





By Mr. URBAN, *Magnum, Jan. 18.*  
 By inferring the following observations you will vary much oblige,  
 Yours, &c.  
 L. T.

On November 18.  
 In the *Editha*, the *Editha* is dwelling,  
 As added to the *Editha* dwelling,  
 Part I. Canon II. 1. 13, &c.

By most editors of *Editha*, the *Editha* is supposed to have been Sir *Editha*, a knight, a colonel in the parliament army; &c. but, may I advance my opinion, that it was COLONEL PRIDE (from Butler's *another place* *Editha* *Prize*), and to support this I will make use of this argument.

In Part I. Canon II. Where "the *Editha* engage in fierce combats about their mutual interests," and in the latter end of the last speech made in parliament, just before *Editha* (for reasons best known to himself) WITH HIS ARMY "march'd 'em all out of *Editha*," are these lines:

Death they'd prevent the *Editha* author  
 Of the *Editha*, and its *Editha* the *Editha* author  
 For when they *Editha* the *Editha* author  
 Of all the *Editha* the *Editha* author  
 They *Editha* the *Editha* author  
 In person, like Sir *Editha* or *Editha*, &c.

Queen, what *Editha* of blood did Sir *Editha* or *Editha* work? It was like *Editha* was a foundling, made a colonel and knight by Cromwell. *Editha* was a *Editha* the *Editha* author, and likewise a colonel and knight by Cromwell. To add up the whole as well as I can, I will give your reader an extract from an old book I have (printed 1660), called "The Mystery of the Good Old *Editha*." In relating the life, &c. of *Editha*, it is thus: "He was thought worthy to be one of the 33 honorable persons of the Committee of Safety, that were to manage all publick affairs of the nation; and was considered upon a frame of government to be established; but in the heat of that great work he was in all hands, by his brethren of that committee, sent to a rage to London, to *Editha* and *Editha* the *Editha* author playing at foot-ball in the streets, much like his brother *Editha*, who cruelly destroyed the *Editha* the *Editha* author, &c. *Editha*, Mr. Urban, will not discount for the *Editha* made by *Editha* and *Editha* the *Editha* author? And is there not some reality in *Editha* the *Editha* author, which *Editha*, in his *Editha* the *Editha* author, has given

See a picture of him, by Vanderkne, in Chambers's History, completed 1715.

for ample relation! And, if so, *Editha* is certainly the hero of the poem; besides, he will answer Butler's Description in many other PARTICULARS. Part I. Canon II. Line 79. "I suppose that *Editha* was a *Editha*. I should be glad to know his real name; I believe Sir Roger *Editha* mentions this PERSON."

Let us that are imber and whole,  
 Fall out, and "bury men &c. &c."

Part I. Canon III. l. 638.  
 Part I. Canon III. l. 638.

Part I. Canon III. l. 1166. Canonical extract of *Editha*, Quare, who, or what, is understood by *Editha*? This again occurs in Part II. Canon II. l. 534.

"At this the Knight grew high in chafe,  
 And flaring furiously on *Editha*."

Part II. Canon II. l. 541.  
 This is true Presbyterian spirit; for if they have no foreign enemies to fight with, they will not fail to be discontent and quarrel with their friends at home. N. B. The self-love of *Editha* (see *Editha* 4) has been in my position many years; I believe it (though a hady performance) to be a good likeness of that eminent poet, and hope it will find a place in your excellent Miscellany.

Mr. URBAN.  
 July 16.  
 THE mythology tell us, that, when Jupiter found his wife barren, he gave himself a blow on his forehead through vexation, as some people do when they have caught themselves in a fit of stupidity. In about three months, his goddess felt an unusual commotion, and some troublesome throes, in his brain upon which he felt for Vulcan to make an incision in the part affected. The honest blacksmith, being no very delicate operator, took a hatchet, and split the skull of his patient; when, to his astonishment, there leaped out, not a tender, little, naked girl, but a bold virago, in complete armour, who threw him into such a panic, that he ran away.

This fable is mentioned by Homer, in his Hymn to Pallas; by Apollonius Rhodius, L. IV. 1310; by Statian, L. I. 1310; by Ovid, F. L. III. 841; by Lucian, in a Dialogue between Jupiter and Vulcan; by Apollodorus, L. I. c. III. and many others.  
 The gentleman who wished to know what classical authority there is for this ridiculous fable, and applied to Dr. Harwood

Harwood for information, seems to have had but a slight acquaintance with the writers of antiquity. Possibly, Mr. Urban, in this age of criticism, there may be many superficial geniuses, who may wish to know something more about the genealogy of Wisdom, than the learned Dr. has communicated. You will therefore, I hope, favour them with the foregoing intelligence for their edification; as they may not always be so happy as to meet with "an elderly man in a rusty black coat, and an old white wig," who will condescend to take a hatchet, and open a skull, that is almost impenetrable.

Yours, &c.  
 J. R.—N.  
 Mr. URBAN, *Tor. May 14.*  
 IN the margin of an old Bible, that I was once in the possession of MILTON, and is now the property of a respectable clergyman in this country, are several notes in MS. which in the course of the last summer I was indulged with a fight with; and now send you a copy of some which appeared to me the most remarkable.

On II. Macab. l. 19:  
 "When our fathers were led into Persia, the priests that were then devout, took the fire of the altar privily, and hid it in a hollow piece of a pit without water, where they kept it fast, to that the place was unknown to all men."

He observes,  
 "Perhaps the reason why the Persians worship fire to this day."  
 On I. Macab. xiv. 6.  
 "Now when it was heard at Rome, and as far as Spain, that Jonathan was dead, they were very sorry."

He observes,  
 "When that day of death shall come, then shall mighty shades prevail; some shall love and music fail, some the fresh turf-tender shade, shall flourish on my sleeping shade."

Then follows a roughly-drawn picture of himself, somewhat like the very happy sketch in *pl. III. p. 51* at top of which is written "J. Miltonius, M. A. C. Coll." and at bottom, "Myself, 1640."  
 On the opposite side is written the following in a different hand:  
 "Mr. Harlow to Mr. Milnes fensh the 12 books of the Grecian volumes, and is obliged to him—  
 Octob. and  
 See p. 52.

In another part of the Bible there is an earlier portrait of himself familiar to the above, and prefixed to the following manner:  
 "1639, in Cambridge City—  
 "J. Milton, son of J. Milton, born in Oxford, line of Christ College, Cambridge. This part of very elegant composition, and I weene will entice invidious signs of envying eyes."

Then follows a fifth sketch (which I like that in *pl. 51* with "1639—J. Milton, A. M.")  
 I shall not presume to make any commentary on this sketch, being now addressing myself to one who is so much more able to do it than myself. I have only to add, that from every appearance, there is reason to believe them genuine manuscripts of Milton.  
 Yours, &c.  
 H. B. PEACOCK.

Fig. 7. is a ring found near Croyland, and now in the possession of Mr. Jennings, ironmonger, of Spalding.

*A Life of Living English Poets, with Biographical Notes regarding them.*  
 (Continued from p. 304.)  
 THE Rev. Richard Puleston, of Kemerton, near Exeter, who, I presume, is of an ancient Cornish family, is distinguished for his elegant fancy, his great classical learning, and the vigour of his acquisitions. He has translated *Theocritus*; is author of *The English Oracle*, has written *Sonnets*, which he published 1735, under the title of *Pictures from Nature*, and has produced a volume of sermons, besides probably other things. He has now undertaken to write *The History of the County of Devon*, and though, perhaps, his knowledge of that kind might not be, when he engaged in it, very copious, or accurate, yet the application of mind he accomplished to such subjects is the only thing that in any opinion can throw a grace upon them; and there is no reason to doubt, that, from his personal talents and indefatigable application, he will do the undertaking ample justice.

*William Cowper*, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister at Law (grandson of Spencer Cowper, the Justice, brother of the Chancellor), was educated at Westminster School, and Bloor College, Cambridge, and having some years since retired from the study of the law,

he probably unsuccessful with his view, of mind, spent his time in the quiet of a country retirement, I believe, with his friend, Mr. Ussell, once deceased, when, in 1793, "he burst" as once "into" a "flood of bliss" by the publication of his *79th*, a poem to beautiful, so true an exemplification of the force of that divine art, that all language falls away, when I attempt to do it justice. Admirable was the greater, because a volume of his poems, published a year or two before, though possessing merit of a different species, showed no traces of the fire, the rich fancy, the moral position of this latter production. Opinions differ about the new *Translation of Homer* by this true poet; but, as I am one of those who judge of a composition rather by its general fascination than an examination of its parts, and think a work excellent in proportion as it hurries me on by its powers of interest, I am delighted with Cowper, because I cannot take him up without willing to read him through, whereas I could never, by any exertion, get through one book of the *Translations of Homer*.

Henry James Esq. Esq. (the representative of an ancient family seated at Farnham in Berkshire, which county he long represented in Parliament, and which paternal seat he sold, in 1788, to Mr. Ballist of Cannons), has long been known for his poetical publications, and succeeded, in 1790, the late lamented Laurence, Tom Watson, in his office. His *Reveries of a Solitary Mind*, &c. are well known. Most amiable in private life, and universally beloved in his own country, it is generally lamented, that he should find it expedient to retire from the situation that himself and his ancestors had long held with such credit in Berkshire.

James Lawrence, LL.D. a native of Bristol, and now one of the Council for the Managers in the Impachment of Mr. Hastings, was educated, first, at Walsingham-school, and afterwards at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, of which he was a scholar, and distinguished there for his genius and his industry. He was one of the renowned authors of the *Galileo*, and wrote some freest *sermons*, &c. which are inserted anonymously in the *Album for Authors*.

John Richardson, Esq. Barrister at Law, author of the new and elegant *Comedy of the Englishman*, was, I be-

lieve, educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and is supposed to be one of the contributors of antimilitarist, who, who produced the *Galileo*, &c.

Thomas Taylor, Esq. as well as Mr. Sheridan, ought to be mentioned among this list; but they have been so much talked of in this list, that few words are necessary regarding them. Political writers are too often the masters of a day.

Of John Hook, the translator of Tasso and Ariosto, a full account has lately been given in the *European Magazine*. His too, the Rev. Richard How, LL.B. author of *The Curate*, a poem, and the *Remarks of Aristotle*, a poem, in several books, 1789, seems to be a more original writer.

Samuel Rogers Budge, Esq. a native of Kent, and educated at Queen's College, Cambridge, and the Middle Temple, published in March, 1795, at the age of 22, a Collection of *Sonnets and other Poems*, of which an account may be seen in your vol. LV.

The Rev. James Harri, curate of Barnwell, in Suffolk, is the author of *The Pillager's Curate*, *Astruc*, or the *First of June*, and other poems.

The Rev. George Crabbe, chaplain to the late Duke of Rutland, is author of the *Library*; the *Novels*, the *Pillager*, &c. all of the familiar kind, and all of peculiar excellence. He has also given a pleasing specimen of his prose, in the "Natural History of the Vale of Belvoir," which forms a part of Mr. Nichols's Leicestershire Collection. Mr. Crabbe is now rector of Milton in that county. (To be continued.)

Mr. Ussell, *Printed for, W. Johnson, Junr, July 4.*

THE list of publications relative to the Roman Catholics, p. 219, and the supplement to it, p. 494, induce me to request the favour of you, or some of your learned correspondents, to give an accurate list of the several publications upon the subject of the slave-trade, from the first starting the subject to this moment, when it seems nearly buried down.

To an inquisitive and reflecting man, whom narrow circumstances, and frequently a distant residence from the metropolitan keeps far remote from the busy scenes of life, nothing can be more agreeable than to be informed where he may glean a little knowledge of what has been said of done by others upon occasions

occasions, which have somehow or other awakened his half-sleeping affections to society. Some very important occasions have lately awakened mine; and now, rescued from the lethargy of unthinking indifference, I should like to know where to get the fullest list of publications respecting the revolutions in France, Poland, and the Low Countries; upon the question between the Established Church and the Dissenters so the repeal of the Test Act; and other subjects connected with it by the dissuants, though certainly diluted from it, most particularly upon the reform or alteration of our Liturgy. Such communications would render your Magazine most completely, what it is in a very great measure, a valuable repository of curious, philosophical, and historical hints.

RUS IN URBAN.

#### TWO MONTHS TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

(Continued from p. 523.)

GOWRIE HOUSE is now converted into barracks; the most interesting apartments, however, still retain their ancient form; and the very closet, a fire-place and shallow one, in a mean chamber, is shewn to strangers, where the tremendous man in armour stood concealed.

From a terrace behind the house, and bordering upon the Tay, is a commanding view of an elegant stone bridge, consisting of nine ample arches, thus lately thrown across that river; beyond which, at about two miles distance, lies Seacroft, of old the only legal place of interment and coronation to the kings of Scotland.

From Perth, through the field of Luncarty, famous for the achievements of the gallant Ruffic Hay, and through a difficult exhibiting no defensible specimens of cultivation, the traveller advances towards the Highlands, now beginning awfully to rise before him. It was in vain that we cast many a desiring look towards Dunblane; and, though it was pretended to be pointed out to us, it remains a doubt whether it could be discerned at all from any part of the track we were pursuing. Passing through a long plantation of Scotch fir, the face of the country assumes a ruder air, whilst the vast chain of the Grampian mountains, stretching far away towards the left, frown solemnly as they retire. Descending gradually down a narrow vale, a small village points out the spot

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where Birnam wood once flourished. It flourishes no more; whilst a few birches, thinly spread along the hill-side, seem to tell the passenger, that it has not even yet recovered its exertions to conquer the hopes "bove wisdom, grace and fear," and to render "thrills the vaulting ambition" of the haughty and murderous Macbeth. All here was chaff ground, and we were almost equally surprised and pleased to find the humblest inmate of the village qualified to enter into the spirit of our questions upon that subject, which, in such a situation, would be the most narrowly and powerfully in possession of our mind.

And be it here allowed me to remark the admirable felicity, and force of Shakespeare's genius, finding on the simple suggestion (as related by Buchanan) of a dream, to build on it that bold and most dramatic impertinence of the Weid Sisters, with all its appropriate machinery of spells and charms, to deduce Macbeth to their infernal purpose, by predictions of his advancement to the throne. An inferior mind, following the historic narrative, would have been content to have conveyed the occurrence to an audience through the medium of polished declamation. There is, however, most certainly, a time for all things; and it is hazardous perhaps but little to assert, that amidst the present almost general diffusion of letters, and the faithfulness of modern criticism, not even the genius of our immortal Bard would obtain for the wretched scenes of Macbeth a patient hearing, were they now for the first time to be produced upon the stage.

(To be continued.)

Mr. Ussell.

July 10.

THE following account of an improvement in the management of bees, which is strongly recommended by those who have put it in practice, may not be unacceptable to some of your readers.

The improvement is that of having double fescs, the one on the top of the other. When the lower fesc is filled with honey, it is to be removed after the bees are admitted (through a passage, which is made to be opened) into the upper fesc; into this deep food must be put, and the bees will remain there, and go on with their work in it. When it is filled with honey, the former fesc (with food in it) may be replaced, and the

If he be a freeman, having face and law, and his right to do as he pleases with his land, himself and all his lands are at the mercy of the King. Or if the freeman of any other kind should stay away from any enemy whatsoever, and his lord should carry up any other man in his field, he that was summoned shall forfeit 40 shillings to his lord. If, however, no one should go in his field, he nevertheless shall pay the 40 shillings for his lord; but his lord shall forfeit the whole of the money to the King.

In the city of Shrewsbury, in the time of King Edward the Confessor, there were 132 houses, and all the burgesses who inhabited these houses paid 7s. 16d. 8d. per annum rent. Here King Edward had the following customs:

If any person wilfully broke the peace given under the King's own hand, he was outlawed; and whoever broke the King's peace given by the Sheriff was fined 100 shillings, and the like sum was paid by whomsoever committed fornication, or homicide. These three forfeitures King Edward had in demesne throughout all England, besides his rent.

When the King resided in this city he was waited on by 15 men from amongst the principal citizens; and, when the King went a hunting there, the burgesses of best substance, and who had horses, guarded the King with arms. But the Sheriff sent 30 men on foot to the flood during the King's fly there. He was also to find 15 men for Marlesey Park, for the King, according to custom.

When the Sheriff chose to go into Wales, whoever refused to obey his orders to accompany him forfeited 40 shillings.

A woman taking a man to husband, if a widow, she paid the King 10 shillings; if a maid, 10 shillings, and then the night merry. Whoever should burn the house of a burgess, by any means, or in any case, or by negligence, forfeited 40 shillings to the King, and two shillings to each of his two nearest neighbours, by way of relief.

When a burgess died who held of the King in demesne, the King had 10 shillings.

If any burgess broke the term imposed upon him by the Sheriff, he was fined 10 shillings. Whoever drew blood forfeited 40 shillings.

On the King's departure from the city, the Sheriff Lentwicke sent 14 horsemen with him, and the King took them with him as far as the first house in Staffordshire. The King had here three minstrelsy, who afterwards jointly lived on in like manner as other minstrelsy of the country. They each paid the King 10 shillings per day for fifteen days.

The whole that this city paid was 100, per annum; of which the King had two parts, and the Sheriff one-third.

In the year preceding this description it paid 100 to Earl Roger.

J. H.

(Continued from p. 686.)

THE Rev. W. L. Bowler, is, I believe, a native of London, and was educated at Trinity College, Oxford, where he obtained the undergraduate prize from the University for the best Latin verses of his year. He has published several poems, as Sonnets, Verses to the Philanthropic Society; to the Memory of John Howard, a Monody, written at Mallock, &c.; in most of which there is a pathos, a fancy, a melancholy, and moral turn, that are highly pleasing, but throughout by far too much laxity and carelessness. His young friends, *Heedley* (who, I believe, was educated under Dr. Parr) and *Ruggill*, a Wiltshire, both of very promising poetical talents, died in the flower of their age, and are, if I recollect right, celebrated by him. The original poems of the former (not his selections from our old bard, a book which I cannot help thinking very imperfect) I have never seen, and should be glad to be informed where they are to be had.

Mr. Richard, who lately won the prize at Oxford by his admirable poem *On the Abolition of Slavery* (vol. L.XI. p. 67) is son of the Rev. Mr. Richards, who resides at his living of *Rushmore*, in *Kenilworth*, which he lately removed out of *Kenilworth*. I ought not to have omitted the illustrious *Peter Pinder* (Dr. Walker), of whose famous writings I have seen some such elegant specimens, that I must ever regret his wasting his excellent talents in satires and personalities, which will die with the subjects who caused them. The author is a Cornish man, and principally resides in that country; from whence he brought the celebrated painter *Opie* from the lowest obscurity.

Mr. *Merry*, better known by the signature of *Dilla Crayke*, was, though of a mercantile family, well-known on coming into life to fashionable circles; from whence he retired to Italy, and was a member of a literary society there, which consisted of Mr. Porzi, Mr. Barrie, Greathed, Mr. Parsons, &c. On his return to England, he communicated to the news-papers, called *The World*, most of those poems signed *Dilla Crayke*, which, however single and unpretending, have gained him a popular reputation. He married some time since the celebrated actress Miss *Branigan*.

• They were published by Mr. Dilly. EDITOR.

Berrie Greathed, esq. of *Guy's Cliff*, near Warwick, is the son of Samuel Greathed, esq. of the same place, by a sister of the present Duke of Ancaster. He is a great patron of Mrs. Siddons, and has produced a tragedy, &c.

John Hampster, a younger brother of Sir Charles Warwick Hampster, bart. was educated at Cambridge, and produced, about 1778, a collection of fifteen Sonnets, in which there appears to me much regular and original merit. *Thomas Marwick*, LL.B. a Cornish man, has published some Sonnets and other poems.

The Rev. Mr. *Pollin*, who resides upon his living in Norfolk, is the ingenious translator of *Æschylus*, *Barthesius*, and *Sophocles*; and the author of several original poems, published in Dodsley's Collection, and separately in face.

Of Mr. *Cumtland*, whose paternal grandfather was a most learned bishop, and whose maternal was the immortal Dr. Beattie, I have said nothing, because he has seemed to rest his fame on his poetry rather than his poetry. *Richard Owen Cambridge*, esq. the author of the *Scribbler*, who has a beautiful villa at *Twickenham*; Lord *Campbell*, who published three or four poems when at *Kings' College*, Cambridge; Dr. *Drap*, who resides at *Lowes*, in *Suffolk*; and Mr. *Capell Luff*, who was educated at *Peterhouse* (and now seems, at his retirement in *Stafford*, to employ himself in support of the principles of Diligence and Uniformity); all seem long since to have become feeders at least from the Muses; as does Mr. *John Pinter*, whose ingenious reflections are now turned towards Antiquity, though he was formerly an enthusiast in poetry, as is testified by his *Rhymer*, his *Tales in Verse*, and his *Dubravich Ode*.

Hugh Downman, M.D. a physician of Exeter, is author of a didactic poem on *Industry*, &c. The ingenious Dr. *Alley*, M.D. now of *Yarmouth*, in Norfolk (brother to Mrs. Barbauld), has lately published a small volume of miscellaneous poems. The Rev. Dr. *Cumtland* is author of a poem, intitled, *The Village of Auburn*, in imitation of Goldsmith. Mr. *Paul* (formerly known by the signature of *Curry Melmoth*) is author of *Sympathy*, a poem which has gained him considerable reputation.

The Rev. Mr. *Tyler* is well-known for his translations of *Pindar*, &c. *Eyles*, *Jenny*, esq. (who was formerly, I think, surgeon to a regiment in the East India

Army), published some years since some *Oriental Eclogues*, which were much admired. Dr. *Seymour* is author of *Odes on the Gothic Mythology*.

Of *Barnes*, the Airshire ploughman, the poems, selected to attract the notice of the public, were certainly eminently beautiful; but an examination of the other compositions in his book does not confirm the same degree of admiration. Captain *Sidley*, lately of *Southampton*, published, last year, a volume of poems, which, I am told, are deserving of high praise (for I have not seen them). Capt. *Jamies* has also published a collection of his compositions; and I forgot to mention Mr. *Woodbury*, the rival translator of *Æschylus*.

In apology for the defects of this list, I may be allowed not only to be unacquainted with many modern writers, however great their merit, but, through a momentary want of recollection, to have omitted several very familiar to me; as I have in fact found to be the case with me as to some of great eminence, when I discovered my deficiency too late to insert them in their proper places; for which reason I must beg that this catalogue may not be considered as attempting any order.

If this is approved, the list of Poets shall follow it. K. Z.

#### ANECDOTES OF PROFESSOR BJORNSTAD.

THIS gentleman, who was professor of the Oriental and Greek languages at the university of Lund, in Sweden, left Constantinople in January, 1779, and arrived, early in February, at Volø, in Thessaly, where the bad weather detained him until the 17th of March, when he quitted that place, accompanied only by a janissary, intending to visit the famous Greek convent upon Mount Athos, and to go from thence to Athens. No intelligence concerning him having been received at Constantinople during several months, his friends there thought that he had perished in some untimely manner; and this melancholy idea was corroborated by the accounts of the troubles which had at that period commenced in the Greek provinces. At length an express arrived at Constantinople, towards the close of July, with an account that this indefatigable and learned Professor had been seized with a dysentery at Lubbocori, a small village at the foot of Olympus, to a regiment in the East India

advices

1004 *Mr. Milner and St. George.—Mr. Blakey on Pindulm.* [New

Mr. URBAN, Nov. 17, 1901.  
THE Favourable report with your  
Confair Reader, P. 843, and your  
Review, D. 911, have been pleafed to  
meant on pendulums; and that the  
certainly answered me as follows:  
"To Mr. B L A K E Y.

"Sir," *Lecturer*, January 8<sup>th</sup>, p. 76.  
 "I have the honour to address the latter, in the name of the Society for the betterment of Africa, Mr. J. A. Comyns, &c., to thank you for the communication of the method of correcting the errors, head and tails cable to pendulum by Mr. Jacques; and likewise your letter on not dropping. I am ordered to say, that the Society will be much obliged to you for the contribution of your exertions. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

From this you see, Mr. Urban,

section on Literature, I said that the  
 painters and illustrators had made an al-  
 lusion to her name, which is derived  
 from *luz*: or *light*, in the emblem they  
 have attributed to her, which, I said,  
 was a kind of *dioptric glass*; but, I  
 ought to have added, was sometimes the  
 representation of human eyes on a disk.  
 Your correspondent desires to be in-  
 formed where the figure in question is  
 to be met with; and I could tell you of  
 at present, able to satisfy him; smothered  
 in a corner of the Society, in a  
 situation which he has never mentioned.  
 Besides my report on the  
 efforts of the pendulum, I sent a draw-  
 ing of the water, with the lens painted  
 in yellow, and the rest in Indian ink.  
 Pray, Sir, let that polite elegant  
 knave, that I am going to publish my  
 correspondence with the Society, in  
 whose Mr. Jaquet's improvement will  
 be explained *avant-d'ou-d'après*, as I have the  
 original sketch by me, and all my ma-

I cannot think what *unfit impressing* there could be in an ingenious gentleman letting the world know his name; and I cannot conceive how the study of arts and sciences in theory and practice can be detrimental to any one. I am persuaded that the exercise of such truths as mechanics and natural philosophy can produce are a thousand times more useful than the most far-fetched foppery, which is to much *à-la-mode* at present.

Yours, &c. J. MILNER.

**Mr. URBAN,** Nov. 4.

I BEG leave to prefix my compliments to your correspondent, the pious clergyman, whose name should be known to all lovers of arts and sciences: I desire you would let him know that I lent to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, Mr. Jacques's improvement, which I deem is very different from that where I have seen peculiar and regular clergy fill up their leisure-hours in the practice of mechanical and philosophical arts, and who were more concerned by to doing by their superiors, and be published in general, than if they had kept themselves in idleness, or feeding their noses at cards and play-houses.

All the Carthusians worked at arts.

\* An Enquiry into the Existence and Character of St. George's, &c. in which the alterations of Gibbon are discussed, &c.

To Mr. BLAKEY.

"Sir,  
London, January 18, 1871.  
I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt, in the name of the Society for the Encouragement of A. S. Manufacturing Companies, &c., to thank you for the communication of the method of correcting the error, heat and cold cause to prevail upon Mr. Jacques & Co. and likewise your letter on anti-rotting. I am ordered to say, that the Society will be much obliged to you for the communication of your correspondence. I am, Sir, your most humble servant,  
J. S."

From this you see, Mr. Urthop,

that the Society has received what I mentioned. Besides my report on the efforts of the pendulum, I sent a drawing of the wires, the reel in Indian ink, in yellow, and the tell in Indian ink. Pray, Sir, let this polite eleganza know, that I am going to publish my correspondence with the Society, in which Mr. Jaquet's improvement will be seen word *testi-à-long*, as I have the original sketch by me, and all my materials in order.

I cannot think that *little emptying* there could be in an ingenuous gentleman letting the world know his name, and I cannot conceive how the fluid of art and interests in theory and practice can be detrimental to any one. I am persuaded that the exercise of such truths as mechanics and natural philosophy can produce are a thousand times more useful than the most stretched sophistry, which is so much *à-la-mode* at present.

I suppose there is something in our English stiffness and pride, in those who think themselves superior to men of taste, which makes their life so open their guard of appearing more understanding than their ignorant country-

where I have been peculiar and regular  
clergy fill up their 'effusions in the  
produce of mechanical and philosophical  
arts, and who were more esteemed for  
to doing by their superiority, and the  
public in 'general, than if they had  
kept themselves in direct, or opening  
their notes at cards and play-houses.  
All the Carthians worked at diff-

The Regent Duke of Orleans was a proficient in all sorts of arms, and protected them to the utmost of his power, as may be seen by the different

*The Life of living English Poets continued.*

1005

manumotives are set up, Louis XV. was taught to turn wood, ivory, and different metals, by *Mademoiselle Mouton*; he was very dextrous in that art. Numbers of nobles did the same. The Duke of Choiseul, father and son, had laboratories for clock and watch-making as well as for machinery. Their *atelier*, as the French name them, were as fine and complete for the choice of tools as it was possible to find in Europe, and in which laboratories those noblemen flattered their plans and their flatterers with all the liberality of the great police gentlemen, much above our fox-hunters, or our connected playfully, who take care to keep their stolen farthing-candles under the bushel, as the French say, for fear of being discovered, and that their neighbours should not be benefited from the glimpse of their oblique luminaire.

His Majesty's deputation of the *nobles*. To the additions and corrections of your intelligent correspondent W. W. P. I shall ever be obliged, nor can I see the mighty offence of the trifling mistake about which S. H. seems so anxiously to fret, nor feel that the literary reputation of a poet could be affected in the addition, that the merit of his writings alone attracted the notice and patronage of *MURK*.

A rainy-day, though it deprives my *significity*, gives me an opportunity, by confining me to the fire-side, of employing what prolonging my letter. The *Life of* living Poets (for such only, recollect, *and not their lives*, it pretended to be,) has no claim (I am as ready as S. H. to allow) to any degree of merit. It was carefully and thoughtlessly put together at a moment of vacancy, when my long and familiar correspondence, my long

Yours, &c. W. BLAKELY.

Mr. URBAN,      Nov. 10.  
I was

your 1st Magazine, p. 576, an attack on the *Life of Irving English Poet* for some mistakes in the account of Mr. Gaddy, which I could not recollect having offered, and which were so unlike the care with which I relieved to avoid personalities of an offensive nature, that I turned impetuously to the mention of him in p. 616; when I could find nothing there that bore the least resemblance to the censured passages. I then looked over the *Contents* of your succeeding numbers with some solicitude, but could detect with no notice of *fit*. At length, however, after having tirefully turned over your pages two, or three times, I discovered the condemned letter in p. 179, at the latter part of a letter of a correspondent, whose signature is W. W. P., and which is so payable by a student perfun for the principal American, to which it is an addition, that S. H. must have been grievously misapprehended, or have committed a awful misapprehension, in confounding them together. On this ground S. H.'s affects to show a contempt on what he calls this petty biographical fustian," and to condemn their error. But how false a sensation for censuring them thus is, the following statement will prove. Nor that I think the paragraph, which so highly attacks S. H.'s anger, deserve his previous reprehension, much less, if they be articles of the Memoirs, to which he alludes them to belong, would they judge most willing to agree. But the grounds of S. H.'s objections to it I cannot admit. If there be want of candour, if there be improper minutiae and personalities, uninteresting to the publick; and offensive to the subject of them; if private anecdotes be tacked up, or any of these *gipsy* ground, to which your Editor alludes, be trod on throughout the whole communications; then indeed do I yield it up entirely to the utmost severity of S. H.'s pen. But the most careful perusal will enable him to find nothing more there than a catalogue of names, with just so much of their connections, education, and residences, added to the notes of their principal poems, as to identify their persons, and aid the memory in peculiarizing their characters. *That* I wish, if *you* will *do*, are both useful and entertaining, in affixing the recited, in discrediting, in affixing to elegant amusement, and the student, to fastidious of taste, there is no shadow of doubt, in distance of S. H.'s contemptuous designation of them as "petty biographical fustian;" in farther disregard of whom I shall add the account of another favourite poet, whom I cannot conceive by what inadvertence I omitted. This is

The Rev. *Jaysh Holden* *Par* (son of the late eminent surgeon), who published, when at St. John's College, Cambridge, some pleasant "Poems," of which a new edition, with the date of 1780, printed for T. Becket, now

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Just before me. The second Ode, "To the Evening Star," which begins with the following beautiful lines:

"Sweet is the dewy shade of day:  
The hour of peaceful thought is come:  
O, sweet! Light! no more delay  
Thy mild approach, but dart thy ray  
Along the gathering gloom!"

appears to me peculiarly chaste and beautiful. The fifth Ode, "To the Moon," that "For an Altar of Venus," and that "To the Wind," all deserve very high praise. This excellent young man, who is now, I believe, archdeacon of St. Albans, very much to the credit of the late Lord Chancellor's patronage, was the author of one of the most truly excellent and original plays in the English language, which is to be found in the "Ulla Padriada," a nourishing the romantic sentiments and affections of young and amiable minds.

Among many other inaptitudes and omissions of my last, I forgot to mention Mr. Cumberland's long poem, "The Calvary," which came out during the last winter.

The Rev. Dr. Carrington, of Northampton (brother to Mr. John Carrington, whose violent Republican principles have rendered him conspicuous), is, I presume, still living. He was author of an admitted Legendary Tale, and other poems.

Mr. Urban,

Nov. 13.

IN your Obituary, vol. LVII, p. 103, you quote the first and last words of the elegant Ode, addressed to his friend Mr. Thomas Herring on his marriage, by the late Dr. Jubb: and you enquire, if any where printed? On accidentally looking into vol. XLIV, I found it inserted in p. 333, and conclude it might have escaped a diligent research in consequence of its not being specified in the Index to the Poetry. But in a note there is a reference to p. 335, where in the article mentioning the death of Mr. Herring in April, 1774—

Mr. Styrsky, as I apprehend (see p. 320), might be a canon of the priory of the order of St. Austin, at Shilford, in Northamptonshire, as the impetuous Redoubt, and advocates of the vicarages of Burton, Gedling, and Murkham, in that county, and of Derrington, alias Doddington, and of Welborough, in Lincolnshire, according to Thacker, Northcote, belonged to that religious

house, it is likely that he was vicar of one of those parishes. W. & D.

Mr. Urban,

Nov. 13.

THE following anecdote of the famous Swedenborg, may serve to confirm the opinions maintained by several of your correspondents, that he was disordered in his mind:

"A friend of his, walking with Baron Swedensborg along Chesapeake, in one part the Baron suddenly bowed very low down to the ground; when the gentleman, being taken up, and asking what he was about, the Baron replied by asking him if he did not see Mads, p. 1, and told him that he had known to him."

This anecdote is related by Mr. Lindley, in a note to his second Address to the Youth of the two Universities, p. 178. Mr. L. received it from a person living, of great worth and credit, and he very properly remarks upon it, that a man who could see Mads walking along Chesapeake might see any thing.

Mr. Urban,

Nov. 13.

I SEND you the lines of which one of your late correspondents recollected only a part. I have found them were written by the Duke of Wharfedale.

When York to Heaven shall lift up his arms  
And love his wife above all others;  
When godheads to gain shall be preferred  
When Packer shall pronounce upright decree,  
And Hungerford shall be a noble peer;  
When Bradford shall with justice triumph the day,  
And King once partially decide a cause;  
When Tracy's generous soul shall swell with pride,  
And Eyre his haughtiness shall lay aside;  
When honest Price shall trim and truckle under,  
And Powis give a charge without a blunder;  
When Pags one unworshipful finger there,  
And Forester defend another note;  
Then shall I cease my charmer to adore,  
And think of love and politics no more.

In mentioning the murder of Mr. Sullivan, p. 753, at Paris, I rather wonder you omitted the very remarkable and horrible behaviour of the fandi, in a woman's shape, who caused his execution, and who was crowned with a civic crown by the barons of Paris. "Let us see," says he (who had been lauded by his funeral panegyric), "whether you can die as boldly as you can resist: to be sure it is mortifying to leave a face fortune, a young and handsome wife,

and children, but the gentlemen below wish for you." Is this the same person as in p. 774, you call Soule, who committed a murder in England a few years ago? Yours, &c. Q. X.

TWO MONTHS TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

(Continued from p. 911.)

ALTHOUGH the climate was evidently unpropitious to the growth of fruits, year plantations of fir, and other forest trees, were thriving well under the auspices of his Grace of Arhol, who thus encouraged his countrymen by his example to clothe and adorn a region standing confessedly in need of such improvements. The environs of Blair are indeed most impressively desolate and dreary; and, if the natives, as reported of them, do really still retain some of their ancient uncouth practices and superstitions, it is little to be wondered at in a situation so peculiarly calculated to foster and cherish them. Those long and dusky fiers of mountains, in the mean while, which might well enough inspire such gloomy notions, with the deep valleys and ravines, which, fertilized, and he concealed amongst them, are nurseries and resorts for all the sorts of game to be met with in the wild moor, and desert hills, of Scotland; to such a degree, indeed, that the Duke, as we were told, was used in piteous anxiety to his guests to the gloomy and dreary brace of them a day.

From this place was pointed out to us, at about ten miles distance southward, the first snow-drift we as yet had seen, in appearance like a white handkerchief attached to a mountain's side. It was now the 22nd of July, and the season remarkably warm; the unexpectedness, therefore, as well as the novelty, of the fight fixed our attention to an object, which afterwards, becoming frequent, was faintly noticed by us.

From Blair, after the first two miles, the way to Dalnareoch lies through a region of a most inhospitable aspect, skirting upon the Carrs, which river, rushing with great force and tumult betwixt the masses of mis-shapen rock, forms an impediment to arrive at the more inviting borders of Falcilly.

The whole of this stage was foliary and sapient; though very few villages, and those inconspicuously mean in their appearance; I confiding mostly of barns, which at a small distance seemed only turf-heaps, fenced with a low wall

of rugged stones, lookly piled upon each other. In many of them even this wall was wanting, and the whole fabric was but a rude frame of birch-wood, covered with such fods as, commonly, the spot produced; for, restrained by no other law than that of poverty, the natives of these regions escape the poet's censure on his countrymen, nor attend to sufficient refinement.

Fortunium Spectra ceterum,

How Lib. II. Ode 15. in the construction of their simple dwellings, in which the luxuries of glassed windows, and of chimneys, is equally unknown; whilst, the fire being lighted in the middle of the room, along the sides of which banks of turf, a little raised, serve alike for seats and beds, the smoke finds its own way out, either through a hoop-hole left open for that purpose, or through the door, which is often only a kind of hurdle of interwoven twigs of birch. The bedding of this hardy people accords with the rest of their accommodations, being felds any other than a mattress made of bruno, cut up when young, and plaited over which, at night, is thrown that plaid, which had been almost all their covering, perhaps, by day. It may be useful to observe how much we are what habit makes us, and under how many deprivations human nature not only will subsist, but be content!

Piling Dalnareoch, a single inn,

and that a sorry one, the scene grew gradually worse and worse, the villages occurred more rarely, and the moors assumed a dusky hue, spread over with loose and moss-grown flowers of every size and figure.

We, still pursued the banks of Currie's, when at length the valley contracting itself considerably, and the mountains on each hand aspiring higher, we seemed to be included between two barriers of rock, including us from all communication with the world without. Not a single hut could any where be seen; not a palfinger, besides ourselves, was on the way; the day was dark and lowering; and whilst the river roared beneath our feet, projecting crags hung menacing above our heads, tenanted above by eagles, which annually build their nests among them, and whose unceasing screams contributed to complete the melancholy of the scene. In short, it was a dismal journey, and when we caught a distant view of the inn, where