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PART THE FIRST.

PRODESSE ET DELECTARE—E PLURIBUS UNUM.

By SYLVANUS URBAN, Gent.

LONDON:
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Johnson and Boswell on Men and Books.

Once, in a coffee-house at Oxford, he called to old Mr. Sheridan, "How came you, Sir, to give Home a gold medal for writing that foolish play?" and defied Mr. Sheridan to shew ten good lines in it. He did not insist they should be together; but that there were not ten good lines in the whole play. He now perused in this. I endeavoured to defend that pathetic and beautiful tragedy, and repeated the following passage:

Sincerity,  
Thou first of virtues! let no mortal leave  
Thy onward path, altho' the earth should  
gape,  
And from the gulph of hell destruction cry,  
To take dissimulation's winning way.  
Johnson.  "That will not do, Sir. Nothing  
is good but what is consistent with truth or  
probability, which this is not. Juvenal, in-  
deed, gives us a noble picture of inlexible  
virtue:
Eto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbitri idem  
Integer; ambigum si quidem citare teffis,  
Incertaque rei, Phaleris bicet imperet, ut his  
Falsus, et admoto dictar perfuris tauro,  
Sumnum crede nefas animam preterere pud-  
dor,
Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.  
He repeated the lines with great force and  
dignity; then added, 'And, after this,  
comes Johnny Home, with his earth gaping,  
and his 

defilement crying. -Pooh!"

THE TRIFLER, No. I.
Misfit title dole. Hor. Ars Poet.  
Profit and pleasure here together mix.  
FRANCIS.

Of all the inventions which have ap-  
presented since the cultivation of let-  
ters, nothing seems to lay a greater claim  
to the attention of the public than a pe-  
riodical paper; and nothing more fully  
exemplifies this observation than the re-  
presented eulogiums a Spectator, a Ram-  
bler, or an Adventurer, have received,  
and the several imitations they have  
raised. A periodical paper has all the  
advantages of variety, time, and place;  
it affords a continual fund of entertain-  
ment, as well serious as comic, both fea-  
sionable and local; it enlarges the under-  
standing, without crowding it with su-  
perfluities; and charms the heart, with-  
out palling the appetite. Many valuable  
though early geniuses, which are un-  
equal to a more labious or more useful  
talk, may here indulge their inclinations,  
or perhaps their vanity; in short and a-  
nimated brains, until time and practice  
shall mature their understanding, and ex-  
change the warm effusions of a youthful  
imagination for the more serious and  
weighty employments of judgment and  

capa.
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capacity. Indeed, there have been many men whose whole province was works of this nature, where the imagination and passions are to be affected, who have left us nothing beside these valuable remains; yet many of those hours, which would otherwise have been squandered away in idleness and obscurity, were happily employed in composing those precious jewels for the improvement and entertainment of mankind. We had not experienced any considerable loss, if, instead of dry, cold, and accurate narrative, the taste and elegance of Hawkeworth had furnished us with a second Adventurer, as Johnson attempted to do with a second Rambler. Had we not been better pleased to have viewed the ingenious author of Roderick Random dancing in the airy circles of romance, though on the brink of futurity, than amid the barren defects of chronology, toiling after the drudgery of unsuccessful historians?—"Miscuit utile dulci," is a saying which a periodical publication comprehends in its largest signification, and which may at once supply the places of a motto and an introduction to the Trifler. In this number, therefore, I shall forbear to make any apology for the appearance of a new paper, but content myself with laying out in reality what I have sketched in idea, and must leave my impartial readers to judge of its execution.

It would be at once useless and presumptuous to deviate from the general tract of periodical writers, and it would discover a weak and prejudiced understanding to follow the beaten path of any particular favourite. I shall therefore neither confine myself to the thievery of a Rambler, nor the levity of a Spectator; neither swayed by the gravity of a Johnson, nor captivated by the gaiety of an Addison:

Virtus in medio stat.

As to the motto, I shall select them as the various authors I may have recourse to, or as my bare memory may sometimes supply me; and shall give such translations as I find best adopted in the course of my studies: but, as it may sometimes happen, in case I meet with no translation that suits my purpose, either in prose or verse, I shall take the liberty of giving one of my own, as my predecessors have done before me, which the reader will know by the letter F. Or if, at any time, I should be favoured by my friends or acquaintances with either a translation or a paper, I shall give them one general title of a Friend, which, if it must be remembered, will be the common signature of all such papers, &c. which are not the genuine productions of the Trifler.

The numbers, in general, will be rather brief than tedious, rather gay than grave; and since a Magazine is the mean through which I purpose conveying my trifling labours to the public, the narrow compass to which that is confined must plead for their brevity, and the very nature and intention of such a mean must account for their gaiety. But I would by no means have it thought, that the Trifler will contain a repeated fund of light and airy scenes, without a proper mixture of serious and useful digressions; this is far from my intention: a continual series of essays of the same nature, though ranged ever so methodically, and executed ever so matterly, must, in the end, prove distasteful to the reader, and of course considerably lesten the author's reputation. Whenever the same course of objects (though at first sight never so captivating) is repeatedly presented to the view, without an agreeable intermission of novelties, the appetite becomes palled, and no longer pities a relish for what was once so charming and desirable. A garden of variegated flowers captivates more than a long range of trees, whose prospects must be equally dull, and whose shades are always the same.

If the sentiments and dispositions of mankind have not been considerably changed since the commencement of this century, I flatter myself no inconvenience will arise from the infusion of some poetical lucubrations, which I shall now and then take the liberty of doing, provided they are short and delicate, as well to vary the scene, as to oblige a friend: But, left the world should tenure me on this account, let it reflect, that entertainment depends upon variety, and variety in a great measure on surprize; and that entertainment (as I mentioned above) will be rather the purport of the following papers than information; but entertainment itself, when enforced without variety, and enjoyed without even hopes of intermission, becomes at length tafteless, and perhaps irksome. But, when the attention is suddenly snatched from the noisy impertinences of the town to the soft securities of solitude, the mind is agreeably surprized with the change, and returns with fresh vigour to its wonted amusements: But, on the contrary, when that mind is seriously employed in the contemplation of any favourite
vourite object, when all its faculties are engaged in exploring the depths of antiquity, or bewildered in the mazes of enquiry, to draw aside the attention by the dazzling charms of temporary amusements, would be to break that train of ideas which it might be as tedious to reassemble as difficult to re-unite. But this is not the ease at present; speculative philosophy is the province of philosophers; let the Trifler, content with the appellation he assumes, amuse himself amid the lower employments of life, with this pleasing reflection, that there has been a time, when he no more thought himself capable of writing such a paper as this, than he now thinks himself equal to what an Addison or a Johnson have written before him.———But perhaps the female part of my readers are now awaiting impatiently for my opinion of them, and whether I intend to employ any of my speculations either as their Advocate or their Enemy. I must confess, I have frequently indulged my vanity so far, as not only to profess myself an advocate for the generality of them, but even in some measure to think myself their favourite; and could never be brought to a belief that innocence and beauty are two opposite endowments, or that modesty and constancy are not the active characteristics of the fair sex. But if I should ever have occasion, from the irrefutable impalpable love on the one side, and the cruel stubbornness of beauty on the other, to reverse these sentiments, it may happen, that my belief in their depravity may be equally strong as my prejudice in their favour is now universal. But such an occasion as this is, I hope, will never offer itself to the heart that now dictates, or the hand that now writes, either that the one may be obliged to regret, or the other crave, what is now written; nor so opposite a change be wrought in one, who, while he strongly believes in the universal power of love on the human feelings, as strongly denies (what has been so frequently alleged) that beauty can be so cruel, or the heart of woman so stubborn, as to hear the piercing groans of a dying lover, without any visible emotions of pity and distress; this may be reckoned a frailty, but it cannot be reckoned a fault: and even if it were a fault, "to err is human," and since to err is not confined to any certain rank of the human species, but even "the bell may err," surely an error of so flight a nature as this is will rather be imputed to the frailty of our natures than any breach of our morality; nor will it either call any reflection on the character of the Trifler, nor draw upon him the cenure of gravity or strictness. By this time, I suppose, my fair readers will have great reason to conclude, that not a few of my speculations will be taken up in the contemplation of their perfections and the improvement of their weaknesses, by exalting the transcendent beauties of the one, and exposing to public view the fatal consequences of the other.

Thus I have given the full intention of my present design, as far as I could be able to comprehend its extent; how much I shall fail in the execution, time and patience must determine. But let it be remembered, that I have not the vanity to hope, from so trifling a production as this is, any degree of success equal to what may be expected from more extensive and more laborious employments; that even the smallest attention will determe my greatest respect; and that a tolerable share of commendation will be fully adequate to the utmost extent of my labours.—But perhaps there are some who may find their expectations disappointed, and themselves displeased, at this first specimen: Let them, in pity to the inscription I have taken, contain their censure till the perusal of some future numbers, when the improvement, which time and application must naturally ensure, may take away their former prejudices, and claim some share of their approbation. And perhaps there are others who, at the very sight of the inscription, will immediately pass it over without allowing it even a bare perusal, considering themselves no ways obliged to throw away their time in what is professedly trifling: of this rank I shall hope to have very few, when they recollect, that, if the grave author of the Rambler was content to idle away so many valuable hours of his time for the instruction and amusement of the public, surely a portion of these days may not be ashamed to trifle away some portion of his time (which perhaps had otherwise been (pent in total inactivity and obscurity) in humble imitation of so glorious an original. And as there are frequently found, concealed in a pair of mouldy, moth-eaten covers, many precious remains of antiquity, many interesting lights to posterity; so, under the appellation of the Trifler, many scenes of amusement may be contained, and many useful
useful observations on life may be gathered. — With these considerations, therefore, I commit the fruits of my labour to the public, requesting that, before they resolve upon any rash conclusions, they will favour me with an attentive perusal, and seriously consider the nature of my design; for neither the eye can be offended at what it never saw, nor the ear be grated with what it never felt.

Mr. Urban,

WHEN it suits you, please to infringe a few remarks which I have made in looking over Newton's edition of Milton. If some of them appear minute, let it be considered, that whatever gives the leaf light into any obscure passage in Chaucer, Shakspere, Milton, Dryden, or Pope, should not be esteemed trivial; neither will imitations or accidental resemblances be neglected by those who are desirous of seeing, in what manner different authors express the same thought. The works of these our greatest masters are growing every day darker from the shades which time gradually spreads over them, and which it is much beyond the power of any one man to clear off effectually. I therefore throw my mite occasionally into your valuable collection.

Yours, &c.

T. H. W.

NOTES ON MILTON.

PARADISE LOST.

Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the start.

Wait present,— B. i. ver. 19.

Copied from Homer's invocation of the Muses:

"Επιστρεφομενι με, Μυσαι, ὁμολογομενοι σεως

Ταυτος γας έστησε σωματιν, τιμη πατρος μου.

II. ii. ver. 484.

"Instruct me now, O ye Muses, who have celestial mansions;
For ye are goddesses, and are present, and know all things."

That sea-besid Leviathan, which God of all his works Created hugest that swin the ocean stream:

Him haply flumb'ring on the Norway foam
The pilot of some small night-finder'd skiff
Deeming some land, oft, as seamen-tell,
With fixed anchor in his styly rind
Moors by his side under the lee,— Ver. 200.

"It sometimes falleth out, that mariners, thinking these whales to be lands, and casting out ankers upon their backs, are often in danger of drowning. The Bishop of Bremere, in old time, sent certaine legates with a co-ven of friars to preach and publish in the North the popish faith; and when they had spent a long journey in sailing towards the North, they came unto an island, and there casting their anker, they went ashore, and kindled fires, and so provided victuals for the rest of their journey. But when their fires grew very hote, this island fanke, and suddenly vanished away, and the mariners escaped drowning very narrowly with the boat that was present." Hablay's Voyages, I. 562.

His pond'rous shield
— the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders like the moon,— Ver. 274.

"And on her shoulder hung her shield,— As the fair moon in her most full aspect."

Spenser's F. Q. b. V. cant. v. f. 3.

While over-bead the moon,
— they on their mirth and dance Inten,— V. 784.

"Jam Cytherea charos ductit Venus, immo-

nente Lumi;

Junctaque nymphis Gratiae decentes

Alernan terram quasitum pede."

Hor. L. I. Od. iv. v. 5.

Like a comet burn'd,

— and from his horrid

Shakes pestilence and war. B. II. v. 768.

So Spenser;

"All as a blazing star doth far out-cast
H's bairy beams, and flaming locks dispries,
At sight whereof the people fland again." F. Q. b. III. cant. i. f. 16.

And Sylvester:

"There, with long bloody hair, a blazing star
Threatens the world with famine, plague, and war."

Again:

"That bairy comet, that long streaming star,
Which threatens earth with famine, plague, and war."

Du Bartas, 2d Day, 1ft Week.

Pope hath introduced this passage from Milton into the translation of the liad, where Homer only says, η αἰγίν nδεμε, like a star.

"Like the red star, that from his flaming hair
Shakes down diseases, pestilence, and war."

B. xix. v. 412.

As when a prowling wolf
Whom hunger drives to seek new haunt for prey,

Watching where shepherds pen their flocks at eve
In huddled cotes amid the field secure,
Leaps o'er the fence with ease into the fold— B. IV. v. 183.

"Like as a Wolfe about the closed fold
Rangeth by night his hoped prey to get,
Enraged with hunger, and with malice old,
Which kindleth twist him and hardy sheepe
 hath set." Fairfax's Tasso, xix. 35.

* Nature.
THE TRIFLER, No. II.

Paulum spectans deft inrius
Celaatem virtutis.

Hos.

"In earth if it forgotten lies,
What is the value of the brave?
What difference, when the coward dies,
And sinks in silence to his grave?"

FRANCIS.

It is the duty of every man, in whatever station of life he is placed, to render himself as subservient to his fellow-creatures as lies in his power; if he is the favourite of fortune, to cheer up the hearts of all who are drooping with age, want, or infirmity; but more especially those who have been the miserable objects of accidental poverty. If he is blest with talents to please and instruct, it should be his first care to cultivate those talents with application and perseverance, that in time he may be able to exert them successfully in the several causes of Virtue, Learning, Liberty, and Religion. These are the four grand points upon which the happiness of mankind principally depends; and since the possession of these is not distributed equally amongst us, but is enjoyed by some in a greater degree of perfection than by others, in this paper I intend to encourage those who, though they are gifted with soli and extensive abilities, have been prevented from exercising them by the dread of disappointment, or the stubbornness of selfish vanity, and whose modesty or pride still forbids to call them forth as the friends and champions of letters.

A desire of being admired is the first principle that actuates a man to assume the character of an author; it is this that nourishes him in the toilsome act of composition, that animates him to pursue, patiently, the endless mazes of literature, that gives life and vigour to his sentiments, and it is the accomplishment of his design that infinitely injures him monumentum aere perennius—eternal glory. It would indeed be impossible to enumerate all those who have been bewildered in their eager pursuit after fame, and have discouraged others by attempting to establish their own reputation. But however frequently this passion of applause may be baffled in its attempt to break through the clouds that obscure it; when raised by public and disinterested motives, it is highly worthy of attention, and, though it should fail in its first attempts, so far from discouraging others, should excite them to the same laudable example.

Man is not born to continue merely an individual separate from the rest of his species, but should look upon himself as the member of one common body. It is not enough for him that he has neither corrupted nor diminished the republic of letters, but he must make additions of his own. What excuse can be pleaded for him whose abilities would have readily placed him considerably high in the esteem of the public, for not exercising those abilities in the general improvement of mankind, and, though he has the power, has not the will to be a profitable member of society? Such a man as this is, will be found highly culpable in the eye of Reason, for defects and prejudices which, in those whom Providence has only endowed with a common share of understanding, would have been at least excused, if not guiltless. The spirit of malignity will fall upon him with greater acrimony for refusing, like a dark lantern, to extend the rays of that light which others might have shared with him, without any diminution of his own lustre, beyond the narrow circle of his own conceptions, than if, in total ignorance of every enjoyment except rustic solitude, he had...

"Liv'd unregarded, unlamented died."

It would be difficult to determine whether this kind of singularity is the effect of modesty or pride; I hope more frequently from the former than the latter. That may in time be worn off, as a man's literary merit gradually steals upon the world, without his knowing the reason; and as soon as the aura popularis, the gale of applause, hath wafted it beyond the borders of private conversation and domestic occurrences, his wonder will be excited while his consequence is established. Careless from the great, and praiseful from all, will crowd the ideal world; favours and rewards will present themselves to his mental eye, and he will catch every opportunity to call forth thelatent sparks of genius and solidity, nor blush to countenance a rising reputation.

But when this proceeds from pride or caprice, neither the carelessness of the great, nor the praises of all, will be sufficient to lure him from his long-frequented paths of vanity and idleness. He will amuse himself with the flattering idea of a conscious superiority over the rest of mankind; exclaim with astonishment because man still continues to wander amidst such a world of errors, exposed to thousands of temptations, and weak
enough to be captivated by every charm that dazzles only to allure, and allures only to ruin. He will expost the vices and defects of mankind without being willing to correct them, and censure those frailties which himself is mostly to be blamed for. This sort of men may be deemed rather an evil than a blessing to society, and it had been much better for themselves, and all about them, if their parents had taught them some honest trade, instead of the pedantry of school-boys and the vanity of affected philosophy.

Plurimum enim intererit, quibus artibus, et quibus bonae tu Moribus instituas.

"For much it bores which way you train your boy,

"The hopeful object of your future joy."

We should think it almost impossible to find even an individual of this stamp, were we to reflect for a moment upon the astonishing propensity which man discovers to be careless and applauded; with what raptures of imaginary bliss he clasps the dazzling charm of popularity in his arms, and what blasts of malignity he will endure, without flinching at the danger, merely to continue in the enjoyment of his darling favourite! But that there are some of this stamp I am fully persuaded, and my own knowledge of the world has brought me acquainted even with the persons and characters of them. To dispute their abilities, would be as absurd as to imitate their practice. But if these abilities are suffered to lie dormant and forgotten, from a want of courage or inclination in the possessor to exert them, we are certainly not obliged to reward them as though they were exerted, nor esteem them as sufficient to make up for those crimes which can only be ascribed to himself. We may impute to him the losses of many additions and improvements to the republic of letters, and refuse to treat him as a member of that body which the stubbornness of his nature refutes to ornament.

Perhaps one reason (and that a strong one too) why these kind of men object to appear in a more public character is this: that, being conscious of a reputation already established, so as not easily to be lost, and diffident of their abilities when exposed to the rigour of particular criticism, and the cavils of every scribbling puppy, they would prefer a name built upon a temporary foundation to the honours of immortality and the veneration of posterity. What a mortifying reflection must this be, that, as soon as their last breath shall leave them, just on the brink of annihilation, their popularity must instantly cease, and that merit which, when living, was so applauded and cared for, be buried in sudden oblivion, without leaving a single trace of its existence behind!

Perhaps there are many who fix the principles of their abhorrence upon the vices of the ancients, and, despising whatever is modern and prevalent, hold nothing good and worthy of imitation but what the remotest periods of antiquity have recorded as the then prevailing opinion. I remember an old saying of a Latin poet (Virgil), that will account at once for all the prejudices and faults which I have been censuring. He says, that a man's knowledge is worth nothing, if he communicates what he knows to any one besides. However strange this may appear, we have convincing proofs that it met with a very cordial reception among the ancients. We are told that Alexander was angry with his tutor Aristoteles for publishing those lectures which had been delivered to that prince in private. If this had been the only instance handed down to us, we might have treated it as the chimera of a fable. But out of many others which I have read and heard of, I shall conclude this paper with the story of Rofrician's Sepulchre.

"A person having occasion to dig somewhere deep in the ground where this philosopher lay interred, met with a small door, having a wall on each side of it. His curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately surprised by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a very fair vault. At the upper end of it was the statue of a man in armour, sitting by a table, and leaning on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no sooner set one foot within the vault, than the statue, erecting itself from its leaning posture, stood bolt upright, and, upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in its right hand. The man still ventured a third step: when the statue, with a furious blow, broke the lamp in a thousand pieces, and left his guest in a sudden darkness. Upon the report of this adventure, the country people soon came with lights to the sepulchre, and discovered that the statue, which was made of brazen, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work, and that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlain with several springs, which, upon any man's entering, naturally produced what had happened."
the dread of obloquy: for to him all these were light in the scale against any particle of duty.

His application, his sagacity, knowledge, his tenderness of attention in his medical profession, might be supported by testimony that would do honour to any man. Not having been designed for it, and having devoted to other duties much the greatest part of his life, he entered on the study and practice of physic with a resolution of using such redoubled and persevering diligence, regardles either of fatigue or hazard to his health, as should compensate for the circumstance of not having been earlier initiated. And nobly did he accomplish this arduous attempt. But he fell "overpowered by virtuous energies," rising into the fullness of medical fame, and, what he ever valued most, usefulness to others in their sufferings and dangers. His anxiety for his patients, and particularly for the poorest, was undefinable: it was of kindred temper to his paternal solicitude for the welfare of his country.

Thus great, and various, and beneficent, were his talents: thus was he eminent in literature and in science! Of manners unaffected, elegant, engaging, pure. I conversed, the goodnatured and sweetness of his nature tempered that awe most men must otherwise have felt from the vastness of his abilities, and the sublimity of his virtue. He was amiable and ever pleasant in familiar intercourse, to a degree of serene gaiety: but of the frivolous in him there was nothing; and from gross or ill-natured humour he was at the greatest distance:—of heart the most benevolent, the firmest spirit, virtue the most active, disinterested, devoted.

A full and accurate delineation of this amiable, elevated, exemplary character, is not for the powers of the writer of this; who, while endeavours to do justice to his memory, is oppressed by the scale of the event of his long dreaded departure from us; by his friends long and justly dreaded, for themselves and the community. With regard to him, he took pain, sicknens, and death, as he took his other trials, with an equal and grateful mind; as the dispensations of an unerring and kind Providence, for a discipline to improvement in godliness. But, with his other intimate friends, it is for the person who offers this faint sketch to forbear in that event: not only as separating (for this life) a friendship incapable of any other inter-

ruption, but as a loss to human society. Yet our sorrow is not without hope. It has a glorious interminable prospect.

At present only these few particulars must be added: that he was born Feb. 16, in the year 1736, and married Dec. 29, 1764, to Mils Torkington, of Little Stukely, near Huntingdon. Their hearts and understanding were formed for each other.

March 13. PHILAGATHUS.

THE TRIFLER *, No I II.

Scribit amator, meretrix, dat adultera munus,
Et eunis in feminis leporis fugiit laevus.

PETRON.

When dreams descend to prompt a future bride,
And grant those joys, by absent love denied,
The treacherous harlot feeds her wanton flame,
And the keen hound pursues the trembling game.

THERE is nothing that approaches so near to absent reality, as the sensations we feel during our relaxation from business and the world: we are worked upon by the apprehension of something good or evil, which presents itself to our imagination in such strong and lively colours, as frequently to exceed what reality itself could have painted. This impression upon the human mind is the more astonishing when considered as the representation of what never has, and perhaps never can, happen, of things unnatural and unprecedented. To discover the hidden cause which affects our beings during this state of second nature would be impossible; and to enquire into its variety of effects equally absurd; since all things unknown and supernatural can only be attributed to that Providence under whose protection we escape those perils we are hourly exposed to, and upon whose private mysteries even conjecture would be impious.

Nevertheless, to be terrified with the mere delusions of fancy, is the most eminent characteristic of a mind swollen up in credulity, and even tainted with the blindness of superstition. This indeed is a happiness for us, that we seldom find even credulity distinguished in those to whom, as individuals, it would be most injurious; I mean, in men of genius and learning. It is commonly received and practised among the vulgar part of mankind, whole birth and ignorance contribute to the propagation
propagation of so pernicious an evil. It may, perhaps, be sometimes discoverable in those of more enlightened faculties: and I have had many reasons to suspect that nothing, except his morality, more conspicuously marked the character of a very late eminent and able writer, whose merit, prejudice, and singularities, I shall make the subject of some future paper.

However deeply the mind may be affected in the very moment of its imaginary occupations, however sensibly the objects may be delineated, and their characters represented; I scarcely remember an instance where the person, having awakened from his trance, could recollect more than half the circumstances which, but a moment before, had been so strongly represented to his imagination. Some indeed are more forcibly impressed than others; and some, in their very nature, more capable of being clearly remembered, and minutely described, than others. A friend of mine once informed me of a circumstance, the fact of which I should strongly be induced to mistrust; had I ever had the least reason to doubt the veracity, or honour of my author. He told me, that having sat up late one evening in the enjoyment of his favorite amusements, and the interim of many a vacant hour, the worship of the Muses—he left them suddenly, while his imagination was yet warm, and his genius in its full vigour, in order to repeat himself during the remaining part of the night. He had not long been in bed, when he fell into a sound sleep; and, during this slumbers, his poetic fancy framed fix or eight couplets, but the emotions he felt as soon as he had finished the last line,

And hail'd his bar before mine,
Infinitely woke him. In attempting to repeat them, he succeeded to a degree almost incredible, without forgetting a single syllable. Perceiving it to be moon-light, he raised himself on his bed, and reaching his pocket-book from out of his coat-pocket, attempted to pencil them; but, alas! his ideas were confused, his poetry forgotten, and the very thought vanished from his mind; he could neither trace the rhyme of a single verse, nor recollect the smallest particle of his fancy-woven composition, except the line mentioned above, which, being so effective as to awake him in the midst of a dream, was also sufficiently effective to be retain'd in his memory. This is the only instance I ever remember to have met with of an 'ability to compose and methodically digest, while the mind is abstracted from its reason, and the ideas lost in themselves.' The unexpected abruptness with which the versts thus framed were snatched from his memory, may be a convincing proof of the volatility and insignificance of dreams; they are indeed, when considered with visions, so opposite in their nature, and so trifling in their consequence, that a moment's reflection may be sufficient to convict the fairest sophism, and expose the blindest superstition. But, among the lower species of mankind, who have neither reason nor reflection for their guide, this contagion has spread itself with inordinate rage, to maddened their affections, and so influenced the whole tenor of their actions, that with them conviction itself stands unsupported by approbation, and reason gives way to prejudice and fancy.

It may, perhaps, by some be thought of very little consequence whatever measures this community may pursue, and whatever prejudices their ignorance may incur; but this is a false notion. The security and welfare of a state depends not so much upon the caprice of its immediate governors, as upon the dispositions and inclinations of the greater part of its subjects. The number of those temporary magistrates who preside at the helm of government, is nothing when compared to that of the poorer populace. It is true, the power of those extends itself to all ranks of people; and can do more execution in one hour than whole ages can be able to re-place; while the power of these (if they have any power at all) is confined by certain rules, and limited to a few individuals only. But authority in the clutches of a people violent in their motions, inconceivable in their numbers, and stubborn in their resolves, would be little more than a chicken in the claws of an eagle; it could neither enforce obedience, nor expect mercy. Since then the vulgar part of mankind is by far the most numerous and resolute, is it not evident that, were an insurrection to take place among them, they could effect more by force than authority, and more by example than all the threats of magistrates? For this reason, particular care should be taken to eradicate this growing evil of credulity, while its infant state, from the minds of our common
common people, left by the cultivation of so many thousands, skilful to cherish, and able to preserve every tender bud from the blasts of reason, and the attacks of learning, it grow to maturity superfluous, and spread itself over the whole globe in such luxuriance as neither authority nor time can destroy. Should this ever be the case, that government, so profound, established upon such firm principles, and swayed by such wife and able ministers, must become the nursery of ignorance, and the dupe of superstition.

But here I could with a proper distinction to be observed between the mere chimeras of the brain, and real visions. They bear, in fact, so little resemblance to each other in any of their circumstances, that, while I am treating upon dreams, no person can be so unreasonable as to suppose, under that species, I include those kind of visions, which, as they appear so rarely, and upon such extraordinary occasions, are manifestly the effect of some supernatural cause. It is certain that no person can pretend to dispute the reality of that which our eyes have openly attested. For visions do not affect our imagination only in the moments of sound sleep, in the same manner as dreams do, but appear to us either while we are in that state of dozing little sleep, which neither utterly excludes us from the feelings and passions of human nature, nor totally expels us to the perception of outward and inactive objects. Or they appear while we are, openly awake. The former, perhaps, may be the reason why they inure such a terror into the mind of the waking person; he is suddenly routere from his stupidity by something which inanently strikes him with the idea of what is commonly termed a ghost. Thus, without a moment for reflection or compulion, his passions may be so disordered, as neither time can wear off the impression, nor medicine restore him to his former health and happiness. On the contrary, whenever they appear to the person while in perfect possession of all his sensitive faculties, he is of course already prepared to receive them without feeling those sudden attacks of terror and surprieze. The vision which appeared to the Duke of Buckingham's steward, previous to that nobleman's death, happened at a time when he was perfectly awake, his senses were as keen and entire as the most public time of day-light could have made them; and this evidently the reason why he bore the attack with such courage and unconcernedness, as even to venture to sleep alone after the old Duke had appeared twice before to him, and without even mentioning it extraordinary a circumstance. Among the innumerable stories that have circuited in every part of the world relating to ghosts and hobgoblins, I remember not one that is even said to have appeared in the day-time. I mention this, in order to remark the singular opinion which Locke seems to have entertained concerning these traditions. "The ideas of goblins and spirits (says he) have really no more to do with darkness than light; yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he never shall be able to separate them as long as he lives, but darkness shall ever after bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other." This is a strange deviation from common opinions; and, were it not advanced on the authority of so eminent a writer on the subject of ideas in general, would long since have been buried in the ruins of oblivion. And I still believe that the same author of this opinion, had he been put to the test, could not have illustrated it with a single example. In darkness and solitude the mind is naturally inclined to feel these impressions of horror and fear. At the shaking of a bramble, or the whistlings of a breeze, we are startled at the ridiculous apprehension of something that relates to spirits, and so terrified, that even darkness itself becomes a pest to our imagination; of, as Virgil nobly expresses it,

Horror ubique animis, simul ipfa silentia territ,
All things are full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.

There is, it is true, in the above quotation, a very just and pertinent observation, relating to the terror which children naturally conceive against darkness, arising from the various tales which parents and nurses impose upon their tender and credulous minds. It may be owing chiefly to this, that children in particular discover a strong aversion to walk out in the evening, or sleep alone. It is a pity but this practice was utterly abolished, and other stories from history, and common experience, equally entertaining, substituted in their room; that instead of a race of
weak, ignorant, and credulous bigot, we may flue to posterity sons that may reflect honour on ourselves, and ennoble the ages they adorn, intil the manly spirit of our ancestors in their veins, give ardour to the cause of truth, and revive the drooping blossoms of virtue and Christianity.

Mr. Urban, March 11.

The justice you have done to Curll, in p. 93, is no more than was his due. His memory, as is well observed by the editor of Atterbury’s Miscellaneiæ, “has been transmitted to posterity with an obloquy he ill deserved. Whatever were his demerits, he published not a single volume but what, amidst a profusion of baser metal, contained some precious ore, some valuable relics, which future collectors would no where else have found.” The letter to Major Dunbar is a striking case in point. But why, Mr. Urban, did not you give your readers its counterpart; of which the various copyists, who have successively handed down the letter in your last, appear to have been totally ignorant? Nor do they seem to know, that when Mr. Addison refused the bank-bill of 300 pounds, the Major expended the money on a diamond ring, which the Secretary had also the honour of refusing to accept. The other letter I allude to was this:

“To the Hon. Major David Dunbar.

Sir,

1715.

I this morning urged to my Lord Lieutenant, everything which you suggested in your letter, and what else came into my thoughts. He told me it flapped the Secretary, and that he would still see what could be done in it. I spoke to Sir William Saint Quintin to remove all difficulties with the Secretary, and will again plead your cause with his Excellency to-morrow morning. If you feag me word where I may wait on you about eleven o’clock, in some bye-coffee-house, I will inform you of the issue of this matter, if I find my Lord Sunderland at home, and will convince you that I was in earnest when I wrote to you before, by shewing myself your most disinterested, humble servant.

J. Addison.”

Whilst I am transcribing, I am tempted to think your readers will have no objection to see two other Addisconian letters from the same too-much-neglected source of information.

To Mr. Cole, at Venice.


Yesterday we had news that the body of Sir Cloudesly Shovel was found on the coast of Cornwall. The fishermen, who were searching among the wrecks, took a tin box out of the packet of one of the carcases that was floating, and found in it a commission of an admiral; upon which, examining the body more narrowly, they saw it was poor Sir Cloudesly. You may guess the condition of his unhappy wife, who, lost, in the same ship with her husband, her two only sons by Sir John Narborough. We begin to despair of the two other men of war, and the fire-ship, that engaged among the same rocks.

I am, &c. J. Addison.”

To the Earl of Manchester, at Paris.

“My Lord, Cockpit, July 23, 1708.

I make bold to congratulate your Lordship on the appearance of so honourable a conclusion as your Lordship is putting to your dispute with the Senate of Venice. I had the pleasure to-day of hearing your Lordship’s conduct in this affair very much applauded by some of our first peers. We had an unlucky business about two days ago that befel the Muscovite ambassador, who was arrested going out of his house, and rudely treated by the bailiffs. He was then upon his departure for his own country, and the sum under a hundred pounds that stopt him; and what makes the business the worse, he has been punctual in his payments, and had given order that this very sum should be paid the day after. However, as he is very well convinced that the government entirely disapproves such a proceeding, there are no ill consequences apprehended from it. Your Lordship knows that the privileges of ambassadors are under very little regulations in England, and I believe that a bill will be promoted in the next parliament for fereting them upon a certain foot; at least it is what we talk of in both offices on this occasion. I am, &c.

J. Addison.”

If these are inserted, you shall hear again from

Yours, &c. M. Green.

Mr. Urban, March 24.

In the inscription from Sleaford church, in your Magazine for February, p. 98, there is an error of the press, which requires to be corrected. The Andrew Kippis there mentioned did not die at the age of 48, but of 84. The names following that of his wife Bridget are of such of their children as died in their infancy. Besides these, they had three sons who grew up to years of maturity; the second of whom, Robert, a silk houer at Nottingham, and who was carried off in early life, was father to the editor of the new impression of the Biographia Britannica.

Mr.
in search of imaginary treasure. The whole pillar is 14 feet high. It is perfectly well polished, and only a little
scafed on the East side. Nothing can equal the majestic appearance of this monument. At a distance it commands
the city, and serves as a signal to vessels. On a near view it excites a respectful admiration by the beauty of
its capital length of its shaft, and the imposing simplicity of the pedetial. I am persuaded, that were this pillar set
up before the palace of our kings, all Europe would be attracted to pay a tribute of admiration to the finest mo-
numen in the world.

The learned and travellers have made fruitless endeavours to discover to what prince's honour it was erected. The
most sensible have thought it could not be to Pompey, since it is not mentioned by Strabo or Diod. Siculus. But still they
entertained doubts which I think Abulfeda would have removed. He calls it the pillar of Severus. "Alexandria, says
he, is built on the sea side, and has a famous pharos, and the pillar of Se-
verus," Description of Egypt, p. 17, and note 193. 8vo. ed. Michaelis. And
history tells us, that this emperor visited Egypt, gave the Alexandrians a senate, and enacted several laws in their favour.
(Spartan Sev. c. 17.) This pillar was a monument of their gratitude. The
Greek inscription, half effaced, which may be seen on the West side, when
the sun shines on it, was doublets legible in Abulfeda's time, and presented
the name of Severus. This is not the only monument erected to him by the
Alexandrians. In the middle of the ruins of Antinoe, built by Adrian, is
still to be seen a magnificent perfect pillar, whose inscription, still remaining,
shews it to be dedicated to Alexander Severus. (See Pococke I. 73, who says
nothing of this inscription.)

Some of your correspondents, who are versed in inscriptions, may, perhaps,
by this key, decypher those you have given on this pillar.

D. H.

THE TRIFLER, No IV.

Eo quod
Illebris est et grata novitate morandus
Sp. Hor.
For novelty alone, he knew, could charm
The lawless crowd.

Francis.

To treat on a subject, in the pursuit of
which the most eminent writers of
modern ages have been frustrated, is
certainly no very easy or trivial under-
taking, and may seem to require more
abilities and more experience than a
mere Trifler can possibly have attained.
But in an age when established principles
are received rather as a burden than an
advantage to society; when fashion and
invention are become the grand topics
of meditation and employment; when the
least attempt towards the revival of
antiquated and forgotten customs, the
simplest discovery of new amusements,
or the propagation of such as are not
universally known, meet with the most
liberal rewards and acknowledgments
from every rank and station; in such an
age, I say, some thoughts upon the
subject of Novelty may not be found
totally impertinent, though unsupported
by that claim which should chiefly re-
commend them.

Novelty, like commodities of every
sort, becomes more or less valuable ac-
cording to its greater or less degree of
scarcity, and continues to lose part of
its influence as new inventions become
more common, and variety is enjoyed
with greater frequency. In those dark
ages of the world when arts and sciences
served no other purpose than to gratify
the appetites of an ignorant monarch,
or to confine whole lives of his sub-
jects in the contemplation of what they
knew nothing more of except the mere
existence, without the most feeble at-
ttempts to cultivate or render them ser-
viceable to the ends of moral institu-
tions or natural appearances, Novelty
may be said to have been at its highest
pitch of infection. So little were arts
and sciences known in those days, that
the discovery of anything new, though
never so trivial, excited their attention
almost to a degree of enthusiasm; but
so ignorant were the people of cultura-
tion, and their genius so incapable of
exertion, that they admired it more for
its rarity than its real value. Having
no idea of the operations of any ma-
chine already constructed to their hands,
or how that construction was produced,
they could not possibly place any value
on that, the mere existence of which
was all they could comprehend. The
most they could presume to do was, to
flew their apparent knowledge and real
regard, by remaining fixed in a state of
amazement and stupidity, without once
inquiring in what manner, or to what
purpose, so wonderful a piece of me-
chanism had been wrought. It was the
amusement of monarchs, to toy and
daily
daily with that which was the admiration of their subjects. When the Europeans first introduced locks and keys into America, the Virginian king was so struck at the oddness of the phenomenon, that it was his constant employment, for some time, to turn the key, and become door-keeper to his attendants; but, when arts and sciences began to flourish more diffusely over the whole globe, they became the objects of more circumstantial attention; the folly and ignorance of preceding ages was now beginning to wear off, and there was manifestly to be seen in every new discovery something that called for enquiry, and demanded analysis. What was discovered in this led to the discovery of something more mysterious, and of greater consequence; till, at length, the whole body of philosophy was laid open, its contents examined, the thread of its mysteries unravelled, and its truths exposed to publick circumspection. By this means Novelty is become more common and less striking. It must be something of the greatest importance, and something of the most extraordinary nature, that can now excite the public curiosity: I mean, that can affect every individual equally alike; for fashions are continually changing; manners and customs depend totally upon the fancy and whimsies of court: but revolutions of this sort are not of equal moment to all ranks of people; the great alone are subject to them, and to these I shall very sparingly allude. The late rage of Ballooning, which had spread itself beyond even the nations of Europe, begins now to be appeased: every secret of the art is explored, and every principle that actuated the powers of this wonderful bubble is rendered common to the most ignorant beholder. Yet nothing at its first appearance met with such universal attention; nor was the inventor unworthily rewarded: and I am sorry to remark, that so celebrated a nursery of the arts and sciences, as that University of which I have the honour to be a member, should degrade itself so far as to suffer such ingenious and truly philosophic merit as that of Mr. Sadler's to lie undistinguished by any single mark of esteem, or even attention. The improvement of an invention of such a nature, though at present so imperfect, may lead to the discovery of something more considerable, especially when ingenuity and ambition concur in the pursuit of one grand end. For an ambition so highly laudable as this must be, raises in our minds a desire, which, if it once calls for gratification, will never be satisfied, nor ought we to restitute a passion which may tend to produce such great and useful services. In every instance, this passion of Novelty may easily be proved to be not less useful than considerable. Genius, however deprested by accident or inclination, must, at one time or other, be exerted. A state of indolence and solitudine can no longer be endured when once the passions are called forth by the force of example, or the hope of encouragement. The warbling of birds, the falling of cascades, and all the variety of rural enjoyments, become either nauseous or totally insipid, when once the charm of Novelty has raised our desires, and its pleasures demanded gratification. It is true that solitude and quiet are the most effectual requisites for diving into the mysteries of profound literature; but while they improve the understanding, and favour the pursuits after real knowledge, genius and taste are left at a distance behind. The man of the world, who has travelled through most of the countries in Europe, and carefully observed the difference between their manners and customs; has ranged from tavern to tavern, from coffee-house to coffee-house, and indulged himself with the gratification of every enjoyment of life, from the pomp and splendor of St. James's to the privacy and humility of the "straw-built cot;" may be able to temper his genius, and direct his taste to a degree of elegance and accuracy, to which the rural enthusiast is an entire stranger. In order, therefore, to correct the natural morosity of such a man's temper, and to divert the peculiarities of his manner, nothing will be found of greater efficacy than a change of place, conversation, and acquaintance. A transition from obscurity to publick attention; from the securities of retirement to the hazards of a riotous and vitiated metropolis; from the private conviviality of a few friends to a wide world of acquaintance; from the artless melody of a nightingale to the choral dignity of an opera; from the humble employments of husbandry, or the study of vegetation, to the matchless sublimity of theatrical entertainments, or the matter and importance of political squabbles; cannot but awake him from his lethargy, and demand his attention. He has now an opportunity of
of ascending from speculation to practice, from precept to example. The
moralist, who has the interest and happiness of a few individuals at heart, must expect the rewards and acknowledgments of a few individuals only; but he that has all mankind for his subject, will not only be rewarded by such myriads of those to whom his labours were consecrated, but will receive the particular distinction of HIM, in whose hand is the full and sole power of compensation and applause. In order to profess this latter, in any degree of perfection, a large acquaintance must be attained with the world and its foibles, which can only be done by the above transition and accurate observation; and it generally happens that this transition is effected merely by the aversion which most people discover to a tedious return of the same pleasures, and the same uniform method of life. At a period when letters are sought after as the grand incentive to earthly happiness, and cultivated as the most indolent cement of Society, I am happy to observe, that a means of circulating them by an easy and conciseful plan of publication becomes daily increased. Within the narrow bounds of a Magazine may be found, at once, information, variety, and entertainment. The generous reception with which the Gentleman's Magazine ever has, and still continues to be honoured, may prove the truth of this assertion; nor can the closest imitations ever hope to rival originality of design, and a noble spirit of execution; and I regard as a favourable omen the circumstance of having introduced myself to the world by means of so extensive and communicative a miscellany. The warmth and spirit which has hitherto buoyed up this publication, it is to be hoped, will still continue to be countenanced and applauded; for, in pursuit of any thing new, nothing can be too much applauded, nothing too much encouraged.—I shall here remark an error which parents are continually guilty of, in restraining their children from that sphere of life, which the early bent of their genius has discovered a strong partiality for. Perhaps eight out of ten are prejudiced in favour of a travelling life; a life which the most dignified rank, and the most luxurious enjoyments, can never be compared with, either in point of pleasure or utility. To charm is in the power of every kind of life; but to charm with continuance the life of a traveller can only profess. He is carried off in the heat of his curiosity from the contemplation of one project, to others as different in their kind as distant in their station. Before one pleasure has lost its power of attraction, another succeeds in its place; from court to court, from country to country, from prospect to prospect, his attention is diverted, while every fresh motion brings along with it some new beauty, or confesses some unknown truth. The boundaries of his understanding are hereby extended, the bent of his genius complied with, and the ardour of his curiosity appeased. The study of arts and sciences is facilitated by a continual succession of new discoveries. The system of vegetation becomes more enlarged, the distance and duration of countries more determinate, and their manners and policy more publicly understood. In short, every pleasure that can touch the heart, and every good that can improve the mind, is to be expected only from the fullest enjoyments of variety, and the keenest thirst of Noveltiy.

Mr. Urban,

April 3.

A S, from several years constant perusal of your Magazine, I have always found it a strenuous advocate for truth, I hope the following strictures will not be found unworthy of a place in your useful miscellany.

That the good actions of men were written on sand, their ill deeds engraved on brass, was the censure our great dramatic poet passed on the decision of his cotemporaries, in appreciating the characters of mankind. Should this censure be applied to some modern Biographers, it will be found far too severe. The maxim is now frequently reversed; the vices of individuals are concealed under the ornaments of panegyric, and their crimes covered with the fascinating garb of flattery. This practice at once confounds the distinction of worth and excellence, and confers on vice the honour due to virtue, as far as the effects of such ill bestowed praise extends.

The benevolence of philanthropy, and the warmth of friendship, should incline us to bear with the follies of mankind, and to forget the failings of our friends; the frailty of human nature obliges us indeed to do so. But when once a man is configned to the silent grave, if his character or conduct be sufficiently important or exemplary to
beat of his beams, made me to transpire
and sweat, that I arrived there dimi-
nished many pounds weight, besides fa-
tiguing my lungs in such a manner,
that for several days I could not lift up
a fly with my breath. We are come
at length to the pleasure of partridge
shooting, of which we have found great
plenty. But it has happened to me, as
it ordinarily succeeds in all human de-
gins, for whereas it was prefixed to
have the pleasure of the whole month of
September, it died the instant it was
born. A gun, either faulty in itself,
or badly loaded, at the first discharge
gave me so powerful a blow, that almost
beat out all my teeth from my mouth;
from whence I have a cheek which re-
sembles a great tumour of ten pounds,
and I shall be obliged to stay within
doors eight days, because the wind,
which blows here with great strength,
should not completely ruin my power
of eating. Add to this, certain cursed
invisible insects, which they call here
barves lice [mooini di miettiura],
which have in a thousand places of my legs
drawn blood, and have brought on a
worse itching than if I had the measles
or small-pox. Your brother has the
pout; but the pleasure of pursuing
the game is so powerful, that though
unable to ride, he follows the dogs in a
chair, from whence the huntsman is
obliged to force the hare towards the
old horse which draws the chair when
his master has the pout. The next post,
at eight days end, I hope to be longer,
as time will furnish matter, and my
check will naturally be turned to its
size. I remain with esteem, and most
humble obsequiousness, &c. &c.

Eraton, Aug. 31, 1751.

Mr. Urban,

A but few Italians that come among
us deserve that encouragement
which they rather indiscriminately meet
with, it is but justice to mention one
very lately dead, and who has left a
good name behind him. This was the
late J. B. Cipriani, who was not only a
capital artist, but, in other respects, a
valuable member of society. There is
a particular of him but little known,
and will probably please many of his
admirers by making the same more
public. This is a modest mode of per-
petuating his own name, in the plate to
the 35th canto of Ariosto, in which the
swans are rescuing the names of the
poets from oblivion. Here we find his
own in the mouth of one in a small mea-
dallion, so diminutive, as hardly to be
distinguished without a magnifying
glass. Nothing doubting but this bit of
information will be acceptable, I
transmit the same.

Yours, C. D.

N. B. I have had it from good au-
thority, that this compliment was paid
him by the engraver.

THE TRIFLER, № V.

Qui mares bonitum multorum vidit et urbet.
Hor.

Wand'ring from clime to clime, observant
stray'd,
Their manners noted, and their states fur-
vey'd.

Pop.

As the fashion of running through
France, Italy, and Germany, or,
as it is called, making the tour of Eu-
rophe, has of late become so universal,
that no gentleman of competent fortune
is deemed to have received a finished
education without it; it may not, per-
haps, be displeasing to the generality of
triflers, who lounge from coffee-house

to coffee-house, and from one place of
public entertainment to another, in quest
of some amusement to put off the time
that hangs heavy on their hands, to
know the causes that first induced men
to leave their native soil, their friends,
and their relations, to wander on difflant
shores, and expose themselves to the
dangers of stormy oceans and unhealthy
climates; at least, in reading this, they
will be full as well employed for them-
selves, and much better for their neigh-
bours, than by engaging in political
squabbles, debating on subjects they do
not understand, and settling finances
they will never have the management of,
exposing themselves publicly to ri-
dicule and contempt, and disturbing all
who have the unhappiness to sit near
them; nor may it, perhaps, be altogether
useless to many of the travellers
themselves, as they will be informed of
what, may be, their tutor forgot to tell
them, that some other employment
might have been found than fauntering
away their time on the Thilleries, and
ruining their fortunes and constitutions
with gamblers and opera-girls.

The first traveller of this terrestreil
world, whom we find upon record, was
Cain, who, after the murther of Abel,
is said, in the 4th chapter of Genesis,
to have gone into the land of Nod, not by
choice, but by the express and absolut
command of the Supreme Being, who
condemns
condemns him to be a wanderer and a vagabond on the face of the earth. It will be unnecessary here to enter into a discussion where this land of Nod was; whether it was China, or America, or any other place more or less distant from the fatal spot; these points have already been controverted by much able heads; but unfortunately these investigators, in spite of their indefatigable researches, have been unable hitherto to determine the critical spot where the Garden of Eden flood; and, till that difficulty is previously removed, it will puzzle the ablest geographers to point out the countries that lie to the eastward of it. In all probability, however, he was not banished farther than the confines of the inhabited countries; for we are told in Gen. vi. that "the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair, and they took them wives of all that they chose." This, which was one of the causes of the deluge, could not have happened in the common course of things, had they been separated by any considerate distance. It is not unlikely; from the similarity of the crime which caused the curse, the similarity of the curse which followed the crime, and from the little which is transmitted to us of the manners of the Cainites, that they much resembled the Jews of the present day, living more by trade and commerce than by the culture of the earth, which, in those times, was considered as the most honourable employment. As there is no other mention of antediluvian travellers, it will not, on the following grounds, be unfair to conclude, that there were none. Money, the indispensible attendant of every fashionable traveller, was yet unknown, and, on account of the curse denounced against Cain, travelling was doubtless a disgrace: add to this, that there was so little variety to be met with where husbandry was the general occupation, when cities were yet un-built, and courts were yet unknown, that few would be hardy enough, under these disadvantages, to make what would now be styled a polite tour. To say that natural curiosities would have repaid their toils, and compensated for their disgrace, would only be engaging in disputes relative to the figure of the earth before the deluge. Whether it was then, as now, diversified by hills and vallies; whether the beds of rivers were then broken by cataracts; whether the land was then, as now, divided into ten thousand isles and continents, while the ocean was deformed by rocks and breakers, and agitated by the howling tempest; are points that must be left to the learned; and the reader of this must be contented with the simple narrative which was at first proposed, and in which we are now arrived at an important era. By the invention of ship-building, of which the ark was either the first specimen, or, at least, a considerable improvement, men were enabled to transport themselves, their families and necessaries, when they went in search of more convenient settlements, in a much more easy and expeditious manner than by traversing the furly plains, exposed to the parching heat of the sun, and the noxious exhalations of the night; nor does it appear that they were either ignorant of these advantages, or neglected to make use of them; for we are told, that within 250 years after the flood, not only those parts of Asia, Africa, and Europe, that were nearest to the settlement of Noah, were inhabited, but that they had penetrated as far as Italy, Spain, Germany, France, and even to the British isles, which are said to have been peopled by Gomer, the grandson of Noah, and from him the inhabitants assumed the name of Cymru, which is to this day preserved among the Welsh; it may perhaps seem something strange, that the human race, which consisted, after the flood, of only eight persons, should, in the short space of 250 years, multiply so fast, as to make it necessary to go in search of habitations to such distant climates; but we are not to infer from hence, that all the intermediate countries were filled with people. They might proceed so far in order to discover the most convenient places for settlement; they might do it in order to avoid that rage for conquest which had already begun to disturb society. Being ignorant of the use of the compass, they might frequently be driven farther than they intended, as is often the case still with the natives of the South-sea islands, which accounts for the human species being found on isles separated 2 or 300 leagues from any other land. But it would be tedious to enumerate the various expeditions of these early adventurers; the hopes of a better settlement, by conquest or discovery, appear to have been the prevailing motives that stimulated their attempts.
nor did any one quit his country without some self-interested view till about the year of the world 2200, when Osiris left Egypt, at that time the seat of learning, and proceeded through Greece, Italy, Spain, Gaul, and Britain, to civilize the manners of the people, and teach them the art of agriculture; his example was followed by Cecrops, Άφρας, by whom the Greeks were first instructed in religious knowledge. The next after him, who had public spirit enough to hazard his life for the benefit of society, was Hercules, who traversed Greece, Italy, and Spain, to extirpate the bands of robbers with which those countries were infested; an undertaking which was complicated by Theseus, his successor in those dangerous enterprises. It might, perhaps, seem unpardonable to pass over here the celebrated adventures of Ulysses; but as they were the result, not of choice, but of necessity, and the knowledge that Ulysses derived from them induced no one to follow his example, however entertaining or instructive they may be to the reader, it is certainly unnecessary to take any notice of them here. It is indeed something strange, that so polite and wise a people as the Greeks were so little inclined to go in search of knowledge and improvement into other countries. But for this, several reasons may be assigned: they were divided into a number of petty states, which were seldom at peace with one another, or even with themselves, so that every individual found sufficient employment for his time and thoughts in the factions and hostilities he was concerned in, and had no opportunity of spending three or four years in visiting other countries. Besides, looking upon themselves already as the wisest and most polished of mankind, they held other nations in too great contempt to entertain an idea of adopting their sentiments and manners. That there were some indeed who went into Persia, and served in the armies of the Persian monarch, cannot be denied; these, however, were rather hostages for the fidelity of their countrymen, than men who acted from choice or inclination. Another reason, not less cogent, might be added to these, their poverty, which would alone be sufficient to give them a dislike for travelling; for, although a name well known, or a splendid title, may be very pretty travelling puffs, yet nothing gives so much real importance as a pocket full of money. Gold is the sovereign talisman that opens every door for pleasure or information, and is a better remedy for every ill than even patience itself; it is that alone which will extract sincerity from a Frenchman, make a Dutchman hospitable, and the haughty Spaniard familiar. Let not then my lord Anglos suppose that the respect he is treated with is paid to his merit or his country; the cringing slaves that surround him are indifferent about the former, and esteem the latter for no other reason than that they get most by it. They affect to love his country because they know it is an Englishman's weak side; they applaud his generosity that they may partake of it; and attend him with the utmost affluence because he pays them for it better than they deserve. If any gentleman is inclined to disbelieve these assertions, he may prove the truth of them by a much less expense than he is at to be deceived; he need only forget to furnish his pocket-book, and he will soon perceive, without the help of extraordinary penetration, that his continental friends can very well dispense with his company; that English gallantry is by no means irrefutable; that English home-bred humour may sometimes give offence; and that impertinent waiters and petitions are not always to be terrified by the threat of a horsewhip or a pistol. But to return to the ancients. The Romans, who succeeded the Greeks in arts and empire, were, as well as their predecessors, too proud to search after improvement among nations whom they styled slaves and barbarians. The Roman youths for many centuries were educated at home; till, after the destruction of Carthage, it became fashionable to send them to prosecute their academic studies at Athens, which at that time abounded with philosophers, sophists, and orators of every denomination, and was, in short, the university of the world: perhaps they might have discovered it worth while to have proceeded farther; but the factions which soon after began to distract the state turned their thoughts into another channel: those factions (except during the reign of Augustus) continued with very little intermission till the irruptions of the Goths and Vandals overthrew that mighty empire. All now became a scene of anarchy and confusion, ignorance and barbarism universally
A Passage in Hamlet illustrated.—Curious old Seals explained. 375

fally prevailed, men, provided they lived themselves, were careless how their neighbours lived; and, during the space of more than 700 years, the chief, and almost only travellers, were Christians, who traversed every region of the then known world to propagate their religion. The gallant reign however of Charlemagne, which happened about the latter end of the eighth century, altered the face of affairs, and, by its consequences, once more revived that passion for novelty, which hath since led Europe, but particularly this country, into so many extravagances. But, having now come down to that period called the middle ages, and exceeded the usual limits of this paper, it may not be amiss to postpone the remainder to a future number, together with some reflections and remarks on the use and abuse of travelling.

In No. IV. p. 315, l. 4, r. project for object.

MR. URBAN, May 5.

"Let the Devil wear black, I'll have a suit of fables."

THIS strange speech of Hamlet may, perhaps, receive some elucidation from part of a statue of Brazen Nofe College, Oxford, which was shewn to me in MS. by a deceased friend. The statuæs bear date primo die Februarii, anno Regis Henrici Odgovertio-decimo, A.D. 1522. It should seem that fables were reckoned snuery in those days, and had nothing to do with mourning. — "Statuumus præteres, quod omnes et singuli prædicti togis longis in parte anteriœe confutis infra universtitatem utantur, et quod nullus eorum peliniris pretiosi et simplici tus, vulgarier diciis fabulis, in trium, panouve de velvet, damasco, fatti, cit. clambert, in suis vestibus, internis five externis, ut eorum simbritis five extremitibus, vel in eorum lilippiis in universitate quoquo modo utatur."—"Let the Devil morn for me, I'll drese gaily," is Hamlet's meaning, and I think this interpretation is countenanced by the quotation. A picture of Richard Gardiner, some time rector of Whitechapel, hangs in the reftry-room there. It was painted in 1617, the 25th of James 1. and is an hard, poor picture. Gardiner is represented with fables, which occupy the place at this day filled with the scarf. He was 48 years rector of the parish, and his name appears in the list of benefactors to it.

Yours, &c. D. N.

Mr. Urban, May 5.

I send you herewith impressions of two seals which I have been favoured with, and which some one of your numerous correspondents may be able to explain. [See plate II.]

The matrix of fig. 1. is made of tolerably pure copper, with a perforation through a little projecting piece of metal over the head of the figure, the mark of which you may observe in the wax. The legend approaches nearest in my opinion to Sigillum Guadini—but this last word can scarce be any way forced into a tolerable meaning. It has been read Guademi by a great man in these matters: I believe I may mention the name of Mr. Asle. But I cannot reconcile the letters with this reading.

The seal, of which A, fig. 2. is the impression, is made of a kind of mixed metal; and I found it in a bag among several coins of little value. B, exhibits it in perspective; C, in profile. A little piece of the metal is formed on the back like a staple, and may have served to fix it into a wooden handle. I read the legend, Sigillum Willelmi Saracini, and should be obliged to any one who would take the trouble of giving me an explanation of it.

D. N.

As the tracts printed by the Society for Constitutional Information are objects of general attention, as well from the curious and interesting matter they contain, as from the difficulty of procuring them; we mean, in future, to present our readers with such of them as from their length or other circumstances are not inconsistent with the nature of our plan.

TRACTS OF THE SOCIETY FOR CONSTITUTIONAL INFORMATION.

No. I.

Extrait from ANDREW FLETCHER of SALTOUN'S Discourse of Government, with relation to Militias.

THERE is not, perhaps, in human affairs, any thing so unaccountable as the indignity and cruelty with which the far greater part of mankind suffer themselves to be used under pretence of government: for some men, falsely persuading themselves that bad governments are advantageous to them, as most conducing to gratify their ambition, avarice, and luxury, let themselves with the utmost
terposition of their friends, they might have been exalted to a greater eminence in it; and there are few, I imagine, at present, who are not in some measure concerned in the acquisition of future preferment. In the contemplation of these imaginary positions, they are in a perpetual suspense between hope and fear, according as the tide of popularity is more or less rapid of those who are to realize them; and the submition they are obliged to comply with serves but to feed the vanity of their patrons; it has inflated them with a haughty sense of their own consequence, and a full contempt of those who are dependent upon them. Among the different votaries of public favour, perhaps there are none more abject than those who have no settled and permanent quarter from which to expect the golden shower. They are continually looking up, and in continual expectation of the happy gale that is to terminate their anxiety, but are unable to tell from what point it will blow, or what interceffion can procure it. The politician has but to vote with the ministry, and, if they succed, his end is attained; while the poor hackney curate is for ever praying that Saturday were come, and when it does come, is agitated the whole day by the sound of every footstep, and expects that every rap at his door will bring him intelligence that he is wanted to do duty to-morrow for the vicar. Something of this nature (pardon me the comparison) is the state of an inn-keeper on the road. He is always in expectation of customers, but can never tell with certainty when they will come. If he makes any provision for their reception, they may disappoint him, and the expense is his own loss. If he is unoccupied about the matter, they may be sure to come; and, after having loaded his negligence with some hearty imprecations, will leave him, and go to another house, where perhaps it may be vain to expect a better accommodation.

Could we for a moment conceive a nation, or even a country, destitute of the common conveniencies which public inns afford us; for miles and miles without any shelter from the battering of storms, or the severity of frosts; could we, in that condition of passions, reflect upon the wretchedness that must ensue from such innovation; it might blunt the sting of disappointment, and soften the fierceness of revenge; it might supply us with
with the power of tolerating, if not re-
medying the difcape. But it is repug-
nant to every idea of human fallibility, to
suppose that man can look calmly on
the evils that are impending over his
head, when his passions are rebelling
against him, when humanity has loft its
feelings, and reafon toters on her throne.
Reflection is seldom courted, even in
the moft sober moments of solitude: the ac-
tions of past life will seldom bear a fre-
quenf revifal: if they have not been
wholly swallowed up in the common
vortex of riot and extravagance, they
have perhaps been rifled away in vani-
ties, or wafted in idlenefs.

He nuge feria ductunt—
Trifles such as these to serious fubjects lead.

It is the common fate of landlords to
be considered by travellers as fulftifing
merely upon their extravagance, and sub-
ject to all the petty impertinencies of
offentation and pride. This may indeed
be true. But this very circumstance, one
would think, would be alone sufficient to
awaken their liberality and tenderness.
What can be more eminently characte-
risic of a humane and noble dispoftion, than
the relieving of thofe who, we are
confident, cannot fubfift without us; and
the encouraging of thofe who have, per-
haps, exchanged a certain and regular
livelihood for the conveniences and for-
tuitous benevolence of strangers? But
there is a certain fet of mortals in the
world, who consider every being, that is
beneath them in rank and fortune, made
only to serve their purpofes. If the
foot-boy difflorts but a single feature
while the whole family are buffeting with
laughter; “Pretty times, indeed!” cries
Sir Plume, “Servants laugh at their
matters!” His wages are paid, and he is
difmiffed. The flate of inn-keepers
feems to be equally unfertd: it is fel-
dom they can Totally pleale; there will
be always something too little, or some-
ting too much: the provifions will be
either too faint or too luxurious; and
the charge, if all the refl happen to
pleafe, is always fure of defpairing.
The alacrity of the waiter may be some-
times conftituted into familiarity, and his
referve be considered as negleét. They
may leave the house—but where will
difcontented pride find a better?

Among the many circumstances which
tend to injure the reputation of an inn,
there is one which, by strangers, ought
at least to be deemed only an inconveni-
ence. If ever there should (and it often
does) happen, from the frequent avoca-
tions of a buffy feafon, or at certain flated
days of amufement, to be no mode of
conveyance for travellers to prosecute
their journey in one ina, they will re-
pair immediately to another; and, not
content with forfaking it for ever, think
no calamity too severe, and no detefa-
tion too public, in return for, what they
call, fuch open negleét to strangers.

To verify thefe obfervations, and to
fet the absurdity of fuch ridiculous prac-
tices in a clear light, a moment’s reflec-
tion, one would think, might be fuffici-
ent. It may, I premufe, be faid with-
out vanity, that there will scarcely be a
reader of this paper who may not, at
one time or other, have applied them to
himfelf. He may recall to his mind the
prejudices which folly had occasioned,
and act with greater moderation in his
future conduct; he may fuffer his reafon
to prefide over his passion, and learn to
endure with patience the evils he cannot
cure.

The many literary adventures which
occur at an inn, unlefs indeed to thofe
who enter it with a determination to be
gratified with nothing that can be proc-
cured for them, will be often entertain-
ing, and sometimes curious. It has
frequently been matter of harmless curi-
ofity to me, to decipher the temporary
effusions of genius which I have found
scattered about the window and wainfocf.
The following little elegance I marked
down the other day in my pocket-book,
as superior to the generality of these me-
trical trifles; and is at leaft pretty, if not
fomething more.*

Upon a pale Lady, whose Husband had a re-
markable red Nose.

Say, why in lovely Clara’s face
The lily only has a place?
Is it because the absent rofe
Is gone to paint her husband’s nose?

As I doubt not but there are many,
even of the graver part of my readers,
who fometimes indulge themfelves with
fimilar amufements, I fhall prefent them
with fome thoughts which have been
communicated to me upon the fubjedt;
and which, I doubt not, they will rea-
dily concur with me in withling had been
fo far prolonged as to have excufed my
own.

“I hate an inn—says the Beau, who
wishes for wings to convey his fweet
perfon, with the greatest dispatch, from

* This epigram, however pretty, is not
new, having frequently appeared in print.
the dear delights of London assemblies, to Bath, to Brighton, or to Weymouth.

"I hate an inn"—cries the Man of the Turf—who knows no joy but where he can make a bet.

"I hate these d—d inns"—exclaims the well-fed alderman: there is not a cook between London and the land's end who knows how to dress a turtle, or a pulled fowl!

"I hate an inn"—says the sober tradesman, who counts his pence while going to Margate to spend his pounds—such extravagant charges!

"I love an inn"—says the man who loves to see the world in all its varieties; who, by appearing willing to be pleased, communicates a desire to please; and who, if he fails, puts the failure to the debtor side of his account; and wipes off the score at the next place where he fares better.

"I love an inn"—where the ready attendance of the landlord on your approach, the alacrity of the waiter, the cheerfulness of a good fire in cold weather, or the relief of a cool room after quitting a hot sun, make you forget your fatigue in coming to it.

"But where is this civil landlord, this ready waiter, this good fire, this cool room, to be found? In many, many places, my good friend. If you had ever travelled in France, Italy, or Germany, you would hold English inns in greater respect. Few are the public-houses in this country where you may not procure decent accommodation; there are many where what is really good will be readily offered to one ready to accept it. If you will demand what they have not to give, you must blame yourself for requiring what you ought not to expect; not them for want of an unexpected demand. If you cannot be content with a plain fowl, or a mutton-chop, you should stay at home. Limit your expectations at an inn to clean linen and common provisions, you may be gratified. Is anecdote your search? A bottle of the best port, or a bowl of good punch, will obtain from the landlord the history of every family in the neighbourhood. Do you love farming? Boniface grows his own barley, brews his own ale, mows his own hay. Bus, Sir, a reader may be entertained at an inn without the help of such a library as my friend Lawrence used to provide at the Bear at the Devizes. Amongst the multitudinous productions of the press, how many does the mind wish to retain?

Numerous are those which happily pass through the memory without leaving any traces of their passage. The readings furnished by the window or wainscot of an inn are fewer and shorter, but perhaps those worth attending to are in some proportion to the other. Take the following specimens:

"To the Wainscot.

"Unhappy Wainscot to receive
What every blockhead pleases to leave,
Who, void of sense, or taste, or wit,
By no reproof or fatire hit,
To spoil thy paint will take such pains,
Exposing too his want of brains.

"Answer.

"Grieve not for me, the Wainscot cries,
I, as I ought, such trash desist;
'Tis you, whose memory's fore'd to bear
The filthy nonsense scribbled here;
'Tis you who have most cause for sorrow—
Besides, the dithclout comes to-morrow.

"Ye who on windows thus prolong your shame,
And to such arrant nonsense put your name,
The diamond quit—wth me the pencil take,
So shall that shame but short duration make;
For lo! the housemaid comes in dreadful pet,
With red right-hand, and with a dithclout,
Dashes off all, nor leaves a wrack to tell
Who 'twas that wrote so ill, or low'd so well.

"As I quote from memory, any grave critic of your acquaintance may condemn my want of accuracy without provoking my resentment. Let him criticise; but, if he does, he must be an inn reader; and then he will be able to give you some other proofs of my affection.

S. H."

Mr. Urban.

May 27.

The public in general are much obliged to Mrs. Piozzi, for her anecdotes of her valued friend. I was but pleased with those little keys to the Rambler and Idler, and hope that several more may be recovered by the contribution of his intimate friends. Where this can be done without hurting the modesty of silent merit, recalling the scenes of domestic industry, or exposing that vice where serious reformation has now taken place; I wish to see it communicated through the Gent. Mag. There can be but few now remaining who would be flattered or injured by such communication; and, at the same time, it would produce an additional pleasure in the perusal of those excellent papers.

W. R. M.

Mr.