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# *Gentleman's Magazine,*

A N D

## Historical Chronicle.

VOLUME XLI.

For the YEAR M.DCCLXXI.

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PRODESSE & DELECTARE

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By SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gent.*

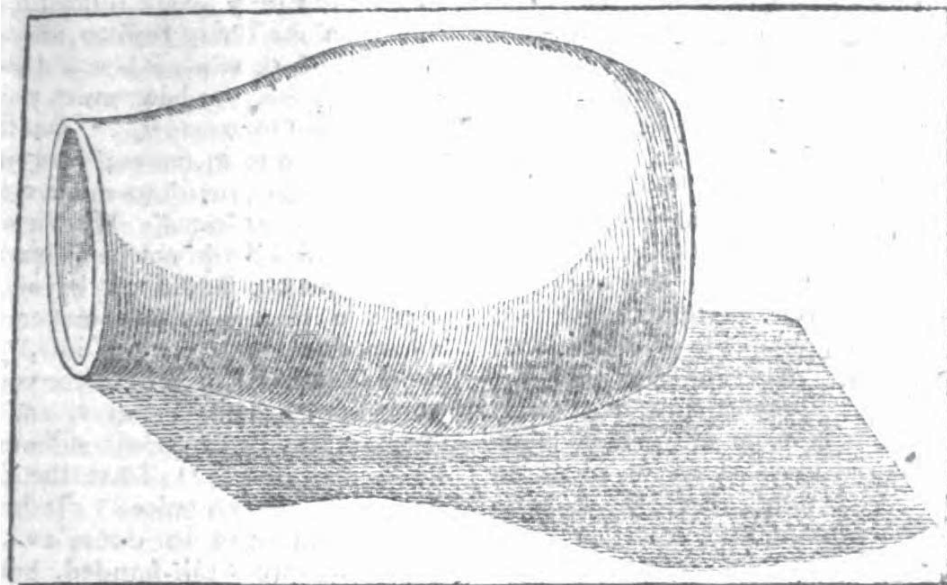
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L O N D O N :

Printed at St. John's Gate, for D. HENRY, and sold by F. NEWBERRY,





Lichfield, 27th Jan. 1771.

Mr. URBAN,

IN taking down, to rebuild, the church of Fairwell, in this neighbourhood, (which, undoubtedly was formerly the chapel of the nunnery found there by Roger de Clinton, Bishop of Lichfield, anno 1142) there was discovered, in the South Wall, about six feet from the ground, three ranges of coarse earthen vessels, of different sizes, and unglazed; the largest, I conceive, would contain about two quarts, the smaller sort, about one quart. They lay on their sides, in a similar direction, their mouths being placed towards the inner side of the church, which were stopped or covered over with a thin coat of plaister. They were, for the most part, broken by the workmen, in taking down the wall, except three, one of which is in my museum, another, I had lately the honour to present to my worthy friend Ashton Lever, Esq; of Alkington, near Manchester, whose collection of natural and artificial rarities is the greatest, except the British Museum in the kingdom. Of that in my possession, I have made an exact drawing for your Magazine, not doubting but some ingenious correspondent will favour the public with his sentiments upon the use of these vessels.

I have also in my possession, a drawing of this old conventual church, which I made a few months before its demolition, and which the Society of Antiquaries thought sufficiently curious to be admitted into their collection, and therefore caused a plate to be taken from it by the late industrious engraver Mr. Francis Perry. Some of your antiquarian readers, who have not an easy access to the archives of that learned body, may perhaps be desirous of a sight of it; for

whose gratification I may possibly send it you on some future occasion.

Your's, &c. R. GREEN.

*Substance of a Preliminary Address prefixed to an old Pennsylvania Almanack, intitled Poor Richard Improved.*  
COURTEOUS READER,

I HAVE heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure, as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge then how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of Merchants goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times, and one of the company called to a plain clean old man, with white locks, "Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?"—Father Abraham stood up, and replied, "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short, for a word to the wise is enough." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

FRIENDS, says he, the taxes are, indeed, very heavy, and, if those laid on by the Government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly: And from these taxes the Commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let



let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; "God helps them that help themselves," as poor Richard says.

It would be thought a hard Government that should tax its people one tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service. But idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. "Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the used key is always bright. But dost thou love life, then do not squander time; for that is the stuff life is made of. — How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave. If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be, as poor Richard says, the greatest prodigality;" since, as he elsewhere tells, "Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough: Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy, and, He that riseth late, must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night: While laziness travels so slowly, that poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee; and early to bed, and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. "Industry need not wish; and he that lives upon hope will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help hands, for I have no lands," or if I have, they are smartly taxed. "He that hath a trade hath an estate; and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honour;" but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed, or neither the estate, nor the office, will enable us to pay our taxes. — If we are indutrious we shall never starve; for, at the working man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter. Nor will the Bailiff or the Constable enter, for "Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them." What though you have found no treasure; nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, "Diligence is the mother of good luck; and God gives all things to industry."

Then plow deep, while sluggards sleep; and you shall have corn to sell and to keep." Work while it is called to-day; for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. "One to-day is worth two to-morrows;" and farther, "never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day." If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master, "Be ashamed to catch yourself idle," when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your King. Handle your tools without mit-tens; remember, "That the cat in gloves catches no mice." It is true, there is much to be done, and, perhaps, you are weak-handed, but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects, for "Constant dropping wears away stones, and by diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and little strokes fell great oaks."

Methinks I hear some of you say, "Must a man afford himself no leisure?" — I will tell thee, my friend, what poor Richard says, "Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour." Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for "A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many without labour would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock." Whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. "Fly pleasures and they will follow you. The diligent Spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, every body bids me good-morrow."

But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for

"I never saw an oft removed tree,  
Nor yet an oft removed family,  
That throve so well as those that  
settled be."

And again, "Three removes is as bad as a fire;" and again, "Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;" and again, "If you would have your business done, go; if not, send." And again,

"He that by the plough would thrive,  
Himself must either hold or drive,"  
And again, "The eye of a master will



do more work than both his hands ;" and again, " Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge ;" and again, " Not to oversee Workmen is to leave them your purse open." Trusting too much to others care is the ruin of many ; for, " In the affairs of this world, men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it ;" but a man's own care is profitable ; for, " If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief ; for want of a nail the shoe was lost ; for want of a shoe the horse was lost ; and for want of a horse the rider was lost ;" being overtaken and slain by the enemy ; all for want of care about a horse shoe nail.

So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business ; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, " Keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. A fat kitchen makes a lean will, and,

' Many estates are spent in the getting,

' Since women for tea forsook spinning

' and knitting,

' And men for punch forsook hewing

' and splitting,

" If you would be wealthy, think of saving, as well as of getting : The Indies have not made Spain rich, because, her out-goes are greater than her in-comes."

Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families ; for,

' Women and wine, game and deceit,

' Make the wealth small, and the

' want great.

And farther, " What maintains one vice, would bring up two children." You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, cloaths a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter ; but remember, " Many a little makes a mickle ; beware of little expences ; a small leak will sink a great ship ;" and again, " Who dainties love shall beggars prove ;" and moreover, " Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them."

Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and pick-nacks. You call them goods, but if you do not take care, they will prove evils to some of

you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and, perhaps, they may for less than they cost ; but if you have no occasion for them, they must be dear to you. Remember what poor Richard says, " Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessities." And again, " At a great pennyworth pause awhile." He means, that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real ; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, " Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths." Again, " It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance ;" and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanack. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, have gone with a hungry belly, and half starved their families ; " Silks and sattins, scarlet and velvets, put out the kitchin fire." These are not the necessities of life ; they can scarcely be called the conveniencies, and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them ? By these, and other extravagancies, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing ; in which case it appears plainly, that " A Ploughman on his legs is higher than a Gentleman on his knees." Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of ; they think " It is day, and will never be night ;" that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding ; but always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom ; and then, " When the well is dry, they know the worth of the water." But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice : " If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some ; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing ;" and, indeed, so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it in again.—Poor Dick farther advises, and says,

' Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse ;

' Ere fancy you consult, consult your

' purse.

And again, " Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy."

When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece ; but poor Dick says, " It is easier to suppress



the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it." And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as the frog to swell, in order to equal the ox.

'Vessels large may venture more,

'But little boats should keep near shore.'

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for "Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt; Pride breakfasted with plenty, dined with poverty, and supped with infamy." And, after all, of what use is this pride of appearance for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person, it creates envy, it hastens misfortune.

But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be free without it. But ah! think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor pitiful sneaking excuses, and, by degrees, come to lose your veracity, and sink into base downright lying, for, "The second vice is lying, the first is running in debt." And again, to the same purpose, "Lying rides upon Debt's back." Whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed nor afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. "It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright." What would you think of that Prince, or of that Government, who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a Gentleman or a Gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a Government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under that tyranny, when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in goal for life, or by selling you for a servant, if you should not be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may, perhaps, think little of payment; but "Creditors have bet-

ter memories than Debtors; Creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times." The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short: Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. "Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter." At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but,

'For age and want save while you may;

'No morning sun lasts a whole day.'

Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expence is constant and certain; and "It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel." So 'rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt:

'Get what you can, and what you get hold,

'It is the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.'

And when you have got the Philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom: But, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterwards prosperous.

And now to conclude, "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for, it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct:" However, remember this, "They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped;" and farther, "That if you will not hear reason, she will surely tap your knuckles."

Thus the old Gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the Auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly.—I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacks, and digested all I had dropped on those



topics during the course of twenty five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else, but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations: However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it, and, though I had first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

Mr. URBAN,

M. Maribaud, a French writer, having lately published a treatise, entitled *The System of Nature*, in which he undertakes to explode the notion of a future state; and an answer to his opinions having appeared, written by M. de Voltaire, some of the sentiments contained in it cannot fail of being agreeable to your readers.

I am Yours, &c.

"If I reason as a natural philosopher, says the Author, every thing appears to me incomprehensible without a God. The word *nature* is to me a mere word; but an intelligent agent fully accounts for the little I am capable of knowing. Upon the supposition that there is a God, I conceive something; without him I conceive nothing; without a God I can have no idea of order; without a God it appears to me absolutely impossible that things should be ordered and disposed as they are.

"You attribute to matter alone the power of gravitation, the power of communicating motion, &c. but this is only supposition instead of demonstration. You seem to me to be guilty of what you so justly blame in divines, viz. setting out with begging the question.

"You combat the opinion of that great metaphysician, Dr. Samuel Clarke, and think that matter, which is eternal, stands in no need of a mover. Now to me it appears absolutely incomprehensible, that matter, of itself, should perform motions eternally regular, and produce generations of animals constantly resembling each other.

"I allow you have the better of the doctor, when he says that space is the *sensorium* of the deity, that God penetrates matter, &c. The doctor wanted to be too knowing. You may be in the right, likewise, in regard to some of the

divine attributes, which the doctor rather supposes than proves; but when these branches are lopped off, the tree still remains: There still remains a first mover, powerful, intelligent, and who cannot possibly be malevolent.

"You reject the chimerical innate ideas of Des Cartes; I reject them too: You don't even spare the great Newton: I allow with you, that Newton was not so good a metaphysician as he was a geometer; but if his definition of God is obscure, it is not contradictory. There appears to me, however, a manifest contradiction in supposing a mass of matter regularly moved without a mover; bestowing intelligence upon itself in man, and withholding it in a stone; establishing relations and connections through the whole of its works without any end or design; labouring blindly with the most sublime industry. In a word, you combat what is obscure in the writings of Newton and Clarke, but you dare not attack what is clear.

"As to the common difficulties---why such a quantity of evil, why so many monsters, &c? Were there a thousand times as many, I can never give up this point, *the heavens declare the glory of God*. All the efforts of your genius will never prove that there is no God: And all that you have proved is, that divines have sometimes reasoned wretchedly. You have pointed out great difficulties, but the system of a blind nature is big with absurdities.

"You are obliged to allow that there are great marks of order through the whole of nature; and you tell us, that this vast combination was necessary. I believe, with you, that it was. Contingency appears to me a contradiction, as well as chance. It was necessary that the universe should exist, since it does exist. Useless and absurd, in this case, are the same. What are we to conclude from all this? Nothing, in my opinion, but that it was as necessary that the Supreme Being should produce such wonderful things, as it was necessary that he should exist. He could not have produced them without intelligence and power; now this is what you call *nature*, and what I call *God*. Why will not you allow me to adore this great, intelligent, and powerful Being, who has given me life and reason? permit me to add---beware of ingratitude, you, on whom he has bestowed so much genius; for, surely, you did not bestow it on yourself.

"But under this Supreme Being, we are,