Love and Madness 1786:

Letter LI: Pages 205-207: (Chatterton Letter V)

Letter LI, refers to one of a sequence of imaginary letters between James Hackman, a soldier who became a clergyman, & Martha Ray, who was the mistress of the earl of Sandwich. She was shot by Hackman (her lover) as she was leaving Covent Garden in 1779.

Letter LI is a long letter, which stretches from p.140 to p.272 in Love and Madness. I have broken the letter down into sets of pages containing key items. At the bottom of each set of pages is a link to take you to the next set of pages in sequence, or you can click the link below and return to the Croft contents page.

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Chatterton's Letter to his Sister Mary, June 19th & 29th, 1770:

The 'I have an horrid cold' letter.

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. LETTER V.

June 19, 1770.

Dear Sifter,

Fhave an horrid cold—The relation of the manner of my catching it may give you more pleafure than the eircumstance itself. As I wrote very late Sunday night

(or rather very early Monday morning), I thought to have

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gone to bed pretty foon last night: when, being half undressed, I heard a very doleful voice, singing Miss Hill's favorite bedlamite fong. 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 fimilitude in the found. After hearing her with pleafure drawl for above half an hour, she jumped into a brisker tune, and hobbled out the ever-famous fong, in which poor Jack Fowler was to have been satyrized .- "I put " my hand into a bush: I prick'd my finger to the bone; "I faw a ship sailing along: I thought the sweetest " flowers to find:" and other pretty flowery expressions, were twanged with no inharmonious bray. -- I now ranto the window, and threw up the fash; refolved to be fatisfied, 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 dranke fo much royal bob (the gingerbread-baker for that, you know), that she was now finging herself asleep. This fomnifying liquor had made her voice so like the sweet echo of Miss Hill's, that if I had not considered that she could not fee her way up to London, I should absolutely have imagined it hers-There was a fellow and a girl in one corner, more bufy 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 let slip. A drunken fishman,

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who fells fouse mackarel, 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 fong of actions but but to some a finda " Says Plato, who oy oy oy should man be vain?"

However, my entertainment, though fweet 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 fo many noftrums here, that 'tis worth a man's while to get a distemper, he can be cured fo cheap.

ideas of rifibility.

June 29th, 1770. My cold is over and gone. If the above did not recall to your mind fome scenes of laughter, you have lost your

The ending of the letter, without a signature, is a little strange, but it is as written.

End: or go to the next set of pages: pp.207-209: <u>View</u>