

Office where he continued till his death in 1800; he acquired some repute as a numismatologist and collector of curiosities.

The younger, George, had been under-secretary for the Foreign Department, and accompanied the Duke of Manchester as Secretary of Legation to Paris in 1783, during the Peace negotiations. The Duke being unwell, George Maddison took his place at a banquet in August, 1783, and left the table ill, dying shortly after. His death was attributed to poison said to have been intended for the Duke, but there seems to have been no sufficient proof of this. Surtees however, in his 'History of Durham,' says, "It is by no means wonderful that such a report should have found credit with the peasants of Derwentdale, who lamented the early loss of an amiable and accomplished young man, whose character did credit to the situation to which his talents had raised him." He also quotes a local ballad:—

Far off, on the Banks of the Seine
Thy darling, thy Maddison lies.

Anthony Todd left no male descendants and devised practically the whole of his large fortune to his only child, Lady Lauderdale, and her family.

He appointed his son-in-law, the Earl of Lauderdale, his nephew John Maddison, Michael Colling and his relative Anthony Parkin as executors of his will.

By his daughter's marriage he was of course a great-great-grandfather of the present Earl of Balfour.

CYRIL M. B. WALTON.

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FAMILY OF BISHOP LAMBERT:
ROBERT LAMBERT TATE (See 6 S. x. 436; 12 S. x. 182).—At the first reference a correspondent asked for information as to the family of Ralph Lambert, Bishop of Meath, and was particularly anxious to know who Robert Lambert Tate was. This person lived at Dunlady, Co. Down, and was father of Anne, wife of Richard, 2nd Earl Annesley. Having investigated this family, I published the result in 'N. and Q.' at the second reference, but I was unable to place Robert Lambert Tate. It seemed likely that he was the son of the Bishop's brother, Robert Lambert, of Dunlady, who married at Downpatrick 25 Nov., 1715, Jane Tate, but as Robert only mentions in his will a daughter

Mary, there could be no certainty. I have now discovered, from two entries in the Registry of Deeds, Book 137, p. 555, and Book 141, p. 287, that Robert Lambert Tate was son and heir of Robert Lambert, and is not mentioned in his father's will because a settlement had been made on him by his father on 4 May, 1750. His marriage settlements with Anne, daughter of the Rev. John Corry, of Rockcorry, Co. Monaghan, were dated 26 and 27 June, 1750. The sister Mary was evidently the Mary Lambert who married first, at St. Mary's, Dublin, 3 Jan., 1752, John Stothard, of Dromore, Co. Down, Lieut. in Lord Panmure's Regt. (25th Foot), son of Coslett Stothard, of Dromore. He died in the same year, and she married second, settlements dated 28 June, 1753, John Peyton, of Ochill, Co. Roscommon, one of the trustees to the settlement being Robert Lambert Tate, of Dunlady.

H. B. SWANZY.

HENRY HOARE METHUEN, AUTHOR OF 'LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.'
—Early books on South Africa and its fauna must always retain their value, and perhaps a note on the author of one of them may be acceptable. Henry Hoare Methuen, born about 1818, was the second son of the Rev. Thomas Anthony Methuen, rector of All Cannings, Wilts (younger brother of Paul, first Baron Methuen of Corsham), and of Eliza Maria, daughter of the Rev. Henry Plumptre. Having lost his mother in 1835, H. H. Methuen was matriculated from Exeter College, Oxford, on 16 Feb. 1837, and became B.A. in 1840. After making a voyage to South Africa and back for his health, he published in 1843 'Poems by Henry H. Methuen, Esq., B.A.'—one of Pickering's charming books with the Aldine title-page. These poems—which have no very striking character—are inspired partly by his South African voyage, partly by Scotland, where he had toured in 1837, partly by Wiltshire, partly by East Kent. Here he seems to have had a second home at Fredville, in the parish of Nonington, the seat of John Pemberton Plumptre, Esq., b. 1791, who had married in 1818 his cousin Catharine Matilda Methuen, the poet's paternal aunt. The famous "Fredville oak" is more than once referred to.

Methuen now went again to South Africa, and with sporting companions penetrated the interior as far as the junction of the Marikwa and Limpopo rivers, making vari-

ous beautiful drawings of the antelopes, etc., which fall to his gun. After his return his travels were published in London in 1846, with the title 'Life in the Wilderness, or Wanderings in South Africa' (R. Bentley). His health was now apparently re-established. He was ordained deacon in 1848 and priest in 1849 by the Archbishop of Canterbury and held the curacies of Bridge, near Canterbury, 1849-50; Northbourne, near Deal, 1851-52; Stamford Dingley, near Reading, 1855; Etchilhampton, 1856-67; and Hurstpierpoint, 1868-70. He had taken his M.A. degree in 1869, the year of his father's death. Retiring to Bath, he died, at Clifton, on 6 Oct., 1883, aged 65.

G. C. MOORE SMITH.

Sheffield.

JONATHAN DRYDEN.—In the 'Epithalamia Cantabrigiensia,' Cambridge, 1662, a volume of poems in Latin, Greek, Spanish and Italian, in honour of the marriage of Charles II and Catharine of Braganza, is one beginning:—

Quis mihi jam causas memorat cur pigra
Boctæ,
Plaustra vehunt cathredam [sic], Cassiopea,
tuum?

The poem (sign. H₂) is signed: "Jon. Dryden, Art. Bac. Trin. Coll. Soc." Who was he?

In this volume *Joannes* is abbreviated *Joun.*, *Joann.* or *Jo.*, but not *Jon.* (=Jonathan). Dryden, the poet, cannot be the author of the above poem, for he never was elected a fellow of his college. During the seventeenth century, however, there were three Jonathan Drydens at Cambridge; Jonathan, the father (Emmanuel); Jonathan, the son (Trinity); and Jonathan, the grandson (Jesus). *Cp.* 'Alumni Cantabrigienses,' Cambridge, 1922, part I, vol. ii.

By 1662 the son Jonathan Dryden, who was born in Herefordshire, was *Art. Bac.* (1659-60) and *Trin. Coll. Soc.* (1661). He was, therefore, the author of the above poem.

Jonathan Dryden (M.A. 1663) died in 1702 as Prebendary of York (1682) and was buried in York Minster. His son died in 1740, *cp.* 'Alumni Cantabrigienses.'

H. GORDON WARD.

Long Eaton.

BRIGHTLINGSEA: LEGEND OF AN ATHEIST'S TOMB.—Perhaps the enclosed cutting may be of interest to your correspondents:—

A strange legend surrounds [a] . . tomb

... which stands in the cemetery of the parish church of Brightlingsea, and has excited the interest of thousands of people during the past century. The tomb is composed of thick stone, out of the side of which is growing a tall elm tree, which has forced over the whole of the tomb, so that it presents a somewhat unsightly appearance. The tomb is that of a certain John Selletto, and the actual inscription, now greatly obliterated, was as follows:—"Here lyeth the body of Mr. John Selletto, late of Harwich; O.B., 6 July, 1771, E.T. 56."

The legend connected with the tomb is that some 160 years ago a certain influential and respected gentleman came to reside in Brightlingsea from Harwich, and that he had beliefs of a very atheistic nature. Atheists were very few and far between in those days, but this gentleman was an exception in this as well as many other matters, and in spite of advice and much persuasion by his friends, he persisted in his non-religious attitude. He carried his convictions to the grave, and on his death-bed made the following amazing statement:—"If there is such a being as God, when I am buried a tree will grow up and break open the stone of my grave."

Owing to its unkempt and degenerating appearance, protests have been made from time to time for the abolishment of the tomb, but sentiment has overruled sensitiveness, and this centre of controversy still remains with the elm tree flourishing in its strange surroundings.

Many visitors of this old-world town of Brightlingsea inspect with much wonderment this old relic, although in ignorance of the legend connected with it.

CLIFFORD C. WOOLLARD.

GRACE BEFORE MEAT RHYMES.—

Quite an interesting collection of curious "grace before meat" rhymes might be made from various part of the country. One of the most surprising I ever heard came from quaint old fox-hunting Dick Robinson, who under protest was made to "say grace" years ago at Ormesby Show. He returned thanks thus:—

O Lord, we thank Thee for what down our
throats we have thrussen
If we'd eaten any more we should all have
been brussen.

I have recently received from a North Yorkshire correspondent, the following rhyme:—

Oh, Thou who fed the multitude with little
loaves and fishes,
Accept our thanks sincere for all these half-
filled dishes;
And when we ask for more from Thee, we
hope it will be granted,
But please send twice as much next time,
Thou knows it will be wanted.

I am indebted to Canon Fisher for yet