

The following stanzas from "Ælla," the one an imagery of Morning, the other of Spring, illustrate a lavish power of description:

"Bright sun had in his ruddy robes been dight,
From the red East he flitted with his train;
The Houris drew away the gate of Night;
Her sable tapestry was rent in twain;
The dancing streaks bedecked Heaven's plain,
And on the dew did smile with skimmering eye
Like gouts of blood which do black armour stain.
Shining upon the bourn which standeth by;
The souldier stood upon the hillis side.
Like young enleaved trees which in a forest bide.

The budding floweret blushes at the light,
The meads besprinkled with the yellow hue,
In daisied mantles is the mountain dight,
The fresh young cowslip bondeth with the dew;
The trees enleaved, into heaven straight,
When gentle winds do blow, to whistling din is brought.

The evening comes, and brings the dews along,
The ruddy welkin shineth to the cyne,
Around the ale-stake minstrels sing the song,
Young ivy round the door post doth entwine;
I lay me on the grass, yet to my will
Albeit all is fair, there lacketh something still."

Redeliff churchyard now contains his mortal remains, it is believed, there being a tradition that they have been transferred to that place at the desire of his uncle, Charles Phillips. A monument to his name is there erected, with an inscription whose words were written by the poet's own tireless hand, being contained in that strange last Will and Testament which he wrote on the 14th of April, 1770. If his sweet and harmonious lyre had not been so early silenced by the malign influences of fate, his body might have found a resting place in the Poet's Corner, Westminster Abbey.

The most fitting ending to this story of a great but misguided genius is the inscription on his monument, which reads:

"To the memory of Thomas Chatterton. Reader! Judge not. If thou art a Christian, believe that he shall be judged by a superior Power. To that Power alone is he now answerable."

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