imitate her example, for all its royalty, and exchange you for a mushroom of your own raising (Mrs. Masham).

LETTER XXXVIII.
The Same to the Same. 6 Feb 1777

Ireland, 6 Feb. 1777.

My last was merry, you know. I can't say as much for your last. Today you must suffer me to indulge my present turn of mind in transcribing something which was left behind her by a Mrs. Dixon, who poisoned herself not long since at Enniskillen. It was communicated to me by a gentleman, after dinner yesterday, who is come hither about business, and lives in the neighbourhood of Enniskillen. The unhappy woman was not above nineteen years of age. She had been married about two years, and lived with her husband all that time with seeming ease and cheerfulness.

She was remarkably cheerful all the fatal day, had company to dine with her, made tea for them, in the evening set them down to cards, retired to her chamber, and drank her cup of arsenic.

She left a writing on her table, in which is obscurely hinted the sad circumstance which urged her impatience to this desperate act.

Enclosed is an exact copy, even to the spelling.

"This is to let all the word know, that hears of me, that it's no crime I ever committed occasions this my untimly end; but dispair of ever being happy in this world, as I have sufficient reasons to think so. I own 'tis a sinful remedy, and very uncertain to seek happiness: but I hope that God will forgive my poor soul; Lord have mercy on it. But all I beg, is to let none reproach my friends with it, or suspect my virtue or any honour in the least, though I am to be no more.

Comfort my poor unhappy mother, and brothers and sisters; and let all mothers take care, and never force a child, as mine did me. But I forgive her, and hopes God will forgive me, as I believe the meant my good by my marriage.

Oh! that unfortunate day I gave my hand to one, whilst my heart was another's, but hoping that time and prudence would at length return my former peace and tranquility of mind, which I wanted for a long time. But oh! it grieves me to think of the length of eternity; and the Lord save me from eternal damnation! Let no one blame Martin Dixon<33>, for he is in no fault of it.

I have a few articles which I have a greater regard for than anything else that's mine, on account of him that gave them to me (but *he* is not to be mentioned)—and I have some well-wishers that I think proper to give them to.

First, to Betty Balfour, my silver buckles; to Polly Deeryn, my diamond ring; to Betty Mulligan, my laced suit, cap, handkerchief, and ruffles; to Peggy Delap, a new muslin handkerchief, not yet hemmed, which is in my drawer; and hope for my sake those persons will accept of these trifles, as a testimony of my regard for them.

I would advise Jack Watson<34> to behave himself in an honest and obedient manner in respect to his mother and family, as he is all she has to depend upon now.

I now go in God's name, though against his commands, without wrath or spleen to any one upon earth. The very person I die for, I love him more than ever, and forgives him. I pray God grant him more content and happiness than he ever had; and hopes he will forgive me, only to remember such a one died for him.

There was, not long ago, some persons pleased to talk something against my reputation, as to a man in this town; but now, when I ought to tell the truth, I may be believed—If ever I knew him, or any other but my husband, may I never enter into

glory.—And them I forgive who said so—But let that man's wife take care of them that told her so; for they meant her no good by it.

With love to one, friendship to a few, and good-will to all the world, I die, saying, Lord have mercy on my soul! with *an advice to all people never to suffer a passion of any sort to command them, as mine did, in spite of me.* I pray God bless all my friends and acquaintance, and begs them all to comfort my mother, who is unhappy in having such a child as I, who is ashamed to subscribe myself an unworthy and disgraceful member of the church of Scotland,

Jane Watson,
otherwise, Dixon."

My pen shall not interrupt your meditations hereon, by, making reflections. We both of us have made, I dare say, too many on it.—She too was *Jenny*, and had her Jamie, and her Robin Gray. Neither did she quit her prison, without, like Alberti (whose story you say affected you so), disposing of her miserable wealth to those she left behind her.

Alas! dull as the prison of this world is (especially now that I am separated thus from you), why could not you and I have known this woman, and have persuaded her to live?

LETTER XXXIX.
The Same to the Same. 27 March 1777

Ireland, 27 March, 1777.

If you write as you wrote last week, I cannot bear this distance. Positively you must think of what I proposed last month.

That I may not disobey your commands this morning by writing too tenderly, I will transcribe you something in return for the contents of your last. It is in a different style, but full as capital. Tell me whether you don't think my French *Robin Gray* a tolerable companion to your English one. The young Abbé who gave it me, assured me that it is almost totally unknown, even in France. Louis Petit (a friend of Corneille) wrote it, who died in 1693. Do let me set you the task of translating it, when you will of course give Jeremiah leave to go and mind his own affairs.

Dès que Robin eut vu partir Toinette,
Il quitta là le soin de son troupeau,
Il jetta loin panetiere et houlette,
Et ne garde rien que son chalumeau.
Il lamenta plus fort qu'un Jèremie;
Il souhaita mille fois le trespas;
Et, dans son mal, il n'a d'autre soulas
Que d'entonner, sur sa flûte jolie,
Triste chanson, qui finit par,—"Hélas!
C'est grand' pitié d'estre loin de s'amie.

Ces derniers mots, sans cesser, il répète,
Tantôt assis sur le bord d'un ruisseau,
Tantôt couché dessus la tendre herbette
Tantôt le dos appuyé d'un ormeau.
Onc ne mena Berger si triste vie.
Du doux sommeil il ne fait plus de cas;
Plus qu'un hermite il fait maisgres repas;
Dances et jeux ne lui plaisent plus mie,
Et dans sa bouche il n'a rien qu'un—"Hélas!
C'est grand' pitié d'estre loin de s'amie."

Il n'est berger qui son mal ne regrette;
Et près de lui bergeres du hameau
Viennent chanter, filant leur quenouillette,
Pour consoler ce triste pastoureau.
Mais leur doux chant point ne le solatie,
Tant sa douleur le tient dedans ses lacs!
Pour ne les voir, les yeux tient toujours bas;
Et, si leur dit, "laissez-moi, je vous prie;"
Puis aussitôt revient a son—"Hélas!
Cest grand' pitié d'estre loin de s'amie."

ENVOI

Fils de Cypris, plus malin qu'une pie,
A consoler Robin l'on perd ses pas:
Toinette seule, avec ses doux appas,
Le peut tirer de sa mélancholie:
Rends-la lui donc; car, aprés tout—"Helas!
C'est grand' pitié d'estre loin de s'amie."<35>

Ah, ma chère Martha, c'est tres-grande pitié d'être loin de s'amie. <36>

LETTER XL.
The Same to the Same. 20 Apr 1777

Ireland, 20 April, 1777.

"I had your letter; and expect, before you read this, to receive another from you with the most fatal news that can ever come to me, unless I should be put to death for some ignominious crime."

So begins this country's laughing Dean to Dr. Sheridan, Letter 26, August 29, 1727. So begins unhappy H. to his much-loved Martha; both because I dipped on the passage just now (not ominously I hope), and because I feel its force.

Now you see that there is something in dreams. But why is not your alarming letter more particular about your complaint? Do they nurse you as tenderly as I would? Are they careful about your medicines? For my sake tell them all round what happened lately here to Sir William Yorke, the Chief Justice.

Sir William was grievously afflicted with the stone. In his severe fits he used to take a certain quantity of laudanum-drops. On calling for his usual remedy, during the most racking pains of his distemper, the drops could not be found. The servant was dispatched to his apothecary; but, instead of laudanum-drops, he asked for laudanum. A quantity of laudanum was accordingly sent, with special charge not to give Sir William more than twenty-four drops. But the fellow, forgetting the caution, gave the bottle into his master's hand, who, in his agony, drank up the whole contents and expired in less than an hour.

Why, my dearest love, did, you conceal your illness from me so long? Now, you may have revealed the situation of your health to me too late: What a thought was that!—If I write more, I shall write like a madman. A gentleman takes this who sails for England today. Tomorrow or next day * * * will be here. If Lord S. as I have reason to expect, influence him to refuse me leave of absence, I will most certainly sell out directly, which I have an opportunity to do. At any rate I will be with you in a few days. If I come without a commission, you must not be angry. To find you both displeased and ill, will be too much for your poor H. For my sake, be careful. Dr. — I insist upon your not having any longer. His experience and humanity are upon a par. Positively you must contrive some method for me to see you. How can love like mine suport existence, if you should be ill, and I should not be permitted to see you!—But I can neither think nor write any more.

LETTER XLI.
The Same to the Same. 4 May 1777

Cannon Coffee-house,
Charing-Cross, 4 May, 1777.

Did you get the incoherent scrawls which I wrote you yesterday and the day before? Yours I have this instant read and wept over. Your feeble writing speaks you weaker than you own. Heavens! am I come hither only to find that I must not see you! Better I had stayed in Ireland. Yet, now I do breathe the same air with you. Nothing but your note last night could have prevented, me, at all hazards, from forcing my way to your bedside. In vain did I watch the windows afterwards, to gather information from the passing lights whether you were better or worse. If you love me, find me an answer to this.

LETTER XLII.
Miss R.'s maid to Mr. H. 4 May 1777

Admiralty, 4 May, 1777,
3 o'clock.

My dear mistress bids me write this from her mouth—"These are the last words I speak. My last thoughts will be on you, my dearest dear H. Live, and cherish my memory. Accept the contents of this little box. Be a friend to my children. My little girl"—

LETTER XLIII.
To the Same. 4 May 1777

Admiralty, 4 May, 1777.

5 o'clock.

My dear Soul,

At the hazard of my life I write this to tell you that I am alive and yours. The unfinished note, which my hasty maid—I can't go on.

Sir,

My dear mistress bids me say, sir, that her disorder has taken a turn within this hour, and the doctors say she will recover. Honoured sir, I humbly crave your pardon for sending away my scribble just now, which I am afraid has made you uneasy: but indeed, honoured sir, I thought it was all over with my poor dear mistress; and then, then, I am sure I should have broke my heart; for, to be sure, no servant ever had a better, nor a kinder mistress. Sir, I presumes to see your Honour tomorrow. My mistress fainted away as she began this, but is now better.

6 o'clock.

LETTER XLIV.
Mr. H. to Miss R. 27 Jun 1777

Cannon Coffee-house
27 June, 1777
5 o'clock.

The late delightful weather has quite finished your recovery, I hope.

As I want both appetite and spirits to touch my dinner, which has been standing before me these ten minutes, I can claim no merit in writing to you. May you enjoy that pleasure in your delightful situation on the banks of the Thames, which no situation, nothing upon earth, can in your absence afford me!

Do you ask me what has lowered my spirits today? I'll tell you. Don't be angry, but I have been to see the last of poor Dodd.<37> Yes, "poor Dodd!" notwithstanding his life was justly forfeited to the laws of his country. The scene was affecting: it was the first of the kind that I had ever seen; and shall certainly be the last. Though, had I been in England when Tolosa was deservedly executed in February, I think, for killing a young French woman (I forget her name) with whom he lived, I believe I should have attended the last moments of a man who could murder the object of his love. For the credit of my country, this man (does he deserve the name of *man*?) was a Spaniard. Do not think that I want tenderness, because I was present this morning. Will you allow yourself to want tenderness, because you have been present at Lear's madness, or Ophelia's? Certainly not. Believe me (you *will* believe me, I am sure)—I do not make a profession of it, like George S. Your H. is neither *artiste* nor *amateur* (you remember the anecdote of the Parisian Monsieur Ketch); nor do I, like Paoli's friend and historian, hire a window by the year, which looks upon the Grass-market at Edinburgh.<38> *Raynal's* book you have read, and admire.<39> For its humanity it merits admiration: The Abbé does not countenance an attendance on scenes of this sort by his writings; but he does by his conduct: and I would sooner take Practice's word than Theory's. Upon my honour, Raynal and Charles Fox, notwithstanding the rain, beheld the whole from the top of an unfinished house, close by the stand in which I had a place.

However meanly Dodd behaved formerly, in throwing the blame of his application to the Chancellor on his wife, he certainly died with resolution. More than once today I have heard that resolution ascribed to his hope that his friend Hawes, the humane founder of the humane society, would be able to restore him to life. But I give him more credit. Besides, Voltaire observes that the courage of a dying man is in proportion to the number of those who are present; and St. Evremond, the friend of the French Martha (Ninon), discovered that *les Anglois surpassent toutes les nations a mourir*.<40> Let me surpass all mankind in happiness, by possessing my Ninon for life, and I care not how I die, so it be not like poor Dodd.

Some little circumstances struck me this morning, which, however you may refuse to forgive me for so spending my morning, I am sure you would not forgive me were I to omit.

Before the melancholy procession arrived, a sow was driven into the space left for the sad ceremony; nor could the idea of the approaching scene, which had brought the spectators together, prevent too many from laughing, and shouting, and enjoying the poor animal's distress, as if they had only come to Tyburn to see a sow baited.

After the arrival of the procession, the preparation of the unhappy victim mixed something disagreeably ludicrous with the solemnity. The tenderest could not but feel it, though they might be sorry that they did feel it. The poor man's wig was to be taken off; and the night-cap of death, brought for the purpose, was too little, and could not be pulled on without force. Valets-de-chambre are the greatest enemies even to heroes. Think of such a valet-de-chambre as Jack Ketch, before such company, and, at such a time as this! Every guinea in my pocket would I have given, that he had not worn a wig, or that (wearing one) the cap had been bigger.

At last arrived the moment of death. The driving away of the cart was accompanied with a noise which best explained the feelings of the spectators for the sufferer. Did you never observe, at the sight or the relation of anything shocking, that you closed your teeth hard, and drew in your breath hard through them, so as to make a sort of hissing found? This was done so universally at the fatal moment, that I am persuaded the noise might have been heard at a considerable distance. For my own part, I detected myself, in a certain manner, accompanying his body with the motion of my own; as you have seen people writhing and twisting and biassing themselves, after a bowl which they have just delivered.

Not all the resuscitating powers of Mr. Hawes can, I fear, have any effect; it was so long before the mob would suffer the hearse to drive away with his body.

Thus ended the life of Dr. Dodd. How shocking, that a man with whom you and I have eaten and drunk, should leave the world in such a manner! A manner which, from familiarity, has almost ceased to chock us, except when our attention is called to a Perreau<41> or a Dodd.

How many men, how many women, how many young, and, as they fancy, tender females, with all their sensibilities about them, hear the sounds, by which at this moment I am disturbed, with as much indifference as they hear muffins and matches cried along the streets!

The last dying speech and confession, birth, parentage, and education.

Familiarity has even annexed a kind of humour to the cry. We forget that it always announces the death (and what a death!) of one fellow-being, sometimes of half a dozen, or even more.

A lady talks with greater concern of cattle-day than of hanging-day: and her maid contemplates the mournful engraving at the top of a dying speech, with more indifference than she regards the honest tar hugging his sweetheart at the top of "Black-eyed Susan." All that strikes us is the ridiculous tone in which the halfpenny ballad-singer chants the requiem. We little recollect that, while we are smiling at the voice of the charmer, (charm she never so wisely), wives or husbands, children, parents, or friends, perhaps all these and more than these, as pure from crimes as we, and purer perhaps, are weeping over the crime and punishment of the darling and support of their lives. Still less do we at this moment (for the printer always gets the start of the hangman, and many a man has bought his own dying speech on his return to Newgate by virtue of a reprieve), still less do we ask ourselves, whether the wretch, who at the moment we hear this (which ought to strike us as an) awful sound, finds the halter of death about his neck, and now takes the longing farewell, and now hears the horses whipped and encouraged to draw from under him for ever, the cart which he now, now, now feels depart from his lingering feet—whether this wretch really

deserved to die more than we. Alas! were no spectators to attend executions but those who deserve to live, Tyburn would be honoured with much thinner congregations.

Still Cannon Coffee-house.

Well—I have made an uncomfortable sort of a meal on tea, and now I will continue my conversation with you. *Conversation*—plague on words, they will bring along with them ideas! This is all the conversation we must have together for some days. Have I deserved the misery of being absent from my Martha? To bring proofs of my love, would be to bring proofs of my existence. They must end together. Oh Martha, does the chaste resolution which I have so religiously observed ever since I offered you marriage, deserve no smiles from Fortune? is then my evil genius never to relent? Had I not determined to deserve that success which it is not for mortals to command, I should never have struggled with my passions as I did the first time we met after your recovery. What a struggle! The time of year, the time of day, the situation, the danger from which you were hardly recovered, the number of months since we had met, the languor of your mind and body, the everything—Ye cold-blooded, white-livered sons and daughters of Chastity, have ye no praises to bestow on such a forbearance as that?

Yet, when your strength failed you, and grief and tenderness dissolved you in my arms; when you reclined your cheek upon my shoulder, and your warm tears dropped into my bosom; then—who could refrain?—then—

What then, ye clay-cold hyper-critics in morality?

Then—even then—"I took but one kiss, and I tore myself away."

Oh that I could take only one look, at this moment!

Your last says *the sun will shine*. Alas! I see no signs of it Our prospects seem shut up for ever.

With regard to the stage—we will talk of it. My objections are not because I doubt your suscess. They are of a different kind; the objections of Love and Delicacy. Be not uneasy about my selling out. The step was not so imprudent. What think you of orders? More than once you know you have told me that I have too much religion for a soldier. Will you condescend to be a poor parson's wife?

But I shall write till tomorrow, at this rate.

LETTER XLV.
The Same to the Same. 7 Jul 1777

7 July, 77

Since last night I have changed my mind—totally changed it. I charge you not to see Mrs. Yates this morning. Write her word that your mind is changed. Never will I consent to be supported by your labours. Never, never shall your face, your person, your accomplishments be exposed for so much an hour. By all the powers of love, I will not forgive you if you do not give up all thoughts of any such thing.

LETTER XLVI.
The Same to the Same. 20 Sep 1777

Croydon, 20 Sept. 77.

That you have taken to drawing, gives me particular pleasure. Depend upon it you will find it suit your genius. But, in truth, your genius seizes everything. While your old friend is eating his corn, I sit down to tell you this; which I would not say to your face, lest you should call it flattery; though you well know flattery is a thing in which you and I never deal. My opinion of the great man's style of painting, who condescends to improve you in drawing, is exactly yours. Posterity will agree with us. The subjects you recommended to his pencil are such as I should have expected from my Martha's fancy. While I walked my horse hither this morning, two or three subjects of different sorts occurred to me. All of them would not suit his style. But I know that one or two of them would not displease you, if well executed. Some of them I will send you.

Louis XIV. when a boy, viewing the battle of St. Anthony from the top of Charonne. In 1650, I think.

Ambition and Content: or Richard Cromwell, when the Prince de Conti, Condé's brother, told him in conversation, at Montpelier, without knowing him, that Oliver was a great man; but that Oliver's son was a miscreant, for not knowing how to profit by his father's crimes.

Milton, when the idea first struck him of changing his mystery into an epic poem.

Demosthenes declaiming in a storm.

William the Conqueror, and his rebellious son Robert, discovering each other in a battle, after they had encountered hand to hand for some time.

Charles XII. tearing the Vizier's robe with his spur; and again, after lying in bed ten months at Demotica.

"—Though my mother could na speak,
She looked in my face till my heart was like to break."<42>

The predecessor of Abra, in the illustriously-wretched bosom of Prior's *Solomon*. (2. 197);

"When she, with model scorn, the wreath returned,
Reclined her beauteous neck, and inward mourned.

Our Elizabeth, when she gave her Essex a box on the ear.

Chatterton's Sir Charles Bawdin, parting, from his wife;

Then tired out with raving loud,
She fell upon the floor
Sir Charles exerted all his might,
And marched from out the door."

The Conference of Augustus, Anthony, and Lepidus (you are deep in Goldsmith, know). Do you remember the scene? Equally suspicious of treachery, they agreed to meet on a little island near Mutina. Lepidus first passed over. Finding everything safe, he made the signal.

Behold them, yonder, seated on the ground, upon the highest part of a desolate island, unattended, fearful of one another, alternately marking out cities, and each in his turn proscribing nations, dividing the whole world between them, and mutually resigning to destruction, agreeably to lists which each presented, their dearest friends and nearest relations.

Salvator Rosa would not make me quarrel with him for doing the background. Your friend, if any one living, could execute the figures.

Let me suggest one more subject. Monmouth's decapitation, in the time of James II.<43> History speaks well of his face and person. The circumstances of his death are these. He desired the executioner to dispatch him with more skill than he had dispatched Russel. This only added to the poor fellow's confusion, who struck an ineffectual blow. Monmouth raised his face from the block, and with a look (which I cannot describe, but the painter must give) reproached his failure. By the turn of the head, the effect of the blow might be concealed, and left to Fancy; who might collect it from the faces of the nearest spectators. The remainder of the scene is too shocking for the eye to behold, almost to read. But, I know not how, when I am away from you, nothing is too shocking for *me*.

Monmouth again laid down his head. The executioner struck again *and again*, to as little purpose; and, at last, threw down the axe. The sheriff obliged the man, whose feelings all must pity and respect, to renew his attempt. Two strokes more finished the butchery.

Were it possible to tear off this last subject without destroying half my letter, I really would. It will make you shudder too much. But, you see, it is not possible; and you prefer such a letter as this, I know, to none.

The paper only affords me room to say, that my horse is ready. Every step he carries me from you, will be a step from Happiness. My imagination would busy herself just now, about the manner in which I should behave, if I were to die as ignominiously as Monmouth. But, since I feel no inclination for rebellion, Fancy threw away her pains.

LETTER XLVII.
The Same to the Same. 5 Feb 1778

5 February 1778.

Oh! my dearest Martha, what I have gone through since I wrote to you last night it is impossible for me to describe. Thank Heaven, you were not in town! Suffice it that my honour and life are both as you wish them. Now, mine of last night is more intelligible. How strange, that almost the kindest letter which you ever wrote me, should come to me precisely at the time I was obliged to make up my mind to quit the world, or, what is more, much more, to quit you! Yet, so it was.

The story which my letter mentioned, of a friend who had received such an affront as no human being could away with, was my own. Your feelings agreed with me, I am sure. Duelling is not what I defend. In general, almost always, it may be avoided. But cases may perhaps be put, in which it can be avoided only by worse than death, by everlasting disgrace and infamy. Had I fallen, I know where my last thoughts would have lingered; and you and your children would have had some tokens of my regard. Be assured the matter is for ever at an end, and at an end as properly as even you can with. How happy shall we be in 79, or 80 (for before that time we shall surely be blessed with each other!), to have those friends about us who were privy to this day; and to talk over the possibility of it!

H. in all thy future life sacred be every fifth of February!

My mind is too much agitated to write any more this evening. Tomorrow I will be more particular. My last I am sure could not alarm you; though, had anything happened, it would have prepared you. Don't be alarmed by this. Upon my honour! (with which you know I never preface a falsity) I am not hurt; nor, as it since turns out, is the other gentleman—at least, not materially.

One trifling circumstance I must mention. As I was perfectly determined about the business, since it was unavoidable, I did not see why I should not recruit my strength as much as possible. So, about three o'clock, I took some cold saddle of mutton and brandy and water at my friend's. After which I went home to seal up some things for you, where my friend was to call for me. When I saw him coming to my door between 4 and 5, I had just wrung the affectionate hand of one of the men I most value, and committed to his care you and your dear little girl, and my dear sister, &c. &c. Love, Honour, Revenge, and all my various feelings, would, in spite of myself, parch my tongue. As I took my hat out of my dressing-room, I filled a wine-glass of water, and drank half of it, to moisten my mouth.

When I saw that glass again, about an hour ago, on returning to that home which I never again thought to see, in order to write to her of whom I thought I had taken my last leave; when I took that glass again into my hand, recollected my feelings on setting it down, and emptied the remainder of its contents, a libation, of gratitude—Oh Martha, no pen, not even yours, can paint my feelings!

Only remember—in all our future life, each fifth of February be ever sacred!

LETTER XLVIII.
The Same to the Same. 2 Mar 1778

— street,
2 March, 1778.

Your going out of town so suddenly has not served to mend my spirits. But I will be as merry as I can. Were I to be very miserable after my late adventure, I should be guilty of sullenness against Fortune. The minute account I gave you of it last week, was, I assure you, dictated to my pen by my feelings, before they had forgotten the affecting circumstances. Your observations are truly just and striking. Unpardonable as the affront which I had received appears to mortal eyes, I should not readily, I fear, have found an answer to the question of the inquiring angel, on entering the world of spirits, "What brings you hither?"

Did I tell you o'Saturday the particulars of the poor fellow who suffered this day se'nnight for murdering Mrs. Knightly? They are singular.

He was an Italian, I understand. Such a thing is not credible, but of an Italian.

Mrs. Knightly's account was, that on the 18th of January, Ceppi came into her room, she being in bed, locked the door, set himself in a chair; and told her he was come to do her business. She, not understanding this, asked him to let her get out of bed; which he did. He then took from his pocket two pistols. She went towards the door in order to get out; but he set his back against it. She, to appease him, told him he might stay breakfast. He answered he would have none, but would give her a good one. She then called out to alarm the house, ran towards the bed, and said, "Pray, don't shoot me!" and drew up close to the curtains. He followed, and discharged the pistol; after which he threw himself across the bed, and fired the other pistol at himself, which did not take effect. During this, a washerwoman ran upstairs, and with a poker broke the bottom pannel of the door, through which Mrs. Knightly was drawn half-naked, and Ceppi, following, ran down stairs; but was pursued, and taken. In his defence, he said, he had proposed honourable terms of marriage to her, but that she had refused, and deserted him; that he was overcome with grief and love; and that his design was not to hurt her, but to shoot himself in her presence.

It appears, I am afraid, from all the circumstances, that, whatever his despair meant with regard to his own life, he certainly was determined to take away hers. How unaccountably must Nature have mixed him up! Besides the criminality and brutality of the business, the folly of it strikes me. What—because the person, on whom I have fixed my affections, has robbed me of happiness by withdrawing hers, shall I let her add to the injury, by depriving me of existence also in this world, and of everything in the next? In my opinion, to run the chance of being murdered by the new object of her affections, or of murdering him, is as little reconcileable to common sense as to common religion. How much less so to commit complicated murder, which must cut off all hopes in all worlds!

Yet, could I believe (which I own I cannot, from the evidence in this case), that the idea of destroying her never struck him till his finger was at the trigger; that his only intention was to lay the breathless body of an injured lover at her feet—had this been the fact, however I might have condemned the deed, I certainly should have wept over the momentary frenzy which committed it. But, as nothing appears to have passed which could at all make him change his plan, I must (impossible as it seems) suppose him to, have deliberately formed, so diabolical a plan; and must rejoice that

he was not of the same country, while I lament that he was of the same order of beings, as myself.

If the favour which I mentioned to you o'Saturday be at all out of course, pray don't ask it. Yet the worthy veteran whom I want to serve, has now and then seen things happen not altogether in course. When he called this morning to learn how I had succeeded, I observed to him, while we were talking, that he got bald. "Yes," said he, shaking his grey hairs, "it will happen so by people's continually stepping over one's head."

He little suspected the channel of my application; but he asked me this morning, whether 50l. if he could scrape it together, properly slid into Miss R's hand, might not forward his views. My answer was, that I had no acquaintance with the lady; but I knew for certain that she had never in her life soiled her fingers with the smallest present of this sort.

Happy, blessed, to know you, to love you, and be loved by you!

LETTER XLIX.
The Same to the Same. 5 Sep 1778

Hockerill,
5 Sept. 1778.

Here did I sit, more than two years ago, in this very room, perhaps in this very chair, thanking you for bliss, for paradise; all claim to which I soon after voluntarily resigned, because I hoped that they would soon be mine by claims more just, if possible, than those of Love. Two years—how have I borne existence all the while! But delicacy and respect for you, enjoined forbearance; and Hope led me on from day to day, deceiving time with distant prospects which I thought at hand. When will the tedious journey end? When will my weary feet find rest? When shall I sleep away my fatigues on the down-soft pillow of the bosom of Love?

Should hope continue to deceive me, never shall you make me happy, till you make me your husband. Yet, as we sat upon the grass, under the trees near the water, yesterday, just before you returned me my stick, beeause you thought the gentleman coming along the path by the mill, was a certain person.

Sally Harris, you know, arrived only at the dignity of Pomona at Hockerill.<44> Had my Martha her due, mankind at large would admit her double claim to the titles of Minerva and of Venus.

To-night I shall go to our friend's house, whence I wrote to you last week. He is as fond of his children as ever; and now he has got a little Elizabeth to fondle. At any rate I shall sleep there to-night.

To sleep *here* is impossible. As well expect the miller to sleep in the place where he once hung in raptures over a hidden treasure which is now lost. This letter I have an opportunity to send to our old friend, for you, without taking it to town. Let me fill up the remainder of my paper with an a most incredible anecdote, which I learned from a gentleman who joined me on the road this morning, and travelled some miles with me. It happened last week, I think. Ceppi you remember. Surely that Providence which prevents the propagation of monsters, does not suffer such monstrous examples as these to propagate.

One Empson, a footman to Dr. Bell, having in vain courted for some time a servant belonging to Lord Spencer, at last caused the banns to be put up in church, without her content; which she forbade. Being thus disappointed, he meditated revenge; and having got a person to write a letter to her, appointing a meeting, he contrived to waylay her, and surprise her in Lord Spencer's park. On her screaming, he discharged a pistol at her, and made his escape. The ball wounded her, though not mortally.—But why is it that I dwell on such scenes?

Oh Love, Love, canst thou not be content to make fools of thy slaves, to make them miserable, to make them what thou pleasest! Must thou also goad them on to crimes! must thou convert them into devils, hell-hounds!

LETTER L.
The Same to the Same. 28 Jan 1779

— street,
28 Jan. 1779.

The short note which I wrote to you last night, immediately on my reaching town, you received, I hope. But why no answer to it? Why do you not say when we shall meet? I have ten thousand things to tell you. My situation in Norfolk is lovely; exactly what you like. The parsonage house may be made very comfortable at a trifling expense. How happily shall we spend our time there! How glad am I that I have taken orders, and what obligations have I to my dear B., to Mr. H. and Dr. V.I. Now, my happiness can be deferred no longer. My character and profession are, now, additional weights in the scale. Oh then, consent so marry me directly. The day on which I lead you to the altar, will be the happiest day of my existence.

Thanks, a thousand thanks, for your tender and affectionate letters while I was in Norfolk. Be assured, Galli<131>could mean nothing by what she said. She is our firm friend, I am persuaded. About an hour ago I called there; but she was out. Presently I shall go again with this, in the hope of hearing something about you.

Oh Martha, every day of my life, I do but discover more and more how impossible it is for me to live without you.

Don't forget the 5th of next month. We must keep that day sacred together.

LETTER LI.
An Essay on Thomas Chatterton
The Same to the Same. 7 Feb. 1779

— street,
7 Feb. 1779.

While I live I will never forget your behaviour yesterday. Were I to live an hundred years, I could never thank you enough. But, you shall govern.

The task which you have set me about Chatterton,<16> is only a further proof of your regard for me. You know the warmth of my passions; and you think that if I do not employ myself, they may flame out, and consume me. Well, then, I will spend a morning or two in arranging what I have collected respecting the author of Rowley's poems. Every syllable which you will read, I assure you, shall be authentic.

Did you start at "The author of Rowley's Poems?" My mind does not now harbour a doubt that Chatterton wrote the whole, whatever I thought when we read them together at Hinchinbrook. The internal evidence of the matter shall not puzzle you: but you shall tell me whether you don't think it easier for Chatterton to have imitated the style of Rowley's age (which he has not done exactly, if you believe those who think as I think), than for Rowley to write in a style which did not exist till so many ages after his time. To suppose him to have found half, and to have added to them; or to consider him as a cat's-paw in the business to some contemporary Rowley, in order to extricate a fictitious Rowley, from oblivion, would in my humble opinion be nonsense. For my own part, though he might find some old manuscripts, I cannot believe that he found a syllable which he has attributed to Rowley. Who will engage to prove, from internal evidence, the antiquity of amy one of Rowley's compositions? What he did find, certainly suggested to him the idea of pretending to have found more; but how shall we persuade credulity to believe, that all Rowley's poems were copied from old manuscripts, when the only manuscripts produced in confirmation of the story are indisputably proved to be modern? Is any one fool enough to believe, that Chatterton was only the blind subterraneous channel, through which these things were to emerge to day, and float for ever down the stream of fame. This (without mentioning other objections to such a ridiculous belief) were to suppose two people to determine on the same strange conduct, and two people (the real and the foster father) to keep with equal fidelity the same secret: and would the foster-father have been as fond and careful of another's secret, as of the offspring of his own invention?

It is not clear to me that Chatterton's life (if such a scrap of existence can be called a life) does not exhibit circumstances still more extraordinary, if possible, than his being the author of Rowley's poems. But I possess not the abilities which Johnson displayed in his famous Life of Savage: nor is this a normal life of Chatterton; though such a thing might well employ even the pen of Johnson. This is only an idle letter to my dear Martha. —Oh, my Martha, you, who contributed so liberally, last year, to extricate from distress the abilities of a —; what would you not have done for a Chatterton!

Thomas Chatterton, destined to puzzle at least, if not to impose upon, some of the ablest critics and antiquarians which the polished age of England has produced, was born at Bristol, Nov. 20, 1752. His father had been master of the free-school in Pile Street in that city, and was sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe church. History

condescends not to relate anything more of such an ignoble family, than that they had been sextons of the same church for near a century and a half.

It seems to have been determined by Fortune, that this poor lad, I ought rather to say, this extraordinary human being, should have no obligation but to genius and to himself. His father, as he was a schoolmaster, and is reported to have been a tolerable poet for a sexton, might perhaps have given his son a free school education, had he lived to see him old enough for instruction. But the sexton died very soon after, if not before, the birth of his son; who indisputably received no other education than what he picked up at a charity-school at a place called St. Augustine's Back in Bristol. Reading, writing, and accounts, composed the whole circle of sciences which were taught at this university of our Bristol Shakespeare.

On the 1st of July, 1767, he was articled clerk to an attorney of Bristol, whom I have not been able to find out. From him, I understand, has been procured a strange, mad manuscript of Chatterton, which he called his *will*.

When the new bridge at Bristol was finished, there appeared, in Farly's Bristol Journal, an account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge (the piece is prefixed to the volume of Chatterton's *Miscellanies*), preceded by these words:—"To the Printer. Oct. 1, 1768. The following "description of the friars' first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old MS. may not at this time be unacceptable to the generality of your readers. Your's, Dunhelmus Bristoliensis." Curiosity at last traced the insertion of this curious memoir to Chatterton. To the threats of those who treated him (agreeably to his age and appearance) as a child, he returned nothing but haughtiness, and a refusal to give any account. To milder usage and many promises the boy, after some time, confessed that he had received that and other MSS. from his father, which he had found in an iron chest placed by William Canynge (the founder of the church of which C's family had so long been sextons) in a muniment room over the northern portico of St. Mary Redcliffe. Warton (in his History of English Poetry) says, that when this appeared, he was about seventeen. Days are more material in C's life than years in the lives of others. He wanted, you see, something ofsSixteen. One fact is curious, that, though it was not possible for him to have picked up Latin at a charity-school where Latin was not taught, his note to the printer has, for no apparent reason, a Latin signature, Dunhelmus Bristoliensis. This Latin certainly was not Rowley's. It must have been C's. The memoir procured C. the acquaintance of some gentlemen of Bristol, who, because they condescended to receive from him the compositions which he brought them, without giving him much, if anything, in return, fondly imagined themselves the patrons of genius. Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett, a pewterer and a surgeon, of his obligations to whom you will see him speak in his letters, were his principal, if not his only patrons. To these gentlemen he produced, between Oct. 1768, and April 1770 (besides many things which he confessed to be his own, and many which, in the interval, appeared in the *Town and Country Magazine*), all Rowley's poems, except the "Ballad of Charitie." Of these only two, I think, and those the shortest, he pretended to be the original MSS. The rest were transcripts, in his own hand; of some of which he acknowledged himself the author. Concerning these curiosities no distinct or satisfactory account, by friend or enemy, by threat or promise, could ever be drawn from him. For these curiosities how much he received from his Bristol patrons does not appear. His patrons do not boast of their generosity to him. They (Catcott at least) received no inconsiderable sum for Rowley's poems; nor has the sale of them turned out badly. In consequence of the money got by poems which Chatterton certainly brought to light, which I firmly believe C. to have written,

his mother acknowledges to have received the immense surn of five guineas, by the hands of Mr. Catcott; and Mr. Barrett, without fee or reward, cured the whitlowed finger of the sister. Talk no more of the neglect of genius in any age or country, when, in this age and country, Rowley's poems have produced such fortunes to the author and his family. Should I ever appear in print on this subject, I would publicly call upon the gentlemen concerned in this transaction, to state their accounts.

Has not the world a right to know what Catcott fairly bought of Chatterton (he does not pretend to have bought all), and what was the fair purchase-money of these inestimable treasures? Let us know what the editors of Rowley's poems gave and received for them, and what the sale of them has produced. Is the son to be declared guilty of forgery? Are his forgeries to be converted into (I believe, no inconsiderable sums of) money? And is the mother and sister's share to be five guineas?

Either mean envy of C's extraordinary genius, or manly abhorrence of his detestable death, leads almost every person, who talks or writes about this boy, to tell you of his shocking profligacy and his total want of principle. One antiquarian of Cambridge has gone so far as to tell those of whom he has made inquiries concerning him, that his death was of little consequence, since he could not long have escaped hanging: C. never did anything which merited hanging, so much as it is merited by him who can dare to advance such an uncharitable assertion without a shadow of *probability*. Who knows but this venerable seer, in his next vision, may choose to discover that I shall live to be hanged; may see your H. gibbeted in perspective; because my indignation rescues such a *villain* as poor Chatterton from his monkish bigotry?

When C. left this world, in August 1770, he wanted as many months as intervene between August and November to complete his 18th year. If into so small a space he had contrived to crowd much profligacy and much want of principle, some perhaps may be ascribed to his youth, and some to want of friends. Johnson, I remember, defends even the life of Savage, which differed from Chatterton's in more circumstances than its length, by some such observation as this; that the sons of affluence are improper judges of his conduct, and that few wise men will venture to affirm they should have lived better than Savage in Savage's situation. Do profligate and unprincipled, some of the tenderest epithets vouchsafed poor Chatterton, mean dishonest or undutiful, an unkind brother or an unfeeling child? The dullest enemies of his genius can produce no proofs of any such crime. Some papers, which I shall send you, will contain the fullest proof of the contrary. Do they mean that, being a young man, he was addicted to women; that, being a youth of such an imagination, he was addicted to women, like all youths of strong imaginations? Do the epithets mean that he exhibited those damnable proofs of his crimes which the civilising Bougainville exported into the country of Omiah?<45> The proofs (if there were any, which his bedfellow at his first lodging in town denies) only show that he was unlucky. The crimes must be admitted. Do they mean that, writing to procure bread for himself, his mother and his sister, he wrote on any side, and on any subject, which would afford bread? The crime must perhaps be admitted. Yet, let not older men, who may possibly themselves, in this sense of the words, be a little unprincipled, a little profligate, head the advanced guard of veterans who are to attack this infant Hercules in his cradle. And let it be remembered, that, in the *Memoirs of a Sad Dog*, signed Harry Wildfire, inserted in the *Town and Country Magazine*, where Chatterton evidently sat to his own pencil for two or three features, there is this passage:

> "As I know the art of *Curlism*<46> pretty well, I make a tolerable hand of it. But, Mr. Printer, the late prosecution against the booksellers having frightened them all out of their patriotism, I am necessitated either to write for the entertainment of the public, or in defence of the ministry. As I have some little remains of conscience, the latter is not very agreeable. Political writing of either side is of little service to the entertainment or instruction of the reader. Abuse and scurrility are generally the chief figures in the language of party. I am not of the opinion of those authors, who deem every man in place a rascal, and every man out of place a patriot."

In the preface to Chatterton's *Miscellanies*, we are even assured that "his profligacy was *at least* as conspicuous as his abilities," p. 18. Indeed! Then do I believe he was the most profligate mortal of his age (I had almost said, of any age) that ever existed. *The Admirable Crichton* (Adventurer, No. 81) bears no comparison with C. either as to the forwardness or the greatness of his abilities; still less in point of education, for he studied at St. Andrew's in Scotland till he was above three years older than C. was at the time of his death.

The insinuations thrown out by the editor of Chatterton's *Miscellanies*, and even by Mr. Warton perhaps against the elegant writer at Strawberry-hill, are certainly not founded. To impute Chatterton's death, in 1770, to the person, who, in 1768, refused to believe that some of his compositions had been written 300 years before, were to treat others still more uncharitably, if it be possible, than Chatterton has been treated. Mr. Walpole is by no means blameable for the life or the death of Chatterton.<47>.

Has the reverend Mr. Thomas Warton anything to urge against the vanity or the presumption of this poor boy? He should surely have remembered what the Reverend Dr. Joseph Warton thought proper to tell the world of almost all his brother's writings, and even of his own "Ode to Fancy."<48>

Let me now make you acquainted with the indisputable history of this boy till he left Bristol. As he says, in his *Story of Canynge*,

> In all his sheepen gambols, and child's play,
> At every merry-making, fair, or wake,
> I kenn a purpled sight of wisdom's ray.
> He ate down learning with the wastle cake.
> As wise as any of the aldermen,
> He'd wit enough to make a mayor at ten.

Beattie has hardly been able to invent a more striking picture of his minstrel, than is exhibited of Chatterton in a letter written by his sister, last year, to a gentleman who desired her to recollect every circumstance concerning him, however trifling it might seem to her. The letter is lent to me, with many charges of care. Pray be careful of it. In transcribing it, you will naturally preserve the false spellings and stops. Let Chatterton's sister tell her own story in her own way. Sir Horace Warpool, for Mr. H. Walpole, &c., stamps authenticity on her artless tale. The anxiety shown in this letter, to prove that "he was a lover of truth from the earliest dawn of reason" is owing to what these two poor women (the mother and sister) have heard about deceit, impostor, and forgery. For Chatterton's sake, the English language should add another word to its dictionary; and should not suffer the same term to signify a crime for which a man suffers the most ignominious punishment, and the deception of ascribing a false antiquity of two or three centuries to compositions for which the author's name deserves to live for ever. Suffer me to ask, what the prudery of our critics would have said, had the Song to Ælla, or the chorus to Godwin, been produced by Mr. Warton's

nephew, or by a relation of Mr. Walpole? Should we then have been stunned in this manner with repetitions of impostor and forgery? The sins of the forgery and the impostor would then have been boasted by the child's most distant relations. Is Lady A. L. accused of *forgery* for her *Auld Robin Gray*? Is Macpherson's<11> name mentioned in the same sentence with this unfeeling word forgery, even by those who believe Macpherson and Ossian to be the same. "When a rich man speaketh," says the son of Sirach, "every man holdeth his tongue: and lo! what he says is extolled to the clouds: but if a poor man speak, they say, "*What fellow is this?*"<49>—For the same reason the letter is careful to mention the copy-book covers, which Chatterton told Catcott, &c. were, many of them, Rowley's manuscripts. But you will recollect that the father, by whom these manuscripts are said to have been *cut up* for this purpose, was himself a bit of a *poet*.

A gentleman, who saw these two women last year, declares that he will not be sure they might not easily have been made to believe that injured Justice demanded their lives at Tyburn, for being the mother and sister of him who was suspected to have *forged* the poems of Rowley. Such terror had the humanity of certain curious inquirers impressed upon their minds, by worrying them to declare the truth, and nothing but the truth, about the forgery. Strange-fated Chatterton! Hadst thou possessed fewer and less eminent abilities, the world would now give thee credit for more and for greater abilities.

With regard to the fact, the mother and sister either believe, or pretend to believe, with the pewterer, that all Rowley's poems came out of the old chest in the church. The case is, none of the three knows anything of the matter. Most readily I admit that, if Chatterton be an impostor (i.e. the wonderful human being I firmly believe him), he imposed upon every soul who knew him. This, with me, is one trait of his greatness.

It has been thought that murders and other crimes are pointed out to discovery by the finger of Providence. But "God's revenge against murder" is, in fact, only the sociableness of man's disposition. That we may have been wisely made thus for this purpose, among others, I do not deny. But Tyburn would see fewer executions were man a less sociable animal. It is not good for him to be alone. Joy or sorrow, villainy or otherwise; *we must have society, we must communicate it*. Man, in spite of grammar, is a noun adjective. Does any one admire Junius<27> for saying that his secret should die with him, and for hitherto keeping his word? But this was only saying, he would not enlarge the circle of those to whom his secret was already known; for, that he was, as he says, "the sole depositary of his own secret," I cannot think. The original letters were clearly written in a female hand.

Let any man, at any time of life, make an experiment of not communicating to a single individual, during twelve months, a single scheme, a single prospect, a single circumstance respecting himself. Let him try how it is to lock up everything, trifling or serious, sad or merry, within his own solitary breast. There are easier tasks.—This boy did it during his whole life.

Very few such men as John the Painter<50> have appeared in the world, from whom his secret was only stolen by the traitorous hand of friendship. No such human being as this boy, at any period of life, has ever been known, or possibly ever will be known. The Spartan lad was far inferior, and that was the effect of education. Psalmanazar<51> and D'Eon<52> are not to be compared with him. That, at his timid and sociable age, when other children are almost afraid to be left alone, Chatterton

should wrap his arms round him, stand aloof from the whole world, and never lean upon a single individual for society in his schemes, is with me almost more wonderful than the schemes which I firmly believe him, without any assistance, to have planned and executed. It shall make a trait in the character of a general, if he have strength of mind enough not to communicate his plans to his first favourite, till the communication be no longer dangerous. Shall not a boy of eighteen, of seventeen, of sixteen, have merit for secrecy much more singular?

In this letter, from which I will detain you no longer, you will find his sister mentions some books which she sent him to London. She told me that many of them were in languages and in hands (*types* she meant), which she did not understand—that they were numerous—and that with them she sent a catalogue of the books he had read, to the amount of many hundreds.

To this I should add, that, when Chatterton tells the story of *Astrea Brokage*, in a letter to the *Town and Country Magazine*, dated "Bristol, Jan. 3, 1770,"—at the conclusion, *Astrea* writes thus:—"Having told you I do not like this uncivilized Bristolian, you may imagine a *tendresse* for some other has made his faults more conspicuous. You will not be far from the truth. *A young author who has read more than Magliabechi*,<53> and wrote more love-letters than Ovid, is continually invoking the Nine<54> to describe me."

In one part of the sister's letter, you will not fail to recollect Dryden, who speaks of the alliance between understanding and madness.—I am sure that love and madness are near relations.

> "Concious, of my own inability to write to a man of letters. And reluctant to engage in the painful recollection of the particulars of the life of my dear deceased brother, together with the ill state of health I've enjoyed since it has been required of me, are, Sir, the real causes of my not writing sooner. But I am invited to write as to a friend, inspired with the sacred name, I will forget the incorrectness of my epistel and proceed.
>
> My brother very early discovered a thurst for preheminence I remember before he was 5 years old he would always preside over his playmates as their master and they his hired servants. He was dull in learning not knowing many letters at 4 years old and always objected to read in a small book. He learnt the Alphabet from an old Folio musick book of father's my mother was then tearing up for wast paper, the capitals at the beginning of the verses I assisted in teaching him. I recollect nothing remarkable till he went into the school, which was in his 8th year. Except his promising my mother and me a deal of finery when he grew up as a reward of her care. About his 10th year he began (with the trifle my mother allowed him for pocket money) to hire books from the circulating library and we were informed by the usher made rapid progress in arithmetic. Between his 11th and 12th year he wrote a caterlogue of the books he had read to, the number of 70. History and divinity were the chief subjects, his school mates informed us he retired to read at the hours allotted for play. At 12 years old he was confirmed by the Bishop, he made very senciable serious remarks on the awfullness of the ceremony and his own feelings and convictions during it. Soon after this in the week he was door-keeper he made some verses on the last day, I think about 18 lines, paraphrased the 9 chapter of Job and not long after some chapters in Isaiah. He had been gloomy from the time he began to learn, but we remarked he was more chearfull after he began to write poetry. Some saterical peicis we saw soon after. His intimates in the school were but few and they solid lads and except the next neighbour's sons I know of none acquaintance he had out. He was 14 the 20th of Novr. and bound apprentice the 1st of July following.

Soon after his apprenticeship he corresponded with one of his school mates that had been his bedfellow, and was I believe bound to a merchhant at New-York. He read a letter at home that he wrote to his friend, a collection of all the hard words in the English language, and requested him to answer it. He was a lover of truth from the earlyest dawn of reason, and nothing would move him so much as being bely'd. When in the school we were informed by the usher, his master depended on his verasity on all occations. Till this time he was remarkably indifferent to females. One day he was remarking to me the tendency sever study had to sour the temper and declared he had always seen all the sex with equal indifference but those that nature made dear, he thought of makeing an acquaintance with a girl in the neighbourhood, supposeing it might soften the austerity of temper study had ocationd, he wrote a poem to her and they commenced corrisponding acquaintance. About this time the parchments belonging to my father that was left of covering his boys books, my brother carried to the office. He would often speak in great raptures of the undoubted success of his plan for future life. He was introduced to Mr. Barret, Mr. Catcot, his ambition increased dayly. His spirits was rather uneven. some times so gloom'd that for many days together he would say very little and that by constraint. At other times exceeding, chearfull. When in spirits he would injoy his rising fame. confident of advancement he would promise my mother and me should be partakers of his success. Mr. Barret lent him many books on surgery and I beleive he bought many more as I remember to have packt them up to send to him when in London and no demand was ever made for them. About this time he wrote several saterical poems, one in the papers on Mr. Catcot's putting the pewter plates in St. Nicholas tower. He began to be universally known among the young men. He had many cap acquaintance but I am confident but few intimates. At about 17, he became acquainted with Mr. Clayfield, distiller in Castle Street, who lent him many books on astronomy. Mr. Cator likewise assisted him with books on that subject. from thence he applyd himself to that study. His hours in the office was from 8 in the morning to 8 in the evening. He had little of his masters business to do, sometimes not two hours in a day, which gave him an opportunity to pursue his genius. He boarded at Mr. Lamberts, but we saw him most evenings before 9 o'clock and would in general stay to the limits of his time which was 10. o'clock. He was seldom 2 evenings together without seeing us. I had almost forgot to add, we had heard him frequently say that he found he studied best toward the full of the moon and would often sit up all night and write by moonlight.<55> A few months before he left Bristol he wrote letters to several booksellers in London I believe to learn if there was any probility of his getting an employment there but that I can't affirm as the subject was a secret at home. He wrote one letter to Sir Horace Warpool, and except his corrispondence with Miss Rumsey, the girl I before mentioned, I know of no other. He would frequently walk the colledge green with the young girls that statedly paraded there to shew their finery. But I realy beleive he was no debauchee (tho some have reported it). the dear unhappy boy had faults enough I saw with concern. he was proud and exceedingly impetious but that of venality he could not be justly accused with. Mrs. Lambert informed me not a months before he left Bristol, he had never been once found out of the office in the stated hours as they frequently sent the footman and other servants there to see. Nor but once stayd out till 11 o'clock; then he had leave, as we entertained some friends at our house at Christmas.

Thus Sir have I given you, as before the great searcher of hearts the whole truth as far as my memory have been faithfull the particulars of my dear brother. The task have been painfull, and for want of earlyer recollection much have been nay the greatest part have been lost. My Mother joins with me in best respects which conclude me,

Sir

Your very humble servant,

Mary Newton
Bristol
Somersetshire square.
Sept. 22, 1778"

To proceed with some sort of regularity, you will next read the earliest production of Chatterton which I have been able to find. It is transcribed from an old pocket-book in his mother's possession. It appears to be his first, perhaps his only, copy of it; and is evidently his handwriting. By the date he was eleven<56> years and almost five months old. It is not the most extraordinary performance in the world but, from the circumstance of Chatterton's parentage and education, it is unlikely, if not impossible, that he should have met with any assistance or correction; whereas, when we read the ode which Pope wrote at twelve, and another of Cowley at thirteen, we are apt to suspect a parent, friend, or tutor, of an amiable dishonesty, of which we feel, perhaps, that we should be guilty. Suspicions of this nature touch not Chatterton. He knew no tutor, no friend, no parent—at least no parent who could correct or assist him.

This poem appears to have been aimed at somebody, who had formerly been a Methodist, and was lately promoted (to the dignity, perhaps, of opening a pew or a grave; for Chatterton was the sexton's son) in the established church. Satire was his forte, if anything can be called his forte, who excelled in everything he undertook. Catcott has another later poem of Chatterton's, called, I think, "The Exhibition." The church here also supplied his indignation with a subject. But, as the satire is rather severe, and the characters are living, Catcott does not permit it to be copied. He has suffered it to be read, and the three following couplets are in different parts of it. At the same time that the lines are surely not bad, they show that music was one of the many things which Chatterton found means to acquire during the few months he lived. He is known to have been musical. A fact we have upon poetical record only of him and Milton, I believe. They are not lowered in your estimation on this account.

Chatterton's father had a remarkable turn for music. An old female relation says that he talked little, was very absent in company, and used very often to walk by the river side, talking to himself, and flourishing his arms about.

The first and second couplets which I just now mentioned, are in ridicule, the last in praise, of some organist.

Sacred to sleep, in his inverted key,
Dull doleful diapason die away.

Whose jarring humdrum symphonies of flats
Rival the harmony of midnight cats.

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

The *e* in key is, I believe, in the Somersetshire pronunciation, *a*.

Now, for the poem.

APOSTATE WILL, by T.C.

In days of old, when Wesley's power
Gathered new strength by every hour;
Apostate Will, just sunk in trade,
Resolved his bargain should be made:
Then straight to Wesley he repairs,

And puts on grave and solemn airs,
Then thus the pious man addressed:
"Good Sir, I think your doctrine best;
Your servant will a Wesley be,
Therefore the principles teach me."
The preacher then instruction 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,
Begged 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 hallowed flame
And every where preached 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 appeared in view;
Then—to the Methodists, adieu.
A Methodist no more he'll be,
The Protestants serve best for *he*.
Then to the curate Strait he ran,
And thus addressed the rev'rend man:
"I was a Methodist, 'tis true;
With penitence I turn to you.
O that it were your bounteous will
That I the vacant place might fill
With justice I'd myself acquit,
Do everything that's right and fit."
The curate straitway gave consent—
To take the place he quickly went.
Accordingly he took the place,
And keeps it with dissembled grace.
April 14th, 1764.

Though it may not be the next in order of composition, for I shall send you nothing which is already printed, I shall now transcribe for you a poem dated 1769; of which Catcott tells, that, talking one day with Chatterton about happiness, Chatterton

said, he had never yet thought on the subject, but that he would. The next day he brought Catcott these lines, and told him they contained his creed of happiness. There can in this be no deceit; for the pewterer produces the poem, and, in the simplicity of his vanity, imagines it to contain a *panegyric* on himself.

HAPPINESS. 1769.

Since Happiness is not ordained for man,
Let's make ourselves as happy as we can;
Possessed with fame or fortune, friend or whore,
But think it Happiness—we want no more.
Hail Revelation! sphere-enveloped dame,
To some divinity, to most a name
Reason's dark-lantern, superstition's sun,
Whose cause mysterious and effect are one—
From thee, ideal bliss we only trace,
Fair as Ambition's dream, or Bounty's face,
But, in reality, as shadowy sound
As teeming truth in twisted mysteries bound.
What little rest from over-anxious care
The Lords of Nature are designed to share,
To wanton whim and prejudice we owe.
Opinion is the only God we know.
Where's the foundation of religion placed?
On every individual's fickle taste.
The narrow way the priest-rid mortals tread,
By superstitious prejudice misled—
This passage leads to Heaven—yet, strange to tell!
Another's conscience finds it leads to Hell
Conscience, the soul-chameleon's varying hue,
Reflects all notions, to no notion true.—
The bloody son of Jesse, when he saw
That mystic priesthood kept the Jews in awe,
He made himself an ephod to his mind,
And fought the Lord, and always found him kind
In murder, **, cruelty, and lust,
The Lord was with him, and his actions just

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

Catcott<57> is very fond of talk and fame;
His wish a perpetuity of name;
Which to procure, a pewter altar's made,

To bear his name, and signify his trade,
In pomp burlesqued the rising spire to head,
To tell futurity a pewterer's dead.
Incomparable Catcott, still pursue
The seeming happiness thou hast in view:
Unfinished chimneys, gaping spires complete,
Eternal fame on oval dishes beat;
Ride four-inched bridges,<58> clouded turrets climb,
And bravely die—to live in after-time.
Horrid idea! if on rolls of fame
The twentieth century only find thy name.
Unnoticed this in prose or ****
He left his dinner to ascend the tower.
Then, what avails thy anxious spitting pain?
Thy laugh-provoking labours are in vain.
On matrimonial pewter set thy hand;
Hammer with every power thou canst command;
Stamp thy whole soul, original as 'tis,
To propagate thy whimsies' name and phys—
Then when the tottering spires or chimneys fall,
A Catcott shall remain, admired by all.

Endo, who has some trifling couplets writ,
Is only happy when he's thought a wit—
Thinks I've more judgement than the whole Reviews,
Because I always compliment his Muse.
If any mildly would reprove his faults,
They're critics envy-sickened at his thoughts.
To me he flies, his best-beloved friend,
Reads me asleep, then wakes me to commend.

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

Come to my pen, companion of the lay,
And speak of worth where merit * *
Let lazy Barton undistinguished snore,
Nor lash his generosity to Hoare;
Praise him for sermons of his curate bought,
His easy flow of words, his depth of thought;
His active spirit, ever in display,
His great devotion when he drawls to pray;
His sainted soul distinguishably seen,
With all the virtues of a modern Dean.

Varo, a genius of peculiar taste,
His misery in his happiness has placed;
When in soft calm the waves of Fortune roll,
A tempest of reflection storms the soul
But what would make another man distressed,
Gives him tranquillity and thoughtless rest:
No disappointment can his thoughts invade,
Superior to all troubles not self-made—

This character let grey Oxonians scan,<59>
And tell me of what species he's a man.
Or be it by young Yeatman criticized,
Who damns good English, if not Latinized<60>
In Aristotle's scale the Muse he weighs,
And damps her little fire with copied lays;
Versed in the mystic learning of the schools,
He rings bob-majors by Leibnitzian rules.

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

When first his face of countenance began,
Ere the soft down had marked him almost man,
A solemn dullness occupied his eyes,
And the fond mother thought him wondrous wise:
—But little had she read in Nature's book,
For fools assume a philosophic look.

O Education, ever in the wrong,
To thee the curses of mankind belong
Thou first great author of our future state,
Chief source of our religion, passions, fate:
On every atom of the Doctor's frame
Nature has stamped the pedant with his name
But thou hast made him (ever wast thou blind),
A licensed butcher of the human kind.
—Mould'ring in dust the fair Lavinia lies;
Death and our Doctor closed her sparkling eyes.
O all ye Powers, the guardians of the world!
Where is the useless bolt of vengeance hurled?
Say, shall this leaden sword of plague prevail,
And kill the mighty where the mighty fail!
Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,
And with his guardian julep strike him dead!

But to return—in this wide sea of thought,
How thanshall we steer our notions as we ought?
Content is happiness, as sages say—
But what's content? The trifle of a day.
Then, friend, let inclination be thy guide,
Nor be thy superstition led aside.<61>

It is possible, I trust, to admire the lines, without approving the doctrine which they lay down. Wiser men than Chatterton, and older men than he was in 1769, have been sufficiently lost to conviction to maintain such doctrine: and which, I would ask, is more culpable; he who goes astray when he has been directed right, or he who loses his way when none has had the charity to point it out to him? Again—This boy's religious principles were abominable. Agreed. Whence did he get them? Did nature implant them with the seeds of life? Certainly not. They must have been ingrafted, transplanted. Go, then, to the authors of those books from which he must have transplanted those poisonous weeds. There the axe will fall with justice.

His sacred Muse (for this *profligate* boy had one) sometimes took less exceptionable flights. The original of what follows is in his mother's possession.

THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky;
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill,—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O 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
Incroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy took 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 vitals' feeble will
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resigned,
I'll thank th'inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of 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.

Chatterton remained in the attorney's office, at Bristol, till April, 1770. The life he led there, you may collect from Mrs. Newton's letter. In addition to that, she and her mother relate, that his Sundays were generally spent in walking alone, into the country round Bristol, as far as the day would allow him time to return before night. From these excursions he never failed to bring home with him drawings of churches, or of something which had struck him. That he had a turn for drawing, you will see by the figure of a warrior (perhaps Ælla) presenting a church on his knee, which shall accompany this letter (and your are now a judge of drawing, you know): it was one of his first attempts. There are, I believe, better specimens of his ingenuity in this art. That he improved, is evident from his sketch for Beckford's statue, after he came to town, of which an engraving is prefixed to his *Miscellanies*, and which was thought worthy to be engraved for the *Town and Country Magazine* of the month in which he died.

But any single, self-acquired accomplishment ceases to surprise, when we recollect his other acquisitions of heraldry, architecture, music, astronomy, surgery,

&c. Our surprise has been long since called forth. Had Chatterton, without any instruction but reading, writing, and accounts, *before he was* 18, arrived at the ability of *only* putting together, in prose or in verse, something which was deemed worth insertion in the most worthless magazine, it would have been surprising. What master would not be astonished to discover such a talent in a servant (grown grey in the acquisition of it) who had only learnt to read and write? Stephen Duck<62> and others have been lifted to independence, to wealth, for little more. Yet, even the thresher had a friend and instructor—without whom, says Polymetis Spence, "Stephen must have been placed in the same class with *Hai Ebn Yokdhan*,<63> and the young Hermes in Ramsay's *Cyrus*; *the story of whose improvements, without any assistance, agrees only with romances*."—Spence did not live to know Chatterton. But, we may infer, from his lives of Magliabechi and Hill, that he lived to change his opinion about romances. The author of our existence can alone determine to what he has made his creatures equal.

That Chatterton should acquire particular things, without instruction, is not singular, since it was with him a favourite maxim, that man was equal to *anything*, and that *everything* might be acquired by diligence and abs*t*inence. Was a story of this sort mentioned in his hearing? All boy as he was, he would only observe, that the person in question merited praise; but that "God had sent his creatures into the world with arms long enough to reach anything, if they would be at the trouble of extending them." This idea he could not but feel confirmed by what he knew of a Mr. Burgum (I think), Mr. Catcott's partner, who taught himself Latin and Greek.

Yet this very Catcott tells us (*Monthly Review*, May, 1,777) that, "*to his certain knowledge, Chatterton*" (who, you remember, in 1768, used a Latin signature to the newspaper) "*understood no language but his mother tongue*." On what was this certain knowledge founded? It must rest, ultimately, upon this, that Chatterton had never told him he did, had perhaps told him he did not, understand any other language. With as much certainty of knowledge the same assertion might have been advanced of Mr. Burgum, before his acquisitions in languages were known to Mr. Catcott. With as much certainty of knowledge, and more appearance of truth, a pewterer of Schwabach might have assured the world, that Barretier (*Fugitive Pieces*, printed for Davies, vol. i. 141.) was not, at *nine* years of age, master of five languages, and did not, in his *eleventh* year, publish a learned letter in Latin, and a translation of a Hebrew book into French; nor add to it, *in one month*, notes that contain, it is said, so many curious remarks and inquiries out of the common road of learning, and afford so many instances of penetration, judgement, and accuracy, that the reader finds in every page some reason to persuade him they cannot possibly be the work of a child; but of a man long accustomed to these studies, enlightened by reflection, and dextrous by long practice in the use of books. Greater men than Catcott might profit by the just observations of Barretier's biographer, that "incredulity may, perhaps be the product rather of prejudice than reason—that envy may beget a disinclination to admit immense superiority—that an account is not to be immediately censured as false, merely because it is wonderful."

How qualified Catcott is to separate wonderful from false, we may judge from his own mouth. In the *Monthly Review* for May, 1777, he formally tells the world, that Chatterton *could be little more than 15* when he gave him the *Bristow Tragedy*, the *Ode to Ælla*, and the two or three little pieces which he first produced. A few lines further of this account, he tells us how absurd it would be, to suppose that *a lad of 15* could forge Rowley. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1778, this

conscientious pewterer signs his name to a letter which thus attacks Warton's second volume of *English Poetry*.

> "Page 141, He (W.) says Chatterton was 17 years old when he first produced the poems to me. He was *but just turned of 15*. He was born November 20th, 1752, and he gave me the poems in the beginning of the year 1768. He had then the tonsure on his head, being just come from Mr. Colston's charity-school. By thus misrepresenting the year of his age, in which he mentions most of the poems which have once appeared as being then in his possession, two years are gained; *an interval of time which might give colour of probability to the (I must say) otherwise very improbable supposition of Chatterton's being the author of the works ascribed to Rowley."*

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1778, Mr. Catcott writes thus to the printer, and talks rather differently about. this interval of time, and its consequence.

> "I lately received a letter from London, charging me with an inconsistency in my account of the time in which I *first* became acquainted with young Chatterton. In mine of last month, I said it commenced the *beginning of the year*: I now recollect it was about three weeks, or *perhaps a month*, subsequent to the publication in Felix Farley's Bristol Journal, dated the 1st of October, 1768, respecting the ceremonies used in opening the old bridge; consequently, *it could not have been till the latter end of the year: but, in my opinion, it is matter of little moment as to the precise time in which we became acquainted*, as it will not add a single minute to his life, and, of course, *not the least degree of credibility to the supposition of his being the author of the poems attributed to Rowley."*

So that, supposing Catcott to tell the truth at last (and his "*perhaps a month*" may be *perhaps* two months; and probably "*about three weeks, or perhaps a month*," intervened between the first acquaintance, and the communication of the poems), Chatterton, instead of being a lad of 15 when he produced the first of Rowley's poems, was, on the 10th of the month subsequent to the publication in Farley's Journal, 16; for he was born in November, 1752. They, at least, who tell us of Chatterton's shocking impositions, should not themselves impose upon us about Chatterton. It is pleasant enough that everything like argument in Catcott rests on Rowley's own evidence of his own existence. These are Rowley's poems, because Rowley, "*in a manuscript of his own writing,*" produced by Chatterton, says that he deposited poems in the chest, out of which Chatterton said that he had these poems. These poems were written three hundred years ago, because the *Ode to Ælla*, produced by Chatterton, is written in long lines like a prose composition, as was usual three hundred years ago, when parchment was scarce. (*Monthly Review*, May, 1777.)

But if Chatterton invented Rowley's poems, he invented also the other manuscripts in which those poems are mentioned. If Chatterton composed the *Ode to Ælla*, it was surely less difficult to write it on parchment, in lines not kept distinct, in the manner of prose," as was usual in. Rowley's age, than to be the author of it! But, says Mr. Catcott—

> "With respect to the antiquity of these poems, it needs only to be observed, that Mr. Canynge, the great friend and patron of Rowley, died in the year 1474; and by his *will*, directed that *these, together with a vast collection of other writings, sufficient to fill three or four large chests, should be deposited in Redcliff churh*, in the room before mentioned; *requesting that the mayor and chief magistrates of the city, attended by the town-clerk, together with the minister and churchwardens of the parish*, would annually inspect the same, and see that everything was carefully

preserved: ordering, moreover, that

An ENTERTAINMENT (Catcott himself gives this passage in Capitals) SHOULD BE PROVIDED FOR THEM ON THE DAY WHEN THIS VISITATION SHOULD BE HELD ." (*Monthly Review*, May, 1777.)"

If this be so, it is, to be sure, tolerably conclusive. But how stands the matter, if there should not be *a single syllable of truth in the whole passage?—Every word*, except perhaps the date of his death, is false. Rowley's name is not once mentioned in the will. It makes just as much mention of "three or four large chests" of Rowley, as of Ossian; or of three or four large chests of Catcott's pewter. See Warton's *History of English Poetry*, Vol. II. 159.

Whence did Mr. Catcott get this *formal* story? Certainly, either from Chatterton, or from some of Chatterton's friend Rowley's manuscripts. But, says Mr. Catcott (*Gentleman's Magazine*, August , 1778), it is true that what I told the world is *not true*—all this is *not mentioned in Canynge's will*. It is however mentioned "in a deed in Mr. Barrett's hand" (produced by Chatterton); "and, *what is more*, mention is there made of a particular portion of Mr. Canynge's estates set apart to defray the expenses of an entertainment on that occasion, and the chest itself is most particularly described." Catcott adds, "if Chatterton had seen this deed, he could not have read it, it being written in Latin, of which he was, *to my knowledge, totally ignorant*." To cut the matter short at once, he had better tell us that, to his knowledge, Chatterton did not write a syllable of Rowley; and there would be an end of the business.—with those at least who believe in Catcott's infallibility. But, unluckily, next to Chatterton, Catcott is the man least to be believed. What a proper person did Chatterton's judgement select for his deception! Yet, this is he with whom we are told (*Monthly Review*, May, 77) Mr. Hale, the late Lord Lyttelton, Lord Camden, Mr. Harris, the Dean of Clogher, and Dr. Mills, have all agreed in opinion. If it be so, is not this the blind leading the blind?<64>

But, to return from Catcott's *contradictions*. How very strongly the idea, that a human being may accomplish anything, had taken possession of Chatterton, one of his letters will convince you. He desires, you will see, his sister to improve herself in copying music, drawing, and *everything which requires genius*; as if genius were no less common to man and woman, than a pair of eyes or a nose. He gave all his fellow creatures credit for what he felt so plainly himself.

When Voltaire tells us, in his history of Charles XII. that, on such a day, Charles quitted Stockholm, *to which he never returned*, we are interested enough, even in such a savage, to feel something like concern. In April, 1770, Chatterton for ever quitted Bristol (from which place he never had before been absent further than he could walk in half a Sunday, and to which place he never returned), to try his fortune in London.—Hear him now tell his own story; and mark how regularly, but how rapidly, his method improves.

LETTER I.

London, April 26, 1770.

Dear Mother,

Here I am, safe, and in high spirits—To give you a journal of my tour would not be unnecessary. After riding in the basket to Brislington, I mounted the top of the coach, and rid easy; and agreeably entertained with the conversation of a Quaker *in dress*, but little so in personals and behaviour. This laughing friend, who is a carver, lamented his having sent his tools to Worcester, as otherwise he would have accompanied me to London. I left him at Bath; when finding it rained pretty fast, I

entered an inside passenger to Speenhamland, the halfway stage, paying seven shillings. 'Twas lucky I did so, for it snowed all night, and on Marlborough downs the snow was near a foot high.

At seven in the morning I breakfasted at Speenhamland, and then mounted the coach-box for the remainder of the day, which was a remarkable fine one.—Honest gee-ho complimented me with assuring me, that I sat bolder and tighter than any person who ever rid with him—Dined at Stroud most luxuriantly with a young gentleman who had slept all the preceding night in the machine; and an old mercantile genius, whose school-boy son had a great deal of wit, as the father thought, in remarking that Windsor was as old as *our Saviour's time*.

Got into London about 5 o'clock in the evening—called upon Mr. Edmunds, Mr. Fell, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Dodsley. Great encouragment from them; all approved of my design;—shall soon be settled.—Call upon Mr. Lambert; show him this, or tell him, if I deserve a recommendation, he would oblige me to give me one—if I do not, it will be beneath him to take notice of me.<65> Seen all aunts, cousins—all well—and I am welcome. Mr. T. Wensley is alive, and coming home.—Sister, grandmother, &c. &c. remember.—

I remain,
Your dutiful son,
Chatterton.<66>

LETTER II.

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 praise: 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 splendor. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into—The Levant man of war, in which T. Wensley went out, is at Portsmouth; but no news of him yet. I lodge in one of Mr. Walmsley's best rooms. Let Mr. Cary copy the letters on the other side, and give them to the persons for whom they are designed, if not too much labour for him.

I remain, yours, &c.
T. Chatterton.
Sunday morning.

P. S. I have some trifling presents for my mother, sister Thorne, &c.

For Mr. T. CARY.

I have sent you a task. I hope no unpleasing one. Tell all your acquaintance for the future to read the *Freeholder's Magazine*. When you have anything for publication, send it to me, and it shall most certainly appear in some periodical compilation. Your last piece was, by the ignoranee of a corrector, jumbled under the considerations in the acknowledgements. But I rescued it, and insisted on its appearance.

Your friend,
T. C.

Direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-House, Paternoster Row.

Mr. HENRY KATOR.

If you have not forgot Lady Betty, any complaint, rebus, or enigma, on the dear charmer, directed for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-House, Paternoster Row—shall find a place in some Magazine, or other; as I am engaged in many.

Your friend,
Chatterton.

Mr. WILLIAM SMITH.

When you have any poetry for publication, send it to me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-House, Paternoster row, and it shall most certainly appear.

Your friend,
T. C.

Mrs. BAKER.

The sooner I see you the better—send me as soon as possilbe Rymsdyk's Address.

(Mr. Cary will leave this at Mr. Flower's, Small street)

Mr. MASON.

Give me a short prose description of the situation of Nash—and the poetic addition shall appear in some magazine. Send me also whatever you would have published, and direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-House, Pater-noster Row.

Your friend,
T. Chatterton.

Mr. MAT. MEASE.

Begging Mr. Mease's pardon for making public use of his name lately—I hope he will remember me, and tell all his acquaintance to read the *Freeholder's Magazine* for the future.

T. Chatterton.

Tell—

Mr. Thaire
Mr. Gaster
Mr. A. Broughton
Mr. J. Broughton
Mr. Williams
Mr. Rudhall
Mr. Thomas
Mr. Carty

Mr. Hanmor
Mr. Vaughan
Mr. Ward
Mr. Kalo
Mr. Smith &c. &c.

to read the *Freeholder's Magazine*.

LETTER III.

King's Bench, for the present,
May 14, 1770
Dear Madam,

Don't be surprised at the name of the place. I am not here as a prisoner. Matters go on swimmingly: Mr. Fell having offended certain persons, they have set his creditors upon him, and he is safe in the King's Bench. I have been bettered by this accident: His succesors 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 contracfted 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 speak no tongue but my own!—But to return once more to a place I am sickened to write of, Bristol. Though, as an apprentice, none had greater liberties, yet the thoughts of servitude killed me: now I have that for my labour, I always reckoned the first of my pleasures, and have still, my liberty. As to the clearance, I am ever ready to give it; but really I understand so little of the law, that I believe Mr. Lambert must draw it. Mrs. L. brought what you mention. Mrs. Hughes is as well as age will permit her to be, and my cousin does very well.

I will get some patterns worth your acceptance; and wish you and my sister would improve yourselves in drawing, as it is here a valuable and never-failing acquisition.—My box shall be attended to; I hope my books are in it—if not, send them; and particularly Catcott's<67> Hutchinsonian jargon on the Deluge, and the M.S. Glossary, composed of one small book, annexed to a larger.—My sister will remember me to Miss Sandford. I have not quite forgot her; though there are so many pretty milliners, &c. that I have almost forgot myself.—Carty will think on me: upon inquiry, I find his trade dwindled into nothing here—A man may very nobly starve by it; but he must have luck indeed, who can live by it.—Miss Rumsey, if she comes to London, would do well, as an old acquaintance, to send me her address.—London is not Bristol—We may patrol the town for a day, without raising one whisper, or nod of scandal—if she refuses, the curse of all antiquated virgins light on her: may she be refused, when she shall request! Miss Rumsey will tell Miss Baker, and Miss Baker will tell Miss Porter, that Miss Porter's favoured humble servrant, though but a young man, is a very old lover; and in the eight-and-fiftieth year of his age: but that, as Lappet says, is the flower of a man's days; and when a lady can't get a young husband, she must put up with an old bedfellow. I left Miss Singer, I am sorry to say it, in a very bad way; that is, in a way to be married.—But mum—Ask Miss Sukey

Webb the rest; if she knows, she'll tell ye.—I beg her pardon for revealing the secret; but when the knot is fastened, she shall know how I came by it.—Miss Thatcher may depend upon it, that, if I am not in love with her, I am in love with nobody else: I hope she is well; and if that whining, sighing, dying pulpit-fop, Lewis, has not finished his languishing lectures, I hope she will see her amoroso next Sunday.—If Miss Love has no objection to having a crambo song on her name published, it shall be done. Begging pardon of Miss Cotton for whatever has happened to offend her, I can assure her it has happened without my consent—I did not give her this assurance when in Bristol, lest it should seem like an attempt to avoid the anger of her furious brother.<68> Inquire, when you can, how Miss Broughton received her billet. Let my sister send me a journal of all the transactions of the females within the circle of your acquaintance. Let Miss Watkins know, that the letter she made herself ridiculous by, was never intended for her; but another young lady in the neighbourhood, of the same name. I promised, before my departure, to write to some hundreds, I believe; but, what with writing for publications, and going to places of public diversion, which is as absolutely necessary to me as food, I had but little time to write to you. As to Mr. Barrett,<69> Mr. Catcott, Mr. Burgum, &c. &c. they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, must be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise had Rowley been a Londoner, instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works.—In my humble opinion, I am under very few obligations to any persons in Bristol: one, indeed, has obliged me; but, as most do, in a manner which makes his obligation no obligation<70>—My youthful acquaintances will not take it in dudgeon, that I do not write oftener to them, than I believe I shall: but, as I had the happy art of pleasing in conversation, my company was often liked, where I did not like: and to continue a correspondence under such circumstances, would be ridiculous—Let my sister improve in copying music, drawing, and everything which requires genius: in Bristol's mercantile style those things may be useless, if not a detriment to her; but here they are highly profitable.—Inform Mr. Rhise that nothing shall be wanting, on my part, in the business he was so kind as to employ me in; should be glad of a line from him, to know whether he would engage in the marine department; or spend the rest of his days, safe, on dry ground.—Intended waiting on the Duke of Bedford, relative to the Trinity-House; but his Grace is dangerously ill. My grandmother, I hope, enjoys the state of health I left her in. I am Miss Webb's humble servant. Thorne shall not be forgot, when I remit the small trifles to you. Notwithstanding Mrs. B.'s not being able to inform me of Mr. Garsed's address, through the closeness of the pious Mr. Ewer, I luckily stumbled upon it this morning

I remain, &c. &c. &c. &c.

Monday Evening.

Thomas Chatterton.

(Direct for me, at Mr. Walmsley's, at Shoreditch—only.)

LETTER IV.

Tom's Coffee-house, London, May 30, 1770.

Dear Sister,

There is such a noise of business and politics in the room, that my inaccuracy in writing here, is highly excusable. My present profession obliges me to frequent places of the best resort. To begin with, what every female conversation begins with, dress: I employ my money now in fitting myself fashionably, and getting into good company; this last article always brings me in interest. But I have engaged to live with a gentleman, the brother of a Lord (a Scotch one indeed), who is going to advance pretty deeply into the bookselling branches: I shall have lodging and boarding, genteel and elegant, gratis: this article, in the quarter of the town he lives, with worse accommodations, would be 50l. 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 5000l. 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 addresss a second letter to him, on the subject of the remonstrance, and its reception. His Lordship received me as politely as a citizen could; and warmly invited me to call on him again. The rest is a secret—But the devil of the matter is, there's no money to be got of this side the question. Interest is of the other side. But he is a poor author, who cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introdouced (and, if I am not, I shall introduce myself) to a ruling power in the Court party. I might have a recommendation to Sir George Colebrook, an East-India Director, as qualified for an office no ways despicable; but I shall not take a epo the sea,whilst I can continue on land. I went yesterday to Woolwich, to see Mr.Wensley; he is paid today. The artillery is no unpleasing sight, if we bar reflection, and do not consider how much mischief it may do. Greenwich Hospital and St. Paul's Cathedral are the only structures which could reconcile me to anything out of the Gothic<71>. Mr. Carty will hear from me soon: multiplicity of literary business must be my excuse—I condole with him, and my dear Miss Sandford, in the misfortune of Mrs. Carty: my physical advice is, to leech her temples plentifully: keep her very low in diet; as much in the dark as possible. Nor is this last prescription the whim of an old woman: whatever hurts the eyes, affects the brain: and the particles of light, when the sun is in the summer signs, are highly prejudicial to the eyes; and it is from this sympathetic effect, that the headache is general in summer. But, above all, talk to her but little, and never contradict her in anything. This may be of service. I hope it will. Did a paragraph appear in your paper of Saturday last mentioning the inhabitants of London's having opened another view of St. Paul's; and advising the corporation, or vestry of Redcliffe, to procure a more complete view of Redcliffe church? My compliments to Miss Thatcher: if I am in love, I am; though the devil take me, if I can tell with whom it is. I believe I may address her in the words of Scripture, which no doubt she reveres; "If you had not ploughed with my heifer" (or bullock rather),<72> "you had not found out my riddle." Humbly thanking Miss Rumsey for her complimentary expression, I cannot think it satisfactory. Does she, or does she not, intend coming to London? Mrs. O'Coffin has not yet got a place; but there is not the least doubt but she will in a little time.

Essay-writing has this advantage, you are sure of constant pay; and when you have once wrote a piece which makes the author 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. So says one of the beggars, in a temporary alteration of mine, in the Jovial Crew:

A patriot was my occupation,
It got me a name, but no pelf:
Till, starved for the good of the nation
I begged for the good of myself,
fal, lal, &c.

I told them, if 'twas not for me,
Their freedoms would all go to pot;
I promised to set them all free,
But never a farthing I got.
fal, lal, &c.

On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed: but then you seldom lose by it. Courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with an appearance of it. To return to private affairs—Friend Slude may depend upon my endeavouring to find the publications you mention. They publish the *Gospel Magazine* here. For a whim I write in it. I believe there are not any sent to Bristol; they are hardly worth the carriage—methodistical, and unmeaning. With the usual ceremonies to my mother, and grandmother; and sincerely, without ceremony, wishing them both happy; when it is my power to make them so, they shall be so; and with my kind remembrance to Miss Webb, and Miss Thorne; I remain, as I ever was,

Yours, &c. to the end of the chapter,
Thomas Chatterton.

P. S. I am this minute pierced through the heart by the black eye of a young lady driving along in a Hackney-coach.—I am quite in love: if my love lasts till that time, you shall hear of it in my next.

LETTER V.

June 19, 1770.
Dear Sister,

I have an horrid cold—The relation of the manner of my catching it may give you more pleasure than the circumstance itself. As I wrote very late Sunday night (or rather very early Monday morning), I thought to have gone to bed pretty soon last night: when, being half undressed, I heard a very doleful voice, singing Miss Hill's favorite bedlamite song. The hum-drum of the voice so struck me, that though I was obliged to listen a long while before I could hear the words, I found the similitude in the sound. After hearing her with pleasure drawl for above half, an hour, she jumped into a brisker tune, and hobbled out the ever-famous song, in which poor Jack Fowler was to have been satirized.—"I put my hand into a bush: I pricked my finger to the bone: I saw a ship sailing along: I thought the sweetest flowers to find:" and other pretty flowery expressions, were twanged with no inharmonious bray—I now ran to the window, and threw up the sash; resolved to be satisfied whether or no it was the identical Miss Hill, in *propria persona*.—But, alas! it was a person whose twang is very well known, when she is awake, but who had drank so much royal bob<73> (the gingerbread-baker for that, you know) that she was now singing herself asleep. This somnifying liquor had made her voice so like the sweet echo of Miss Hill's, that if I had not considered that she could not see her way up to London, I should absolutely have imagined it hers—There was a fellow and a girl in one corner more busy in attending to their own affairs, than the melody.

This part of the letter, for some lines, is not legible.

. . . . the morning) from Marybone gardens; I saw the fellow in the cage at the watch-house, in the parish of St. Giles; and the nymph is an inhabitant of one of Cupid's Inns of Court—There was one similitude it would be injustice to set slip. A drunken fishman, who sells souse mackerel, and other delicious dainties, to the eternal detriment of all twopenny ordinaries; as his best commodity, his salmon, goes off at three halfpence the piece: this itinerant merchant, this moveable fish-stall, having likewise had his dose of bob-royal, stood still for a while; and then joined chorus, in a tone which would have laid half a dozen lawyers, pleading for their fees, fast asleep: this naturally reminded me of Mr. Haythorne's song of

"Says Plato, who oy oy oy should man be vain?"

However, my entertainment, though sweet enough in itself, has a dish of sour sauce served up in it; for I have a most horrible wheezing in the throat: but I don't repent that I have this cold; for there are so many nostrums here, that 'tis worth a man's while to get a distemper, he can be cured so cheap.

June 29th, 1770.

My cold is over and gone. If the above did not recall to your mind some scenes of laughter, you have lost your ideas of risibility.

LETTER VI.

Dear Mother,

I send you in the box—

Six cups and saucers, with two basins, for my sister. If a china tea-pot and cream-pot is, in your opinion, necessary, I will send them; but I am informed they are unfashionable, and that the red china, which you are provided with, is more in use.

A cargo of patterns for yourself, with a snuff-box, right French, and very curious in my opinion.

Two fans—the silver one is more grave than the other, which would suit my sister best. But that I leave to you both.

Some British-herb snuff in the box:—be careful how you open it. (This I omit, lest it injure the other matters.) Some British-herb tobacco for my grandmother, with a pipe. Some trifles for Thorne. Be assured, whenever I have the power, my will won't be wanting to testify, that I remember you.

Yours,

T. Chatterton.

July 8, 1770.

N. B. I shall forestall your intended journey, and pop down upon you at Christmas.

I could have wished you had sent my red pocket-book, as 'tis very material

I bought two very curious twisted pipes<74> for my grandmother; but, both breaking, I was afraid to buy others, lest they should break in the box, and, being loose, injure the china. Have you heard anything further of the clearance? Direct for me, at Mrs. Angel's, sack maker, Brook Street, Holborn.

LETTER VII.

Dear Sister,

I have sent you some china and a fan. You have your choice of two. I am surprised that you chose purple and gold—I went into the shop to buy it: but it is the most disagreeable colour I ever saw—dead, lifeless, and inelegant. Purple and pink, or lemon and pink, are more genteel and lively. Your answer in this affair will oblige me. Be assured, that I shall ever make your wants, my wants; and stretch to the utmost to serve you. Remember me to Miss Sandford, Miss Rumsey, Miss Singer, &c. &c. &c.

As to the songs, I have waited this week for them, and have not had time to copy one perfectly: when the season's over, you will have 'em all in print. I had pieces last month in the following Magazines

Gospel Magazine,
Town and Country, viz.
Maria Friendless
False Step.

Hunter of Oddities.
To Miss Rush, &c.
Court and City. London. Political Register, &c. &c.

The *Christian Magazine*, as they are not to be had perfect, are not worth buying—

I remain.
Yours,
T. Chatterton.
July 11, 1770.

LETTER VIII.

I am now about an Oratorio, which, when finished, will purchase you a gown. You may be certain of seeing me before the 1st of January, 1771.—The clearance is immaterial.—My mother may expect more patterns—Almost all the next *Town and Country Magazine* is mine. I have an universal acquaintance:—my company is courted everywhere; and, could I humble myself to go into a compter<75>, could have had twenty places before now:—but I must be among the great; state matters suit me better than commercial—The ladies are not out of my acquaintance. I have a deal of business now, and must therefore bid you adieu. You will have a longer letter from me soon—and more to the purpose.<76>

Yours,
T. C.
20th July, 1770.

During the period in which these letters were written, Chatterton produced many of the things printed in the volume of his *Miscellanies*. One passage I will be at the trouble of copying, because it shows the acuteness of his mental sight, which could plainly distinguish each varying ray of excellence, and see blots even in the sun from which his genius sprung, and which it worshipped.

"But, alas! happiness is of short duration; or, to speak, in the language of the high-sounding Ossian, Behold! thou art happy; but soon, ah! soon, wilt thou be miserable. Thou art as easy and tranquil as the face of the green-mantled puddle; but soon, ah! soon, wilt thou be tumbled and tossed by misfortunes, like the stream of the water-mill. Thou art beautiful as the Cathedral of Canterbury; but soon wilt thou be deformed like Chinese palace-paling. So the sun, rising in the East, gilds the borders of the black mountains, and laces with his golden rays the dark-brown heath. The hind leaps over the flowery lawn, and the reeky bull rolls in the bubbling brook. The wild boar makes ready his armour of defence. The inhabitants of the rock dance, and all nature joins in the song. But see! riding on the wings of the wind, the black clouds fly. The noisy thunders roar; the rapid lightnings gleam; the rainy torrents pour; and the dripping swain flies over the mountains, swift as Bickerstaff, the son of song, when the monster *Bumbailiano*, keeper of the dark and black cave, pursued him over the hills of death, and the green meadows of dark men—O, Ossian! Immortal genius! I what an invocation could I make now! But I shall leave it to the abler pen of Mr. Duff,<77> and spin out the thread of any adventures." *Town and Country Magazine*, July, 1770. p. 375.

Of course I have been a little curious after the short part of his life which he spent in town. By his letters you see that he lodged first in Shoreditch; afterwards (when his employments made it necessary for him to frequent public places, I suppose) in Brook Street, Holborn. The man and woman where he first lodged are still living in the same house. He is a plasterer. They, and their nephew and niece (the latter about as old as Chatterton would be now, the former three years younger), and Mrs. Ballance, who lodged in the house, and desired them to let Chatterton (her

relation) lodge there also, have been seen. The little collected from them you shall have in their own words. But the life he led did not afford them many opportunities to observe him, could they have imagined that such a being was under the same roof with them, or that they would be asked for their observations upon him, after an interval of so many years.

Mrs. Ballance says he was as proud as Lucifer. He very soon quarrelled with her for calling him "Cousin *Tommy*," and asked her if she ever heard of a poet's being called Tommy: But she assured him that she knew nothing of poets, and only wished he would not set up for a gentleman. Upon her recommending it to him to get into some office, when he had been in town two or three weeks, he stormed about the room like a madman, and frightened her not a little, by telling her, that he hoped, with the blessing of God, very soon to be sent prisoner to the Tower; which would make his fortune.

He would often look steadfastly in a person's face, without speaking, or seeming to see the person, for a quarter of an hour or more, till it was quite frightful; during all which time (she supposes, from what she has since heard), his thoughts were gone about something else. When Beckford died, he was perfectly frantic, and out of his mind; and said that he was ruined. He frequently declared, that he should settle the nation before he had done: but how could she think that her poor cousin Tommy was so great a man as she now finds he was? His mother should have written word of his greatness, and then, to be sure, she would have humoured the gentleman accordingly,

Mr,Walmsley observed little in him, but that there was something manly and pleasing about him, and that he did not dislike the wenches.

Mrs. W.'s account is, that she never saw any harm of him—that he never *mislisted* her; but was always very civil, whenever they met in the house by accident—that he would never suffer the room, in which he used to read and write, to be swept, because, he said, poets hated brooms—that she told him she did not know anything *poet folks* were good for, but to sit in a dirty cap and gown in a garret, and at last to be starved—that, during the nine weeks he was at her house, he never stayed out after the family hours, except once, when he did not come home all night, and had been, she heard, *poeting* a song about the streets.—This night, Mrs. Ballance says, she knows he lodged at a relation's, because Mr. Walmsley's house was shut up when he came home.

The niece says, for her part, she always took him more for a mad boy than anything else, he would have such flights and *vagaries* that, but for his face, and her knowledge of his age, she should never have thought him a boy, he was so manly, and *so much himself*—that no women came after him, nor did she know of any connection; but still, that he was a sad rake, and terribly fond of women, and would sometimes be saucy to her—that he ate, what he chose to have, with his relation (Mrs. Ballance), who lodged in the house; but that he never touched meat, and drank only water, and seemed to live on the air.

Did not I send you some beautiful French lines last year from Ireland? Chatterton's muse had the same effect as Robin's mistress—.

Plus qu'un hermite it fait maisgres repas.<78>

The niece adds, that he was good-tempered, and agreeable, and obliging, but sadly proud and haughty: nothing was too good for him; nor was anything to be too

good for his grandmother, mother, and sister, hereafter—that he had *such a proud spirit* as to send the china, &c. (mentioned in his last letter but two) to his grandmother, &c. at a time when she (the niece) knew he was almost in want—that he used to sit up almost all night, reading and writing; and that her brother said he was afraid to lie with him; for, to be sure, he was a *spirit*, and never slept; for he never came to bed till it was morning, and then, for what he saw, never closed his eyes.

The nephew (C.'s bedfellow, during the first six weeks he lodged there) says, that, notwithstanding his pride and haughtiness, it was impossible to help liking him—that he lived chiefly upon a bit of bread, or a tart, and some water: but he once or twice saw him take a sheep's tongue out of his pocket—that Chatterton, to his knowledge, never slept while they lay together; that he never came to bed till very late, sometimes three or four o'clock, and was always awake when he (the nephew) waked; and got up at the same time, about five or six—that almost every morning the floor was covered with pieces of paper not so big as sixpences, into which he had torn what he had been writing before he came to bed. In short, they all agree, that no one would have taken him, from his behaviour, &c. to have been a poor boy of 17, and a sexton's son—they never saw such another person before nor since—he appeared to have something wonderful about him. They say, he gave no reason for quitting their house. They found the floor of his room covered with little pieces of paper, the remains of his *poetings*, as they term it.

> And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy;
> Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye.
> Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
> Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.
> Silent, when glad; affectionate, though shy:
> And now his look was most demurely sad;
> And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why.
> The neighbours stared and sighed, yet blessed the lad:
> *Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.*<79>

Mrs. Angel, to whose house he removed from Shoreditch, I have in vain endeavoured repeatedly to find out. A person in distressed circumstances, as I understand her to be, is slow to believe that an inquiry after her hiding-place is only set on foot by the curiosity of honest enthusiasm. Little versed in the history of mankind, she cannot imagine how any one can be curious or concerned about a person, so many years after his death, for whom in his life-time no one cared a farthing. Every stranger is to her imagination a bailiff in disguise. In every hasty tread she hears "the monster Bumbailiano, keeper of the dark and black cave."—Poor hunted animal! If you were kind to Chatterton; if, by your charitable means, his young hairs were brought down with somewhat less of sorrow to the grave, never may the monster lay his cruel paw upon your shoulder!

Could Mrs. Angel be found, much might not be learnt from her short knowledge of Chatterton; for he remained nine weeks in Shoreditch—at least, not much more, perhaps, than has been gotten from Mrs.Walmsley and her family.

Mrs. Wolfe, a barber's wife, within a few doors of the house in which Mrs. Angel lived, remembers him, and remembers his death. She speaks also of his proud and haughty spirit, and adds, that he appeared both to her and Mrs. Angel, as if born for something great. Mrs. Angel told her, after his death, that, as she knew he had not eaten anything for two or three days, she begged he would take some dinner with her on the 24th of August; but he was offended at her expressions, which seemed to hint

that he was in want, and assured her (though his looks showed him to be three parts starved) that he was not hungry.

The First Book of Beattie's beautiful *Minstrel* appeared in 1771. While he was employed in painting an ideal Edwin; Bristol, without knowing it, possessed the original. Edwin was certainly the child of Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*:<80> perhaps Chatterton is descended from the same parents. We too may lament, with Beattie, over our *Minstrel*—

> Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
> The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar!
> Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
> Hath felt the influence of malignant star,
> And waged with Fortune an eternal war!
> Checked by the scoff of Pride, and Envy's frown,
> And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
> In life's low vale remote hath pined alone,
> *Then dropt into the grave, unpitied and unknown!*

Such was the short and incredible life of Thomas Chatterton. Over his death, for the sake of the world (he is out of the reach of our pity or concern), I would willingly draw a veil. But this must not be. They who are in a condition to patronise merit, and they who feel a consciousness of merit which is not patronised, may form their own resolutions from the catastrophe of his tale; those, to lose no opportunity of befriending genius; these, to seize every opportunity of befriending themselves; and, upon no account, to harbour the most distant idea of quitting the world, however it may be unworthy of them, lest despondency should at last deceive them into so unpardonable a step.

Let the reader learn, and remember too, that suicide is always holden up to shame.

Chatterton, as appears by the Coroner's Inquest, swallowed arsenic, in water, on the 24th of August, 1770; and died, in consequence thereof, the next day. He was buried in a shell, in the burying-ground of Shoe Lane workhouse. His taking of such a rash and unjustifiable step, is almost as strange as his fathering of his poems upon Rowley. That he should have been driven to it by absolute want, though I don't say it was not so, is not very possible; since he never indulged himself in meat, and drank nothing, but water.<81> The Coroner has no minutes of the melancholy business, and is unable to call any of the circumstances, at this distance of time, to his memory. The witnesses before the inquest, as appears by his memorandum, were Frederick Angell, Mary Foster, William Hamsley: none of whom I have been able to find out. That Chatterton's despair should fix on August, that it should not have stayed, at least, till the gloomier months of winter, must surprise those who are sensible of the influence of such a climate as ours.

Recollecting what Mrs. Newton says of the effect the moon had upon her brother, I searched for the moon's changes in August 1770. Much cannot be presumed from them. The moon was at the full on the 6th, and in the last quarter the 14th. The 20th, at 11 at night, there was a new moon. The fatal day was the 24th.

But who can bear to dwell upon, or argue about, the self-destruction of such a being as Chatterton? The motives for everything he did are past finding out.

His room, when they broke it open, after his death, was found, like the room he quitted at Mr.Walmsley's, covered with little scraps of paper.

What a picture would he have made, with, the fatal phial by his bedside, destroying plans of future *Ællas* and *Godwins*, and unfinished books of the *Battle of Hastings*? Martha, I have had the—(call it what you will)—to spend half an hour in this room. It was half an hour of most exquisite sensations. My visit of devotion was paid in the morning, I remember; but I was not myself again all day.

To look round the room; to say to myself, Here stood his bed; there the poison was set; in that window he loitered for some hours before he retired to his last rest, envying the meanest passenger, and wishing that he could exchange his own feelings, and intellects, for their professional or manual powers and insensibility! Then, abhorrence of his death, abhorrence of the world, and I know not how many different and contradictory, but all distracting ideas! All these things I imaged for him on the spot, and nothing should tempt me to undergo such another half-hour.

> Bristol stand forth! Too just are even these rhymes
> Without a trial to condemn thy crimes.
> Come forward, answer to thy cursed name!
> Stand, if thou dare, before the bar of Fame.
> Bristol, hold up thine hand, that damned hand
> Which scatters misery over half a land,
> The land of Genius!—

But my Indignation cannot stay for rhyme; yet it must vent itself.

Tell me, Bristol, where is Savage<82>? Whither didst thou drive Hume<83>? Where hast thou hid the body of murdered Chatterton? Where are his mother and his sister? Could not the female hand of ostentatious Charity<84> spare one mite to the starving child of Genius! *Miserable Hamlet!*<85> as Chatterton calls thee. Unworthy such a treasure! Much more unworthy his guardian care! For, canst thou be sure, ungrateful city, that the spirit of neglected Chatterton does not still best delight to haunt the place which gave him birth? Canst thou be certain that his watchful providence did not lately extinguish the threatening flames of treason<86>! Perhaps, while I write, his spirit protects thy commerce;

> Or, in black armour, stalks around
> Embattled Bristol, once his ground,
> And glows, arduous, on the castle stairs;
> Or, fiery, round the minster glares.
> Perhaps for Bristol still he cares;
> Guards it from foemen and consuming fire;
> Like Avon's stream encircles it around,
> Nor lets a flame enharm the ground,
> Till in one flame all the whole world expire<87>.

But the feelings of the moment have hurried me away. Bristol is not culpable. She may be proud that she produced Chatterton, and need not, perhaps, blush for his death. Had he remained in the "*miserable hamlet*," Rowley *must inevitably* have worked his way in the world. *Sir Charles Bawdin* and the *Song of Ælla*, were already known to Fame. Rowley's other poems must soon have blazed out—they could not, cold as was the age, have been kept much longer, even by the chilling hand of pewter-patronage, from kindling a flame in the literary world, which haply might have cheered their author—and Chatterton might, now (distracting reflection!); might nine

years ago; might, before he was twice nine years old; have been considered as the most extraordinary prodigy of genius the world ever saw. Nay, had he continued at Bristol only a few weeks longer, had he continued in the world only a few days longer, he might, have been preserved. For, oh my Martha! I have been assured that the late amiable Dr. Fry, head of St. John's in Oxford, went to Bristol, the latter end of August, 1770, in order to search into the history of Rowley and Chatterton, and to patronise the latter if he turned out to be the former, or to deserve assistance when, alas! all the intelligence which he could pick up about either was, that Chatterton had, within a few days, swallowed the cowardly poison of unjustifiable despair.

Let me mention one circumstance which strikes me here, after which I maintain it to be impossible that a single individual should doubt, for a single moment, whether or not *Ælla*, &c. were all written by a poor sexton's son, before he was (I may say) seventeen.—After Chatterton left Bristol we see but one more of Rowley's poems, *The Ballad of Charitie*" and that a very short one. What was the reason of this? Had Chatterton given to the world all the contents of Canynge's chest? Certainly not—for he is known to have spoken of other manuscripts both at Bristol and in town; and you have seen him write to his mother, that, "had Rowley been a Londoner, instead of a Bristolian, he could live by copying his works." Is it likely that a lad, possessed of a chest full of such poems (some of which he sold for trifles to a pewterer, before he wanted money, or knew its value), should, when in real distress, and when he could have lived by only copying them, part with none of them, offer not one of them to any bookseller?

Ridiculous! Impossible! This was the very moment to produce them. In my own mind I am persuaded, that, had Chatterton really found the poems in an old chest, the idea of *forging* others, as like them as he could, *would now* have occurred to him. But, in truth, Canynge's old chest was only his own fruitful invention. At Bristol, undisturbed by the cares or the pleasures of the world, his genius had nothing to do but to indulge itself in creating Rowley and his works. In London was to be learnt, that which even Genius cannot teach, the knowledge of life—extemporaneous bread was to be earned more suddenly than even Chatterton could write poems for Rowley; and, in consequence of his employments, as he tells his mother, public places were to be visited, and mankind to be frequented. He who fabricated such poems, in the calm and quiet of Bristol, must have been almost more than man. Had Chatterton produced them to the world *as fast*, amidst the avocations, the allurements, the miseries of his London life, I would immediately become a convert to Rowley. At present, if I fall down and worship Rowley, it can only be as the golden image which Chatterton has set up.

The *Ballad of Charity*, the last of Rowley's poems, in addition to the internal proofs that it was a composition of the day, carries melancholy conviction to the mind, that it was the composition of Chatterton. The note, which, the editor of Rowley's poems tells us, accompanied this pastoral to the printer, is dated "Bristol, July 4, 1770." Now, in what month is the scene laid?

> In virgyne the sweltrie sun gan sheene,
> And hotte upon the meads did cast his ray.

If Chatterton had this by him all 1769, is it not odd that this should be the only poem which he did not show Catcott? Is it not singular that he should not produce it till July 1770? till the very month in which it was originally written? Again—

Look in his gloomed face, his sprite there scan,
How woebegone, how withered, sapless, dead!
Haste to thy church-glebe house, asshrewed man;
Haste to thy kiste, thy only dortours bed!
Cold as the clay which will gre on thy head
Is charity and love among high elves;
Knightis and Barons live for pleasure and themselves.

This seems too plainly designed for a sketch of himself, and of the coldness with which he conceived he had been treated: especially as "the Memoirs of a Sad Dog" appeared in the *Town and Country Magazine*s for July and August, 1770; wherein Chatterton ridicules Mr. Walpole, with some humour, under the title of Baron<88> Otranto: and, more especially, as in a note of his own, upon. the fourth word in the stanza (gloomed), he writes thus—

> *"Clouded*, dejected. A person of some note in the literary world, is of opinion, that *glum* and *glom* are modern cant words; and from this circumstance doubts the authenticity of Rowley's manuscripts—*Glum-mong*, in the Saxon, signifies twilight, a dark and dubious light; and the modern word *gloomy* is derived from the Saxon *glum*."

Again—the confidence with which he speaks of Rowley's merit, now that he is more convinced of his own abilities than he was when he carried the productions of them to Catcott—*An* excelent *balade of Charitie*. Can't you see his indignation penning the note to the printer? I can. if "the Glossary annexed to the following piece will make the language intelligible; the sentiment, description, and versification, are highly deserving the attention of the literati." Had it been thought to deserve the attention of the magazine, it might possibly have made its way to the literati, and the author might have been snatched from the fangs of suicide by the hand of Fame.

But, although the note be dated July 4, no such poem appears in the magazine for that month, nor for any other. Yet, surely, Rowley's *Ballad of Charitie* could not have disgraced the chaste records of an immortal magazine of 1770, more than Rowley's *Elinoure and Juga* in 1769! Addison said, he would put his friend Sir Roger de Coverley to death, lest any one should murder him. Is it possible that Chatterton should have determined to murder himself, because the *Town and Country Magazine* doubted the existence of his ideal Rowley? In turning over their volume for 1770, I thought that I had found room for some such suspicion, when I found the following passage among the acknowledgements to correspondents—" The pastoral from Bristol, signed 'D. D.' (which I conclude to be an error of the press for D. B.—especially, as no other acknowledgement is made for Chatterton's *Pastoral*) "has some share of merit; but the author will, doubtless, discover, upon another perusal of it, many exceptionable passages." However, on looking again, I saw that this was prefixed to the Magazine for August—consequently (which you will be heartily glad to know), when it was published on the 1st of September, Chatterton was beyond the reach of magazines.—But it is pretty clear, you see, that the Magazine thought Chatterton was the author of Rowley's poems. Did Chatterton suspect this; and could this have urged him to his end?

The circumstance most extraordinary, and which must appear so even to those (if there still be any such) who will not think as I think, is this—that he not only in his distress never endeavoured to procure bread by writing poems for Rowley (or by producing one or two from the *many chests full* of Rowley's poems, which he had in his possession, and brought to town in his pocket); but, that, having written the *Ballad*

of Charitie, he did not, in distress by which some think that he was driven to suicide, turn it, or endeavour to turn it, into money. All his other things, after he came to town, as is known from booksellers, and is clear from his letters, were sold; the *Ballad of Charitie* was a free-will offering to literature. Had Chatterton so much respect for his fictitious Rowley (there is no the shadow of a reason to be given why he should have so much respect for a *real* Rowley), that he would not barter his poems to a magazine for bread? That it should be so is not altogether impossible; but it is surely *odd* (unless, I be to give the reason) that the same christian name should belong to the finder, and to the author of these poems, *Thomas* Rowley, *Thomas* Chatterton.

Everything that Chatterton did at every period of his life about Rowley was original. The only time (as I think Catcott says) that he ever asked the pewterer for money, was when he brought him the subsequent bill.

Mr. G. Catcott to the executors of T. Rowley, Dr.

To pleasure received in reading his historic works	5 5 0.
—— his poetic works	5 5 0
	10 10 0

At Mr. Walmsley's he used frequently to say, that he had many writings by him, which would produce a great deal of money, if they were printed. To this it was once or twice observed, that they lay in a small compass, for that he had not much luggage. But he said that he had them, nevertheless.

When he talked of writing something which should procure him money to get some clothes, to paper the room in which he lodged, and to send some more things to his sister, mother, and grandmother; he was asked why he did not enable himself to do all this, by means of these writings which. were "worth their weight in gold." His answer was, that they were not written with a design to buy old clothes, or to paper rooms, and that, if the world did not behave well, it should never see a line of them.

O CHATTERTON! for thee the pensive song I rail
Thou object of my wonder, pity, envy, praise!
Bright Star of Genius!—torn from life and fame,
My tears, my verse, shall consecrate thy name!
Ye Muses! who around his natal bed
Triumphant sung, and all your influence shed
APOLLO! thou who rapt his infant breast,
And in his dædal<89> numbers shone confesssed,
Ah! why, in vain, such mighty gifts bestow
—Why give fresh tortures to the Child of Woe?
Why thus, with barbarous care, illume his mind,
Adding new sense to all the ills behind?

Thou haggard Poverty! whose cheerless eye
Transforms young Rapture to the pond'rous sigh,
In whose drear cave no Muse e'er struck the lyre,
Nor Bard e'er maddened with poetic fire:
Why all thy spells for CHATTERTON combine?
His thought creative, why must thou confine?
Subdued by thee, his pen no more obeys,
No longer gives the song of ancient days;
Nor paints in glowing tints from distant skies,

Nor bids wild scenery rush upon our eyes—
Checked in her flight, his rapid genius cowers,
Drops her sad plumes, and yields to thee her powers.

Behold him, Muses! see your favourite son
The prey of want, ere manhood is begun!
The bosom ye have filled, with anguish torn
The mind you cherished, drooping and forlorn!

And now Despair her sable form extends,
Creeps to his couch, and o'er his pillow bends.
Ah, see! a deadly bowl the fiend concealded,
Which to his eye with caution is revealed—
Seize it, Apollo!—seize the liquid snare!
Dash it to earth, or dissipate in air!
Stay, hapless youth! refrain—abhor the draught,
With pangs, with racks, with deep repentance fraught!
Oh, hold! the cup with woe ETERNAL flows,
More—more than Death the poisonous juice bestows
In vain! He drinks—and now the searching fires
Rush through his veins, and writhing he expires
No sorrowing friend, no sister, parent, nigh,
To soothe his pangs, or catch his parting sigh;
Alone, unknown, the Muse's darling dies,
And with the vulgar dead unnoted lies!
Bright Star of Genius!—torn from life and fame,
My tears, my verse, shall consecrate thy name!<90>

We come now to the questions of most difficulty, but of least consequence.

What could induce Chatterton to lay such a plan? Was it the credit of imposing upon the world, which he was determined never to claim, since he never owned the imposition?

My answer is, that I neither know, nor care: and the conjectures of the rustiest fellow of the Antiquarian Society cannot give an answer much more to the purpose. Are the motives of men's and women's conduct so plain, that he who runs may read them? How much less obvious are we to expect the motives of a boy's conduct, of such a boy's! Chatterton, with some, with many things about him, superior to most, to all men, was still but a boy. Though he did see 17 before his death, he must have been *literally* a boy, when he laid the foundation of his plans.—If Macpherson and Ossian be the same, if Chatterton thought them to be the same, Chatterton is an original in poetry only, not in suppositousness.— Mr. H.<27> has never taken off his mask, but rather chosen that Fame should dress up an ideal writer, and worship him as the author of Junius, than to claim the eternal crown in his own name and person.

Good men are satisfied with the applause of their own consciences, and scatter charity with the invisible hand of bounty. May not great men be formed in a similar mould? May not Obscurity appear to enlarge an ideal, as well as a real, object? God would, perhaps, be something less of God, were he visible.

But, as I said, I neither know nor care what was Chatterton's motive.

Am I still asked for it? Like many a man in conversation, I'll get off by telling a story. D'Alembert, in his pamphlet upon the Destruction of the Jesuits, relates that

one of the order, who had spent twenty years on a mission in Canada, did not believe even the existence of a God. Notwithstanding this, he had, numerous times, run the hazard of his life in defence of that religion which he preached with success among the savages. To a friend who expressed surprise at the warmth of his zeal, the Missionary observed—"Ah, you have no idea of the pleasure there is in having 20,000 men to listen to you, and in persuading them what you don't believe yourself."

What suggested the scheme to Chatterton's invention?—This question it is, perhaps, still more impossible to answer: nor do I pretend to answer it. If you can ground any conjectures on a few facts I will mention—so.

Psalmanazar<50> died about the time that Chatterton's scheme was born, and bequeathed his methodistical memoirs to the world. Walpole, about the same time, endeavoured to turn a whole national current of belief, with respect to Richard III and, not long before, acknowledged the imposition he had put upon the public in the Preface to *Otranto*. The Douglas cause<91> was, about the same time, in high agitation. Ossian, with Blair's *Dissertation*,<11> in which the name of Ælla is mentioned, had not long made his appearance. *The Concubine* in Spenser's manner, appeared in 1767.<92> Percy's *Reliques* <80> had not long been published: page xxiv of the first vol. (2nd edition, 1767) mention is made of "Colgrin, son of that Ælla who was elected king of the Saxons in the room of Hengist." Chatterton must have admired *Hardyknute*<93> (Vol. II. p. 94.) which Mrs. Wardlaw pretended to have found on shreds of paper employed for what is called the bottoms of clues;" and must have read *Erle Robert's Mice, in Chaucer's Style*, by Prior; and have seen through the *pretended* Extract of a Letter from *Canton* to James Garland Esq; at the end of the third volume, which vouches for the *truth* of Percy's *Hau Kiou Choaau*, there advertised as *translated from the Chinese*.<94> On the 21st of January, 1769, the invisible Junius printed his first letter.<27> In May, 1769, Mrs. Montagu published her *Essay on Shakespeare*, from which it is not impossible that Chatterton's *tindery* ambition might catch the fire of rivalry. Farrer's *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare* had appeared about a twelvemonth. In the wonderful extent of his reading, Chatterton could not be ignorant of Parnell's imposition on Pope, by means of a pretended Leonine translation of some of his lines in the *Rape of the Lock*; or of Parnell's *Fairy Tale, in the ancient English style*.<95>

Better memories may, perhaps, recollect other things of this kind.

That Chatterton had Walpole and Ossian in some measure present to his mind, is manifest from his fixing upon the same person (Mr. W.) to introduce Rowley to the world, whom Macpherson chose for Ossian: and, surely, to prove Earl Godwin a good man and true, in spite of history, is much such an attempt as Mr.W.'s concerning Richard! The first stanza of *Canynge's Prologue to Godwin*, is little more than a versification of the ingenious supposition in the article *Godwin*, in the Biographia Britannica; and is rather the language of our *distant* age, than of a man writing *three hundred years nearer* Godwin; who was not then ungently treated in so many histories, as now.

> Whilomme, by pensmen, much ungentle name
> Has upon Godwin Earl of Kent been laid,
> Thereby bereaving him of faith and fame.
> The unforgiving clergymen have said,

That he was knowen to no holy wurche.
But this was all his fault—he gifted not the church.<96>

It may be said, that hardly one of the schemes, which I have mentioned, succeeded. Let me, in my turn, tell what Fontenelle, in his Dialogues,<97> puts into the mouth of the Russian pretender. When he is asked how he dared to assert a claim, for which two or three impostors had suffered the cruellest death; he answers, it was upon that very circumstance he grounded the probability of passing for a true man, and no impostor.

When The *Town and Country Magazine* was first set up, in January 1769, the foundation of Chatterton's scheme was laid. The superstructure, of course, ascended by degrees. It has at least been some amusement to see if I could discover that he took any materials from these publications. For this purpose I have carefully looked them over, down to the time of his death. The memorandums which I made, I will transcribe for you, just as I scratched them down upon paper at the time. Some of them are little to the purpose, perhaps; and would not have occurred but for the consciousness that I was reading what had been read by the object of my admiration.

Many parts of the book which you lent me the other day struck me in a particular manner, because I knew that my Martha had perused the same parts.

We must not expect to track a Magliabechi<52> very often in the course of only one volume.

In January, 1769, p. 15, is this article *The Ancient and Modern Dresses in France Compared with those of England* which is continued and concluded in February, p.59. Therein the writer says, he is "glad to avail himself of the assistance of Chaucer, who describes the dresses in the time of Richard II."—In March, p. 136, Chatterton published Rowley's MS. on the *Courtmantle*.—The former part of this article (Jan. p. 15.) says, it appears by a journal of those times, that

> "On the 17th of October, 1409, the Sieur John de Montague was conducted from the little Châtelet to the Halles, being seated high in a cart, and dressed in his livery, viz. a great coat half red and half white, and a hood of the same, with a red buskin and a white one, gilt spurs, his hands tied, and two trumpets before him: and that, after his head was cut off, his body was carried to the gibbet of Paris, and was there hung up with his buskins and gilt spurs."

Catcott, after all his contradictions, does not pretend to have received from Chatterton the death and execution of "Sir Charles Bawdin" in 1461, long, *if at all, before* the appearance of this article. They who imagine that this passage suggested Bawdin to Chatterton, will conclude Catcott to have received the poem just *after* the appearance of this article in January.

Page 30, of the same month, are inserted the singular notes which Rousseau left upon his table at Bourgoin when he quarrelled with the magistrates. The vanity and self-importance of these notes were hardly exceeded even by Chatterton. Among them are two, which I will transcribe; but not because they could to him have suggested anything; for he could not, poor fellow! see as far as our day. "The men of genius revenge themselves by insulting me, because they feel my superiority.—Authors pillage, and censure me; knaves curse me; the mob hoot at me." Take it as a motto for your copy of the poor boy's Rowley.

May we not suppose Chatterton to have read these French lines? (January, p. 34.)

L'homme vit par son ame, & l'ame est la pensée.
C'est elle qui pour vous doit mesurer le temps.
Cultivez la sagesse; apprenez l'art suprême
De vivre avec soi-meme,
Vous pourrez sans effroi compter tous vos instants.<98>

In an *Essay on Fame* (January, p. 37.) I find this passage— "Butler tells us 'Fools are known by looking wise.' And, indeed, it must occur to every discerning man, that affected wisdom and sententious gravity are often assumed, to conceal a great profundity of folly and ignorance." In the poem on Happiness, dated 1769, which you have already seen, are these lines—

And the fond mother thought him wondrous wise.
But little had she read in Nature's book,
For fools assume a philosophic look.

On a Friend who died in his Eighteenth Year, (January, p. 48.) Little did Chatterton think of his own fate, perhaps, when he read this.

In February, p. 62, an antiquarian gives an account of Burge Castle in Suffolk, anciently called Cnobersburge, wherein we are told that "one of the towers, being perhaps undermined when the castle was destroyed, is reclined from the wall at the top about six feet."—One of Rowley's manuscripts, produced by Chatterton, is a Plan to support the Tower of the Temple Church in Bristol, which had declined from its perpendicular. In a late reparation of the church, Catcott says that some subterraneous works have been found, which correspond with this MS.—Will Catcott prove, to the satisfaction of *any person beside himself*, that evidence is discovered of the tower's having declined; or that Chatterton could not possibly know or judge that the tower had declined; If he can, still Chatterton might by accident have hit upon such a thing, especially after he had seen the foregoing passage about Burge Castle. Chance makes luckier hits than this continually.

In February, p.104, are some lines, signed Asaphides, dated January 29, 1769.—*On Mr. Alcock, a Miniature Painter, of Bristol*. They are printed in Chatterton's *Miscellanies*. But should they be thought inferior to other things in his own and Rowley's name; and should that inequality, which we are obliged to pardon in the greatest geniuses, be used as an argument against a boy; I know not any proof that he wrote this, or another poem which we find in April, p. 217, with the same signature. He almost *always* signed himself D. B. the initials of his first Latin signature, Dunhelmus Bristoliensis. He is here twice, and only twice, made to assume the strange name of *Asaphides*.

In March, p. 146, is inserted an encomium on Pope's *Pastorals*, from Ruffhead. In May, p. 272, we read the pastoral of *Elinoure and Juga*, from D. B. dated May, 1769.

In April, p. 293, we find *Remarks on the Works of some of the most Eminent Painters, with Short Anecdotes of their Lives.* It was a little later, in the year 1769, than April, I think, that Chatterton offered to furnish Mr.Walpole with Rowley's MS. of A *Series of Great Painters that had Flourished at Bristo*l."

In *An Account of the Most Celebrated Monasteries in Europ*e (April, p. 201), mention is made of the abbey of St. Alban's, which was suppressed at the dissolution of monasteries. The scene of *Elinoure and Juga* (in the next month, May, p. 272.) is

laid on Ruddeborne bank, a river near St. Alban's (as we learn from Chatterton's notes) and after the dialogue, Elinoure and Juga

—moved gentle o'er the dewy mees,
To where St. Alban's holy shrines remain.

In May, p. 272, immediately before his own *Elinoure and Juga*, is inserted a *Monody*. Some of the lines, together with the motto, I shall transcribe.

A MONODY.

"—Oh! now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! Oh! *farewell*!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious war!
And, oh! you mortal engines,whose rude throats
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell!" SHAKESPEARE<99>

Farewell, Calcaria, now farewell!
Meandering wharf, adieu!
Ye neighbouring vills, I cease to tell
What joys I shared in you!
Farewell fair bridge, and Gothic pile,
Adieu you moat and mill!

No more yon murmuring water-fall,
Its rustic *din* I hear;
No more yon bells so sweetly call
My steps to wander there.

No more, dear F**********! Thy sweet *song*
Delights my listening ear;
No more dear Tom! Thy *fiddle's* strung,
My pensive soul to cheer.

No more, gay Flora, your *guitar*,
Though fraught with melody;
No more your voice, yet sweeter far,
Will fill my heart with glee.

No more, my friends, I join your *joy*,
Your concert, *song*, or *ball*:
Adieu, delightful Bramham park,
Thy walks, thy *meads*, thy *groves*!

Thy proud pavillions, and thy *cot*
With homely thatch done o'er;

Thy *distant* views, thy rural *grot*,
Adieu! farewell!

Give me leave, now, to transcribe you a few lines from Rowley's first eclogue. The old (and sometimes *unintelligible*) words, I will change for Chatterton's more modern ones in his notes.

Speak to me not; I ken thy woe in mine.
O! I've a tale the Devil himself might tell.
Sweet *flowerets*, mantled *meadows*, *forests* dign,
And *groves far-seen around* the hermit's cell;
The sweet ribible *dinning* in the dell;
The joyous *dancing* in the alehouse court,
Eke the high song and every joy—*farewell*!
Farewell the very shade of fair disport!

Of the impossibility to prove imitation I am well aware. But for intentional imitation, I do not here contend. The originality of Chatterton's sublime genius would not have stooped from its height to imitate any man that ever wrote. The question is, whether we perceive the remarkable turn of Othello's *farewell*, and whether Chatterton's wonderful memory had retained that, and the rustic *din*, the *fiddle*, *guitar*, &c. from a perusal of the monody, without being conscious of it. Chatterton himself explains *ribible* to be a "violin;" a musical instrument, not known, I fancy, to the period at which the scene of this eclogue is laid, nor very natural in the eclogue, though truth might mark the propriety of it in the monody.

By the nature of his plan, the folding-doors of imitation were effectually shut against Chatterton. His hands were tied up from picking and stealing. What other poet, ancient or modern, except Homer (and even Homer had his ancients perhaps), can produce an octavo volume, and *such* an oaavo volume, in the whole course of which, after a search of some years, the best and oldest heads are not able to detect him with certainty more than six or eight times?<100> And those coincidences must of course have been the effect more of memory than design. Rather different are the following *coincidences*; of which many (beside those they have the honesty to own) might be collected from every page of every poet but this boy.

Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Pope. El. to Abilard
For soon as mastery comes, sweet love anon
Taketh his nimble wings, and soon away is gone.
Spenser. 3. 1. 25.
Love will not be confined by mastery
When mastery comes, the Lord of Love anon
Flutters his wings, and forthwith is he gone.
Chaucer.

The attic warbler pours her throat:
Gray. Spring.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
Pope, Essay on Man, 3. 33

The painful family of death.
Gray. Eton Col.
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain:
Pope.

Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-coloured wings.
Gray. Bard.
Interest that waves on parti-coloured wings.
Dunciad 4. 538.

They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
Gray. EL.
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time.
All's well that ends well.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
Gray. Elegy.
—He lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeped out
Upon the brook, that crawled along the wood.
Shakesp. As you like it.

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.
Gray. Elegy
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up.
Shakesp. Hen. V.

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little song.
Goldsm. Edw. and Ang.
Man wants but little, nor that little long.
Young. Night 4.

In May, p. 328, is a modern version of "*Eleanora and Juga*," by S. W. A. "aged 16." What must have been the feelings of Chatterton, when he saw a boy take merit to himself for *spoiling* a poem by a modern version, at the same age, or perhaps at a more advanced one, than that at which he *forged* it!

In July, p.370, we read of Otway, that

> "when he died (which he did in an obscure house, near the Minories), he had about him the copy of a tragedy, which it seems he had sold for a trifle to Bentley, the bookseller. I have seen," says the author of this article, "an advertisement, at the end of one of Lestrange's "political papers, offering a reward to any one who should bring it to his shop. What an invaluable treasure was there irretrievably lost, by the ignorance and neglect of the age he lived in!"

In this affecting picture it was impossible Chatterton should perceive his own features; but you will allow that it required all even his strength of mind, and conscious genius, to work on upon Rowley after reading the following truth—

> "At present, were a man to endeavour to improve his fortune, or increase his friendship, by poetry, be would soon feel the anxiety of disappointment. The press lies open, and is a benefactor to every sort of literature but that alone."

If Chatterton did endeavour to catch the public by other baits, besides genius, who can blame him?

What must have been the sensations of Chatterton's feeling mind, when he read (July, p. 389) that the number of slaves brought from the coast of Africa, in one year, 1768, between Cape Blanco and Rio Congo, by the different European nations,

amounted to One Hundred and Four Thousand One Hundred! Great Britain (the seat of freedom) 53,100—France 23,500—Holland (after wresting their own freedom from Philip) 11,300—Portugal 13,700—British America 6,300—Denmark 1,200. How must the genius of Rowley have fired at such a sum total of fellow-creatures, made beasts of burden, only because the common Creator had made them of a different colour!

Ill-fated Chatterton! Why didst thou not attend to Orestes *On the Poverty of Authors*? (August, p. 399). How couldst thou imagine that even thy parts would prevent thy adding one to his long but faithful list of the starved children of Genius! Could thy penetrating sight discover no truth in his borrowed observation, that—

> "we more readily assist the lame and the blind than a poor man of genius—for every one is sensibly affected with the apprehension of blindness or lameness; but who is in the least dread of the accidents which attend on genius?"

—Here let me panse a moment to rescue the world from blame it does not merit. The world is not accountable for the death of every man of abilities who has perished, however miserably, in an alehouse or a prison. Profligacy and Genius, Ability and Prodigality, are not, as many imagine, the same things. But Genius too often thinks it necessary to be profligate, and Profligacy often demands to pass for genius. To behold Genius confined in a prison, or skulking in an alehouse, and not to lend relief, were infamous; provided the spectator could he sure that he was lending effectual relief. But, if to rescue from one prison, be only to give an opportunity to visit another—whose humanity is sturdy enough to bear such insults, even from a friend, or from a child? Churchill reproached the world with suffering Lloyd to pine in the Fleet,<101> and Johnson has moistened many an eye with the sufferings of Savage.<102> But the world, if it be ever accountable, is only accountable for the death of such a being as Chatterton, who (let his enemies or enviers persist, as they choose, in asserting what they cannot prove) was not extravagant, was not profligate, was not unprincipled. All his profligacy consisted in quitting the attorney's office, and penning *Ælla*—"when he should have engrossed."<103> His only extravagance was lavishing upon unnecessary presents to his grandmother, mother, and sister, a few shillings, the earnings of his genius, which might otherwise, perhaps, have saved him from starving. Unprincipled belongs to those who accuse him of crimes without a shadow of proof.

In the Magazine for September, p. 497, is a *roundelay*, for the Jubilee in honour of Shakespeare. Let me just transcribe the first stanza of it, and the first stanza of the famous *Minstrel's Song* in *Ælla*. Your musical ear must judge whether one suggested the other.

> Sisters of the tuneful strain,
> Attend your parent's jocund tree;
> 'Tis Fancy calls you, follow me,
> To celebrate the jubilee.
>
> ———————————
>
> O! sing unto my roundelay,
> O! drop the briny tear with me;
> Dance no more on holyday,
> Like a running river be.

If your ear be struck by the cadence, you will be struck not a little, in the remainder of the song, by a strong resemblance or two of Shakespeare, to whom

Chatterton's retentive memory must have been directed by the subject of the roundelay, and by the mention it makes of Desdemona.

In Othello (4. 13.), Desdemona sings, "*All* a green *willow*," &c. which she says her mother's maid Barbary "*died singing*." The burden of the song in Ælla is "*All* under the *willow* tree"—and it concludes with

> *I die*; I come; my *true-love* waits.
> Thus the damsel spake, and *died*.

The original of Desdemona's song ("Willow, willow") is in Percy's Reliques, l. 192.<104> One stanza (p. 193) is not totally unlike the Minstrel's first which I have just transcribed—

> The cold stream ran by him,
> His eyes wept apace;
> The salt tears fell from him,
> Which drowned his face.

What follows is surely rather more than coincidence!

> Black his hair as the winter night,
> White his cheek as the summer snow.
> Whiter is my true-love's shroud.
> *Ælla*, 852. 873.

> White his shroud as the mountain snow.
> *Hamlet*, 4. 5.

> His beard was as white as snow,
> All flaxen was his poll.
> *Hamlet*, 4. 5.

> Here, upon my true-love's grave,
> Shall the barren flowers be laid.
> *Ælla*, 879.

> Larded all with sweet flowers;
> Which bewept to the grave did go,
> With true-love flowers.
> *Hamlet*, 4. 5.

> My love is dead,
> Gone to his death-bed.
> *Ælla. Burden of the song.*

> No, no, he is dead,
> Go to thy death-bed.
> *Hamlet, 4. 5.*

One other line has the same turn and expression as a line of Tickell.

> Hark! the raven flaps his wing.
> *Ælla, 865.*

> And, at her window,—
> The raven flapped his wing.
> *Lucy and Colin.*<105>

Have I tired you? But pray confess that there is more in the similarity of these passages, than if I were to argue that Chatterton wrote all Rowley, because in one of

Rowley's poems there is a line which is to be found, word for word, in two other poets since Rowley.

> And tears began to flow.
> *A Bristow Tragedy or The Death of Sir Charles Bawdin*.<106>
>
> And tears began to flow.
> *Alexander's Feast*.<106>
>
> And tears began to flow.
> *Edwin and Angelina*.<107>
>
> So, in another Bard—
>
> Right against the eastern gate.
> *Gray. Descent of Odin*.
>
> Right against the eastern gate.
> *Milton. L'Allegro*.

This might happen without even having seen the lines which are so exactly the same. Then only it is, perhaps, that we can be sure we see the stealing hand of Memory, or catch, the Proteus form of Imitation, when the same idea is expressed in the same words.

Before we go any further, let me just show you how the account stands between Chatterton and the *Town and Country Magazine* for 1769.

January.		0
February.	*Account of the Tincture of Saxon Heralds*; and some lines *On Mr. Alcock*, which do not from the signature appear to be Chatterton's, though inserted in his *Miscellanies*	2
March.	*Ethelgar, a Saxon poem*; and a manuscript by Rowley, *On the Court Mantle*	2
April.	*Kenrick, a Saxon poem*; and an elegy, which does not from the signature appear to be Chatterton's, though inserted in his *Miscellanies*	2
May.	*Cerdick, a Saxon poem*; *Saxon Achievements*, and *Elinoure and Juga*	3
June.		0
July.	Some lines to Mr. Holland	1
August.	*Godred Crovan*	1
Sept.		0
Oct.		0
Nov.	*The Hirlas*; and an elegy, which does not from the signature appear to be Chatterton's, though inserted in his *Miscellanies*, where I *do not* find *The Hirlas*, printed in the Magazine, p. 574, with his usual signature, D.B.	
Dec.	*The Antiquity of Christmas Games*, and *The Copernican System*	2
Supplement.	*The Hirlas*, an elegy, and some lines to Miss R.	3

You cannot, I am sure, but observe, and with surprise, how few things he contributed during the space of some whole months, from May to December. How are we to account for this? Was his active genius unemployed during all this time, and some of it the most poetical part of the year? Or did his

> ——spirit haunte
> —With his loved Rowley by his side,
> Where he might hear the swotie nightlark chaunte?
> *Battle of Hastings,* 2. 581.

It is certain, that in December (p. 623 of the Magazine) there is a passage in a short article of Chatterton's upon the "Antiquity of Christmas Games," which seems clearly meant to prepare the world for *Ælla*, *Godwin*, and the *Apostate*—and who can tell for how many more of Rowley's plays?

> "A register of the nunnery of Keynsham relates, that William, Earl of Gloucester, entertained two hundred knights with tilts and fortunes, at his great manor of Keynsham; provided thirty pies of the eels of Avon, as a curious dainty; and on the twelfth day began the plays for the knights by the monks; with miracles and maumeries for the henchmen and servants, by minstrels.
>
> Here is plainly a distinction made between maumeries and miracles, and the more noble representations comprehended under the name of plays. The first were the holiday entertainments of the vulgar; the other of the barons and nobility. The private exhibitions at the manors of the barons were usually family histories; the monk, who repretented the master of the family, being arrayed in a tabard (or herald's coat without sleeves), painted with all the hatchments of the names. In these domestic performances absurdities were unavoidable; and in a play wrote by Sir Tibbet Gonges" (an error of the press, certainly, for Rowley's friend Gorges), "Constance, Countess of Bretagne and Richmond, marries and buries her three husbands in the compass of an hour. Sometimes these pieces were merely relations, and had only two characters of this kind, as that in Weever's Funeral Monuments. None but the patrons of monasteries had the service of the monks in performing plays on holidays; provided the same contained nothing against God or the church. The public exhibitions were superior to the private; the plot generally the life of some pope, or the founder of the abbey the monks belonged to. *I have seen several of these pieces*, MOSTLY LATIN, *and cannot think our ancestors so ignorant of dramatic excellencies as the generality of modern writers would represent: they had a good moral in view*; and some of the maumeries abound with wit, which, though low now, was not so then."

So much for the *Town and Country Magazine*, 1769.

Before I leave Rowley, I must transcribe you a short passage from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1777, p. 363, which accounts for the following extraordinary lines in the *Epistle on Ælla*:

> Playes made from hallie tale I hold unmeete;
> Let somme great story of a manne be songe:
> Whanne as a manne we Godde and Jesus treate,
> In mie pore mynde we doe the Godhedde wronge.
>
> "I have hinted, that it is often impossible to distinguish between coincidence and imitation; nevertheless, I should fuppose the foregoing lines much more likesy to have been written by one who had seen the following passage of Vossius, than by one who had not. '*I am of opinion*,' says he, '*that it is better to choose another argument than sacred: for it agrees not with the majority of sacred things to be made a play and a fable. It is also a work of very dangerous consequence, to mingle human*

> *inventions with things sacred: because the poet adds uncertainties of his own, sometimtes falsities; which is not only to play with holy things, but also to graft in men's minds opinions now and then false. These things have place especially, when we bring in God or Christ, speaking or treating of the mysteries of religion*.' Now Rowley could not have seen Vossius; for Vossius was contemporary with Grotius, who was born in 1583. It may be thought very unlikely, that Chatterton, the youth who is said to have produced these poems as the compofition of Rowley, should have seen any work of Vossius: it is, however, not unlikely that he had seen this passage in the place from whence I have quoted it, viz. *Lives of the Poets* (12mo. vol. II. p. 14. *Life of Francis Goldsmith*); a book of which a young reader might very probably be possessed"—

—a book, I will add, which we may conclude our Magliabechi, just commencing the life of a poet, whether he possessed it or not, had certainly read.

One other question remains to be answered—It may be asked, why Chatterton's own *Miscellanies* are inferior to Rowley? Let me ask another question—*Are* they inferior?

Genius, abilities, application, we *may* bring into the world with us; these rare ingredients may be mixed up in our compositions by the hand of Nature: but Nature herself cannot create a human being possessed of a complete knowledge of our world almost the moment be is born into it. Is the knowledge of the world which his Letters and *Miscellanies* contain, no proof of his astonishing quickness in seizing everything he chose! Is it remembered when, and at what age, Chatterton for the first time quitted Bristol, and how few weeks he lived afterwards? Chatterton's Letters and *Miscellanies*, and everything which the warmest advocate for Rowley will not deny to have been Chatterton's, exhibit an insight into men, manners, and things, for the want of which in their writings, authors, who have died old men, with more opportunities to know the world (who could have fewer?) than Chatterton, have been thought to make amends by other merits.

Again—in his own character, he painted for booksellers and bread; in Rowley's, for fame and eternity. Why are a boy's *tasks* at school inferior to what he writes for his amusement?

Then—it is not impossible that he might designedly under-write himself. He certainly did, when he wrote "*Ladgate's Answer to the Song of Ælla*."

After all, he was no modern; the boy was born an ancient: and he knew mankind well enough to see, that, in the present age, there was a greater facility of emergence from obscurity to fame, through the channel of curiosity, for a monk of the 15th century, than for a sexton's son of the 18th. Shame upon that age, which still persists in bearing testimony to his knowledge of it!

Suffer me to indulge my whim in running a short parallel between this boy and our great Milton. Some similitudes, and some dissimilitudes, will not fail to strike your nice eye.

Milton enjoyed every advantage not only of private, but of public, not only of domestlc, but of foreign education.	Chatterton wanted every advantage of every possible education.
Milton in his youth received such instructions from teachers and schoolmasters, that, in his age, he was	Chatterton became his own teacher and his own schoolmaster before other

able to become a schoolmaster, and a teacher to others.

children are subjects for instruction; and never knew any other.

Milton's juvenile writings would not have justified a prophecy of *Paradise Lost*: but the author of them flatters himself, by dating his life 15 till he had turned 16.

Few, if any, of Milton's juvenile writings would have been owned by Chatterton, at least by Rowley, could he have passed for the author of them.

Milton did not produce *Comus* much earlier than in his 26th year; since it was first presented at Ludlow in 1634, and he was born in 1608. In 1645, when he was 37, *Allegro* and *Penseroso* first appeared. In 1655, when he was 47, after *long choosing, and beginning late*, he set himself to turn a strange thing, called a Mystery, into an epic poem; which was not completed in less than Chatterton's whole active existence, since the copy was not sold till April, 1667, and then consisted only of 10 books. With all its glorious perfections, *Paradise Lost* contains puerilities, to which Chatterton was a stranger. In 3 years more, when he was 62, appeared Milton's *History of England*. *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson*, were published in the same year. *Lycidas* I had forgotten. It was written in his 29th year. That propriety of character and situation, which Chatterton can seldom have violated, or he would not to this moment deceive such and so many men, Milton seldom preserves in *Lycidas*. If, in the course of an existence almost four times longer than Chatterton's, this man (*fallen on evil days and evil tongues*, with less truth than Chatterton), who bore no fruit worth gathering till after the age at which Chatterton was withered by the hand of Death—if, I say, this great man produced other writings, he will not quarrel that Posterity has forgotten them; if he should, Posterity will still perhaps forget them.

Chatterton, not suffered to be *long choosing*, or to *begin late*, in 17 years and 9 months, reckoning from his cradle to his grave, produced the volume of Rowley's poems, his volume of *Miscellanies*, and many things which are not printed, beside what his indignation tore in pieces the day he spurned at the world, and threw himself on the anger of his Creator.

Milton's manuscripts, preserved at Cambridge, bear testimony to his frequent and commendable correction.

What time could Chatterton have found for alteration or correction, when I maintain that any boy who should only

	have fairly *transcribed*, before his 18th year, all that Chatterton, before his 18th year, invented and composed, would be thought to deserve the reputation of diligence, and the praise of application?
Milton, as Ellwood relates, could never bear to hear *Paradise Lost* preferred before *Paradise Regained*. He is known to have pronounced Dryden to be no poet.	If Chatterton, much earlier in life than Milton was calculated either to be an author or a critic, had not possessed a chaster judgement he would not still impose on so many critics and authors.
Milton, more from inclination than want of bread, it seems, entered into party disputes, whether a king might be lawfully beheaded, &c. with a servility and a virulence, and let out his praise to hire, perhaps, with a meanness, at all periods of his life, which the worst enemies of Chatterton cannot prove him to have equalled.	Chatterton, in order to procure bread for himself, a grandmother, mother and sister, was ready to prove this patriotism of Bute, or of Beckford, in writings, which older men need not blush to own, and in an age when older men did not blush at such a *profession*.
Milton, in affluence (if compared with others beside Chatterton) felt on his brows those laurels which others could not see; and was persuaded that, "by labour and intense study, his portion in this life, he might leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die."	Chatterton, steeped to the lips in poverty, entertained, long before he had lived 18 years, ideas, hopes, persuasions (*by labour and intense study*, more truly *his portion in this life* than Milton's), of living to all eternity in the Memory of Fame.
Paradise Lost produced the author and his widow only 28 pounds; The meaner, more servile, and more versatile abilities of the author produced him indeed enough go be deprived of four thousand poonds by ill-fortune, and to leave fifteen hundred pounds to his family.	Mr. Catcott and Mr. Barrett must inform the world whether Rowley's poems and his own together produced Chatterton 28 shillings.
Phillips relates of Milton, from his own mouth, that "his vein never happily flowed but from the autumnal equinox to the vernal." Richardson writes, that "his poetical faculty would on a sudden run upon him with an impetus or oestrum."	What is said of Chatterton, and of the moon's effect upon him, you have read.
Milton, when a man, seldom drank anything strong: he ate with delicacy and temperance.	Chatterton, when a boy, hardly ever touched meat, and drank only water: when a child, he would often refuse to take anything but bread and water, even if it did happen that his mother had a hot meal, "because he had a work in hand,

	and he must not make himself more stupid than God had made him."
Milton's historians and grand-daughter admit his moroseness to his children, and that he would not let them learn to write.	Chatterton's mother, his sister and his letters, can speak best of his heart, and of his wishes that his sisters might learn everything.

Into this parallel Chatterton's literary impositions on mankind, and the wonderful circumstance of his carrying the secret out of the world with him, are not taken.

Before I conclude this long scrawl, suffer me to observe, that the brother of him who is said to have written the "Essay on the Genius of Pope"<108> (of whom both, deservedly I conclude, have received from the hands of Literature that independence for which Chatterton courted her) might surely have concluded his criticism on Rowley, without studying to heap so many epithets of abhorrence on that *boy*, whom at the same time he seems to consider as Rowley, i. e. as the most extraordinary instance of genius the world ever saw. Warton finishes.with saying, that Chatterton was "an (1) adventurer, a professed (2) hireling in the trade of literature, full of (3) projects and invention, (4) artful, (5) enterprising, (6) unprincipled, (7) indigent, and (8) compelled to subsist by expedients." (Addition to p. 164. *Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, vol. ii) That prophets are not honoured in their own country, I have heard; but I never till now knew that poets are so little honoured in their own country, and in their own profession.

After all—of these epithets and phrases bestowed by the author of the *Triumph of Isis*, in the most mature and charitable part of his life, upon the juvenile author of Rowley's Poems, 1, 2, 8 do not convey very shocking ideas of criminality—3, 4, 5 may be construed into praise—7 is not a very unpardonable fault in Chatterton, except that this, together with ambition, and a desire to provide for his grandmother, mother and sister, laid the foundation of the six crimes already enumerated—6 is absolutely false.

With regard to Chatterton's face and person, all agree that he was a manly, good-looking boy: that there was something about him which instantaneously prepossessed you in his favour. Mr. Barrett and Mr. Catcott, as well as all who remember him, speak particularly of his eye. Catcott says that he could never look at it long enough to see what sort of an eye it was; but it seemed to be a kind of hawk's eye, he thinks; you could see his soul through it.

Mr. Barrett says, he took particular notice of his eyes, from the nature of his profession. He never saw such. One was still more remarkable than the other. You might see the fire roll at the bottom of them, as you sometimes do in a black eye, but never in grey ones, which his were. Mr.Barrett adds, that he used often to send for him from the charity-school (which is close to his house) and differ from him in opinion, on purpose to make him earnest, and to see how wonderfully his eye would strike fire, kindle and blaze up.

So ends what I have to say about Chatterton, when I shall have just observed that his innocent imposition on the world is exactly the story of M. Angelo's buried statue of Cupid;<109> and, finally, that Miss More is oftener boasted by Bristol, and acquired more fame and wealth, for an *Ode to Garrick's Dog*,<110> than Chatterton for all Rowley's poems. Prefix to this letter, if you please, the comforting discovery of

Lord Shaftesbury<111> in his *Characteristics*, that "an ingenious man never starves unknown." Such a being as Chatterton should not have been suffered to starve at all. But comfort like this is to be expected from "Knights and Barons."

> Bards may be Lords, but, 'tis not in the cards,
> Play as you will, to turn Lords into Bards.<112>

The employment has been of the service to me which you meant it should. In some measure I have forgotten myself, and, as much as it was possible, forgotten my Martha, during the hours which I have spent upon this business.

If the story be not told as regularly as it might be told, the situation of my mind with regard to you must be my excuse. Besides, were I cold enough to tell such a tale as Chatterton's with as much regularity as I put a common occurrence upon paper, I should despise myself.

All I shall further add, is, that I do not hold out Chatterton as the first character in the world. An army of Macedonian and Swedish mad butchers, indeed, fly before him; nor does my memory supply me with any human being, who, at such an age, with such disadvantages, has produced such compositions<113>. Under the Heathen mythology, Superstition and Admiration would have explained all by bringing Apollo upon earth nor would the god ever have descended with more credit to himself.

But, after all, the world is only indebted to Chatterton for a few inimitable poems. If barbarity and fanaticism be suffered to destroy mankind, genius will write in vain when there is none to read. To preserve our fellow-creatures is still a greater praise than to instruct or to amuse them. Perhaps, all circumstances considered, the first character that ever existed was Bartholomew las Casas<114>.

Let me conclude these nine sheets of paper and a half with a most capital subject for a painter, from Chatterton's Tournament, which you may add to the subjects that I have before suggested to you. It will surprise you to find how very modern it is. The advocates for Rowley must explain this to you, if they can, and if Rowley have still any advocates; for I do assure you, as you will find by turning to the poem, that I have only altered four words, and those only by changing them for Chatterton's words of explanation in his notes to the poem.

> When Battle, foaming with new-quickened gore,
> Bending with spoils and bloody<115> dropping head,
> Did the dark wood of Ease and Rest explore,
> Seeking to lie on Pleasure's downy bed—
> Pleasure, dancing from her wood,
> Wreathed with flowers of eglantine,
> From his visage washed the blood,
> Hid his sword and gaberdine.<116>

The note which I risqued yesterday, you got, I hope. If you had not answered my last but one, I should certainly have thrown this bundle of papers into the fire. Since you are now a good girl again, I send them to you. May they afford you anything like entertainment! It was but last night that I finished them.—Adieu!

Much as I dread the expedition, tomorrow I believe must be the day.

17 February, 79.

LETTER LII.
The Same to the Same. 20 Feb. 1779

At Sea
20 February, 1779.

My dear little angel! I wrote my last letter to you yesterday at 11 o'clock, just when we sailed. I dined at two o'clock: and as for the afternoon, I had some music. I have my own servant on board that plays, and a couple of hands from London for the six weeks I am out. We were a good many at dinner. I had about nine people yesterday, and shall have more when the rest of my squadron join me. They stayed with me till near seven. I got to supper about 9 o'clock; but I could not eat, and so got to bed about 10.—I then prayed, for you, my dearest love; kissed your dearest little hair; and lay down, and dreamt of you; and had you on the dear little couch ten thousand times in my arms, kissing you and telling you how much I loved and adored you: and you seemed pleased: but, alas, when woke I found it all *delusion*—nobody by me but myself at sea. I rose by time, at half past five, and went upon deck. There I found my friend Billy, and walked with him for about an hour, till Barrington came to me. We then breakfasted about 8 o'clock, and by 9 I began and exercised the ships under my command till 12. It is now one; and when I finish this letter to you, my dear love, I shall dress, and go to dinner at two o'clock. It is a rule on board to dine at 2, breakfast at 8, and sup at 9—always, if nothing hinders me, I shall be a-bed by 10, or soon after, and up by half past five in the morning, in order to have, if there is any occasion, orders ready for the fleet under my command before I begin to exercise them.—I am sure the account of this day's duty can be no pleasure to you, my love; yet it is exactly what I have done; and as I promised you always to let you know my motions and my thoughts, I have now performed my promise this day to you, and always will until the very last letter you shall have from me, which will be between 5 and 6 weeks hence. I shall send the Admiralty word that I am arrived at Spithead. Then I shall only wait for their answer, which will be with me in a few hours, to strike my flag—and then I shall return to you that instant.

O, my love, mad and happy beyond myself to tell you how I love you and have thought of you ever since I have been separated from you! The wind being contrary today about one, I put off dinner till three o'clock, in order to anchor ships for this night in Portland-road, just off Weymouth, about 2 miles. I hope to sail tomorrow by 5 in the morning. I hope you are well. I am sure I need not tell you I have had nothing in my thoughts but your dear self, and long for the time to come back again to you. I will, all the while, take care of myself; because you desire, my dear little friend does, the angel of my heart! Pray do you take care of your dear self for the sake of your faithful servant, who lives but to love you, to adore you, and to bless the moment that he has made you generous enough to own him. I hope, my dear, nay I will dare to say, you never will have reason to repent it. The wind was not so contrary but we could have sailed on: but I told Barrington that, as it was not fair, I would anchor, especially as I could send one of my frigates in, for that I had dispatches of consequence to send to London. Indeed, my dear angel, I need not tell you—I know you read the reason too well that made me do so. It was to write to you; for, God knows, I have wrote to none else, nor shall I to any other but to the King. God bless you, most: amiable and dearest little creature living—*aimons toujour, mon adorable petite amour*.<117>

Je vous adore plus que la vie mesme.<118>

I have been reading for about an hour this morning in Prior, and find these few lines, just now, applicable to us.

> How oft had Henry changed his sly disguise,
> Unmarked by all but beauteous Harriet's eyes;
> Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
> And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame
> And oft the pangs of absence to remove
> By letters, soft interpreters of love;
> Till Time and Industry (the mighty two
> That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
> Made him perceive that the inclining fair
> Received his vows with no reluctant ear;
> That Venus had confirmed her equal reign,
> And dealt to Harriet's heart a share of Henry's pain.<119>

Such is my amusement to read those sort of things that pass me in mind of our mutual feelings and situations. Now, God bless you, till I shall again have an opportunity of sending to you. I shall write to you a letter a day, as many days as you miss herein of me. When I do, they shall all come Friday 16 June. God bless-I sha'n't forget you. God knows you have told *sot* before I have your heart, and it lies warm in my breast. I hope mine feels as easy to you, thou joy of my life. Adieu.

Well, my Martha, how do you like my pen today? Don't you think I am improved? In time I shall come to write such letters as may appear in print. Were you not surprised to read a letter dated at sea; and to find me write about my squadron, and the King, and the Lord knows what? when we parted but yesterday within the Bills of Mortality.<120>—Come, I'll now put off my mask. The hopes which you gave me yesterday of so soon calling you mine, and today's uncommon fineness, had quite inspired me with good spirits. A copy of the letter which I have just transcribed was given me last night; and, as I promised to write to you today, I thought it would amuse you more than anything I could say. It has blood-royal in it, I assure you; and I'll take my *bible-oath* of its authenticity. When you have *nobody by you but yourself*, I think it will make you laugh. Compare this King's brother with my sexton's son; who, during the composition of this letter, was writing Rowley's poems. Where I could make it sense by stopping it, I have. The original is all written post. Cupid never stops to bait. Then he has no eyes, you know; which is an excuse for bad spelling, and confusion its the sense. Poor blind boy! It's very well he can contrive to write at all. With regard to some of it, we are still in the dark; but Lady G. made it out, I dare say. The French is curious. Oh Love, almighty Love! with what eloquence does adoration of thee inspire thy votaries!

Now, in my own character.—What you desired so earnestly shall certainly be done. As to the disparity of our years, what you said about it yesterday did honour to your heart, but was all nothing to the purpose. My mind is made up. Besides, I knew your age all along. Do you remember some sufficiently bald poetry, with the reading of which I taxed your patience when I was quartered at Huntingdon, I believe?<121> May I be hanged, drawn, and quartered, if I did not, at the time I wrote it, know as well at yourself how many years you were older than I! But I well knew that you were not acquainted with my age; which, by those lines, I hoped to conceal from you. Then I thought, if you should suspect, or come to know, that I was younger than you, though the idea (as you will see, unless you have committed them to the flames they

merit) turn, in fact, upon our being *born* in the same year, on the same day almost: yet, that you might take it to turn upon the circumstance of our birth-days happening almost together and so overlook, in considering the nearness of our birthdays, the disparity of our ages.<122>

But it's useless to say a word more to me on this subject—all you pointed out I see—and I am determined. Remember Ninon and her son.<123> You are not quite old enough to be my *mother*.

By the day after tomorrow I hope to be able to tell you that the business is done.

Of that song which I gave you some time ago, and with which you are often kind enough to treat me, I have discovered the author. You know what I mean—" When your beauty appears," &c. It was written by the elegantly simple Parnell.<124>

Let me today send you another, which, as I never heard you sing it, I suppose you have never seen—otherwise, from what I know of your taste, it must have been a favourite.

The Moans of the Forest after the Battle of Flodden Field.

I have heard a lilting, at the ewes milking,
A' the lasses lilting before break of day;
But now there's a moaning, in ilka green loning,
Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away.

At bughts in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
Our lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sobbing.
Ilka lass lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

In har'st at the shearing, nae swankies are jeering,
Our bansters are wrinkled, and lyard, and grey:
At a fair, or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleetching,
Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away.

At e'en in the gloaming, nae youngsters are roaming
'Bout stacks with the lasses at boggles to play;
But ilka lass sits dreary, lamenting her deary,
Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away.

Dool and wae fa' the order—sent our lads to the border!
The English for once by a guile won the day:
The flowers of the forest, that shone aye the foremost,
The pride of our land now ligs cauld in the clay!

We'll ha' nae mair lilting, at the ewes milking,
Our women and bairns now sit dowie and wae;
There's nought heard but moaning in ilka green loning,
Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away. <125>

LETTER LIII.
The Same to the Same. 24 Feb. 1779

24th February, 1779.

Since we parted yesterday, I have thought a good deal of what we talked about. Though I did not promise to write to you till tomorrow, I take up my pen, you see, this morning. The business that is to forward our marriage (which can alone make me happy, and remove that melancholy you observe) cannot be done till the evening—so I may as well spend this morning in talking to you upon paper.

The manner in which you account for the self-destruction of that most wonderful boy Chatterton, is physical, I assure you, as well as sensible. Tissot, in his *Essay on the Diseases Incident to Literary Persons*, starts some ideas very much like yours; only they are wrapped up in harder words. You shall see.

> When the mind, long time occupied, has forcibly impressed an action upon the brain, she is unable to repress that forcible action. The shock continues after its cause; and, reacting upon the mind, makes it experience ideas which are truly delirious: for they no longer answer to the external impressions of objects, but to the internal disposition of the brain, some parts of which are now become incapable to receive the new movements transmitted to it by the senses.
>
> The brain of Pascal was so vitiated by passing his life in the laborious exercises of study, thought, and imagination, that certain fibres, agitated by incessant motion, made him perpetually feel a sensation which seemed to be excited by a gulf of fire situated on one side of him; and his reason, overpowered by the disorder of his nerves, could never banish the idea of this fiery abyss. Spinello painted the fall of the rebel angels, and gave so fierce a countenance to Lucifer, that he was struck with horror himself; and, during the remainder of his life, his imagination was continually haunted by the figure of that demon, upbraiding him with having made his portrait so hideous. Gaspar Barlæus, the orator, poet and physician, was not ignorant of these dangers. He warned his friend Hughens against them: but, blind with regard to himself, by immoderate studies he so weakened his brain, that he thought his body was made of butter, and carefully shunned the fire, lest it should melt him; till, at last, worn out with his continual fears, he leaped into a well. Peter Jurieu, so famous in theological dispute and for his *Commentary on the Apocalypse*, disordered his brain in such a manner, that, though he thought like a man of sense in other respects, he was firmly persuaded that his frequent fits of the colic were occasioned by a constant engagement between seven horsemen who were shut up in his belly. There have been many instances of literary persons who thought themselves metamorphosed into lanterns; and who complained of having lost their thighs.<126>

No one can deny that Chatterton must have gone through as much wear and tear of the imagination as any person whom Tissot mentions; though he had neither bread and cheese in his belly, nor Jurieu's seven heavy-armed horsemen, who, I suppose, only mount guard in theological disputes.

But I would give a good deal, were it possible for me never again to think about Chatterton, or about his death, as long as I live—for I never do without being miserable.

What you let fall about the propensity of the English to suicide, is not true; though a very popular idea. Yet I will relate to you an instance of English suicide (absolute madness) much more apparently cool and deliberate than any you ever

heard, I dare say. It is a fact and happened in 1732, Smollet relates it in his *History*, I think.

> Richard Smith, a bookbinder and a prisoner for debt within the liberties of the King's-Bench, persuaded his wife to follow his example, in making away with herself, after they had murdered their little infant. This wretched pair were, in the month of April, found hanging in their bed-chamber, at about a yard's distance from each other; and in a separate spartment, the child lay dead in a cradle. They left two papers enclosed in a short letter to their landlord, whose kindness they implored in favour of their dog and cat. They even left money to the porter who should carry the enclosed papers to the person to whom they were addressed. In one of these the husband thanked that person for the marks of friendship he had received at his hands; and complained of the ill offices he had undergone from a different quarter. The other papers, subscribed by the husband and wife, contained the reasons which induced them to act such a tragedy on themselves and their offspring. This letter was altogether surprising for the calm resolution, the good-humour, and the propriety, with which it was written. They declared, that they withdrew themselves from poverty and rags; evils that, through a train of unlucky accidents, were become inevitable. They appealed to their neighbours for the industry with which they had endeavoured to earn a livelihood. They justified the murder of their child, by saying, it was less cruelty to take her with them, than to leave her friendless in the world, exposed to ignorance and misery. They professed their belief and confidence in an Almighty God, the fountain of goodness and beneficence, who could not possibly take delight in the misery of his creatures: they therefore resigned up their lives to him without any terrible apprehensions; submitting themselves to those ways, which, in his goodness, he should appoint after death—These unfortunate suicides had been always industrious and frugal, invincibly honest, and remarkable for conjugal affection.

This shocking tragedy I have shown you, because I think that France, lively France, in whose language suicide is an *Anglicism*, can supply me with an anecdote as authentic, of something still more cool and more deliberate; since the motives to the crime (to which no motive can be sufficiently strong) were so much weaker.

On the day before Christmas Day, 1773, about eleven o'clock, two soldiers came to the Cross-Bow inn, at St. Denis, and ordered dinner. Bordeaux, one of the soldiers, went out and bought a little paper of powder, and a couple of bullets, observing to the person who sold them to him, that St. Denis seemed to be so pleasant a place, he should not dislike to spend the remainder of his life there. Returning to the inn, he and his companion passed the day together very merrily. On Christmas Day, they again dined as merrily, ordered wine, and about five o'clock in the afternoon were found by the fire, on breaking open the door, sitting on the opposite sides of a table, whereon were three empty Champagne bottles, the following will and letter, and a half-crown. They were both shot through the head: two pistols lay upon the floor. The noise of the pistols brought up the people of the house; who immediately sent for M. de Rouilleres, the commandant of the *maréchaussée*<127> at St. Denis.

The will I translated from a formal copy, which was taken in 1774, for a friend of mine.

THE WILL.

> A man who knows he is to die, should take care to do everything which his survivors can wish him to have done. We are more particularly in that situation. Our intention is to prevent uneasiness to our host, as well as to lighten the labours of those whom curiosity, under pretence of form and order, will bring hither to pay us visits.

Humain is the bigger, and I, Bordeaux, am the smaller of the two.

He is drum-major of Mestre de Camp des Dragons, and I am simply a dragoon of Belzunce.

Death is a passage. I address to the gentleman of the law of St. Denis (who, with his first clerk as assistant, must come hither for the sake of justice) the principle, which, joined to the reflexion that everything must have an end, put these pistols into our hands. The future presents nothing to us but what is agreeable—yet that future is short, and must end.

Humain is but 24 years of age; as for me, I have not yet completed four lustres.<128> No particular reason forces us to interrupt our career, except the disgust we feel at existing for a moment under the continual apprehension of ceasing to exist. An eternity is the point of reunion; a longing after which leads us to prevent the despotic act of fate. In fine, disgust of life is our sole inducement to quit it.

If all those who are wretched would dare to divest themselves of prejudice, and to look their destruction in the face, they would see it is as easy to lay aside existence as to throw off an old coat, the colour of which displeases. The proof of this may be referred to our experience.

We have enjoyed every gratification in life, even that of obliging our fellow-creatures. We could still procure to ourselves gratifications: but all gratifications must have a period. That period is our poison. We are disgusted at the perpetual sameness of the scene. The curtain is dropped; and we leave our parts to those who are weak enough to feel an inclination to play them a few hours longer.

Two or three grains of powder will soon break the springs of this moving mass of flesh, which our haughty fellow-creatures style the King of Beings.

Messrs. the Officers of Justice, our carcasses are at your discretion. We despise them too much to give ourselves any trouble about what becomes of them.

As to what we shall leave behind us—for myself, Bordeaux, I give to M. de Rouilleres, commandant of the *maréchaussée* at St. Denis, my steel-mounted sword. He will recollect, that, last year, about this very day, as he was conducting a recruit, he had the civility to grant me a favour for a person of the name of St- Germain, who had offended him.

The maid of the inn will take my pocket and neck handkerchiefs, as well as the silk stockings which I now have on, and all my other linen whatever.

The rest of our effects will be sufficient to pay the expense of the useless law proceedings of which we must be the subject.

The half-crown upon the table will pay for the last bottle of wine which we are going to drink.

At St. Denis,
Christmas Day, 1773.
BORDEAUX.
HUMAIN.

Of the following letter from Bordeaux to his Lieutenant, in the regiment of Belzunce, have not seen the French; I cannot therefore answer for the translation, which does not appear to have been done carefully. Another friend supplied me with it. You shall have it as I had it from him.

"SIR,

During my residence at Guise, you honoured me with your friendship. It is time that I thank you. You have often told me that I appeared displeased with my

situation, it was sincere, but not absolutely true. I have since examined myself more seriously, and acknowledge myself entirely disgusted with every state of man, the whole world, and myself. From these discoveries a consequence should be drawn: if disgusted with the whole, renounce the whole. The calculation is not long. I have made it without the aid of geometry. In short, I am on the point of putting an end to the existence that I have possessed for near twenty years, fifteen of which it has been a burden to me; and, from the moment that I write, a few grains of powder will destroy this moving mass of flesh, which we vain mortals call the King of Beings.

I owe no one an excuse. I deserted; that was a crime: but I am going to punish it; and the law will be satisfied.

I asked leave of absence from my superiors, to have the pleasure of dying at my ease. They never condescended to give me an answer. This served to hasten my end.

I wrote to Bord to send you some detached pieces I left at Guise, which I beg you to accept. You will find they contain some well-chosen literature. These pieces will solicit for me a place in your remembrance.

Adieu, my dear Lieutenant! Continue your esteem for St. Lambert and Dorat. As for the rest skip from flower to flower, and acquire the sweets of all knowledge, and enjoy every pleasure.

Pour moi, j'arrive au trou
Qui n'échappe ni sage ni fou,
Pour allez je ne sçais où.<129>

If we exist after this life, and it is forbidden to quit it without permission, I will endeavour to procure one moment to inform you of it; if not, I should advise all those who are unhappy, which is by far the greatest part of mankind, to follow my example.

When you receive this letter, I shall have been dead at least 24 hours.
With esteem, &c.
BORDEAUX."

Is there anything like this in English story?

If we exist after this life—Ah, my rash but brave Bordeaux, that is the question; and a question which even you could not answer in the negative.

—There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns o' th' time,
The pangs of despised love
(which I could never bear),

—the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
Which patient Merit of th'unworthy takes?
But that the dread of something after death
Puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.<130>

What a miserable fallacy, in the last paragraph but one, of the letter, about existing after this life!

The pains these two poor fellows took (or rather Bordeaux, for he seems to have been the principal) to prevent any trouble or uneasiness to their survivors, lead

me to reflect how very uniformly the contrary is the conduct of suicides with us. One would sometimes almost fancy that they studied how they might commit the abominable crime so as to be found by those whom the discovery would most affect. Have they wives, children? It must be done sometimes in their presence, in bed with them; often in their hearing; almost always in such a manner that they may be the first spectators of it. Mr. Y., Lord F., Mr. S., Lord C., Mr. B., are cruel instances of this. Oh for Omnipotence to call such savages back to life, and chain them to the hardest tasks of existence! Is not the crime of suicide sufficient, without adding to it the murder of a heart-broken wife or child? Hence you may, perhaps, draw an argument that every suicide is a madman. For my part, I have no doubt of it; and if Humain had fallen into the hands of a friend less mad than Bordeaux, he might have lived, to have fought another day.

And here ends a long, dull letter, about a short, entertaining conversation (on your part at least). Don't stay long out of town, or I shall write you madder notes than you received during the week that I was employed on the long letter about Chatterton. When I think of you, I am mad; what must I be when I have reason to think (or fancy so that you don't think of me? Galli<131> is gone.

LETTER LIV.
The Same to the Same. 1 Mar 1779

1 March, 1779.

Though we meet tomorrow, I must write you two words to-night, just to say, that I have all the hopes in the world that ten days, at the utmost, will complete the business. When that is done, your only objection is removed, along with your debts; and we may, surely, then be happy, and be so soon. In a month, or six weeks at furthest, from this time, I might certainly call you mine. Only remember that my character, now I have taken orders, makes expedition necessary. By tonight's post I shall write into Norfolk about the alterations at our parsonage.—Tomorrow—but Galli's friendship is more than I can ever return.

LETTER LV.
Mr. H. to Charles — Esq. 20 mar 1779

20 March, 1779

Your coming to town, my dear friend, will answer no end. Galli has been such a friend to me, it is not possible to doubt her information.

What interest has she to serve? Certainly none. Look over the letters, with which I have so pestered you for these two years, about this business. Look at what I have written to you about Galli since I returned from Ireland. She can only mean well to me. Be not apprehensive. Your friend will take no step to disgrace hitnself. What I shall do I know not. Without her I do not think I can exist. Yet I will be, you shall see, a man, as well as a lover. Should there be a rival, and should he merit chastisement, I know you'll be my friend. But I'll have ocular proof of everything before I believe.

Yours ever.

LETTER LVI.
The Same to the Same. 6 Apr 1779

6 April, 1779.

It signifies not. Your reasoning I admit. Despair goads me on. Death only can relieve me. By what I wrote yesterday, you must see my resolution was taken. Often have I made use of my key to let myself into the Admiralty, that I might die at her feet. She gave it me as the key of Love—Little did she think that it would ever prove the key of Death—But the loss of Lady H. keeps Lord S. within.

My dear Charles, is it possible for me to doubt Galli's information? Even you were staggered by the account I gave you of what passed between us in the Park. What then have I to do, who only lived when she loved me, but to cease to live now she ceases to love? The propriety of suicide, its cowardice, its crime—I have nothing to do with them. All I pretend to prove, or to disprove, is my misery, and the possibility of my existing under it. Enclosed are the last dying words and confession of poor Captain J. who destroyed himself not long ago. But these lines are not the things which have determined me. There are many defects in the reasoning of them, though none in the poetry.—His motives are not mine, nor are his principles mine. *His* ills I could have borne. He told me of his inducements, poor fellow! But I refused to allow them. Little did I imagine that I should ever have inducements, as I now have, which I must allow. These extraordinary lines are said to be his. Yet, from what I knew of him, I am slow to believe it. They strike me as the production of abilities far superior to his; of abilities sent into the world for some particular purpose, and which Providence would not suffer to quit the world in such a manner.

Till within this month, till Galli's information, I thought of self-murder as you think of it. Nothing now is left for me but to leap the world to come. If it be a crime, as I too much fear, and we are accountable for our passions, I must stand the trial and the punishment. My invention can paint no punishment equal to what I suffer here.

Think of those passions, my friend—those passions of which you have so often, since I knew Miss R. spoken to me and written to me. If you will not let me fly from my misery, will you not let me fly from my passions? They are a pack of bloodhounds which will inevitably tear me to pieces. My carelessness has suffered them to overtake me; and now there is no possibility, but this, of escaping them.

The hand of Nature heaped up every species of combustible in my bosom. The torch of Love has set the heap on fire. I must perish in the flames. At first I might perhaps have extinguished them—now they rage too fiercely. *If* they can be smothered, they can never be got under. Suppose they should consume any other person beside myself; and who is he will answer for passions such as mine?—At present, I am innocent.

Did you ever read D'Arnaud?<132> Let me tell you a story which I found in him the other day. It made me shudder at the precipice on which I stand. It determined me to shut the adamantine gates of Death against Possibility.

> Salvini, an Italian (no Englishman could commit his crime), in whose mind my mind discovered its relation, becomes intimate with Adelson, an Englishman of fortune, at Rome. Salvini accompanies him to England, and is introduced by him to Mrs. Rivers and her daughter, his intended wife. Adelson introduced a rival and a —; but you shall hear. Love, who had never before been able to conquer Salvini, now tyrannised over him, as cruelly as he has tyrannised over me. The tale is well worked

> up. Love leads his victim, by degrees, from one crime to another; till, at last, on the day fixed for Nelly's marriage with Adelson, Salvini murders her, and endeavours to murder himself. The attendants preserve him, a further victim to justice. He is committed to Newgate—condemned to death. Adelson bribes a jailor to afford Salvini that opportunity to escape, which he twice refuses. He satisfies human justice by suffering at Tyburn. Adelson and Mrs. Rivers increase his crime, by dying of grief in consequence of it.<133>

Oh Charles—Charles—as yet thy H. is no Salvini. Nor will I murder any but myself. As yet the devil has not tempted me to plunge my *Eloise* along with me into the unfathomable depths of Destruction.

Take the lines I mentioned. They are too good for the bad cause which they were written to defend. My watch I have sealed up for you: wear it for my sake. Crop has been a faithful servant to me: accept of him; and, when he is too old to carry you, let him have the run of your park. He once (how happy was I that day!).—he once bore the precious burden of her for whom I die. Already have I bid you solemnly farewell. It shall not be repeated. While I do live,

Your own
H.

P.S. On further thoughts I will commit the only remaining copy of those lines on suicide to the flames, lest they should ever be read by any one more alive to their poetical beauties than to the fallacy of their arguments.

LETTER LVII.
Mr. H. to Mr. B—. 7 Apr, 1779

7 April, 1779

My dear F.<134>

When this reaches you, I shall be no more; but do not let my unhappy fate distress you too much. I strove against it as long as possible; but now it overpowers me. You know where my affections were placed; my having by some means or other lost hers (an idea which I could not support) has driven me to madness. The world will condemn me, but your heart will pity me. God bless you, my dear F. Would I had a sum of money to leave you, to convince you of my great regard! You were almost my only friend. I have hid one circumstance from you, which gives me great pain. I owe Mr. W. of Gosport, one hundred pounds, for which he has the writings of my houses; but I hope in God, when they are sold, and all other matters collected, there will be nearly enough to settle your account. May Almighty God bless you and yours with comfort and happiness; and may you ever be a stranger to the pangs I now feel! May Heaven protect my beloved woman, and forgive this act, which alone could relieve me from a world of misery I have long endured! if it should be in your power to do her any act of friendship, remember your faithful friend,

J. H.

LETTER LVIII.
Mr. H. to Charles B— Esq. 8 Apr, 1779

Tothill Fields,
April, 1779.

I am alive—and she is dead. I shot her, and not myself. Some of her blood and brains is still upon my clothes. I don't ask you to speak to me—I don't ask you to look at me. Only come hither, and bring me a little poison; such as is strong enough. Upon my knees, I beg, if your friendship for me ever was sincere, do, do, bring me some poison.

LETTER LIX.
The Same to the Same. 9 Apr 1779

9 April, 79

Your note just now, and the long letter I received at the same time, which should have found me the day before yesterday, have changed my resolution. The promise which you desire, I most solemnly give you. I will make no attempt upon my life. Had I received your comfortable letter when you meant I should, I verily do not think this would have happened.

Pardon what I wrote to you about the poison. Indeed I am too composed for any such thing now. Nothing should tempt me. My death is all the recompense I can make to the laws of my country. Dr. V. has sent me some excellent advice, and Mr. H. has refuted all my false arguments. Even such a being as I finds friends.

Oh, that my feelings and his feelings would let me see my dearest friend. Then I would tell you how this happened.

LETTER LX.
The Same to the Same. 14 Apr, 1779

Newgate,
14 April, 1779.

My best thanks for all your goodness since this day se'nnight.<135> Oh, Charles, this is about the time. I cannot write.

My trial comes on either Friday or Saturday. It will be indeed a trial. God (whom I have so outraged) can alone tell how I shall go through it. My resolution is not fixed as yet about pleading guilty. The arguments by which they tell me I may escape that death so much my due, I certainly will not suffer to be used. My present situation of mind you may collect from the enclosed copy of what I mean to say, if I continue in the resolution, in which I yesterday wrote you word I was, of pleading not guilty.

> "My Lord,
>
> I should not have troubled the Court with the examination of witnesses to support the charge against me, had I not thought that pleading guilty to the indictment would give an indication of contemning death, not suitable to my present condition; and would, in some measure, make me accessory to a second peril of my life. I likewise thought that the justice of my country ought to be satisfied, by suffering my offences to be proved, and the fact to be established by evidence.
>
> I stand here the most wretched of human beings! and confess myself criminal in a high degree. I acknowledge with shame and repentance that my determination against my own life was formal and complete. I protest, with that regard to truth which becomes my situation, that the will to destroy her, who was ever dearer to me than life, was never mine until a momentary frenzy overcame me, and induced me to commit the deed I deplore.—The letter<136> which I meant for my brother-in-law, after my decease, will have its due weight, as to this point, with good men.
>
> Before this dreadful act, I trust, nothing will be found in the tenor of my life, which the common charity of mankind will not readily excuse. I have no wish to avoid the punishment which the laws of my country appoint for my crime; but, being already too unhappy to feel a punishment in death, or a satisfaction in life, I submit myself to the disposal and judgement of Almighty God, and to the consequences of this inquiry into my conduct and intention."

Whatever the world may think, you, I know, believe that I had no intention against her till the *very instant*. The account which I wrote to you of the shocking business, since it happened, was the real truth. All Tuesday, after I had finished my letter to you, I in vain sought for an opportunity to destroy myself in her presence. So, again, on the Wednesday, all the morning. In the afternoon, after dining at poor B.'s, I saw Lord S.'s coach pass by the Cannon Coffee-house, where I was watching for it. I followed it to G's (inhuman, and yet not guilty G!) From her house I saw it take them to the play. Now, I was determined; and went to my lodgings for my pistols; where I wrote a letter for B. which I put into my pocket, intending to send it; but, as I forgot it, the letter was found there. When I returned to Covent-Garden, I waited for the conclusion of the play, in the Bedford Coffee-house. What a figure must I have been! Indeed, I overheard one gentleman say to a friend, that I looked as if I was out of my senses. Oh, how I wished for the play to be over! I had charged my pistols with the kindest letter she ever wrote me; a letter which once made me the happiest of mortals,

and which had ever since been my talisman. At last, arrived the end of the play, and the beginning of my tragedy. I met them in the stone passage, and had then got the pistol to my forehead; but she did not see me (nor did any one, I suppose, and the crowd separated us. This accident I considered as the immediate intervention, of Providence. I put up my pistol, turned about, and should (I most firmly believe) have gone out the other way, and have laid aside my horrid resolution, had I not looked round and seen Mr. M. (whom I immediately construed into the favoured lover described by G.) offer her a hand, which I thought was received with particular pleasure. The stream of my passions, which had been stopped, now overwhelmed me with redoubled violence. It hurried me after them. Jealousy suggested a new crime, and nerved anew the arm of Despair. I overtook them at the carriage, and and, at about the time I am now writing this, felt more than all the tortures of all the damned together.

What shall I not feel at the necessary recital of the tragedy, at my trial!

LETTER LXI.
From Lord S— to Mr. H. in Newgate. 17 Apr 1770

17 April, 79.

If the murderer of Miss — wishes to live, the man whom he has most injured will use all his interest to procure his life.

LETTER LXII.
Mr. H. to Lord S—. 17 Apr 1779

The Condemned-Cell, in Newgate,
17 April, 1779.

The murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred, to life, knows too well the hand from which he has just received such an offer as he neither desires nor deserves. His wishes are for death, not for life. One wish he has. Could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has most injured—Oh, my Lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her (if departed spirits are ignorant of earthly things) that you forgive us both, that you will be a father to her dear infants!

J. H.

LETTER LXIII.
Mr. H. to Charles B—, Esq. 17-18 Apr 1779

(What follows was written upon different papers which the poor man sealed up for his friend on the fatal morning. The dates are preserved, but the contents of the papers are here put together as one letter.)

Newgate, Saturday Night,
17 April, 1779.
My dear Charles!

The clock has just struck eleven. All has, for some time, been quiet within this sad abode. Would that all were so, within my sadder breast!

That gloominess of my favourite Young's *Night Thoughts*,<27> which was always so congenial to my soul, would have been still heightened, had he ever been wretched enough to hear St. Paul's clock thunder through the still ear of Night, in the condemned walls of Newgate. The sound is truly solemn—it seems the sound of Death.

O that it were Death's sound! How greedily would my impatient ears devour it!

And yet—but one day more. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit, till then.

And then—

My God, my creator, my first father! Thou who madest me as I am; with these feelings, these passions, this heart! Thou, who art all might, and all mercy!—Well thou knowest that I did not, like too many of thy creatures, persuade myself there was no God, before I persuaded myself I had a right over my life.—O then, my father, put me not eternally from thy paternal presence! It is not punishments, not pains, nor hell, I fear: what man can bear, I can. My fear is to be deemed ungrateful to thy goodness, to be thought unworthy of thy presence, to be driven from the light of thy countenance.

Well thou knowest that I could not brook the thoughts of wanting gratitude to things beneath me in thy creation; to a dog, a horse: almost to things inanimate; a tree, a book: and thinkest thou that I could bear the charge of want of gratitude to thee!

Might—O might I reign the joys of the other world, which neither eye can see, nor tongue can speak, nor imagination dream, for an eternal existence of love and bliss with her, whom—

Presumptuous murderer! The bliss you ask were paradise.—Besides—what blasphemy have I uttered!

My father, who art in heaven, I bow before thy mercy, and patiently abide my sentence.

These papers, which will be delivered to you after my death, my dear friend, are not letters: nor know I what to call them. They will exhibit, however, the picture of a heart which has ever been yours more than any other man's.

How have I seen the poor soul affected at that recitative of Iphis, in her favourite Jephtha!<12>

"Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne'er yet were stained
With human blood!"

To think that I should be her priest, her murderer! In one of her letters she tells me, I recollect, that she could die with pleasure by my hand, she is sure she could. Poor soul! Little did, she think—

It is odd, but I know for a certainty that this recitative and the air which follows it, "Farewell," &c. were the last words she ever sung. Now I must say, and *may* say, *experimentally*—

"Farewell, thou busy world, where reign
Short hours of joy, and years of pain!"

I may not add

Brighter scenes I seek above,
In the realms of peace and love."

Love!—gracious God, this word in this place, at this time!

Newgate, Sunday, 8 April, 79.
4 in the morning.
O, Charles, Charles.—torments, tortures! Hell, and worse than hell!

When I had finished my last scrap of paper, I thought I felt myself composed, resigned. Indeed, I was so—I am so now.

I threw my wearied body—wearied, Heaven knows, more than any labourer's, with the workings of my mind—upon the floor of my dungeon.

Sleep came uncalled, but only came to make me more completely cursed.

This world was past, the next was come; but, after that, no other world. All was revealed to me. My eternal sentence of mental misery (from which there was no flight), of banishment from the presence of my heavenly father, of more than poetry e'er feigned or weakness feared, was past, irrevocably part.

Her verdiet too of punishment was pronounced. Yes, Charles—she, she was punished—and by whose means punished?

Even in her angel mind were failings, which it is not wonderful I never saw; since Omniscience, it seemed, could hardly discern them. O Charles, these foibles, so few, so undiscernible, were still, I thought in my dream, to be expiated. For my hand sent her to heaven before her time, with all her few foibles on her head.

Charles, I saw the expiation—there eyes beheld her undergo the heavenly punishment.

That past, she was called, I thought, to the reward of her ten thousand virtues.

Then, in very deed, began my hell, my worse than woman ever dreamed of hell. Charles, I saw her, as plainly as I see the bars of my dungeon, through which the eye of day looks upon me now for almost the last time. Her face, her person, were still more divine than when on earth, they were cast anew, in angel moulds. Her mind too I

beheld, as plainly as her face; and all its features. That was the same—that was not capable of alteration for the better.

But, what saw I else? That mind, that person, that face, that angel was in the bosom of another angel. Between us was a gulf, a gulf impassable! I could not go to her, neither could she come to me.

No—nor did she wish it. There was the curse.

Charles, she saw me, where I was, steeped to the lips in misery. She saw me; but without a tear, without one sigh.

One sigh from her, I thought—and I could have borne all my sufferings.

A sigh, a tear! She smiled at all my sufferings. Yes, she, even she, enjoyed the tortures, the rackings of my soul. She bade her companion angel too enjoy them. She seemed to feast upon my griefs; and only turned away her more than damning eyes, to turn them on her more than blessed companion.

Flames and brimstone—corporal sufferance—were paradise to such eternal mental hell as this.

Oh! how I rejoiced, how I wept, sobbed with joy, when I awoke, and discovered it was only a dream, and found myself in *the condemned cell of Newgate*.

Mr. H. and Dr. V. neither of whom you know, I believe, are exceedingly kind to me. The latter writes to me, the former sees me, continually. Your poor H. finds more friends than he merits.

Among my papers you will see some lines which I wrote on reading Goethe's *Werther*,<137> translated from German into French; which, while I was in Ireland, she refused to lend me. When I returned to England, I *made* her let me read it. But I never showed these lines to her, for fear they should make her uneasy.—Unhappy Werther! Still less pretence hadst thou for suicide than I. After quietly seeing thy Charlotte marry another man, without so much as *offering* to marry her thyself, hadst thou a right over thy existence because she was not thy wife? Yet wast thou less barbarous than I; for thou didst not seek to die in her presence—but neither didst thou doubt her love.—We can neither of us hope for pardon.

Lines *found, after* Werther's *Death, upon the Ground by the Pistol.*

If chance some kindred spirit should relate
To future times unhappy Werther's fate;
Should, in some pitying, almost pardoning age,
Consign my sorrows to some weeping page—
And should the affecting page be haply read
By some new Charlotte—mine will then be dead—
(Yes, she shall die, sole solace of my love!
And we shall meet, for so she said, above)—
O Charlotte, M—, by whatever name
Thy faithful Werther hand thee down to fame—
O be thou sure thy Werther never knows
The fatal story of my kindred woes!
O do not, fair one—by my shocking end
I charge thee!—do not set thy feeling friend

Shed his sad sorrows o'er my tearful tale:—
Example, spite of precept, may prevail.

Nay, much-loved M—, though a fond desire
To prove thy husband, prove thy children's fire;
Though these, and other duties, thou must know,
Would hold his hand from Death's forbidden blow—
Yet might my gloomy tale full surely shroud
His brightest day in melancholy's cloud;
Yet might thy H. lead, to his last breath,
A life more shocking than e'en Werther's death.

Newgate, Sunday, 18 April, 79.
5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Since I wrote to you this morning I have more than once taken up my pen. For what can I do, which affords me more pleasure than, writing to such a friend as you are, and have been, to me?

Pleasure! Alas, what business has such a wretch as I with such a word as that? However, pouring myself out to you thus upon paper, is, in some measure, drawing off my sorrows—it is not thinking.

Cruel Galli! And yet I can excuse her. She knew not of what materials I was made. Lord S. wished to preserve a treasure which any one would have prized. Galli was employed to preserve the treasure: and she suspected not that my soul, my existence, were wrapped up in it.

O, my dear Charles, that you could prevail upon yourself to visit this sad place! And yet—our mutual feelings would render the visit useless. So—it is better thus.

Now, perhaps, you are enjoying a comfortable and happy meal. There, again, my misfortunes! Of happiness and comfort, for the present, I have robbed you. H. has murdered happiness.

But this is the hour of dinner. How many are now comfortable and happy! While I—

How many, again, with everything to make them otherwise, are, at this moment, miserable!

The meat is done too little, or too much—(Should the pen of Fancy ever take the trouble to invent letters for me, I should not be suffered to write to you thus, because it would seem unnatural. Alas—they know not how gladly a wretch like me forgets himself)—The servant, I say, has broken something—some *friend* (as the phrase is) does not make his promised appearance, and consequently is not eyewitness of the unnecessary dishes which the family pretends to be able to afford—or some friend (again) drops in unexpectedly, and surprises the family with no more dishes upon the table than are necessary.

Ye home-made wretches, ye ingenious inventors of ills, before ye suffer yourselves to be soured and made miserabler for the whole remainder of this Sunday, by some trifle or another, which does not deserve the name of accident, look here—behold, indeed, that misery of which your discontedness complains!

Peep through the grate of this my only habitation, ye who have town-houses and country-houses. Look into my soul—recollect in how few hours I am to die, die in what manner, die for what offence!

Now, go, be cross and quarrel with your wives, or your husbands, or your children, or your guests—begin to curse and to swear—and call Almighty God to witness that you are the most miserable, unlucky wretches upon the face of the earth—because the meat is roasted half-a-dozen turns too much, or because your cooks have not put enough seasoning into your pies.

I was obliged to lay down my pen. Such a picture as this, in which myself made the principal figure, was rather too much.

Good God!—to look back over the dreadful interval between today and last October two years. What a tale would it make of woe! Take warning from me, my fellow-creatures, and do not love like H.

Still, Sunday.
7 o'clock.
When these loose, incoherent papers shall come into your hands after my death, it will afford you some consolation to know my temper of mind at last.

Charles, as the awful moment approaches, I feel myself more, and more, and more composed, and calm, and resigned.

It always, you know, was my opinion, that we can bear a great load of affliction better than a small one. I thought so then—now I am sure of it. This day se'nnight<135> I was mad, perfectly mad. This afternoon I am all mildness,

This day se'nnight!—To look back is death, is hell. 'Tis almost worse than to look forward.

Let me endeavour to get out of myself:

In proof of that opinion, which you always ridiculed—go to the gaming-table—observe that adventurer, who is come with the last fifty he can scrape together. See—how he gnashes his teeth, bites his fists, and works all his limbs! He has lost the first throw—his fifty are reduced to forty. Observe him now—with what composure his arms are wrapped about him! What a smooth calm has suddenly succeeded to that dreadful storm which so lately tore up his whole countenance! Whence the reason, think you? Has fortune smiled on him?—Directly the contrary. His forty are now dwindled to five. His all, nay more, his very existence, his resolution to live or die, depend upon this throw. Mark him—how calmly, how carelessly he eyes the box. I am not sure he does not almost wish to lose, that he may defy Ill-luck, and tell her she has done her worst.

See, as Young says,

—On a moment's point, th'important die
Of life and death spins doubtful ere it falls,
And turns up—Death.<26>

I'll surrender my opinion for untenable, if a common observer, from his countenance, would not rather point him out as the winner, than the agitated person yonder who really has won.

—Since I wrote what you last read, I caught myself marching up and down my cell with the step of haughtiness; hugging myself in my two arms; and muttering between my grating teeth, "What a *complete wretch* I am!"

But—is there not a God! Did not that God create me? Does not that God know my heart, my whole heart? Oh! yes, yes, yes!

Tomorrow then—And let tomorrow come—I am prepared.

God (who knows my heart, and will judge me, I trust, by that heart) knows that it is not with a view to diminish my own guilt, the magnitude and enormity whereof I acknowledge—but—let not those, who survive me, flatter themselves that all the guilt of mankind goes to the grave, to the gallows (gracious Heaven!) with H.

I shall leave behind me culprits *of the same kind as myself*—culprits who will not make my trifling atonement of an ignominious death. Oh may they see their crimes, and weep over them before they are confronted with the injured parties, at the footstool of the throne of the God of Heaven!

These are crimes (as indeed are all the crimes of men, however noiseless or inaudible) with which the listening angel flies up to heaven's chancery—but these are not they upon which the recording angel drops a tear as he notes them down. The pencil of Eternity engraves such crimes as these on adamantine tablets, which shall endure to the end of time. Mine, mine, perhaps, may head the list.

Be merciful, O God! be merciful!

Reflection in this world is almost worse than the worst which offended Omnipotence can inflict upon me in the next. I must fly from it.

And are there not crimes as bad as mine? It is little my intention to argue away the badness of my crime—but there surely are, and worse.

Let that gallant, gay, young gentleman yonder hold up his hand. Yes, Sir—you I first arraign. Not for breach of promise, not for false oaths to credulous virgins, not for innocence betrayed—these are no longer crimes; these are the accomplishments of our age. Sir, you are indicted for slow and deliberate murder. Put not on that confident air, that arrogant smile of contempt and defiance. Demand not with a sneer to have the witnesses produced, who were present when you struck the stroke of death. Call not aloud for the blood-stained dagger, the dry-drawn bowl, the brain-splashed pistol. Are these the only instruments of death? You know they are not. Murder is never at a loss for weapons.

Sir, produce your wife.—See, see!—what indignation flashes in his eyes! A murderer, and the murderer of his wife! May the calumniator—!—no imprecations, no oaths; those are what betrayed that wife. You did not plant a dagger in her breast; but you planted there grief, disease, death. She, Sir, who gave you all, was destroyed, was murdered, by your ill usage: and not suddenly, not without giving her time to know what was to happen. She saw the lingering stroke, the perceived the impossibility to avoid it; she felt it tenfold from the hands of a much-loved husband.

Were these scraps of paper to be seen by any other eyes than yours, common people would wonder perhaps that, in proportion as the moment drew nearer, I got further and further from myself. It may be contrary to the rules of critics, but so it is.—To think, or to write about myself, is death, is hell. My feelings will not suffer me to date these different papers any more.

Since I wrote my last paper, I dropped into a sleep. In a dream, I thought I was dreaming that I was in Newgate, condemned to death for murder. Who will undertake to describe my feelings, when I waked and found that it was no dream?

Let me pay a small tribute of praise—How often have you and I complained of Familiarity's blunting the edge of every sense on which she lays her hand? At her bidding, Beauty fades even in the eye of Love; and the son of Pity smiles at Sorrow's bleeding breast. In her prefence, who is he that still continues to behold the scene of delight, or that still hears the voice of mourning? What then is the praise of that gaoler, who, in the midst of misery, and crimes, and death, sets Familiarity at defiance, and still preserves the feelings of a man? The author of the *Life of Savage*<138> gives celebrity to the Bristol gaoler, by whose humanity the latter part of that strange man's life was rendered more comfortable. Shall no one give celebrity to the present keeper of Newgate? Mr. Akerman marks every day of his existence, by more than one such deed as this. Know, ye rich and powerful, ye who might save hundreds of your fellow-creatures from starving, by the sweepings of your tables—know, that, among the various feelings of almost every wretch who quits Newgate for Tyburn, a concern neither last nor least is that which he feels upon leaving the gaol of which this man is the keeper.

But I can no longer fly from myself. In a few short hours the hand which is now writing to you, the hand, which—

I will not distress either you or myself. My life I owe to the laws of my country, and I will pay the debt. How I felt for poor Dodd!<37> Well—you shall hear that I died like a man and a Christian. I cannot have a better trust than in the mercy of an all-just God. In your letters, when you shall these unhappy deeds relate, tell of me as I am. I forget the passage; 'tis in Othello.<139>

You must suffer me to mention the tenderness and greatness of mind of my dear B. The last moments of my life cannot be better spent than in recording this complicated act of friendship and humanity. When we parted, a task too much for us both, he asked me if there was anything for which I wished to live. Upon his pressing me, I acknowledged that I was uneasy, very uneasy, lest Lord S. might withdraw an allowance of fifty pounds a year, which I knew he made to her father. "Then," said B. squeezing my hand, bursting into tears; and hurrying out of the room, "I will allow it him." The affectionate manner in which he spoke of my sister would have charmed you. God for ever bless and prosper him! and my sister, and you! And —

A WRETCH'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF

NEMO MISER COMPARATUS<140>

STOP, stranger—Is thy sadness led
To hold dire converse with the dead,
By friend or husband, child or wife,
Whom Age or Sickness tore from life?
Compare thy woe, restrain thy tear;
A frantic wretch lies buried here'
Whose Rage slew all his Love held dear!

Stop, stranger—Do thy sorrows flow
From a stern parental "No"?
Or does the much-loved maiden prove,
Without compulsion, false to Love?
And art thou choosing where to die,
Where thy love-slain corse may lie?
Compare thy woe, restrain thy tear;
A cruel wretch is buried here,
Whose hand killed all his heart held dear!

Stop, stranger.—Dost thou seek the tomb
Where Death feeds sweetly on her bloom,
Who, had she yesterday not died,
Tomorrow would have been thy bride?
And art thou come, self-slain, to fold
In Death's embrace thy dead bride?—Hold
Compare thy woe, restrain thy tear;
A cursed wretch is buried here,
Who murdered all his soul held dear!

J.H.
Sunday, Midnight.
Newgate.

LETTER LXIV.
The Same to the Same. 19 Apr 1779

The note which follows was written with a pencil. All that was legible is here preserved, though the sense is incomplete.

Tyburn.

My dear Charles,

Farewell for ever in this world! I die a sincere Christian and penitent, and everything I hope that you can wish me. Would it prevent *my example's having any bad effect* if the world should know how I abhor my former ideas of suicide, my crime,

. . . .

will be the best judge. Of her fame I charge you to be careful. My poor sister and her worthy husband will

. . . . .

. . . ..

. . . . .

Your dying H.

LETTER LXV.
From Charles — Esq. to General —. 20 Aug 1779

20 August, 1779.

My dear Friend,

The — coach, which passes through tomorrow, will leave a large packet for you at the George. When your servant goes to the post he may inquire for it. The contents are copies of such letters as explain the incredible tale of that poor friend of mine, whom you were kind enough to patronise while he remained in your profession, and to assist in promoting after he quitted it. Yours of the latter end of last month, on the subject of his death, convinces me that you will not be angry with me for giving you a sight of these letters. There were many more among the papers which he sealed up for me on the morning of his death; but as they were more private, and less necessary to the story, I have destroyed them.

Your memory will, I know, recollect Rochefoucault's reflection—*Si on juge de l'amour par la plupart de ses effets, it resemble plus à la haine qu'à l'amitié*:<141> Or, you prefer English, recollect Scroop, in Shakespeare's Richard II.

> "Sweet Love I see, changing his property,
> Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate."

One very important fact struck me on considering this melancholy business. In our recollection, three persons, either extemporaneously or deliberately, have determined to shoot, first the objects of their fury, and then themselves—Stirn, who killed Mathews in 1761;<142> Ceppi, whom H. mentions;<143> and poor H. himself. They all three succeeded in the first instance, and all three failed in the second.

If what I am told be true, what a scene must have been exhibited at the Shakespeare, soon after the catastrophe! H. was indulged with a sight of her body. While he was contemplating the effect of his madness (for madness it must have been), two or three people rushed in, who, arriving too late for the entertainment, heard of the murder, and came to learn the name of the victim. One of these immediately recollected H.—, immediately recognised Miss R.—was, in fact, Lord S—. What a group for painting!

Were it not unnecessary, when his picture is drawn at such full length in these letters, I would give you a sketch of the amiable man, whom, in so many years, and in so many different scenes, I never had occasion, but to love, till the moment he abhorred himself. To make reflections on his story, would be to write a volume. The pamphlet called *Case and Memoirs* is a miserable business; and may do that very mischief of which H. was aware.

> "It it true" we are told by the author, "that in his own life he had a property; and, by the laws of nature, he might have disposed of it, if he pleased—but, *it may be said*, he had none in Miss —'s, and, *as such*, that he had no right to take it from her. Reason *may* support this argument; but is nothing favourable to be said for a man who prefers death to life, because that a life is made wretched by a capricious and an ungrateful woman?" Page xi.

How very differently does the poor man himself talk in one of his Newgate papers, to me, which I have sent you!

> "The torture of my situation is this, that not a word can be said in my favour, unless you will say I am mad. But God knows I possess all my feelings and senses

much too exquisitely.Yet this is not the part of my crime for which I am always most sorry. Often, very often, I consider my crime with respect to the influence it may have upon the world. An example represented in life by vice, has more effect than a precept preached by virtue. No one will imitate me in murdering the object of his love; but I may be considered by Despair, or by Folly, as another precedent in favour of the propriety of suicide. Perhaps, if these instances of desperate cowardice did not go out to this country, through the channels of our papers, by which means they are stored up as authorities against a disappointment or a gloomy day, suicide would, with less propriety, be termed an *Anglicism*. Oh Charles, could the imperceptible, but indisputable, magnetism of this part of my story be destroyed (as I trust it will be by you), could my countrymen know how I abhor this part of my crime, how thoroughly I was ever convinced (except during my frenzy), and how perfectly I am now persuaded, that *our own lives are no more at our disposal, than the lives of our fellow-creatures*, I should expire in something less of mental torture!"<144>

Worthy soul! while we abhor, we pity and respect: and so will posterity. That justice which condemned thee to death cannot resuse a sigh, a tear to thy virtues. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! Thy Charles, when Time shall have a little healed the wound made in his friendship, will find some way to tell the world thy dying wish.

My dear General,
Ever yours,
Charles —

CONCLUDING EPIGRAPH.
From "Night Thoughts" by Edward Young

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is Man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures rnarvelously mixed
Connection exquisite of distant worlds
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt;
Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! Insect infinite!
A worm! a God!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost!

POSTSCRIPT
To The Fifth Edition

The reader, who took up this trifle for the sake of Chatterton, may like perhaps to turn to *An Enquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Rowley*. by the Rev. T. Warton. Dodsley. 1782. 8vo. There he will see, p. 113, that everything said here of Chatterton is strictly true. All that remains to be said about Chatterton, will certainly be seen, some time or other. In the mean time, let every youth, who hangs over that poor boy's *Rowley's Poems,* always bear in mind what old A. Wood says of George Peele (*Athenae Ox*. I. 300): "When or where he died I cannot tell; for so it is, and always hath been, that most poets die poor, and consequently obscurely, and a hard matter it is to trace them to their graves."

I nunc, et tecum versus meditare canorus.<145>

The learned, among those who took up this trifle, or have condescended to run it over, on account of Hackman, may like to turn to Tacitus. *Annal*. 13. 44. <3>

Few readers will peruse without a smile the following mournful ballad of the day, which is printed here with all fidelity from the original.

A Copy of Verses
On the mallancholy accident that happened between a certain Minister, and the Celebrated Miss Wray.

Ye tender fair with tender ear,
Attend unto this dity,
And when you come the same to hear,
This Lady you must pity,
Miss Wray, a Lady fair and gay,
For beauty none excelled,
But beauty does many dismay,
As history often telled.

A Sandwich faviourite was this fair,
And her he dearly loved,
By whom nine Children had we hear,
Her beauty fatal proved,
A minister smote with her charms,
Whose name I will not mention,
Each serious mind this tale alarms,
Cruel was his intention.

A Minister oh! thoughtless one,
In Covent-Garden, met her,
Alas poor Lady thought no harm,
He horridly did treat her,
In one moment alive and dead,
He with a pistol shot her,
Not time to call on Christ her God,
Let's hope he's not forgot her.

Another turned unto himself
And instantly discharged,
But here the Lord his hand withheld
His crime was not enlarged,
Altho' the ball had knocked him down,

He strove himself to murder,
With the pistol his head did wound,
Good people that did hinder.

Into the Shakespear handed strait,
His wound there being dressed,
When to himself the welfare asked,
The lady he'd distressed,
At five Sir John that very morn,
To Tuttle field conveyed him
For vengence Miss Wray's blood does cry,
The Lord have mercy on him.

Such lamentations may make us smile, but even such as these may make us feel. However, since both poetry and prose, of some kind or other, will always be written on such events, perhaps it would not disgrace even abilities themselves if they sacrificed a few minutes, now and then, to place a shocking event in a shocking and instructing point of view. The lucky moment is greedily seized at elections, &c. and why not when so much more is at stake, and so much more service may be done? Bishop Atterbury, on being complimented about his sermons, is reported to have said, that he had done more good by a halfpenny ballad, of which 30,000 had been printed; but it is not recorded what the ballad was.

In the 44th of the foregoing letters mention is made of Tolosa, a Spaniard, who was executed for the murder of his female friend. Poor Dr. Dodd,<37> whom the same letter also mentions, has the following lines about Tolosa, in his *Thoughts in Prison,* 8vo. 1781. p. 103.

Death scorns distinctions: but, despotic Power,
Clothed in his direst terrors, here he reigns [In Newgate],
Here revels! Here, with bitterest vengeance, shakes
O'er trembling convicts his determined shaft,
And gluts himself with horror. See him lead
From yonder darksome cell, all pale with woe,
That stranger, sinking, who, in luckless hour,
With raised hand pierced the bosom he adored,
Nor drank of comfort more! Half in his heart
The black lance festering sticks; and Death himself,
Howe'er relentless, ere he drives it home,
Of strange commiseration feels a pang.
Reluctant to his office!

The passage may be applied to Hackman, as well as to Tolosa; and he, that scorns to feel any of this strange commiseration, must dare to be confident that he can command his own passions so as never to be hurried by them into the commission of any crime. But they who are best acquainted with human nature will consider every crime of their fellow-creatures much more as a matter of humility than of exultation; and will not proudly thank God that they are not like others, but humbly pray to God that they may not be like others. Let parents breed up their children in habits of governing all their passions, and of seeing their parents govern their own passions.

The affecting poetry, from which this passage is extracted, was certainly written by the unhappy Dodd; though some other things, after his disgrace, which went under his name, are known to have been written by Dr. Johnson. Dodd's *Thoughts in Prison* would not speedily be laid down by a reader of taste and feeling,

The poor man's history, as well as Francis Bacon's,<146> may teach literary people, who are too apt to indulge a contempt for money, that a proper attention should always be paid to pounds, shillings, and pence; lest, since the wisest cannot live without such filthy things, wise men should ever be tempted to procure them by foul means.

Let literary people add Dodd's name also, as well as Francis Bacon's, to the long list of those whose sorrows Literature has contributed to soothe. If she can administer consolation, or suggest employment, which operates like consolation, even under disgrace and infamy, what can she not do (indeed what has she not done in all ages) amidst inconvenience and distraction, in "sickness and in sorrow?"<147>

The monosyllable *but* will not soon be used in a more affecting manner than in the conclusion of what Dodd, a few days before he suffered his ignominious death, prefixed to these *Thoughts*, p. xxxvi.

> "The thinking will easily pardon all inaccuracies, as I am neither able nor willing to read over these melancholy lines with a curious and critical eye. They are imperfect, but the language of the heart; and, had I time and inclination, should be improved.
>
> But ——
>
> WILLIAM DODD."

It should be known that Dodd, in a note (*Thoughts*, p. 44), added his tribute to the general praise bestowed upon the humanity of Mr. Akerman, who may be considered as the Howard among gaolers.

The same kind hand lightened the wretched fetters of Hackman, who, with Miss Ray, passes for the author of the foregoing Letters.

The LXVIIth Letter is authentic, and the address to the Court was delivered by Hackman.

Of the rest the outline only is true.

In Letter XIV and in Letter LXIV, the reader has already seen why it was thought advisable, upon Hackman's account, to put this little volume together. Chatterton and Werther, with other matters, were also taken into the account. Readers acquainted with the world will not think it necessary to say more.

With all his readers the author desires to leave the following passage from Francis Bacon (4to edit. 1778 I. 447) "One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy, *vinum dæmonum*;<148> because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and settleth in it, that doth the hurt."

The author begs to thank Lady A. L. for a corrected copy of her Ladyship's very beautiful poem in Letter VI..

To the opinion, which the late Dr. Johnson entertained of these Letters, and of the good they might do, the author was indebted for the acquaintance and friendship of that great and good man. This trifle, which, it is hoped, has not been without doing its service, is now inscribed to the memory of Samuel Johnson.

"The former Editions were given under the fictious person of an Editor; not, the Reader may be sure, for any purpose so silly as that of imposing on the public; but

for reasons of another kind, which it is not difficult to apprehend."

Bp. HURD'S *Moral and Political Dialogue*
Third Edit, 1765 Pref. I.

FINIS.

NOTES

Manyof these notes are foonotes in the original. Those added by the transcriber are designated by (TN)

1. *Illa, Quis & me, &c.*: VIRGIL, *Æneid*, Bk. 4. l. 494-498. The quotation following is Dryden's translation. (TN)

2. After the murder of Miss Ray, two letters were found in Mr. Hackman's pocket, one, a copy of a letter which he had written to Miss Ray, and the other to his brother-in-law, in Bow Street. The first of these epistles is replete with warm expressions of affection to the unfortunate object of his love, and an earnest recommendation of his passion. The other contains a pathetic relation of the melancholy resolution he had taken, and a confession of the cause that produced it.

3. In the reign of the Emperor NERO, OCTAVIUS SAGITTA, tribune of the people, intoxicated with a passion for PONTIA POSTHUMA, whom he had long enjoyed in the most unbounded degree of illicit intercourse, found his love so increased by possession, that he solicited her, with incessant importunity to marry him, she however framed various delays, and at length renounced all correspondence with him. SAGITTA alternately used complaints and menaces; adjuring her by the reputation which for her he had shipwrecked, by the wealth which upon her he had totally consumed; lastly, he told her, that his life and person was the only fortune left him, and of that too the disposal lay wholly in her breast. At length, perceiving her deaf to all his reasonings, he requested the consolation of one parting night; for that thus calmed and gratified, he would thenceforth be able to govern his passion. The night was granted and named, and PONTIA appointed a maid her confidante to secure the chamber. SAGITTA brought with him one freedman, and a dagger concealed under his robe. The interview began, as usual, in combinations of love and anger, with a medley of chiding and beseeching, of reproaches and submission; and part too of the night was devoted to joy and embraces: at last he became enraged with expostulations and despair, and suddenly plunged his dagger into her heart.— [Tacitus' *Annals*:, lib. xiii. c.44]

> *Nullae sunt inimicitiae nisi amoris acerbae.*
> No enmities so bitter as those which proceed from love.
> PROPERTIUS. (Bk. 2 no. 8 l. 3)

"It is," says MONTAIGNE, "a furious agitation that throws them back to an extremity quite contrary to its cause."

4. If probable conjecture can be admitted to supply the deficiency of authentic information, it may certainly be made use of in writing the memoirs of a modern courtesan: their lives are generally uniform, however as individuals, they may differ in point of situation, or personal attractions: pleasure and interest are the ultimate objects of their views, and their occupations. But the causes which lead them to swerve from those principles of virtue, which constitute their sex's noblest boast, and brightest ornament, often vary. And first, those who possess that degree of sentiment, sensibility, and delicacy of thinking, which, without a portion of prudence sufficient to direct them in their intercourse with the world, often proves subversive of the virtue, and destructive to the happiness of their owner. There, though they are the most estimable, are too the most amiably weak principles of our nature; and men skilled in the arts of seduction, who, Proteus-like, can assume the semblance of vice, or virtue, at will; find a peculiar facility in making these qualities the ready

instruments to effect the ruin of their possessor. Over such amiable victims, virtue mourns, and sympathy pays the tribute of a tear, to the lamentable fate of sensibility and beauty.

In the second rank may be classed those, who, with perhaps, an equal share of beauty, have hearts which are less susceptible of tender impressions: such form an early and a just estimate of the world; as well as of their own qualities and endowments; acquire the art of displaying these to advantage, by attention to, and a dextrous management of the passions, and foibles of their admirers. Among the latter we shall place Miss Ray.

5. Miss Ray had five children by his lordship, one of which, a fine youth of sixteen, is now a lieutenant in the navy; and served under Sir Hugh Palliser, in the Formidable, during the action of the 27th July last.

6. The influence of Miss Ray over her noble keeper was extreme; and it is said, that many who now possess lucrative and honourable posts, in the ecclesiastical, civil, and military departments, are indebted to her mediation for their advancement. It has even been asserted, but with what degree of truth we shall not pretend to determine, that secrets of S—— were not reserved from this confidential favourite.—See the *Political Duenna*, published a few months since; the satirical author of which, under the name Clara Raymond, first introduced her history to the world: the reader may form, from the following scene, no incomplete idea of the unfortunate lady's domestic character, and conduct, as well as that of her fond Limberham.

Enter Twitcher.

Twitcher. Well,—this girl is the plague of my life,—my punishment by day, and my torment by night.—Yet, spite of age, and impotence, I love her,—and—

Song. Tune.—By him we love offended.

When those we love enrage us,
How soon our passion flies!
The slut can re-engage us,
And kill us with her eyes!

Last night, the littlre gipsy
I bid depart my house;
She told me I was tipsy,
Nor valued me a louse.

Yet, were she now to enter,
And catch me in this place:
I fear I scarce could venture,
To look upon her face.

When those we love, &c.

The little, artful baggage,
Has often said she loved,
And though next hour she wronged me,
I told her I approved.

That all she did was charming,
So long as she was kind;
When with a song she pays me,
Her faults are thrown behind.

Enter Clara Raymond.

Clara. Where is this tyrant keeper of mine? this lord of anchors and cables? this emperor of the dock yards?.—O! are you there?—You sneaking, pimping, incapable—Oh! I could tear your eyes out, you old goat! you a peer!—you are nothing but the pander of your own vices; like Chartres, you have long deserved the gallows, for what you have done, and what you cannot do.

Twitcher. Soft, my Clara,—softly, I beseech thee, a piano note, my lovely girl. Thou knowest I cannot bear that thundering sound.—Come, Clara, buss and be friends.—Sing me a song, you little devil.

Clara. Not I truly,—I'll neither kiss nor sing. (*peevishly*.)

Twitcher. Indeed but you must, my Clara.

Clara. Buy me the diamond necklace then.

Twit. I would, if I could spare cash;—but upon my honour—

Clara. O! curse your honour,—I'll have none on't.—The necklace, Sir, or the ready money,—or I'm off,—positively off-Why I was better off when I was a mantua maker in Clerkenwell, than I am with you, cruel and unkind that you are—(*weeps*)

Twitcher. Nay, my lovely girl, I cannot bear those tears,—here,—here,—take this bill for a hundred; and thou shalt have the remainder to-morrow: damn it, what signifies mincing the matter—I must squeeze the chest at Chatham.

SONG. Tune,—How oft, Louisa, &c.

How oft, my Clara, hast thou said,
(The fondness of thy heart to prove,)
That Twitcher was thy dearest friend,
Nor would'st thou seek another love.

And by those lips that sweetly swore,
And by those eyes that shine so bright,
I ne'er loved woman so before,
For Clara is my soul's delight.

Then let me press those ruby lips,
And on that lovely breast repose,
Exhaling fragrance from thy breath;
Fragrance that far excels the rose.

Thus let us spend the livelong day,
And thus the tedious nights beguile;
The cares of state I shall not feel,
So Clara sing, and Clara smile!

Clara. Why, aye, this is something like breeding; a complimentary song, and a hundred guineas: but I must have the rest to-morrow.

Twitcher. Positively-—But give me one song, my charmer.

Clara. I believe I have a little piece you have not yet heard, and you are such a bewitching devil there is no refusing you anything.

SONG. Tune.—Adieu thou dreary pile.

Farewell all angry thoughts, for Twitcher loves,
And by the solid gold his passion proves!
At home, your virtuous fools may moping stay;

> Give me the ball, the opera, and the play!
> Cornely's groves, which fan each soft desire
>
> — — — —
>
> And so, your servant, my lord; I'm engaged to-night with a private party.
>
> *Exit Clara.*
>
> *Twitcher, solus.*
>
> Enchanting devil!—This girl would be the utter ruin of me, at seventy years of age, if my fortune was not already dissipated, and my character lost beyond recovery.—But I must now to business; and try how to raise a sum, by advancing some worthless scoundrel over the head of a hundred men of merit.

[From *The Duenna, A Comic Opera in Three Acts,* (1776) Libretto by Israel Pottinger, music by Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Thomas Linley (TN)]

7. *Lines by the Rev. — to his wife*: By Rev. Samuel Bishop (1731-1795) (TN)

8. *Sir Clement Cottrel*: Master of the Ceromonies at the British Royal Court from 1710 to 1758. (TN)

9. *Zanga*: Character in *The Revenge* by Edward Young (1721). Zanga's father is murdered and himself enslaved by Alonso; in revenge he manipulates Alonso into murdering his wife and best friend.(TN)

10. *This is mere madness, &c.*: Hamlet, Act V, Scene 1.(TN)

11. *Ossian*: A collection of allegedly ancient Gaelic sagas, actually written by James Macpherson. https://www.exclassics.com/ossian/ossintro.htm. (TN)

12. *For thee I fear, &c.*: This and the next quotation are from *Jephtha* (1754,) an oratorio by G.F. Handel, libretto by Rev. Thomas Morell.(TN)

13. *Twissify*: Richard Twiss published *A Tour in Sain and Portugal* in 1775, and *A Tour in Ireland* in 1776. The last was very disparaging and was not well received by the Irish; in fact, a chamberpot was sold with a picture of him on the inside with the words "Let everyone piss/On (illegible) Dick Twiss." (TN)

14. *Churchill*: Charles Churchill (1732-1764), was an English poet and satirist. (TN)

15. *Christie*: James Christie founded the famous firm of auctioneers in 1766.

16. *Chatterton*: Author of a collection of fake mediaeval poetry, which he passed off as the work of a fifteenth century priest, Thomas Rowley. See https://www.exclassics.com/rowley/rwlintro.htm and Letter LI below for a biography. (TN)

17. *On the Love of our Country*: These lines were written in 1772, soon after the installation at Windsor. The author is the present Dean of Waterford (1786). [Christopher Butson 1747-1836 (TN)]

18. *Hawke*: Admiral Edward Hawke (1705–1781) won several victories over the French Navy in the wars of the mid-eighteenth century *Wolfe*: General whose army defeated the French and took Quebec in 1759 but was killed in the battle. (TN)

19. *Paoli*: Pasquale Paoli (1725-1806), leader of the Corsicans in their (ultimately unsuccessful) attempt to throw off Genoese and French rule. *Frederick*: Frederick II (The Great), King of Prussia, whose armies were victorious in several wars and made Prussia a major power in Europe. (TN)

20. *Sidney*: Algernon Sidney, politician and philosopher, executed 1683 for denying the divine right of kings in his *Discourses Concerning Government*. (TN)

21. *Catley*: Ann Catley(1745-1789) eminent actress and courtesan. See https://www.exclassics.com/cvcal/cvcal0216.htm. (TN)

22. *Fabricius*: The author has confused the stories (in Plutarch's *Moralia*) of Manius Curius, Roman leader, who ignored some men who came to offer him a bribe, continuing to eat turnips instead; with that of Gaius Fabricius, who also refused a bribe on a different occasion. See https://tinyurl.com/yym233. *Marvell*: Andrew Marvell, best known as a poet, was also MP for Hull, and refused a bribe of £1000 saying that he had some cold mutton to eat for his dinner, and thus no need of money. See https://tinyurl.com/y6vmzcw4. (TN)

23. *Broadingham*: Murdered 13 Feb. 1776. See https://www.exclassics.com/newgate/ng449.htm (TN)

24. *Qu'en venant de là, &c*: "It has greatly changed while travelling from there to here". (TN)

25. *Thou hast no revenue, &c*: *Hamlet*, Act III scene 2. (TN)

26. *Misfortune, like a creditor severe, &c*: from *Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality* by Edward Young (1683–1765) (TN)

27. *Junius*: Junius was the pseudonym of a writer who wrote a series of political letters critical of the government, published in different newspapers between 21 Jan 1769 to 21 Jan 1772. The author has never ben positively identified, but many at the time thought he was the writer and politician William Gerard Hamilton (1729–1796). (TN)

28. *The Idler*: a column in the *Universal Chronicle* written by Samuel Johnson from 1758-1760. (TN)

29. *They would play upon him, &c.*: *Hamlet*, Act III scene 2. (TN)

30. *Beccaria*: Cesare Beccaria (1738-1794) Italian lawyer and criminologist, published in 1764 a treatise *On Crimes and Punishments*, in which he argued for penal reform and against torture and the death penalty. (TN)

31. *Omiah*: Omai or Omiah was a Tahitian who was brought to England in 1774 and remained there until 1776, when he returned to Polynesia. He stayed with Lord Sandwich while in England. (TN)

32. Since the 4th edition of this book appeared, the pathetic story introduced in the above letter has been chosen for the subject of a dramatic poem called *The Mine* by John Sargent, Esq, 4to. London, Cadell, 1785. These two letters, as originally written by Mr. Everard, are prefixed to the poem. The persons of the drama are Count Maurice and Leopold, Hungarian noblemen; Conrad, Frederic, Juliana, prisoners in the mine; and gnomes and subterraneous spirits. The reader may perhaps have curiosity to examine which merits greater praise, the artificial tale of the poet, or the natural relation of the traveller. At any rate, he will learn from the poem, not only much about the mineral kingdom, but that it is by no means (as the author well corrals Mr. Aikin for pronouncing) "sterile, and unaccommodated to description."

Something more of this kind might have been caught by the poet from some curious *Voyages and Discoveries*, to which it will, at a future time, be shown that the great author of *The Seasons* had his obligations.

"They assured us," says the writer, "that horrible noises were heard in it, from time to time; which is a certain sign that this mountain (Penagara, in South America) contains stones of a great value in its entrails." A poetical ear can plainly distinguish Milton's "Goblins and swart fairies of the mine" at work here.

One circumstance is singular in Mr. Sargent's *Mine*, that, either by the fault of the poet or of his art, we do not behold (what drew tears from the Traveller) the farewell of the liberated count to the late companions of his wretchedness. Maurice departs, with

> —Come, let us now ascend—
> For we have much to say, and my glad heart
> Swells with such raptures as it ne'er can utter.

The reader cannot so soon have forgotten Alberti, in spite of all his joy, taking leave of his fellows in distress "To one he left his mattock; to another his working clothes; to a third his little houshold utensils, necessary in that situation." This is neither rhyme, nor blank verse; but is it not as good as either, if not better?

Alberti, for departing thus, deserved to be pardoned at least a month sooner than Maurice.

33. *Martin Dixon*: her husband.

34. *Jack Watson*: her brother.

35. *Dès que Robin eut vu &c.*: A literal translation is:
"As soon as Robin saw Toinette leave, he abandoned the care of his flock, he threw away his shepherd's bag and crook, and kept nothing but his flute. He lamented louder than a Jeremiah; he wished for her return a thousand times; and, in his suffering, he had no other solace but to intone, on his pretty flute, a sad song, ending with, "Alas! It is a great sorrow to be far from one's love."

These last words he constantly repeated, sometimes sitting on the bank of a stream, sometimes lying on the soft grass, sometimes with his back against an elm tree. Never had a shepherd so unhappy a life. He never knew sweet sleep; his food was scantier than a hermit's; he took no pleasure in games or dancing, and he had no words in his mouth but, "Alas! It is a great sorrow to be far from one's love."

There was no shepherd but felt his sorrow; and the shepherdesses of the vilage came to him, while they were spinning, and sang to console this sad herdsman. But their sweet song did not console him, so great was his sorrow. He looked down so as not to see them, and if they spoke, replied "Leave me alone, I beg you," and then went back to lamenting "Alas! It is a great sorrow to be far from one's love."

Followers of pleasure, though smarter than a magpie, cannot find their way to console Robin. Only Toinette with her sweet charms could turn him from his melancholy, for after all, "Alas! It is a great sorrow to be far from one's love." (TN)

36. *Ah, ma chère Martha, &c.*: Ah, my dear Martha, it is a great sorrow to be far from one's love. (TN)

37. *Dodd*: The Rev. William Dodd, a very eminent clergyman (and Ex-Classics author) was hanged for forgery in 1777. See

https://www.exclassics.com/newgate/ng343.htm for an account of his life, culminating in his trial and execution; and https://www.exclassics.com/cvcal/cvcal0300.htm for a moral tale of a rescued prostitute, written by him and published posthumously. (TN)

38. *Paoli's friend*: James Boswell, biographer of Samuel Johnson, wrote a memoir of Pasquale Paoli, leader of the Corsican struggle for independence. See https://archive.org/details/accountofcorsica00bosw (TN)

39. *Raynal*: Abbé Guillaume Raynal (1713-1796) wrote (with other collaborators) a four-volume *Philosophical and Political History of the Two Indies* which alternated descriptions of the East and West Indies with philosophical and political essays. (TN)

40. *Les Anglois surpassent toutes les nations a mourir*: The English die better than any other nation. (TN)

41. *Perreau*: The brothers Perreau, though believed by many to have been innocent, were hanged for forgery in 1776. See https://www.exclassics.com/newgate/ng336.htm (TN)

42. *Though my mother could na speak. &c.*: Since this subject was here pointed out, more than one pencil has been exercised on it. The original Mr. Bunbury, has left his competitors as far behind him in this instance, as in many others.

43. *Monmouth*: The Duke of Monmouth, illegitimate son of Charles II, rebelled against his uncle James II and tried to seize the throne in 1685. (TN)

44. *Sally Haris*: She was a waitress at an inn in Hockerill, Bishop's Stortford, Hertfordshire. She married a Mr. Lytton; a rival for her hand published a poem *Pomona* in 1773 expressing his feelings. See https://books.google.ie/books?id=XrhcAAAAcAAJ&pg=PA5 (TN)

45. *Damnable proofs, &c.*: Venereal disease. *Omiah*: see note 31, above.

46. *Curlism:* Refers to the practices of Edmund Curll, a rapacious and dishonest publisher of the early 18th Century. He was notorious for publishing scurrilous, obscene and libellous works; for pirating the works of others; and for underpaying or swindling his authors. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edmund_Curll.

47. Yet even Mr. Walpole cannot help regretting that he was not better acquainted with Chatterton's "fierce and untameable spirit, his consciousness of superior abilities, his inattention to wordly discretion, his scorn of owing subsistence or reputation to any thing but the ebullitions of his own genius." (*A letter to the editor of Chatterton's Miscellanies*, printed at Strawberry-hill, 1779.) Even he cannot help lamenting that he did not "contribute to rescue such a spirit from itself, its worst enemy." How happens it that, after this, such a writer, no less humane than elegant, joins the general cry against the morals of Chatterton?

But were, or were not, all the crimes which can be proved against this poor boy, anything more than the universal foibles of youth? To persist therefore to charge him with those crimes, is it anything more than to accuse him of his youth? And pure should be that mouth of age which ventures such an accusation; for it may be remembered (the editor protests he means not the most distant application in the present day) that when, in the year 1740, on the seamen's bills, Mr. Horace Walpole reflected upon the youth of Pitt, that great man replied, he would not undertake to determine whether youth might justly be imputed as a reproach; but this he would

affirm, that the wretch, whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should protect him from insults: that, much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation.—Still, this patron of Ossian, and rejector of Chatterton, does not hesitate to affirm, *rather harshly*, that "all of the house of forgery are relations; and that, though it be just to Chatterton's memory to say his poverty never made him claim kindred with the richest or the most enriching branches, yet, that his ingenuity in counterfeiting styles, and, he (W.) believes, hands, might easily have led him " to those more facile imitations of prose, promissory notes." But surely it should have been remembered, that, in the preface to the first edition of the *Castle of Otranto*, not a *boy's* production, we are solemnly told it was found in the "library of an ancient catholic family in the North of England, and was printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529;" that we are told,in the preface to the second edition, "the honourable author flatters himself he shall appear excusable for having offered his work to the world under the borrowed personage of a translator." He should not so very uncharitably condemn the forgery, whose respectable example gave a sanction to it, and might pofssibly suggest the original idea of it; for, when Chatterton ridicules Mr. W. in the story of *Harry Wildfire*, he calls him Baron *Otranto*: and, in the February before Chatterton's deceit began, Mr. W. published *Historic doubts on the life and reign of Richard III*., which Chatterton perhaps considered as a bolder attempt than the creation of Rowley.
The Editor.

48. Warton's *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Pope,* Cooper. 1756. P. 33, 243, &c.

49. *When a rich man speaketh, &c.*: *Ecclesiasticus* 13:23. (TN)

50. Don't smile at my lugging in John the Painter, till you consider how it applies. His secrecy was wonderful yet less wonderful than Chatterton's, in exact proportion as his secret was more criminal, and went more to his life—But you will not deny to be *odd* what I know for a fact, that, among his papers, were some observations on Rowley's poems. If they have not been destroyed, they might surely be published. They could not endanger our dockyards, though written by John the Painter—Can't you give a hint of this kind, some day, at your house? Most probably *he* has them. [John the Painter (*Nom-de-guerre* of James Hill) was a spy and saboteur who was executed in 1777. See https://www.exclassics.com/newgate/ng339.htm (TN)]

51. *Psalmanazar*: George Psalmanazar (c. 1679–1763) was a Frenchman who claimed to be the first native of Formosa (today Taiwan) to visit Europe. For some years he convinced many in Britain, but he was later revealed to be an impostor. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/George_Psalmanazar. (TN)

52. *D'Eon*: The Chevalier D'Eon (1728-1810) was a French adventurer, soldier and spy who passed for long periods as either a man or a woman. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chevalier_d'Eon. (TN)

53. *Magliabechi*: Antonio Magliabechi (1633-1714) was an Italian librarian, scholar and bibliophile. He had an immense library of over 40,000 books and was said to have read and remembered them all. (TN)

54. *The Nine*: The Nine Muses, goddesses of arts and learning. (TN)

55. Bacon (Nat. Hist. cent. IX. 894) says that "it is like, the brain of man waxeth moister and fuller upon the full of the moon."
The Editor.

56. Tickell, in the preface to *Addison's Works*, speaks of his "account of the greatest English poets," printed in the *miscellanies while he was young*. In the works this poem is dated April, 1694. A friend assured me, that he has seen it in a miscellany, with this recommendation, "written by Mr. Addison, *when he was only twenty-seven*." Some recommendation is required by a poem which concludes with these four lines I (*Addison's Works*, 4to. Tonson 1721, vol. I. p. 41.)

> I leave the arts of poesy and verse
> To them that practise them with more success.
> Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell,
> And try at once, dear friend and muse, farewell.

Chaulieu, a French poet, asks indulgence for a little rondeau, because, at the time he wrote it, he was *Poète naissant & fort jeune*["a newborn poet, very young" (TN)] (*Oeuvre de Chaulieu*, à la Haye, 1777). The apology will hold, if a man be exceedingly young, and a sucking poet at *forty*, which was Chaulieu's age when he wrote the rondeau in question,

57. *Catcott*: This pewterer is famous for producing to the world those poems which Chatterton produced to him. He is famous also for ascending by a rope with no little danger of his life, in order to place the top stone of St. Nicholas' church spire, and under it a piece of pewter recording this singular event. Nor is he less famous for passing the stream, by means of four narrow boards (on horseback, I believe), before the new bridge was completed; that it might be said (with how much propriety Fame must decide) that he first passed the bridge.

58. The reader will recollect that poor Tom complains that his foul fiend has "made him proud of heart, to ride on a high-trotting horse over four-inched bridges."—Shakespeare's poor Tom, as well as ours, discovered "reason in madness." [In *King Lear* Act III scene 4 (TN)]

59. "To hold to every man a faithful glass,
And show him of what species he's an ass."
Prologue to Vanburgh's *Provoked Wife.*

60. If Rowley did not imitate C. either C. imitated R. or R. and C. are the same; for, in the Epistle on *Ælla* to Canynge, is this line—

> "The English him to please, must first be Latinized."

61. As this poem is the undoubted production of Chatterton, written upon a set subject, and probably within the space of four-and-twenty hours, may the Editor be pardoned for hazarding upon it a few observations? The subject, worthy as it may yet be of inquiry, is as trite as possible; but it was given to him. Now, what ought to have been expected from such a boy? The sailor wishes to be a soldier, the soldier wishes to be a merchant, the merchant wishes to be a lawyer, &c. &c. Each of these instances in three or four couplets, and then three or four more by way of moral, to let us know that all these wishes are very wrong; even thus much has Horace twice shown in his first Ode and first Satire. On the contrary, how does our lad set about his work? The fifty opening lines contain an abstract proposition, that want of happiness is to be attributed to religious terror, and to consequent priestcraft; a false, no doubt, but surely not a boyish idea! And how has he explained it? In verses as concise, as proper,

as pointed, and as animated, as have ever graced an English pen. To quote every striking passage, would be to repeat the whole: but though the address to Revelation may have more admirers than approvers, surely the two next lines,

> Reason's dark-lantern, Superstition's sun,
> Whose cause mysterious and effect are one—

have a strength and propriety of imagery almost unequalled.

> Fair as Ambition's dream, or Bounty's face,

I quote only for the beauty of the line.

> Conscience, the soul-chameleon's varying hue,
> Reflects all notions, to no notion true,

and the following exemplification, are equal to Dryden's happiest manner, and, found as an anonymous quotation by a judicious reader, would be thought a part of the *Absalom and Achitophel*. Indeed, this whole exordium, without containing a line or thought of imitation, is the very poetry of Dryden revived; the same strength of expression, the same harmony and majesty of versification, and, which is very unusual with Chatterton, the same inaccuracies; several of which might be pointed out: and this is an additional argument that the poem was written in one day; for all Rowley's works are as free from expletives, weak words, and bad rhymes, as were those of Boileau.

We are now to consider, that the task was set by a pewterer; Chatterton of course was to draw his instances from the common acquaintance of that pewterer. With the pewterer he begins; and the reader will be at no loss to observe how much he has made of so contemptible a subject, yet Chatterton was aware of the filth in which he grovelled, and his style insensibly dropped from the majestic carelessness of Dryden to the concinnous [elegant or harmonious (TN)] accuracy of Pope. The last lines, "On matrimonial pewter" &c. are as truly Pope's, as "The bloody son of Jesse" can be Dryden's.

The next instance, of a rhymer's vanity, which has been the common laughing-stock of every satirist, has yet a turn at the conclusion as perfectly new as it is unequalled for elegance and sprightliness:

> To me he flies, his best-beloved friend,
> Reads me asleep, then wakes me to commend.

This idea, like the egg of Columbus, lay in the way of Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Boileau, Dryden, Pope, and Churchill: yet none as yet had stumbled over it. The other instances are good, but not so striking; and it would be tedious to go through each; the character of Vero must alone be mentioned; a man hurried by such a whirlwind of patrons, that he is serene only in an outward storm; at all other times preys upon and consumes himself. These are the features of Achitophel; and Dryden's lines are known to everybody. Let the two characters be compared, or let them be put together, and compose one; and then see whether Dryden's be weakened by the addition. The conclusion is artfully wound up, and the doctrine drawn from the whole is precisely that of Lucretius; whom, by the bye, Chatterton seems wonderfully to have resembled, not less in poetry than in that turn of mind which led them both to the same shocking and culpable catastrophe.

It remains only to add, that the Editor, who, without vanity, may avow some reading, cannot call to mind a single passage in this poem upon so hackneyed a subject, of

which either the thought or expression appears to be borrowed. Beside the stuff contained in the first Satire, of which an abstract has been given, Horace has treated the subject in a worthier manner in his Epistle to Numicius, which Pope has translated, and Boileau (Epist. 5) imitated; but theirs is the happiness of an old man, the repose of the mind, and abstinence from desire; Chatterton, though his instances be ludicrous, aims to describe the happiness of activity. For propriety and boldness of argument, perspicuity and animation of style, I should not scruple to compare this poem to either of the three; it falls below them only in the *limæ labor*,[work of revising (a literary work) (TN)] and as the production of such a boy, as the production of one day, is not so much an event whereon to reason, as a miracle.

62. *Stephen Duck*: Stephen Duck (1705–1756) was an agricultural labourer and self-taught poet who gained fame and social advancement (and ridicule from Swift and Pope) by his poetry. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Stephen_Duck.(TN)

63. *Hai Ebn Yokdhan*: an Arabic philosophical and allegorical tale written in the early 12th century. The title character grew up on an island with no human company but learnt all about the natural world by observation. (TN)

64. All that has hitherto (to the date of this letter by Mr. H. to Miss R.) appeared in print on the subject of Rowley, or of Chatterton, is contained in the *Monthly Reviews* for April, May, and June, 1777 (the Critical gives extracts , but no opinion); in the *Gentleman's Magazine*s for May, June, July, August, and September, 1777; and August and September, 1778; in the 2d Vol. of Warton, Section viii. and the additions to pages 148, 153, 156, and 164, at the end of the volume; in Mr. Walpole's letter; and, of course, in Rowley's poems, and Chatterton's *Miscellanies*.

65. An anecdote, less authentic and less striking than this, in the course of a long life, shall confer immortality, and afford subject for eternal panegyrics. Recollect the age and the situation of Chatterton at this time.

66. The Editor takes the liberty of adding to this note of Mr. H. by observing, that, when Mr. Walpole wrote Chatterton word he wanted faith about the ancient poems he had received, Chatterton maintained their genuineness, and demanded to have them returned, as they were the property of another gentleman; when Mr. W. went to France without returning them, the same spirit which led him to write thus to his mother, led him to demand his poems in a haughtier style of Mr. W. on his return to England, and to write him word, that "he would not have *dared* to use him so ill, if he had not acquainted him with the narrowness of his circumstances." This Mr. W. calls "*singularly impertinent*."

Let me ask what treatment Mr. W. would expect from an equal to whom he should tacitly refuse to return something which had been lent? Let me ask again, what else could be expected from the soreness which always accompanies (especially when in want) "that consciousness of superior abilities," to which even Mr. W. cannot refute.

67. *Catcott*: The pewterer's brother, a clergyman in Bristol.

68. Excuse my impertinence in pointing out to you this unaffected trait of courage.

69. Yet are we continually pestered with the obligations of the literary world to Mr. Barrett. Every publication which speaks of Chatterton, even Mr. Warton's quarto History, is made a hand-bill to advertise the public, that Mr. Barrett "is engaged in writing the *Antiquities of Bristol*."—Nay, in the preface to Rowley's Poems, printed by Payne, though the very passage to which this note refers be inserted, p. ix. but

without the names; we are told afterwards, p. xi., that this *low rater of literary lumber* "intends to publish, in his History of Bristol, which the editor has the satisfaction to inform the public is very far advanced, *a Discourse on Bristow*, with such remarks as he *of all men living is best qualified to make.*" We are told before (p. vi.) that to "the *very laudable zeal* of Mr. Catcott" (another of these low raters of literary lumber) "the public is indebted for the most confiderable part of the following collection."—Precious dictators of public gratitude!

70. Will any one still talk of the *very laudable zeal* of any Bristol gentleman?

71. Is this a letter of Chatterton or Rowley?

72. *If you had not ploughed with my heifer, &c.*: Judges, 4:18 (TN)

73. *Royal bob (or bob-royal)*: Gin. (TN)

74. It has been the frequent complaint of poets, that their eyes, "in a fine frenzy rolling, glancing from heaven to at earth, from earth to heaven," must be sometimes fixed on worldly matters; must now and then submit to settle an account, or to cast up a washerwoman's bill. What shall we say of this *unprincipled, profligate* boy, who could pass so regularly from the beauties of the head, to the beauties of the heart; from the muse of fire, to the domestic deity; from the chorus to *Godwin* or *Ælla*, to a tea-pot for his mother and a tobacco-pipe for his grand-mother? Psalmanazar, with all his methodism, does not even pretend to have ever inquired after his parents; though he might, without danger of discovery, have relieved their necessities. Chatterton's affection more than kept pace with his villainy (that's the charitable word, I think): nor does he ever mention a new prospect, without accompanying it with a new promise of what his mother and sister might expect from it. Who can read these letters without reflecting, that this profligate and unprincipled villain might have resisted a little longer, might, perhaps, have conquered want and hunger, had he sent fewer unnecessary presents to his mother, sister, and grandmother!

75. *Compter*: A commercial office. (TN)

76. The public may be *assured* of the authenticity of these letters, and of *everything* which is related of this boy. All the originals of his letters here printed, except the original of this *last*, are in the possession of his mother, or sister, who, I believe, are still living in Bristol, and keep little day-schools. The original of this (they received no more, he died on the 24th of the next month), his mother suffered to be retained as a curiosity.—The Editor.

77. This alludes, I conclude, to *Critical Observations* by W. Duff, A. M. 8vo. 5s. Becket—published in June, 1770. Mr. D. admits but three original geniuses in poetry, Homer, Ossian, and Shakespeare.—Would not Chatterton, complete the triumvirate better than Ossian?

78. *Plus qu'un hermite, &c.*: "His food was scantier than a hermit's". See note 35 above. (TN)

79. *And yet poor Edwin was no vulgar boy, &c.*: From *The Minstrel* (1770), by James Beatty. (TN)

80. *Percy's Reliques*: A collection of old English ballads and other poems in the same idiom, collected by Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore. See https://www.exclassics.com/percy/percintr.htm (TN)

81. In the Preface to *Rowley's Poems*, p. x. we are told, "He was reduced to real indigence, from which he was relieved by death; in what manner, is not certainly known." Now the manner is certainly known; the cause (*real* indigence) is not. Can any one be sure he was not determined to seal his secret with his death?

82. See Johnson's *Life of Savage*.

83. "In 1734," says Hume, in his *Life*, "I went to Bristol, with some recommendations to eminent merchants; but, in a few months, I found that scene totally unsuitable to me." In his *History*, speaking of Naylor the mad Quaker, who fancied himself transformed into Christ, we are told, "he entered Bristol mounted on a horse—I suppose," adds Hume, "from the difficulty in that place of finding an ass." 4to. edition, 1770. vol. 7. p. 360.

84. The following is a list of the late Mrs. Peloquin's public donations, who died at Bristol.

To the Chamber of the city of Bristol, for the benefit of the poor not receiving alms	£19500
To the Bristol Infirmary	£5000
To the Bath Hospital	£500
To St. Stephen's Church	£400
For the Propagation of the Gospel	£500
Fer promoting Christian Knowledge	£500
Total	£26400

85. See his second letter to his mother.

86. John the Painter. See note 50 above.

87. See the conclusion of the *Song of Ælla.*

88. There is a very remarkable passsge in this ridicule. "Should any critic assert it is impossible such an imagination (that by the charms of *Robin Hood's Ramble* he was carried back to the age of his favourite hero, Richard the Third) could enter the cerebellum of the Baron, who confines all his ideas within the narrow limits of propriety (for the songs of Robin Hood were not in being until the reign of Elizabeth)—his assertion shall stand uncontradicted by me, *as I know*," says Chatterton in the character of Harry Wildfire, "*by woeful experience, that, when an author resolves to think himself in the right, it is more than human argument can do to convince him he is in the wrong*."

89. *Dædal*: Highly skilled or cunningly executed. (TN)

90. This "monologue" came from the elegant pen of Mrs. Cowley since the former edition of this little volume. The Editor is obliged to that Lady's civility for permission to insert it here.

91. *The Douglas cause*: A notorious and controversial dispute in the 1760's hinging on whether the heir to a fortune was genuinely who he was supposed to be. See https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Douglas_Cause for the details of this complex case. (TN)

92. *The Concubine: The Concubine: a Poem in Two Cantos in the Manner of Spenser* was published anonymously in 1767 but soon known to be the work of William Julius Mickle. (TN)

93. *Hardyknute*: A poem by Elizabeth Wardlaw, published as a genuine old ballad in 1719. She claimed to have discovered it in an old vault. See https://www.exclassics.com/percy/perc70.htm. (TN)

94. *Hag Kiou Choaau*: Despite what is said here, this was a genuine Chinese literary work, (modern transliteration *Haoqiu zhuan*). The edition he refers to was translated by James Wilkinson and published in 1761 by Thomas Percy, editor of the *Reliques*. (TN)

95. *Parnell's Fairy Tale*: Written in imitation of Chaucer by Thomas Parnell and published by Alexander Pope in 1722. See https://tinyurl.com/y9qmygqs. (TN)

96. These lines are from *Goddwyn; A Tragedie* by Chatterton writing as "Thomas Rowley". See https://www.exclassics.com/rowley/rowl32.htm. (TN)

97. *Fontenelle*: Bernard Le Bovier de Fontenelle (1657-1757), French writer, whose *Dialogues of the Dead* were published in an English translation in 1708. Hackman refers to the dialogue between False Dmitri and Descartes (Book 3, no. 10). See https://tinyurl.com/yc6g7vl3. (TN)

98. *L'homme vit par son ame, &c.*: "Man lives by his soul, and the soul is thought. That is what must measure time for you. Cultivate wisdom; learn the supreme art of living with yourself; you will be able to count all your instants without fear." Thomas, Antoine Leonard (1732-1785), *Ode sur le Temps* ("*On Time*") (TN)

99. *Farewell, &c.*: Othello, Act III. Scene 3. (TN)

100. A *few* remarkable coincidences, to which a few, and but a few, might still be added, are pointed out in a Letter prefixed to Chatterton's *Miscellanies*, which originally appeared in the *St. James's Chronicle*.

101. *Churchill . . Lloyd, &c.*: Charles Churchill (note 14 above) in *Night: An epistle to Robert Lloyd*. See https://tinyurl.com/yaho3gk6 (TN).

102. *Johnson . . . Savage, &c.:* In his *Lives of the English Poets*. See http://jacklynch.net/Texts/savage.html (TN).

103. *When he should have engrossed*: When he should have been copying documents. (TN)

104. *Willow, willow:* See https://www.exclassics.com/percy/perc28.htm (TN)

105. *Lucy and Colin*: By Thomas Tickell (1685-1740). See https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/Colin_and_Lucy.(TN)

106. *Alexander's Feast*: By John Dryden. (TN)

107. *Edwin and Angelina*: By Oliver Goldsmith. (TN)

108. *The brother of him who is said to have written the "Essay on the Genius of Pope*": The *Essay* was written by Joseph Warton; his brother Thomas wrote an attack on Chatterton entitled *An Enquiry into the Authenticity of the Poems attributed to Rowley.* (TN)

109. *M. Angelo's buried statue of Cupid*: In 1496, when he was a young man, Michelangelo sculpted a sleeping cupid, which he buried and then dug up, and then passed it off as an ancient statue. (TN)

110. *Miss More*: Hannah More (1745–1833) was an English religious writer and philanthropist, remembered as a poet and playwright in the circle of Johnson, Reynolds and Garrick, as a writer on moral and religious subjects, and as a practical philanthropist. For her *jeu d'esprit, Ode To Dragon, Mr. Garrick's House-Dog, At Hampton* see https://tinyurl.com/y9ag5rdg (TN)

111. *Shaftesbury*: Anthony Cooper, Lord Shaftesbury (1671-1713), author and philosopher, at the end of his life collected all of his works into a volume entitled *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times. See* https://tinyurl.com/pnxo8nn The quotation occurs at the end of Part 1, Section 1. (TN)

112. *Bards may be Lords, &c.*: From *Independence* by Charles Churchill. (TN)

113. *Mohammed*, it is true, with hardly the usual education of his illiterate tribe, unable (as was imagined, and he pretended) even to read or write, *forged* the Koran; which is to this day the most elegant composition in the Arabic language, and its standard of excellence. Upon the argument of improbability, that a man so illiterate should compose a book so admired, Mohammed artfully rested the principal evidence of his Koran's divinity. (Sale's *Koran*, P. Discourse, p. 42, 60.) He, who, merely from improbability, denies Chatterton to be the author of Rowley's poems, must go near to admit God to be the author of the Koran. But, before we compare together Chatterton and Mohammed, it should be remembered that Mohammed was *forty* when he commenced prophet. Perhaps the most extraordinary circumstance about Mohammed is, that even familiarity could not sink him into contempt; that he contrived, to be a hero and a prophet, even to his wives and his *valets de chambre*. Even his fits of the epilepsy he converted into proofs of his divine mission. It is probable that, if *Mohammed* had been less salacious, and not subject to the falling sickness, out of thirty equal divisions of the known world; whereof Christianity claims five, and Paganism nineteen, the inhabitants of six would not now believe in the *Koran*.

114. *Bartholomew las Casas*: Against this glory of America, Europe may boast her Howard; and England, her Raikes. 1786. The Editor. [*Las Casas*: a Spanish priest who opposed slavery and tried to curb the ill-treatment of the native Americans in the Spanish colonies. *Raikes*: Robert Raikes the Younger, philanthropist and founder of the frist Sunday Schools, where poor children were taught their letters. *Howard*: John Howard (1726-1790) worked tirelessly for reform of prisons.]

115. "The helmet of Darydh dropped blood." The *Hirlas*, by Chatterton, *Town and Country Magazine*, November, p. 575—To suppose Chatterton to have intentionally imitated, or stolen from Rowley, is nonsense; because then he would have stolen all Rowley's poems, and passed them off for his own. Stronger resemblances than this might be pointed out between Chatterton's writings and (what will not much longer, I trust, be called) Rowley's. One I have mentioned before.

116. In the last number of the *Literary Fly*, promises were made to the public about Chatterton. Of those the great part is here fulfilled. What remains shall be remembered; for Dean Milles' *Quarto* little answers the purpose.

> So have I seen a dolthead place a stone,
> In thought to stay a driving river's course:
> But better had it been to let alone;

It only drives it on with mickle force.
Chatterton's *Battle of Hastings*, 1:335.

The Editor.

117. *Aimons toujour, mon adorable petite amour* : "Let us always love, my dear little love." (TN)

118. *Je vous adore plus que la vie mesme.*: "I love you more than life itself" (TN)

119. *How oft had Henry, &c.*: From *HENRY and EMMA, A POEM, Upon the Model of The Nut-brown Maid. To CLOE* by Matthew Prior (1664–1721), English poet and diplomat. Croft has changed the name of the heroine from Emma to Harriet. See https://www.eighteenthcenturypoetry.org/works/pmp18-w0720.shtml (TN)

120. *The Bills of Mortality*: London and its suburbs. (The Bills were actually statistics of births and deaths in in the area.) (TN)

121. See Letter XVII. The Editor cannot but observe, that if Mr. H. had not, in this subsequent letter, by the merest accident in the world, explained those lines, they would have thrown an unjust suspicion of supposititiousness on this whole volume, and few people would have believed those letters to have been genuine, from one of which it was so clear that H. was so very ignorant of Miss R.'s age.

122. At the date of this letter, Miss Ray was 32 and Hackman 26. (TN)

123. *Ninon and her son*: Ninon de L'Enclos (1620–1705) was a famous courtesan in 17th century France. An apocryphal tale says that she bore a son whose father took him away and made her promise never to tell him she was his mother. After he had grown to a man, he met her again and fell passionately in love with her, despite the difference in age. In order to stop him, she broke her promise and revealed she was his mother. He committed suicide when he realised he could never possess her. (TN)

124. *When your beauty appears*: By Thomas Parnell (1679–1718.) See https://www.bartleby.com/360/2/214.html. (TN)

125. *Lilting*] Singing cheerfully, with a brisk lively air, in a style peculiar to the Scots; whose music, being composed for the bagpipe, jumps over the discordant notes of the 2d and 7th, in order to prevent the jarring which it wousd otherwise produce with the drone or bass, which constantly sounds an octave to the key-note. Hence this kind of composition is commonly called a Scotch *lilt*.
A'] All.
Ilka] Each.
Loning] Lane; a word still in use in the northern parts. The word *green* is peculiarly empbatical; grown over with grass, by not being frequented.
Bughts] Circular folds, where the ewes are milked.
Scorning] Bantering, jeering.
Dowie] Dowly, solitary.
Wae] Full of woe or sorrow.
Daffing] Waggish sporting.
Gabbing] Jestingly prating, talking gibble-gabble.
Leglin] Can, or milking-pail.
Swankies] Swains.
Bansters] Bandsters, binders-up of the sheaves.
Lyard] Hoary: being all old men.
A preaching] A preaching in Scotland is not unlike a country fair

Fleetching] Fawning, flattering.
Glooming] Glimmering, twilight.—Do you remember Chatterton's note on glommed, in my long letter about him?
Dool] Dolour, sorrow.
Wae fa'] Woe befall, evil betide.
Ligs] Lies.

126. *Pascal*: Blaise Pascal(1623-1662) French mathematician, physicist, inventor, writer and Catholic theologian. *Spinello*: Spinello Aretino (c. 1350-c. 1410) Italian painter; the painting referred to is at https://www.britishmuseum.org/collection/object/P_1865-1209-26. *Barlæus*: Caspar Barlaeus (1584–1648) Dutch polymath and Renaissance humanist, a theologian, poet, and historian. *Jurieu*: Pierre Jurieu (1637–1713) French Protestant leader. (TN)

127. *Maréchaussée*: A kind of police force in pre-revolutionary France. (TN)

128. *Lustre*: A period of five years. (TN)

129. *Pour moi, &c*: "As for me, I am come to that dark entrance, which neither wise man nor fool can escape, to go I know not where." (TN)

130. *There's the respect, &c*: *Hamlet*, Act III Scene 1. (TN)

131. *Galli*: Caterina Galli (1783-1804) an Italian opera singer, very well known and popular in England, and a close friend of Martha Ray. (TN)

132. *d'Arnaud*: François-Thomas-Marie de Baculard d'Arnaud (1718–1805) French writer and dramatist. The story is in his *Épreuves du Sentiment* (Ordeals of Emotion) and was the basis of Bellini's opera *Adelson e Salvini*. (TN)

133. When first I read this letter I had never heard of D'Arnaud. I now inquired for such a writer. Still I could not credit Mr H. Who could believe that poor H.'s story should be related so many years before it happened, under the name of Salvini? But so it is. (*Epreuves du Sentiment*, par M. D'Arnaud. Maestricht, 1774. Tome 3. 101) The circumstance is so remarkable that a note an hour long might be written upon it. If H.'s story be more complete than Salvini's, it does but show that Nature is a better writer than D'Arnaud. He yields, yet yields only to her pen; and even Nature appears almost to have borrowed from D'Arnaud—"What a compliment!" the Reader says—"What a writer, to deserve such a compliment!" adds the Editor.

Before poor H. concludes this letter, there is an allusion to the most singular scene which Rousseau has so wonderfully painted. *La Nouvelle Héloise*, Lettre 17.

134. *F.*: Frederick Booth, Hackman's brother-in-law .(TN)

135. *Se'nnight*: A week (seven nights) (TN)

136. *The Letter*: No. LVII. It was never sent, but was on him when he was arrested, and read out at the trial. (TN)

137. Behold the marrow of Werther's inconsistent and very dangerous story.

On the 4th of May, 1771, we find him separated from his family and his bosom friend, and retired to solitude on account of a lady's death (*l'amie de sa jeunese* ["The girlfriend of his youth"], whose attachment he seems to have returned; but, with regard to whom he seems to confess he was NOT *entierement innocent* ["entirely innocent"].

Before the 16th of June he contrives to fall most violently in love with Charlotte, notwithstanding he knows, both from her friend and herself, that she is very shortly to marry Albert. In spite of his bosom friend's advice, either to endeavour to marry Charlotte himself, or to let her marry Albert without making himself miserable, he very quietly waits the arrival of Albert, whom he finds *le meilleur homme du monde* ["a better man of the world"], without any discovery of his passion, but in mad, gloomy letters to his friend. In the beginning of September, he is persuaded by his friend to tear himself from Charlotte's society, to leave her quietly to marry Albert, and to accept of an appointment to an embassy; but not before a farewell between the three, in which it appears that Charlotte's mother, on her death-bed, consigned her to Albert. Before Werther has spent much time in his new appointment, he talks of a pretty strong *penchant* for the *tres-aimable* ["very pleasant"] Miss B.

On the 20th of January, 1772, he writes to Charlotte, and mentions Miss B. but *his attachment to her is only upon account of her resemblance to Charlotte*. *Adieu*! concludes this unaccountable madman—*Albert est-il près de vous, et en quelle qualité!—Insense!*["Is Albert next to you, and what is his relation to you?—madness!"] (true enough) *Devrois-tu faire cette question?* ["must you ask that question?"] Or should you not long before have said more?

On the l0th of February he writes formally to congratulate Charlotte and Albert on their marriage. In April his German pride is disgusted at a piece of etiquette revealed to him by his dear Miss B. with tears and a *vous qui connoissez mon cœur*["you who know my heart"]. After trying and quitting another desirable establishment, he finds himself, in July, contrary to his friend's entreaties, at the abode of Charlotte and Albert. After effectually destroying their domestic happiness in this world, he forfeits all his own hopes of happiness in another, by determining on suicide; and, leaving behind him a cruelly-affectionate letter to Charlotte, he borrows her husband's pistols, and when the clock strikes twelve, on the 22nd of December, shoots himself through the head.

Werther was clearly a bad man. Had he not died by his own hand, he did not deserve to live. What sort of a man is the writer who either relates or feigns his dangerous story? The best that can be said for the work is said by the French translator (*Werther*, traduit de *l'Allemande*, ["translated from German"] Maastricht. 1776. Second Part, p. 229)

"Jeune homme sensible! quand tu éprouveras la premiere atteinte de la plus violonte des passions pour un objet qui ne peut etre à toi, tu diras: 'tel étoit l'état de Werther, le premier jour qu'il vit Charlotte. Ah! si je revois cet objet qui porta le trouble dans mes sens, je l'adorerai tous les jours davantage; bientôt je souffrirai les tourments que Werther épouva, bientôt la langueur ou le désespoir termineront ma malheureuse carriere! Ou plus infortuné encore, peut-être la vertu s'éloignera de mon cœur; je chercherai séduire cette femme; et si mes efforts sont vains, je massacrerai son époux—elle même.' *Fuyons! évitons le crime, ou l'infortune: allons chercher dans d'autres climats l'oubli d'un objet trop dangereux, & la jouissance de plaisirs moins funestes."*

["O sensitive young man! When you first experience the most violent of passions for someone you cannot have, you will say: 'This was the way Werther felt, when he first saw Charlotte. Ah! If I can see again that person who troubles my feelings so, I will worship her more every day; soon I shall suffer the torments which Werther felt, soon weariness or despair will end my miserable career! Or even worse, perhaps I shall lose

my sense of morality, I will try to seduce this woman, and if my efforts fail, I shall murder her husband *and herself*.' Let us flee from this! Let us avoid the crime, or the misfortune; let us go to some other place far away, forget such a dangerous person, and seek for less fatal pleasures."]

Yet, *Elle même*["herself"] had no effect on H.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1784, p. 877, an account may be seen of a young lady, who perished by her own hands; and under her pillow was found Werther's dangerous story.

The Editor thinks it his duty to observe, that the Irish editions of his work omit such parts of this note as reflect on Werther, and only say where Werther may be bought. The bookseller thought it of more consequence that he should gain a few shillings, than that any number of his fellow-creatures should be saved from suicide. But have Irish booksellers no wives, no sons or daughters, of their own?

138. *The author of the Life of Savage*: Samuel Johnson. See http://jacklynch.net/Texts/savage.html (TN).

139. *In your letters &c.*: Othello's speech from Act V Scene 2.

> I pray you, in your letters,
> When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
> Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
> Of one that loved, not wisely, but too well:
> Of one, not easily jealous; but, being wrought,
> Impatient in th'extreme: of one, whose hand,
> Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
> Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose eyes,
> Albeit unused to the melting mood,
> Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
> Their medicinal gum. (TN)

140. *NEMO MISER COMPARATUS*: "No-one [is] miserable by comparison [to another]" (TN)

141. *Si on juge, &c.*: "If you judge Love by most of its effects, it resembles hate more than friendship." (TN)

142. *Stirn*: Murdered his landlord and tried but failed to shoot himself. See https://www.exclassics.com/newgate/ng285.htm (TN)

143. *Ceppi*: See Letter XLVIII. (TN)

144. This did not appear in Letter LXIII.

145. *I nunc, &c.*: "Now go and meditate on some tuneful verse"—Horace, *Epistles* II 2. l. 76. (TN)

146. *Francis Bacon*: Francis Bacon (1561-1626) lawyer and scholar, rose to be Lord Chancellor of England. In 1621 he was bankrupted and convicted of corruption. Subsequently he devoted himself to writing and scientific investigation. In this context his essay *On Studies* is relevant:

> Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. . . . Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtile; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend. (TN)

147. Preface to Johnson's Dictionary.

148. *Vinum daemonum*: "The Devil's wine" (TN)