

*W. Musgrave.*  
THE  
Gentleman's Magazine:

A N D

Historical Chronicle.

V O L U M E LVI.

For the YEAR MDCCLXXXVI.

PART THE FIRST.

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PRODESSE ET DELECTARE—  
E PLURIBUS UNUM.

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By SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gent.*

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L O N D O N :

Printed by JOHN NICHOLS, for DAVID HENRY, late of *St. John's Gate*; and sold by ELIZ. NEWBERY, the Corner of *St. Paul's Church-Yard, Ludgate-Street.* 1786.

book; and, if it were not attached to his previous reputation, one would not think much of it. Had he written nothing else, his name would not have lived. Addison does not seem to have gone deep in Italian literature: he shews nothing of it in his subsequent writings. He shews a great deal of French learning."

"I mentioned Pope's friend *Spence*.—*Johnson*. 'He was a weak conceited man.'—*Boswell*. 'A good scholar, Sir?'—*Johnson*. 'Why, no, Sir.'—*Boswell*. 'He was a pretty scholar.'—*Johnson*. 'You have about reached him.'"

"*Miss McLean* is the most accomplished lady that I have found in the Highlands. She knows French, music, and drawing, sews neatly, makes flannel-work, and can milk cows; in short, she can do every thing. She talks sensibly, and is the first person whom I have found that can translate Erse poetry literally."

"I mentioned that I heard *Dr. Solander* say that he was a Swedish Laplander.—*Johnson*. 'Sir, I don't believe he is a Laplander. The Laplanders are not much above four feet high. He is as tall as you; and he has not the copper colour of a Laplander.'—*Boswell*. 'But what motive could he have to make himself a Laplander?'—*Johnson*. 'Why, Sir, he must either mean the word Laplander in a very extensive sense, or may mean a voluntary degradation of himself.' 'For all my being the great man you see me now, I was originally a Barbarian;' as if Burke should say, 'I came over a wild Irishman,'—which he might say in his present state of exaltation."

"*Pulteney* was as paltry a fellow as could be. He was a Whig, who pretended to be honest; and you know it is ridiculous for a Whig to pretend to be honest. He cannot hold it out.——He called Mr. Pitt a meteor: Sir Robert Walpole a fixed star."

"The *Turkish Spy* told nothing but what every body might have known at that time; and what was good in it did not pay you for the trouble of reading to find it."

"We talked of Goldsmith's *Traveller*, of which Dr. Johnson spoke highly; and, while I was helping him off with his great coat, he repeated from it the character of the English nation, which he did with such energy, that the tear started into his eye."

He maintained that "*Arbuckle Duke of Argyll* was a narrow man."

"On communicating to Dr. Johnson the news that Dr. Beattie had got a pension of two hundred pounds a year, he sat up in his bed, clasped his hands, and cried, 'O brave we!' a peculiar exclamation of his when he rejoices."

"This nobleman, when Earl of Hly, began a week in the House of Peers, with 'My Lords, I am a Presbyterian, &c.'"

EDIT.

"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 show 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 persisted 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 winding way.

*Johnson*. 'That will not do, Sir. Nothing is good but what is consistent with truth or probability, which this is not. Juvenal, indeed, gives us a noble picture of inflexible virtue:

Esto bonus miles, tutor bonus, arbiter idem  
Integer; ambigere si quando citabere testis,  
Incertaque rei, Phaleris licet imperet, ut sis  
Falsus, et admoto dictet perjuria tauro,  
Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudori;

Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.  
He repeated the lines with great force and dignity; then added, 'And, after this, comes Johnnny Home, with his *earth gaping*, and his *destruction crying*.—Pooh!"

## THE TRIFLER, N<sup>O</sup> I.

*Misquit utile dulci.* Hon. Ars Poet.  
Profit and pleasure here together mix.

FRANCIS.

OF all the inventions which have appeared since the cultivation of letters, nothing seems to lay a greater claim to the attention of the public than a periodical paper; and nothing more fully exemplifies this observation than the repeated encomiums a *Speclator*, a *Rambler*, or an *Advertiser*, 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 entertainment, as well serious as comic, both reasonable and local; it enlarges the understanding, without crowding it with superfluities; and charms the heart, without palling the appetite. Many valuable though early geniuses, which are unequal to a more laborious or more useful task, may here indulge their inclinations, or perhaps their vanity, in short and animated strains, until time and practice shall mature their understanding, and exchange the warm effusions of a youthful imagination for the more serious and weighty employments of judgement and capa-

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 *Hawkesworth* 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 deserts 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 strictness of a *Rambler*, nor the levity of a *Spectator*; neither awed by the gravity of a *Johnson*, nor captivated by the gaiety of an *Addison*:

*Virtus in medio est.*

As to the mottoes, 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 adapted 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, 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 masterly, must, in the end, prove disgusting to the reader, and of course considerably lessen 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 possesses 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 shadows 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 insertion 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, lest the world should censure me on this account, let it reflect, that entertainment depends upon variety, and variety in a great measure on surprise; 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 tasteless, 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 surprised 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 fa-

vourite

avourite 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 amusement, would be to break that train of ideas which it might be as tedious to re-assemble as difficult to re-unite. But this is not the case 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 waiting 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 irresistible impulses of 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 erase, 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 asserted) 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 best may err,” surely an error of so slight 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 cast any reflection on the character of the Trifler, nor draw upon him the censure 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 deserve 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 person of these days may not be ashamed to *trifle* away some portion of his time (which perhaps had otherwise been spent 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.

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 sanke, and suddenly vanished away, and the mariners escaped drowning very narrowly with the boate that was present." *Hakluyt's Voyages*, l. 568.

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

Ver. 284.

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

*Spenser's F. Q. b. V. cant. v. ff. 3.*

While over-head the moon,  
—they on their mirth and dance  
Intent,—

V. 784.

"Jam Cytherea charos ducit Venus, ian-  
nente Lunâ;

Junctæque Nymphis Gratia decentes  
Alternò terram quatunt pede."

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

Like a comet burn'd,  
—and from his horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war.

B. II. v. 708.

So Spenser;  
"All as a blazing star doth far out-cast  
H's bairry beams, and flaming locks dispreed,  
At sight whereof the people stand agast."

*F. Q. b. III. cant. i. ff. 16.*

And Sylvester:  
"There, with long bloody bairr, a blazing star  
Threatens the world with famin, plague, and  
war."

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

*Du Bartas, 2d Day, 1st Week.*

Pope hath introduced this passage from  
Milton into the translation of the *Iliad*,  
where Homer only says, *ἡ δ' ἀστὴρ ὡς,*  
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 hurdled 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,  
Enrag'd with hunger, and with malice old,  
Which kinde\* twixt him and harmlesse sheepe  
hath set." *Fairfax's Tasso*, xix. 35.

\* Nature.

Bentley

MR. URBAN, Dec. 26.

WHEN it suits you, please to insert 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 least light into any obscure passage in Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, or Pope, should not be esteemed trivial; which 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 first

Wast present,— B. i. ver. 19.

Copied from Homer's invocation of the  
Muses:

"Εἰσιτέ νυν μοι, Μῦσαι, οὐρανὸν ἀνέειπ' ἔχουσιν  
Τῆτις γὰρ Διὶς τοῖς, παρτοῖς τε, τοῖς τε παῖσιν."

IL. 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-beast  
Leviathan, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim th' ocean stream:  
Him haply slumb'ring on the Norway foam  
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff  
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen-tell,  
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind  
Moors by his side under the lee,— Ver. 200.

"It sometimes falleth out, that mariners,  
thinking these whales to be islands, and cast-  
ing out ankers upon their backs, are often in  
danger of drowning. The Bishop of Bremae,  
in old time, sent certaine legates with a co-  
ven of friers to preach and publish in the

## THE TRIFLER, N° II.

*Paulum sepulcræ d'istat inertie  
Celata virtus.*

HOR.

- "In earth if it forgotten lies,  
"What is the valour 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 solid 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 instantly insures him *monumentum ære 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 publick, 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 lanthorn, 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 praises 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 the latent sparks of genius and solidity, nor blush to countenance a rising reputation.

But when this proceeds from pride or caprice, neither the caresses 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 expose 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 hunc tu*

*Moribus instituas.*

“For much it boots 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 caressed 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 shuddering 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 loss 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 refuses 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 partial 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 ve-

neration 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 caressed, be buried in sudden oblivion, without leaving a single trace of its existence behind!

Perhaps there are many who fix the principles of their absurdity upon the custom 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 *Aristotle* 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 fabling poet; but out of many others which I have read and heard of, I shall conclude this paper with the story of *Rosicrusias's Sepulchre*.

“A person having occasion to dig somewhat 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 brass, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work, and that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid 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, regardless 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 undescrivable: it was of kindred temper to his patriotic 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. Conversation, the goodness 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 even 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 an 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 endeavouring to do justice to his memory, is oppressed by the sense 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, sickness, 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 goodness. But, with his other intimate friends, it is for the person who offers this faint sketch to sorrow 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 Miss Torkington, of Little Stukely, near Huntingdon. Their hearts and understanding were formed for each other.

March 13.

PHILAGATHUS.

## THE TRIFLER\*, N<sup>o</sup> II.

*Scribit amatori meretrix, dat adulter a munus,  
Et canis in somnis leporis vestigia laurat.*

PETRON.

When dreams descend to prompt a future bride,

And grant those joys, by absent love denied,  
The treacherous harlot sends 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 tinged 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 mostly injurious; I mean, in men of genius and learning. It is commonly received and practised among the vulgar part of mankind, whose birth and ignorance contribute to the

\* We wish to be favoured with this correspondent's address. EDIT.



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 awaked 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 favourite amusement, 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 repose 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 state, his poetical fancy framed six or eight couplets, but the emotions he felt as soon as he had finished the last line,

*And lull'd her soft bosom on mine,*

instantly awoke 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 head; 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 re-

tained 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 verses 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 falsest 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 such unbounded rage, so mastered 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 exact 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 the growing evil of credulity, while in 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 mature superstition, 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, at present established upon such firm principles, and swayed by such wise and able ministers, must become the nursery of ignorance, and the dupe of superstition.

But here I could wish 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 listlessness, which neither utterly excludes us from the feelings and passions of human nature, nor totally exposes 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 insinuate such a terror into the mind of the waking person; he is suddenly roused from his stupidity by something which instantly strikes him with the idea of what is commonly termed a ghost. Thus, without a moment for reflection or composure, 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 surprize. 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 is 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 the extraordinary circumstance. Among the innumerable stories that have circulated 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; or, as Virgil nobly expresses it,

*Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.*

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 were 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 bigots, we may shew to posterity sons that may reflect honour on ourselves, and ennoble the ages they adorn, instil 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.*

**T**HE 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 Miscellanies, "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 reliques, 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 list, 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 prgd to my Lord Lieutenant, every thing which you suggest in your letter, and what else came into my thoughts. He told me it stopped with 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 send me word where I may wait on you about eleven o'clock, in some by-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 Addisonian letters from the same too-much-neglected source of information.

"To Mr. COLLE, at Venice.

"Whitehall, Oct. 31, 1707.

"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 pocket 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 fireship, that engaged among the same rocks.

"I am, &c. J. ADDISON."

"To the Earl of MANCHESTER, at Paris

"My LORD, *Cookpit, 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 stopp'd 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 setting 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.*

**I**N the inscription from Sleasford 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 hosier 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 114 feet high. It is perfectly well polished, and only a little scaled 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 pedestal. 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 monument 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 Severus," 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. (Spartian 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 doubtless 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, N° IV.

Et quod

*Illecebris erat et grata novitate morandus  
Sp. Actor.*

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 undertaking, 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 acknowledgements 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 recommend them.

Novelty, like commodities of every sort, becomes more or less valuable according 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 consume whole lives of his subjects in the contemplation of what they knew nothing more of except the mere existence, without the most feeble attempts to cultivate or render them serviceable to the ends of moral institutions 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 any thing new, though never so trivial, excited their attention almost to a degree of enthusiasm; but so ignorant were the people of cultivation, 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 machine already constructed to their hands, nor 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 shew their apparent knowledge and real regard, by remaining fixed in a state of amazement and stupidity, without once enquiring in what manner, or to what purpose, so wonderful a piece of mechanism had been wrought. It was the amusement of monarchs, to toy and dally

dally 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 circumspect 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 publick 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 resisted, nor ought we to resist 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 depressed by accident or inclination, must, at one time or other, be exerted. A state of indolence and solicitude can no longer be endured when once the passions are called forth by the force of example, or the hopes 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 acknowledgements 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 indissoluble cement of Society, I am happy to observe, that a means of circulating them by an easy and concise 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 station 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 Novelty.

MR. URBAN,

April 3.

AS, 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 engraven on brass, was the censure our great dramatic poet passed on the decision of his contemporaries, 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 consigned 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 diminished many pounds weight, besides, fatiguing 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 designs, 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 resembles 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 compleatly ruin my power of eating. Add to this, certain cursed invisible insects, which they call here harvest lice [*mokini di mietitura*], 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 gout; 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 gout. The next post, at eight days end, I hope to be longer, as time will furnish matter, and my cheek will naturally be turned to its size. I remain with esteem, and most humble obsequiousness, &c. &c.

Bratton, Aug. 31, 1751.

MR. URBAN,

May 1.

AS 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 perpetuating 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 medallion, 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 authority, that this compliment was paid him by the engraver.

## THE TRIFLER, N<sup>o</sup> V.

*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes.*

HOR.

Wand'ring from clime to clime, observant  
flay'd,

Their manners noted, and their states survey'd.

PORR.

AS the fashion of running through France, Italy, and Germany, or, as it is called, making the tour of Europe, 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, perhaps, 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 distant 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 themselves, and much better for their neighbours, 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 ridicule 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 sauntering away their time on the Thuilleries, and ruining their fortunes and constitutions with gamesters and opera-girls. The first traveller of this terrestrial world, whom we find upon record, was Cain, who, after the murder 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 absolute 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 abler 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 stood; 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 considerable 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 indispensable 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 æra. 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 sultry 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, *Δῆμος*, 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 exterminate 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 distaste for travelling; for, although a name well known, or a splendid title, may be very pretty travelling passports, yet nothing gives so much real import-

ance 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 Anglois* 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 assiduity 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 expence 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 irresistible; that English home-bred humour may sometimes give offence; and that impertinent waiters and postillions 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 academical 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: these 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

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 N<sup>o</sup> IV. p. 31c. l. 4. r. *project* for *object*.

MR. URBAN,

May 3.

"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 statute of Brazen Nose College, Oxford, which was shewn to me in MS. by a deceased friend. The statutes bear date *primo die Februarii, anno Regis Henrici Octavo tertio-decimo, A.D. 1522*. It should seem that fables were reckoned finery in those days, and had nothing to do with mourning.—"Statuimus præterea, quod omnes et singuli prædicti togis longis in parte anteriori confutis infra universitatem utantur, et quod nullus eorum *pellaris pretiosis et sumptuosis*, vulgariier dictis *sabillis*, sive *matrons*, *pannove* de velvet, damasco, satin, aut chamblet, in suis vestibus, internis sive externis, aut earum fimbriis sive extremitatibus, vel in eorum liripipiis in universitate quoquo modo utatur."—Let the Devil mourn for me, I'll dress 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 vestry-room there. It was painted in 1617, the 15th of James I. 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 Guadincli*—but this last word can scarce be any way forced into a tolerable meaning. It has been read *Gulielmi* by a great man in these matters: I believe I may mention the name of Mr. Asple. 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.

N<sup>o</sup> I.

*Extracts 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, set themselves with the ut-

most

greater one was almost always kept fast, the porter, in case of an attack, might easily alarm the family before a large body of men could rush in, and, in case the house was not taken by surprize, a few persons were capable of defending it. Erasmus, in his Colloquy intituled 'Pergrinatio Religionis Ergo,' describes a door of this kind which was to be seen in his time at the abbey of Walsingham in Norfolk. I will give his own words: 'Ad latus septentrionale porta quædam est, non templi, ne quid erres, sed septi, quo tota clauditur area templo adjacens. Ea ostium habet perpusillum, quale videmus in valvis nobilium, ut qui velit ingredi, primum tibi periculum exponere cogatur, deinde caput etiam submittat. Profecto tutum non erat ad hostem ingredi per tale ostium.'

The chapel appears to have been built in the year 1600, as that date appears in a large stone fixed in the West wall. There was lately some painted glass, but it is now entirely destroyed, and the whole fabric is very ruinous, and has not been officiated in of late years. From whence should this negligence arise, as the chapel is certainly parochial?

As many old houses are daily falling a sacrifice to the extravagance of the window tax, I hope your correspondents in the various parts of the kingdom will furnish you either with drawings or descriptions of all such as are about to be destroyed, which are in any wise deserving of the attention of posterity.

Yours,

N. L.

## THE TRIFLER, N<sup>o</sup> VI.

Hospite venturo, cessabit nemo. Juv.

He who has travel'd life's dull round,

Its vices and its follies seen,

Will sigh to think how oft he's found

His warmest welcome in an Inn.

SHENSTONE.

IT is an evil which must ever fall upon the poor and ignorant, to be trampled upon and ridiculed by those whom the superiority of talents, or the ostentation of riches, have raised above the common level of mankind. Dependence upon our fellow-creatures, however inconsistent with humanity, has been ratified by the usage of all ages and nations, and is more or less abject from the slave that digs the mine to the monarch that enjoys it. Few, I believe, have gone out of the world without thinking, at the in-

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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 possessions, 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 submission 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 sudden 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 intercession can procure it. The politician has but to vote with the ministry, and, if they succeed, 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 expence is his own loss. If he is unconcerned 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 conveniences 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 conflict 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 remedying the disease. But it is repugnant 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 lost its feelings, and reason totters on her throne. Reflection is seldom courted, even in the most sober moments of solitude: the actions of past life will seldom bear a frequent revival: if they have not been wholly swallowed up in the common vortex of riot and extravagance, they have perhaps been trifled away in vanities, or wasted in idleness.

*Hæ nugæ serâ ducunt—*

Trifles such as these to serious subjects lead.

It is the common fate of landlords to be considered by travellers as subsisting merely upon their extravagance, and subject to all the petty impertinencies of ostentation 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 characteristic of a humane and noble disposition, than the relieving of those who, we are confident, cannot subsist without us; and the encouraging of those who have, perhaps, exchanged a certain and regular livelihood for the conveniences and fortuitous benevolence of strangers? But there is a certain set of mortals in the world, who consider every being, that is beneath them in rank and fortune, made only to serve their purposes. If the foot-boy distorts but a single feature while the whole family are bursting with laughter; "Pretty times, indeed!" cries Sir Plume, "servants laugh at their masters!" His wages are paid, and he is dismissed. The state of inn-keepers seems to be equally unsettled: it is seldom they can totally please; there will be always something too little, or something too much: the provisions will be either too scanty or too luxurious; and the charge, if all the rest happen to please, is always sure of displeasing. The alacrity of the waiter may be sometimes construed into familiarity, and his reserve be considered as neglect. They may leave the house—but where will discontented 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 inconvenience. If ever there should (and it often does) happen, from the frequent avoca-

tions of a busy season, or at certain stated days of amusement, to be no mode of conveyance for travellers to prosecute their journey in one inn, they will repair immediately to another; and, not content with forsaking it for ever, think no calumny too severe, and no detestation too public, in return for, what they call, such open neglect to strangers.

To verify these observations, and to set the absurdity of such ridiculous practices in a clear light, a moment's reflection, one would think, might be sufficient. It may, I presume, be said without vanity, that there will scarcely be a reader of this paper who may not, at one time or other, have applied them to himself. He may recall to his mind the prejudices which folly had occasioned, and act with greater moderation in his future conduct; he may suffer his reason to preside over his passion, and learn to endure with patience the evils he cannot cure.

The many literary adventures which occur at an inn, unless indeed to those who enter it with a determination to be gratified with nothing that can be procured for them, will be often entertaining, and sometimes curious. It has frequently been matter of harmless curiosity to me, to decypher the temporary effusions of genius which I have found scattered about the window and wainscot. The following little elegancy I marked down the other day in my pocket-book, as superior to the generality of these metrical trifles; and is at least pretty, if not something more\*.

*Upon a pale Lady, whose Husband had a remarkable red Nose.*

Say, why in lovely Clara's face  
The lily only has a place?  
Is it because the absent rose  
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 sometimes indulge themselves with similar amusements, I shall present them with some thoughts which have been communicated to me upon the subject; and which, I doubt not, they will readily concur with me in wishing had been so far prolonged as to have excused my own.

"I hate an inn—says the Beau, who wishes for wings to convey his sweet person, with the greatest dispatch, from

\* This epigram, however pretty, is not new, having frequently appeared in print.  
EDIT.

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. But, 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 please to leave,  
Who, void of sense, or taste, or wit,  
By no reproof or satire 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 despise;  
'Tis you, whose memory's forced to bear  
The filthy nonsense scribbled here;  
'Tis you who have most cause for sorrow—  
Besides, the disclout comes to-morrow.

"Ye who on windows thus prolong your  
shame,  
And to such arrant nonsense put your name,  
The diamond quit—with me the pencil take,  
So shall that shame but short duration make;  
For lo! the house-maid comes in dreadful  
pet, [wet,  
With red right-hand, and with a disclout  
Dashes off all, nor leaves a wreck to tell  
Who 'twas that wrote so ill, or lov'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 assertion.  
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 best 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 misery, 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.