

# THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE :

LONDON GAZETTE  
 GENERAL EVENING  
 M. Post M. Herald  
 Morning Chronicle.  
 Times-M. Advert.  
 P. Ledger & Oracle  
 Brit. Press—Day  
 S. James's Chron.  
 Sun—Even. Mail  
 Star—Traveller  
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 whence ROWLEY RAG STONE is taken; and a View of MONKWEARMOUTH  
 CHURCH, Durham.

By SYLVANUS URBAN, GENT.

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 where all Letters to the Editor are desired to be addressed, POST-PAID.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY for November, 1812. By Dr. POLE, Bristol.

Days.No.	M. 8 h.		Inches. 20ths.	WEATHER-
	M.	G. heat.		
1	52	53	29-17	cloudy, very rainy, high wind
2	46	54	29-19	mostly clear, evening cloudy, light rain
3	46	51	30- 3	morning cloudy, evening clear
4	45	49	30- 6	cloudy at times
5	49	50	30- 0	cloudy at times, some light rain
6	30	45	29-18	clear
7	22	39	29-18	ditto
8	20	38	29-15	mostly clear
9	33	40	29-15	cloudy, drizzling rain
10	36	45	30- 3	cloudy
11	39	45	29-19	steady rain most of the day
12	41	46	29-13	cloudy, mostly rainy
13	48	52	29- 9	ditto
14	45	51	29- 4	cloudy at times
15	40	49	29-11	cloudy at times, evening some rain
16	43	48	29- 1	cloudy, rainy, tempestuous
17	38	41	28-16	cloudy, frequent light rain, windy
18	38	39	29- 3	cloudy, some light showers, tempestuous
19	27	36	29-15	mostly clear
20	21	34	29-18	thick fog, afterwards clear
21	23	34	30- 0	mostly clear
22	22	34	30-10	clear
23	17	37	29- 9	mostly cloudy
24	36	45	30- 3	cloudy
25	43	45	29-15	ditto
26	43	46	29-12	cloudy, afternoon rainy
27	43	52	30- 2	cloudy
28	45	49	30- 4	ditto
29	43	48	29-19	morning cloudy, afternoon clear
30	52	55	29-18	rain in the night, morning cloudy, afternoon clear

The average degrees of Temperature, from observations made at eight o'clock in the morning, are 37-4 100ths; those of the corresponding month in the year 1811, were 42-6 100ths; in 1810, 40 100ths; in 1809, 56 100ths; in 1808, 42-52 100ths; in 1807, 34-55 100ths; in 1806, 45-30 100ths; in 1805, 56 100ths; and in 1804, 42-10 100ths.

The quantity of Rain fallen this month is equal to 3 inches 8 100ths; that of the corresponding month in the year 1811, was 3 inches 54 100ths; in 1810, 6 inches 80 100ths; in 1809, 1 inch 54 100ths; in 1808, 3 inches 8 100ths; in 1807, 5 inches 44 100ths; in 1806, 3 inches 36 100ths; in 1805, 1 inch 32 100ths; and in 1804, 5 inches 45 100ths.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE for December, 1812. By W. CARY, Strand.

Height of Fahrenheit's Thermometer.					Height of Fahrenheit's Thermometer.							
Day of Month.	8 o'clock	Morning.	Noon.	11 o'clock.	Barom.	Weather	Day of Month.	8 o'clock	Noon.	11 o'clock.	Barom.	Weather
Nos.	°	°	°	°	in. pts.	in Dec. 1812.	Dec.	°	°	°	in. pts.	in Dec. 1812.
27	45	47	44		30, 10	foggy	12	28	32	26	29, 82	cloudy
28	44	47	41		, 01	foggy	13	25	33	26	, 70	fair
29	42	46	47		29, 90	cloudy	14	27	33	29	, 70	cloudy
30	47	50	47		, 31	cloudy	15	31	32	29	, 40	high wind
D. 1	47	52	46		, 70	small rain	16	27	28	32	, 01	cloudy
2	47	53	47		30, 00	small rain	17	33	33	32	28, 92	snow
3	47	49	45		, 10	small rain	18	33	37	37	29, 21	rain and snow
4	46	47	40		, 11	cloudy	19	38	39	36	, 48	small rain
5	40	45	32		, 09	fair	20	36	37	33	, 51	cloudy
6	30	38	31		, 40	fair	21	32	35	33	, 80	foggy
7	29	35	29		, 48	fair	22	37	38	35	, 83	foggy
8	26	30	25		, 26	fair	23	34	36	33	30, 18	cloudy
9	23	32	30		29, 89	fair	24	32	35	32	, 33	cloudy
10	30	33	39		, 90	fair	25	30	33	32	, 42	cloudy
11	31	32	29		, 91	some snow	26	30	34	33	, 40	cloudy

# THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

## For DECEMBER, 1812.

Mr. URBAN, Dec. 3.

**G**REATLY as the publick are obliged to the son of the late Mr. H. S. Woodfall for an excellent Edition of the "Letters of Junius," illustrated as they are by *Fac Simile* Engravings, and by the communication of much new and useful information; the grand secret still remains undiscovered.

Mr. Woodfall's "Preliminary Essay" very fully investigates the claims of several eminent Writers, who have in their turns had the honour of being supposed to be JUNIUS; but, on solid grounds, he rejects them all. The field of conjecture, therefore, is still open; and I shall take the liberty of offering mine;—aware that an objection or two may be started, and professing to deal in conjecture only.

To come to the point:—I am of opinion that the Letters were the production of WILLIAM PETTY, Earl of SHELBURNE, and afterwards Marquis of LANSDOWNE; a Nobleman whom when living I very highly respected, and whose memory I still revere.

The first idea of attributing them to the noble Peer arose from a comparison of the *Fac Simile* Letters with a short Note from his Lordship on a matter of business; and, though the Letters are in a disguised hand, and the Note written 20 years later, still there are some shades of resemblance. This alone, however, would be very insufficient ground for the supposition I have adopted. But let us look at his early history, and contemplate his literary character.

His Lordship was born May 13, 1737; and was appointed, Dec. 4, 1760, Aide-de-camp to the present King, with the rank of Colonel of Foot. May 14, 1761, he succeeded his Father as Lord Wycombe, Earl of Shelburne, having before been a Burgess in Parliament for Chipping Wycombe. April 20, 1763, he was sworn of the Privy Council; and on the 22d of that month was declared

First Lord Commissioner of Trade and Plantations; but resigned that office in September next ensuing. In March, 1765, he was promoted to the rank of Major General. July 30, 1766, he was appointed "Principal Secretary of State for the Southern department," in the Grafton Administration; which high post he resigned, Oct. 21, 1768, when the Earl of Chatham withdrew. [Jan. 5, 1771, he lost his first wife.] From his resignation till 1782, Lord Shelburne continued in *strong opposition* to all the measures of Government; and took a very active part in Parliament; and he was certainly, as much as any man of that period, "in habits of confidential intercourse with different Members of the Cabinet, and with Politicians who were most intimately familiar with the Court, and entrusted with all its secrets." He had also "attained an age which would allow him, without vanity, to boast of an ample knowledge of the world." [He was created Marquis of Lansdowne, Nov. 30, 1784; and died May 7, 1805.]

Thus much for his Lordship's knowledge of public life, and of public men and measures. An estimate of his literary talents shall now be extracted from Mr. Park's valuable Edition of the "Royal and Noble Authors,"

"Lord Shelburne filled a large space in society as a Statesman, an Orator, an accomplished Gentleman, an excellent Landlord, a liberal Patron of the Arts, and a most amiable man in private life. He is thought to have possessed *more political information than any other man of his time*. There was scarcely a principal City on the Continent of Europe, or in the United States of America, in which he had not one or more correspondents, from whom he collected every local event of importance; and often received intelligence which Government had not the means of procuring. To a most accurate knowledge of the *history and constitution* of his own country, he added very considerable knowledge of the state of other countries.

countries. He strenuously opposed the war with Revolutionary France, and supported the Union with Ireland; a country with whose character he appeared thoroughly acquainted; and therefore recommended that she should be dealt with honourably. The Marquis was also a *finished Scholar*, as well as a *profound Politician*; and when the subsequent directors of the State Machine ceased to derive benefit from his superior talents, he retired within his valuable Library at Shelburne House."

As there are not many known productions of the Earl of Shelburne in print, I shall refer your Readers, Mr. Urban, to two of his compositions.

For a Letter of his to Governor Bernard, in 1768, see *Gent. Mag.* vol. XXXVIII. p. 220; and for some very masterly observations on the Plan for erecting a Monument to the memory of Mr. Howard, see vol. LX. p. 395. For his Speeches in Parliament, see your Volumes from 1775 to 1783.

From the portraits of Lord Shelburne when young, he might very well have been "the tall gentleman dressed in a light coat with bag and sword," who was seen by Mr. Jackson (now of Ipswich) "throwing a letter of Junius into the office door of Mr. Woodfall; which Mr. Jackson picked up, and immediately followed the bearer of it into St. Paul's Church-yard, where he got into a hackney coach, and drove off."

The name of the Earl of Shelburne, it may be observed, is very rarely to be seen in the Letters of Junius; it seems, indeed, to be studiously omitted. In the "Miscellaneous Letters" attributed to him, the name indeed occurs twice, and that in such terms as his Lordship could not possibly have used, unless it were for the purpose of setting Suspicion itself at rest. But, after all, it is possible that *Corregio*, dated Sept. 16, 1767, (sixteen months before the date of Junius's first Letter), might be by some other Correspondent. The criterion of fixing it on Junius is only the coincidence of the Printer's "Acknowledgment to his Correspondent C.;" a signature not adopted in any preceding Letter.—That of *Atticus*, in which Lord Shelburne is again noticed, is dated Oct. 19, 1768; when his Lordship's resignation, which took place two days after, must have been determined upon, and when Lord

Hillsborough had been many months appointed Secretary for the Colonial Department. On the 26th of the same month came out a violent Philippic against the appointment of the Earl of Rochford to the Seals of the Northern Department instead of the Southern, to which he was so much better adapted, and which Lord Shelburne had then just quitted; and in the earliest Letters of Junius, dated Jan. 21, 1769, *the new Secretary of State* is still the sad burden of the song.

Sir William Draper appears to have had several important communications with the Earl of Shelburne, when in office, relative to the Corsicans, "who had applied to many Foreign Courts for assistance, and among the rest to Great Britain; and Lord Shelburne was one of the warmest supporters of their cause, and most desirous, when in Administration, to engage in it. But his *Colleagues* opposed him; and the cause of Corsica was abandoned, though the citizens of London contributed largely to its support."

Between the Earl of Shelburne and Sir William Draper there had also been some intercourse on the Manilla Ransom. (See the new edition, vol. I. p. 73, note; and the Index, vol. III. p. 505; where "the English Minister" is identified with the Earl of Shelburne.) In a letter to Junius, dated Sept. 14, 1769, Sir William Draper says, "In the last autumn, I personally delivered a Memorial to the Earl of Shelburne at his seat in Wiltshire. As you have told us of your importance, that you are a person of *rank* and *fortune*, and above a *common* bribe, you may in all probability be not *unknown* to his Lordship, who can satisfy you of the truth of what I say." From the four words in Italics, so marked by Sir William Draper, it might almost be supposed that he thought *Junius* and *Lord Shelburne* to be *alter et idem*.

In the earliest Letter of Junius to Mr. Wilkes, Aug. 21, 1771, he strenuously recommends that Mr. Sawbridge should be supported at the then approaching election of Lord Mayor of London. Wilkes (certainly not knowing Junius) answers, "Junius has, in my idea, too favourable sentiments of Sawbridge. I allow him honest, but think he has more mulishness than under-



understanding, more understanding than candour. He is become the absolute dupe of *Mulagrida's gang*."

Having no view, in this communication, but a desire to elucidate a point of some considerable importance in literary history, no apology, Mr. Urban, will be necessary for this intrusion. If I am right in the conjecture, there must be in existence a sufficient number of his Lordship's Letters to compare with the *Fac Simile* engravings.—If I am wrong, the supposition may be easily disproved; and I trust that I shall not have given offence to the Friends of the illustrious Peer, by endeavouring to place on his brow one sprig of laurel, which the ablest Writer of that period might have proudly worn.

N. S.

Mr. URBAN, Dec. 3.

**Y**OUNG men preparing for the Ministry, are often in doubt as to the books which might be read by them with the greatest advantage, during the interval between their taking their first degree, and the time of ordination. As there are few of this, or indeed of any description of readers, into whose hands the Gentleman's Magazine may not fall, I thought that it might confer a general benefit, if I sent you a list of books which it would be advisable for them to study; and with this view I enclose you what has lately fallen into my hands, the course of reading recommended to his candidates for orders, by the present Bishop of Chester: and I am Mr. Urban's old Correspondent,

CLERICUS.

"*A Course of Reading recommended to the Candidates for Orders at Chester.*

"The Septuagint.  
Pool's Synopsis.  
An interleaved Greek Testament.  
Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon.  
Clarke's Paraphrase on the Gospel.  
Pyle on the Acts and Epistles.  
Lardner's Works.  
Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History.  
Prideaux's Connection.  
Watson's Tracts.  
Pretymann's Theology.  
Collyer's Sacred Interpreter.  
Gray's Key to the Old Testament.  
Newton on the Prophecies.  
Burnet on the Thirty-nine Articles.  
Pearson on the Creed.  
Taylor on Romans.  
Shepherd on the Common Prayer.

Paley's Evidences.

Horne Paulinæ.

Grotius de Veritate Religionis Christianæ.

Pretymann's Refutation of Calvinism.  
Sermons by Barrow, Sherlock, Jortin, Paley, and Gilpin.

Burn's Ecclesiastical Law.

Clergyman's Assistant."

Æ Æoax.

St. Alban's, Dec. 18.

"A Hoax! in troth a Hoax! a parlous Hoax!!!"

**A** PLAGUE of all knavery, I say, Master URBAN. That a man at three-score may not creep to the tyring house of all flesh, without being lured far away, like a true Falconer, and spring no game.—Thus it was:—On the second of November, after a morning of excellent sport, having netted, with my peculiar fly, a saucy pike of some six pounds, and a scarlet-shotted tawny trout of near the same size;—I had just nestled in my easy chair for the evening, when your Magazine arrived. Scarce had the tremulous task of cutting begun, when "Hawking" attracted my eye to the specious invitation of *Rusticus*. "What a triumvirate were this to dine with!" I exclaimed. "What if I join them? Sure a true sportsman making a fourth, will not be considered an intruder; especially one who at college acted by the words of our elder poet, who says,

'That studentes gay seke hauke and honde

As inclinacione leades'

one who divided this county for hoop and hollow for twenty years, to emulate with that tough sportsman, lately past the bourne of mortality, old Isaac Gardiner, of Chesterford: one who has perambulated from London to Amwell meads, fingered a chopping chub, and beguiled the evening with honest conversation and rustic ditties, at the ancient Thatched-house near Hoddesdon, with as much satisfaction and glee, though but a copyist, as filled the bosom of honest Isaac Walton. Nay, some thirty years ago (and be the secret now first revealed) took to wife my dear Juliana, and fixed my residence in this town, from its proximity to Sopwell; both in veneration of the memory of that Diana of British fame, Dame Juliana Barnes. Can such an enthusiast be an unwell.

unwelcome guest to a brother of the rod? Impossible! I will go."—Now, Mr. Urban, besides this soliloquy I calculated the two London gentlemen would bear in memory the almost-proverbial direction, "first catch your fish," and would therefore announce to Rusticus, by letter, some two days before, their intended visit; beyond that, it could not be supposed such keen bibliographers would loiter, and therefore no time was to be lost. My portmanteau was speedily packed; and as Sterne's black satin thing'ums are no longer necessary to support the appearance of respectability in a spruce traveller, to fill the vacuum, I visited my study, where a nook is appropriated to those gentlemanly recreations Hawking, Hunting, and Fishing; and from the head of 273 English volumes, chronologically arranged upon those sports, I selected a fragment, consisting of ten leaves and three quarters of one, of the first edition of the Book of St. Alban's, which, giving credence to Mr. Haslewood's preliminary account of that work, I conjecture to be unique. Fortunately it has the concluding leaf, and let me here introduce the colophon.

"Inpryntede at the tounne of Seynt Albons by me Ihon Insoymeche in the yere of pure Lorde god Mcccc and Lxxx dwellynge at the sygne of the armes of the gude Saynte Albonne ryght afor the Abbeye gate."

The beginning of some verses written on the fly-leaf, may lead to a guess at the original possessor:

"Ynsomuche as manne wyl be sadde,  
Bye wo ande sorowe refte nor blynnne,  
Ne golde, ne syluerr make hym gladde,  
Hys lyfe is ful of stryfe and synne;  
Fore thys toshope gode thoghte in bonde,  
Goe wauke the felde wyth hawke one honde.

Whenn grene leaues growe the sonne  
shyns gaie

Ande alle wylle muruelle off the skie;  
Remembre gode S. Julions saie,  
Whie cums mann here: alle butte to  
dye:

Soe lerne to shope gode thoghte in bonde,  
To wauke the feld wyth hawke one  
honde.

Mie Tercell fle to nymme the preye,  
Fore loue of worlde itte maie be soe:  
Huff, huff, I crië, thie mounthe hie maie  
Not fynde wher dede I styl shal goe,

Fore soe gode thoghtes doe kepe in  
bonde,  
I walke the felde wyth hawke onn  
[bonde.]

With this treasure, I thrust myself into the first conveyance, and on arrival in the metropolis, found the Reading Fly had unfortunately started above two hours. "Was it full?" "No, Sir, there were only two gentlemen in the inside." "Did they take places?" "Yes." "In what names?" "Mr. Dart and Mr. Hood." Here the initials agreed with Mr. Dibdin and Mr. Haslewood, and few travellers choose to communicate their own names. "Did you see them?" "Yes, they got into the coach here—the one was a lively little man, and seemed to belong to the church; the other a dullish kind of gentleman. They were both in black, but did not appear as if they were going to a funeral!" "Pish, certainly not!" I exclaimed (for there could be no doubt these were my Auceparians), "they were going to a feast. Can they be overtaken?" "Perchance, with a post-chaise." That was a trifle, and quickly got ready, and an additional three-shilling token (half-a-crown being out of fashion) well-bestowed on the driver of the first stage winded the pads through my journey, arriving at Caversham before five. Now, where lives Rusticus? Who knows Rusticus? Many were the rustics who heard and gaped, unable to answer the question. At length I was informed Mr. Rusticus had been much enquired for by two gentlemen in black, about an hour before, without finding him. "Where were those persons?" "They took the path to Reading." So did I, notwithstanding a pressing entreaty for tarrying, from Mr. H—gs of that place, who overheard my enquiries, and made it with that congenial spirit of urbanity which denotes the true lover of piscatory amusements. At Reading I searched every inn, from the Crown to those of lesser note, without effect. What was to be done? They might be prowling at some bookseller's shop, to obtain the tract upon "Hawking Moralised," and I also wanted it; but this search quickly terminated. The first bookseller I came to was Mr. S—res. "Have you a book called 'Hawking Moralised,' printed at Reading, 1776?" "No, Sir, nor is it probable that such a work

a work exists, though mentioned in the last Gentleman's Magazine, for it is entirely unknown here. Since the town's-people were ridiculed by a *Stranger at Reading*, every puny witting seems to think there is as universal a privilege to make a joke of us, as was heretofore the case with the wise men of Gotham. It is scarce half an hour since two gentlemen in black were eagerly enquiring for the same work." "Where are those gentlemen?" "Why, on my assurance of the disbelief of its existence, the one muttered something of a hopeful journey, to which the other placidly replied: 'Bibliographers are not exempt from the mortification of disappointment;' and a London stage stopping, they got upon the roof, observing, after such a trick, they must get to town how they could." And, Mr. Urban, I reached St. Alban's something after the same manner, and found *fidgitting*, *fuming*, and *travelling*, was speedily followed with a rude attack of the *gout*, which has confined me hitherto to my chamber, this being the first effort of convalescence. So a plague of all knavery, I say.

Yours, &c. AUCERS.\*

Mr. URBAN, *Churn, 1812.*

I HAVE a folio copy of the second edition of a poem called "An Essay on Reason," 1735, 604 lines. Who was the Author of it? and who was "Knight," in line 189?

"Such once was KNIGHT; in word, in action clear, [cere;  
Ev'n in the last recess of thought sin-Grace without titles, virtuous without show, [a foe;  
Learn'd without pride, and just without Alike humane, to pity, or impart;  
The coolest head, and yet the warmest heart.  
O early lost! with ev'ry grace adorned!  
By me (so heav'n ordains it) always mourn'd; [bloom  
In life's full joy, and virtue's fairest Untimely check'd, and hurried to the tomb:

\* Perhaps our Correspondents will here, judiciously, close the subject. However the humour may amuse, certainly the pursuits of the two gentlemen in question do not require the vacillating aid of notoriety, to make their publications better known, or more acceptable to their readers. EDIT.

Torn ev'n from her whom all the world approved, [belov'd."  
More blest than man, and more than man

The same book contains Pope's Essay on Man, the first line of which stands thus:

"Awake! my LÆLIUS, leave all meaner things," &c.

In the Essay on Reason, I am at a loss to understand the following sentence;

"Minds, like true pictures, are by distance prov'd,  
And objects proper, only is remov'd."  
Yours, &c. S. WEBB.

Dec. 8.

MR. URBAN has ever been so indulgent to the trifling communications I have offered from time to time, that gratitude for the pleasure and advantage I have derived from his *Miscellany* (which I am so happy as to possess from its commencement), induces me to contribute one mite more to its support. My object is, to correct an error of long standing, not so old, indeed, as Christianity, as it evidently arises from Christianity. Who has not heard it an hundred times repeated, that such an one is "a Martyr to the Gout!" What is a martyr? One who suffers death voluntarily for the cause of religion or virtue. Who ever suffers death to preserve his gout? who would not most willingly relinquish it? though it is not an uncommon compliment to wish a man joy of having the gout; which being translated is, "I wish you joy of a certain evil (and no small one), which may be a preventive of greater evils that might never have befallen you." As no other disease, however painful or grievous, has, to my knowledge, had its reputed martyrs, the phrase probably originated from the wailings of some poor victim who exclaimed, "I endure the pains of martyrdom!" without pretending to the honours or the crown of a martyr, for his involuntary agonies. This is one instance in which even sensible people persist in the use of a hackneyed phrase, without considering whether it is sense or nonsense. I have, indeed, an antipathy to hackneyed phrases, with which our ears are daily pestered by the votaries of Fashion; those obedient slaves who sacrifice hourly to their goddess, delicacy, modesty, and good sense! "I

was *amazingly surprized.* "An *amazing fine day,*" &c. &c. A fine day, though a pleasing, is, Heaven be praised, not an amazing thing; but the most common things are spoken of as amazing.—*Niceis* another favourite word. If it is intended to express approbation of any character; the compendious word *nice* saves the trouble of all thought or discrimination, and stands for every thing that is worthy of praise or admiration. A great king, a brave general, a fine girl, an excellent woman, a good washerwoman, a clean scavenger—all are dispatched by this important monosyllable.

Before I lay aside my critical rod, let me have a stroke at Walter Scott, the great idol of the World of Fashion!

"What though the sun with ardent frown  
Had slightly tinged her cheek with  
Is he not the first poet who ever made the sun to frown? Has not that glorious luminary been ever represented as not only smiling himself, but making all nature smile? I would ask Dr. Shaw, who, in that most elegant composition on the Chrysalis opening in a lady's hand, makes the lady's charms supply

"The gale, the sunshine, and the flower,"

whether he thinks the insect could have been *frowned* into its new existence? Rocks, mountains, woods, and clouds, may be allowed to frown; but let the sun shine on, and bless us with his beams! E. P.

Mr. URBAN, *York, Nov. 28.*  
I AM a rank Bibliomane; and fortunately possess a good collection of *Books of the right sort*, purchased principally, whilst I studied at Oxford, from the well-stored shops of *Daniel Prince* and the *Fletchers*; and occasionally augmented, on visiting the Metropolis, from the Catalogues of *David Wilson*, *Wilcocks*, honest *Tom Payne*, and *Whiston* and *White*; with a few of a more modern cast from the two *Dodsleys*, *Millar* and *Cadell*, *Robson*, *Elmsly*, and *John Walter*. Judge, then, my delight at finding (*inter multos alios*) those pleasant friends of my youth brought back to recollection, by the lately published "Literary Anecdotes;" where, however, I should have been glad to have seen more ample mention made of *D. Wilson*, of *Wil-*

*cocks*, and of *Brindley*, well known by his neat edition of the Classics. Of *Thurlbourn* also, and the *Merrills* of Cambridge, should the Editor of the "Anecdotes" be induced to extend his researches, some particulars are desirable; and perhaps your many learned Correspondents will, in the mean time, assist in supplying the deficiency.

Of the above-mentioned *Bibliopoles*, Mr. Nichols has given the epitaphs only of *Millar* and the two *Dodsleys*. Are we to conclude that the others, all of them eminent Promoters of Literature, are deposited in the ground without monumental memorials?—If any inscriptions for them exist, the communication in your pages, Mr. Urban, would much gratify,  
SEPTUAGENARIUS.

Mr. URBAN, *Hurst, Berks, Oct. 25.*  
I SHALL consider myself obliged to any Correspondent who will inform me in what place the literary papers of the late Sir John Peshall, bart. are deposited. This baronet died about 1778, and the title, I believe, became extinct on the demise of his son, with the period of whose decease I am not acquainted. Sir John formerly lived in the parish of Saint Giles, Oxford; and is said, by Sir Gough, in his "British Topography," to have made Collections towards a History of Oxfordshire, and to have desired that those Collections might remain open to the inspection of any person desirous of examining them. As I am now engaged in writing a history of the county for a work of some public interest, I am anxious to gain access to Sir John Peshall's topographical notes.  
Yours, &c. I. N. BREWER.

#### INDEX INDICATORIUS.

A CONSTANT READER requests to know what copies of STATIUS, besides *Bethio*, 2 vols. 4to. Cgg.; the *Fartorum*; and *Warrington*, may be extant;—also what English translations, both in verse and prose, may have appeared—we refer him to Mr. Dibdin's "Introduction to the Classics," and to vol. I. of Dr. Clarke's "Bibliographical Miscellany," 1806.

EAST MEON Church, HANTS, and BATTLEFIELD Chapel, shall be used.

The communications of several Correspondents relative to the Parish Register Bill, with a beautiful View, by CATER, of ELY CATHEDRAL, and a curious Plate of Arms, shall be given in our SUPPLEMENT. No.

Mr. URBAN, April 6.  
**I** SEND you a sketch (See Plate I.) of the remains of the West Front of Byland Abbey, Yorkshire, a description of which, by the same able hand who did so much justice to Rievaulx, appeared in your Miscellany for August 1811, p. 107. There is a fine general View of these magnificent ruins in Hearne and Byrne's Antiquities, from the tasteful pencil of Sir Henry-Charles Englefield, bart. J. C. B.

Mr. URBAN, *Adlingfleet, Nov. 9.*  
**I**N your Vol. LXV. p. 1067: you published some account of this parish, in which the name of Mrs. *Hausden* should have been *Ramsden*: she left near 2000*l.* per annum to Catharine-Hall in Cambridge.

Epitaph in the North aisle of Adlingfleet Church, under a coat of arms cut in stone, date 1580:

"Franciscus jacet hic Haldanbi, heu! morte peremptus,

Armaiger, Eterni servus ubique Dei:  
 Corpus terra tenet, sed spiritus Omnipotentis.

In Cœlis Domino cantat Hosanna  
 Qui legis aut cernis versus audisve, Viator,

Intes, sis animæ tu bonus usque meæ.  
 Non petis hic aurum, gemmas, aut mœnera magna,

Mente Pater-Noster tu recitato piâ,  
 Ave nec pigeat Maria te dicere pro me,  
 Sic mihi crede, mihi maxima dona dabis.

Hos versus quisquis cupiat abolere ma-  
 Is tandem facti præmia digna ferat."

The family of Haldenby had a grant of arms from Queen Elizabeth (see Edmondson's Heraldry), viz. a fesse between 3 covered cups Or. Their estate here, viz. the township called *Haldenby*, is now the property of J. P. More, esq. of London.

In the South aisle, on a slab:  
 "Hic jacent Thomas de Egmantôn et Caterina uxor ejus . . . qui obierunt . . . anno D'ni m.cccc.i.

This Thomas de Egmanton was maternal ancestor to the above Mrs. Ramsden, and owner of the estate which she bequeathed to the College. Behind the Church porch is a tombstone, with this inscription:

"In memory of Mr. William Browne, gent. who was Vicar of this Church 18 years, and died March 10, 1710.

"Non tua te pietas servavit aut infula Phœbij,

Vivis at in cœlis, vivis in ore virum."

GENT. MAG. December, 1812.

In the church-yard occurs the following inscription:

"Richard Morton, of Kirk-Heaton, died Jan. 2, 1772.

"Ipse fui non sum, vigilavi dormio, dixi Salve, dico Vale: Tu memor esto mei."

I observe, Mr. Bawdwen in his Translation of Domesday, and Mr. Graves in his History of Cleveland, translate the words "possunt esse," by the English words "there may be." Pray is this a correct translation? And "Car." they translate ploughs, implying that such land is arable. Turn over Domesday Book, and in *EVAVICSHIRE*; title "Terra Comitum Moritonienensis," you will find "In aliâ Morehusu," where the arable land is signified by the word "arari;" and under title "Terra Tainorum Regis," in *Stemanesbi* occurs "Terra ad un' Carucat'." Caruc, as I conceive, being only an abbreviation of the former, which is a measure of land\*.

In Whiston's Josephus; in a note; section 4, chap. 10 of book 9, Mr. Whiston has these words: "A prophecy of *Jeremiah's*, now in *Zechariah*; xiv. 4, 5, in which prophecy mention is made;" &c. Qu. Whiston's reason for saying that a prophecy of *Jeremiah's* is now in *Zechariah*?—And I wish to be informed how St. Matthew's quotation from *Jeremiah*, about the 30 pieces of silver, has been transferred from *Jeremiah* to *Zechariah*?

In the Book of Lamentations it appears that the 1st and 2d chapters begin every verse according to the letters of the Hebrew alphabet. The 3d hath three verses for every letter, and the fourth is the same as the first. How is this reconcilable with the idea that is abroad, of the Bible and Testament having been divided into verses, and also into chapters, in modern times, viz. about the time of the invention of printing? T. V.—E.

Mr. URBAN, N. C. Nov. 6.

**T**HE parish of MAER comprises two townships, *Maer*, and *Maerway-lane*; and is situate in the North division of the hundred of Pirehill, in the county of Stafford; about seven miles to the South-west of Newcastle-under-Line. It is an adjoining parish to that of Madeley (see p. 409 of your

\* *Caruca* is a plough; *Carucato*, a measure of land. EDIT.

Num.

Number for May 1809), and probably takes its name from the Mere or Lake adjoining. This *Lake* covers about 23 acres of land; and at the East end thereof is,

**MAER HALL**, the seat of *Josiah Wedgwood*, esq. the second son of the late *Josiah Wedgwood*, esq. of *Etruria*, near *Newcastle-under-Line*, to whose efforts and superior genius the *Staffordshire Potteries* were originally indebted for their justly-acquired celebrity. *The Manor of Maer* and several valuable estates were purchased a few years ago by *Mr. Wedgwood*, who, since he became proprietor, has been indefatigable in his exertions to improve the place. His Hall has undergone considerable alterations, as well as the grounds adjoining, on which are made several new plantations, that will, in a few years, add much to the beauty of his seat. Many acres of boggy ground have been drained, a considerable extent of waste land has been made productive; and the whole of *The Common*, called *Maer Heath*, within the manor and parish of *Maer*, has been divided and allotted, for the purpose of enclosing and cultivating the same, by *Mr. Wedgwood's* active exertions; which will not only contribute to the improvement of his property, but to the benefit of the country.

**POPULATION.**—In 1801 *Maer*, according to *Capper*, contained 71 houses, and 382 inhabitants. In 1653 there were 56 houses: so that during a century and a half there was an increase of only 15 houses in the parish of *Maer*. In 1811 the return was 78 houses and 454 persons, *viz.* 221 males, and 233 females.

**THE CHURCH**, which is dedicated to *St. Peter*, is situate a few yards to the East of *Maer Hall*, and is a small plain stone building, consisting of a nave, *North-aisle*, a chancel at the East, and a tower at the West end of the nave. It has also a South porch. This church appears to have been erected or rebuilt in 1610, as that date is inscribed on the South side of the tower; and will hold, as I guess, about 150 persons.

**Monuments.**—Against the South side of the nave is a plain mural marble monument, inscribed,

“Sacred to the memory of *Robert Macclesfield*, esq. who departed this life on the eighth day of *April*, 1779, aged

ninety years.—Also, of *Mrs. Elizabeth Macclesfield* his wife, who departed this life on the seventeenth day of *September*, 1739, aged forty-four years.—Also, of *Peter Macclesfield*, esq. their only son, who departed this life on the seventh day of *June*, 1762, aged forty-one years. *Requiescant in pace.*”

**Arms:** Gules, a cross engrailed Ermine.

Against the South wall of the chancel is an altar-tomb, having on the top two effigies as large as life, a male in armour, and a female by his side. On the front and ends of this tomb are affixed 11 coats of arms, each of which is parted per pale. Eight of them have the following arms on the dexter, and three on the sinister sides of the shields, *viz.* Arg. a lion rampant Gu. between 3 cross crosslets fitchée of the same. The shields are too indistinct to blazon correctly. Over most, if not all of them, is a scroll, probably containing the Christian names of the children of *Sir John Bowyer* and his lady; one or two only of which are legible. Round the border of the top part of the tomb is the following inscription:

“Here lye the bodies of *Sir John Bowyer*, knight, and *Ladie Catherine*, his lou’g wyffe; A daughter of *Sir Christopher Yelverto*, k’ight, one of the Justices of the *Ki’gs Mat’ Bench*; which *Sir John* deceased the 17th daie of *March* in a’no 1604. And the *Ladi’ Katheri’e* dece’ased the . . . . daie of . . . . in a’no. . . .”

On the front of this tomb, towards the bottom, is inscribed, in capitals:

“Rve not his death, whom death doth but revive: I builde this tombe to inclose my husband’s bones. I his faithful spouse did frame . . . . . yealde rúth to me, that live to dye . . . . alive. C. B. . . . . And doe appoynte, when death shall come, to lye within the same.”

It appears from the parish register, that *Lady Catherine Bowyer* was buried *Dec. 19, 1631*: and from the same authority the issue of *Sir J. B.* and his lady was most probably as follows:—

“*John*, who was buried *Aug. 1594*. *Christopher*, who was baptized *April 30, 1592*; *Mary*, *April 7, 1594*; *Ann*, *Feb. 21, 1596*; *George*, *Sept. 2, 1597*; *Elizabeth*, *April 6, 1599*; *James*, *August 8, 1600*; *Richard*, *May 13, 1602*; *Edward*, *July 27, 1603*.

William Bowyer and Maria Bowyer were married May 11, 1614.

On the sides of the chancel window in the North wall are fixed two shields, which can only be blazoned in part; that on the East side is charged with 3 shovels, impaling 2 bars; that on the West side is a lion rampant, impaling 3 shovels.

The Cloth for the Communion Table is an old Turkey carpet, and is remarkable for its antiquity: it is much

injured by time, and has the Donor's name, &c. wrought on its ends as follows, in capitals:

"The gift of Margaret Tether, daughter of Thomas Pickin, of Meare Heath; brought by her from Constantinople, and given to Meare Chvreh, An'o D'ni 1639."

The Parish Register commences in January 1558; and the average number of baptisms, &c. each year is nearly as follows for the respective periods stated:

From (both inclusive),	to	Of Baptisms,	Weddings,	Funerals,
1581 to 1610		4	1	3
1611	1640	7	1	6
1641	1667	10	2	7
1701	1730	8	1	7
1731	1770	12	2	6
1771	1807	11	1	6
In 1808	there were	16	0	7

In 1729 were 28 funerals; in 1778, 21 baptisms; and in 1756, 6 weddings; which are the greatest number of each that have yet taken place in any one year.

The following is a statement of the amount of the number of funerals that have occurred in the several months of the years from 1701 to 1808, both inclusive, which shews the order of the months, as they have been most fatal to the inhabitants of the parish of Maer, after the manner of the tables which I sent you in some former communications. (See Vol. LXXXI. Part I. p. 325, and Part II. p. 410.)

April, 87; May, 80; March, 72; February, 71; July, 63; November, 56; January, 53; June, 49; Dec. 44; August, 42; Oct. 42; Sept. 39.

The order of the months from the aggregate of the three tables for Woolstanton, Keel, and Maer, is,

March, April, January, May, Feb. December, July, November, June, September, August, October, which

is almost similar to the first table for Woolstanton.

Extracts from the Register.

"Gulielmus Clayton generosus, senex, et Elizabetha uxor sua in eodem sepulchro (et eodem die) sepulti fuere, 9<sup>o</sup> Decembris, anno 1625."

"Johannes Cleyton generosus (pietatis, charitatis, et humilitatis vitaq' morteq' memorabile exemplar) sepultus fuit Maii 4<sup>o</sup>, 1637<sup>o</sup>."

\* "Richardus Wilson, vir longævus, qui (ut ipse dixit) ad centesimum tricesimum octavum annum ætatis suæ vixisset, sepultus fuit Decembris 24<sup>o</sup>, 1639<sup>o</sup>."

\* "Catherina Morgan (centum annorum ad minus) sepulta fuit Februarii 6<sup>o</sup>, 1639-40."

"Thomas Pickin, (vir honestissimus, et pacificum villem ferè fulcrum) sepultus fuit Junii 17<sup>o</sup>, 1640."

"Randolphus Hodgkin, curatus, sepultus erat 22<sup>o</sup> Decembris 1642, qui fuit vir honestus, constans p'c'olis p'dicator, viginti expletis & a'plius annis; sed (animâ jam Deo, qui eam dedit, reddita) corpus ejus in boreali p'te Adyti

\* The following additional instances of longevity are extracted from the Register belonging to the Chapelry of *Lane End*, in the parish of Stoke-upon-Trent, near Newcastle-under-Line.

Burials.

1769. October 27. Lydia Barber, aged 107 years.

1774. September 23. Rosanah, al's Rosamund Cook, aged 124 years.

1776. February. 14. Elizabeth Mills, aged 100.

1780. August 11. Sampson Smith, aged 99.

1780. November 10. Sarah Hollins, aged 100.

In the Church of *Adbaston*, near Eccleshall, Staffordshire, is recorded the following:

William Wakeley, late of the Outlands in this parish (Adbaston), died November 28, 1714, aged 125 years.

So that we have here a list of eight persons, the amount of whose ages is 893 years!

RESUR-

resurrecturum nunc inhumatum jacet."

"Alicia Hodgekin, uxor doctissimi necnon disertissimi viri Dom' Randolphi Hodgekin; nuper curati de Mayre, sepulta fuit duodecimo Septembris 1656."

"Robertus Pickin, quondam civis et mercator Londinensis, singularis pietatis, necnon infractæ patientiæ vir, sepultus fuit 6<sup>to</sup> Septembris 1657."

"Honourable Mrs. Elizabeth Cranstown, of the parish of Woolstanton, buried June 19, 1767."

"Lady Frances Murray, of the parish of Woolstanton, was buried Jan. 19, 1773."

"Feb. 18, 1780. There was collected for Protestants at Copenhagen, in Denmark, 4s. 8d."

"Mem. 1755. This year was very remarkable for the wetness of the season and the lateness of the harvest: corn was not all got in until the middle of November."

*The Living* is a Curacy, endowed with a small parsonage-house, about two acres of glebe, and the great and small tithes of the parish; excepting one or two estates, which are tithe-free. In an edition of Lloyd's *Thesaurus*, published in 1788, its clear yearly value is stated at 20*l*. Its present reputed annual value is upwards of 200*l*. which will be very considerably enhanced when the common land is cultivated, and the tithes thereof are added to the present income. It is situate in the *Deanery* of Newcastle and Stone, *Archdeaconry* of Stafford, and *Diocese* of Lichfield and Coventry. The Archdeacon's Procurations are 7s. 6d.

The following *List of the Curates of Maer* is copied from the Parish Register.

- Robert Marchenton, 1558.
- John Huntbach, 1598.
- Thomas Goodwin, 1606.
- Thomas Wood, 1607.
- Ralph Heywood, 1609.
- Gilbert Gallamore, 1610.
- Thomas Cope, reader, 1614.
- Robert Tomlynson, 1615.
- William Bourne, 1622.
- Randulph Hodgekin, 1622.
- Thomas Cope, 1642.
- Robert Marchenton, 1643.
- William Dicken, 1654.
- Ralph Hall, 1661.
- John Poyntor, 1662.
- Matthias Hill, 1668.
- Richard Whytall, 1681.
- Edward Vernon, 1691.
- Robert Cox, 1697.

Thomas Smallwood, 1705.

Thomas Fernyhough, 1726.

Joseph Berks, 1728.

John Smallwood, 1734.

John Fernyhough, B. D. succeeded Smallwood about 1788, and retained it till his death in 1803 (see Vol. LXXXI. Part I. p. 326); when he was succeeded by the Rev. Robert Smith, the present Incumbent.

The Patron is Josiah Wedgwood, esq.

*Benefactions.*—Mr. William Cleyton, gent. of Radwood, in the parish of Maer, left by his last will and testament, bearing date Nov. 8, 1625, the sum of one hundred pounds, for certain charitable uses, for a limited time. And his son, John Cleyton, of the same place, on Sept. 18, 1684, gave the sum of sixty pounds, with which sum and his father's legacy, amounting to 160*l*. he purchased from Sir William Bowyer, knight, of Knipersley, in the county of Stafford, an annual rent of eight pounds, payable every Lady-day and Michaelmas-day, by equal portions, charged upon certain lands, &c. in the parish of Maer. He also appointed trustees to receive the said annual rent, and to pay the yearly sum of *four pounds* thereof, by two equal portions, to the Minister of Maer, "to encourage him to take pains in preaching, and also in catechizing and instructing the ignorant in the principles of religion." Also, to pay the sum of *four pounds*, being the residue of the said annual rent of eight pounds, for and towards placing poor children, of the parish of Maer, apprentices in some honest and lawful calling.

The sum of *Eighty Pounds* was given by different benefactors to the poor of this parish; among whom were Mr. Dale, who gave 20*l*.; and Mr. John Cox, of Drayton, co. Salop, who bequeathed in his will, dated April 22, 1691, the sum of 10*l*. The latter (Mr. Cox) bequeathed his charity to the town of Maer, and to be distributed in portions of twelve pence each; a little before Christmas. The other Benefactors were probably some of those whose names appear above, in the extracts from the Parish Register.

The annual rent of *Six Shillings and Eightpence* is charged upon certain lands, &c. near the village of Maer, in the said parish, and is paid



to the Overseers: it is called *Candle-stick Money*.

I should be deficient in shewing that respect which is due to the friends of the poor, were I to omit to mention the benevolent disposition and charitable deeds of the present hospitable and pious lady at Maer Hall, the wife of Josiah Wedgwood, esq. This lady's constant attention to the wants of the poor, at her different places of abode, has ever been manifested in a way that has gained her their unfeigned respect and praise. The poor of Maer are indebted to her for many favours; and their obligations have been further increased by the establishment of a Sunday School in the parish, which she and her daughters personally superintend; thus affording to the children of the poor the benefit of instruction, and causing many to attend Divine Service, and to reverence the Sabbath, who would otherwise be in danger of being brought up in a disregard of both.

Yours, &c. W. S.  
 [The remainder of this article,  
 "The Battle of Blore Heath," &c.  
 shall be given in our Supplement.]

Mr. URBAN, Utmsolshire,  
 Dec. 2.

SOMETIME ago, when the weather was more romantic than it is at present, just before the dewy rays of the evening sun took leave of my cottage chimney, I took my customary pipe, and placed myself in the best old elbow chair that ever I was master of, just without my door, overhung with honeysuckles. Throwing my right knee across the left, and beating time with my toe to the whiffs of my pipe, I determined to meditate on whatever might cross my mind. In this situation, I had not long enjoyed the enchanting society of my dear self, ere my attention was arrested by a rough sound of some continuance; which I found proceeded from a man's shooting down a cart-load of stones for repairing the road leading to the parish church. This sound recalled to my mind the letter of X. B. (see Part I. p. 541). Immediately I began to examine myself, to find whether or not I might be one of those men of genius, who could confer everlasting honour on their country by studying Acoustics. My former experience, in a variety

of cases, convinced me that *elasticity*, and *stretchibility*, or, if you like better, *extensibility*, are not the same; and that although a thong or line of India-rubber may be stretched more than a piece of catgut, yet the latter will have the more elastic force of the two, and will be the more sonorous. The more I studied, the more satisfactory did the theory of sound appear as laid down by natural philosophers; and the less did I conceive it possible to be overturned by meditations in a bower or an elbow-chair.

As I am still at a loss for means to prove that stones and shoes are inelastic, I now solicit X. B. to describe his experiments that prove their want of elasticity. Let us proceed in this study together: a pair of geniuses! I cannot deny that philosophers are right in teaching that, when any two hard bodies come in contact, with sufficient velocity, and at no great distance from us, we hear what is called a noise. A noise has been defined to be a sound, the octave or unison of which cannot be ascertained by a musical ear. If any noise be repeated with sufficient frequency, it will constitute a musical sound; and the acuteness of that sound will increase with the frequency; and the loudness, with the force of the collision. Many persons are very much mistaken in their ideas respecting elasticity. I once had great difficulty in making a tobaccoist comprehend that glass and ivory are elastic bodies. Without doubt, if X. B. will give an easy method of measuring the different degrees of elasticity, it will interest a great many of your Readers as well as myself; and, with my future reflections on the subject, I am convinced, we shall have made unheard-of progress in this interesting inquiry. With every laudable disposition, I subscribe myself,

Yours, &c. ZERO, sen.

Where can I find any biographical account of the late eminent musical composers and pianoforte players, Joseph Woelfl and John Lewis Dusseck?

\*.\* We very readily and thankfully accept ZERO'S Musical Proposal.

Mr. URBAN, Nov. 20.

I SENT a question to your very entertaining Miscellany nearly two years ago; to which, I think, no satisfactory answer has yet been given.

It

It was how a man was to bear on the escutcheon of pretence the arms of his lady, supposing her to be the only child and heiress of her mother (also an heiress), but not of her father, he having sons by another wife. The question seems to have puzzled the Heralds. Take the instance of Lord Southwell: his Lordship married Jane, second daughter of John Berkeley, esq. by Jane, daughter and heiress of Sir Wm. Compton, bart. Lady Southwell is, through her mother, coheiress to the Compton estates; but her father having sons by another wife, she can have no pretence to the arms of Berkeley, *as an heiress*, nor can her Lord bear them on the escutcheon of pretence. Is his Lordship then to bear the arms of Compton singly (without Berkeley)? In this there seems to be an impropriety, as it would in fact be stating that he had married an heiress of the name of Compton, whereas his lady's name is Berkeley.

Is there not an impropriety in a late patent of a Marquisate granted to an illustrious General? Instead of Marquis of Wellington, he is styled Marquis Wellington, of Wellington\*. How singular would appear, Prince Wales, of Wales; or Duke York, of York.

What is the title to be borne by the eldest son of the Marquis of Wellington, that illustrious General deriving his Marquisate, Earldom, and Viscounty, from the same place?

The Critic, in Part I. p. 559, who seems to be well acquainted with the Tonsons, the celebrated Booksellers, would much oblige me by any further particulars. Jacob, who was the founder of their riches, died, I believe, either unmarried or issueless: what was his parentage and rise? Richard was his nephew; and father, it is believed, of Richard, Member for Windsor, who was seated at Water Oakley, Berks, and died issueless or unmarried. William Baker, Member for Staffordshire, derives a large fortune from his mother, a Tonson; sister, I believe, of the Member for Windsor.

Is it the custom in Scotland for the

\* The propriety of this title has been already questioned by another Correspondent. See p. 215. EDIT.

† See the Literary Anecdotes of the last Century, vol. I. p. 292. EDIT.

sons of the younger sons of Dukes and Marquises to assume the title of "Honourable," as the sons of Peers? Are Scotch and Irish Peers free from arrest for debt, as Peers of the Realm? Your Constant Reader,  
BIOGRAPHICUS.

Mr. URBAN,

Nov. 21.

ON what authority does Lodge call the Viscount Mountgarret, *Baron of Kells*? no patent appearing in favour of this noble family but that granted by Edward VI. in 1550, by which Richard Butler (second son of Pierce, eighth Earl of Ormond) was raised to the dignity of Viscount Mountgarret. The family appears at an early period to have assumed the additional title of Baron of Kells; for on the monument in St. Canice Church, Kilkenny, erected to the memory of the third Viscount, he is styled "Ill<sup>lus</sup> ac Nob<sup>is</sup> Richardus Butler, Vicecomes de Mountgarret, *Baro de Kells*."

No authority appears for the title of "Baron of Burren," as given by Lodge to the O'Briens, Earls of Inchiquin (now Marquises of Thomond); and what is singular, though he, in enumerating the family titles, gives that of "Baron of Burren," among the others; yet under the dates of creation of the titles, he omits it altogether.

Lodge in his Peerage, vol. IV. calls Charles Jones (who claimed, and was admitted to, the honours of Viscount Ranelagh, after they had lain dormant for near half a century) the fourth Viscount; but surely with impropriety. Richard, Earl of Ranelagh, died in 1711, when the Earldom became extinct: he was the third Viscount. Now Charles, called the fourth Lord, was probably not born at the period of the Earl's decease. The descent of Charles, Viscount Ranelagh, from Thos. younger son of the first Viscount Ranelagh, is given by Lodge; but, from want of dates, it is difficult to say (without more information) which of his Lordship's ancestors was living in 1711, the year in which the Earl of Ranelagh died. *A Constant Reader, and Occasional Correspondent.*

Mr. URBAN, *Quinton, Nov. 24.*

IT is an honour to England that its inhabitants of all distinctions

are so zealous in propagating the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures throughout the world; that true Religion and true Liberty may be understood and enjoyed by all people. What a glorious contrast do we exhibit to Buonaparte, who by falsehood, low cunning, fire and sword, is carrying ruin and destruction into every country that lies within his reach. Be it ours ever to spread abroad the word of Peace and Truth. But I am very much afraid, Mr. Urban, that our endeavours will never be effectual, till a regular Church and a regular Clergy are established throughout all our Dominions. We see how little has been done by separate Missionaries. I belong to a Society\* that has sent out several for 70 or 80 years; and the number of converts they have made is very inconsiderable. Denmark has done as little, and is now crippled. We see also how our Dissenters, warm in the cause of their Missionaries, have failed. Let us copy the Roman Catholics in this good part of their conduct, and establish Churches wherever we go; it will add more to the prosperity of our country than Wars, Allies, or even Commerce itself. It is much to our disgrace, that in the East and West Indies there are few, if any, Churches; no appearance of Religion; the Sabbath hardly distinguished from a common day. This must be a sore evil to a kingdom which has half the world under its protection; and an account will certainly be required of us, both in this world and in the next. Let us immediately wipe off this disgrace, this scandalous neglect. In our next Indian Charter let Religion and promoting the worship of the true God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, be an indispensable part. Then may we hope for the blessings of Heaven upon us: then may we expect that the God of Jacob will prosper upon us the work of our hands. B. D.

MR. URBAN, Nov. 7.

I SHOULD consider it a particular favour if any of your numerous Readers should inform me if a print of Lord Finch and Archbishop Laud tied together before that by Glover, is really ever met with; and if a pocket volume on rare portraits, entitled,

\* For promoting Christian Knowledge.

"The Amateur's Companion," has yet been published? The Works hitherto on engraved portraits, though by no means useless, have long been considered too tedious to a person who wishes to ascertain if a print is worthy his pursuit: eight different indexes are often consulted in vain. T. F. D.

\*\*\* We give the following Letter in the words of the Writer, without pledging ourselves for the accuracy of its contents. If the allegations are unfounded, we shall with equal readiness and pleasure admit an answer to them; if true,

— "Pudet hæc opprobria nobis  
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli."  
MR. URBAN, Nov. 24.

I HAVE often had reason to admire the attention which you always pay to the Antiquities of Britain, and the respect in which you appear to hold those who have by any means contributed to the stock of our knowledge in that highly-interesting branch of Literature. It had occurred to me some time ago that if any reward, in a pecuniary shape, or if any mark of honour (a medal for instance) could be given to those who had eminently exerted themselves in rescuing from destruction some of the numerous remains which yet adorn this Country, it might perhaps tend to the preservation of many beautiful specimens; and at the same time encourage a taste for Antiquarian research.

Full of this notion, I found myself the other day at WORCESTER; and, upon repairing to the CATHEDRAL, judge how my theory of rewards and medals vanished, at observing that an old Gothic screen had been lately removed from a part of the Choir; and that the component parts of it were thrown aside in a corner as rubbish. I do not complain that, in lieu of the screen, there was put up a kind of glazed door with a green canvas blind, somewhat resembling the separation sometimes seen between the bar and the kitchen of a public-house. It is very possible that this might be in perfect good taste, though I confess it was in vain that I endeavoured to persuade myself so. But would you not have felt that there was some cause for complaint, had you seen tracery, vaulting, carved-work, pinnacles, crockets, &c. &c. mixed together, in undistinguished confusion; and all lying in a heap like materials for mending a road? Leaving

ing this place with sensations not far removed from disgust, I went to visit BERKELEY CASTLE; and if the Church of Worcester are entitled to a chaplet or an oration for their contempt of the works of our ancestors, let similar honours be decreed to the house-maid of Berkeley Castle, who had selected for the purpose of setting open a door, a beautiful white marble Antique, with an inscription! "The West of England," I exclaimed, "so abounds in Antiquities, that it seems to regard as mere trifles what in other parts of the world would be considered as of inestimable value; let me go and see what MALMESBURY exhibits." As I approached those majestic ruins, my ears were saluted with the noise of pick-axes, &c.; and I began to tremble lest some poor workman might be put in a situation of danger from the meritorious eagerness of the proprietor to preserve the grandeur of the Edifice. They were only tearing down part of a fine Norman pillar in the nave of the Church, to make room for a pig-stye and wood house! I then passed on towards GLASTONBURY. "There," said I, "we shall certainly be gratified, for I am told they keep the grounds shut up, and you pay for permission to see them; so that no injury can be done to any of the buildings." You may remember, Sir, the part that is called "Joseph of Arimathea's Chapel," of which the round-headed windows, very richly ornamented with Saxon mouldings, form, perhaps, the most beautiful and interesting feature of the whole; and excite universal admiration. These were all black with smoke! I enquired with indignation, if the schoolmaster had not flogged his boys for such a piece of wanton mischief? "Lord, Sir," answered my informant, "it was done by a gentleman from Lunnun; an Artist I do think they call'un, and his neame be ———." It seems that a quantity of ivy had grown up of late, which had partly concealed some of the windows; and that the Artist from London had thought fit to destroy it by fire. Yet a fellow with a knife and a ladder might have been got for a shilling, who would have removed as much ivy as would have enabled Mr. ——— to make a drawing for the Exhibition; and the publick might still enjoy a pleasure

in viewing the ruins of Glastonbury, which they must henceforth be deprived of for years to come!

Now, Sir, that the Verger or even the Surveyor of a Cathedral should have no taste for Gothic Architecture; that House-maids should not admire Antiques; or that a Tradesman at Malmesbury should think more of his own convenience and profit than of Norman pillars, one can excuse, however much one must in these instances lament it; but what can be said for the Artist, the man of taste by profession, who has committed such an outrage as I have above described? Do, my dear Sir, represent this matter to the Nation at large; beseech them not to destroy every thing that has been heretofore deemed venerable; explain to them that though the present is an age of comparative civilization and refinement, yet they may be assured there is much merit in many of the works of our forefathers; and let them know and feel that the preservation of the splendid monuments they have left us, may not only add to our rational and innocent pleasures, but materially tend to our instruction and improvement.

#### A CONSTANT READER.

Mr. URBAN, *St. Bartholomew the Great, Aug. 24.*

ON looking over the papers in the accounts of the churchwarden of this parish in the year 1699, I found a surgeon's bill for repairing a broken head. It may be amusing to some of your Readers to know the *practice and charges* in such cases at that period. The following is an exact copy of the bill.

"Septemb<sup>r</sup> 22. 89.

T. Edgsaw a Coachman sore wounded on the head; the Cranium bare, the breath of a crown peace fell into my hand.

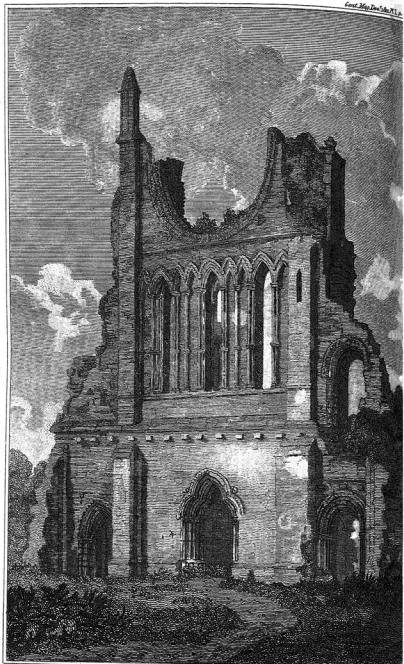
#### Charges :

Melrosarum .....	00 02 06
Spiritt of wine .....	00 03 00
brandy .....	00 01 00
plaster .....	00 01 06
tooe to dress .....	00 00 06
fomentation .....	00 02 00
for owne paines nothing	
for my servant .....	00 0 0

Received the Some in 00 12 06  
this bill

by mee Tho<sup>s</sup> Wotton.  
Leonard Penton."

Mr.



J. J. Muller Jun. del. Lith.

J. Hunt. sculp.

*RUINS OF THE WEST FRONT OF BYLAND ABBEY, YORKSHIRE*

Mr. URBAN, *Birmingham, June 8.*  
**I** HAVE inclosed you a Sketch (see *Plate II.*) which I made a few days since, of a Quarry from whence the Rowley rag stone is taken, of which stone this and some of the adjacent hills are chiefly composed, as it is to be found in most parts immediately under the surface of the ground. I made this sketch in profile of the quarry, to shew how the pillars inclined from the perpendicular. The situation of this quarry is at the top of a hill, and nearly equidistant from Dudley, Rowley Regis, and Oldbury, not quite one mile and a half from the nearest of those places; the hill is long and steep on each side, rising into different peaks, and their line of direction from Rowley is N.N.W.; they command an extensive view of country in every direction. The hail stone, which is also a rock of Rowley rag stone, mentioned by Dr. Plot in his History of Staffordshire, is to the South of this quarry, distant nearly one mile; the height of some of the columns represented in this sketch are from 16 to 18 feet, and the longest joints of the stone are from three feet three inches to three feet nine inches; the upper and under surface of the joints are generally flat: I have represented the outline of some of those surfaces, to shew their angular form, in a separate compartment; their diameters are as follow: the stone A is 9 inches, the stone B 14, C 13, D 15, F 9; at E is only the part of a stone, it corresponds with E in the sketch; it is 30 inches in diameter, and a part of it being hid by other columns, prevented my observing the shape of its other angles.

Descending the hill, and not half a mile distant, is another quarry of the same kind of stone, the level of which is more than 100 feet below the former; this quarry presents columns on a much larger scale; some of them appeared to me about two or three yards in diameter, more or less, as I did not measure them; they did not appear so regular as those in the upper quarry, which perhaps may be owing to the want of a sufficient excavation to display their lengths; this may lead to suppose with reference to the columns at E, that those columns increase in magnitude as they approach the base of the hill; but  
 GENT. MAG. December, 1812.

this is mere conjecture. The exterior colour of the columns is of a light brown; but, when broke, the inside of the stone is of a gray or nearly black, and of a close compact body.

Yours, &c. T. H.

Mr. URBAN, *Stratford on Avon, Sept. 14.*

**T**HE venerable Church of Monkwearmouth, in the Bishoprick of Durham, having lately undergone a general repair, I send you the annexed view of its present appearance, (see *Plate II. fig. 2.*) For an interesting account of its antient and modern history, I must refer you to Hutchinson's Durham, vol. II. p. 501.  
 Yours, &c. S. 2.

Mr. URBAN, *Dec. 1.*

**I**N compliance with the request of M. GREEN, I send you a copy of the Epitaph on Dr. Carr, the late master of Hertford School; which is inscribed upon a mural tablet, placed against the South side of the chancel of St. John's Church in that town:

“ *Marix suæ fidelij;  
 horas præteritas  
 nunquam non pectore fovens,  
 Monumentum lapide perennius  
 debebat Joannes Carr:  
 qui, plura vix moratus  
 quam ad amissas flendas amicitias  
 vitæ hujusce, non sine tædio  
 itineris incomitati,  
 nec tamen ad illam alteram intentatam  
 sine spe resurgendi,  
 studiis inanibus, obliviscendis,  
 nempe qui fuerat  
 plus nimio deditus,  
 errandi, peccandi, si non noscendi  
 penitus, tandem penitens,  
 animam Deo revocanti reddidit,  
 anno Salutis MDCCCVII.  
 ætatis suæ LXXV.”*

Give me leave at the same time to suggest, that a biographical sketch of this respectable person, from the pen of some one of your Correspondents who may be acquainted with the history of his family and the habits of his life, would gratify the curiosity of many of your readers, and serve to perpetuate the remembrance of a learned and virtuous Preceptor.

Yours, &c. HERTFORDIENSIS.

Mr. URBAN, *Nov. 5.*

**T**HE inclosed MS. has been for many years in my possession, and

and though I found in it strong marks to induce me to give it to the learned Author of the Rambler, and have long been accustomed to read it on a Sunday to my family, I never till the other day discovered from whence it had been taken, when I found it in the last number of the Literary Magazine, namely in July 1758\*.

If you think, from its intrinsic merit, and from the scarcity of its original, by the learned and virtuous Author, that it deserves a place in your meritorious work, by inserting it you will oblige many as well as

Yours, &c.

C. P.

CONSIDERATIONS on the prevailing Custom of VISITING on SUNDAYS.

The sentiments here offered against the prevailing custom of prophaning the Sabbath will probably be a satisfaction to every serious reader, and be productive of much good, especially as it is in every body's power to reform *one*; and then his own conduct will be a *tacit* reproof to his acquaintance, who may probably through his example be induced to weigh these proceedings attentively, and no longer follow a multitude to do *evil*.—It is certainly a matter of importance to inquire, whether Sunday visits are justifiable upon the principle of Scripture and of Reason? as the conscientious observation of the Sabbath has of late years been so much disregarded, and it is now become the principal day of visiting among persons of all ranks. The chief advocates for the continuance of such a practice should methinks defend it publicly, that their arguments may be properly examined, if (in their opinion) such a custom can admit of any rational defence; and those who are sufficiently convinced by what is here advanced, should resolve to discontinue Sunday visits themselves, and discountenance them in others, as far as they can con-

sistently with decency and prudence. That the number of such well-disposed persons may be daily increased, is undoubtedly the hearty wish of every one who is sincerely desirous of promoting the glory of God and the good of mankind.

Qu. Whether it be right for truly serious persons to visit on Sunday?

The persons here mentioned are the truly serious. As to many people, it matters not whether they are at home or abroad: God is not in all their thoughts; they have no concern for their eternal welfare; they therefore are in every place altogether and alike unprofitable.

But when we begin to discern the things that are excellent; when we sincerely desire to "obtain salvation, with eternal glory, by Jesus Christ;" then, Whether it be proper to fall in with the prevailing custom of visiting on Sundays? is the question.

Were our companions religious, and was our conversation edifying, I should make no scruple to give my voice in the affirmative. Every parlour would then be a little sanctuary, would echo back the exhortations, and second the designs of the pulpit; and we might truly say, *It is good for us to be here*.

But, alas! where do we find such company? where do we hear such conversation? The general conversation is all impertinence; not so much as seasoned with a spice of religion. *They talk of vanity every one with his neighbour*. For which reason I cannot think it safe or expedient, allowable or innocent, *habitually* to visit on Sundays.

It is inconsistent with the best example. *I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day*, says St. John. I was filled with the communications of the Holy Spirit, giving me views of Christ, bright hopes of glory, and shedding abroad the love of God in my heart. But is this compatible with the idle, trifling, insignificant chat, which engrosses our ordinary visits?

*Objection 1.*—Will it be said, the Apostle's was a peculiar case? I answer, it was a *peculiarly happy* case. And will a prudent Christian relinquish the prospect of such unspeakable happiness, for the most empty and desultory amusement? But I believe it was not peculiar to the

\* "This Magazine, which was begun in May 1756, and was avowedly supported by the pen of Dr. Johnson, (the first volume, printed by J. Richardson, Paternoster-row; the second and remainder by J. Wilkie,) was dropped by the Compiler in June 1758, being succeeded by "The Grand Magazine of Magazines," printed by T. Kinnersly, the first number of which was published the ensuing month. W. COLE, 1758." See his copy, *pensis me*, C. P.

the Apostle; rather the common privilege of all believers, written as a pattern for their practice, and to be the plan of their expectations.

It is contrary to the divine prohibition.—The negative law relative to the Sabbath is, *Not doing thy own ways, not finding thy own pleasure, not speaking thy own words*, Isai. lviii. 13. *Not doing thy own ways*; abstaining from secular business and all worldly pursuits. *Not finding thy own pleasure*; renouncing all those recreations and amusements which may tend to gratify thy taste, not to glorify thy Almighty Lord. *Not speaking thy own words*; conversing on spiritual, sublime, and heavenly subjects, not on low earthly and temporal matters, which, having no reference to the Creator's honour, are therefore called *thy own*. However some people may act, or whatever they may think, this is the express and unalterable law, established by the God of Heaven. Whether it be possible to mingle in modish company and obey this law, let those judge who are acquainted with the world.

It breaks the divine command.—The positive law relating to the Sabbath is, *Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy*. Remember, take particular notice of this injunction. It is a duty greatly to be regarded, and most conscientiously to be observed. Upon the due observance of this, our disposition and ability to observe the other precepts in good measure depends. *Keep it holy*; devote it to holy purposes, spend it in holy exercises, and not barely an hour or two, not barely the intervals of private and public devotion, but the day, the Sabbath day, the whole day. Neither will the whole day be too long, if we make conscience of discharging the several duties of religion, reading and meditation, prayer and praise, teaching our children and instructing our domesticks, examining our hearts, and taking heed to our ways. All these offices, if properly performed, will leave very little, rather no time, for unnecessary elopements. And shall we huddle over all these important offices, or totally neglect some of them, only to indulge ourselves in the most unprofitable levities? at once doing an injury to our spiritual interests, and violating the divine precept.

I fear it will be a kind of *crucifying afresh our blessed Master*. This expression we have often read, but think ourselves free from the guilt implied in it, and indeed from the very likelihood of contracting it. But let us be reminded, that we *crucify our Lord afresh*, when we give others occasion to conclude, that we have very little esteem for him; consequently that he has little or no excellency for which we or others should desire him. Now what else can the world conclude, when they see us giving into the vanities of a licentious mode, on that very day which is sacred to the commemoration of his resurrection? "Surely," might the children of this world say, "if these Christians had any real reverence for their Lord, they would shew it on *his own day*. They would be retired to contemplate and adore him, or else come abroad to exalt and glorify him; but they come abroad to be as frothy in their talk, and as trifling in their temper, as forgetful of their Saviour, and as regardless of his honour, as the most arrant worldling among us all." To afford a handle for such reflections, is to wound the Redeemer in the house of his friends.

It will *grieve the Holy Spirit*, Ephes. iv. 30. Christians believe that he is infinitely wise, all-gracious, and ever-blessed; that he dwells in their hearts, and is the source of all their holiness and all their happiness: therefore we pray daily in our Liturgy, *that the Holy Spirit may not be taken from us*. On Sunday, we commemorate the descent of this divine guest; and are in a particular manner to implore his presence, and cultivate his influences. But can this be done by neglecting his express prohibition, and breaking his positive command? by disregarding the examples which he hath set before us, and by dishonouring that Saviour whom he delights to magnify? Besides, dare any mortal presume to say in his heart, amidst a circle of polite visitants, "I am now acting in a manner becoming my relation to the Eternal Spirit. These sentiments and this discourse are suitable to his dignity, wisdom, and glory: a proper method of celebrating and honouring the day of his miraculous mission."

Should any one ask, "What is meant by *grieving the Holy Spirit*?"



it means offending his exalted majesty, and causing him to act as men commonly act when they are grieved and displeased with any one: they withdraw from his company, and visit him no more. When Samuel was grieved for Saul's misbehaviour, it is written, "He came no more to see Saul." If the Almighty Comforter be provoked to deal thus with our souls, alas! what a loss must we sustain!—a loss unspeakable, irreparable, eternal!

So that if this practice were not sinful, it must be exceedingly detrimental; and that not in one only, but in various respects. Have we received spiritual good from the public ordinances? The admonition of Heaven is, "We ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip," Heb. ii. 1. By this practice we not only suffer them to slip, but open as it were a leak for their immediate discharge. Have we been under edifying impressions from our private exercises? The unerring direction is, *Quench not the Spirit*; stifle not the serious desires which he has awakened; allow them their full scope till they are formed into gracious habits. By the practice under consideration, we pour water instead of oil upon the feeble flame; we extinguish what we should cherish. Is the heavenly seed sown in our breasts? These dissipating interviews are the ravenous birds which follow the seedsman, and devour the grain; so that nothing takes root: no fruit of faith, of joy, or love, is produced.

Let me only add, that, on a dying bed, the misimprovement of all our time will be most bitterly regretted: how much more the misimprovement of those hours which God himself has hallowed, has set apart for the noblest purposes, as is wont to bless in an especial manner! "While others were seeking the pearl of great price, and gathering those treasures of wisdom and grace which endure to everlasting life; I, alas! was squandering away the precious opportunities in very vanity." To see the curtain of time dropping, to see a vast eternity opening before us, and to have such reflections haunting our conscience; this will cause misery not to be ex-

pressed, create anguish not to be conceived.

*Objection 2.*—Will it be said, in answer to these considerations, "That company, even trifling company, is a relaxation.—We return to the instruction of our families, and to our evening devotion, with a fresh alacrity, being sick of these triflers?" A strange argument! It should rather be reversed. The objectors might truly say, "Being sick of religion and its services, we want such triflers to afford us some relief." The sincere servant of Christ would find no recreation, but feel grief of heart, in such interviews. It must be a real affliction to observe his divine Lord absolutely disregarded; disregarded on the day peculiarly devoted to his honour. Every vanity now preferred before him, as Barabbas the robber was formerly. The true refreshment for our souls consists in having our faith increased, our hope elevated, and our views of heaven enlarged. In contemplating the infinite perfection and glory of our Redeemer; the infinite grandeur and fulness of his propitiation; and our complete, I might have said, our infinite security from wrath and vengeance by being interested in his merits.

*Objection 3.*—"Sunday is the best part of our time for this purpose: business is suspended; every body is ready dressed; all circumstances invite." Is it the best part of our time? Then let it be devoted to the best of beings. Who is more worthy of our choicest thoughts, affections, hours, than that divinely-compassionate Saviour, who offered himself in the very prime of his life a bleeding victim for our sins, that his sacrifice might have every recommending circumstance which could render it acceptable to God, and available for man?

*Objection 4.*—"It is the universal custom. To discontinue it, would render us unfashionable." And cannot you bear to be a little unfashionable, for his sake who was despised and rejected, who humbled himself to death, even the death of the cross, for your sake? Is it the universal custom? Then custom is the idol which we are called to renounce. I must say of custom in this case as Elijah said of Baal, "If Custom be God,

God, follow its dictates; but if Jehovah be God, observe his precepts." It is written in the Scriptures, Rom. xii. 2, *Be not conformed to this world.* To what does this prohibition relate? To such ungodly customs, no doubt. No battery of cannon was ever pointed more directly against a citadel to be demolished, than this text against such customs. In indifferent matters, let the Christian avoid singularity. Let him dress somewhat like his neighbours; let him make an appearance suitable to his station; but let him *not follow a multitude* to profane the Sabbath, or to do any evil. Here religious persons should by all means be *singular*; should distinguish themselves by a *becoming* zeal for their God; should set an example, and shine as lights in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation: otherwise they may do, not themselves only, but others also, incredible harm.

*Objection 5.*—Some people may start, and reply, "If these things are so, to what a degree of sinful negligence is even the Christian world arrived!" With regard to the world called Christian, this is too true; and no measure of sorrow can be sufficient to bewail the deplorable degeneracy. Negligence, or rather obstinacy, in this *capital* instance, is a melancholy indication of no less disobedience in other respects.

*Objection 6.*—"This will be irksome, will render our religion a burthen." I hope no one that pretends to seriousness will offer to make this objection. The sinners in Sion made it: for which reason they are braided, and by the Divine Spirit himself, with infamy that will never be blotted out. *Oh! what a weariness is it! when will the Sabbath, and its irksome solemnities, be gone?* Malachi, i. 13, and Amos, viii. 5. This discovers a heart alienated from God; that has not tasted the good works of grace, and savours not of the things which be of Christ: otherwise, such would be the language, "One day thus employed, is better than a thousand," Ps. lxxiv. 10. Is it tedious and burthensome to pass a *single day* in devout exercises? How then shall we pass, how shall we endure, the ages of eternity? since we are assured, that those happy beings, who stand round the Throne, clothed with white robes, serve their

God day and night, for ever and ever, in his Temple. In the regions of immortality they find a Heaven; because there they have a never-ceasing and eternal communion with God, because there they have an uninterrupted and everlasting Sabbath.

*Remarks on the Translation of the Holy Scriptures, and their peculiar Excellence in every Style of Composition.*

MR. URBAN, Northiam, Nov. 13.

THE Translation of the Holy Scriptures appointed to be used in the Established Church of England is, I believe, generally admitted by the learned to be as *correct* and *perfect* as it can well be; and yet, from the confidence with which some young popular Preachers take upon them to point out defects, and insist on *different constructions*, from a supposed detection of *absolute mistakes* in the translating or the printing, or the want of *proper terms* in the English language to express the *full and precise* meaning of the original; those who occupy the place of the *unlearned*, which is certainly the greater part of every congregation, and commonly every individual of the audience, must be led to conclude, that it is utterly useless or even prejudicial for them to *read the Scriptures at home* as they find them, or to rest their faith on the *doctrines* they advance, or form their *conduct* on the precepts they contain; since they are so often told by those who *must or ought to know*, that they are full of errors and defects, and consequently cannot be relied on as the *word of God*. It will surely be admitted, that nothing can be more fatal to the cause of Religion than such a conclusion, which can only be expected to ensue.

It is unquestionably the duty of every Minister of the Established Church (and to them only I address myself) to give in their discourses to the people such an exposition of the Scriptures as they know or believe to be agreeable to the *sense of the original accepted by that Church*; and it is a very assuming, injurious, and reprehensible practice, ever to *assert decisively* in the pulpit that there is a *word translated wrong*. In the first place it is highly probable, however unwilling they may be to admit it, that

that the error is their own; but, under the strongest persuasion that it is not, it may suffice to explain the term made use of in that sense which they believe it ought to carry, provided it is not inconsistent in any material point with the tenets of the Church. In doing which, it cannot even be requisite or allowable to say, except in controversial disquisitions before a learned audience, that they conceive the word in its present and common acceptation not to convey the *strict* or *full* sense of the *original*, although they should venture upon their own judgment to improve or *extend* the construction of it.

To introduce any quotations from the *Hebrew* or *Greek* in the delivery of an *English* sermon to a common illiterate congregation, is (to say the least of it) very injudicious and improper. It cannot tend to the purpose of *edifying* those who know nothing of those languages; and if it is done to *refute* or bring in *question* the *Translation*, it must, as I have already observed, lead to a most pernicious consequence, *viz.* that of lessening or destroying the credit and influence of the Holy Scriptures with the lower orders of the community; who ought rather to be told, and most assuredly may with the strictest truth, that they will find in *their own* *perusal* of them with a common understanding, and by the help of such instructions as they may and must receive from those who are ordained to expound them, all that is requisite to *believe* and *practise* for their *temporal* and *eternal* *welfare*; and may rely upon those sacred books having been *faithfully* *translated* and *carefully* *revised* by the most learned and pious men, who accurately understood the respective languages through which they have been conveyed to us, in as *correct* a state as human learning could render them. The introduction, therefore, of any words from the original, either to prove or disprove the accuracy of the Translation, appears to be useless in a common congregation, as it can do neither; and injurious, as it can only serve to perplex their minds with doubts and difficulties, which neither the learning of the preacher, nor the capacity of the hearers, may be adequate to clear up; and it may be fairly presumed in every case that

the subject has been already decided by superior knowledge.

Nor do I think that quotations from the *Poets*, however excellent or applicable, can ever with propriety be admitted in a sermon. In moral and religious *essays* they may be used with great advantage to illustrate; but all illustrations adduced from any less authority than those of the inspired writings, appear to be in general, and very justly, considered by the Clergy as beneath the dignity and inconsistency with the importance and solemnity of religious exhortations from the pulpit, which certainly stand in need of no embellishments but what may be derived with much greater force and effect from the *Holy Scriptures*; which, if it were possible to consider them as mere *human compositions*, divested of the aid of Inspiration, afford examples in every way that irresistibly command the admiration of men of any judgment or genius; and have ever been acknowledged to be, even in that point of view, far superior to any other writings that the pen of man has produced. In the sublime, the pathetic, the didactic, the descriptive, and the ironical, instances of each might be cited without number, and the only difficulty would be, to select the most excellent. Of the last mentioned, *Elijah's* *derision* of the *Prophets of Baul*, in the 18th chapter of the 1st book of Kings, and *Isaiah's* *exposure* of the *vanity* of *idols*, and *folly* of *idolatry*, in the 44th chapter of his book, are incomparable. *Elijah*, by a masterly transition from a style of ridicule to that of sublimity, concludes with a solemn and confident appeal to the true God for a confirmation of his verity, which is followed by a most striking and miraculous attestation of it by *fire* from *Heaven* to consume the sacrifice, and the *immediate* *conviction* of all the *people* assembled to decide the important question proposed by the *Prophet of the Lord*. *Isaiah*, having pointedly exposed the *folly* of *idol-makers* and *absurdity* of their *worship* in nearly a similar strain to that of *Elijah*, proceeds to introduce the Most High as calling on his people to *remember* they are the *servants* of *Him* who *made* and would not forget them; who had blotted out their *transgressions*, and as a *cloud* their

sins, exhorting them to return to Him who was also their Redeemer, and who alone had created the heavens and the earth: thus passing on from elucidating the subject by familiar allusions in a style of keen and forcible argument, to a full demonstration of the Deity, by conceptions so sublime as could only be suitably expressed in the character of Him who inspired them. Can any thing comparable to either of these examples be brought from the works of the most admired writers of the present or any former period; or which would not be utterly unworthy to appear as a quotation on the same page or in the same discourse? It is indeed true, as I have already observed, that every kind of excellence in point of composition is to be found in the Holy Scriptures, beyond all comparison with any other writers that the learning, the genius, the wisdom, or the wit of man has produced; but the sublimity of the sacred writers is indisputably that which shines with peculiar and transcendent lustre, and which nothing but immediate inspiration could have rendered equal to the impression which it makes, and the important purposes for which it is designed.

It would be impossible to enumerate, and superfluous to adduce, so many passages as present themselves in almost every page to illustrate or enforce any given subject that requires or admits of the most exalted style. Where is the awful presence of the Supreme Being conceived and described by any uninspired writer in terms so truly elevated as in the 18th Psalm? or the fearful effects of his majestic power and glory, within the compass of thought or language, as in the 2d chapter of Isaiah? particularly the repetition of those impressive verses: "Enter into the rocks and hide thee in the dust, for fear of the Lord and for the glory of His majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the earth." But in the reading of these verses, if the emphasis is not laid on the word *his*, the peculiar force of the expression, as applied to the Almighty, is lost; the same term being in common use for the sovereigns of the world. To select but one more specimen of this style, from the 38th chapter of Job, which affords a most abundant variety, wherein the

great Creator is represented as speaking out of the whirlwind to his afflicted servant, who had presumed to expostulate with his Maker respecting his grievous trials: "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?" and proceeding to a recital of his mighty works throughout the universal system of Creation, in order to convince him of man's ignorance of his comprehensive purposes, and his utter inability to contend with an almighty and omniscient Being, who is not to be instructed or reproved by his creatures. Whereupon, with that humility of mind from which he had in some degree departed, Job expressed his abhorrence of his presumption, his contrition for the offence, that acknowledgment of the divine power and wisdom, which till then he had not rightly understood or considered; and that entire submission under all events to the will of God, which confirmed his distinguished character of a perfect and upright man, and immediately preceded his restoration to health and prosperity, and the accumulated blessings of Providence on all his remaining days.

Yours, &amp;c.

W. B.

Mr. URBAN,

Dec. 2.

THE following extract (from the *Edinburgh Review*) contains some interesting particulars with regard to an enterprising Traveller:

"The last accounts of Mr. Park, from himself, were from Sansanding, on the Niger, whence he transmitted his Journal to the Government. The African Institution are about to publish this immediately, for the benefit of his unfortunate family. Along with Mr. Park's Journal, will be published that of Isaac, a native Mahometan, who, having accompanied him to Sansanding, was afterwards sent by Governor Maxwell to procure some account of his fate. He returned to Senegal, after an absence of twenty months, and made his report in writing. From it we extract the following account of Mr. Park's death, as given to Isaac, by Amadee-Fatouma, who accompanied him from Sansanding on board a large schooner-rigged canoe, in which he had undertaken the navigation of the river to its mouth. Amadee-Fatouma accompanied him till two or three days after

after he had reached the kingdom of Haoussa.

"Next day," says he, "Mr. Park departed, and I slept in the village (Yaour). Next morning I went to the King, to pay my respects to him. On entering the house, I found two men, who came on horseback; they were sent by the Chief of Yaour. They said to the King, 'We are sent by the Chief of Yaour, to let you know, that the white men went away without giving you or him (the Chief) any thing; they have a great many things with them, and we have received nothing from them; and this Anadee-Fatouma, now before you, is a bad man, and has likewise made a fool of you both.' The King immediately ordered me to be put in irons, which was accordingly done, and every thing I had taken from me; some were for killing me, and some for preserving my life. The next morning early, the King sent an army to a village called Boussa, near the river's side: there is before this village a rock across the whole breadth of the river; one part of the rock is very high: there is a large opening in this rock, in the form of a door, which is the only passage for the water to pass through: the tide current is here very strong. The army went and took possession of the top of this opening. Mr. Park came there after the army had posted itself: he nevertheless attempted to pass. The people began to attack him; throwing lances, pikes, arrows, and stones. Mr. Park defended himself for a long time: two of his slaves, at the stern of the canoe, were killed; they threw every thing they had in the canoe into the river, and kept firing; but, being overpowered by numbers and fatigue, and unable to keep up the canoe against the current, and no probability of escaping, Mr. Park took hold of one of the white men, and jumped into the water. Martin did the same; and they were drowned in the stream in attempting to escape. The only slave remaining in the boat, seeing the natives persist in throwing weapons at the canoe, stood up and said to them, 'Stop throwing now; you see nothing in the canoe, and nobody but myself; therefore cease. Take me and the canoe, but don't kill me.' They took

possession of the canoe and the man, and carried them to the King.

"I was kept in irons three months; the King then released me, and gave me a female slave. I immediately went to the slave taken in the canoe, who told me in what manner Mr. Park and all of them had died, and what I have related above."

MR. URBAN, *Mogadore*, Oct. 15.

I REQUEST you will insert in your widely-circulating Miscellany, the annexed particulars of Mr. Roentgen, whose friends must have been anxious for some authentic intelligence respecting him.

A. W. COVAT.

Mr. Roentgen arrived at Mogadore in the Spring of 1811; and in consequence of letters of recommendation from Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Mitford, and Mr. J. G. Jackson, resided at my house.

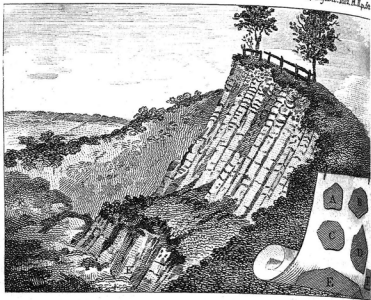
I was not at home at his arrival, and but a very few hours during his stay in Mogadore, as I arrived home on the Friday noon, and he set off on his journey for the interior early the next morning.

Mr. Roentgen's first intention was, to have remained one year at Mogadore; but, making a journey to Morocco about two months after his arrival, from whence he wrote the note annexed, he soon after his return became extremely impatient to commence his very arduous undertaking.

The plan which had been recommended by me was, to engage some trader going to Tombuctoo to take him under his protection and bring him safe back for a stipulated sum; but this proposal carried with it too much the air of restraint.

I had had in my service for about a year prior to Mr. Roentgen's arrival, a man born at Beverly in Yorkshire, of German parents. This fellow, when a seaman on board a British ship of war, which put into Tetuan or Tangier, ran away, and turned Moor; had been a renegade some years, and was in my employ as gardener. With this man Mr. Roentgen unfortunately contracted a very close intimacy; which originated, no doubt, from his talking the same language, and the fellow's parents being natives of the same part of Germany as Mr. Roentgen. He therefore determined to take this renegade for his companion;

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QAURRY OF ROWLEY RAG-STONE.

MONK WEARMOUTH, DURHAM.



Longman & Co.

tion; and on my arrival at home, I found them ready to set off.

I endeavoured to persuade Mr. Roentgen to put it off for a few days, as I did not like his trusting wholly to a renegade; but he said, things were gone too far; the man was in possession of all his plans, and one day's delay might be fatal.

Mr. Roentgen was accompanied out, the first fifteen miles, by several Europeans, who returned in the evening. One remained the night with him, and the next day until they reached the River Tausif, where Mr. Roentgen sunk his European clothes in the River, and put on the Moorish dress; and he then pursued his journey, accompanied only by the renegade.

They were provided with two good mules, a variety of beads, and other articles of merchandise; about five hundred dollars in money, and each well armed with pistols, swords, muskets, and daggers. Mr. Roentgen was also well supplied with drugs to pass as a physician when it might be necessary in the interior. He carried with him also a very fine copy of the Alcoran on vellum, which might be of service to him in gaining the protection of some sheriff.

At parting, Mr. Roentgen promised we should hear of him by every opportunity, if only his name, date, and place, on a bit of paper. We, however, never heard from him.

When they had been gone about three weeks, it was reported here, that the renegade and a Moor were seen passing the river at Azamore, a town to the Northward of this; but, it appearing so improbable that they should have taken that route, no attention was paid to the report.

When Mr. Roentgen had been gone about seven weeks, accounts came from Morocco, that a Moor of the province of Shedma had been stopped offering for sale a watch and various other articles apparently belonging to an European; and the rumour immediately went forth, that they belonged to Mr. Roentgen, who had been murdered. The Governor of this place sent for the articles from Morocco; and they were all identified as having been Mr. Roentgen's by my brother, and the watch, as one which he always wore suspended by a ribband from his neck. There was now but

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too much reason to suppose this unfortunate traveller had been murdered, and that within three or four days' journey of this place; but still no one suspected the renegade. We sent to Morocco, to have the examination of the Moor taken. He persisted in declaring that he found Mr. Roentgen dead, and in a very putrid state, under a tree; and that he took from his person the various articles which he had offered for sale.

About seven months ago, I received intelligence that the renegade had been seen at Arzilla, a town about 300 miles to the Northward, where he was working as a gardener, and that he was going to Oran to embark for Europe. Upon sending to Arzilla, however, I could not find him, or ascertain to a certainty that he had been there.

A month afterwards, a Jew who came from Mequinez told me, he saw him in that city, and spoke to him; and that the renegade was very shy of speaking to him.

There is, I think, little doubt but Mr. Roentgen was murdered by the man in whom he placed his entire confidence; and that man a European. The mules, the dollars, and the various articles with which the mules were loaded, were sufficient plunder, without taking the few articles from his person, which were of little value. It is probable, too, that although the wretch could murder his master when asleep, he might not have the courage to strip him afterwards. As Mr. Roentgen had taken uncommon pains to make himself fit for undertaking such a dangerous journey as to the interior of Africa, and as he was a young man of considerable talents and of great perseverance of mind, it is very much to be lamented that he should have met with such an untimely end.

As a number of letters have been addressed to him at my house, the writers will have them returned, on signifying their wishes to that effect.

A. W. COURT.

*Copy of a Letter from Mr. G. H. Roentgen to Mr. Court.*

DEAR SIR, Morocco, 7 June, 1811.

I am as happy as a man who loves Liberty and Nature—the only goods in life—will always be where he enjoys both,

both. You will say that Morocco is a town, and that the idea of a town takes away both Liberty and Nature; but then it is a town where there are more palm-trees than houses, more gardens than palaces; and this mixture of animal and vegetable life pleases me beyond description.

It seems to me quite a sin to lose

the precious time here with writing to you what I may tell you much better in a few days; therefore I think to have by these few lines fulfilled the duty which your friendship and goodness lays upon me, by telling you that I am as well and happy as any mortal can be. Believe me your grateful friend, G. H. ROENTGEN.

\* The following article on the subject of Roentgen's intended expedition into the central regions of Africa, appeared in a German journal of the 8th of Oct.—“There has been lately published at Neuwied an interesting letter from the traveller Roentgen to his brother. It reached him through Professor Hagen, who received it from Mr. Nunemann, of London. Roentgen, it appears, after visiting Paris, Vienna, and London, had repaired to Mogadore, where he resided a considerable time; and the letter in question, dated the 21st of July, 1811, was written on the bank of the river Teusiff, at the moment of his departure for the interior of Africa. The following is some of the most interesting information it contains:

“During my residence at Mogadore, I was engaged day and night in studying the Arabic; and I have succeeded in making myself be understood by the natives of the country. I will avail myself of that knowledge of the country, and of the manners of the people, which I have acquired, in order to travel directly to Tombuctoo. I would not act with so much boldness, were I not convinced that Providence has destined me to make the discovery of the Interior of Africa. My good stars have furnished me with a companion in my travels, than whom I could not have wished for a better. He is a German, who, when only twelve years old, quitted his paternal roof, having an irresistible inclination for roaming: he has never since lived six months on the same spot, and is now 38 years of age. He knows all the European languages,—the Slavonic excepted. Fourteen years ago, when destitute of money or protection, he was impressed by the English for a sailor, in an island of the Mediterranean, where he happened to be. He was inhumanly treated by them, and reduced almost to despair. His ship anchored before Tetuan, for the purpose of watering; and there having struck an English officer who had used him ill, in order to avoid punishment he escaped, and became a Mussulman at Tetuan. Since then, he has traversed the Barbary States in all directions, and has lately returned from a pilgrimage to Mecca. He has lived at Jamba, in Africa, as a coffee-house keeper, and at Janoi as a physician. At Constantinople he has superintended the gardens of a Pacha. I got acquainted with him at a merchant's in Mogadore, who had hired him as a gardener. I have taken him into my service, and I treat him rather as a friend than as a domestic: the benefits which I shall derive from his experience are immense. About a month ago, I travelled with a caravan of merchants to Morocco, where I procured valuable information respecting the communications with the interior of Africa. It is impossible to convey an idea of the violent hatred which animates the Moors against Christians; even at Mogadore, I could hardly go abroad without being overwhelmed with insults. I was obliged, in order to view the city of Morocco, to get an escort of four soldiers, who, by orders of the Government, were to keep back the populace. Even then I was often assailed by stones, one of which hit me so severe a blow on the forehead, that for some time I thought myself dangerously wounded. This hatred of the Moors arises in a great degree from our dress. I saw at Morocco preparations for the setting out of a caravan, which was to reach Tombuctoo by Taflet and Tunt. I immediately formed a resolution to join this caravan, and I returned to Mogadore. My companion was delighted with the plan, which I did not communicate to any one else but to one Christian. I caused it to be reported at Mogadore, that, disgusted with the bad treatment I had received at Morocco, I meant to repair to Tangier, and from thence embark for Gibraltar. This pretended project furnished me with a pretext for purchasing a mule, and every other necessary for my journey. I secretly procured some Moorish garments. Having finished my preparations, I invited some Christians at Mogadore to a party of pleasure on a mountain about six English miles off, whither they were often in the habit of going. I have there spent one day with them, and declared that I meant to proceed directly for Tangier. They will accompany me to a certain distance, and will give out at Mogadore that I am on my way to Tangier. As soon as I am left alone with my fellow-traveller, I mean to clothe myself in my Moorish garb, and to enter the great road which leads from Taflet to Morocco. From thence I shall reach Deminit, a town situated at the foot of Mount Atlas, where I shall be safe from any searches which the Governor of Moga-



## Fragments of Literature.

No. II.

(To be continued occasionally.)

HEVELIUS.

John Hevelius sent, at various times, his Works to the University of Cambridge; but, before his "*Selenographia, sive Lunæ Descriptio*," printed in folio, 1647, at Gedani, finely bound in red Morocco and gilt, is this, in his own hand:

"Ut cum promptissima officiorum nostrorum qualiumcumque oblatione Opusculum nostrum Selenographicum illustrissimæ Bibliothecæ Cantabrigiensi muneri loco offerrem, æquissimum duci, obnixè rogans, ut in bonam auctoris recordationem, pagellis istis, inter reliqua, ibidem extantia ingeniorum humanorum monumenta locum aliquem tribuere non dedignentur clarissimi Curatores. Id quod ut pergratum accideret, sic dabitur opera, ut cum Deo et die, si licet, alia quoque ratione tam præclaræ Literarum Officinæ nostri inseratur recordatio. Gedani. Anno 1650, 20 Aug."

## THE LIE.

In a Volume of "*Poems written by the Right Honorable WILLIAM Earl of PEMBROKE, whereof many of which are answered by way of Repartee, by Sir BENJAMIN RUDIER, Knt.*" 8vo. Lond. 1660. the productions of the two are marked P. and R.—Among those with the former initial is the Sonnet which is called "*The Lie*," and which usually goes under the name of Sir Walter Raleigh.

"*The Foot out of the Snare; with a Detection of sundry late Practices and Impostures of the Priests and Jesuites in England.*" By JOHN GER, M.A. of Exon Colledge in Oxford. 4to. Lond. 1624.

This is the fourth Edition. The author was one of the few who escaped from the fatal Vespers at Blackfriars in 1623.

dore might make, should he learn that I have not gone to Tangier. At Deminit, I shall join a caravan which will pass there about that time, and with it I shall cross Mount Atlas, covered with snow, and next enter the burning plains of Taflet. I shall remain at Taflet with a German renegade. There are in that city a number of Germans. There are some Germans in Morocco; and to one of them I am indebted for some valuable information. I expect to find a German in Tombuctoo, and there I mean to remain six months, making it the centre of my observations on the Interior of Africa. I shall pass for a physician; I have laid in a supply of medicines, of which I know the application. It is my wish to penetrate towards the South, and to be able to reach Wesemb, or the Cape. Should I find this too difficult, I mean to return to Europe, to publish the Journal of my travels; and shall again return to Africa, where I am destined to make some discoveries."

of

"*The Booke of Falconrie or Hawking; \* \* \* heretofore published by GEORGE TURBERVILLE, Gentleman; and now newly revised, corrected, and augmented, with many new Additions proper to these present times.*" Nacet empta dolore Voluptas." 4to. Lond. 1611.

The first Edition of this Work was printed in London by Heary Bynne-man, 1575; together with "*The noble Arte of Venerie or Hunting*;" in quarto. The former dedicated to Ambrose Earl of Warwick.

In the wood-cuts at pages 81 and 112 of this Edition, the marks are very evident where the Portraits of Queen Elizabeth, which adorned that of 1575, have been cut out of the blocks, and those of James substituted in their room.

For a short account of Turberville, see Ritsou's *Bibliographia Poetica*, p. 368. See also Herbert's *Ames*, pp. 943. 945. 977. 1053. 1161.

## FUST THE PRINTER.

Fust is said to have been taken, at the time he produced the first essay of his art, for a conjuror; but the truth of this anecdote may be fairly queried, as there was a Faustus living at the same period who wrote a Poem "*De Influentiâ Syærum*;" which, with a number of other Tracts, was printed at Paris. "per Guidonem Mercatorem, 1496." His proper name was Publius Faustus Aurelinus Foroliviensis, but he called himself, and his friends in their letters to him called him, *Faustus*.

## WELSH LITERATURE.

Among the early specimens of Welsh Literature may be reckoned "*A Dictionary in Englyshe and Welsh.*" By WILLIAM SALESBURY. London, 1547, 4to. It appears to have been reprinted, without date, by Whitchurch; and again in 1551 by Robert Crowley. Strype, in his *Annals*, calls him William Salisbury