

was built in later times, a great civic mansion, in which Queen Elizabeth once held court in 1581. Afterwards, Edward Colton, one of Bristol's merchant princes, acquired this mansion and converted it in 1708, into an hospital school, "the Bluecoat school of Bristol." His new environment acted to some extent upon the mind of Chatterton similarly with the associations which clustered around St. Mary Redcliff in drawing his thoughts to the glories of an age which he so ardently admired, for its learning, its chivalry and romance, in contrast to the sordid age in which he lived, as viewed by him in the commercially devoted world of Bristol.

To Thomas Phillips, one of the teachers of Colton School, is attributed some practical development of Chatterton's poetic genius. Mr. Phillips was, himself, a votary of the muse, and under his direction, Chatterton and two or three others of his pupils were induced to engage in a friendly rivalry in the art of verse making, some of which found its way into the columns of Felix Farley's *Bristol Journal*. That Chatterton, himself, regarded Mr. Phillips as a true friend and greatly esteemed him can be inferred from the feeling elegy which he composed after hearing of his death, and which begins:

"No more I hail the morning's golden gleam,  
No more the wonders of the view I sing;  
Friendship requires a melancholy theme.  
At her command the awful lyre I string."

And towards its close he sings:

"Now rest, my Muse, but only rest to weep  
A friend made dear by every sacred tie."

The untoward circumstances surrounding his early childhood, not the least the lack of needed parental training, were adverse formative influences which must always be taken into account in reading the story of his life. Thomas Phillips' friendship was really beneficial to him. If all the others among whom his lot was cast, or with whom he had any relations after leaving Colton Hospital, had been as noble and true as Phillips, it is not hard to believe that his light would not have gone out as it did, in the darkness of hopeless misery.

His powers as a satirist were rather indiscriminately used against his acquaintances in Bristol, having greatly exasperated several, among them Rev. Mr. Catcott, who really deserved bet-