

of time the six keys were lost, and about the year 1727 the chests were opened in the presence of an attorney, and all those deeds and other documents relating to the church removed, the balance of the papers were left behind. It was from among these papers that the boy Chatterton professed to have found the Rowley poems. I tarried long over these rude and worm-eaten old boxes, and tried to picture the "marvellous boy" strolling away from his mother and sister in Ryle Street, and with noiseless steps entering this dusty room up in the tower, not so much for the purpose of rummaging among the musty papers then to be found there, as to sit in the sombre silence to read and muse. Strange fancy this, for a child not more than eight or ten, to seek the companionship of those silent sleepers, and to linger for hours around the voiceless tombs. Strange that on leaving them, he should start away up the winding stone stair, with cautious tread, to this lofty chamber, whose dim light struggled through the dusty panes, to draw inspiration from the wasting records of past ages. On which of these boxes did the youthful genius rest? or did he make the stone floor his couch, and then dream of hooded monk and gallant knight? A monument has been erected to his memory, but it stands in an obscure place in the north-east angle of the church-yard. The statue, which represents him in the Colston's Charity School dress, is placed on a column of the style of the buttresses of the porch. There is no inscription on it. The Bristol people have been slow in recognizing the genius of the boy whose name sheds so much lustre on the city of his birth. Slow to do justice to the poor lad from whom they withheld bread, and now when they give to his memory a stone, they mar the gift by placing it in a measure out of sight, and without a word to tell the passing stranger that his monument was placed here as a memorial of—

"The marvellous boy,  
The sleepless soul that perished in his pride."

I attended an evening service at Wesley Chapel, built on the spot where Wesley preached his first sermon in the open air. The stone on which he stood has been used as the foundation-stone of the building. I also went with my friends to a Quaker meeting at the Friends, Friars' Meeting House, and had the pleasure of listening to John Storr Fry, a wealthy Quaker, and one of