

THE  
*Gentleman's Magazine,*

AND

Historical Chronicle.

VOLUME XXVI.

For the YEAR M.DCC.LVI.

PRODESSE & DELECTARE



E PLURIBUS UNUM.

By SYLVANUS URBAN, *Gent.*

L O N D O N :

Printed for D. HENRY, and R. CAVE, at St JOHN'S GATE.



being unmarried, live in buildings of one story, called *Khans*: The ground floor serves for their warehouses, the upper floor is divided into a number of rooms, with a collonade before them somewhat like cloysters, and in these they live. They have no communication with the people of the country more than their trade makes absolutely necessary; and, of late years they have all worn an *European* dress. All the *English*, and some of the others, keep horses and ride out three or four times a week in an afternoon. On *Saturdays* and *Wednesdays* in spring and autumn they generally dine abroad under a tent, and, during the heat of the summer in the gardens. Such as love hunting or hawking usually go out twice a week after the second rains, till the weather grows too hot, and there is plenty of game for such as love shooting.

The capitulation of the *Europeans* who reside at *Aleppo* with the port, prevents their suffering any oppression from the tyranny of the government under which they live; and as the bashaws and other persons of distinction treat the consuls with respect, others follow their example. A small annual present to the prince of the *Arabs*, and the civility shewn to the *Curds* at *Scanderoon*, procures them the advantage of travelling without danger where the natives would require a strong guard for their defence; besides, an insult upon an *European* consul or subject, by any of these people, would furnish the *Turkish* government with a pretence to punish them by a heavy mulct.

*The CONNOISSEUR*, No. 131.

**N**O other disposition or turn of mind so totally unfits a man for all the social offices of life as indolence. An idle man is a mere blank in the creation, he seems made for no end, and lives to no purpose. He cannot engage himself in any employment or profession, because he will never have diligence enough to follow it; he can succeed in no undertaking, for he will never pursue it; he must be a bad husband, father, and relation, for he will not take the least pains to preserve his wife, children, and family from starving; and he must be a worthless friend, for he would not draw his hand from his bosom, though to prevent the destruction of the universe. If he is born poor, he will remain so all his life, which will probably end in a ditch or at the gallows; if he embarks in trade he

will be a bankrupt; and if he is a person of fortune, his stewards will acquire immense estates, and he himself perhaps will die in the *Fleet*.

It should be considered that nature did not bring us into the world in a state of perfection, but has left us in a capacity of improvement, which should seem to intimate that we should labour to render ourselves excellent. Very few are such absolute ideots, as not to be able to become at least decent, if not eminent, in their several stations, by unwearied and keen application: nor are there any possessors of such transcendent genius and abilities, as to render all pains and diligence unnecessary. Perseverance will overcome difficulties, which at first appear insuperable; and it is amazing to consider, how great and numerous obstacles may be removed by a continual attention to any particular point. I will not mention here the trite example of *Demosthenes*, who got over the greatest natural impediment to oratory, but content myself with a more modern and familiar instance. Being at *Sadler's Wells* a few

nights ago, I could not but admire the surprising feats of activity there exhibited, and at the same time reflected what incredible pains and labour it must have cost the performers to arrive at the art of writhing their bodies into such various and unnatural contortions. But I was most taken with the ingenious artist, who after fixing two bells to each foot, the same number to each hand, with great propriety placing a cap and bells on his head, played several tunes, and went through as regular triple peals and *Bob Majors*, as the boys at *Christ Church* hospital; all which he effected by the due jerking of his arms and legs, and nodding his head backward and forward. If this artist had taken equal pains to employ his head in another way, he might perhaps have been as deep a proficient in numbers as *Jedediah Buxton*, (*See Vol xxiv. p. 251.*) or at least a tolerable modern rhimer, of which he is now no bad emblem: and if our fine ladies would use equal diligence, they might fashion their minds as successfully as *Madam Catharina* distorts her body.

There is not in the world a more useless idle animal, than he who contents himself with being merely a gentleman. He has an estate, therefore he will not endeavour to acquire knowledge: he is not to labour in any vocation, therefore he will do nothing. But the misfortune is, that there is no such thing in nature as



as negative virtue, and that absolute idleness is impracticable. He who does no good, will certainly do mischief; and the mind, if it is not stored with useful knowledge, will necessarily become a magazine of nonsense and trifles. Wherefore a gentleman, tho' he is not obliged to rise to open his shop or work at his trade, may always find some ways of employing his time to advantage. If he makes no advances in wisdom, he will become more and more a slave to folly; and he that does nothing because he has nothing to do, will become vicious and abandoned, or at best, ridiculous and contemptible.

There is not a more melancholy object, than a man of an honest heart and fine natural abilities, whose good qualities are thus destroyed by indolence. Such a person is a constant plague to all his friends and acquaintance, with all the means in his power of adding to their happiness; and suffers himself to rank among the lowest characters, when he might render himself conspicuous among the highest. Nobody is more universally beloved, and more universally avoided than my friend *Careless*. He is a humane man, who never did a beneficent action; and a man of unshaken integrity, on whom it is impossible to depend. With the best head and the best heart he regulates his conduct in the most absurd manner, and frequently injures his friends; for whoever neglects to do justice to himself, must inevitably wrong those with whom he is connected; and it is by no means a true maxim, that an idle man hurts nobody but himself.

Virtue then is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm, but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good: as *Titus*, when he had let a day slip, undistinguished by some act of virtue, cried out, "I have lost a day." If we regard our time in this light, how many days shall we look back upon as irretrievably lost? and to how narrow a compass would such a method of calculation frequently reduce the longest life? If we were to number our days, according as we have applied them to virtue, it would occasion strange revolutions in the manner of reckoning the ages of men. We should see some few men arrive at a good old age in the prime of their youth, and meet with several young fellows of four-score.

Agreeable to this way of thinking, I remember to have met with the epitaph of an aged man four years old; dating

his existence from the time of his reformation from evil courses. The inscriptions on most tomb-stones commemorate no acts of virtue performed by the persons who lie under them, but only record that they were born one day and died another. But I would fain have those people, whose lives have been useless, rendered of some service after their deaths, by affording lessons of instruction and morality to those they leave behind them. Wherefore I could wish, that in every parish several acres were marked out for a new and spacious burying-ground, in which every person, whose remains are there deposited, should have a small stone laid over them, reckoning their age according to the manner in which they have improved or abused the time allotted them in their lives. In such circumstances, the plate on a coffin might be the highest panegyric which the deceased could receive; and a little square stone, inscribed with *Ob. Ann. Ætat. 80.* would be a nobler eulogium than all the lapidary adulation of modern epitaphs. In a burying-ground of this nature, allowing for the partiality of survivors, which would certainly point out the most brilliant actions of their dead friends, we might perhaps see some inscriptions not much unlike the following:

Here lie the remains of a celebrated beauty, aged 50, who died in the fifth year of her age. She was born in her 18th year, and was untimely killed by the small-pox in her twenty-third.

Here rests in eternal sleep the mortal part of *L.B.* a free thinker, aged 88, an infant.—He came into the world by chance in the year — and was annihilated in the first year of his age.

Here continue to rot the bones of a noted buck, an embryo, who never shewed any signs of life, and after 23 years was so totally putrified, that he could not be kept above ground any longer.

Here lies the swollen carcase of a bon companion, who was born in a dropsy in the 40th year of his age: He lingered in this condition till he was obliged to be tapped, when he relapsed into his former condition, and died in the 2d year of his age, and the 23d of his drinking.

Here lies *Isaac Da Costa*, a convert from Judaism, aged 64. He was born and christened in his 61st year, and died in the true faith in the 3d year of his age.

Here is deposited the body of the celebrated *Beau Tawdry*, who was born at



at court in the year — on a *birthnight*, and died of grief in his second year, upon the court's going into mourning.

Here rots *A. B. All-born*, who died of a fright on the 20th of *May 1756*.

Here rests from his labours the brave Gen. *B.* who died about the hundredth year of his age, older than *Methuselah*.

From the DAILY GAZETTEER.

To the Nobility and Gentry, associated for the Preservation of the Game.

Observing by the advertisements in the news-papers, that in these perilous times, the most perilous in some respects that *England* has seen since *Q. Elizabeth's* reign, you continue your meeting for that most useful, most excellent, and most laudable purpose for which you first formed yourselves into a society, I take the liberty to put you in mind of a circumstance, which however trifling it may appear to you, and how much soever hitherto neglected, seems nevertheless to be of some consequence in itself, and absolutely necessary for preserving the game to you and your posterity: what I mean is the preservation of our country.

That we are in the utmost danger of losing our country is apparent to all men; for such formidable preparations to invade us were never made before by so near and so potent an enemy; neither did so many unhappy circumstances ever before concur to our destruction: The *French* have no other enemy than us to deal with: We have no friend or ally in the world to assist or succour us. On the contrary, several powers of *Europe*, particularly the *Danes* and *Swedes*, under the specious pretence of protecting their trade, have combined to assist our enemies and distress us. It is likewise said, that our most cordial and faithful friends the *Dutch* are about to do the like. Add to this, that the *Spaniards* have equipped a strong squadron of ships, and for what purpose is too apparent to admit of the least doubt. In this most dangerous condition, who but would suppose, if they did not know the contrary, that the whole nation was armed: so far from it, that you gentlemen gamekeepers have, in your great wisdom, been the means, that those who might be rendered the most useful to defend their country, are, for the sake of preserving the game, entirely disarmed.

But this is not the only instance you have given of your conummate wisdom; for undoubtedly you or some of

your wise society have had the management of p——c a——s.

When it was determined to break with *France*, by making prize of their ships, why did we only provoke, and not disable our enemies? This latter might have been done in a good degree at least, by beginning with them two months sooner, and consequently intercepting several hundred of their homeward bound ships, which by our losing so much time escaped us. And why, as soon as ever a rupture became inevitable, was not a squadron sent to the *Mediterranean*, strong enough effectually to prevent any attempt against *Minorca*? And when a few ships, too few by half, were sent to relieve that important place, why were they put under the command of one who had never been in action, nor given a single proof of his capacity for such a service, or indeed for any service? Certainly no reason can be given unless he was one of your society. If you had wanted some partridges or pheasants to treat your friends with, would you have sent a fellow to kill them who had never fired a gun? No; you would certainly have employed one of your best shot in so arduous an affair.

But *Minorca* is lost! most ignominiously lost! Must not all *Europe* despise us for our conduct? And let me tell you, gentlemen, when a nation is once despised it is soon trampled upon. Will not *France* be greatly elated\* by this success of their first attempt in these parts of the world since the present quarrel, and think it an earnest of succeeding in a much more important conquest? This conquest which they meditate, is no less than that of these kingdoms; and what should hinder them from carrying their point? Our only hopes are in the squadron before *Brest*, and in our army. This squadron is continually growing weaker and weaker by the foulness of the ships and their want of repair; and much more still by the sickness among the seamen, which greatly prevails at this time; while that of the *French* is increasing in strength by an addition to the number both of ships and seamen. May we not every day expect to hear, that the enemy's fleet of clean well fitted ships in excellent order, and full manned with healthy seamen, is come out to fight one already half-disabled squa-

\* See the Abp of *Paris's* mandate commanding *Te Deum* to be sung, p. 377.