LITERATURE.

'TIS NIGHT AT SEA.*

BY MRS. E. H. DUNLOP.

A Lover's tear is insincere—
A Lover's oaths may be forgot—
I spurn the train as cold and vain,
Yet sigh, and say *Forget me not.*

'Tis night at sea, and now to THEE,
To all most dear I speed in thought;
And e'en the storm hath shaped its form,
To whisperings of *Forget me not.*

The pale north star hath faded far,
And stranger planets gild my cot;
But, Mary, dear, a hemisphere
May change, yet I *forget thee not.*

Soon wandering o'er a stranger shore—
What bliss, what woe, may be my lot!
But worlds must burn, and systems turn,
Ere dies the hope *Forget me not.*

* The original of a poem published in the work of a much loved relative—"The Dark Lady of Doona."

The Poetical Works of Charles Churchill. With copious Notes, and a Life of the Author. By W. TOOKE, F.R.S. 3 vols. 12 mo. London: 1844.

(From the Edinburgh Review, for Jan. 1845.*)*

MR. WILLIAM TOOKE sets us a bad example in his "copious notes," which we do not propose to follow. Our business is with Churchill; and not with the London University, or the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, or the Reform Bill, or the Whigs, or the Popish Ascendency, or the bribed voters of Metropolitan Boroughs, or the profligate members who represent them in Parliament. There are many reasons why Mr. Tooke should not have named these things; but we shall content ourselves with mentioning one. If the editorial pains bestowed upon them had been given to his author, we should probably not have had the task, which, before we speak of Churchill, we shall discharge as briefly as we may, of pointing out his editorial deficiencies.

It would be difficult to imagine a worse biographer than Mr. Tooke. As Dr. Johnson said of his friend Tom Birch, he is "a dead hand at a life." Nor is he a more lively hand at a note. In both cases he compiles with singular clumsiness, and his compilations are not always harmless. But though Mr. Tooke is a bad biographer and a bad annotator, he is a worse critic.

If it were true, as he says, that the character of Churchill as a poet, may be considered as fixed in the first rank of English classics, (Vol. i. p. xiii,) we should have to place him with Shakspeare and Milton, in the rank above Dryden and Pope. If the *Rosciad* were really, as Mr. Tooke thinks, remarkable for its 'strength of imagination,' (Vol. i. p. xxxiv,) we should have to depose it from its place beside the *Dunciads* and think of it with the *Paradise Losts*. And indeed we shall be well disposed to do this, when Mr. Tooke establishes the critical opinion he adopts from poor Dr. Anderson, that the *Cure of Saul*, a sacred ode by Dr. Brown, "ranks with the most distinguished lyric compositions," (Vol. iii. p. 302)

This Dr Brown, the author of the flat tragedy of *Barbarossa*, and a vain, silly, impracticable person, is described by Mr. Tooke to have been "a far wiser and better man than Jeremy Bentham," (Vol. iii. p. 109;) whose "always mischievous, but happily not always intelligible gibberish," is in a previous passage ranked with "the coarse blasphemy of Richard Carlyle," (Vol. iii. p. 107.) It is in the same discriminating taste we are told after this, that Dr. Francklin's *Translation of Sophocles* is "a bold and happy transfusion into the English language of the terrible simplicity of the Greek tragedian," (Vol. iii. p. 298)—poor Dr. Francklin being as much like the terrible simplicity of the Greeks, as Mr. Tooke resembles Aristides, or an English schoolmaster is like the Phidian Jove.

The reader will not suppose that Mr. Tooke, a respectable solicitor of long standing, has not had ample time to set himself right on these points, when we mention the fact of his first appearance as Churchill's editor no fewer than forty years ago. Forty years ago, when he was in the flush of youth, and George the Third was King, he aspired to connect himself with the great satirist. What turned his thoughts that way, from the "quiddets and quillets, and cases and tenures and tricks," that surrounded him in his daily studies, he has not informed us. But, among his actions of scandal and battery, the echo of Churchill's rough and manly voice was in that day lingering still; and an aspiring young attorney could hardly more agreeably indulge a taste for letters, than among the mangled and still bleeding reputations of the *Duellist*, the *Candidate* and the *Ghost*. But we have reason to complain that he did not improve this taste with some little literary knowledge.

Whether he praises or blames, he has the rare felicity of never making a criticism that is not a mistake. Nothing of this kind, committed forty years back, has he cared to correct; and every new note added, has added something to the stock. He cannot even praise in the right place, when he has such a man as Dr. Garth to praise. Garth was an equisite creature—a real wit, a gentleman, a friend, a physician, a philosopher; and yet his *Satire* was not "admirable," nor his *Claremont* "above mediocrity," nor his *Translations from Ovid* "spirited and faithful," (Vol. iii. p. 16-17.) In a later page, Mr. Tooke has occasion to refer to the writer of a particular panegyric, whom he calls Conyngham, (Vol. ii. p. 317). This exemplifies another and abundant class of mistakes in his volumes. The writer was Codrington, and the lines were addressed to Garth on his *Dispensary*. Mr. Tooke has to speak of the two Doctors William King; and he attributes the well known three octavos of the King of St. Mary's Hall to the King of Christ Church, (Vol. iii. p. 173.) He has to speak of Bishop Parker, Marvell's antagonist, and he calls him Archbishop Parker, (Vol. ii. p. 171;) a singularly different person. He condemns Churchill for his public appearance in a theatre with a celebrated courtesan, whom his next sentence, if correct, would prove to have been a venerable lady of between eighty and ninety years old, (Vol. i. p. 47;) the verses quoted having been written sixty-three years before, to the Venus of a past generation. If an anecdote has a point, he misses it; and if a question has two sides, he takes the wrong one. He gravely charges the old traveller Mandeville, with wilful want of veracity, and with having "observed in a high northern latitude the singular phenomenon of the congelation of words as they issued from the mouth, and the strange medley of sounds that ensued upon a thaw," (Vol. ii. p. 76;) vulgar errors, we need not say. Sir John Mandeville wrote conscientiously, according to the lights of his times; and qualifies his marvellous relations as reports. The congelation of words was a pure invention of Addison's, palmed upon the old traveller.

In matters more closely connected with his subject, Mr. Tooke is not more sparing of errors and self-contradictions. He confounds Davies, the actor and bookseller—Johnson's friend, Garrick's biographer, and a reasonably correct as well as agreeable writer—with Davis, an actor not only much lower in the scale than Davies, but remembered only by the letter. Mr. Tooke has printed, (Vol. i, p. 36-7.) He tells us, with amazing particularity, that "Churchill's brother John survived him little more than one year, dying, after a week's illness only, on 18th November 1765," (Vol. i. p. lvi;) the truth being that John, who was a surgeon apothecary in Westminster, survived his brother many years; published, in the character of executor, the fifth collected edition of his works as late as 1774; and was recommending the use of bark to Wilkes, whose medical attendant he became, as late as 1778 In one place he says that he has endeavoured, without success, to ascertain the truth of a statement that Churchill had a curacy in Wales, and became bankrupt in cider speculations there; suppositions which, unable to substantiate, he rejects, (Vol. i. p. xxv.) In another place, he speaks, without a doubt, of Churchill's "flight from his curacy in Wales," (Vol. iii. p. 28;) and in a third, tells us decisively that Churchill's "own failure in trade as a cider-dealer," had "tinctured him with a strong and unfounded prejudice" against the merchants of London, (Vol ii. p. 318.) At one time he relates a story of Churchill's "having incurred a repulse at Oxford, on account of alleged deficiency in the classics," to acquaint us that it "is obviously incorrect," (Vol. i. p xx.) At another he informs us that "the poet's antipathy to colleges may be dated from his rejection by the University of Oxford, on account of his want of a competent skill in the learned languages," (Vol. ii. p. 227.) No opportunity of self-contradiction is too minute to be lost. Now he says that the price of the *Rosciad* was half-a-crown, (Vol. i. p. 814,) and now that it was but "the moderate price of one shilling," (Vol ii. p. 167;) now that Lord Temple resigned in 1761, (Vol. i. p. 171,) and now that the resignation was in 1762, (Vol. ii. p. 29;) now that the *Apology* was published in April 1761, (Vol. i. p. 115,) and six pages later, (Vol. i. p. 121,) that it was published in May of that year; now that Churchill's sermons were ten in number, (Vol. i. p. xxvi,) and now that they were twelve, (Vol. iii. p. 318.) These instances, sparingly selected from a lavish abundance, will probably suffice.

We shall be equally sparing of more general examples that remain. Mr. Tooke, as the character of this literary performance would imply, has no deficiency on the score of boldness. Thus, while he thinks that "the Rev. Doctor Croly, in his classical and beautiful play of *Cataline*, has at once shown what a good tragedy should be, and that he is fully equal to the task of producing one," (Vol. ii. p. 297,) he has an utter contempt for the Wordsworths and Coleridges. "What language," he indignantly exclaims, before giving a specimen of the latter poet *in a lucid interval*, "could the satirist have found sufficiently expressive of his disgust at the *simplicity* of a later school of poetry, the spawn of the lakes, consisting of a mawkish combination of the nonsense verses of the nursery, with the rodomontade of German mysticism and transcendentalism!" (Vol. i. p. 189.) This is a little strong for a writer like Mr. Tooke. Nor, making one exception in the case of Lord Byron, does he shrink from pouring the vials of his critical wrath upon every Lord who has presumed to aspire to poetry. Not the gentle genius of Lord Surrey, nor the daring passion of Lord Buckhurst; not the sharp wit of my Lords Rochester and Buckingham, nor the earnestness and elegance of Lord Thurlow—can shake the fierce poetical democracy of William Tooke. "The *claim* of the whole lot of other noble poets," he observes with great contempt, "from Lord Surrey downwards—the Buckinghams, the Roscommons, the Halifaxes, the Grenvilles the Lyttletons of the last age, and the still minor class of Thurlows, Herberts, and others of the present generation, *have* been tolerated as poets, only because *they* were peers," (Vol. iii. p. 262.)

A contempt of grammar, as of nobility, may be observed to relieve the sense and elegance of this passage. But this is a department of Mr. Tooke's merits too extensive to enter upon. When he talks of "a masterly *but* caustic satire," (Vol. i. p. xl.,) and of "plunging deeper and *more irrecoverably* into," &c, (Vol. i. p. xli,) we do not stop to ask what he can possibly mean. But his use of prepositions and conjunctions is really curious. His "*and* to which we would refer our readers accordingly, *and* to whose thanks we shall entitle ourselves for so doing, (Vol. iii. p. 157;) his "*and from which* but little information could be collected, he was at the same time confident that none others existed. *and which* the lapse of time has confirmed," (Vol. iii. p. 296;) are of perpetual recurrence in the shape *of and who*, or *but which*, and may be said to form the peculiarity of his style. On even Mr. Pickering's Aldine press, a genius of blundering has laid its evil touch. The errors in the printing of the book are execrable. Not a page is correctly pointed from first to last; numbers of lines in the text (as at vol. iii. pp. 216-17) are placed out of their order; and it is rare when a name is rightly given. But enough of a distasteful subject. We leave Mr. Tooke and pass to Churchill.

Exactly a hundred years after the birth of Dryden, Charles Churchill was born. More than a hundred years were between the two races of men. In 1631, Hampden was consoling Eliot in his prison, and discussing with Pym the outraged Petition of Right; in 1731, Walpole was flying at Townshend's throat, and suggesting to Gay the quarrels of Lockit and Peachum. Within the reach of Dryden's praise and blame, there came a Cromwell and a Shaftesbury; a Wilkes and a Sandwich exhausted Churchill's. There is more to affect a writer's genius in personal and local influences of this kind, than he would himself be willing to allow. If, even in the failures of the first and greatest of these satirists, there is a dash of largeness and power; there is never wholly absent from the most consummate achievements of his successor, a something we must call conventional. But the right justice has not been done to Churchill. Taken with the good and evil of his age, he was a very remarkable person.

An English clergyman, who, in conjunction with his rectory of Rainham, in Essex, held the curacy and lectureship of St. John the Evangelist in Westminster, from 1733 to his death in 1758, was the father of Charles Churchill. He had two younger sons; William, who afterwards selected the church for his profession, and passed a long, quiet, unobtrusive life within it; and John, brought up to the business of medicine. The elder, named Charles after himself, he from the first especially designed for his own calling; and sent him in 1739, when eight years old, as a day-boy to Westminster school. Nichols was the head master, and the second master was (not Lloyd, as Mr. Tooke would inform us, but) Johnson, afterwards a bishop. Vincent Bourne was usher of the fifth form, and Dr. Pierson Lloyd, (after some years second master,) a man of fine humour as well as rare worth and learning, was usher at the fourth. Churchill, judging from the earliest notice of him, must have been already a robust, manly, broad-faced little fellow when he entered the school; all who in later life remembered him, spoke of the premature growth and fulness both of his body and mind; and he was not long in assuming the place in his boy's circle, which quick-sighted lads are not slow to concede to a deserving and daring claimant. He was fond of play; but was a hard worker when he turned to work, and a successful. There is a story of one of his punishments by flogging, which only increased and embittered the temper that provoked it; but of a literary task by way of punishmeut, for which the offender received public thanks from the masters of the school. "He could do well if he would," was the admission of his enemies; and the good Dr. Lloyd loved him.

There were then a number of remarkable boys at Westminster. Bonnell Thornton was already in the upper forms; but George Colman, Robert Lloyd, Richard Cumberland, and Warren Hastings, were with few years' interval Churchill's contemporaries; and there was one mild, shrinking, delicate lad of his own age, though two years younger in the school, afraid to lift his eyes above the shoestrings of the upper boys, but encouraged to raise them as high as Churchill's heart. He stood by Cowper in these days; and the author of the *Task* and the *Table-Talk* repaid him in a sorer need. Indeed, there was altogether a manly tone of feeling among these Westminster scholars. If they were false to some promises of their youth when they grew to manhood, they were true to all that pledged them to each other. Never, save when two examples occurred too flagrant for avoidance, in a profligate Duke and a hypocritical Parson, did Churchill lift his pen against a schoolfellow. Mr. Tooke says that the commencement of a satire against Thornton and Colman was found among his papers; but there is no proof of this, and we doubt, in common with Southey, the alleged desertion of Lloyd which is said to have suggested the satire. Even Warren Hastings profited by his old connexion with Westminster, when Wilkes deserted his supporters in the House of Commons to defend the playfellow of his dead friend; and the irritable Cumberland so warmed to the memory of his school companion, as to call him always, fondly, the Dryden of his age.

Literature itself had become a bond of union with these youths before they left the Westminster cloisters. The *Table-Talk* tells of the "little poets at Westminster," and how they strive "to set a distich upon six and five." Even the boredom of school exercises, more rife in English composition then than since, did not check the scribbling propensity. All the lads we have named had a decisive turn that way: and little Colman, emulating his betters, addressed his cousin Pulteney from the fifth form with the air of a literary veteran. For, in the prevailing dearth of great poetry, verse-writing was cultivated much: much encouraged. It had become, as Lady Mary Montagu said a few years before, as common as taking snuff. Others compared it to an epidemical distemper;—a sort of murrain. Beyond all doubt, it was the rage. "Poets increase and multiply to that stupendous degree, you see them at every turn, in embroidered coats, and pink-coloured topknots." Nor was it probable, as to Churchill himself, that he thought the dress less attractive than the verse tagging. But his father, as we have said, had other views with respect to him. He must shade his fancies with a more sober colour, and follow the family profession.

It was an unwise resolve. It was one of those resolves which more frequently mar, than make a life. The control of inclination to a falsehood is a common parent's crime; not the less grievous when mistaken for a virtue. The stars do not more surely keep their courses, than an ill-regulated manhood will follow a misdirected youth. This boy had noble qualities for a better chosen career. Thus early he had made it manifest that he could see for himself and feel for others; that he had strong sensibility and energy of intellect; that, where he had faith, he had steadiness of purpose and enthusiasm: but that, closely neighbouring his power, were vehemence, will, and passion; and that these made him confident, inflexible, and hard to be controlled. In the bad discipline of such a mind, one of two results was sure. He would resist or yield: in the one case, boasting exemption from vice, become himself the victim of the worst of vices; in the other, with violent recoil from the hypocrisies, outrage the proprieties of life. The proof soon came.

Churchill had given evidence of scholarship in Latin and Greek as early as his fifteenth year, when, offering himself a candidate for the Wesminster foundation, he went in head of the election; but on standing for the studentship to Merton College, Oxford, three years later, he was rejected. Want of learning, premature indulgence of satirical tastes, and other as unlikely causes, have been invented to explain the rejection: there is little doubt that its real cause was the discovery of a marriage imprudently contracted some months before, with a Westminster girl named Scot, and accomplished within the rules of the Fleet. A marriage most imprudent—most unhappy. It disqualified him for the studentship. It introduced his very boyhood to grave responsibilities he was powerless to discharge, almost to comprehend. What self-help he might have exerted against the unwise plans of his father, it crippled and finally destroyed. There is hardly a mistake or suffering in his after life, which it did not originate, or leave him without the means of repelling. That it was entered into at so early an age; that it was effected by the scandalous fa-

cilities of the Fleet—were among its evil incidents, but not the worst. It encumbered him with a wife from whom he could not hope for sympathy, encouragement, or assistance in any good thing: to whom he could administer them as little. Neither understood the other; or had that real affection which would have supplied all needful knowledge.

The good clergyman received them into his house soon after the discovery was made. The compromise seems to have been, that Churchill should no longer oppose his father's wishes, in regard to that calling of the church to which he afterwards bitterly described himself decreed, "ere it was known that he should learn to read." He was entered, but never resided, at Trinity, in Cambridge. There was a necessary interval before the appointed age of ordination, (for which he could qualify without a degree,) and he passed it quietly: the first twelve months in his father's house; the rest in a retirement, for which "family reasons" are named but not explained, in the north of England. In that retirement, it is said, he varied church reading with "favourite poetical amusements;" with what unequal apportionment it might not be difficult to guess. The already congenial charm he may be supposed to have found in the stout declamation of Juvenal: the sly and insinuating sharpness of Horace. and the indignant eloquence of Dryden—had little rivalry to fear from the fervid imagination of Taylor, the copious eloquence of Barrow, or the sweet persuasiveness of South.

In 1753 he visited London, to take possession, it is said, of a small fortune in right of his wife; but there is nothing to show that he got the possession, however small. It is more apparent that the great city tempted him sorely; that boyish tastes were once more freely indulged; and that his now large and stalwart figure was oftener seen at theatres than chapels. It was a great theatrical time. Drury Lane was in its strength, with Garrick, Mossop, Mrs. Pritchard, Palmer, Woodward, Shutes, Yates, and Mrs. Clive. Even in its comparative weakness, Covent Garden could boast of Barry, Smith, Sparks, and Macklin—of Mrs. Cibber and Mrs. Vincent, and, not seldom, of Quin, who still lingered on the stage he had quitted formally two or three years before, and seemed as loth to depart from really, as Churchill, on these stolen evenings of enjoyment, from his favourite front row of the pit. Nevertheless, the promise to his father was kept; and, having now reached the canonical age, he returned to the north in deacon's orders; whence he removed, with little delay, to the curacy of South Cadbury in Somersetshire. Here he officiated till 1756, when he was ordained priest, and passed to his father's curacy of Rainham.

Both these ordinations without a degree, are urged in special proof of his good character and reputation for singular learning; but there is reason to suspect his father's influence more powerful than either. "His behaviour," says Dr. Kippis, writing in the *Biographia Britannica*, "gained him the love and esteem of his parishioners; and his sermons, though somewhat raised above the level of his audience, were commended and followed. What chiefly disturbed him, was the smallness of his income." This, though connected with a statement as to a Welsh living now rejected, has in effect been always repeated since, and may or may not be true. It is perhaps a little strange, if his sermons were thus elevated, commended, and followed, that no one recognised their style, or could in the least commend them, when a series of ten were published with his name eight years later; but the alleged smallness of his income admits of no kind of doubt. He had now two sons, and, as he says himself, "prayed and starved on forty pounds a-year." He opened a school. It was bitter drudgery, He wondered, he afterwards told his friends, that he had ever submitted to it; but necessities more bitter overmastered him. What solid help this new toil might have given was yet uncertain, when, in 1758, his father died, and, in respect to his memory, his parishioners elected the curate of Rainham to succeed him. At the close of 1758, Charles Churchill was settled in Westminster, at the age of twenty-seven, curate and lecturer of St. John's.

It was not a very brilliant change, nor enabled him yet to dispense with very mean resources. "The emoluments of his situation," observes Dr. Kippis—who was connected with the poet's friends, and, excepting where he quotes the loose assertions of the *Annual Register*, wrote on the information of Wilkes—"not amounting to a full hundred pounds a-year, in order to improve his finances he undertook to teach young ladies to read and write English with propriety and correctness; and was engaged for this purpose in the boarding-school of Mrs. Dennis. Mr. Churchill conducted himself in his new employment with all the decorum becoming his clerical profession." The grave doctor would indicate the teacher's virtue and self-command, in controlling by the proper clerical decorums his instruction of Mrs. Dennis's young ladies. Mr. Tooke's biography more confidently asserts, that not only as the servant of Mrs. Dennis, but as "a parochial minister, he performed his duties with punctuality, while in the pulpit he was plain, rational, and emphatic." On the other hand, Churchill himself tells us that he was not so. He says, that he was an idle pastor and a drowsy preacher. We are assured among the last and most earnest verses he composed, that "sleep at his bidding crept from pew to pew." With a mournful bitterness he adds, that his heart had never been with his profession;—that it was not of his own choice, but through need, and for his curse, he had ever been ordained.

It is a shallow view of his career that can differently regard it, or suppose him at its close any other than he had been at its beginning. The sagacious Mr Tooke, after a fashion worthy of himself, would "divide the life into two distinct and dissimilar portions; the one pious, rational, and consistent; the other irregular, dissipated, and licentious." During the first portion of seven-and-twenty years, says this philosophic observer, "with the exception of a few indiscretions, his conduct in every relation, as son, as brother, as husband, as father, and as friend, was rigidly and exemplarily, though obscurely virtuous; while the remaining six years present an odious contrast." Why, with such convictions, he edited the odious six years, and not the pure twenty-seven; why he published the poems, and did not collect the sermons—the philosopher does not explain. For ourselves let us add, that we hold with no such philosophy in Churchill's case, or any other. Whatever the corrupting influence of education may be, whatever the evil mistakes of early training, we believe that Nature is apt to show herself at all times both rational and consistent. She has no delight in monsters; no pride in odious contrasts. Her art is at least as wise as Horace describes the art of poetry to be. She joins no discordant terminations to beginnings that are pure and lovely. Such as he honestly was, Churchill can afford to be honestly judged: when he calls it his curse to have been ordained, he invites that judgment. He had grave faults, and paid dearly for them: but he set up for no virtue that he had not. In the troubled self-reproaches of latter years, he recalled no pure self-satisfactions in the past. To have been "decent and demure at least, as grave and dull as any priest," was all the pretence he made. It was his disgrace, if the word is to be used, to have assumed the clerical gown. It was not his disgrace to seek to lay it aside as soon as might be.

That this was the direction of his thoughts, as soon as his father's death removed his chief constraint, is plain. His return to Westminster had brought him back within the sphere of old temptations; the ambition of a more active life, the early school aspirings, the consciousness of talents rusting in disuse, again disturbed him; and he saw, or seemed to see, distinctions falling on the men who had started life when he did, from the Literature *he* might have cultivated with yet greater success. Bonnell Thornton, and Colman, were by this time established town wits; and with another schoolfellow (his now dissolute neighbour, Robert Lloyd, weary of the drudgery of *his* father's calling, to which he had been appointed in Westminster school, and on the eve of rushing into the life of a professed man of letters) he was in renewed habits of daily intercourse. Nor, to the discontent thus springing up on all sides, had he power of the least resistance in his home. His ill-considered marriage had by this time borne its bitterest fruit; it being always understood in Westminster, says Dr. Kippis, himself a resident there, "that Mrs. Churchill's imprudence kept too near a pace with that of her husband." The joint imprudence had its effect in growing embarrassment; continual terrors of arrest induced the most painful concealments; executions were lodged in his house; and his life was passed in endeavours to escape his creditors, perhaps not less to escape himself. It was then that young Lloyd, whose whole life had been a rude impulsive scene of license, threw open to him, without further reserve, his own mad circle of dissipation and forgetfulness. It was entered eagerly.

In one of his later writings, he discribed this time; his credit gone, his pride humbled, his virtue undermined, himself sinking beneath the adverse storm, and the kind hand, whose owner he should love and reverence to his dying day, which was suddenly stretched forth to save him. It was that of good Dr. Lloyd, now under-master of Westminster; he saw the creditors, persuaded them to accept a composition of five shillings in the pound, and lent what was required to complete it. With the generous wish to succour his favourite pupil, there may have been the hope of one more chance of safety for his son. But it was too late. At almost the same instant, young Lloyd deserted his ushership of Westminster to throw himself on literature for support; and Churchill, resolving to try his fate as a poet. prepared to abandon his profession. A formal separation from his wife, and a first rejection by the booksellers, date within a few months of each other.

At the close of 1760, he carried round his first effort in verse to his arbiters of literature, then all-powerful; for it was the sorry and helpless interval between the patron and the public. The *Bard*, written in Hudibrastic verse, was contemptuously rejected. But, fairly bent upon his new career, he was not the man to waste time in fruitless complainings. He wrote again, in a style more likely to be acceptable; and the *Conclave*, a satire, aimed at the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, would have been published eagerly, but for a legal opinion on the dangers of a prosecution, interposed by the bookseller's friend. This was at once a lesson in the public taste, and in the caution with which it should be catered for. Profiting by it, Churchill with better fortune planned his third undertaking. He took a subject in which his friend Lloyd had recently obtained success—in which severity was not unsafe, and to which, already firm as it was in the interest of what was called the Town, he could nevertheless give a charm of novelty. After "two months' close attendance at the theatres," he completed *The Rosciad*.

It is not known to what bookseller he offered it, but it is certain that it was refused by more than one. Probably it went the round of "The Trade;"—a trade more remarkable for mis-valuation of its raw material, than any other in existence. He asked five guineas for the manuscript, (according to Southey; Mr. Tooke says he asked twenty pounds,) and there was not a member of the craft that the demand did not terrify. But he was not to be baffled this time. He possibly knew the merit of what he had done. Here, at any rate, into this however slighted manuscript, a something long restrained within him had forced its way; and a chance he was determined it should have. It was no little risk to run in his position; but at his own expense he printed and published *The Rosciad*. It appeared without his name, after two obscure advertisements, in March, 1761.

A few days served to show *a hit* had been made. They who in a double sense had come to feel it, doubtless cried out first; but *Who is he?* was soon in the mouths of all. Men upon town spoke of its pungency and humour; men of higher mark found its manly verse an unaccustomed pleasure; mere playgoers had its criticism to discuss; and discontented Whigs, in disfavour at court for the first time these fifty years, gladly welcomed a spirit that might help to give discontent new terrors, and Revolution principles new vogue. Thus, in their turn, the wit, the strong and easy verse, the grasp of character, and the rude free daring of *The Rosciad*, were, within a few days of the appearance of its shilling pamphlet, the talk of every London coffee-house.

To account for the reception Satire commonly meets with in the world, and for the scantness of those that are offended with it, it has been compared to a sort of glass wherein beholders may discover every body's face but their own. The class whom *The Rosciad* offended, could discover nobody's face but their own. It was the remark of one of themselves, that they ran about the town like so many stricken deer. They cared little on their own account, they said; but they grieved so very much for their friends. "Why should this man attack Mr. Havard?" remonstrated one. "I am not at all concerned for myself; but what has poor Billy Havard done, that he must be treated so cruelly?" To which another with less sympathy rejoined; "And pray, what has Mr. Havard done, that he cannot bear his misfortunes as well as another?" For, indeed, many more than the Billy Havards had these misfortunes to bear. The strong, quite as freely as the weak, were struck at in *The Rosciad*. The Quin, the Mossop, and the Barry, had as little mercy as the Holland, the Jackson and the Davis; and even Garrick was too full of terror at the avalanche that had fallen, to rejoice very freely at his own escape. Forsooth, he must assume indifference to the praise; and suggest in his off-hand grandeur to one of his retainers, that the man had treated him civilly no doubt, with a view to the freedom of the theatre. He had the poor excuse for this fribbling folly, (which Churchill heard and published,) that he did not yet affect to know the man; and was himself repeating the question addressed to him on all sides, "*Who is he?*"

It was a question which the *Critical Reviewers* soon took upon themselves to answer. They were great authorities in those days, and had no less a person than Smollett at their head. But they bungled sadly here. The field which *The Rosciad* had invaded they seem to have thought their own; and they fell to the work of resentment in the spirit of the tiger commemorated in the *Rambler*, who roared without reply and ravaged without resistance. If they could have anticipated either the one or the other, they would doubtless have been a little more discreet. No question could exist of the authorship, they said, The thing was clear. Who were heroes in the poem? Messrs. Lloyd and Colman, Then who could have written it? Why, who other than Messrs. Lloyd and Colman. "*Claw me, claw thee*, as Sawney says; and so it is; they go and scratch one another like Scotch pedlars." Hereupon, for the *Critical Review* was a great fact" then, Lloyd sent forth an advertisement to say that he was never "concerned or consulted" about the publication, nor ever corrected or saw the sheets. He was followed by Colman, who took the means of announcing "most solemnly" that he was "not in the least concerned." To these were added, in a few days, a third advertisement. It stated that Charles Churchill was the author of the *Rosciad*, and that his *apology addressed to the critical reviewers*, would immediately be published. Before the close of the month this poem appeared.

On all who had professed to doubt the power of the new writer, the effect was prompt and decisive. The crowd so recently attracted by his hard hitting, gathered round in greater numbers, to enjoy the clattering descent of such well-aimed blows on the astonished heads of unprepared reviewers. One half the poem was a protest against the antipathies and hatreds that are the general welcome of new-comers into literature; the fact in Natural History, somewhere touched upon by Warburton, that only Pikes and Poets prey upon their kind. The other half was a bitter depreciation of the stage; much in the manner, and hardly less admirable than the wit, of Hogarth. Smollett was fiercely attacked, and Garrick rudely warned and threatened. Coarseness there was, but a fearless aspect of strength; too great a tendency to say with willing vehemence whatever could be eloquently said; but in this a mere over-assertion of the consciousness of real power. In an age where most things were tame, except the practice of profligacy in all its forms; when Gray describes even a gout, and George Montagu an earthquake, of so mild a character that "you might stroke them"—it is not to be wondered at that this *apology* should have gathered people round it Tame, it certainly was not. It was a curious contrast to the prevailing manner of even the best of such things. It was a fierce and sudden change from the *parterres* of trim sentences set within sweet-brier hedges of epigram, that were the applauded performances of this kind.

Smollett wrote to Garrick (we are told by Davies) to ask him to make it known to Mr. Churchill, that he was not the writer of the notice of the *Rosciad*. Garrick wrote to Lloyd (we owe the publication of the letter of Mr. Pickering) to praise Mr. Churchill's genius, and grieve that he should not have been vindicated by their common friend from Mr. Churchill's displeasure. The player accepted the poet's warning. There was no fear of his repeating the *bêtise* he had committed. To his most distinguished friends, to even the Dukes and Dowagers of his acquaintance, he was careful never to omit in future his good word for Mr. Churchill. Never, even when describing the "misery" the *Rosciad* had inflicted on a dear friend, did he forget his own "love to Churchill." And they lived in amity, and Churchill dined at Hampton, to the last.

"I have seen the poem you mention, the *Rosciad*," writes Garrick's friend Bishop Warburton, "and was surprised at the excellent things I found in it; but took Churchill's to be a feigned name, so little do I know of what is going forward." This good bishop little thinking how soon he was to discover a reality to himself in what was going forward, hardly, less bitter than Garrick had confessed in the letter to Lloyd: "of acting a pleasantry of countenance while his back was most wofully striped with the cat-o-nine tails." The lively actor nevertheless subjoined: "I will show the superiority I have over my brethren upon this occasion, by seeming at least that I am not dissatisfied," He did not succeed. The acting was not so good as usual, the superiority not so obvious For in truth his brethren had the best of it, in proportion as they had less interest in the art so bitterly, and, it must be added, so unjustly assailed. "And it was no small consolation to us," says Davies, with great *naïveté*, "that our master was not spared." Some of the more sensible went so far as to join in the laugh that had been raised against them; and Shuter asked to be allowed to make merry with the satirist—a request at once conceded.

(To be continued.)

WIVES.—Women should be acquainted that no beauty has any charms but that of the inward one of the mind; and that a gracefulness in their manners is much more engaging than that of their person; that modesty and meekness are the true and lasting ornaments; for she that hath these is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the education of children, for the affection of her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms which render wives amiable, and give the best title to our respect.

ENMITY.—There is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a season to give a mark of enmity; a word—a look, which at one time would make no impression—at another time wounds the heart: and, like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the object aimed at.