

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE :

LONDON GAZETTE
 GENERAL EVENING
 M. Post M. Herald
 Morning Chronic.
 Times—M. Advert.
 P. Ledger & Oracle
 Brit. Press—Day
 St. James's Chron.
 Sun—Even. Mail
 Star—Traveller
 Pilot—Statesman
 Packet—Lond. Chr.
 Albion—C. Chron.
 Courier—Globe
 Eng. Chron.—Inq.
 Cour d'Angleterre
 Cour. de Londres
 15 other Weekly P.
 17 Sunday Papers
 Hoe & Cry Police
 Lit. Adv. monthly
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 Berwick—Boston
 Birmingham 4
 Blackb. Brighton
 Bury St. Edmund's
 Camb.—Chath.
 Carlis. 2—Chester 2
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FEBRUARY, 1813.

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 SMARNFORD CHURCH, Leicestershire.

By SYLVANUS URBAN. GENT.

Printed by NICHOLS, SON, and BENTLEY, at CICERO'S HEAD, Red Lion Passage, Fleet-str. London;
 where all Letters to the Editor are desired to be addressed, POST-PAID.

A METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, kept at CLAPTON, in Hackney.

From Jan. 22 to Feb. 9, 1813.

Day of Month.	Thermometer.		Barometer.		Evap. 100ths of inch.	Wind.
	Max.	Min.	Max.	Min.		
Jan. 22	35	20	30.50		—	S. E.—E.
23	35	25	30.58	30.30	—	N. E.
24	32	24	30.40	30.38	—	S. E.—E.
25	34	32	30.50	30.45	—	E.
26	37	31	30.50	30.50	—	S. E.
27	36	23	30.53	30.52	—	S. E.—N. E.
28	34	20	30.52	30.42	—	N.—E.
29	34	29	30.45	30.40	—	E.
30	32	30	30.53	30.51	—	N. E.—N.
31	44	30	30.45	30.40	—	N. N. E.
Feb. 1	36	30	30.40	30.50	—	N.
2	34	33	30.40	30.37	—	N.—S. E.
3	45	35	30.48	30.40	—	W. S. W.
4	45	33	30.46	30.42	—	S. W.
5	41	35	30.10	30.02	—	S. W.
6	45	36	29.95	29.85	—	N. W.
7	47	40	30.02	29.92	—	W.—N. W.
8	50		29.80	29.65	—	S. W.
9	48		29.85	29.75	—	W.

OBSERVATIONS.

Jan. 22. Cold cloudy day. 23. Cold wind, and for most part cloudy; snow fell at night. 24. Cloudy at times; cold East wind. 25. Clear in the morning; cloudy afternoon. 26. Cloudy and thaw. 27. Warmer and cloudy. 28. Fair morning, some sudden and partial mists; fine reddish crimson colour in the haze at sun-set, and for some time afterwards. 29. Clear morning and cloudy night. 30. Cold damp raw day. 31. Cloudy day, but fair star-light night.

Feb. 1. Cloudy day; showers of rain at night. 2. Cold damp cloudy day, with some mizzling rain about noon. 3. Fair day; cloudy and warmer night. 4. Fair. 5. Some small rain. 6. Fair. 7. Gentle showers. 8. Cloudy and small rain. 9. Windy.

Clapton, 12th Feb. 1813.

THOMAS FORSTER.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE for February, 1813. By W. CARY, Strand.

Height of Fahrenheit's Thermometer.

Height of Fahrenheit's Thermometer.

Day of Month.	Height of Fahrenheit's Thermometer.			Barom. in. pts.	Weather in Jan. 1813.	Day of Month.	Height of Fahrenheit's Thermometer.			Barom. in. pts.	Weather in Feb. 1813.
	8 o'clock Morning.	Noon.	11 o'clock Night.				8 o'clock Morning.	Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
Jan.	°	°	°			Feb.	°	°	°		
27	34	37	29	30, 40	cloudy	11	42	48	40	30, 00	fair
28	26	33	23	, 38	fair	12	46	50	42	29, 68	stormy
29	22	32	29	, 36	cloudy	13	45	51	43	, 20	stormy
30	31	35	32	, 40	cloudy	14	47	50	46	, 15	rain
31	38	45	40	, 39	cloudy	15	43	51	47	, 12	stormy
F. 1	40	42	37	, 21	cloudy	16	40	47	43	, 45	fair
2	36	36	36	, 20	foggy	17	44	52	46	, 12	rain
3	37	42	35	, 35	fair	18	47	53	50	, 50	showery
4	36	42	37	, 40	foggy	19	46	54	51	, 70	stormy
5	34	43	36	, 10	fair	20	51	56	47	, 82	fair
6	40	47	37	29, 75	fair	21	47	56	50	, 78	cloudy
7	40	47	43	, 80	showery	22	51	54	46	, 85	stormy
8	43	49	42	, 52	showery [der	23	47	47	38	, 90	rain
9	40	46	37	, 50	storm, thun-	24	56	47		30, 04	cloudy
10	35	47	36	, 82	fair						

THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

For FEBRUARY, 1813.

MR. URBAN, Feb. 2.
IN the volume of Thomas Heyrick's Poems, which furnished the English copy of verses by Joshua Barnes in p. 62, are two others by the same learned Critick; one of them under the strange title of "On a Flea presented to a Lady, whose Breast it had bitten, in a Golden Wire, 1679;" the other, a very beautiful

Epitaph on his dear friend Mr. Robert Cony the younger, who died November 9, 1681, and lies buried in Weypole Church in Marchland, Norf. By J. B.

"In prime of youth and near to manhood drawn, [dawn:
 Here envious Night oppress my hopefull
 Before the nuptial crown adorn'd my head;

Before I tasted of the bridal bed,
 In parent dust scal'd up to Death I lie
 A sad example of mortality.

Beauty and Youth and Wit and Wealth
 are vain;

For I had all: yet all could not obtain
 A short reprieve from the unwelcome
 grave: [have.

The last possession that poor Man must
 Then let all know, how nought by Death's
 regarded; [ed."

And Vertue's in the other world reward-

In the same volume are two Poems addressed by Mr. Heyrick to "his worthy Friend Mr. Joshua Barnes, B. D.;" one of them, "The Twelve Rules of Friendship;" the other, "On his incomparable History of King Edward the Third," dated "Harborough, Nov. 4, 1690;" in the first of which he is called "President," in the other "Senior Fellow" of Emanuel College.

As the Author of this Volume is but little known, and may be mistaken for his kinsman, Robert Herrick, the famous Author of the "Hesperides," a short account of him may perhaps be not unwelcome.

Thomas Heyrick, a descendant of the antient family of that name, and nephew, it is believed, of Robert Herrick the Poet, was born about 1647, and educated at Peter-house,

Cambridge; B. A. 1670; M. A. 1675. He obtained the curacy of Market Harborough in 1682; and published a Sermon, in 1685, on the Proclamation by King James II.; and another, in the same year, under the title of "The Character of a Rebel, in a Sermon preached at Market Harborough, on the 26th of July, 1685, being the Day of Thanksgiving appointed for his Majesty's Victory over the Rebels." This Sermon, which was licensed at Lambeth, Aug. 22, 1685, and published "by Samuel Heyrick, at Gray's Inn," is inscribed "To the Right Honourable Edward Griffin, esq. Treasurer of the Great Chamber, and Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's First Troop of Horse Guards;" whose "loyalty, and that of his family for many generations, that vestal fire which hath never gone out, but hath cherished an inextinguishable zeal for King and Country," is extolled by Mr. Heyrick; who goes on, "Blessed be God for Victory! We live now in a time when Loyalty is in fashion; it swims quietly down the stream without any opposition; and every one will venture out to sea in halcyon days."

The Volume which occasioned this Letter is intituled "Miscellany Poems, by Tho. Heyrick, M. A. formerly of Peter-House College in Cambridge. 1691." 4to. pp. 112; and contains also "The Submarine Voyage, a Pin-darick Poem in Four Parts;" and prefixed to it, besides the verses by Barnes, are others, by William Tunstall; Theophilus Judd, of St. John's College, Cambridge, dated Kibworth, Sept. 11, 1690; George Walker, of Emanuel College; and Lancelot Manning, B. A. of Trinity College.

The gratitude and attention of Mr. Heyrick to the Family of the Earl of Rutland is evident in many of his Poems; and his principal amusements appear to have been Poetry and Angling.—Mr. Judd's Poem is addressed to "his ingenious Friend and Brother-Angler;" and Heyrick has

"A Pin-

“ A Pindarique Ode in Praise of Angling, to my worthy Friend Mr. Thomas Bateman;” which, beginning with an Address to Water, “ the mighty universal good, the mother of fertility,” proceeds,

“ Ceres to thee her growth doth ow;
And Bacchus thanks thee for his generous wine, [flowers!
Bred by the sun and thy sweet
And gods to thee their gratitude should show, [flow!

From whom their Nectar and Ambrosia
Here in Elysian fields by chiding rills
The off-spring o’th’ eternal hills;
Beneath a pleasing shade, that can defeat
The Sun’s impetuous heat;
Where Zephyr gently murmurs thro’ the bowers,

And dallies with the smiling flowers,
And all the winged Choristers above
In melting strains sing to the God of Love:
While pleased Nature doth a silence keep,
Even hills do nod, and rivers seem to sleep:

Here with a Friend, copartner of my joys,
Whose artfull soul knows every way
The scaly off-spring to betray,
The bold, the fearfull, or the cautious Prey:
I an extensive empire lay

O’re all the watry plain; [fear.
And numerous subjects do our scepters
Salmon, the king of rivers, that each year
Removes his watry court to th’ sea;
But with the sun and spring returns again,
And o’re all bars of art, or nature, flies,
O’re floodgates, wears, and rocks, his course doth steer.

And if the Alpes in ’s passage lay,
Like Hannibal would find, or force, a way.
The beauteous Trout, of the same princely blood,

But of a less estate and kept at home,
Confin’d to his own narrow flood,
Can’t with such state o’re distant regions roam.

In his own fenced court secure he lies;
Till, by some treacherous bait betray’d,
he dies. [throat

The ravenous Pyke, the river-wolf, whose
Like Hell promiscuously all swallows down;

Bold and rapacious a great tyrant reigns
O’re all the subjects of the watry plains.
No kind hath an exemption got;
To him no rule of love or kindred’s known:
The fury of his jaws not his own race can shun.

With these the armed Pearch, that dares [wars,
Even with the tyrant Pyke make
And doth a petty empire own

O’re all the lesser fry;
Delicious food to curious palates known.
Bream, that i’ th’ calmy deeps doth lie,

And at great banquets makes a dish of state.

Barbell, the river-swine,
That doth i’ th’ watry regions root and eat:
In hollow rocks doth place his seat,
By floodgates, cataracts, and bridges lies,
And all the force of sweeping nets defies,
Chevin, that under shady boughs doth play, [than prey;

And ’s kill’d more for delight and sport,
On whom the hungry even unwilling dine.
Humber and Greyling, that swift streams do love [Dove.
Of Derwent, fruitfull Trent, and chrystal
Carp even by Princes priz’d, whom curious tasts approve;

In fenced ponds, safe as a treasure laid,
The stream’s physician Tench, whose balmy slime
Heals all the maladies of the watry clime.
The silver Eel, that yet doth keep unknown

Her secret way of propagation:
These and a crowd of Species more
That live on many a distant shore;
Some that in Beauty do exceed;
Some that in Strength and some in Speed: [Fight.

And some by Nature arm’d for bloody
Some that in fertil Mudd do feed,
Some that in barren Sands delight,
Some that fen’d Rocks and woody shades do own:

Beside the ignoble lesser fry,
The Rabble of the watry clime,
Not worth a Fisher’s time,
And more unworthy memory,
Destin’d by fate the greater’s prey to be,
I’ th’ water’s curs’d Democrasie,
Are subjects all of our dominion.”

“ The Submarine Voyage” is a Philosophical Poem of no mean desert.
Among the “ Miscellanies” is one on “ The Chase of the Fox at Welby, 1677. To St. John Bennet, esq.” and the following verses “ On an Indian Tomincios, the least of Birds:”

“ The Indians me a Sunbeam name,
And I may be the child of one:
So small I am, my kind is hardly known.
To some a sportive Bird I seem,
And some believe me but a Fly;
Tho’ me a feather’d Fowl the best esteem:
What er’ e I am, I’m Nature’s gem;
And, like a Sunbeam from the sky,
I can’t be follow’d by the quickest eye.
I’m the true Bird of Paradise,
And heavenly dew ’s my only meat:
My mouth so small, ’twill nothing else admit. [poise,

No scales know how my weight to
So light, I seem condensed air;
And did at th’ end of the Creation rise,
When Nature wanted more supplies,
When she could little matter spare,
But in return did make the work more rare.” Yours, &c. CARADOC.

*Another Clue to lead to the Discovery of JUNIUS.*Mr. URBAN, *Feb. 2.*

IN one of the private letters of Junius to Mr. Woodfall, now first published in the new Edition, vol. I. p. *243, is the following request :

“When the book is finished (Woodfall’s Collection of Junius’s Letters, 2 vols. 12mo.), let me have a sett bound in vellum, gilt, and lettered JUNIUS I. II. as handsomely as you can; the edges gilt: let the sheets be well dried before binding. I must also have two setts in blue paper covers. This is all the fee I shall ever desire of you.”

Now it is possible such a copy of Junius, in such singular binding, and which was very unusual at that time (1772), may be found in some library; and if not in that in which it was first placed, if it should be in the hands of any intelligent Collector, no doubt it might be traced through whose hands it has passed. What a precious note for the *Bibliomania!* Junius’s own Copy of his Letters, bound in vellum with gilt leaves!

Here is a scent laid for the Bibliographers; let them beat the bushes of Berkeley-square, Beaconsfield, and Stow, or any other place where the game is likely to be found; no doubt it exists somewhere, and what a happy man will he be that discovers it.

Yours, &c. L. R. I.

Mr. URBAN, *Brookend, Feb. 3.*

IT has long been the practice with me to make an abridgment of every book I read that contains matter worth remembering. I send you an extract from one of those abridgments to be inserted in your Miscellany, if you think it will be useful to any of your readers. The work from which it is made has for title, “*Le Livre de tous les Ménages, ou l’Art de conserver, pendant plusieurs années, toutes les Substances animales et végétales. Par Appert.*” &c. 1810.

The numerous letters and reports in favour of M. Appert’s method of preserving alimentary substances or *comestibles*, I shall pass over, and confine myself to the more useful parts of the performance. After objecting to the old modes of preserving, by desiccation, or by adding some substance (as sugar, salt, vinegar, &c.) to prevent fermentation, as more or less destructive of the flavour

of the things to be preserved, and as more or less unwholesome; he states his own newly-discovered method to consist in, 1. placing the alimentary substances in strong glass bottles or in jars; 2. accurately stopping the bottles or jars with the finest corks, by driving them in for three-fourths of their length, and fastening them down with wire; 3. putting each bottle into a coarse linen bag, made on purpose for it, and placing all the bottles so prepared in a copper, into which water is then poured till it is almost up to the corks; 4. the water is then heated to a certain degree, and for a longer or shorter time, according to the nature of the contents of the bottles. The lid of the copper or boiler is made to rest upon the bottles or jars, and a wet cloth is laid round its edge to confine the steam as much as possible. A bottle will sometimes burst with detonation. None of the bottles should be completely full, for fear of such an accident. The day after the operation, the corks may be secured still more by a covering of pitch or cement.

The sorts of *green peas* preferred by the author for preservation are, the *clamart* and the *crochu*; the *michaux* he rejects. The peas being gathered when not too young, and the largest separated, they are put into bottles, observing to jog the bottles that they may contain as many as possible. When corked, they are submitted to the water bath, which is kept boiling for an hour and a half or two hours. The large peas also are to be bottled, and treated in the same way, but with thirty minutes’ longer boiling.

Asparagus, being washed as usual, are plunged into boiling, and afterwards into cold water, before they are bottled: if they are preserved whole, they are carefully ranged in a jar with their heads downwards. They are left in the bath no longer than till it begins to boil.

Garden Beans. The larger sorts, gathered when the bean is about half an inch long, are shelled, and bottled with a small bunch of savory, &c. and submitted to the bath, which is to boil for an hour and a half.

Green Kidney Beans are gathered as for common use. The best sort for preserving are known by the name of *Bayolet*. They are to be cut

cut and stringed, and then bottled. The water bath should boil for an hour and a half. But if the beans are large, they should be cut in two or three lengthwise; and then an hour's boiling will be sufficient.

Artichokes (whole) are treated the same as *Asparagus*, and left an hour in the bath. *Cauliflowers* require the same treatment, with only half an hour's boiling. A longer heat is given in dry, and a shorter in wet seasons. Culinary and medicinal *herbs* are to be pressed close in the bottles with a stick, and, after being corked up, submitted but a short time to a boiling heat. The process should be gone through as quickly as possible, for preserving *juices* and *fruits*. Fruits should be gathered before they are perfectly ripe. They will be best if gathered in the middle of the season. *Gooseberries* and *grapes*, picked and bottled like the peas, are placed in the bath till it begins to boil: the fire is then removed from under the copper, and a quarter of an hour afterwards the water is let out through a cock, or by other convenient means. *Gooseberries* are preserved better if the seeds are previously taken out. *Cherries* and *raspberries* are preserved in the same manner as *gooseberries*. *Strawberries* require to be squeezed through a searce, as for making ices; and every pound of fruit should be well mixed with half a pound of fine sugar, and the juice of half a lemon. Their colour is lost in some degree, but it may be restored by art when they are used. *Apricots* are gathered when ripe, yet somewhat hard; are cut lengthwise, and have the stones removed with a knife: they are then bottled, and to each bottle twelve or fifteen kernels of the fruit are added. In all other respects they are treated like the *gooseberries*. *Peaches* require a similar operation. The author has found by experiment that sirop of raisins preserves the aroma and pleasant acidity of fruits infinitely better than sugar. About 30 pages at the end of the book are taken up in describing the manner of using the various preserves, and in summing up the advantages of his new process. His attempts to theorize are not very successful.

Yours, &c.

ELLEN.

Mr. URBAN, *Lichfield, Feb. 16.*

I BEG leave to appeal once more to your well-known kindness, and to solicit your valuable assistance, in the hope that the following "very curious case" may not prove a *lost* case. Your numerous readers are individually desired to consider themselves, more or less, concerned in the perusal of it; and if any one of them will have the goodness to throw some light upon the present state of the case, the obligation will be very gratefully acknowledged.

In a Catalogue of the Library of James West, esq. President of the Royal Society, sold by auction in London, in March and April 1773, by Messrs. Langford (24 days' sale) is the following very curious article, *viz.*:

"The Book of Common Prayer, 1702, interleaved and filled throughout with manuscript notes by the learned and laborious Bishop Kennet, with two manuscript letters, the one from Florence, signed Henry Newton, July 1707, touching the approbation of the Patriarch of Constantinople and his Suffragans, of the English Liturgy (from Dupont's Greek translation of it, which they had seen); the other, from *Vate Royal*, June 1707, signed *Fr. Cholmondeley*, testifying the zeal of Grotius for the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England."

Now a manuscript note in this Catalogue informs a learned friend of mine (for I presume to call him *friend* though personally unknown to me) that this book was bought by William Herbert for thirteen shillings; and by the liberal attention of the same gentleman I am further enabled to state, that Herbert, into whose hands the book is thus far traced, was the author of the improved edition of Ames's *Typographical Antiquities*; and that all his literary treasures were dispersed after his death, some by auction, and some by private contract.

Here, then, Mr. Urban, we are foiled in our pursuit, unless through your means we can fortunately recover the scent. The book in question probably at this moment is in the library of some reader of your literary as well as entertaining pages, and if we can hit it off, by the aid of so many coadjutors, *emunctæ naris*, I feel

I feel equally assured of your ready patronage, and of the obliging information which I request from the possessor of it. Indeed, the more immediate object of this inquiry is the *manuscript letter above-mentioned from Mr. Cholmondeley to Mr. Forester*, of which there may be other copies preserved in private hands; and if by any means I can be favoured with a communication of that letter, I should hope that the "very curious case" by which I have endeavoured to gain attention will at once justify its title, and apologize for its singularity.

Yours, &c.

SP. M.

Mr. URBAN,

Feb. 2.

I HAVE just met with a new and revised edition of "The Great Importance of a Religious Life," written by the elder Mr. Melmoth. Upon looking into the Editor's Preface, at the end of which are only the initials J. D. (and who J. D. is I neither know nor am concerned to know) I found the two following *extraordinary* paragraphs:

"It must not be omitted to be observed, that it would ill become an honourable mind to be accessory to the practice of any literary deception: and none shall be attempted, either by clandestine obtrusion, or concealment, on the present occasion."

Again:

"In the doctrinal parts of this little work there were expressions which were supposed not to be supported by Scripture, correctly interpreted, and which ill corresponded with the sentiments of the present Editor, and other like-minded Christians. He has therefore omitted these excepted expressions," &c.

Having read the preface, I immediately sent for the old and genuine edition of Melmoth; and supposing the Editor of this new edition to be an Unitarian, I expected from the hints above given to find certain "concealments;" but I also found concealments which I was not prepared to expect.

Among the concealments which I had not anticipated, were the many passages in which the eternity of future punishments was asserted by Mr. Melmoth, and the existence of the Devil; and a very long extract from Tillotson was expunged, for no reason that I can see but that it contained

such expressions. And all the passages in which Jesus Christ is mentioned as a Saviour, an Advocate, &c. have undergone such alterations as might naturally be expected from the preface of this Unitarian. The fate which would attend the morning and evening prayers may easily be imagined.

On the conduct of J. D. on this occasion, there can, I think, be but one opinion. A great majority, even of Unitarians, I should hope, would, equally with other Christians, both in the Church and out of it, disapprove of a proceeding so disingenuous. Mr. Melmoth is not allowed to speak his own sentiments: his sentiments are, by the present editor, unfairly suppressed, and a most unwarrantable, and, I had almost said, unpardonable liberty is taken with the writings of a deceased author. From this new, and (as the editor with singular felicity calls it) *revised* edition, it appears, that Mr. Melmoth is to be handed down to posterity as one who believed that Jesus Christ was no Saviour, no Advocate, no Mediator, and no Redeemer! and, could he see the present edition of his own work, he would not recognize it for his own; or he would apply the words of Martial:

"Quem recitas meus est, O Fidentine,
libellus,
Sed malè cum recitas, incipit esse
tuus."

In the above doctrinal points a vast majority of Christians *think* themselves right: and the Unitarians also *think* themselves right. But if the latter should not be right, which is very possible, they then keep back and "conceal" some of the most important doctrines of Divine Revelation. Till therefore the infallibility of the Unitarians can be clearly established, there seems no small impropriety in their taking such reprehensible liberties with the works of the dead. Has the cause of Unitarianism no better support?

When Unitarians publish their religious opinions, as a friend to the liberty of the press and to free inquiry, I by no means object to it; but, in return, I hope for their gracious permission, not only to publish mine, but that these opinions, whatever they are, may be allowed to remain

main upon record; neither expunged without my knowledge and consent while I am alive, nor "concealed" when dead, under the specious name of a new and revised edition. To this, and to this only, do I object.

But what, Sir, can be the design of J. D. in this curious literary manœuvre, for I must not, it seems, call it "deception,"—in this improvement on the Index Expurgatorius of the Roman Catholics,—this *semi-landestine* procedure, in which the Reader is indeed taught to expect both omissions and additions, but is left to the labour of collating the editions, passage by passage, before he can discover the number, the nature, and the importance, of these "obtrusions" and "concealments?" He cannot intend it for the benefit and security of the Unitarians. I will not suppose their opinions to rest on such slender foundations, that the mere assertions of Mr. Melmoth will overthrow them. Is it then to obliterate by *stealth* and *stratagem* the remembrance of Trinitarian doctrines, and to entrap the unwary? Is it to buy up by degrees the old editions of our Nelsons, our Tillotsons, and our Melmoths, and to substitute spurious,—I beg pardon,—revised editions?

Let not J. D. suppose that the notice I take of his edition arises from bigotry. I may be wrong in my religious sentiments, but am open to conviction. And should I, in consequence, at some future day, see reason to change any of my opinions, yet I could never so far forget myself as to adopt *his method* of opposing tenets which I no longer espoused.

When J. D. says, "It would ill become an honourable mind to be accessory to the practice of any literary deception," his notions of honour are certainly, *in this instance*, not very correct; but I will candidly suppose that his zeal in the cause has warped his judgement; and shall only add, that in this very singular performance he has exhibited, I am fully persuaded, without being conscious of it himself, a rare specimen, at once, of "literary deception," and *self-deception*.

Might I offer my advice to J. D. it would be, that he should abandon

the practice of giving *such revised* editions, and instantly recall the impressions of a book which will reflect little credit either on the cause of Unitarianism, or the name of J. D. whenever it shall be known.

Yours, &c. A PLAIND DEALER.

Could not J. D. have published a new edition with these words in the title-page, "altered from Mr. Melmoth for the use of Unitarians?" This would have been fair and unexceptionable; but this, perhaps, would not completely have answered his purpose.

—
Hint to Clergymen officiating at
Funerals.

Mr. URBAN, Feb. 13.

A SINCERE wish that the Clergy may be universally respectable and respected, has induced me to trouble you with a few lines on a subject in which their credit is materially involved.

It sometimes happens that, in the discharge of their official duties at the funerals even of persons who were not less distinguished by their virtues than their wealth, they take no notice whatever, either before or after the service, of the mourners and other attendants, discover no sympathy with them, and are deficient in the common forms of courtesy. You, Sir, will agree with me, that such conduct is ill calculated to remove the prejudices of men who are disaffected to the Church of England: and as the fact and its tendencies are unequivocal, I flatter myself that the evil may in some degree be checked by this communication from

Yours, &c. N.

Mr. URBAN, Feb. 14.

AS I have not seen an answer to the request in your last volume, p. 343, for the inscription at Cuddesden on Bishop Lowth's daughter, the following is a copy of it. The tomb is a white marble Sarcophagus, and was repaired in 1806, by Mr. Forster, formerly butler to the Bishop.

Yours, &c. H. H. OXON.

"Maria,

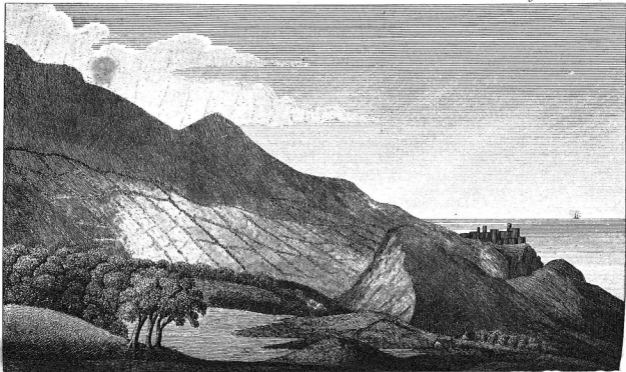
Roberti Lowth Episcopi Oxon.

Et Mariæ Uxoris ejus Filia,

Nata XI^{mo} die Junii A. D. MDCCCLV.

Obiit v^o die Julii A. D. MDCCCLXVII.

Mr.



Mr. URBAN, *Arvon, Dec. 2.*

HARLECH is a small town on the Northern borders of Merionethshire. The privileges of a borough were granted to it by Edward I. but, from the obscurity of its situation, it is fallen into decay. The only remains of its former prosperity are the Castle, one or two ancient timber houses, and the shattered shell of the Town-hall, which appears to be of the same style as the Castle. The Church, a small mean building, stands two miles off, at Llanvaier. The other buildings are mean, and the whole place presents strong features of desolation and decay. It stands on the side of a high mountain overlooking the Irish sea, exposed to all the storms and blasts of the S. W. wind. The view into Llyn is highly beautiful; and that of the Eryri mountains (Snowdon) is grand and sublime, equal, if not superior, to any in the Principality. The Castle stands on a high rock; the neck that connects it with the mountain has a broad deep ditch cut out of the solid rock; the other sides, overlooking the sea and marsh, are defended by precipices and outworks, rendering it nearly inaccessible. In its early state it appears to have been the residence of the British chieftains. Bronwen, sister of Bran ap Llyr, King of Britain, gave the first name to the fortress, it being called Twr Bronwen. In after-times it was called Caer Collwyn, from Collwyn ap Tango, one of the fifteen tribes of North Wales, and lord of Bfionydd, Ardudwy, and part of Llyn. He resided in a square tower in the oldest part of the fortress, the remains of which, and part of the old walls, are at this time plainly to be distinguished: the more modern walls are built on them. Edward I. about the year 1282, rebuilt a great part of the Castle, and enlarged it. The form is square, with large round towers at the angles, having elegant round turrets rising above the battlements. The entrance to the inner ward is by a deep gateway, between two large round towers, defended by massy gates and a portcullis. The entrance to the outer ward is through a smaller gateway, with hanging round towers on the sides, and (formerly) a drawbridge over the foss. The whole is

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grand and majestic even in decay. In the civil wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, after the battle of St. Alban's, 1460, Margaret of Anjou took refuge in this castle before she fled into Scotland. In 1468 it was bravely defended by Dafydd ap Jevan ap Einion, and surrendered on honourable terms to Edward IV. In the civil wars of Charles I. it was alternately in possession of both parties, and finally surrendered in 1647, being the last fortress that held out for the King in North Wales. The first Constable after its rebuilding by Edward I. was Hugh de Wlonkeslow, with a salary of one hundred pounds *per ann.* It was afterwards reduced to twenty-six pounds thirteen shillings and four pence; in some accounts fifty pounds; which probably was the fee for both Constable and Captain of the town. The whole garrison at that time consisted of twenty soldiers, whose annual pay amounted to one hundred and forty pounds. The present Constable is Sir R. W. Vaughan, bart. with a salary of fifty pounds a year, payable out of the revenues of North Wales.

Yours, &c.

T. S.

Mr. URBAN,

Sept. 1.

I HEREWITH send you a Narrative, which is tremendously awful in its circumstances; and trust it may prove as interesting to the minds of others, as I myself found it, many years since, when I transcribed it from the manuscript. It is as yet unpublished; and if you deem it proper to be inserted, by portions, in a few numbers of the Magazine, it is much at the service of yourself and readers.

In Mr. Lysons's entertaining *Excursions*, vol. IV. p. 314, I find the following inscription, which is so suitable an accompaniment to the Narrative, that you will oblige me by letting them go together.

Mr. Chase is buried in Bromley church, Kent; and at the East end of the South wall is his monument, thus inscribed:

“ Sacred to the memory of
THOMAS CHASE, Esq.
formerly of this parish;
born in the City of Lisbon,
the first of November, 1759,

and

and buried under the ruins
of the same house where he first saw the

light,

in the ever-memorable and terrible
Earthquake which befel that City,
on the first of November, 1755,
when, after a most wonderful escape,
he, by degrees, recovered from a very
deplorable condition, and lived till
the 20th of November, 1788."

Yours, &c. B***.

*An Account of what happened to Mr.
THOMAS CHASE, at LISBON, in the
great Earthquake: written by him-
self, in a letter to his Mother, dated
the 31st of December, 1755.*

*Quonquam animus meminisse horret,
luctuque refugit,*

Incipiam! —

— Crudelis ubique

*Luctus, ubique Pavor, et plurima Mor-
tis Imago!* VIRG. L. II.

"ABOUT three quarters after nine
o'clock in the morning, on Satur-
day, the day that made me twenty-
six years of age, and in the very
house where I was born, on the 1st
of November, 1755, I was alone in
my bed-chamber, four stories from
the ground, opening a bureau; when
a shaking or trembling of the ground,
which I knew immediately to be an
earthquake, gentle at first, but gra-
dually increasing to greater violence,
alarmed me so much, that, turning
round to look at the windows, the
glass seemed to be falling out. Sur-
prized at the continuation of it, and
instantly recollecting the miserable
fate of Callao in the Spanish West
Indies, I expected the same would
happen then; and also remembering
that our house was so old and weak,
that any heavy carriage passing made
it shake all over, I ran directly up
into the *Urado*. This place, as is
customary in many houses, was a
single room at the top of the house,
with windows all round; the roof
supported by stone pillars. It was
only one story higher than my cham-
ber, and commanded a prospect of
some part of the city from the King's
palace up to the castle; from whence
I was anxious to see if the neigh-
bouring houses were agitated with
the like violence. I was no sooner
up the stairs, than a prospect the
most horrid that imagination can
form, appeared before my eyes. The
house began to heave to that degree,
that, to prevent my being thrown

down, I was obliged to put my arm
out of a window, and support myself
by the wall. Every stone in the walls
separating each from the other, and
grinding, as did all the walls of the
other houses, one against another,
with a variety of different motions,
made the most dreadful jumbling
noise that ears ever heard. The ad-
joining wall of Mr. Goddard's room
fell first; then followed all the upper
part of his house, and of every other,
as far as I could see towards the cas-
tle; when, turning my eyes quick to
the front of the room—for I thought
the whole city was sinking into the
earth,—I saw the tops of two of the
pillars meet; and I saw no more. I
had resolved to throw myself upon the
floor, but suppose I did not; for im-
mediately I felt myself falling, and
then, how long after I know not,
but just as if waking from a dream,
with confused ideas, I found my
mouth stuffed full of something,
which with my left hand I strove to
get out; and not being able to breathe
freely, struggled, till my head was
quite disencumbered from the rub-
bish. In the doing this I came to my-
self, and, recollecting what had hap-
pened, supposed the earthquake to
be over. From what I had so lately
seen I expected to find the whole city
fallen to the ground, and myself on
the top of the ruins; when, upon at-
tempting to look about, I saw four
high walls, near fifty feet above me.
The place where I lay was about ten
feet in length, and scarce two feet
wide; nor could I perceive either
door or window in any of the walls.
Astonished to the last degree at my
situation, I at length remembered
that there was such a space between
the houses; but, not having seen the
upper parts of both fall, concluded
that either the inhabitants must all
be destroyed, or at least that there
was no probability of their looking
down there again in time enough for
my preservation: so that, struck with
horror at the shocking thought of
being starved to death, immured in
so hopeless a manner, I remained in a
state of stupefaction, till the still fall-
ing tiles and rubbish made me seek
for shelter under a small arch in the
narrow wall, opposite my head. As
I lay at the bottom of this, there ap-
peared to be a little hole quite through
it: upon my approach, and with
difficulty

difficulty dragging myself out of the rubbish, I found the aperture to be much larger than I had imagined it was; and getting in my head and arm first, by degrees pulled my whole body after, and fell, about two feet, into a small dark place arched over at the top, which I supposed to be only a support for the two walls; till feeling about I found on one side a narrow passage, which led me round a place like an oven into a little room, where stood a Portuguese man covered with dust, who, the moment he saw me coming in that way, started back, and crossing himself all over, cried out, as the custom is when much surprized, '*Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!* who are you? where do you come from?' which being informed of, he placed me in a chair; and instantly clasping his hands together, he lifted them and his eyes toward the ceiling, in sign of the utmost distress and concern. This made me examine myself, which before I had not time to do. My right arm hung down before me motionless, like a great dead weight, the shoulder being out, and the bone broken; my stockings were cut to pieces, and my legs covered with wounds, the right ancle swelled to a prodigious size, with a fountain of blood spouting upwards from it: the knee also was much bruised, my left side felt as if beat in, so that I could hardly breathe: all the left side of my face was swelled, the skin beaten off, the blood streaming from it, with a great wound above, and a small one below the eye, and several bruises on my back and head. Scarcely had I perceived myself to be in this mangled condition, when another shock, more threatening than the former, came on: the poor man flew directly out of the door; the violence of the concussion, and the falling of houses, joined with the screams of the people, made me again seek shelter at the arch where I had entered in; where waiting till the horror abated, I returned back again; and nobody appearing, went out at the same door I saw the man do, in hopes of finding him again, or of meeting with some other person; but, instead of a room as I expected, it proved only a narrow staircase, with a few steps one way; then turning as many more, it brought me, to my surprize, into

the street, not imagining myself to have been so near it. The people were all at prayers, covered over with dust, and the light appeared just as if it had been a very dark day: here, flattering myself that my leg might still support me to the water-side, I turned, and saw the street below, which was very narrow, filled with fallen houses, as high as the tops of the remaining ones. Then, in hopes of getting into the country, I advanced a few steps up the hill, till the same sad prospect presented itself above me; and in a street to the right-hand I saw no other! Unknowing what to do, my strength failed me, and I fell prostrate in the middle, just where the three streets met. I then thought myself so much gone past all assistance, that though Mr. Branfils, Mr. Goddard, and their people, came to the spot where I lay, I spoke to none of them, notwithstanding they stood close by me: till at length Mr. JOHN ERNEST FONG*, a German, and merchant of the city of Hamburg, coming to his door, told them he saw no way of their escaping out of the city; and therefore begged they would go up into a garden he had, by the top of his house, which was the safest place he knew of. This they complied with; and how long afterwards I lay there I know not; but, recovering a little strength, I raised myself up, and set my back against the wall of this gentleman's house; who appearing again at his door, I heard him say, "What miserable wretch is this? He seems, by his dress, to be a stranger;" and coming down from his door round to the other side of my face, he exclaimed, "Dear Mr. Chase, what a shocking sight is this! Let me carry you up stairs, and try what we can do for you." My answer was, "Many thanks, but it was now too late." "Never think so," said he, "I hope the worst is over, and you shall have the very first assistance that can be procured." Then calling some of his people, he had me conveyed up stairs, and put me in a chair, till he had got me something to drink; and a bed was ordered, which being made ready, he laid me there, desiring me to compose my-

* *Dignum laude Virum vetat Justitia mori.*

self as much as possible. He had not left me long, before another shock made me lay my left arm over my eyes, soon expecting to be released from farther misery; till all the plaster falling from the walls, covered over the bed, causing such a dust, that I was obliged to exert all my strength to open the door near the bed's head and get out. The noise I made soon brought Mr. Forg out of the garden, when, begging of him to lay me there, he said there was a room on one side of it, and that he would order a bed to be got ready there immediately. I was accordingly removed thither; when he told me he had already sent after the English surgeon, Mr. Scrafton; but his house was tumbled down; and not knowing what was become of him, Mr. Forg and Mr. Goddard came constantly between the shocks, which were now become less violent, to offer me their assistance; and during one of the intervals Mr. Forg and his uncle dressed my leg and face with some plaisters, which they happened to have by them. Mr. Forg's uncle did not go into the garden during the shocks, but remained in the house, declaring, "he had lived a long time; and if it so pleased Providence, he was as ready to die in that manner as in any other *." Mr. Goddard also acquainted me with the deaths of several people already known, whose fate I then thought much happier than my own; and that three fires had broke out in the city, which however did not then much alarm us. One of the fires, and a large part of the city, I could see from the bed as I lay; for I was now again at the top of a high house, some part of which had fallen, and the remainder of it was much shattered.

"About two o'clock, the earth having enjoyed some little repose, the clouds of dust were dissipated, and the sun appearing, we began to hope the worst was over, as indeed it was in regard to the earthquake; but still every succeeding shock, though it did little harm, was attended with the same dread and terror as the great ones preceding, as not knowing to what lengths the evil might

proceed. However, this cessation made the people in the garden, consisting of English, Dutch, Irish, and Portuguese, recover spirits enough to think of attempting to get out of the ruinous city; when Mr. Forg, wholly intent upon assisting every body, desired them only just to stay to eat some fish which he had ordered to be got ready, as they would then be better enabled to bear any future fatigue. To oblige his great care, I ate a little, without any other inclination, imagining, from the painful condition I was in, that a very few hours more would relieve me from all farther cares; nor had any one hitherto flattered me with any other hopes. This was one reason, as well as knowing that all parties were so intent upon their own preservation as not to be at leisure to assist others, why I patiently suffered Mr. Forg's garden to be quite empty, and Mr. Branfils, Mr. Goddard, and their people, after dining and taking leave of me, to go away, without asking their assistance, or even desiring them to send me any help: till, finding Mr. Forg was left only with his aged uncle, and an old lame lady of their acquaintance, whom he had sent his servants to fetch from her house, where she had been left alone, and very probably would have perished had he not thought of her, and that there remained only two or three more of his people; supposing from hence that he now intended to quit his house, I begged of him to endeavour to hire some people to carry me out of town. He said he feared it was not possible; for all his servants but one had left him, and the city was quite deserted; that, if it were my request, he would try, but for his own part he was determined to stay, and take the fate of his house, as he thought venturing out of it would be only to encounter greater dangers; and in my condition he would advise me to do the same, little imagining how much more distress I had still to support. All that afternoon I had time to make the most melancholy reflections, whilst the flames were spreading every where within my view with inexpressible swiftness. Till about five o'clock they seemed approaching close to the window of the room where I lay. Mr. Forg then came in, and looking

* *Abnegat excisâ vitam producere Trojâ.*

at me without speaking, which hitherto he had never done, he retired, shutting the door close after him. From what he had before said, I was full of suspicions that no assistance was to be had. I thought I heard no noise in the adjacent room, and with difficulty raising myself up, listened a considerable time without being able to hear any thing stir; when I immediately concluded that as he found himself obliged to leave his house, unable to tell me the horrid fate I must submit to, he had quitted it without speaking at all. In the utmost agony therefore of body and mind, I determined to anticipate my doom, and if it were possible to endeavour to reach the gallery on the outside of the window, and by throwing myself down the hill, put an end at once to all my excessive miseries. By the help of two chairs I just got within reach of the door, though with the greatest pain, and was then so spent that I was obliged to sit down, nor could I have gone a step farther had the room been on fire. At last, recovering a little strength, I opened the door, and found Mr. Forg, the old lady, and two other persons, all silently sitting round the outward room. Surprised to see me got so far, he asked the reason of it; to which I replied, that I was fully sensible both of the great distress to which we were reduced, and of his inability to render me assistance. I therefore begged it, with tears in my eyes, as the greatest favour, that before he found himself obliged to quit his house, he would either throw me over the gallery, or any other way dispatch me; and not leave me, in violent agonies, to linger out a few hours, and at last to die a most dreadful death. He desired me not to talk in that manner; assuring me most affectionately, that he never had intended to leave me; and, if no other help came, he would himself carry me out upon his back, and we should take our chance together; that the fire had not yet surrounded us, and that there was still a passage free to the Terriero do Paco, a large square before the king's palace, and as soon as necessity obliged us, he hoped we might all get there very safe; therefore I had much better lie down again, and he would be

careful to acquaint me in due time. Still however I could not divest myself of a suspicion that it was his good-nature only which made him promise this; accordingly I desired to stay in the room with them, which he permitted me; going up every half hour to the top of his house to observe the progress of the fires.

"About eleven o'clock there came two servants of a German gentleman, who, I think, was his nephew, and at that time also in the house. Mr. Forg then declared, he thought it would be time to remove; and, with great composure, going for his hat and cloak, returned, with a cap and quilt for me; telling me, perhaps I might find it cold, upon being carried out. He then desired that gentleman and his servants to carry me to the square first, and then return again to fetch the lame lady. The gentleman and two servants conveyed me in one of the room chairs, with the quilt thrown over me, which proved afterwards of essential service; and another person went before with a torch. I heard some poor wretches begging for help, in our way through a narrow passage down a steep hill, which was the only place left free from ruins. Near Mr. Forg's house, at the bottom of the alley, stood a church belonging to a convent of friars, the door of which being open, there stood lighted candles upon the high altar, and the friars seemed to be very assiduously occupied, arrayed in their ecclesiastical habits, and in the porch lay some dead bodies. From thence, throughout a narrow street extending to the church of St. Mary Magdalene, I saw no house tumbled down, but every where large stones scattered about; and as I passed, looking up a street, I could discern over the ruins the upper windows of our house still standing. The church of St. Mary Magdalen was likewise undemolished, the doors open, and some lights and people in it. I observed that the fire had already taken possession of the street leading to the cathedral; in the Silversmiths' Street there were no houses quite fallen; and some few people seemed to be employed in throwing bundles out of the windows. On passing the end of Rua Nova I saw both sides of it were on fire, as well as the next street;

which

which runs parallel with it. At the square, we found the King's Palace, which made one side of it, and half of the adjoining side, burning slowly, the little wind driving it gently onwards. On the opposite part Mrs. Adford met us, and told me her sister, Mrs. Graves, and all her family, were there, sitting upon some bundles of clothes which they had saved; but, as it was in the open air, my kind conductors chose rather to place me under a stall or shed, with some others in my condition. To find myself then, so much beyond all expectation, so suddenly relieved from the constant apprehension of falling houses, and dangers of the fire, just when, as I thought myself at least, exposed to the greatest peril, and when, sunk in extreme despair, I had given up all ideas of assistance; this raised my spirits to such a degree, that now, for the first time, notwithstanding the great pain I was in, I began to indulge a hope, that it was yet possible to live; and this soothing gleam continued a while, till new terrors rushed in, and occupied my thoughts.

"The populace, it seems, were all full of the notion that it was the Judgement-day; and willing therefore to be employed in good works, they had loaded themselves with crucifixes and saints; men and women, without distinction, during the intervals between the shocks, were either singing Litanies, or with a fervor of zeal stood harassing the dying with religious ceremonies; and whenever the earth trembled, all on their knees ejaculated, *Misericordia!* in the most doleful accents imaginable. The fear therefore that my condition might kindle up their piety, at such a time as this, when all government was at a stand, and it was impossible to guess what turn their furious zeal might take against that worst of criminals a *Heretic!* this made me dread the approach of every person. Add to this likewise, that the *Cais de Pedra*, or "Stone Key," adjoining to this square, had already sunk, and the least rising of the water would overflow us all. With such reflections I passed about two hours, during which Mr. Forg and all his family were come to the square, and had joined the family of Mr.

Graves. The flames were now almost opposite, and the shed, my temporary asylum, which had at first been quite crowded with invalids, was forsaken of every one but myself; when instantly I heard the cry of "*Beat down the Cabanas,*" or stalls, some of which, it seems, had taken fire. Then telling all that were under to get out, the crowd began immediately to knock down that where I lay. With the greatest difficulty I had just dragged myself out before it tumbled down; and meeting with Mr. Forg and another person, they carried me to Mr. Graves's family, and laid me upon their bundles. Mrs. Graves I found to be of the vulgar opinion, that it was the last day; and on my attempting to persuade her to the contrary, she told me, it was but of little consequence to us, as the flames were just approaching to the gun-powder shops opposite, and she expected them to blow up every moment. This new terror stopped my farther speaking, and we all silently waited the event, which proved however most favourable; for though there were three explosions immediately succeeding each other with a loud report, they were not attended, as we could learn, with any mischief. About this time, a poor Irish beggar-woman, who seemed to be half-mad, putting her trust in Saint Somebody with a strange name, rushed through the fire in the Rua Nova to Mr. Houston's cellar, and brought from thence a bottle of wine to Mr. Graves, from whom however she would receive no gratuity at such a time as this. It was indeed a most welcome refreshment, and to Mrs. Adford's humanity I was much indebted for a share of it.

[To be continued.]

Mr. URBAN, *Sproxtton, Jan. 5.*

IN a tour to the Lakes last Summer, I observed a piece of flat ground consisting chiefly of sand and pebbles, which, within forty years, to my knowledge, had been gained from the Lake of Ulleswater by the floods of a rapid brook rolling down earth, stones, and gravel, from the adjoining mountains, &c. which must have been in an immense quantity, as the water was ten fathom deep or more, a few yards only from the shore.

shore. On further observation, I remarked other large meadows extending a long way into the Lake, and terminating almost in a point, which had evidently been formed by the floods of insignificant brooks, and which in some cases had cut and torn up the sides of the mountains to a degree of astonishment. So that the Lakes are filling up to a certainty, and faster than we seem to be aware of; I think in two or three thousand years they will be all flat meadows, with a river or main drain in the middle. Such meadows in the valleys frequently occur, and it is more than probable they once were lakes.

If we go upon a larger scale, we find a variety of substances continually pouring into the sea by the great rivers, and never returning, at least beyond the reach of a high tide, from which one would naturally suspect, exclusive of the help of minor causes, that the sea in process of time would be so filled up, as to deluge the whole earth. Those violent efforts of Nature, volcanos and earthquakes, may, indeed, at any time, in an instant, make the sea land, and the land sea; but what is there in the regular course of Nature to prevent the drowning of the earth; unless, to help us over the difficulty, we have recourse to an imperceptible increase in bulk of such strata, as lie below the reach of man, whose intrusion may destroy, or at least check their growth:—And that the earth rises more or less by the organization of strata of different degrees of strength and vigour, and shrinks in a state of decay or decomposition, I have no doubt: hence other lakes and seas, by a greater or less extension or depression of the bowels of the earth, will of course be formed; and the sea thus keep its distance for a time far exceeding the calculation of man.

But one word more on the subject of the Lakes. The proprietors of lands are bounded by the lake on one side: the fisheries have also their bounds and marks; and are generally the property of others, and totally distinct. Now, Mr. Urban, should the Lake be quite filled in, by dreadful and unusual torrents and inundations, in three years instead of three thousand, in point of law how will the matter stand? will the proprietor

of five acres become legally the proprietor of fifty, as his writings will shew his field is bounded on one side by water; or must the fisherman lose his all, or he in exchange become a landed proprietor also, whose writings point him out as a proprietor of water only? or will the lord of the manor cut the matter short, and settle the difference between them? And as the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland are bounded by the Lake for the whole length of it nearly,—does the Lake itself form no part of either county? or is the real boundary of the counties an imaginary line running in a sort of zig-zag direction in the centre of the Lake, to correspond with the windings of the shores—in cases of arrest, or some other legal process which requires a tolerable degree of certainty? W. M.

Mr. URBAN,

Feb. 4.

I HAVE but a short account to settle with Sir John Carter this month, reserving all my powers to resist his grand attack which he now threatens me with on the first of March.

John says, he will never cease to defend the welfare of Antiquities while his sight remains in force. I trust the following remarks will prove either that he has lost his sight, or his veracity; for his assertion is, that “over the points of the windows to the second story one of the spaces between the ornaments is directly over the points; whereas in the new work, one of the ornaments is stuck in the centre;” but if John had had either eyes to see, or a rule to measure by, or honesty to confess what he had seen and measured, the true cause of this variation would have been self-evident.

For in the five Eastern windows the spaces between the buttresses are the same; but on the North and South sides they are much less; that is, the breadth of the windows is the same, but the piers are different. The piers on the East are two feet two inches each: the piers on the two sides are only one foot each. The effect therefore is, that in the East end the space between the buttresses contained nine ornaments, one of which must consequently be in the centre, unless John can make nine an even number. The other spaces

contain but eight ornaments, and consequently there is not an odd one to be placed over the centre. Specimens of the disposition of these ornaments two different ways still remain in the *unrestored* parts of the Chapel, which John might have seen. If he did not see them, he is ignorant; if he did see them, he has stated a falsehood direct.

One word more, and I have done with this Caviller for the present month; he now styles me "an able Writer," but in his former addresses he has ranked me as "an Earl," or "a Dean." I cannot thank him for any titles which he has the power to confer, any more than for his disingenuous correspondence; but, able or not able in other respects, I am still competent to encounter obloquy and to detect falsehood; and, with or without titles. I am still, Mr. Urban,

Your obliged servant,

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

Mr. URBAN, Feb. 5.
I HAVE thought the inscription underneath well worthy of being transcribed. If you think it equally so of being recorded in your repository, you will oblige
 Your old Correspondent E. J.
 In the church of Great Doddington, Northamptonshire.

"M. S.

HUMPHREDI SAY, S. T. B.
 triginta plus annis hic vicarii,
 en! infra positum corpus!
 Si scire quæras, quanta seges virtutum,
 qualesve mentem intus orantur dotes,
 occurrent animo statim
 incorrupta fides, probitasque morum,
 primævis hæud indigna patribus,
 hodiernis saltè non erubescenda.
 Hunc summis titulis, honoribusque
 parem
 nec cæca unquam ambitio,
 nec habendi invasit ardor,
 contentum facillè in Ecclesiâ de Litchfield
 et parvi nominis et rei Præbendâ.
 Sic nemini invidens huic se Parochiæ
 dedit,
 huic omne studium, omnes devovit
 curas.
 Dumque sanæ vi doctrinæ,
 Exemploque poterat venerabili
 errantes revocare animas,
 id illi erat thesaurus congerere,
 id congestis verè frui.
 Domesticum semper insequabatur vitæ
 genus,
 quod multùm Juvenem, maxime decreverat
 Senem,

officiis omnibus, velut orbe quodam, distinctum.

Inter socios tamen sine tristitiâ gravis sine levitate idem mirè comis.

Amicum denuò jucundiorè,
 aut æqui magis, temperatiquè virum
 animi,

nec præterita vidit,

nec postera enarrabit ætas.

Obiit Feb. 27, A. D. 1722, æt. 71.

P. S. What the income of the vicarage might be at that time, I cannot say; but I can speak from authority that more than forty years afterwards, when an inclosure of the parish, which was large and populous, was about to take place, the claim made by the *then* incumbent, an aged man with a large family (who had then, and to his death, no other preferment than that) did not bring him within Goldsmith's estimate of "passing rich with forty pounds a-year." The Commissioners, however, with the aid and concurrence of a very considerate and liberal Impropriator, Lord of the Manor, and principal Proprietor (though the patronage was in the Crown), were enabled to add a hundred acres contiguous to the two, which, with a thatched cottage, small garden, and dove-cote, were the whole of the Vicarage Premises. E. J.

Mr. URBAN,

Jan. 17.

THE following inscription is on a stone in the floor of the chancel of the church of Eye, in Suffolk:

Exiit ultimus Baronu' de Harrowden

✠ Henricus Vaux ✠

Septemb. 20. ANNO D'ni MDCLXIII.

✠

Arms above: Vaux, chequy, on a chevron, 3 cinquefoils.

Crest: out of a Baronet's coronet, a griffin's head erased.

Motto: Hodie, et non cras.

Who was the above mentioned Lord Vaux? and what relation was he to Edward Lord Vaux of Harrowden, who, according to the Extinct Peerages, died without lawful issue, 1661, when the title has been supposed to cease?—An account of any part of the Vaux family will be acceptable. D. A. Y.

* * * This Correspondent's very valuable "Additions and Corrections" shall be used in a manner, we are confident, he will approve; incorporated with those of many other Friends to whom the Author is under similar obligations.

Mr.



Abbeys Church & Rectory House

Mr. URBAN,

Feb. 1.

THE parish of SHARNFORD, in the county of Leicester, is 11 miles from that town, 4 from Hinckley, and 6 from Lutterworth. It is in the Hundred of Sparkenhoe; and in the Ecclesiastical division of the County, in the Deanery of Gathfaxton. In 1764 the parish was inclosed by act of parliament. Since the inclosure, the town has improved in its buildings. By the Return made to Parliament in 1811, Sharnford contained 85 houses and 90 families (48 of whom were employed in agriculture and 15 in trade, &c.), consisting of 188 males and 206 females, total 394; being an increase since the Return in 1804, of 8 houses and 21 persons. This is owing to the stocking manufactory, which has of late years much increased in this parish, and is still increasing.

The expences of the poor-rates have increased more than five-fold in the short space of 20 years.

In 1810, the number of teams was 12, saddle-horses 18, draught-horses 46.

The whole of the houses and lands belong to yeomen, or people of the middle class in society. The valuation of the parish under the schedule A, in the Property Tax, in 1810, was 2080*l.* The lands consist of arable, pasture, and meadow, level and fertile, some light land, but the greater part argillaceous. The roads have of late years rapidly improved, under the direction of that able Mathematician Mr. Joseph Clarke, who is one of the principal proprietors of land here, and is indefatigable in prosecuting useful improvements. The Roman Foss Road lies between this parish, and those of Frolesworth and Cleybrook, but is now neglected.

Edward Stokes lost his sight when a boy at school here, in 1741. He afterwards became rector of Wymondham, co. Leicester; and died in 1798, after being 50 years rector of Blaby, in the same county*.

The Church of Sharnford (*see Pl. II.*), dedicated to St. Helen, consists of a short tower, surmounted with four neat pinnacles, and in which are three bells; a small South porch; a nave, in which is a wide open space,

between two rows of uninclosed seats; and a chancel, somewhat narrower, separated from the nave by a neat screen.

The value in the King's books is 9*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.*; and in 1791 it was worth about 200*l.* Its present value is upwards of 360*l.* owing to a part of the lands being used for horticulture.

The Parsonage-house was built in 1639, and under-built about 70 years ago, as represented in the Plate; but since the drawing was taken, it has been repaired, at a considerable expence, by the present rector, the Rev. Joseph Cotman. The front and one end were entirely rebuilt, the windows in the front being curiously arched in the fancy Gothic style.

The Rev. John Horton died rector of this parish in 1793, which preferment he had enjoyed 55 years. He was of King's-college, Cambridge, M. A. 1740, and left a widow, nearly of his own age. This respectable old couple had not, for nearly half a century, been farther from home than Hinckley, a distance only of four miles, where, so long as they were able to walk, they had paid an annual visit. They both died at the age of 81. (*See vol. LXIII. p. 576.*)

That excellent Divine, and very learned Critick, the Rev. Robert Nares, resigned this rectory in 1799, on being appointed Archdeacon of Stafford. He was for some years one of the Assistant Librarians in the British Museum; which he relinquished on being presented to the rectory of St. Mary at Reading, where he now regularly resides, highly respected as a worthy man and a conscientious Parish Priest. He was for some time Preacher at Lincoln's Inn Chapel; and has published, amongst other valuable Works, a regular course of Warburtonian Lectures.

For further particulars relative to the parish of Sharnford, I refer your Readers to Mr. Nichols's elaborate "History of Leicestershire," vol. IV. pp. 915—921. EUGENIO.

H. observes, that "Ecclesiæ Persona" ought to have known that the 24th of February is *not* the Festival of St. Matthew, but St. *Matthias*: St. Matthew's Day is Sept. 21.—And he asks, whether Mr. Clapham means to proceed with the republication of "Skelton's Sermons?"

* See a particular account of Mr. Stokes in your vol. LXVIII. p. 537.

Mr. URBAN, Bedford, Dec. 15.

HAPPENING lately to read some critical conjectures on the meaning of the Greek term Λόγος, when used in the Sacred Writings to denote a person or agent, they brought to my recollection a circumstance which occurred to me some years since, during a tour I was making in the Archipelago, and which I now beg leave to offer to the notice of our Biblical Criticks, through the journal which is conducted by the successor of Bowyer, τὸ Πάνν.

I passed some days in the house of a respectable Greek, who held the office of English Consul in the island of Tino, the antient Tenos. When I was at table, the family generally conversed in Italian or French, as languages better understood by their guest than the Modern Greek spoken in that island; but when they spoke to each other on domestic occurrences in their vernacular idiom, I observed, that whenever the son or daughter of Consul Vitali, the master of the house, addressed him, or spoke of him to each other, they never used the simple pronouns *thou, you, or he, su, ύμεις, or κείνος, or αὐτός,* but ὁ λόγος σου, ὁ λόγος σας, ὁ λόγος αὐτοῦ, or ὁ λόγος τῶ, literally, "Thy word, his word," &c. As for example, when the father asked the daughter, for whom the cloth was intended that she had brought from the English ship? she answered, εἶναι διὰ τὸν λόγον σου; literally, it is for thy word, i. e. for thee. If the son asked the daughter, who had brought them the fish that was on the table? she answered (looking at her father), ὁ λόγος τῶ, literally, his word, i. e. he.

On enquiring of them the reason of using this phrase, they told me the practice is general through the Levant, it not being thought decorous to employ the simple personal pronoun, when speaking to or of a superior, or even an equal; that, when, on such occasions, they are

not familiarly acquainted with the individual, they address him by some quality supposed to be inherent in him, united to the possessive pronoun, e. g. ἡ αὐθιμία σας, ἡ εὐχέλαιότη σας, ἡ ἀγιοσύνη τε, &c. corresponding in some degree to our expressions of your worship, your excellency, his holiness, &c.; but that members of the same family, or intimate friends, when speaking to or of each other, say, ὁ λόγος σου, or ὁ λόγος σας, ὁ λόγος τῶ, ὁ λόγος τῆς, &c. as substitutes for the simple pronouns σου, κείνος, αὐτός, κείνη, &c. You, he, she, &c.

May we, therefore, from hence venture to suppose that this has been antiently the practice of the East; and that *his word, thy word,* &c. may only mean *he, thou,* in many passages of the Sacred Writings? e. g.

Isaiah lxvi. 5, in the version of the Septuagint. Ἀκούσατε ῥήματα Κυρίου, οἱ τρημοῖτες τοῦ λόγου αὐτοῦ.

Psalms cxxx. 5, 6. Ὑπεμείνω σὺ Κυρμὲ ὑπεμείνω ἢ ψυχὴ μου εἰς τὸν λόγον σου.

In John v. 37, 38. "And the Father himself which sent me—ye have not *his word* abiding in you," τὸν λόγον αὐτοῦ, i. e. him.

In 2 Kings i. 16. "Is it because there is no God in Israel to enquire of *his word*? i. e. of him.

In Leviticus xx. 3. the Chaldee translation or paraphrase of Onkelos is, "therefore *my word* abhorred them." when the Hebrew says, "therefore *I* abhorred them."

In Deut. xxxi. 8. the Chaldee translation of Onkelos runs thus: "And Jehovah, he it is who goeth before thee: *his word* shall be with thee." when the Hebrew only says, "He will be with thee." And, in Deut. i. 30, the Chaldee version says, "Jehovah, your God, who goeth before you, *his word* shall fight for you;" when the Hebrew only says, "He shall fight for you."

It hence appears, perhaps, that this phraseology was generally adopted previous to the writing of the Gospels;

pels; for Our Saviour, in Luke iv. 18, quotes Isaiah from the Chaldee Paraphrase; and that Paraphrase perpetually uses my word, for I; his word for he.

Yours, &c.

ΦΙΛΙΠΠΟΣ.

Mr. URBAN,

Feb. 3.

YOUR learned Correspondent, R. C. p. 27, of your Magazine for January, exhibits Mat. xxiii. 33, and Mark vii. 9, as *incontestable* instances of the use of irony, by our blessed Lord.

I mean not to *contest* the point with him; but I wish him, and any of your Readers, interested in the question, to look at Bp. Pearce's commentary and notes on both these passages. I wish them also to consider Gilbert Wakefield's observations on the word Καλως in the latter passage: SILV. CRIT. Pars I. Sect. lviii.* I subjoin the opening of this learned and ingenious section; for G. W. was a scholar, and, when he has no point of predilection to carry, may well, and *safely*, be attended to. "Turpissimè se dedurant ad hunc locum omnes, quos vidè, equidem interpretes. Nec desunt qui, re penitus deploratâ, ad προσκειν confugiunt; et Servatorem mundi scilicet ludentis speciem sibi induisse non dubitant contendere. Hoc certe non Καλως factum," &c.

Edward Leigh, in his CRITICA SACRA, assures me, that Καγω is used in the New Testament, OFTEN in the sense of *Ego vero*. I believe I could point out several passages, where this sense is desirable, if not requisite: but "*contendere NOLO*."

Whether the blessed Saviour ever used irony in his discourses, is a

question, in my opinion, worth further consideration. S. R.

Mr. URBAN, Liverpool, Jan. 29.

IN your last Volume, p. 208, *Sacerdos Rusticus* proposes a new version of St. Luke, xvi. 9. ποιήσατε εκ τουτῶν Φίλους εκ του μαμμωνᾶ τῆς ἀδικίας. ἵνα, ὅταν ἐκλίπητε, δέξωνται ὑμᾶς ἐς τὰς αἰωνίους σκηνάς—by εκ του μαμμωνᾶ understanding "*elsewhere than from the Mammon of unrighteousness*;" taking εκ for ἐξω. I have long since made up my mind to the common version, on grounds which I beg leave to commit to the consideration of your Readers. The chief endeavour will be to shew, that your Correspondent's construction is repugnant to the genius of the Greek language; then to find how far our common translation agrees with the context, with the circumstances of the Parable exemplified by the passage in question, and with the general doctrine of the New Testament.

The καὶ in καγω λέγω of the same verse as being *adversative*;—the εκ in εκ τῶν ἔργων σου of St. James, ii. 18;—the εκ also of ἀνὴρ τις εκ τῆς πόλεως, Luke viii. 27, as signifying "*siue*" or ἐξω—are ingeniously thrown round the main position as outworks; and these, I suppose, must first be assaulted.—We are referred to the "*strong authority*" of Leigh's "*Critica Sacra*." I am far from questioning the general excellence of this Book; though it may perhaps appear that the Author has not been happy in his explanation of the conjunction καὶ: sometimes he says it signifies "*aut*," sometimes "*ideo*," "*idcirco*," "*ιτις*,"—and that it is "*adversative*" in

* G. Wakefield renders Καλως ἀπειραται, *Ye ENTIRELY make void*.—I observe that Καλως is three times used in this same chapter of St. Mark, *viz.* besides the passage in question, at verse 6 and verse 37; in all which places it will bear the sense of *evidenter* or *manifeste*. Perhaps no other sense will so well suit all the three different places.—The Scholiast, on Sophocles Œd. T. 1007 (which G. W. cites), interprets Καλως, Ἄντι τῆ περιφρασεως. And I would thus understand Marc. vii. 37. Καλως ποτι πιστοκα, *i. e.* EVIDENTER, *vel* MANIFESTE *omnino*, &c.—Eisner renders it *præclare*, *egregie*, referring to Euripides Ion, verse 1595 (Ed. Beck.)

Καλως δ' Ἀπολλων παντ' ετραξει, &c.

But, qu. is not Καλως, there also, Ἄντι τῆ περιφρασεως?

the following passages: however, it is to be remarked, that he does not include the one under our present notice: thus, Matthew xii. 35. Ὁ ἀγαθὸς ἄνθρωπος ἐκ τοῦ ἀγαθοῦ θησαυροῦ τῆς καρδίας ἐκβάλλει τὰ ἀγαθὰ· ΚΑΙ ὁ πονηρὸς ἄνθρωπος ἐκ τοῦ πονηροῦ θησαυροῦ ἐκβάλλει τὰ πονηρὰ. Surely in the καὶ here there is nothing *adversative*; in our version, and all others I have seen, it is rendered “*and*.” It is used in its almost universal sense or idea of *connexion*. In this verse two consequences are denoted, and the conjunction merely connects them. But if we supply the Ellipsis by adding the word γοῦν, “*igitur*,” I imagine it will then be plain that καὶ is used in its general meaning. Thus—“The good man,” &c. &c.—καὶ (γοῦν) and (of course) “the wicked man, &c. &c.”—The same Ellipsis occurs 1 John iii. 4. καὶ ἡ ἀμαρτία, that is, καὶ (γοῦν) ἡ ἀμαρτία κ.τ.λ. With regard to this word and many others, if, instead of attaching a farrago of different and opposite meanings, we would only fill the ellipsis, the method would disburthen the memory, and, in most instances, lead us to truth.—The next passage noted by Leigh is Matt. xv. 4.—Ὁ γὰρ Θεὸς ἐνετείλατο λέγων· τίμα τὸν πατέρα σου καὶ τὴν μητέρα· καὶ, ὁ κακολογῶν πατέρα ἢ μητέρα θανάτῳ τελευτάτω. It does not appear, but it is probable, he alludes to the latter καὶ as being *adversative*; it is, nevertheless, quite manifest, I think, that here also the common translation by the copulative “*and*” is perfectly right. There is only this difference in the application of the latter καὶ: it is to be read with a pause (indeed it might be better to insert the comma), as there is an Ellipsis of the verb ἐνετείλατο. “God commanded ‘Honour thy Father and Mother,’ &c. &c. and (*he commanded*) ‘Who-soever curseth Father or Mother,’ &c.—The καὶ of καὶ ἀνελάβετε in Acts vii. 43, appears *emphatically copulative*. The Apostle had been before narrating the idolatry of Israel;

and, as a climax of this sin he adds, καὶ ἀνελάβετε τὴν σκηνὴν τοῦ Μολόχ κ.τ.λ. “Ye even took up the Tabernacle of Moloch,” &c.—The last passage mentioned is 1 John ii. 20. The first καὶ in καὶ ὑμεῖς χρίσμα ἔχετε ἀπὸ τοῦ ἁγίου, καὶ οἴδατε πάντα, is certainly translated “*but*,” that is, as being *adversative*. The sense in the preceding 19th verse is complete. There is then no want of an *adversative* conjunction. I cannot in any Greek writer discover a solitary instance of καὶ used *disjunctively*; and does the context require it? I think not.—We find John is addressing this Epistle to the Jewish Converts: in the chapter before us he is enumerating the advantages they enjoy over the Gentiles. Thus, 14th verse: Ἐγραφα ὑμῖν, πατέρες, ὅτι ἐγνώκατε τὸν ἀπ’ ἀρχῆς κ.τ.λ. Then follow some injunctions and particular declarations; and in the 20th verse, before noted, he connects the enumeration of their advantages, καὶ ὑμεῖς χρίσμα ἔχετε κ.τ.λ. Ye also have the unction from the Holy one.—Only four verses below καὶ ὑμεῖς is evidently “*Ye also*,” and need we a better explanation than the Author’s own? Thus, verse 24, Ὑμεῖς, οὖν, ὁ ἠκούσατε ἀπ’ ἀρχῆς ἐν ὑμῖν μενέτω. Ἐὰν ἐν ὑμῖν μείνη ὁ ἀπ’ ἀρχῆς ἠκούσατε, καὶ ὑμεῖς ἐν τῷ ὕμῳ καὶ ἐν τῷ πατρὶ μενεῖτε.—Now let us proceed to the passage in James ii. 18. Ἄλλ’ ἐρεῖ τις· Σὺ πίστιν ἔχεις, καὶ γὰρ ἔργα ἔχω· δεῖξόν μοι τὴν πίστιν σου ἐκ τῶν ἔργων σου, καὶ γὰρ δεῖξω σοι ἐκ τῶν ἔργων μου τὴν πίστιν μου.—I trust your Correspondent joins in the general opinion, that the style of the Greek Testament, as to purity, may be matched against that of the most classical writers in that language; a few Hebraisms, mostly confined to the gospel of St. Matthew, being excepted. Now, can your Correspondent produce me from these writers a single instance of ἐκ being used for ἔξω? Again, how jejune must be the language, the Greek language, what equivocation must we suppose in the Apostle, if, in one line, ἐκ

τῶν ἔργων is to be understood "from, by, or through works," and, four or five words further, the self-same ἐκ τῶν ἔργων is to signify "without thy works"!! If the sacred author had been disposed to express this latter meaning, would not the word χωρὶς directly have suggested itself? As in the last verse of this chapter, — οὕτω καὶ ἡ πίστις χωρὶς τῶν ἔργων νεκρὰ ἐστίν. — The Apostle is declaring the superiority of *Works*. The common version of the passage in question is, "Yea, a man may say, thou hast *faith*, and I have works. Shew me thy *faith without thy works*, and I will shew thee my *faith by my works*." — The word *without* was not given by the translators as the version of ἐκ, but with reference to those manuscripts which instead of ἐκ read χωρὶς. — Hence Schleusner might have had his "*sine*" without any distortion of ἐκ into that meaning. But I have seen it observed, and I maintain the opinion, that with the common reading ἐκ in its general signification of "*by*" or "*from*," we may arrive at the same conclusion as by reading χωρὶς, "*sine*," "*without*." Thus, when the Apostle says, or is supposed to say, "Shew me thy *faith without thy works*," an *impossibility* is implied, and may be inferred from the language preceding and subsequent to this verse. see verses 16, 17, 20, 21, 22. Then why not read ἐκ, "*by or from*?" The obvious sense of the verse, and what, I think, will accord with the context is, "The assertion of this man, that he hath *faith*, and of another, that he hath *works*, avail nought; *both* must *shew* their works, which are the proof and perfection of their *faith*;" or, literally, "Shew me *thy faith by thy works*, and I will shew my *faith by (ἐκ) my works*:" reading "thy" and "my" emphatically. — By an Hebrew idiom the future tense is often put to intimate command or necessity; and, perhaps, in the verse above, the words "*I must*" would

be preferable to "*I will*." — The ἐκ τῆς πόλεως of Luke viii. 27, falls under your Correspondent's suspicion, where he fancies he has described the same novel meaning of ἐκ. — The phrase may be fairly translated of, or, "*a native of the City*." — Though the other Evangelists say ἐκ τῶν μνημείων, it is well known the tombs were near enough the cities to justify either expression. But I fear your Correspondent will introduce the very superfluity he is desirous to prevent. — Ἐξελθόντι δὲ αὐτῷ ἐπὶ τὴν γῆν the Demoniac met him. Now your Correspondent well knows that Gadara was at a distance from the Lake: then would it not be superfluous, would it not be a ridiculous pleonasm, to affirm that the man was ἐξω τῆς πόλεως, "*without the City*," when he met Our Saviour, who was *landing from this Lake*? Thus would he render three words nugatory, and also strip the Evangelist of an entire trait in his narration, viz. the mention FROM WHENCE the Demoniac comes. — Let us illustrate this by a familiar supposition. Were I to land at Dover, would it not be ridiculous in the relation of this to affirm, that my friend, meeting me *at my landing*, was *out of London* when this took place? — We are at length arrived at the main position of your Correspondent, the ἐκ τοῦ μαμμῶνα of Luke xvi. 9. — The Pharisees, who were among the hearers of this parable, are termed by St. Luke Φιλάργυροι; hence, not riches abstractly, but the inordinate love of them, appears clearly to be the object of Our Saviour's censure. — Verse 8. we have, καὶ ἐπήνεσεν ὁ κύριος τὸν οἰκονόμον κ. τ. λ. The next sentence is ἀφ' ὧν ὑμῖν λέγω κ. τ. λ. "And I also say unto you, make yourselves friends of or through the mammon of unrighteousness," (but mark the distinction) "not merely like the steward, that ye may be received into their houses on earth, but into celestial habitations." — There is a note on the word ἀδικίας of this passage,

sage, that by an Hebrew idiom it is used for ἀδικοῦ the adjective; and that the word in Hebrew which signifies ἀδικός, or "unjust," also means "false," "fallacious." This appears correct, for, in the verse below, τὸ ἀληθινόν is opposed to ἀδικω μαμμωνᾶ, undoubtedly meaning the "fleeing, fallacious, riches of the world." The formation of one thing out of, or from another, is uniformly expressed in Greek, by some tense of ποίω and ἐκ or ἐξ. Could Demosthenes himself be summoned from the shades, could he be endowed with a perfect knowledge of the English language, suppose the words "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon" given to him to translate into his native tongue, what could he say but ποίσατε ἑαυτοῖς φίλους ἐκ τοῦ μαμμωνᾶ κ. τ. λ. ? or, if he might use some other synonymous words for the rest, yet the preposition ἐκ is indispensable; therefore ἐκ, at least, is rightly expressed by "of" in our version.—Now the universal meaning of ἐκ is "from," or it may be so translated in almost every passage in which it occurs.—But your Correspondent says, that in the above verse it must signify "elsewhere than from;" thus imposing a sense something like diametrically opposite.—Of this novel application then, your Correspondent ought certainly to have produced us an example from the Testament as an accompaniment, and not have rested on the mere assertion of the Lexicographer Schleusner, "nec desunt loca à Græcis scriptoribus in quibus ἐκ pro ἐξω ponitur." These passages should be before us.—Need I note the distinction between ἐκ and ἐξω? that ἐκ ever signifies indefinite motion, or emanation from or out of a place or thing? that ἐξω is motion from with proximity to a place or thing?—I will beg room for a few quotations on the latter meaning; they are numerous in every Greek author, but I will take them from the New Testament. Mat. v. 13. βληθήσαι

ἐξω—"to be cast out of doors." Mat. xii. 46. ἐστῆκεσαν ἐξω—"stood without." Mat. xxi. 39. Καὶ λαβόντες αὐτὸν ἐξέβαλον ἐξω τοῦ ἀμπελοῦ—"And they took and cast him out of the vineyard." Again, in the 17th verse of the same chapter, we have Ἐξῆλθεν ἐξω τῆς πόλεως εἰς Βηθανίαν,—"He came out of the city to Bethany." If the word ἐξῆλθεν had been used indefinitely, ἐκ would have followed; but ἐξω denotes the proximity of Bethany to Jerusalem, which was the fact. 2 Cor. iv. 16. ὁ ἐξω ἡμῶν ἄνθρωπος—"Our outward man." But there is a passage in Lucian, which I think will sufficiently shew how great the absurdity would be, were we to substitute ἐξω for ἐκ in the sentence under our consideration, ἐκ τοῦ μαμμωνᾶ κ. τ. λ.—All commentators agree that "μάμμων" was the God of Riches among the Syrians; and wherever the word is used, this idea appears to correspond.—Lucian, de Imaginibus, has "καταλείπειάς τι κάλλος ἐξω τοῦ ἀγάλματος" (see ed. Hemsterhus. tom. 2. 464.) "You have omitted an exterior ornament of the picture;" literally, "Some ornament on the outside of the picture." Then, if ἐκ be used for ἐξω, place the latter before μαμμωνᾶ, a substantive similar to ἀγάλμα, and your Readers, and Sacerdos too, will see what complete nonsense we shall make, taking ἐξω, as we must, in its universal acceptance of "extra," "foris," "without," "out of doors," "outside of."—The more I consider the more I wonder how any one can be displeased with the original ἐκ τοῦ μαμμωνᾶ, or with our translation. The style of St. Luke is allowed to be elegant, so is this expression; and, I conceive, beautifully figurative.—The picture that here strikes the mind's eye, is the demolition of a mighty idol of the world; the fragments of which so dispersed as to effect human happiness.—This is the plain construction of ποίσατε ἑαυτοῖς φίλους ἐκ τοῦ μαμμωνᾶ τῆς ἀδικίας, ἵνα διεξέλθῃ ἡμᾶς

αἰς τὰς εἰκόνους σκεπάζει that is, μαρμαριᾶ is to be considered *materially* as an image or idol, and in its application to be transferred to Riches *circumstantially*. The words *ποιήσατε* and *ἐκ* are used precisely in the same sense as in the following, John ii. 15. "ποιήσας Φραγέλλιον ἐκ σχοινοῦ" — "having made a scourge of cords." and John ix. 6. "ποίησι πηλὸν ἐκ τοῦ στίβματος" — "He made clay of the spittle." In all these the proper translation of *ἐκ* by "of" is placed beyond a doubt.

You have now, Mr. Urban, my principal objections to the proposed alterations of *Sacerdos Rusticus*. I cannot agree with him that *ἐκ* is even used for ἔξω, or that it is so used in the passages he has quoted. I rest the common translation of Luke xvi 9. on the context, on the genius of the Greek language, and on the almost universally concurrent opinion for 1700 years.

LAICUS URBANUS.

Mr. URBAN,

Feb. 6.

A SOCIETY which has recently been formed, under the denomination of "Friends to the Established Church," are about to republish the very scarce and valuable Tract, "The Corruptions of the Church of Rome, in relation to Ecclesiastical Government, the Rule of Faith, and Form of Divine Worship. In answer to the Bishop of Meaux's Queries. By the Right Rev. George Bull, D. D. Lord Bishop of St. David's;" with an unpublished Letter of Bp. Bull, from a MS. in the Archbishop's Library at Lambeth.

In this Tract, it may confidently be asserted, the Protestant Reader, who is desirous of forming a correct judgment of the Church of Rome, will find such a contrast to a "Portraiture of the Roman Catholic Religion" lately published, as will effectually counteract the *Review* of the said Portraiture, which has found its way, Mr. Urban, into your last, p. 56; though your strict impartiality and well-known zeal for the Protestant cause, is evidently shewn both in the "Preface" and "Review" of your "Supplement" for 1812.

Yours, &c.

S. R.

BRITISH GALLERY OF PICTURES.

(Continued from p. 7).

Mr. URBAN,

Feb. 1.

IT may be necessary to premise, before any description of the execution of this Work is given, that Artists of equal merit will not always maintain that equality, as at times the efforts of an excellent engraver will be paralysed by physical causes in his own frame, of which himself, perhaps, will be only sensible in the effects. Indeed, it is well known by all engravers, that the smallest derangement of their nervous system is visible from the point; and the graver besides much depends upon the nature of the piece to be copied; and the success of the Artist rests, in a great measure, whether the subject seizes on his fancy, thus enabling him to proceed with pleasure, or damps his genius, making his labours a mere task for emolument. Therefore let us avoid invidious comparisons of prints, if the productions of different engravers, and even of different performances of the same person, for the reasons assigned above.

Large Prints.—"The Woman taken in Adultery," drawn from the original by Rubens, by T. Uwins, from the collection of H. Hope, esq. and engraved by A. Cardon in the dotted style, is really an excellent engraving, in which the Artists have faithfully preserved the clearness and relief peculiar to the labours of that great master. In the view now taken of the British Gallery, it is unnecessary to say any thing on the works of the Painters,—their fame has long been established; but it becomes us, as far as truth will allow, to exalt the English school of Engraving to an equal height of praise. Such is the happy manner adopted in this print, that we look in vain for hardness of outline or neglect in finishing; the lineaments of the faces, the fingers and their joints, all the minutiae of hair, ornaments, and folds of drapery, are brought forward to their due place, and harmonize with the admirable expression of the different countenances.

"The Virgin and Child, Elizabeth and St. John," is from a picture possessed by the Rev. W. H. Carr, the drawing and engraving by Tomkins, after Andrea del Sarto. The accuracy of the copy is conspicuous through

through the difference in the manner of this subject from that by Rubens. In this every light is so softened and blended with the adjoining shade, that we imagine it a twilight scene; and the engraver, using the dotted style, has been enabled to follow the easy gradations with great success. The picture, we are informed in the remarks, long ornamented the Aldobrandini Palace at Rome, whence Mr. Irvine sent it to England in 1806.

Soft and delicate indeed is "The Madonna and Child," from Raphael, by Tomkins; and, in speaking of the execution, the transparency of the white veil is equal to that of the faces, limbs, and drapery.

"Gaston de Foix, with an attendant putting on his armour," by Giorgione, belongs to the Earl of Carlisle, and was drawn by Hodgson, and engraved by Cardon. The singular manner in which the painter has chosen to dispose the light in this portrait, is unfavourable to the engraver, who finds the face in a middle tint, and a fierce glow upon the armour of the left arm: regardless of this disadvantage, Mr. Cardon has given the publick a beautiful print, and preserved all that repose and regard to the operation, performing which distinguishes the Duke and the person employed.

"Gerhard Dow," from the original picture, in the possession of the Marquis of Stafford, painted by Gerhard Dow in the 24th year of his age, drawn by W. M. Craig, and engraved by E. Scriven. After viewing much previous excellence, this engraving occurs to demand the most decided commendation. At first sight it has the exact appearance of the old Dutch pictures, dark and glossy, with the Rembrandt style of strong lights softened into impenetrable shade; and this in itself is high praise, as nothing can be more difficult than to produce such an effect in the line manner. The labour bestowed upon this print must have been prodigious, and an examination of the work shews the perseverance and capabilities of genius, when urged to emulation by publications like the present. Let the rich, and even those who are not very opulent, glance their eyes over the portrait of Gerhard Dow; and may remorse oppress those who have the means, and will not encourage native genius! Were anything like liberality

afforded the Arts in England, it is evident, beyond contradiction, that our engravers would equal any in the world: the proof exists in the British Gallery.

The face of Dow, though small, exceeds the delicacy of a miniature painting; and the light of the window, caught on the fluid of the eye, is wonderfully preserved on so diminutive a scale. Contrary to the modern practice of placing the strongest light on the principal object, Dow has chosen an open book of prints and a globe for the glow of his picture; consequently the finishing of those is particularly attended to in the original; but it is impossible to do justice to them in the print by description, where the engraver has contrived to preserve the natural fall of the leaves of the book, and the slight effects of use on their edges, in a way deserving of the greatest approbation. The composition of the picture is an odd mixture. Gerhard sits looking towards the spectator, with a violin rested on his knee and breast, and the right arm leaning on a table, covered with drapery, and supporting the globe and book alluded to, a clumsy candlestick and extinguished candle, a pipe, and vessel for tobacco. The chair is enormous and clumsy, and directly behind him is a beer or gin cask: he has tossed a huge folio on its edge, upon the floor, and near it, on the side, lies a metal flagon; several articles and books are suspended on the wall, and an ill-contrived stair-case faces the window; the rest for the hand, the open door, and the stairs, are remarkably well managed.

Smaller Prints.—Amongst these may be noticed, with much praise, Cupid making his bow, a beautiful arch boy, from Parmegiano, Venus lamenting the death of Adonis, by L. Cangiagio, and the Holy Family, after Correggio, all neatly engraved by J. Wright, from Craig's drawings.

The six subjects (Landscapes by Wynants, on one page), drawn from the originals by Craig, and engraved by J. F. Dauthmare, are very rich and clear.

The Playing at Skittles, and the Dutch Courtship, are by Craig and Fittler, from V. Ostade. The delicacy and fineness of Fittler's engraving is well known; and it is but justice to say,

say, he fully sustains his reputation in these prints, particularly in the Courtship.

The Cuyp's on a succeeding page were drawn by Craig, and engraved by Miss Letitia Byrne, a daughter of the late Mr. Byrne, of much eminence as an engraver. This lady has been very happy in the subject of the Fête on the water at Dort; the calm of the air and transparency of the canal are both richly and delicately expressed; indeed we seem to partake of the festivity of the scene with the people who crowd the boats and vessels.

On turning to the next leaf, a new style is observable in the engravings of W. Finden, from the drawings of Craig, and pictures of D. V. Tol. These are the successful efforts of a gentleman, whose name is not yet so well known as it is almost certain he will hereafter be as an Artist of high reputation. An Old Woman reading, and its companion, an Old Man similarly employed, are very excellent performances; but they are eclipsed by the Sleeping Musician, and the Old Lady with her Dog. These are little gems which will bear the closest inspection: the Musician, worn out with his exertions, has been enjoying a pipe and the contents of a jug; when, nature yielding to her various adversaries, he dozes, with the pipe in one hand, and the other hangs listless on the chair that supports him. The regular and judicious manner of conducting the lines of the engraving throughout the countenance, seems to have been so thoroughly studied, that every muscle and wrinkle maintains its due place, shewing that the Artist works with the confidence of a master. The woman who combs her dog on the sill of a window, possesses the same decisive character in the lines; and the effect is correspondent in clearness and relief.

To those who have seen Fittler's engravings of our modern naval victories, it is only necessary to mention, that he has furnished a plate of four subjects, from Vandewelde junior, and Backhuysen, of Sea-pieces.

Finden occurs again as the engraver of Samuel and his Mother, after Rembrandt; the Interior of an Alehouse, by Zorg; and the Village Piper, by Le Nain: the Piper is surrounded by

a set of chubby brats, who listen to the notes with great pleasure; a print of equal relief and delicacy. The Alehouse deserves equal praise; and in the Rembrandt he has faithfully preserved the strong contrast of light and shade peculiar to that painter.

The Village Fair, from Isaac Van Ostade, also engraved by Finden, strongly demonstrates that his talents for engraving are universal; and the same remark applies to this print which was considered due to the Gerhard Dow: that the gloss and age of the picture appears, on the first view of the subject, as it is given on paper. Every little incident of the scene, every figure, animal, and utensil, is decidedly relieved; and the finishing cannot be more minute.

Wright's engravings of Landscapes, after various masters, have great merit; in two from Poelenberg he is particularly happy; and still more so in one after Kierings, which is indeed laboured to the very acmé of finishing.

There are three Sea-pieces from Vandewelde junior, and Vlieger, engraved by Busby, that vie with subjects of the same nature by other Artists employed for this Work; which is paying Mr. Busby no slight tribute of applause.

The concluding print, for the present, is a Fishing Smack, with a Boat, by J. M. W. Turner, R. A. engraved by Fittler; a stormy scene; full of motion, and some degree of terror from the frowning state of the atmosphere. Much gratification arises from considering this print, which certainly equals any of the preceding in effect, drawing, and the study of nature.

A TRAVELLER.

Mr. URBAN,

Feb. 1.

THE following "Report of Progress" is so honourable to all the parties, that I think you will readily insert it in your valuable Repository.

Durham, Jan. 23, 1813.—The Committee appointed to confer with Mr. Surtees respecting the plates to his projected History of the County of Durham, have been for some time anxious to lay before the Subscribers a statement of what has been done in the department of the Work committed to their care*; but a delay in that communication has unavoidably

* See the Advertisement on our Wrapper of the present Month.

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arisen, from the circumstance of Mr. Blore not having been able to enter upon his engagement till the latter end of December last. The season of the year being unfavourable to excursions into distant parts of the County, the Committee have directed their attention to such objects as the City of Durham and its vicinity present. Since his arrival Mr. Blore has been actively employed; and accurate sketches have already been made of the Entrance into the Abbey from the North-east angle of the Cloisters, of the Choir, the Galilee, the Saxon Arch in the interior of the Bishop's Castle, the Ruins of St. Edmund's Chapel in Gateshead, the Gateway of Kepier Hospital, and the remains of Saxon Architecture in Pittington Church. Mr. Blore is at present engaged in executing drawings from impressions of Seals in the Treasury of the Cathedral; and it is expected that an unbroken series of the Seals of Bishops of Durham, remarkable for beauty of workmanship, and valuable, as illustrating the progress of Gothic Architecture, will be obtained.—An estimate has been made of the sum which will be required to defray the expense of the drawings now finished, or in hand, and of engravings from them by able Artists; and there is reason to believe that 350*l.* will be wanted for that purpose. The Committee beg leave to point out to the Subscribers that no sketches have yet been taken of parochial churches, with their architectural and monumental details, nor drawings made from the portraits of eminent men born in the County or connected with it.—These two branches of the Original Plan are by no means relinquished: but, as the objects are too numerous for the whole to be executed, it is necessary to select some only of those which are worthy of notice; and the Committee feel it difficult to make that selection, till they can form a probable conjecture of the amount of the fund.—It therefore appears desirable, that the Subscribers should now specify the sums they are willing to contribute, in order that the Committee may be enabled to regulate their future expenditure, by a knowledge of the resources upon which they have to depend.—Besides the series of Episcopal Seals of Durham, the Treasury contains a curious collection of the Seals of early Scottish Kings, and Prelates, of the Northern Monasteries, and of the most distinguished families in Durham and Northumberland.

J. R. FENWICK.
ED. SHEPPERDSON.
W. N. DARNELL."

Mr. URBAN, *Clifton, Feb. 7.*

SINCE writing those remarks in your Magazine for December, upon Mr. Luders's tract on the Succession of the Crown, I have read, with great attention, his Dissertation on the Origin of the House of Commons; and, as I ventured to deny the learned Author's argument in the former, I think it but right to state how cordially I agree with him in the latter. I call his treatise by the name it seems entitled to, though he gives it one less imposing. But, in truth, Sir, if the passages of the old authors quoted by him are correctly given, all dispute upon that much-disputed subject must now be laid at rest; and this is chiefly owing to the cool and impartial manner in which he examines them.

He begins at the true fountain of our present Constitution; the great Charter of King John; and shews, from the internal evidence of that instrument, the real state of the Government, and of all who held a part in it at that time. From this he draws convincing proofs, which before him no writer seems to have made use of, though so easy to be found, that there could be no *Representation* in a Council or Parliament formed according to the great Charter, notwithstanding the assertions of so many writers to the contrary.

Then how and when, it will be asked, did our representatives get their beginning? Why nobody knows the exact time: By gradual and successive steps, according to this Author. In this point, I think, consists the excellence of his reasoning. A little at one time, and a little at another; for we find the greatest changes every where made in Politicks, without our observing them. First came a few Knights of Shires from some counties, upon the business of those counties; afterwards a few more. Then the Earl of Leicester, when he had taken his king prisoner, made a general summons both to counties and towns. But after that it appears to have been a long time before they all came regularly. In this view of the subject, it is clearly shewn that Lord Lyttelton's argument is futile, and formed upon a total misunderstanding of his authors.

I hope Mr. Luders will be induced to proceed as he has begun, and to give us the result of his inquiries into the reign of Edward the First; the most important by far of any in the English History, if he will take Sir Matthew Hale for his guide. I cannot view this King, as most of my countrymen do, as a cruel conqueror. He was a great Legislator; and, if he had succeeded in his conquest of Scotland, would have given that kingdom the benefit of a better government than it possessed, and would have improved greatly all its political institutions.

SCOTUS DUN.

for erecting a chapel, has nothing to do with those who aspire to the situations of Senator, Soldier, or Magistrate, except that the verdict given on that occasion has a manifest tendency to open their eyes; but it speaks in strong terms to those Politicians, who make a merit of exalting the Romish Hierarchy, by building and endowing a College at Maynooth. L. L.

Mr. URBAN,

Feb. 8.

WHILST engaged in the laudable duties of a Father, I have fallen into a scrape, partly through the Gentleman's Magazine, and to that I resort for help to get out.

I have a son, to whom, amongst other inducements for advancing in studies, I have always preached about the highest attainments in this Empire being within reach of the most deserving; and that even high birth, without talents, weighs light against great acquired abilities. Cardinal Wolsey was low-born: the great Duke of Marlborough is counted amongst the foundation-scholars, who are owing so much to that happy Precursor of the Reformation, John Colet, about 1500, equalled by none in the church, by all admired: Lord Chancellor Thurlow was a son, not of a rich Pluralist, of a Country Parish-Priest: the best Popes had the meanest parents: Cabin-boys have become glorious Admirals; and our late Hero Lord Nelson never bragged of any thing but his readiness to fight for Old England.

Comparisons are called odious; used as above, I found them stimulating and useful. Not to grow tedious, I return to the cause of my letter. This son, after reckoning up from the Court Calendar his Royal Highness the Prince Regent's Chaplains, with wonder at their amount, turns to me, "Father, do let me decline all ideas of preferment in the Church?" Why this change? "Only look at these Royal Chaplains—a page quite full; and you say the Bishops are remarkable for living to extreme old age." Learned men must know the value of temperance, and goodness ensures against every excess. "Can my knowledge in Hebrew help me up the least in the world? This list is quite an army of candidates, every man of equal learning,

Mr. URBAN, Feb. 8.

AFTER being stunned for several years by the yell of "No Popery," I am induced to trouble you with a few lines on the different methods made use of to secure the Protestant ascendancy in the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries.

Queen Elizabeth's Ministers, the Cecils and Walsinghams, were successful in stemming the torrent of Romish bigotry, which had recently swept away all before it. On the one hand, they called in no Tests to their aid; on the other hand, they did not meanly pay their court to a proscribed Hierarchy, by founding a Royal College, with a view of conciliating popularity; their great object was to keep the priests aloof; in so doing they sometimes proceeded to excesses of persecution, which I am far from commending, or even excusing: there is a wide difference between banishing, hanging, drawing and quartering, and squandering enormous sums of public money in Royal Ecclesiastical Establishments.

Those antient Statesmen, who gave stability to the Protestant Religion, were not distinguished by the well-turned periods of their speeches; but practical wisdom was theirs, and the Nation, now rapidly verging to decay, flourished under their auspices.

One principal objection to the Roman Catholics is a slavish subjection to their priests, an evil more likely to be diminished than increased by taking off the Test, and raising the Laity into a capacity for holding civil or military employments. The case of a poor baker, excommunicated by his cruel and imperious prelate, for not complying with the exorbitant rates levied on him

ing, and equally in the way to the highest station."

My dilemma becomes complete. What encouragement, putting heavenly blessings out of the argument just now, can I hold out to keep the Church in his choice? I had shewn him, in *Opitius's* Grammar, the quotation from a Bishop concerning candidates for Holy Orders without a smattering of Hebrew:—*Se nec Paulos, nec Hieronymos requirere, saltem ASINOS pro hominibus admittere nolle*. Dare I presume to measure the learning of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent's Chaplains?

Your Correspondent OXON's brings no praise. My youth, proud of a little Hebrew, insists that our authorized version of the Chapters in Deuteronomy pleases him most; that if the true sense of a passage is not more opened, made more clear to every reader, a mere change of words is not a new translation. I had held OXONIENSIS up as a pattern for emulation.

After all, I hope to lead my young man on. Every Critic was once a Sciolist: out of that comes good, more learning cures it or confirms it; as such he conned over this last Hebrew Primer, and put triumphantly the following question, as if I was the compiler, "How can Nun (*n*) and Heth (*h*), being the two letters in the Patriarch's name saved at the deluge,—how can these give out that audible word NOAH?" P.

STRAND BRIDGE.

MR. URBAN, *Beaumont-street, Feb. 4.*

ABSTRACT questions of science are often deemed little more than ingenious amusements; but their importance, when applied to practice, is universally admitted. Public works upon a great scale are necessarily rare, and judicious criticisms on such works while in progress would perhaps serve the interest of science not less essentially than a more elaborate investigation of the subject.—From the general interest of works of this nature, I trust you will not think the pages of your widely-circulating Miscellany improperly occupied by a few remarks on the above work.

My observations at present will be confined to the timber framing on

which the arch is to be turned, technically called the centre.

The principle of composition is the same with that contrived by Mr. Mylne for Blackfriars-bridge, a print of which is published with other parts of the machinery used in erecting that work. It appears to have been very much copied from its elder brother at Westminster-bridge, invented by Mr. King, the Carpenter at that Bridge. The print of the latter is very scarce; but the former may be easily procured, as also a very beautiful perspective print by Rooker.

Notwithstanding its ingenuity, it is well known to many who remember the building of that bridge, that that centre did not completely perform its duty. Its defects are greatly multiplied in the present example. The construction is much more complicated, and the quantity of timber enormous perhaps beyond example. The solids exceed the voids, and the timber consumed in a truss would form a solid rib of sixteen feet in depth. The frequent intersecting and halving of the timbers reduces their active strength. It also diminishes greatly the value of the timber for after converting, when done with for the temporary purpose of a centre. The timbers are much too parallel to each other, producing only quadrilateral forms, which are always liable to revolve at the angles; whereas the true principle of construction for a truss must be sought in the triangle, and the nearer equilateral the better. Tenons, mortices, halvings, and boltings, weaken the timber; they should therefore be avoided as much as possible. The greatest strength of a piece of timber to support a weight is when it is charged with that weight in the direction of its fibres. The more it is inclined from that direction, the less weight will it support. It is absolutely impossible to conceive how a piece of timber that is perfectly straight can be bent, crippled, or broken, by any force whatever acting at the extremes. But suppose the smallest force whatever acting in the middle, in a direction perpendicular to the length, this force will be sufficient to give it a small degree of curvature; and if a strong force be supposed to act at the ends at the same time, pressing the timber in the direction of its length, these pieces will

will greatly contribute towards breaking it. It is easy therefore to conceive, that if a piece of timber be the least bent whatever, or if the fibres of that timber be not quite straight, there is a certain force which if acting at the ends will break it.—The rule given by the mathematicians is, that the strength of the timber, when pressed endways, is infinite, and when cross-ways nothing — as the cosine of the angle formed by the direction of the weight and the fibres of the wood is to the whole sine.—This rule does not take into account the compressibility, and other physical qualities, of the materials, which considerably affect their strength. The strength of timber when charged endways diminishes with its length in the inverse ratio of the squares of its length.

These facts and principles are well known to all who are conversant with timber-framing.

If the truss of Blackfriars be examined by these principles, the cause of its defects will readily appear.

The radiating timbers, called by Mr. Mylne Kingposts, are, apparently, well placed to take the weight of the arch-stones, being in the direction of the radius: And it was expected the Kingposts would be kept from descending by the long braces. But practice, which is the test of theory, proves that they did not. Thus it happens where the centre was loaded on the haunch it was depressed there, and rose at the crown.

This descent may be accounted for on the principles quoted above. In fact, the supposed ingenuity of placing the Kingpost in the direction of the radius, which is unquestionably the line of pressure, proceeds from the mistaken idea that that post is the support; whereas the weight is actually carried by the long braces, and the Kingpost acts merely as a hanging tie, to prevent the swagging of the beam at its foot; exactly as is the case in a common kingpost-roof, where the weight of a purlin is supported by a brace, and the Kingpost prevents the tie-beam being pressed down by the foot of the brace. In the centre, if the head of the brace descends, there is evidently nothing to prevent the Kingpost coming down. The great length of the brace allows

it to bend, and the weakness arising from its length is further increased by the frequent halvings; the fibres, instead of being pressed endways, are pressed sideways; in which direction the timber is easily compressed. The long braces thus failing, the lower braces will easily spread, by forcing up the next adjoining post; and thus the action of the strain forces the centre up at the crown, and the general forms being quadrilaterals, and easily revolving at the angles, present but little resistance to this change of form.

If this was the case at Blackfriars-bridge, much more may it be expected at the Strand-bridge, where the length of the braces is much greater, and the angle they form much more obtuse; as well as the additional defects mentioned at the commencement of this paper.

Sir Joshua Reynolds says that "*Happy appropriation is equal to originality*," and with great propriety, for judgment and taste must be exerted to make a *happy appropriation*. This may be equally true in the Mechanical Sciences, as in the Fine Arts. But when we see a professor copy a design, and instead of remedying the defects, multiply them, we cannot give him the praise of judgment or taste; but he is justly described as an ignorant copyist.

The elasticity of the timber allows of a considerable strain before it will break; but there is a certain determinate curvature for every beam, which cannot be exceeded without breaking it: for there is a certain separation of two adjoining particles that puts an end to their cohesion. And when the weight is so great as those arches will be, the strength of the timber must be enormous to resist the fracture of its fibres, when acted upon by such a cross strain. The substitution of quantity is but a clumsy contrivance, and can never compensate for injudicious application.

These trusses are well enough adapted to support an equal permanent weight; but when partially loaded, as must be the case in turning the arch, they have no principle to resist change of form.

It is true that the arch, when completely turned, has a tendency to recover its form, and certainly in its pro-