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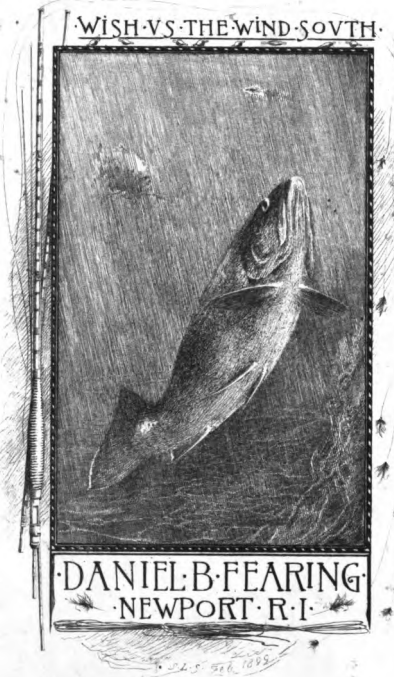

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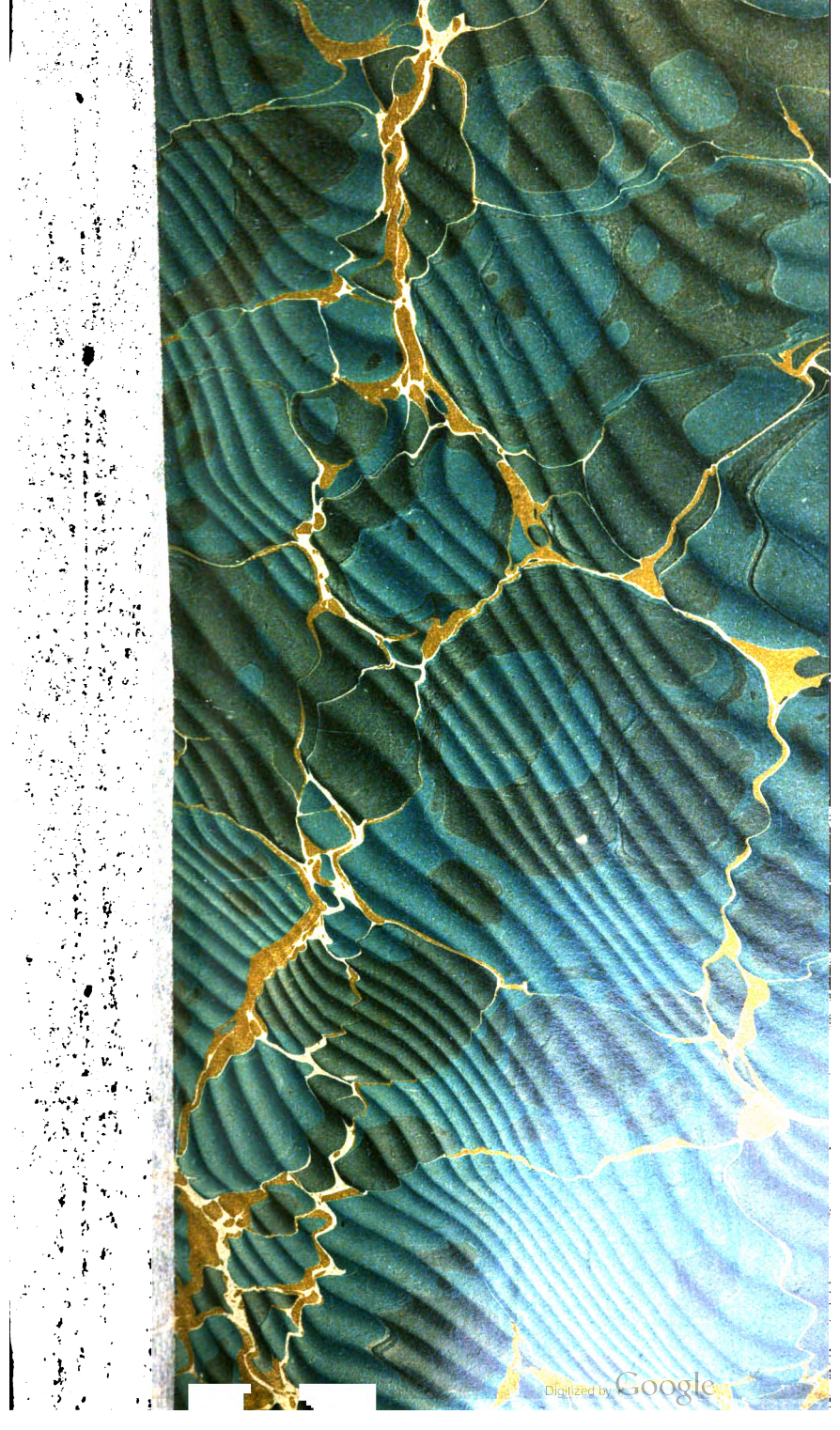
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CONSISTING OF

SELECT POETRY,

AND

METHODS

OF

IMPROVEMENT

IN

Husbandry, Gardening,

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Various other Subjects, uſeful to

FAMILIES.

The THIRD EDITION.

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A DIALOGUE between the Soul, Riches, Fame, *and* Pleaſure.

Riches.

DEluded Mortal, turn and view my Store,
While all my glitt'ring Treaſures I explore.
The Gold of both the *Indian* Worlds is mine,
And Gems that in the *Eaſtern* Quarries ſhine.
For me adven'trous Men attempt the Main,
And all the Fury of its Waves ſuſtain,
For me all Toils and Hazards they diſdain.
For me their Country's ſold, their Faith betray'd,
The Voice of Intereſt ne'er was diſobey'd.

Soul.

Yet I thy tempting Offers can deſpiſe,
Nor loſe a Wiſh on ſuch a worthleſs Prize.
When yonder ſparkling Stars attract my Sight,
Thy Gold, thy boaſted Gems loſe all their Light.
My daring Thoughts above theſe Trifles riſe,
And aim at glorious Kingdoms in the Skies.
I there expect celeſtial Diadems,
Out-ſhining all thy counterfeited Gems.

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Fame.

'Tis nothing strange that thy ambitious Mind
In sordid Wealth should no Temptation find.
But I have Terms which thy Acceptance claim,
Heroick Glory, and a mighty Name!
To these the greatest Souls on Earth aspire,
Souls most endow'd with the celestial Fire;
Whom neither Wealth nor Beauty can inflame;
These hazard all for an illustrious Name.

Soul.

And yet thou art a mere fantastic Thing,
Which can no solid Satisfaction bring.
Should I in costly Monuments survive,
And, after Death, in Men's Applauses live,
What Profit were their vain Applause to me,
If doom'd below to endless Infamy?
Sunk in Reproach, and everlasting Shame
With God, and Angels, where's my promis'd Fame?
But if their Approbation I obtain,
And deathless Wreaths, and heavenly Glories gain,
I may the World's false Pageantry disdain.

Pleasure.

But where the Baits of Wealth and Honour fail,
Th' inchanting Voice of Pleasure may prevail:
The lewd and virtuous both my Vassals prove;
No Breast so guarded but my Charms can move.
All that delights Mankind, attends on me,
Beauty, and Youth, and Love, and Harmony.
I wing the smiling Hours, and gild the Day,
My Paths are smooth, and flow'ry all my Way.

Soul.

But ah! these Paths to black Perdition tend,
There soon thy soft deluding Visions end.

Those

Thoſe ſmooth, thoſe flow'ry Ways, lead down to Hell,
Where all thy Slaves in endleſs Night muſt dwell.
The Road of Virtue far more rugged is,
But O! it leads to everlaſting Bliſs.
And all beyond the thorny Paſſage lies
The Realm of Light diſcover'd to mine Eyes;
Gay Bowers, and Streams of Joy, and lightſome Fields:
With happy Shades, the beauteous Proſpect yields;
Thoſe bliſsful Regions I ſhall ſhortly gain,
Where Peace, and Love, and endleſs Pleaſures reign.

The *Drone* and the *Spider*. A FABLE.

In Imitation of Mr. G A Y,

AS, baniſh'd from th' induſtrious Hive,
A *Drone*, deſpairing now to live,
Travers'd with mournful Hum the Air,
He fell into a *Spider*'s Snare.
In Hopes to break the ſlender Chain,
His Wings he ſhook, but ſhook in vain:
The more he ſtrove, entangled more,
He gave the fruitleſs Labour o'er.

Ah, moſt unhappy *Drone*, he cry'd;
The Means of Life were firſt deny'd;
The cruel Honey-making Weal
Drove me all helpleſs from the Cell:
And now, of Liberty bereft,
I'm to a *Spider*'s Mercy left!
But all muſt die, or ſoon or late;------
With *Patience* I ſubmit to Fate.

The *Spider* lurk'd unheeded by,
And heard the ſad Soliloquy;
Then ruſhing on his Captive, ſaid;
Shall abject Cowards *Patience* plead?
Had that firm Virtue ſteel'd your Breaſt,
With Freedom you had yet been bleſt;

Where

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Where Induſtry Preferment meets,
Had ſhar'd the Toil, and ſhar'd the Sweets.
Obſerve this Web ----- What happy Art
The Fabrick ſhews in ev'ry Part!
View well the Texture and Deſign;
What Silk was ever half ſo fine!
With what Exactneſs too decreaſe
The Circles regularly leſs!
Thro' each the parting Rays extend,
And all the curious Frame ſuſpend.
This common Centre is my Throne:
The Mechaniſm all my own:
Myſelf from out theſe Bowels drew
The ſubtle Film, and ſpun the Clue.
How diff'rent is your Caſe and mine!
Deſpis'd, exploded, you repine;
While I, diſdaining to depend,
Find in myſelf a real Friend.

He ſpoke, the *Drone*, his lawful Prize,
Unfit to live, unpity'd dies.

The MEDITATION.

I.

IT muſt be done (my Soul) but 'tis a ſtrange,
A diſmal and *myſterious* Change,
When thou ſhalt leave this *Tenement* of Clay,
And to an *unknown ſomewhere* wing away;
When *Time* ſhall be *Eternity*, and thou (how.
Shalt *be* thou know'ſt not *what*, and live thou know'ſt not

II.

Amazing State, no wonder that we dread
To *think* of *Death*, or *view* the *Dead*.
Thou'rt all wrapt up in Clouds, as if to thee
Our very *Knowledge* had *Antipathy*.
Death could not a more *ſad* Retinue find,
Sickneſs and *Pain before*, and *Darkneſs* all *behind*.

III.

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III.

Some courteous Ghost tell this *great Secrecy*,
What 'tis you *are*, and we *must* be.
You warn us of *approaching* Death, and why
May we not know from you what 'tis to *die*?
But you, having *shot* the Gulph, delight to see
Succeeding Souls *plunge* in with *like Uncertainty*.

IV.

When Life's close Knot by *Writ* from Destiny,
Disease shall cut, or *Age* untie;
When after some *Delays*, some *dying* Strife,
The Soul stands *shivering* on the *Ridge* of Life;
With what a *dreadful Curiosity*
Does she *launch* out into the Sea of vast *Eternity*!

V.

So when the spacious Globe was delug'd o'er,
And *lower* Holds could save no more,
On th' *utmost* Bough th' astonish'd Sinners stood,
And view'd th' *Advances* of th' *encroaching* Flood.
O'ertopp'd at length by th' Element's Increase,
With *Horror* they resign'd to the *outry'd Abyss*.

Hints towards the Improvement of *Trees*, *Fruits*, and *Flowers*.

§ 1. *To make Gilliflowers double, and of several Colours.*

THE great Mr. *Ray*, so celebrated for his Knowledge in Plants, mentions the following Method of doing it, and seems to highly value it. He had some white Gilliflowers, which in the Spring bore all of them single Floweres. He transplanted them in Autumn, and in the Spring following, kept them from blowing. In

In the Summer they produced double Flowers; which proving all to be white, he took the following Method to have some of different Colours. He sow'd some of the Seed in a very succulent Earth, which he had caused to be dry'd in the Sun, and then sifted through a Sieve. Every Morning and Evening he watered it with Water of several Colours. On some of the Seeds he poured yellow Water, on others blue; here red, there green, *&c.* He continued to water them for three Weeks; and every Evening took the Pots into the House, that the Dew of the Night might not dilute and weaken the Colours, with which he had tinctured the Water. It succeeded according to his Desire. The Sprouts of the Seed impregnated themselves with the Colours he had made Use of; and the Plants bore Gilliflowers of beautiful Colours. Some were of a Saffron Colour, some White, some Purple, some variegated with divers Colours, &c. *Ray's Hist. of Plants, Book* 1. *Chap.* 20.

The Colours you use to tincture the Water, must be taken from Vegetables; for those that come from Minerals are too corrosive, and will kill the Plants.

This Secret may be practised on all Sorts of white Flowers. It is likely it will produce a wonderful Effect on white Lillies.

II. *To make a barren Tree bear Fruit.*

Open the Earth at the Foot of a Tree; cut the Ends of the great Roots; take off the Roots that are too long, and straggling, and all the little Roots that are near the Stem. Throw some good new Earth into the Hole, and cover the Roots with it exactly. Do this, and the Tree will soon give Signs of its Vigour. *Philosoph. Transact. April.* 1669.

III. *The best Method to plant Trees.*

It has been observed, that when the Rain penetrates not to the very Roots of the Trees, and that we take not Care to supply that Want by Waterings, or by conveying some Stream thither, we soon see such Trees die away. Take Care,

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Care, therefore, that the Water may reach the Ends of the Roots. To this End, plant not the Trees too deep, nor the Roots lower than the good Earth; but plant your Trees in such a Manner, that the Water and the Heat of the Sun may gently provoke the Roots to do their Duty. They cannot be too near the Surface of the Earth, were it not for the too great Heats and Droughts of Summer, which devour the Moisture of the Earth, and burn and dry up the Roots to death. *Philosoph. Transact. February*, 1669.

IV. *To render the Fruits of a Tree more delicious.*

The best Way is to bore a Hole in the Trunk of the Tree, near the Root, and to fill up the Hole with the Sap of the same Tree, in which you have first infused some sweet and odoriferous Matter. *Philosoph. Transact. February*, 1668.

V. *To have Grapes ripe in the Spring.*

Graft a Vine on a Cherry Tree; the Grapes which it produces, will be forward and ripe in the Season of Cherries. But the main Affair is to graft a Vine well on a Cherry Stock. The Way is this: We bore a Hole with an Auger in the Trunk of the Cherry Tree; in this Hole we graft the Vine Branch, and let it grow there till it has filled the Hole of the Augur, and is closely joined to the Cherry Tree. Then we cut off the Vine Branch from the Vine, after which it will draw all its Nourishment from the Cherry Tree, whose Sap will hasten the Formation and Maturity of the Grapes, which will be ripe two Months sooner than ordinary.

VI. *To make Cabbages pome the sooner.*

The Curious, when they transplant their Cabbages, put Sea Weed, with a Pinch of Nitre, under each Root: This makes them thrive and pome to Admiration.

They who observe the same Method, when they remove their Lettuce or their Succory, have Cabbage Lettuce as

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big as one's Head, and Succory of a monstrous Size. Even the Taste of them is more delicious.

VII. *To have Strawberries earlier than usual.*

Water the Strawberries every three Days with Water, in which some Horse-Dung has been steeped. We mend the Ground, says Lord *Bacon*, with Dung: All the World knows this; but 'twere well they knew likewise how efficacious Water is, when it has been fatten'd and heated by Dung, to advance the Vegetation of Plants, and the Maturity of Fruits. Lord *Bacon*, *Cent.* 5. *N.* 403.

VIII. *To have Roses very late.*

The Pleasure is as great to have backward Flowers, as to have them early; the Antients set a great Value on Roses that blew about the End of Autumn. The Weakness of the Sun in that Season, makes us believe we are not then to expect any Thing fine from Nature; nevertheless, there are several Ways to succeed in it. The following Experiments are attested by Lord *Bacon*.

If in the Spring you cut off the Branches that seem likely to bear Roses, the Shoots will produce some in the Month of *November*. The Reason is, because the Juice that would have been conveyed to the principal Branches, goes to the Shoots, hastens them, and makes them bear the Roses which Nature reserved for the following Spring. *Cent.* 5. *N.* 403.

If you pull off the Buds of Rose Bushes at the Time when they begin to unfold, you will see new Shoots spring out on the Sides, and these Shoots will blow very late. The Course of the nourishing Juice being suspended and turned aside, it takes another, and conveys itself to the Eyes and Buttons that were not to have come out till the Year following. *Cent.* 5. *N.* 414.

We cut off all the old Branches, and leave only those that are of the last Year, and which ought not to bear Roses till next. All the Aliment conveys itself to these young Branches, and makes them bear Flowers in Autumn, which they

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they should not have borne till the Spring following. *Cent.* 5. *N.* 415.

You need only uncover the Roots of the Rose Bush about *Christmas* for some Days. This hinders the Juice from mounting from the Root to the Top of the Plant; the Vegetation is retarded and interrupted. It begins afresh, as soon as you throw again the Earth upon the Roots, but the Leaves and Flowers come later. *Cent.* 5. *N.* 416.

Pull up a Rose Bush for some Weeks before the Buds appear. When you replant it, the Juice will be some Time e'er it retakes its Course through the Pores of the Roots, which retards the coming of the Flowers.

Plant a Rose Bush in a very shady Place, as under a Hedge. From thence two Things arrive: 1st. The Plant is not warmed by the Sun, whose Heat hastens the Motion of the Sap. 2d. The Hedge draws to itself most of the Juices of the Earth, and leaves but little to the Plants, its Neighbours; and these two Causes joined together, considerably retard the Vegetation of the Rose Bush, which must of Necessity yield Roses much later. *Cent.* 5. *N.* 420.

To this we will add with Lord *Bacon*, that all we have said of the Rose Bush, may be applied to other flow'ring Plants, *&c.*

IX. *Some Methods of making Corn Seed very fruitful.*

Take a Bushel of Corn, and put it in a large Copper Cauldron; pour upon it five Pails of Water. Let it boil over the Fire till the Corn be burst, and the Water impregnated with the essential Salt of the Seed. Strain this Water through a Linnen Cloth, and that nothing may be lost, give the Corn to the Poultry. Put into a great Kettle three Pounds of Salt Petre, or of Nitre, which is the same Thing: Pour upon it the Water in which the Corn was boiled, and four Pails full of the Filth that soaks from a Dunghill. Boil all these together, the Salt-Petre will melt.

Having done this, take a large Tub, and put in it the Quantity of Wheat, Rye, Barley, *&c.* that you intend to sow: Pour in your Liquor, which should be lukewarm,

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and cover the Corn about four Inches above it, because it will soon swell. Cover it close, that it may retain the Heat the longer, and put the Salts in Motion. Leave your Corn thus four and twenty Hours, that it may imbibe these fructifying Salts, which will not fail to open, dilate, and unfold the numberless Sprouts that are contained in each Seed; for that is the main Thing to be done, in order to the Multiplication of any Plant that is raised from Seed.

Take out the Corn, let it dry a little in the Shade, and then sow it very thin, because a third Part less than usual will sufficiently seed the Ground. Put a little Straw, cut very small, among it, that you may sow it by Handfulls, without mistaking. They who live near the Sea, will do well to add to it one third of Sea Sand, which will make the Increase much greater.

The Water that remains will serve for the same Use; for it is good to the very last. When the Sap begins to mount, a Pint of this Water at the Foot of each young Tree, will make it do Wonders. Allow but as much to a Vine, it will repay you a hundred Fold in Fruits the next Vintage.

The 139 *Psalm paraphrased to the* 14*th Verse.*

I.

IN vain, great God, in vain I try
T' escape thy quick all searching Eye.
Thou with one *undivided* View
Dost look the whole Creation through.
The unshap'd *Embryo's* of my Mind
Not yet to Form or Likeness wrought,
The tender *Rudiments* of Thought
Thou see'st, before she can her own *Conception* find.

II.

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II.

My private Walks to thee are known,
In *Solitude* I'm not alone;
Thou round my Bed a Guard doſt keep,
Thy Eyes are open, while mine ſleep.
My ſofteſt Whiſpers reach thy Ear:
'Tis vain to fancy Secrecy;
Which Way ſo e'er I turn, thou'rt there,
I am all round *beſet* with thy *Immenſity*.

III.

I can't wade through this Depth, I find,
It drowns and ſwallows up my Mind.
'Tis like thy immenſe Deity,
I cannot fathom that, or thee.
Where then ſhall I a Refuge find
From thy bright comprehenſive Eye?
Whither, O whither ſhall I fly,
What Place is not poſſeſt by thy all-filling Mind!

IV.

If to the heavenly Orbs I fly
There is thy Seat of Majeſty.
If down to Hell's Abyſs I go,
There I am ſure to meet thee too.
Should I with the ſwift Wings of Light
Seek ſome remote and unknown Land,
Thou ſoon would'ſt overtake my Flight.
And all my Motions rule with thy *long-reaching* Hand.

V.

Should I t' avoid thy piercing Sight,
Retire behind the Screen of Night,
Thou can'ſt with one cœleſtial Ray
Diſpel the Shades, and make it Day.
Nor need'ſt thou by ſuch Mediums ſee,
The force of thy clear radiant Sight,
Depends not on our groſſer Light;
On Light thou ſitt'ſt *enthron'd*, 'tis *ever* Day with *thee*.

VI.

The *Springs* which Life and Motion give
Are thine, by thee I move and live.

My

My Frame has nothing hid from thee,
Thou know'ſt my whole *Anatomy*.
T' an Hymn of Praiſe I'll tune my Lyre;
How amazing is this Work of thine!
With *Dread* I into myſelf retire,
For tho' the *Metal's baſe*, the *Stamp* is all *Divine*.

The TURKEY *and the* ANT.

A FABLE.

IN other Men we Faults can ſpy,
And blame the Mote that dims their Eye,
Each little Speck and Blemiſh find,
To our own ſtronger Errors blind.
A Turkey, tir'd of common Food,
Forſook the Barn and ſought the Wood,
Behind her ran her Infant Train,
Collecting here and there a Grain.
Draw near, my Birds, the Mother cries,
This Hill delicious Fare ſupplies;
Behold, the buſy *Negro* Race,
See, Millions blacken all the Place!
Fear not, like me with Freedom eat;
An Ant is moſt delightful Meat.
How bleſt, how envy'd were our Life,
Could we but 'ſcape the Poult'rer's Knife!
But Man, curſt Man on Turkeys preys,
And *Chriſtmas* ſhortens all our Days;
Sometimes with Oiſters we combine,
Sometimes aſſiſt the ſav'ry Chine.
From the low Peaſant to the Lord,
The Turkey ſmokes on ev'ry Board.
Sure Men for Gluttony are curſt,
Of the ſev'n deadly Sins the worſt.
An Ant, who climb'd beyond his Reach,
Thus anſwer'd from the neighb'ring Beech.

E'er

E'er you remark another's Sin,
Bid thy own Conscience look within.
Controul thy more voracious Bill,
Nor for a Breakfast Nations kill.

On the Art of PRINTING.

HAIL sacred ART! thou Gift of Heaven, design'd
T' impart the Charms of Wisdom to Mankind,
To call forth Learning from the Realms of Night,
And bid bright Knowledge rise to publick Sight.
Th' immortal Labours of old *Greece* and *Rome*,
By Thee secur'd from Fate, shall ever bloom;
To farthest Times their latest Charms display,
Nor worn by Age, nor subject to Decay.
By thee subdu'd, no longer Ign'rance reigns,
Nor o'er the World her barb'rous Power maintains:
Fair Science re-assumes her antient Sway!
To her the Nations their glad Homage pay.
Blest be the Monarch who thy Worth can prize,
And, Spight of Superstition, dares be wise!
But doubly blest be He whose happy Thought
The rare Invention into Being brought!
Two Rival Artists this high Honour claim;
(Noble the Strife, where the Reward is Fame)
Each, pleading Right, the glorious Prize demands,
In deep Suspense divided Judgment stands;
On either Side their Forces take the Field,
But neither conquers, nor will either yield.
Then let them both the common Prize receive,
And FUST and COSTER's Names for ever live.

CONTENTMENT.

FArewell aspiring Thoughts, no more
My Soul shall leave the peaceful Shore,
To sail Ambition's Main;

Fallacious

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Fallacious as the Harlot's Kiss,
You promise me uncertain Bliss,
And give me certain Pain.
A beauteous Prospect first you shew,
Which e'er survey'd you paint anew,
And paint it wond'rous pleasant:
This in a third is quickly lost;
Thus future Good we covet most,
But ne'er enjoy the present.
Deluded on from Scene to Scene,
We never end, but still begin,
By flatt'ring Hope betray'd;
I'm weary of the painful Chace,
Let others run the endless Race
To catch a flying Shade.
Let others boast their useless Wealth;
Have I not Honesty and Health?
Which Riches cannot give:
Let others to Preferment soar,
And, changing Liberty for Pow'r,
In golden Shackles live.
'Tis Time, at length, I should be wise,
'Tis Time to seek substantial Joys;
Joys out of Fortune's Pow'r:
Wealth, Honours, Dignities, and Fame,
Are Toys the blind capricious Dame
Takes from us ev'ry Hour.
Come, conscious Virtue, fill my Breast,
And bring Content, thy Daughter, dress'd
In ever-smiling Charms:
Let sacred Friendship too attend;
A Friendship worthy of my Friend,
Such as my LÆLIUS warms.
With these I'll in my Bosom make
A Bulwark Fortune cannot shake,
Tho' all her Storms arise;
Look down and pity gilded Slaves,
Despise Ambition's giddy Knaves,
And wish the Fools were wise.

A Method

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A Method of improving L A N D.

The whole Secret of Improvement conſiſts in the right Uſe of Salts. *Salts* (ſays *Paliſſy*) *is the principal Subſtance and Virtue of Dung.* A Field might be ſown every Year, if we reſtored to it by Stercoration, what we take from it in the Harveſt; and there is no Doubt but we might draw from our Ground an immenſe Profit, provided we aſſiſted Nature by Art: So that if we can but find out the Means to impart to it an abundant Matter, proper for Germination and for Vegetation, we may be ſure to reap a proportionably plenteous Crop.

Seeing all Improvement depends on Salts, the main Buſineſs is to get together a great Quantity at little Expence, that the Profit may be the greater. The Manner of which is thus:

1. Provide three very large Caſks, and ſtave out the Heads of them; put in them almoſt whatever comes in your Way, as Bones of all Sorts of Animals, Feathers, Skins, Shreds of Leather, old Gloves, Shoes, Horns, Hoofs of Horſes and other Beaſts: In a Word, all Things that abound in Salt. Break the Bones, and cut all the reſt in Pieces. In the firſt Caſk put what ever will ſooneſt infuſe, that is to ſay, the ſofteſt Things; in the ſecond, the Matters that are not ſo ſoft; and in the third, the hardeſt Subſtances. Then fill all three of them with Rain Water, if you can get it: River Water is good; the Water of Pools, Ponds, *&c.* comes in the next Degrees. Let what is in the firſt Caſk infuſe four Days, ſix what is in the ſecond, and eight what is in the third.

After this Time of Infuſion, ſeparate the Water from the Subſtances, which you may throw away; but carefully preſerve the Water.

2. Moreover, all the Plants that grow along the Woods, in the Plains, on the Mountains, in Valleys and in Gardens, ought to be gathered, together with their Flowers and their Seeds. Theſe we burn to Aſhes, from which we extract the Salts, by the Evaporation of the Humidity. The Bark of Oaks, being full of Salt, is alſo very good; and ſo is Roſemary, Lavender, Sage, Betony, Mint, St. John's Wort, Sun Flowers, *&c.* In the Evaporation, the Salts get toge-

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together by Cryſtallization, and it is eaſy to pick them out. They muſt be dry'd to preſerve them.

3. Take as many Pounds of Salt Petre, or Nitre, as you have Acres of Land to ſow: For each Acre, diſſolve a Pound of Salt Petre in twelve Pints of Water that ſanks from the Dunghill. When the Salt Petre is quite melted, throw in a little of thoſe Salts of Plants, according to the Quantity you have of them. This Liquor is then called the *univerſal Matter*, becauſe Nitre is truly the univerſal Spirit of the Elementary World, as we ſhall ſee hereafter.

This is the main Point of the whole Secret of Improvement. We will for the future call the Water that is got ready in the Caſks, *prepared Water*; and the Water in which are the Salts extracted from Plants, and the Nitre, *univerſal Matter*.

Get ready your Corn, or other Seed, for two Acres at a Time, or what you can get ſown in one Day or two.

For one Acre take twelve Pints of the *prepared Water*, and mix with it immediately the *univerſal Matter*, in which there ought to be a Pound of diſſolved Nitre. The Veſſel into which you put theſe Liquors, muſt be large enough to contain the Corn which you deſign for one Acre; then ſtrow in your Corn into theſe Liquors: Let it fall in gently, that you may take off with a Skimmer the Corn that ſwims on the Water, which is not fit to ſow. *Seeds which ſink in Water are the beſt, and will produce the moſt: Thoſe which ſwim, are unfit to multiply*, ſays RAY, *Hiſt. Plant.* Lib. 1. Chap. 18. P. 34. There muſt be two Inches of Water above the Seed; and if you have not enough, fill it up with the beſt Water you can get; that of the Horſe-Pond is the moſt proper.

Leave the Corn to ſoak for twelve Hours, and ſtir it up and down every two: If by that Time the Seed does not ſwell, let it lie together, till it begins to plump up conſiderably. Then take it out, and put it in a Sack to drain. Leave it there ſome Hours, that it may ferment and grow warm. Take Care not to loſe the Water that drains away, it being good to the laſt Drop for all Sorts of Seeds and Corn.

Sow

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Sow this Corn while it is yet a little moist. One third less than usual will serve for an Acre: Nay, you may safely use but half as much, and mingle among it some Straw cut very small, that the Sower may take it up by Handfulls, and sow it the ordinary Way, as we have said already.

Chuse the fairest cleanest, plumpest, and heaviest Corn you can.

Fat and heavy Grounds ought to be ploughed early, before the Rains begin, which render the Earth yet more heavy. We sow this Sort of Soil as soon as it is plow'd, that the Seed, by the Magnetick Virtue with which it is impregnated, may attact the universal Spirit that is diffused in the Air. We ought, if we can, to be beforehand with the great Rains; that when they fall, the Marriage of Heaven and Earth may be already consummated, by the Germination and by the Vegetation of our Corn that is deposited in the Womb of the Universal Mother of all Vegetable Productions. All Seeds should be sown in dry Weather, says *Ray*, Three or four Days after a great Rain. Hist. Plant. Lib. 1. Chap. 18. P. 34.

Quintinie makes the same Remark, nor can we have too much Regard to it; for according to this we ought to govern ourselves, to know what Method 'tis best to chuse to improve our Lands. The same Matter is not good alike in all Places; and they who observe not these Distinctions, are in Danger of finding ill Success, and will wrongfully blame the Secrets we impart to them. There are, says that eminent Gardener, two general Defects in Soils. The first is, to be too moist, which is commonly accompanied with too much Cold and Heaviness: The second is, to be too dry; and such Soils are over-light, and very apt to be scorched and parched up. Two different Remedies must be applied to these opposite Inconveniencies. We see likewise, that of the Dungs we employ, some are fat and refreshing, as Cow Dung, and that of Oxen: Others are hot and light, as of Sheep and Pigeons. Now, seeing the Remedy ought to be suited to the Disease, hot and light Dungs ought to be used in moist, cold, and heavy Earths, to render them

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more light and friable. In like Manner the Dung of Oxen and Cows is most proper for lean, dry, and light Soils, to make them more fat and substantial; and thereby to hinder the drying Winds of the Spring, and the extream Heats of the Summer, from parching them up too easily. Page 218. This, no Doubt, is arguing aright in the Affairs of Agriculture and Gardening; which, by such Observations only, can be brought to Perfection.

A Night-Piece on DEATH.

BY the blue Taper's trembling Light,
No more I waste the wakeful Night,
Intent with endless View to pore
The Schoolmen and the Sages o'er:
I'll seek a readier Path, and go
Where Wisdom's surely taught, *below*.

How deep yon Azure dyes the Sky!
Where Orbs of Gold unnumber'd lie,
While thro' their Ranks in Silver Pride
The nether Crescent seems to glide.
The slumb'ring Breeze forgets to breath,
The Lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled Show,
Descends to meet our Eyes below.
The Grounds which on the Right aspire,
In Dimness from the View retire:
The Left presents a Place of Graves,
Whose Wall the silent Water laves.
That Steeple guides thy doubtful Sight
Among the livid Gleams of Night.
There pass with melancholy State,
By all the solemn Heaps of Fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable Dead,

Time

Time was, like thee they Life poſſeſt,
And Time ſhall be, that thou ſhalt reſt,

Thoſe Graves with bending Oſier bound,
That nameleſs heave the crumbled Ground,
Quick to the glancing Thought diſcloſe
Where *Toil* and *Poverty* repoſe.

The flat ſmooth Stones that bear a Name,
The Chiſſel's ſlender Help to Fame,
(Which e'er our Sett of Friends decay
Their frequent Steps may wear away)
A *Middle Race* of Mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.

The Marble Tombs that riſe on high,
Whoſe Dead in vaulted Arches lie,
Whoſe Pillars ſwell with ſculptur'd Stones,
Arms, Angels, Epitaphs and Bones,
Theſe (all the poor Remains of State)
Adorn the *Rich*, or praiſe the *Great*;
Who while on Earth in Fame they live,
Are ſenſeleſs of the Fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale *Cynthia* fades,
The burſting Earth unveils the Shades!
All ſlow, and wan, and wrapp'd with Shrouds,
They riſe in viſionary Crouds,
And all with ſober Accent cry,
Think, Mortal, what it is to die.

Now from yon black and fun'ral Yew,
That bathes the Charnel-Houſe with Dew,
Methinks I hear a *Voice* begin;
(Ye Ravens, ceaſe your croaking Din,
Ye tolling Clocks, no Time reſound
O'er the long Lake and Midnight Ground)
It ſends a Peal of hollow Groans,
Thus ſpeaking from among the Bones,

When

When Men my Scythe and Darts supply,
How great a *King of Fears* am I!
They view me like the last of Things:
They make, and then they dread, my Stings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your Fears,
No more my Spectre Form appears.
Death's but a Path that must be trod,
If Man wou'd ever pass to GOD:
A Port of Calms, a State of Ease
From the rough Rage of swelling Seas.

Why then thy flowing sable Stoles,
Deep pendent Cypress, mourning Poles,
Loose Scarfs to fall athwart thy Weeds,
Long Palls, drawn Herses, cover'd Steeds,
And Plumes of black, that as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'Scutcheons of the Dead?

Nor can the parted Body know,
Nor wants the Soul, these Forms of Woe:
As Men who long in Prison dwell,
With Lamps that glimmer round the Cell,
Whene'er their suff'ring Years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glitt'ring Sun:
Such Joy, tho' far transcending Sense,
Have pious Souls at parting hence.
On Earth, and in the Body plac'd,
A few, and evil Years they waste:
But when their Chains are cast aside,
See the glad Scene unfolding wide,
Clap the glad Wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the Blaze of Day.

ODE to WISDOM.

By a LADY.

O *Wisdom!* Queen of ev'ry Art,
That glads the Sense, and mends the Heart,
Blest

Bleſt Source of purer Joys:
In every Form of Beauty bright,
That captivates the mental Sight
With Pleaſure and Surprize:

At thy unſpotted Shrine I bow:
Attend thy modeſt Suppliant's Vow,
That breathes no wild Deſires:
But taught by thy unerring Rules,
To ſhun the fruitleſs Wiſh of Fools,
To nobler Views aſpires.

Not *Fortune*'s Gem, *Ambition*'s Plume,
Nor *Beauty*'s fading Bloom,
Be Objects of my Pray'r:
Let *Av'rice*, *Vanity*, and *Pride*,
Thoſe envy'd glitt'ring Toys divide,
The dull Rewards of Care.

To me thy better Gifts impart,
Each moral Beauty of the Heart,
By ſtudious Thoughts refin'd;
For *Wealth*, the Smiles of glad Content,
For Pow'r, it's ampleſt, beſt Extent,
An Empire o'er the Mind.

When *Fortune* drops her gay Parade,
When *Pleaſure*'s tranſient Roſes fade,
And wither in the Tomb;
Unchang'd is thy immortal Prize,
Thy ever-verdant Laurels riſe
In undecaying Bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The Coxcomb's Sneer, the ſtupid lye
Of Ignorance and Spite:
Alike contemn the leaden Fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiſcerning Wit.

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Thy Breath inſpires the *Poet*'s Song,
The *Patriot*'s free, unbiaſs'd Tongue,
The *Hero*'s gen'rous Strife;
Thine are Retirement's ſilent Joys,
And all the ſweet engaging Ties
Of ſtill, Domeſtick Life.

No more to fabled Names confin'd,
To the ſupreme all-perfect Mind
My Thoughts direct their Flight:
VViſdom's thy Gift, and all her Force
From thee deriv'd, eternal Source
Of intellectual Light.

O ſend her ſure, her ſteady Ray,
To regulate my doubtful VVay
Thro' Life's perplexing Road:
The Miſts of Error to controul,
And thro' its Gloom direct my Soul
To Happineſs and Good.

Beneath her clear diſcerning Eye
The viſionary Shadows fly
Of Folly's painted Show:
She ſees thro' ev'ry fair Diſguiſe,
That all but *Virtue*'s ſolid Joys
Are Vanity and VVoe.

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An HYMN. In Three Parts.

PART I.

GOD of my Health, whoſe tender Care
First gave me Pow'r to move,
How ſhall my thankful Heart declare
The Wonders of thy Love?
While void of Thought and Senſe I lay,
Duſt of my Parent Earth,
Thy Breath inform'd the ſleeping Clay,
And call'd me to the Birth.

From thee the Parts their Faſhion took,
And, e'er my Life begun,
Within the Volume of thy Book
Were written one by one.
Thy Eye beheld in open View
The yet unfiniſh'd Plan;
The ſhadowy Lines thy Pencil drew,
And form'd the future Man.

O! may this Frame, which riſing grew
Beneath thy plaſtic Hands,
Be ſtudious ever to purſue
Whate'er thy Will commands.
The Soul which moves this earthly Load,
Thy Semblance let it bear,
Nor loſe the Traces of the God,
Who ſtamp'd his Image there.

PART II.

Thou, who within this Earthly Shrine
Haſt pour'd thy quick'ning Ray,
Oh! let thy Influence on me ſhine,
And purge each Miſt away.

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With curious Search let others aſk
Through Nature's Depth to ſee;
Oh! teach my Soul the better Taſk,
To know itſelf and thee.

Teach me to know how weak the Mind,
That yields to erring Pride;
And make my doubting Reaſon find
Thy Word its ſafeſt Guide.
Let me not, loſt in Learning's Maze,
Religion's Flame reſign:
For what's the Worth of human Praiſe,
Compar'd, my God, to thine?

Keep in my Soul the ſtrong Delight,
The Hopes that in me riſe,
While Faith preſents before my Sight
The Bliſs that never dies.
Oh! be thoſe Hopes my only Boaſt,
That Faith my whole Employ,
Till Faith in Knowledge ſhall be loſt,
And Hope in fulleſt Joy.

PART III.

Where'er I turn my wakeful Thought,
Unnumber'd Foes I ſee;
Guide of my Youth, forſake me not,
But lead me ſafe to thee.
As on I preſs, Diſtruſt and Doubt
Diſſuaſive ſtep between;
While Pleaſures tempt me from without,
And Paſſions war within.

Yet fix'd on thee, I loſe each Fear,
Each vain Aſſault I brave;
I know thee, Lord, not ſlow to hear,
Nor impotent to ſave.

Oh!

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Oh caſt my Errors from thy Sight,
And let them paſs away,
Unheeded as a Watch by Night,
Or as a Cloud by Day.

So while, in ſecret Thought arraign'd,
O'er my paſt Life I go,
And mark how oft I urg'd thy Hand
To ſtrike th' avenging Blow:
So oft ſhall my repeated Lays
My thankful Heart declare,
And joy to celebrate thy Praiſe,
Whoſe Mercy deign'd to ſpare.

The Cook-maid, *the* Turnſpit, *and the* Ox.

A FABLE.

To a POOR MAN.

CONſider Man in ev'ry Sphere;
Then tell me, is your Lot ſevere?
'Tis Murmur, Diſcontent, Diſtruſt,
That makes you wretched. God is juſt.
I grant that Hunger muſt be fed,
That Toil too earns thy daily Bread.
What then? thy Wants are ſeen and known;
But ev'ry Mortal feels his own.
We're born a reſtleſs needy Crew:
Show me the happier Man than you.
Adam, though bleſt above his Kind,
For Want of ſocial Woman pin'd:
Eve's Wants the ſubtle Serpent ſaw;
Her fickle Taſte tranſgreſs'd the Law:
Thus fell our Sire; and their Diſgrace
The Curſe entail'd on human Race.

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When *Philip*'s Son, by Glory led,
Had o'er the Globe his Empire ſpread;
When Altars to his Name were dreſt,
That he was Man his Tears confeſt.
The Hopes of Avarice are checkt;
The proud Man always wants Reſpect.
What various Wants on Pow'r attend?
Ambition never gains it's End.
Who hath not heard the Rich complain
Of Surfeits and corporeal Pain?
He, barr'd from ev'ry Uſe of Wealth,
Envies the Plowman's Strength and Health;
Another in a beauteous Wife
Finds all the Miſeries of Life!
Domeſtick Jars and jealous Fear
Embitter all his Days with Care.
This wants an Heir; the Line is loſt;
Why was that vain Entail engroſt?
Canſt thou diſcern another's Mind?
What is't you envy? Envy's blind.
Tell Envy, when ſhe would annoy,
That Thouſands want what you enjoy.
The Dinner muſt be diſh'd at One,
Where's this vexatious Turnſpit gone?
Unleſs the ſkulking Cur is caught,
The Sir-loin's ſpoil'd and I'm in Fault.
Thus ſaid; (for ſure you'll think it fit
That I the Cook-maid's Oaths omit)
With all the Fury of a Cook,
Her cooler Kitchen *Nan* forſook;
The Broomſtick o'er her Head ſhe waves,
She ſweats, ſhe ſtamps, ſhe puffs, ſhe raves;
The ſneaking Cur before her flies,
She whiſtles, calls, fair Speech ſhe tries,
Theſe nought avail; her Choler burns,
The Fiſt and Cudgel threat by turns.
With haſty Stride ſhe preſſes near,
He ſlinks aloof, and howls with Fear.

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Was ever Cur ſo curs'd, he cry'd,
What Star did at my Birth preſide?
Am I for Life by Compact bound
To tread the Wheel's eternal Round?
Inglorious Taſk! of all our Race
No Slave is half ſo mean and baſe.
Had Fate a kinder Lot aſſign'd,
And form'd me of the Lap-Dog kind,
I then, in higher Life employ'd,
Had Indolence, and Eaſe enjoy'd,
And, like a Gentleman careſt,
Had been the Lady's fav'rite Gueſt.
Or were I ſprung from Spaniel Line,
Was his ſagacious Noſtril mine,
By me, their never erring Guide,
From Wood and Plain their Feaſts ſupply'd,
Knights, Squires, attendant on my Pace,
Had ſhar'd the Pleaſures of the Chace.
Endu'd with native Strength and Fire,
Why call'd I not the Lion Sire?
A Lion! ſuch mean Views I ſcorn,
Why was I not of Woman born?
Who dares with Reaſon's Pow'r contend?
On Man we brutal Slaves depend;
To him all Creatures Tribute pay,
And Luxury employs his Day.
An Ox by Chance o'erheard his moan,
And thus rebuk'd the lazy Drone.
Dare you at partial Fate repine?
How kind's your Lot compar'd with mine!
Decreed to Toil, the barb'rous Knife
Hath ſever'd me from ſocial Life;
Urg'd by the ſtimulating Goad,
I drag the cumbrous Waggon's Load!
'Tis mine to tame the ſtubborn Plain,
Break the ſtiff Soil and houſe the Grain;
Yet I without a Murmur bear
The various Labours of the Year.

But

But then conſider that one Day,
(Perhaps the Hour's not far away)
You, by the Duties of your Poſt,
Shall turn the Spit when I'm the Roaſt;
And for Reward ſhall ſhare the Feaſt,
I mean ſhall pick my Bones at leaſt.
'Till now, th' aſtoniſh'd Cur replies,
I look'd on all with envious Eyes;
How falſe we judge by what appears!
All Creatures feel their ſev'ral Cares.
If thus yon mighty Beaſt complains,
Perhaps Man knows ſuperior Pains.
Let Envy then no more torment.
Think on the Ox and learn Content.
Thus ſaid; cloſe following at her Heel,
With chearful Heart he mounts the Wheel.

To plant a Wood at a ſmall Expence, that will ſoon caſt an agreeable Shade.

FOR this Purpoſe make Choice of the Trees that eaſily ſhoot out Roots; as Willows, Oziers, the Poplar, the Aldar. Lay Branches of them their full Length in the Earth: At all their Knots there will come out Shoots, that will make as many Trees. *Lord Bacon's Cent.* 5. 425.

To make barren Trees bear Fruit.

There are ſome Trees charming to look on, which nevertheleſs bear no Fruit; the Reaſon whereof certainly is the too great abundance of Sap. Theſe barren Trees muſt be pierced with an Awger in the Trunk, even to the Pith. Part of the Sap, as it mounts, turns aſide and evacuates by this Aperture, which makes the Tree fruitful. *Cent.* 5. 428. This is a wholeſome Way of bleeding.

To

To make the Seeds, Kernels, and Stones of Fruits come up ſpeedily.

Take ſome Kernels of Apples, Pears, and Oranges, and ſome Stones of Peaches, Apricots, and Plums, and put them into the Onion, which we call *Squilla Marina*; or, if you will, into a large common Onion. Put them into good Earth, and be aſſured, that being excited by the Moiſture and by the Heat of the Onion, they will ſprout the ſooner. This is, as it were, a Manner of grafting: The Graft derives its Nouriſhment from the Trunk on which it is grafted. This Experiment might be carried farther, and 'tis likely that if we put the Seeds of Onion into an Onion itſelf, the Seed will come up the ſooner, and bear an Onion larger and better nouriſhed. It is natural to imagine, that Seeds ſerv'd in this Manner, will find more Nouriſhment than in the bare Earth.

To have early Cucumbers.

We know by Experience, that if we cut cloſe to the Ground the Stalks of Cucumbers, ſome Days after their Germination, and throw Earth upon them, the Plant will not appear till the Spring after, when it bloſſoms and yields much more Fruit than uſual.

Lord *Bacon* is of Opinion, that the Reaſon why Annual Plants out-live not the Winter, but die at the End of Autumn, is becauſe they have exhauſted all their Juice in the Product of their Leaves and Fruits; and that by preventing this Diſſipation, they would preſerve themſelves for the Year following, provided always that we protect them from the exceſſive Cold.

To give Flowers what Colours we pleaſe.

In Regard to Plants, whoſe Stem and Branches are ſtrong, we pierce them to the very Pith, and work into the Aperture the Colours we would give the Flower, and then cover up the Hole with Cow Dung or with Clay, and the Flowers will have as many different Colours, as we put in Sorts.

It ſhould be obſerved, that the Virtue or Impreſſion of theſe borrowed Colours, will laſt but for that Year, and that

The

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the Plant will leave theſe falſe Colours, to give the Flowers thoſe that are natural to them. There are ſome who ſay it is good to water the Earth at the Foot of the Plant with the ſame Colours we put into the Aperture of the Stem.

By the ſame Metod we may give to Flowers extraordinary Scents, by putting in Muſk, *&c.*

The ſame Thing may be practiſed in Regard to Fruits; and we may imbibe them, if we will, with a medicinal purgative Power, or a ſweet and ſugary Quality, by inſinuating into the Aperture, made in the Trunk or Branches, Treacle, Rhubarb, Sugar, Honey, or any other Thing, of which we deſire the Fruits ſhould have a Flavour.

But we muſt be very careful that what we put in, whether Colour or odoriferous, or medicinal Drug, be not Mineral, becauſe of its corroſive Quality, which would kill the Plant.

As for Colours, *Lake* is good, and all the Colours that are expreſſed out of macerated Flowers, as from Violets, *&c.*

In Regard to what we ſow, if we ſteep the Seed in Sack, or in Wine mixed with Honey, in Milk, or even in Water, in which we have put Sugar, or any odoriferous Things, the Fruits will be much more delicate, and, as it were, all perfumed. This the Curious, and Men of good Palates, ſeldom fail to do in Regard to Melons.

To give Fruits what Figure we pleaſe.

Make a Mould of Clay, within which there muſt be the Figure you would give to an Apple, a Pear, or a Peach. Let the Mould be of two or three Pieces, as they are generally made to caſt Figures in Wax; lay it before the Fire to harden a little; then put the Fruit, while 'tis yet ſmall, into the Mould; and for fear it ſhould open, bind it hard, and keep it cloſe in this manner, till the Fruit have fill'd all its Vacancy. Nothing is more pleaſant, than to ſee after this an Apple, that repreſents very regularly, the Face, or the Head of an Animal.

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The Virtue of Aſhes in rendring Plants and Flowers larger and more beautiful.

To make a Plant grow to an extraordinary Size, water it ſometimes with Lye, made with Aſhes of the like Plants. 'Tis certain, that the Salts, that are in ſuch a Lye, contribute very much to the abundantly ſupplying the Plants with what is requiſite to their Vegetation; eſpecially ſuch as theſe Salts have any Analogy with, by their Configuration. For 'tis moſt certain, that the Salts taken from the Aſhes of burnt Tulips, holding more Proportion with the diſpoſition of the Parts which compoſe the Bulb, the Stem, the Leaves, and the Flower of the Tulip, are much more proper to make it grow to an extraordinary Size, than the Salts of Plants of another Kind.

This gives us occaſion to take Notice by the way, that our Farmers burn indifferently Fern, Nettles, Juniper, Brambles, *&c.* to ſpread the Aſhes on their Land, and think by ſo doing to increaſe its Fertility. The Queſtion is, to know whether thoſe Salts that are of a quite different Nature and Figure, from thoſe of the Seeds with which we have ſown our Field, can contribute to their Vegetation and Multiplication.

To render Fruits more delicious and earlier ripe.

'Tis ſaid that to haſten the Maturity of Fruits, and to make them more agreeable to the Taſte, we need only pierce the Trunk of the Tree, and thruſt into the Hole a Peg, made of ſome Wood, whoſe Tree is of a hotter Quality. Such are the Turpentine Tree, the Maſtick, Guaiacum, Juniper, *&c.* A Mulberry Tree becomes more fruitful by this Method, and the Mulberries excellently good, beſides that their Pre-maturity is very deſirable.

Nothing is more comfortable to Plants, than to water them with Water warm'd in the Sun; and in which has been put ſome Pigeons Dung, and Aſhes of Plants of the ſame kind. *Ferrari Flora, lib. 4. cap. 3.*

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Plant a Roſe Tree at the end of *October*, in a Pot fill'd with good Earth, mix'd with a ſucculent and rotten Dung. Water it twice every Day with a little warm Water. In cold and froſty Weather take it in Doors, and never let it be abroad in the Night. Towards the Spring, when mild *Zephirus* returns with the Heat of the Sun, to court the Plants to put on their green Attire, you muſt water the Roſe Tree with Water a little warmer: Do this, and you ſhall ſee with what Diligence the Roſes will appear, to welcome in the firſt Days of the Spring.

Ferrari relates after *Porta*, that if a dextrous Hand inoculates a Roſe Tree Bud upon an Apple-Stock, the Tree will bear at the ſame Time, about the end of *September*, the Flowers of the Spring, and the Fruits of Autumn.

This Secret is not extraordinary, but deſerves to be known. To have Gilliflowers, Pinks, and Roſes very late, we have only to bruiſe gently with our Fingers, the new-born Buds, or the Cups, that contain the Flower. The Plant muſt be watered very much during the Heats of the Summer. By this little Artifice we keep back in the Stem, the Moiſture deſigned by Nature for the perfect Formation of the Flower; but it grows warm, and retakes its Motion, that it may produce other Flowers.

If we plant the Bulbs of Lillies very deep in the Earth, they will blow the later. Thus to have the Flowers the longer, we ſet ſome of the Bulbs three Inches in the Ground, ſome five, and others ſeven.

To give new Colours to Flowers.

There are particularly three Colours, that are rare in Flowers, and which the Curious are deſirous to introduce among them. *Black*, whoſe lugubrious Hue is ſo proper to paint the Havock that Death makes in Families. *Green*, ſo delightful to the Eyes, and that nouriſhes and ſtrengthens the Sight. *Blue*, that tranſmits to Earth the Colour of the Heavens.

We

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We may make Flowers take theſe three ſorts of Colours without much trouble: For Black, we make Uſe of the little Fruits that grow upon Alders, keeping them till they are very dry, and then reducing them to impalpable Powder: For Green, we take the Juice of Rue; and, for Blue, the Blue-Bottles that grow amongſt Corn. We dry them, and reduce them likewiſe to a very fine Powder, then uſe them as follows:

We take the Colour with which we would impregnate a Plant, and mingle it with Sheep's Dung, a little Vinegar, and a little Salt. The Colour muſt make up one third of the Compoſition. We lay this Matter, which ought to be of the Conſiſtency of Paſte, on the Root of a Plant, whoſe Flowers are white. We water it with ſome Water, a little tinctured with the ſame Colour, and do nothing elſe to it but what is uſual. Thus we have the Pleaſure to ſee Pinks that were white, change to be as black as *Ethiops*. We do the like for the green and the blue.

To ſucceed the better, we prepare the Earth. We chuſe one that is light and very fat, dry it in the Sun, reduce it into Powder, and then ſift it. We fill a Pot with it, and ſet in the Middle a white Gilliflower; for white is the only Colour that is tractable, and will take theſe Tinctures. No Rain nor nightly Dews muſt fall upon this Plant; and in the Day it muſt be ſet in the Sun.

If we would have this white Flower cloath itſelf in regal Purple, we make Uſe of *Braſil* Wood, to make the Paſte, and to tincture the Water for the Irrigations. By this Artifice we might have charming Lillies: By watering the Plant with three or four Colours, in as many different Places, we ſhould have Lillies of ſeveral Colours, that would be beautiful to Admiration.

The Curious lay their Tulip Bulbs to macerate in prepared Liquors, whoſe Dyes they will then take. Some notch theſe Bulbs a little, and work in dry Colours into the little Notches.

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The *Benedicite*; or, The Song of the three Children paraphras'd.

YE Works of God, on him alone,
In Earth his Footſtool, Heaven his Throne,
Be all your Praiſe beſtow'd;
Whoſe Hand the beauteous Fabrick made,
Whoſe Eye the finiſh'd Work ſurvey'd,
And ſaw that All was Good.

Ye Angels, that with loud Acclaim
Admiring view'd the new-born Frame,
And hail'd th' eternal King;
Again proclaim your Maker's Praiſe,
Again your thankful Voices raiſe,
And touch the tuneful String.

Praiſe him, ye bleſt Ætherial Plains,
Where, in full Majeſty, he deigns
To fix his awful Throne;
Ye Waters, that above him roll,
From Orb to Orb, from Pole to Pole,
Oh!----make his Praiſes known!

Ye Thrones, Dominions, Virtues, Pow'rs,
Join ye your joyful Songs with ours,
With us your Voices raiſe;
From Age to Age extend the Lay,
To Heaven's eternal Monarch pay
Hymns of eternal Praiſe.

Cæleſtial Orb!-----whoſe pow'rful Ray
Opes the glad Eyelids of the Day,
Whoſe Influence all Things own;
Praiſe him, whoſe Courts effulgent ſhine
With Light, as far excelling thine,
As thine the paler Moon.

Ye

Ye glitt'ring Planets of the Sky,
Whoſe Lamps the abſent Sun ſupply,
With him the Song purſue;
And let himſelf ſubmiſſive own,
He borrows from a brighter Sun,
The Light he lends to you.

Ye Show'rs, and Dews, whoſe Moiſture ſhed,
Calls into Life the op'ning Seed,
To him your Praiſes yield;
Whoſe Influence wakes the genial Birth,
Drops Fatneſs on the pregnant Earth,
And crowns the laughing Field.

Ye Winds, that oft' tempeſtuous ſweep
The ruffled Surface of the Deep,
With us confeſs your God:
See, through the Heav'ns, the King of Kings,
Up-born on your expanded Wings,
Comes flying all abroad.

Ye Floods of Fire, where-e'er ye flow,
With juſt Submiſſion humbly bow
To his ſuperior Pow'r;
Who ſtops the Tempeſt on its Way,
Or bids the flaming Deluge ſtray,
And gives it Strength to roar.

Ye Summer's Heat, and Winter's Cold,
By Turns in long Succeſſion roll'd,
The drooping World to chear;
Praiſe him who gave the Sun and Moon,
To lead the various Seaſons on,
And guide the circling Year.

Ye Froſts, that bind the wat'ry Plain,
Ye ſilent Show'rs of fleecy Rain,
Purſue the heav'nly Theme;
Praiſe him who ſheds the driving Snow,
Forbids the harden'd Waves to flow,
And ſtops the rapid Stream.

Ye

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Ye Days and Nights, that ſwiftly born,
From Morn to Eve, from Eve to Morn,
Alternate glide away;
Praiſe him, whoſe never-varying Light,
Abſent, adds Horror to the Night,
But preſent gives the Day.

Light,----from whoſe Ray all Beauty ſprings,
Darkneſs,----whoſe wide expanded Wings
Involve the duſky Globe;
Praiſe him, who when the Heav'ns he ſpread,
Darkneſs his thick Pavilion made,
And Light his regal Robe.

Praiſe him, ye Light'nings, as ye fly,
Wing'd with his Vengeance through the Sky,
And red with Wrath divine;
Praiſe him, ye Clouds, that wand'ring ſtray,
Or fix'd by him in cloſe Array,
Surround his awful Shrine.

Exalt, O Earth! thy heav'nly King,
Who bids the Plants, that form the Spring,
With annual Verdure bloom;
Whoſe frequent Drops of kindly Rain,
Prolifick ſwell the rip'ning Grain,
And bleſs thy fertile Womb.

Ye Mountains, that ambitious riſe,
And heave your Summits to the Skies,
Revere his awful Nod;
Think how you once affrighted fled,
When *Jordan* ſought his Fountain-Head,
And own'd th' approaching God.

Ye Trees, that fill the rural Scene,
Ye Flow'rs that o'er th' enamel'd Green
In native Beauty reign,
O! praiſe the Ruler of the Skies,
Whoſe Hand the genial Sap ſupplies,
And clothes the ſmiling Plain.

Ye

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Ye ſecret Springs, ye gentle Rills,
That murm'ring riſe among the Hills,
Or fill the humble Vale;
Praiſe him, at whoſe Almighty Nod
The rugged Rock diſſolving flow'd,
And form'd a ſpringing Well.

Praiſe him, ye Floods, and Seas profound,
Whoſe Waves the ſpacious Earth ſurround,
And roll from Shore to Shore;
Aw'd by his Voice, ye Seas, ſubſide,
Ye Floods, within your Channels glide,
And tremble and adore.

Ye Whales, that ſtir the boiling Deep,
Or in its dark Receſſes ſleep,
Remote from human Eye;
Praiſe him, by whom ye all are fed,
Praiſe him, without whoſe heavenly Aid,
Ye languiſh, faint, and die.

Ye Birds, exalt your Maker's Name,
Begin, and with th' important Theme
Your artleſs Lays improve;
Wake with your Songs the riſing Day,
Let Muſick ſound on ev'ry Spray,
And fill the vocal Grove.

Praiſe him, ye Beaſts, that nightly roam
Amid the ſolitary Gloom,
Th' expected Prey to ſeize;
Ye Slaves of the laborious Plough,
Your ſtubborn Necks ſubmiſſive bow,
And bend your weary'd Knees.

Ye Sons of Men, his Praiſe diſplay,
Who ſtampt his Image on your Clay,
And gave it Pow'r to move;
Ye, that in *Judah*'s Confines dwell,
From Age to Age ſucceſſive tell
The Wonders of his Love.

Let

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Let *Levi*'s Tribe the Lay prolong,
'Till Angels liſten to the Song,
And bend attentive down;
Let Wonder ſeize the heav'nly Train,
Pleas'd, while they hear a mortal Strain,
So ſweet, ſo like their own.

And you, your thankful Voices join,
That oft at *Salem*'s ſacred Shrine
Before his Altars kneel;
Where thron'd in Majeſty he dwells,
And from the myſtic Cloud reveals
The Dictates of his Will.

Ye Spirits of the Juſt and Good,
That, eager for the bleſt Abode,
To heav'nly Manſions ſoar.
O! let your Songs his Praiſe diſplay,
Till Heav'n itſelf ſhall melt away,
And Time ſhall be no more.

Praiſe him, ye meek and humble Train,
Ye Saints, whom his Decrees ordain
The boundleſs Bliſs to ſhare;
O! Praiſe him, till ye take your Way
To Regions of eternal Day,
And reign for ever there,

Let us, who now impaſſive ſtand,
Aw'd by the Tyrant's ſtern Command,
Amid the fiery Blaze;
While thus we triumph in the Flame,
Riſe, and our Maker's Love proclaim,
In Hymns of endleſs Praiſe.

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To give new Odours to Flowers,

The Method is almoſt the ſame to implant new Colours on Flowers, as to perfume them with an Odour that is not natural to them. We may begin to remedy the ill Smell of a Plant, even before its Birth, that is to ſay, when we ſow it, if it comes from Seed. We ſteep ſome Sheep's Dung in Vinegar, and put to it a little Muſk, Civet, or Amber-greaſe, in Powder. We lay the Seeds, or even the Bulbs, to macerate ſome Days in this Liquor. 'Tis known by Experience that the Flowers which come from them, will diffuſe a moſt ſweet and delicious Odour. If we would be ſure not to fail, we muſt water the new-born Plants with the ſame Liquor in which we ſteep'd the Seeds.

Ferrari ſays, that a Friend of his undertook to take from the *African* Marygold its offenſive Smell, and that he ſucceeded with a little Care. He ſteep'd the Seeds for two Days in Roſe-water, in which he had infuſed a little Muſk. He let them dry a little, and then ſow'd them. The Flowers did not entirely loſe their nauſeous Smell: However, a Sweetneſs was found to breathe from amidſt their natural Smell, which made that Defect be ſupported with ſome Pleaſure. He ſow'd the Seeds of theſe Plants, that were already a little mended, with the ſame Preparation as before, and they produced Flowers that might vie in Sweetneſs with Jeſſamins and Violets.

An Excellent Receipt for preventing the Fly's damaging the ſeedling Leaves of Turnips, Cabbages, Savoys, Cole, Weld, Flax, and many other Vegetables, for leſs than Six-pence an Acre Charge.

Mix one Ounce of Flour of Brimſtone with three Pounds of Turnip-ſeed, daily, for three Days ſucceſſively, in an earthen glazed Pot, and keep it covered cloſe, ſtirring all together well at each freſh Addition, that the Seed may be the more tainted by the Sulphur; then ſow it as uſual on one Acre of Ground; and let the Weather come wet or dry, it will keep off the Fly till the third or fourth ſeedling Leaf is formed; and by this Time they will all be ſomewhat biteriſh, and conſequently very much out of the Danger of this little black flying Inſect; which, in the Summer Time of the

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Year, may be ſometimes ſeen in Swarms on the Wing near the Ground, ſearching for, and ſettling on freſh Bites, till they ruin thouſands of Acres in ſome Seaſons, by lying and reſiding under the little Clots of Earth all Night, and doing their Miſchief the Day following.

How to prepare Wheat Seed and ſow it, as practiſed in Middleſex.

At Night the Farmer puts in a ſufficient Quantity of clear Water into a large Tub, in which he had fixed a Tap and Tap-whips; in this he puts five Buſhels of Wheat Seed for ſowing two Acres of Ground, and immediately ſtirs and ſkims off the Seeds of Weeds and all light Kernels; then he directly draws off all the Water, and takes out the Wheat Seed. When this is done, he puts in another or freſh Parcel of clean Water into the Tub again, with a Pint of common Salt, and a Pottle of Stone Lime; which, with good ſtirring, will ſoon diſſolve; then he puts in his five Buſhels of Wheat Seed again, and, with a Stick, ſtirs about and well mixes the Wheat, Lime, and Liquor together, and in this Condition lets all remain till next Morning, when he draws off the watery Part, and lays the Wheat on a Heap on the Ground to drain, dry, and ſow, when the Servants have breakfaſted. If you find the Kernels have not Lime enough about them, you may ſift on more, but they have this Way, generally a ſufficient Quantity lodged on them: But to proceed, In order to get the Ground in a Readineſs for Sowing it with Wheat, about the beginning of *October*, they fallow it up in *April*, and commonly by plowing two of their four Bout-lands into one; at the firſt Stirree-time, they plow this one Bout-land, and another ſuch, into one Broad-land; at the ſecond Stirree-time, they hack it athwart, and next harrow all plain: Then, at the fourth or laſt Plowing, they ſprain and plow in their Wheat Seed in three or four Bout-lands, the Way the Drain lies, leaving two Water-thoroughs, by moulding up the Earth out of them to the Bout-lands, and little or no Seed in them; and thus it is that they lay up their wet Land high and dry, and leave at the ſame Time, a large Paſſage for Floods of Waters to run quickly off.

A Method

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A Method practiſed by a certain Shepherd in the Vale of Ayleſbury, *by which he recovered and fatted many rotten Sheep.*

This knowing Shepherd I am well acquainted with, and with his Practice of recovering and fatting Sheep that have taken the Rot, and were not too far gone with it. Such Sheep, though reduced to great Poverty in their Fleſh, he kept in a Yard, and fed them under Cover, as Hogs when they are fatting commonly are; here theſe infected Sheep had Troughs before them, in which the Shepherd put kiln-dried ſplit Peaſe, that he mixed with ſome Pollard, and ſometimes with Bran, and always had a Rack of fine Hay by them, with a Trough of Water. The Meat was given them at ſeveral Times to prevent glutting them, and Water freſh accordingly; which, with littering them with Straw now and then, ſo well agreed with theſe Sheep that they ſoon recovered, by thus drying up the watery Quality of their Fleſh and Entrails, and fatted well, for ſelling to the Butcher, at about two Months End. Some, inſtead of Peaſe, will kiln-dry Horſe-beans, and give them ſplit with Pollard or Bran. Others will give the Sheep whole Horſe-beans, or whole Peaſe, with Bran, for feeding and fatting them in like Manner. But in Caſe ſuch rotten Sheep are thus fed and confined under Cover only every Night, and turned out to graze every Morning, there is no Occaſion to give them Water in a Trough, for that the Graſs and Weeds they pick up abroad, will be ſufficient to moiſten their Bodies.

The POET and his PATRON,

A FABLE.

WHY, Celia, is your ſpreading Waiſt
So looſe, ſo negligently lac'd?
Why muſt the wrapping Bed Gown hide
Your ſnowy Boſom's ſwelling Pride?
How ill that Dreſs adorns your Head,
Diſtain'd, and rumpled from the Bed!

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Thoſe Clouds, that ſhade your blooming Face,
A little Water might diſplace,
As Nature ev'ry Morn beſtows
The Cryſtal Dew, to cleanſe the Roſe.
Thoſe Treſſes, as the Raven black,
That wav'd in Ringlets down your Back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by Neglect,
Deſtroy the Face, which once they deck'd.
Whence this Forgetfulneſs of Dreſs?
Pray, Madam, are you marry'd? Yes.
Nay, then inded the Wonder ceaſes,
No Matter now how looſe your Dreſs is;
The End is won, your Fortune's made,
Your Siſter now may take the Trade.
Alas! what Pity 'tis to find
This Fault in half the Female Kind!
From hence proceed Averſion, Strife,
And all that ſours the wedded Life.
Beauty can only point the Dart,
'Tis Neatneſs guides it to the Heart;
Let Neatneſs then, and Beauty ſtrive
To keep a wav'ring Flame alive.
'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the Conqueſt, than ſubdue;
Admit us once behind the Screen,
What is there farther to be ſeen?
A newer Face may raiſe the Flame,
But ev'ry Woman is the ſame
Then ſtudy chiefly to improve
The Charm, that fix'd your Huſband's Love.
Weigh well his Humour. Was it Dreſs,
That gave your Beauty Power to bleſs?
Purſue it ſtill; be neater ſeen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So ſhall you keep alive Deſire,
And Time's ſwift Wing ſhall fan the Fire.

In Garret high (as Stories ſay)
A Poet ſung his tuneful Lay;

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So ſoft, ſo ſmooth his Verſe, you'd ſwear
Apollo, and the Muſes there;
Thro' all the Town his Praiſes rung,
His Sonnets at the Play houſe ſung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring Head,
The Goddeſs Want her Pinions ſpread,
And with poetick Fury fir'd,
What Phœbus faintly had inſpir'd.
A noble Youth, of Taſte and Wit,
Approv'd the ſprightly Things he writ,
And ſought him in his Cobweb Dome,
Diſcharg'd his Rent, and brought him Home.
Behold him at the ſtately Board,
Who, but the Poet, and my Lord!
Each Day, deliciouſly he dines,
And greedy quaffs the gen'rous Wines;
His Sides were plump, his Skin was ſleek,
And Plenty wanton'd on his Cheek;
Aſtoniſh'd at the Change ſo new,
Away th' inſpiring Goddeſs flew.
Now, dropt for Politicks, and News,
Neglected lay the drooping Muſe;
Unmindful whence his Fortune came,
He ſtifled the poetick Flame;
Nor Tale, nor Sonnet, for my Lady,
Lampoon, nor Epigram was ready.
With juſt Contempt his Patron ſaw,
(Reſolv'd his Bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with Anger in his Look,
The late-repenting Fool beſpoke.
Blind to the Good that courts thee grown,
Whence has the Sun of Favour ſhone?
Delighted with thy tuneful Art,
Eſteem was growing in my Heart;
But idly thou reject'ſt the Charm,
That gave it Birth, and kept it warm.
Unthinking Fools, alone deſpiſe
The Arts, that taught them firſt to riſe.

PSALM

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PSALM CXLVI.

PREPARE the Voice, and tune the joyful Lyre,
And let the glorious Theme my Soul inspire:
To thee, my God, I sing; thy mighty Name
With heav'nly Rapture shall my Soul inflame.
My tuneful Homage shall like Incense rise,
And glad the Air, and reach th' approving Skies;
While Life and Breath remain, the sacred Song
Shall fill my Breast, and dwell upon my Tongue.

As some fair Structure, whose firm Basis lies
On Strength of Rock, and threat'ning Winds defies;
So stedfastly my Hopes on Heav'n are plac'd,
Nor Earth, nor Hell, my Confidence can blast.
Let others still for Human Help attend,
And on the Flatt'ries of the Great depend;
Relentless Death shall mock their airy Trust,
And lay their boasted Confidence in Dust.
As the fantastick Visions of the Night,
Before the op'ning Morning take their Flight;
So perish all the Boasts of Men, their Pride,
And vain Designs, the laughing Skies deride.

But he alone securely guarded lives,
To whom the mighty God Protection gives;
The mighty God, who made the stedfast Earth,
And gave the Springs that swell the Ocean Birth;
Who form'd the Stars, and spread the circling Skies,
And bade the Sun in all his Glory rise:
No Breach of Faithfulness his Honour stains;
With Day and Night his Word unchang'd remains:
On Human Woes he looks with pitying Eyes,
To help th' Oppress'd, and answer all their Cries;
The Orphan's soft Complaint, and Widow's Tears,
Obtain Redress, and fix his list'ning Ears:
His Throne from Changes stands for ever free,
And his Dominion shall no Period see.

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The ADVICE.

I.

WHAT's forming in the Womb of Fate
Why art thou ſo concern'd to know?
Doſt think 'twou'd be Advantage to thy State?
But wiſer Heaven does not think it ſo.
With thy Content thou would'ſt this Knowledge buy,
No Part of Life thou'dſt pleaſant find
For dread of what thou ſee'ſt behind,
Thou would'ſt but taſte of the inlightning Fruit and die.

II.

Well then has Heaven Events to come
Hid with the blackeſt Veil of Night;
But ſtill in vain if we foreſtall our Doom,
And with Prophetick Fears ourſelves affright:
Grand Folly! whether thus 'twill be or no,
We know not, and yet ſilly Man
Secures his Evils what he can,
And ſtabs himſelf with Grief, leſt Fate ſhould miſs the blow.

III.

Be wiſe, and let it be thy Care
To manage well the preſent Hour;
Call home thy ranging Thoughts and fix them here:
This only mind, this only's in thy Pow'r.
The reſt no ſettled, ſteddy Courſe maintain,
Like Rivers, which now gently ſlide
Within their Bounds, now with full Tide
O'erflow, which Houſes, Cattle, Trees reſiſt in vain.

IV.

'Tis he that's Happy, he alone
Lives free and pleaſant, that can ſay
With every Period of the ſetting Sun,
I've lived, and run my Race like him To-day.
To-morrow let the angry Heavens frown,
Or ſmile with Influence more kind,
On Chance depends what's yet behind,
But ſure what I have ſeiz'd, already's all my own.

V. Fortune

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V.

Fortune who no Diverſion knows
Like Diſappointment, laughs to ſee
How variouſly ſhe can her Gifts tranſpoſe,
Sometimes to one, ſometimes t'another free.
Be ſure to enjoy her while ſhe's pleas'd to ſtay:
But if for Flight ſhe does prepare,
Don't you at parting drop a Tear,
But hold your Virtue faſt, for that alone you may.

The dying Chriſtian to his SOUL.

An ODE.

By Mr. *POPE.*

I

VITAL Spark of heav'nly Flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal Frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the Pain, the Bliſs of dying!
Ceaſe, fond Nature, ceaſe thy Striſe,
And let me languiſh into Life.

II.

Hark! they whiſper; Angels ſay,
Siſter Spirit, come away.
What is this abſorbs me quite?
Steals my Senſes, ſhuts my Sight,
Drowns my Spirits, draws my Breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

III.

The World recedes; it diſappears!
Heav'n opens on my Eyes! my Ears
With Sounds ſeraphic ring:
Lend, lend your Wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy Victory?
O Death! where is thy Sting?

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The RAVENS, *the* SEXTON, *and the* EARTH-WORM.

A F A B L E.

HOW weak, how vain is Human Pride!
Dares Man upon himself confide
The Wretch, who glories in his Gain,
Amasses Heaps on Heaps in vain.
Why lose we Life in anxious Cares
To lay in Hoards for future Years?
Can those (when tortur'd by Disease)
Chear our sick Heart, or purchase Ease?
Can those prolong one Gasp of Breath,
Or calm the troubled Hour of Death?
What's Beauty? Call ye that your own,
A Flow'r that fades as soon as blown?
Those Eyes of so divine a Ray,
What are they? mould'ring Mortal Clay.
Those Features, cast in heav'nly Mould,
Shall, like my coarser Earth, grow old;
Like common Grass, the fairest Flow'r
Must feel the hoary Season's Pow'r.
What's Man in all his Boast of Sway?
Perhaps the Tyrant of a Day.
Alike the Laws of Life take Place
Through ev'ry Branch of Human Race;
The Monarch of long regal Line
Was rais'd from Dust as frail as mine:
Can he pour Health into his Veins,
Or cool the Fever's restless Pains?
Can he (worn down in Nature's Course)
New brace his feeble Nerves with Force?
Can he (how vain is Mortal Pow'r!)
Stretch Life beyond the destin'd Hour?
Consider, Man; weigh well thy Frame;
The King, the Beggar is the same.
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his Day,
Then sinks into his native Clay.

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Beneath a venerable Yew
That in the lonely Church-yard grew,
Two Ravens sate. In solemn Croak
Thus one his hungry Friend bespoke.
Methinks I scent some rich repast;
The Savour strengthens with the Blast,
Snuff then; the promis'd Feast inhale,
I taste the Carcase in the Gale.
Near yonder Trees, the Farmer's Steed,
From Toil and daily Drudg'ry freed,
Hath groan'd his last. A dainty Treat
To Birds of Taste delicious Meat.
A Sexton, busy at his Trade,
To hear their Chat suspends his Spade:
Death struck him with no farther Thought,
Than meerly as the Fees he brought.
Was ever two such blund'ring Fowls,
In Brains and Manners less than Owls!
Blockheads, says he, learn more Respect,
Know ye on whom ye thus reflect.
In this same Grave (who does me Right,
Must own the Work is strong and tight)
The 'Squire that yon fair Hall possest,
To Night shall lay his Bones at Rest.
Whence could the gross Mistake proceed?
The 'Squire was somewhat fat indeed.
What then? The meanest Bird of Prey
Such Want of Sense could ne'er betray,
For sure some Diff'rence must be found
(Suppose the smelling Organ sound)
In Carcases, (say what we can)
Or where's the Dignity of Man?
With due Respect to Human Race
The Ravens undertook the Case.
In such Similitude of Scent,
Man ne'er could think Reflection meant.
As Epicures extol a Treat,
And seem their sav'ry Words to eat,

They

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They prais'd dead Horſe, luxurious Food,
The Ven'ſon of the preſcient Brood.
The Sexton's Indignation mov'd,
The mean Compariſon reprov'd;
Their undiſcerning Palate blam'd,
Which two-legg'd Carrion thus defam'd.
Reproachful Speech from either Side
The Want of Argument ſupply'd.
They rail, revile: As often ends
The Conteſt of diſputing Friends.
Hold, ſays the Fowl; ſince Human Pride
With Confutation ne'er comply'd,
Let's ſtate the Caſe, and then refer
The knotty Point: For Taſte may err.
As thus he ſpoke, from out the Mold
An Earth-worm, huge of Size, unroll'd
His monſtrous Length. They ſtrait agree
To chuſe him as their Referee.
So to th' Experience of his Jaws
Each ſtates the Merits of the Cauſe.
He paus'd, and with a ſolemn Tone
Thus made his ſage Opinion known.
On Carcaſes of ev'ry Kind
This Maw hath elegantly din'd;
Provok'd by Luxury or Need,
On Beaſt or Fowl or Man I feed:
Such ſmall Diſtinction's in the Savour,
By Turns I chuſe the fancy'd Flavour;
Yet I muſt own (that Human Beaſt)
A Glutton, is the rankeſt Feaſt.
Man, ceaſe this Boaſt; for Human Pride
Hath various Tracts to range beſide.
The Prince who kept the World in Awe,
The Judge whoſe Dictate fix'd the Law,
The Rich, the Poor, the Great, the Small,
Are levell'd. Death confounds 'em all.
Then think not that we Reptiles ſhare
Such Cates, ſuch Elegance of Fare;
The only true and real Good
Of Man was never Vermine's Food.

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'Tis seated in the immortal Mind;
Virtue distinguishes Mankind,
And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)
Mounts with the Soul we know not where,
So good Man Sexton, since the Case
Appears with such a dubious Face,
To neither I the Cause determine,
For diff'rent Tastes please diff'rent Vermine.

True WISDOM.

I.

PRonounce him blest, my Muse, whom *Wisdom* guides
In her own Path to her own heavenly Seat.
Thro' all the Storms his Soul securely glides,
Nor can the Tempests, nor the Tides,
That rise and roar around, supplant his steady Feet.

II.

Earth, you may let your golden Arrows fly,
And seek, in vain, a Passage to his Breast,
Spread all your painted Toys to court his Eye,
He smiles, and sees them vainly try
To lure his Soul aside from her eternal Rest.

III.

Our Head-strong Lusts, like a young fiery Horse,
Start, and flee raging in a violent Course;
He tames and breaks them, manages and rides 'em,
Checks their Career, and turns and guides 'em,
And bids his Reason bridle their licentious Force.

IV.

Lord of himself, he rules his wildest Thoughts,
And boldly acts what calmly he design'd,
Whilst he looks down and pities Human Faults;
Nor can he think, nor can he find,
A Plague like reigning Passions, and a subject Mind.

V.

But oh! 'Tis mighty Toil to reach this Height,
To vanquish Self is a laborious Act;

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What manly Courage to ſuſtain the Fight
To bear the noble Pain, and part
With thoſe dear charming Tempters rooted in the Heart!

VI.

'Tis hard to ſtand when all the Paſſions move,
Hard to awake the Eye that Paſſion blinds
To rend and tear out this unhappy Love,
That clings ſo cloſe about our Minds,
And where th' enchanted Soul ſo ſweet a Poiſon finds.

VII.

Hard; but it may be done. Come, heavenly Fire,
Come to my Breaſt, and with one powerful Ray
Melt off my Luſts, my Fetters: I can bear
A while to be a Tenant here,
But not be chain'd and priſon'd in a Cage of Clay.

VIII.

Heav'n is my Home, and I muſt uſe my Wings;
Sublime above the Globe my Flight aſpires:
I have a Soul was made to pity Kings,
And all their little glitt'ring Things;
I have a Soul was made for infinite Deſires.

IX.

Loos'd from the Earth, my Heart is upward flown;
Farewell, my Friends, and all that once was mine;
Now, ſhould you fix my Feet on *Cæſar*'s Throne,
Crown me, and all the World my own,
The Gold that binds my Brows could ne'er my Soul confine.

X.

I am the LORD's, and *JESUS* is my Love;
He, the dear GOD, ſhall fill my vaſt Deſire.
My Fleſh below; yet I can dwell above,
And nearer to my SAVIOUR move;
There all my Soul ſhall center, all my Pow'rs conſpire.

XI.

Thus I with Angels live; thus half divine
I ſit on high, nor mind inferior Joys:
Fill'd with his Love, I feel that GOD is mine,
His Glory is my great Deſign,
That everlaſting Project all my Thoughts employs.

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The ſureſt Method of preſerving Fruits and Greens from Snails and Slugs.

MANY Ways have been preſcribed to remedy this Evil, as to lay Tobacco-Duſt, Soot, Saw-Duſt, or Barley Chaff round about the Stems of Plants, which indeed will keep them off for a little Time, but the firſt Rain that falls, gives them full Liberty to paſs over theſe Fortifications; neither are we more ſucceſsful in putting Tar upon the Stems of Trees, for a few warm Days dries it up: But the moſt ingenious Contrivance to keep of this deſtructive Vermin, is the following; which is ſo cheap and eaſy that few Lovers of Gardens will be without it.

Wrap about the Stem of a Tree two or three Rounds of Line, or Rope made of Horſe Hair, ſuch as are commonly uſed to hang Cloaths upon; theſe are ſo full of Stubs and ſtragling Points of the Hair, that neither a Snail nor Slug can paſs over them, without wounding themſelves to Death; ſo that the Head of the Tree, if it be a Standard or Dwarf, can receive no Harm from them, if we ſecure the bottom of the Stems; but to ſecure a Wall-Tree, we muſt yet uſe a little more Caution; for beſides preventing their Paſſage up the Stem of the Tree, we muſt faſten one of theſe Ropes cloſe to the Wall, ſo as to encloſe all the Branches of the Tree, and allow Space enough to nail up the Summer Shoots within the Compaſs of the Hair-Line; and it may be ſo diſpoſed, that as the Tree increaſes in bigneſs, and ſpreads more and more upon the Wall, the ſame Ropes may be alter'd to ſerve for ſeveral Years.

In *Eſpaliers* of Fruit-Trees it is only neceſſary to wrap theſe Hair-Lines about the Stems of Trees near the Roots, and about the bottom of every Stake, which Work ſhould be done in the Winter, when the Snails are laid up in their cloſe Quarters.

To preſerve *Collyflower Plants*, or other tender Herbs, which are liable to be deſtroyed by Slugs or Snails, the Hair Lines may be faſten'd about the Edges of the Beds

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they are planted in. It is to be remark'd, that theſe Lines are beſt for this Uſe, when the Hair they are made of is very ſhort, for then they will be full of Points, and compleatly arm'd againſt any Attempts of thoſe murdering Vermin.

To have large Crops of Corn.

Some Huſbandmen lay together in a Ditch a Quantity of Horſe Dung, and often throw Water upon it; and when it has lain rotting for ſome Time, they drain away the Water, that is impregnated with the Salt of the Dung. Then they boil it a little in a Copper Veſſel; put in it a little Nitre; and when it has been off the Fire ſo long as to be luke-warm, they ſteep in it the Corn they intend to ſow; and let it macerate in the Liquor for the Space of three Days, that it may ſwell, and the firſt Sprouts may open, dilate and unfold themſelves: After this they take it out of the Water to dry a little, and then ſow it. And becauſe an Acre will require a third Part leſs than uſual, they chop ſome Straw very ſmall, and put a Third among the Corn they have prepar'd as above. This Method ſucceeds very well, and ſome Farmers have had very plentiful Crops by making uſe of it.

Take the Dung of Cows, Horſes, Sheep, and Pigeons, of each the ſame Quantity: Put the whole together in a Veſſel of Wood or Copper; no matter which: Upon it pour Water boiling hot: Leave it ſo for ſome Days, and then pour out the Water from the Ordure into another Veſſel, into which put as many Pounds of Nitre, as you intend to ſow Acres of Land. When the Nitre is melted, put in your Wheat or other Corn, and let it ſoak in it four and twenty Hours. Then take out the Corn, and ſow it a little wet, if it be a dry Seaſon; but if the Weather be wet, ſpread it upon Sheets in your Granary, to let it dry a little before you ſow it. Two thirds of what is uſually ſown on each Acre will be enough. Once Plowing the Land without Dunging it will likewiſe be ſufficient: And though the Soil be ever ſo lean and barren, you may depend on having a good

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a good Crop, which will be ripe ſome Weeks ſooner tha the uſual Times of Harveſt.

Virgil teaches us what the Huſbandmen in his Times dic that they might have a more plentiful Crop. I have ſee ſeveral Huſbandmen, ſays he, who laid their Seeds to ſtee in Lees of Oil, that had ſome Nitre in it, that the Ears migl be larger and more fruitful; or you may ſteep your Cor or any other Seed; in Oil of Whale, for four and twent Hours. After having taken it out, ſprinkle it over wit Lime, having firſt mixed among it a little pulverized Nitre Then dry it, and ſow it very thin.

What Things chiefly rot Sheep by J----- B----.

It is neceſſary (ſays he) that a Shepherd ſhould know wh Things chiefly rot the Sheep, that he may the better pre ſerve them. There is a Graſs, called Spearwort; it has long narrow Leaf like a Spear's Head, it will grow a Foo high, and it beareth a yellow Flower as broad as a Penny it groweth always in low Places, where the Water uſeth t ſtand in Winter. Another Graſs is called Penny-Graſs, groweth low, cloſe to the Earth in mooriſh Grounds; it hat a Leaf as broad as Two-pence, but never beareth a Flowe All Manner of Graſs that a Land-Flood runs over, is ba for Sheep, becauſe of the Sand and Filth that ſticketh upo it: All mooriſh Ground, and Marſh Ground is bad fo Sheep: The Graſs that groweth upon Fallows is not goo for Sheep, for there is much of it weedy, and oftentimes cometh up by the Root, and that bringeth Earth with it and the Sheep eat both: Mildew-Graſs is very bad fo Sheep, and that we may find out by the Leaves of the Tre in the Morning, eſpecially of Oaks: Take the Leaf (ſa he) and put thy Tongue to them, and thou ſhalt taſte lik Honey upon them; therefore the Sheep ſhould not be l out of the Fold till the Sun hath Power to dry up the Mi dew. Want of Food will cauſe a great Rot among Sheep for then they'll have neither good Fleſh nor good Skin White Sindles are very bad for Sheep in Paſtures and i Fallows. There is another Rot (continues he) that is calle the Pellet, which proceeds from great Wet, eſpecially i woody Countries, where thy find want of Drinking.

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A new Way of easily propagating Plants *and* Trees, *communicated by a Letter from a Gentleman at* Paris.

SIR,

SEeing you are so well versed in the Knowledge of Plants, and take great Pleasure in cultivating them sometimes with your own Hands, in your most delicious and curious Garden, I hope you will not take it amiss that I do myself the Honour to impart to you a small Discovery which I made the last Time I traversed over the *West-Indies*. I am flattered by my Friends, that I have carried my Reflections further than any of the modern Naturalists; for though some of them have had a Glimpse of this new Method, which I practise, to make all Sorts of Branches of Trees take Root easily, and in a little Time, I am assured it never yet came into any of their Thoughts to apply this Secret to the Use and Perfection of Gardening; to which, I dare promise, it will conduce not a little, when the Curious come to have the Knowledge of it. 'Tis no more but this.

The last Time I went through the *West-Indies*, whither I had the Honour to be sent by the King in 1698, to bring into *France* the most extraordinary Plants I could meet with, I imagined with myself, in Pursuance of some Experiments which I had made at *Guadaloupe*, that without the Help of Bell-Glasses and hot Beds, we might multiply in *Europe* the very same curious Plants that I brought over for his Majesty three Years ago; I resolved to make Trial of what I had had so long in my Mind. The Subject I chose for my first Essay, was the Dwarf Pomegranate Tree, which was carried in the Year 1695 from the Coast of *Brasil* to *Guadaloupe*, from whence I since brought it into *France* I must confess, Sir, that several private Affairs prevented me from following my Experiments so close as I ought to have done, to come to any certain Conclusion in the Affair; and 'twas not till the 20th of *March* 1703, that I set about the Work in Earnest, fully resolved to allow myself Time enough to be certain whether I could make any Thing of it or not. I took the End of a Branch of a small *Indian* Pomegranate Tree, which was as big as a Goose Quill; I put it

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into a Glaſs Phyal, with River Water, and expoſed it to the South Sun in a Window at the Top of my Houſe: I changed the Water twice or thrice a Week; I could not perceive for ſome Days that any Thing new had happened to my little Branch. When the Sun began to grow warmer, I changed the Water every Day, becauſe I fancy'd at leaſt, that the oftner I renewed the Water, the little Branch look'd more healthy and lively: 'Tis true, there happened ſome cold Weather, which retarded the Vegetation I ſo impatiently expected; and from thence I concluded that we ſhould not be too forward to try this Experiment, till the Weather be ſettled to be mild, that we may not give ourſelves Trouble to no Purpoſe: But at length my Joy was compleat about ſix Weeks afterwards; for I perceived, towards the lower End of the Branch that ſoaked in the Water, a white Point, about two Lines long, and as big as a Pin, which proved to be a ſmall tender Root.

I then thought it proper to give a more ſucculent Nouriſhment to this Infant Plant; ſo I took a little rich Earth, crumbled it in my Fingers, and ſprinkled it in the Water. The next Morning I obſerved that the Root was grown as big again; I poured in Water very gently, that I might not waſh off the Earth that ſtuck round the little Root; and thus I gave it freſh Water, adding likewiſe a little Earth, reduced as before to a very fine Powder, and let it fall round my little Tree, that it might cleave to the Foot of it. And indeed, when the Water was grown clear, I found that this Earth covered the young Root, and the Foot of my little Plant. Three Days afterwards, I diſcovered a ſecond Root below the firſt; then I aſſured myſelf that I had found the Way to make the Slips of Exotick Plants take Root, without the Help of Bell-Glaſſes or hot Beds.

I was careful to nouriſh this ſecond Root as I had done the firſt; and I managed Matters ſo well, that in ten or twelve Days my new Roots vegetated conſiderably: Even the Top of the Branch continued not in a State of Idleneſs, but grew briſtled with many little Points that were as many Buttons, ready to ſhoot out Leaves. Thus I had a little Tree in all its Forms.

The

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The next Thing to be done, was to wean it from this too ſlender Nouriſhment, and give it a more ſubſtantial Food; for I am fully convinced that all Sorts of Trees find not Nouriſhment enough in Water, and that Fruit Trees eſpecially, beſides the little Nitre that the Water contains, require the Salts and nouriſhing Juices of the Earth, to enable them to bloſſom and bear Fruit. In a Word, 'twas Time to tranſplant my little Tree from the Element of Fiſh into the Element of Plants, which is the Earth. And here I apprehended very much to ſplit upon ſome Rock; but there was no Remedy, it muſt be delayed no longer, and therefore I ſet about it in this Manner:

I filled a little Pot with good Earth; I drew my little Tree out of the Phyal, its Roots being wrapped up in the Earth that had gathered about them: In this Condition I put it gently into the Pot, covering its Roots by little and little. I omitted not to moiſten the Earth very well; and that my little Plant might not change Elements all of a ſudden, I filled a Diſh with Water, in which I ſet the Bottom of the little Pot, that the Roots might find the ſame ſort of Nouriſhment, which had given them Birth.

'Twould be needleſs to obſerve that during ſome Days after this Tranſplantation, I took Care not to expoſe my little Tree to the cool Air of the Night, nor to the too great Heat of the Sun in the Day. In a ſhort Time I fancy'd that it began to find that Water agreed not ſo well with it as Earth; and that 'twas not pleas'd with the Water, in which ſtood the bottom of the Pot below its Roots. It ſhot out indeed little Branches, but of a pale Green; and there was not the leaſt Sign of that Vermilion, with which new Shoots uſually are cloathed. Miſtruſting what it ail'd, I took the Pot out of the Water, and began to treat my little Pomegranate Tree like an adult Plant, newly come out of its Infancy, and all ſucceeded to a Miracle. All the Summer long it was adorned with Leaves of a beautiful green and Vermillion Colour. In Winter I took the ſame Care of it that we uſually do of our Orange Trees, and many other Plants, which cannot indure the biting Blaſts and Froſts of that Seaſon, which deforms the whole Face of Nature. It loſt

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its Leaves about the End of Autumn, but shot out new in the beginning of the Spring: 'Twas covered like a little Forest in the Month of *May* 1704, when I made a Present of it to the Abbot *de Vallemont*, who that very Year had the Satisfaction to see it produce a beautiful Flower of the finest Carnation Colour that ever was seen. Thus you have the History of this new Way of multiplying Foreign Plants.

You may imagine, Sir, I was not idle the next Year; when, the Summer being very warm, I tried the Experiments on several Plants of different Kinds. I confined not myself to the Plants useful to Life, but ventured on those that are merely curious. The *Sensitive Plant*, which is so difficult to raise, is multiply'd with great Success by the Help of my Phyals: I made several Branches take Root, and not one of them failed. A Friend of mine kept all the Summer one of these Branches, which was grown to be a very Jolly Plant. Several Persons of Consideration can testify that I have multiplied this Summer several other Sorts of Foreign Plants; and some of them have now actually by them some *Granadils*, or Passion Flowers, that came likewise from Branches that took Root in Water. I cannot forget to acquaint you, that one of my little Pomegranate Trees, three Months after its Birth, by Means of this Hydraulical Vegetation, bore me four charming Flowers. Hence we see what Art can do, and how easy it will be for the future to multiply all curious Trees; however, I have not neglected the common Method, but have tried how it would succeed on the same Plants. I laid in the Ground several Branches of different Trees, but all my Care was to no Purpose; not one of them would take Root, whatever Diligence I employed to make them. I spared neither for Bell-Glasses, nor for hot Beds; but all was in vain, for not one of them gave the least Token of Life. 'Tis indeed true that we seldom fail of Success, when we go to Work by the Way of Layers; but what an endless Labour is it? 'Tis difficult to bow the Branches, and lay them in the Ground; and when we have done it, we must take Care to water them, to keep them from the excessive Heats of the Sun, and from the chilling Colds of the Night. It requires

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whole Years to raiſe up theſe Layers; whereas, by my Method, our Trees will blow ſometimes at three Months End. Whoever reflects on this, will certainly not deny but that let us go to Work which Way we can to multiply Plants, the Vegetation by Water only, is beyond all Diſpute the moſt curious, moſt eaſy, and moſt certain. I have obſerved in my Travels, that the Savages of *Domingo*, when they tranſport Plants in their *Pyrogs* from one Iſland to another, never fail before they plant them. to lay them three or four Days in Water, to re-open their Pores, which might have been dry'd and clos'd up during their Tranſportation. And thus they prepare them to receive the nouriſhing Juices of the Earth. The Inhabitants of *Guadaloupe* obſerve the like Method; and by this little Care they are arrived to have Trees growing among them that come from all the Parts of the World, of which I was an Eye-witneſs when I was there.

I forbear to mention ſeveral little Circumſtances relating to this new Method of Vegetation; which, tho' of ſmall Moment, will agreeably ſurprize all ſuch as will put in Practiſe this new Way of multiplying Plants and Trees: For my own Part, I ſhould think myſelf very happy if this Curioſity ſhould prove to be of any Uſe to the Publick, and a Means to increaſe or facilitate the uſeful and innocent Pleaſures of Gardening. *I am*, &c.

A Paſtoral *on the Nativity of our* SAVIOUR.

MENALCAS.

SOME mighty Things theſe awful Signs portend!
Amaz'd we ſee new Stars the Skies aſcend;
A thouſand ſtrange uſurping Lights appear,
And dart their ſudden Glories thro' the Air;
A dazzling Day, without the Sun, returns,
And thro' the Midnight's duſky Horror burns.

PALEMON.

And, in the depth of Winter, Spring appears,
For lo! the Ground a ſudden Verdure wears;
The op'ning Flow'rs diſplay their gaudieſt Dye,
And ſeem with all the Summer's Pride to vie.

URANIO,

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URANIO,

Nor without Myst'ry are these Joys that roll
In Torrents thro' my now prophetick Soul,
And softly whisper to my ravish'd Breast,
That more than all the Tribes the Race of *Judah*'s blest.

MENALCAS.

But see the Eastern Skies disclose a Light
Beyond the Noontide's flaming Glories bright;
This Way its Course the sacred Vision bends,
And with much State and solemn Pomp descends.
Sonorous Voices echo from a-far,
And softly warble thro' the trembling Air:
The circling Spheres the charming Sound prolong,
And answer all the Cadence of their Song:
And now the sacred Harmony draws near,
And now a thousand heav'nly Forms appear.

ANGELS.

Immortal Glory give to God on high,
Thro' all the lofty Stations of the Sky;
Let Joy on Earth, and endless Peace ensue,
The great Messiah's born, thrice happy Men! to you.

URANIO.

The great Messiah born! transporting Sound!
To the wide World spread the blest Accents round:
What Joy these long-expected Tidings bring?
To us is born a Saviour and a King.

ANGELS.

An Infant in a Virgin's Arms he lies,
Who rides the Winds, and thunders thro' the Skies;
The God to whom the flaming Seraphs bow,
Descends to lead the Life of Mortals now.

MENALCAS.

----------Surprizing Pow'r of Love!
Ev'n God himself thy mighty Force does prove;
Thou rul'st the World below, and govern'st all above.

PALEMON.

You shining Messengers, be farther kind,
And tell us where the wond'rous Child to find.

ANGELS.

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ANGELS.

Your glad Conductors to the Place we'll be,
Eager as you this myſtic Thing to ſee,

URANIO.

Some Preſent to the Infant King let's bear,
For Zeal ſhould always liberal appear.

ANGELS.

Come on, we'll lead you to the poor Abode,
Where in a Manger lies th' incarnate God;
Reduc'd among the ſordid Beaſts to reſt,
Who all the ſpacious Realms of Light poſſeſs'd:
And he whoſe humble Miniſters we were,
Becomes a tender Virgin's helpleſs Care.
Thro' Heav'n, but now, the haſty Tidings rung,
And Anthems on the wond'rous Theme they ſung.

PALEMON.

But to what happy Maid of human Race
Has Heav'n allotted this peculiar Grace?

ANGELS.

Ye echoing Skies, repeat *Maria*'s Name;
Maria thro' the ſtarry Worlds proclaim:
In her bright Face celeſtial Graces ſhine,
Her Mind's enrich'd with Treaſures all Divine,
From *David*'s royal Houſe deſcends her noble Line.
But ſee the humble Seat, the poor Abode,
That holds the Virgin with the Infant God.

MENALCAS.

Thee, Virgin-born, thus proſtrate, I adore,
And offer here the Choice of all my Store.
Untill'd the Earth ſhall now vaſt Harveſts yield,
And laughing Plenty crown the open Field.
Clear Rivers in the Deſarts ſhall be ſeen,
And barren Waſtes cloath'd in eternal green.
Inſtead of Thorns, the ſtately Fir ſhall riſe,
And wave his lofty Head amidſt the Skies;
Where Thiſtles once, ſhall fragrant Myrtles grow,
The beauteous Roſe on ev'ry Buſh ſhall glow,
And from the purple Grape rich Wines, unpreſs'd, ſhall flow.

PALEMON.

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PALEMON.

Great Star of *Jacob*, that ſo bright does riſe;
Turn, lovely Infant, thy auſpicious Eyes;
This ſoft and ſpotleſs Wool to thee I bring,
My earlieſt Tribute to the new-born King.
With thee each ſacred Virtue takes its Birth,
And Peace and Juſtice now ſhall rule the Earth.
Thou ſhalt the Bliſs of Paradiſe reſtore,
And Wars and Tumults ſhall be heard no more.
The Wolf and Lamb ſhall now together feed,
And with the Ox the Lion's ſavage Breed.
The Child ſhall with the harmleſs Serpent play,
And lead, unhurt, the gentle Beaſt away.
And where the Sun aſcends the ſhining Eaſt,
And where he ends his Journey in the Weſt,
Thy glorious Name ſhall be ador'd and bleſt.

URANIO.

The Hope of *Iſrael*, hail!-----with humble Zeal
To thee, unqueſtion'd Son of God, I kneel:
All hail to thee! of whom the Prophets old
Such mighty Things to our Forefathers told.
Thy Kingdom ſhall from Sea to Sea extend,
And reach the ſpacious World's remoteſt end.
The Spicy Iſle, and *Saba*'s wealthy King,
To thee from far ſhall coſtly Preſents bring.
Thy ſteadfaſt Throne ſhall ſtand for ever faſt;
And thy Dominion Time itſelf out-laſt.
This gentle Lamb, the beſt my Flocks afford,
I bring an Off'ring to all Nature's Lord.

ANGELS.

And we, the Regents of the Spheres, thus low
Before Mankind's illuſtrious Saviour bow:
Aſtoniſh'd in an Infant's Form we ſee
Diſguis'd th' ineffable Divinity;
Who arm'd with Thunder, on the Fields of Light
O'er came the potent Seraphim in Fight.
Thus humbled----O unbounded Force of Love!
Subdu'd by that, from all the Joys above,
Thou cam'ſt the wretched Life of Man to prove.
And thus our ruin'd Numbers wilt ſupply,
And fill the Deſolations of the Sky.

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The Owl, *the* Swan, *the* Cock, *the* Spider, *the* Aſs, *and the* Farmer.

A FABLE.

To a MOTHER.

CONverſing with your ſprightly Boys,
Your Eyes have ſpoke the Mother's Joys;
With what Delight I've heard you quote
Their Sayings in imperfect Note!
I grant, in Body and in Mind,
Nature appears profuſely kind.
Truſt not to that. Act you your Part;
Imprint juſt Morals on their Heart;
Impartially their Talents ſcan:
Juſt Education forms the Man.
Perhaps (their Genius yet unknown)
Each Lot of Life's already thrown;
That this ſhall plead, the next ſhall fight,
The laſt aſſert the Church's Right.
I cenſure not the fond Intent;
But how precarious is th' Event!
By Talents miſapply'd and croſt,
Conſider, all your Sons are loſt.
One Day (the Tale's by *Martial* penn'd)
A Father thus addreſs'd his Friend.
To train my Boy and call forth Senſe,
You know I've ſtuck at no Expence;
I've try'd him in the ſev'ral Arts,
(The Lad no Doubt hath latent Parts)
Yet trying all he nothing knows,
But Crab-like rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone,
'Tis your Advice ſhall fix my Son.

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Sir, says the Friend, I've weigh'd the Matter;
Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter:
Make him (nor think his Genius checkt)
A Herald or an Architect,
Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard th' Advice and took his own.
The Boy wants Wit; he's sent to School,
Where Learning but improves the Fool:
The College next must give him Parts,
And cram him with the lib'ral Arts.
Whether he blunders at the Bar,
Or owes his Infamy to War,
Or if by Licence or Degree
The Sexton shares the Doctor's Fee,
Or from the Pulpit by the Hour,
He weekly floods of Nonsense pour,
We find (th' intent of Nature foil'd)
A Taylor or a Butcher spoil'd.
An Owl of magisterial Air,
Of solemn Voice, of Brow austere,
Assum'd the Pride of human Race,
And bore his Wisdom in his Face.
Not to depreciate learned Eyes,
I've seen a Pedant look as wise.
Within a Barn from Noise retir'd,
He scorn'd the World, himself admir'd,
And, like an ancient Sage, conceal'd
The Follies public Life reveal'd.
Philosophers of old, he read,
Their Country's Youth to Science bred,
Their Manners form'd for ev'ry Station,
And destin'd each his Occupation.
When *Xenophon*, by Numbers brav'd,
Retreated, and a People sav'd,
That Laurel was not all his own;
The Plant by *Socrates* was sown.
To *Aristotle*'s greater Name
The *Macedonian* ow'd his Fame.

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Th' formal Owl, with Pride replete,
Their Talents equall'd in Conceit;
And, copying the *Socratic* Rule,
Set up for Maſter of a School.
Dogmatic Jargon learnt by Heart,
Trite Sentences, hard Terms of Art,
To vulgar Ears ſeem'd ſo profound,
They fancy'd Learning in the Sound.
The School had Fame: The crouded Place
With Pupils ſwarm'd of ev'ry Race.
With theſe the Swan's maternal Care
Had ſent her ſcarce-fledg'd Cygnet Heir:
The Hen (though fond and loth to part)
Here lodg'd the Darling of her Heart:
The Spider, of mechanic Kind,
Aſpir'd to Science more refin'd:
The Aſs learnt Metaphors and Tropes,
But moſt on Muſic fix'd his Hopes.
The Pupils now, advanc'd in Age,
Were call'd to tread Life's buſy Stage;
And to the Maſter 'twas ſubmitted,
That each might to his Part be fitted.
The Swan, ſays he, in Arms ſhall ſhine:
The Soldier's glorious Toil be thine.
The Cock ſhall mighty Wealth attain:
Go, ſeek it on the ſtormy Main.
The Court ſhall be the Spider's Sphere;
Pow'r, Fortune, ſhall reward him there.
In Muſic's Art the Aſs's Fame
Shall emulate *Corelli*'s Name.
Each took the Part that he adviſ'd,
And all were equally deſpis'd.
A Farmer, at his Folly mov'd,
The dull Preceptor thus reprov'd.
Blockhead, ſays he, by what you've done,
One would have thought 'em each your Son;
For Parents, to their Offspring blind,
Conſult not Parts nor Turn of Mind;

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But ev'n in Infancy decree
What this, what t'other Son ſhall be.
Had you with Judgment weigh'd the Caſe,
Their Genius thus had fix'd their Place:
The Swan had learnt the Sailor's Art;
The Cock had play'd the Soldier's Part;
The Spider in the Weaver's Trade
With Credit had a Fortune made;
But for the Fool in ev'ry Claſs
The Blockhead had appear'd an Aſs.

An HYMN.

THE glorious Armies of the Sky
To thee, O mighty King!
Triumphant Anthems conſecrate,
And Hallelujahs ſing.

But ſtill their moſt exalted Flights
Fall vaſtly ſhort of thee;
How diſtant then muſt human Praiſe
From thy Perfections be!

Yet how, my God, ſhall I refrain,
When to my raviſh'd Senſe,
Each Creature in its various Ways
Diſplays thy Excellence?

The active Lights that ſhine above,
In their eternal Dance,
Reveal their ſkilful Maker's Praiſe,
With ſilent Elegance.

The Bluſhes of the Morn confeſs
That thou art much more fair:
When in the Eaſt its Beams revive
To gild the Fields of Air;

The

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The fragrant, the refreſhing Breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry Bloom,
In balmy Whiſpers owns from thee
Its pleaſing Odours come.

The ſinging Birds, the warbling Winds,
And Waters murm'ring Fall,
To praiſe the firſt Almighty Cauſe
With diff'rent Voices call.

Thy num'rous Works exalt thee thus,
And ſhall I ſilent be?
No, rather let me ceaſe to breathe,
Than ceaſe from praiſing thee.

How to make Ewes take Ram, by artificial Means, at any Time of the Year.

A Very ingenious *French* Author (a Phyſician) who wrote a Treatiſe on Huſbandry, ſays, That to have many Lambs, you muſt give the Ram and the Ewes Salt-Water to drink, ſome Days before they couple; ſo, ſays he, the Ewes will hold better, and the Ram will be the more luſty; but after that the Ewes are with Lamb, you muſt not give them any ſuch Water to drink, becauſe it would cauſe them to caſt their Lambs before their Time: But an *Engliſh* Writer, an experienced Farmer, has given another Method, which he ſays will never fail, *viz.* by ſeparating ſix or more of them from the reſt of the Flock, and give to each Ewe half a Pint of ſtrong Ale, or half a Pint of good *October*, mellow, ſilky Beer, and not that which is ſharp by Staleneſs; and, for giving it in the eaſieſt and ſafeſt Manner, you may run the Ale, or Beer, through a Funnel into the Ewe's Mouth; and when the Ewes have been all thus ſerved, put them into a proper Place, not too large, nor too narrow, that the Ewes may be confined among one or more Rams, that have before been a little better kept than ordinary,

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nary, for this Purpoſe. Out of ſix Ewes that I have known take Ram in this Manner, not one of them has failed proving with Lamb, by only giving each, as I ſaid, half a Pint of ſtrong Beer. made by brewing a Hogſhead of it from eleven Buſhels of Malt. By this Method, with the Help of a ſufficient Number of Hands, an hundred Ewes may be thus doſed with ſtrong Drink, and if Rams enough are provided, they'll preſently all take Ram.

His Method muſt be of very great Conſequence to the Nation in general, by furthering its Intereſt in ſeveral Branches of its Trade: Firſt, by increaſing the Number of Sheep and Lambs. Secondly, by giving the Graſier and Farmer an Opportunity to ſtock their Grounds with Sheep and Lambs at an eaſy Rate. Thirdly, by lowering the Price of Mutton and Lamb, and thereby making it become a Food for the Poor, as well as the Rich, to the greater Conſumption of it. Fourthly, by this the ſuckling Farmers of Houſe Lambs, as well as Graſiers and others, may have Lambs at the moſt convenient Times throughout the Year. Fifthly, it will produce greater Quantities of Wooll, that in Courſe will employ many more Hands than hitherto have been made Uſe of; and thus we ſhall be enabled to ſell our Woollen Manufactures at a better Market than any other Nation can.

How to make an hundred Ewes take Ram in an Hour's Time, by natural Means.

Now, to do this ſerviceable Feat, there muſt be a ſufficient Number of well'fed Rams, ready provided before-hand, and confined in a proper Place, or Yard, in Proportion to the Number of Ewes that are to be rammed, more or leſs, according to Conveniency; and having them in a Field, or other Incloſure, where there is full Room enough to courſe them with one, two, or more Dogs, you muſt with the Dogs fright and run them about the Ground, till all the Ewes ſweat and pant heartily; and when they are brought into this Condition, you are immediately, without Loſs of Time, to confine the Ewes in a Place, and put the Rams directly to them; where, when they come to ſtand ſtill, they

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will piſs, and by their being thus fatigued, they'll ſtand ſtill, and provoke the Rams, till they are all rammed.

Works to be done in Gardens in the Months of January *and* February.

JANUARY.

Prune Dwarfs. Make Treliſſes for Wall-Fruit, if you want Walls. Trench your Ground againſt Spring. Pull the Moſs off your Trees. Uncover the Roots. Gather Cions for grafting, before the Buds ſprout, and lay them in Earth for Uſe, eſpecially Pears, Cherries, and Plumbs. Dung now where it is required in the Kitchen Garden. Set Quickſets. Remove your Kernels Stocks in your Nurſery, to more convenient Diſtances. Remove young Trees, Vines, *&c.* Make your early Hot-Beds for Colliflower Seed, Lettuce, Chervil, Radiſh, Spinage, *&c.* Plant ſome Anemonies and Ranuncula's. Earth Auricula's, if the Froſts have caſt them out of the Ground. Give your choice and covered Flowers a little Air when the Sun ſhines warm. Set Beans, Peaſe, Cabbage and Colliflower Plants. If *January* proves froſty, as it does often, you muſt carefully cover your tender Plants to ſecure them therefrom: And if you planted any Trees the *October* before, and laid no Litter about their Roots, do it now. Cover your Fig-Trees againſt the Walls, which will preſerve their tender Shoots, and not only cauſe the Fruit to come out early, but the Trees will produce a better Crop. Prepare ſuch Borders as are deſigned to be planted with Fruit Trees the next Month, by laying therein a good Quantity of freſh Earth, ſtirring and levelling, as it is to continue. Mend your Eſpaliers with new Poles, and plaſh and tie your Fruit Trees to them; remember to lay them horizontally, and at proper Diſtances. Cover all Pots and Tubs of Seedling Flowers in hard Froſts, and alſo from great Snows. Turn over your Heaps of Compoſts.

FEBRUARY.

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FEBRUARY.

Begin to prune your Wall Trees before the Buds grow turgid. Dress your Pallisade, or old Trelis Hedges, or Espaliers. If you laid bare any Trees in your Orchard, cover them. Continue digging and manuring. Sow Parsley, Carrots, Parsnips, Radishes, Onions, Leeks, Anniseeds, Lamb-Lettuce, Marigolds, more Beans and Pease. Set Potatoes, Artichokes of *Jerusalem*. Sow Asparagus Seed. Make Hot-Beds for Melons, Cucumbers, Green Purslane, and other tender Sallating. Air your housed Flowers, and inure them to the Cold in the Day-time. Sow Cresses and other hardy Sallade Seeds. Graft Pears, Plums, Cherries, and towards the End begin with Pears. Remove Trees yet. Sow Auricula's, and set strong Seedlings in the Sun in Pots. Set out Turnips, Parsnips, Carrots, *&c.* which you kept for Seed. If the Weather be warm about the 20th of *February*, you may transplant Winter Colliflower Plants. Also you may slip and plant Artichokes, if the Soil be dry; otherwise stay till *March*. Let your Peaches and Nectarines be last pruned of all your Wall Trees, because they are subject to decay, where they were cut, if wet Weather follows.

In the Flower Garden, if the Season be mild, you may begin to clean the Surface of the Ground on the Beds and Borders where you have Flowers growing; and transplant Carnations into the Pots you would have them stand to flower in. You may also set in Borders what you saved of your Layers before *Michaelmas*. Towards the End of this Month, you should take the Surface of the Earth out of those Pots your Auricula's are set in, and replenish with fresh Mold. Secure them, if it chances to freeze, when the Buds appear in the Middle of the Plants; else you may lose them all.

It is a good Season to order your Ground for Nursery Beds against *March*, when you'll use it.

In *February* break up your Gravel Walks, and turn them, but omit raking them till *March*.

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The Absurdity *of* WISHING.

CAN we succeed by wishing?----'tis a Jest;
That *constant Hectick of a Fool* at best.
Those Things we fondly doat on, when possess'd,
Insipid grow, and are no more caress'd.
One Point obtain'd, another strikes the Sight,
And *Hope* deludes us with a dazzling Light.
Sure 'tis absurd, impertinent, and vain
To wish for *Something* which we cannot gain;
Life's precious Comforts this at once destroys,
And makes us restless for untasted Joys.
Heav'n kindly grants the Boon which we implore:
That Boon receiv'd, we murmur as before;
By wild Caprice from Youth to Age are led;
Nor cease Complaints, till number'd with the Dead.
The MISER, brooding o'er his treasur'd Heap,
Can no Enjoyment from Possession reap;
But always thirsting to increase his Store,
In Plenty pines, ridiculously poor.
The Youthful STATESMAN, by Ambition fir'd,
Burns with Impatience for the *Point* desir'd;
But e'er the wish'd for Prospect is in View,
Soon, soon he pants another to pursue.
"Give me a Horse," PHILARIO cries, "I'll ride;
"There's no Diversion in the World beside;"
'Till *Fancy* whispers gently in his Ear,
"Methinks a *Pair* would more genteel appear."
These, purchas'd once, unnumber'd Wants create;
Now Splendor charms him, Equipage, and State;
Shifting about, inconstant as the Wind,
To various Schemes at various Times inclin'd:
Whate'er is present grants a transient Joy,
New Objects strike him, and as quickly cloy.
FANTASCUS, weary'd out with Town-delights,
Days spent in Nonsense, and luxurious Nights,

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Flies to the Country, there expects to meet
Ease for his Mind, and Happiness compleat:
But still past Pleasures are impress'd so strong,
No rural Scenes can captivate him long.
Prompted by Fancy and the *Love of Gain*,
MERCATOR braves the rough tempestuous Main;
To distant Regions sails with Heart elate,
And Home returns both opulent and great.---
But has he found, by different Change of Air,
That richest Prize, an Antidote for Care?
Sir FLUTTER hates a solitary Life,
And turns his Thoughts on "Family and Wife;"---
By them imagines to secure Content;
Now Cares perplex him, "Furniture and Rent:"
With Children blest, Anxiety commences;
He talks of nothing then but vast Expences.
Thus Discontent seems woven in our Frame,
And *perfect Bliss* is nothing but a Name.-----
Yet if we strove with Diligence sincere
To keep our Breasts from cank'ring Envy clear,
Much of this peevish Humour wou'd subside;-----
The greatest Bar to Happiness is PRIDE.

The old HEN *and the* COCK.

A FABLE.

REstrain your Child; you'll soon believe
The Text, which says we sprung from *Eve*.

As an old Hen led forth her Train,
And seem'd to peck to shew the Grain;
She rak'd the Chaff, she scratch'd the Ground,
And glean'd the spacious Yard around.
A giddy Chick, to try her Wings,
On the Well's narrow Margin springs,
And prone she drops. The Mother's Breast
All Day with Sorrow was possest.

A Cock

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A Cock ſhe met; her Son ſhe knew;
And in her Heart Affection grew.
My Son, ſays ſhe, I grant your Years
Have reach'd beyond a Mother's Cares;
I ſee you vig'rous, ſtrong and bold,
I hear with Joy your Triumphs told;
'Tis not from Cocks thy Fate I dread:
But let thy ever-wary Tread
Avoid yon Well; that fatal Place
Is ſure Perdition to our Race.
Print this my Counſel on thy Breaſt;
To the juſt Gods I leave the reſt.
He thank'd her Care; yet Day by Day
His Boſom burn'd to diſobey,
And every Time the Well he ſaw
Scorn'd in his Heart the fooliſh Law;
Near and more near each Day he drew,
And long'd to try the dang'rous View.
Why was this idle Charge? he cries:
Let Courage female Fears deſpiſe.
Or did ſhe doubt my Heart was brave,
And therefore this Injunction gave?
Or does her Harveſt ſtore the Place,
A Treaſure for her younger Race?
And would ſhe thus my Search prevent?
I ſtand reſolv'd, and dare th' Event.
Thus ſaid. He mounts the Margin's Round,
And pries into the Depth profound.
He ſtretch'd his Neck; and from below
With ſtretching Neck advanc'd a Foe;
With Wrath his ruffled Plumes he rears,
The Foe with ruffled Plumes appears;
Threat anſwer'd Threat, his Fury grew,
Headlong to meet the War he flew;
But when the wat'ry Death he found,
He thus lamented, as he drown'd.
I ne'er had been in this Condition
But for my Mother's Prohibition.

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An artificial Water for writing Letters of Secrecy.

TAKE Vitriol, finely powdered, put a little thereof into a new Ink-Horn, pour clean Water on it, and after it has stood a little, write therewith either on Vellom or Paper, and the Writing cannot be seen any other Way than by drawing the Letter through a Water which is thus prepared: Take a Pint of Water, put into it one Ounce of powdered Galls, temper it together, and strain it thro' a Cloth, put the Water into a Dish that's wide enough to draw your Writing through it, and you will read it as you do other Writings; and to make the secret Contents less liable to Suspicion, you may write on the contrary Side of the Paper or Parchment with black writing Ink, Matters of less Consequence.

Another Secret, to write a Letter white upon white, which cannot be read but in fair Water.

Take clean Allum, beat it to a fine Powder, mix it with Water, so as not to be too thin; then take a new Pen, and with this Mixture write what you please upon Paper, and let it dry; then let him, who is to read it, lay the Letter into a flat Bason or Dish, that is filled with clean Water, and in a Quarter of an Hour the Letters will appear white upon white, so that they may be plainly seen and read. Or, take the Juice of Onions, write with it, he who would read it, must hold it over the Fire, and the Writing will turn of a reddish or brownish Colour.

Of the Place of PARADISE; *or, the Garden of* EDEN; *according to Sir* Walter Raleigh.

CONcerning the first Habitation of Man, we read, *That the Lord planted a Garden Eastward of* Eden, *and there he put the Man whom he made*, GEN. 2. 6. Of this Seat and Place of *Paradise*, all Ages have held Dispute; and

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and the Opinions and Judgments have been in Effect as divers among thoſe that have written upon this Part of *Geneſis*, as upon any one Place therein, ſeeming moſt obſcure: Some there are, that have conceived the Being of the terreſtrial *Paradiſe*, without all Regard of the World's Geography, and without any Reſpect of the Eaſt and Weſt, or any Conſideration of the Place where *Moſes* wrote, and from whence he directed (by the Quarters of the Heavens) the Way how to find out and judge in what Region of the World this Garden was planted by GOD, wherein he was exceeding particular and preciſe. Others, by being themſelves ignorant in the *Hebrew*, followed the firſt Interpretation, or truſting to their own Judgments, underſtood one Place for another; and one Error is ſo fruitful, as it begetteth a thouſand Children, if the Licentiouſneſs thereof be not timely reſtrained.

Now, touching *Paradiſe*, firſt it is to be enquired, whether there were a *Paradiſe*, or no? or whether *Moſes*'s Deſcription were altogether myſtical, and allegorical? as *Origen*, *Philo*, *Franciſcus Georgius*, with others, have affirmed; and that under the Names of thoſe four Rivers, *Piſon*, *Gehon*, *Hiddekel*, and *Perath*, *the Tree of Life*, *and the Tree of Knowledge*, there were delivered to us other Myſteries and Significations; as, that by the four Rivers were meant the four Cardinal Virtues, *Juſtice*, *Temperance*, *Fortitude*, and *Prudence*; or, by others, *Oyl*, *Wine*, *Milk*, and *Honey*. This Allegorical Underſtanding of *Paradiſe*, by *Origen* firſt invented was again by *Franciſcus Georgius* revived (ſays *Sixtus Senenſis*,) whoſe frivolous Imaginations *Sixtus* himſelf doth fully and learnedly anſwer, in the 34th Annotation of his fifth Book, *Fol.* 338, the laſt Edition.

S. *Ambroſe* alſo leaned wholely to the Allegorical Conſtruction, and ſet *Paradiſe* in the third Heaven, and in the Virtues of the Mind; which is, as I conceive it, in our Souls: To the Particulars whereof, he alludeth in this Sort, By the Place or Garden of *Paradiſe*, was meant the Soul or Mind; by *Adam*, Men, or Underſtanding; by *Eve*, the Senſe; by the *Serpent*, Pleaſure; by the *Tree* of Good and Evil, Wiſdom; and by the reſt of the Trees, the Virtues

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tues of the Mind, or in the Mind planted, or from thence springing. Notwithstanding all which, upon the first of *Corin.* C. 6. he in direct Words alloweth both of a Celestial and Terrestrial *Paradise*; the one into which St. *Paul* was wrapp'd, the other into which *Adam* was put by GOD. *Aug. Chrysamensis* was of Opinion, that a *Paradise* had been, but that there was not now any Mark thereof on the Earth, the same being not only defaced, but withal the Places now not so much as existing: To which *Luther* seemed to adhere. The *Manichees* also understood, that by *Paradise* was meant the whole Earth. Others have thought that it was near the Orb of the Moon.

Tertullian, *Bonaventure*, and *Durandus*, make *Paradise* under the Equinoctial, and *Postellus*, quite contrary, under the North Pole: The *Chaldeans* also, for the most Part, and all their Followers, followed the Opinion of *Origen*, or rather *Origen* their's, who would either make *Paradise* a Figure, or Sacrament only, or else would have it seated out of this sensible World, or raised into some high and remote Region of the Air. But as *Hopkins* says of *Philo Judeus*, that he wondered by what evil Angel he was blown up into this Error, so can I not but greatly marvel at the learned Men, who so grosly and blindly wandered; seeing *Moses*, and after him the Prophets, do plainly describe this Place by the Region in which it was planted, by the Kingdoms and Provinces bordering it, by the Rivers which watered it, and by the Points of the Compass upon which it lay, in Respect of *Judæa*, or *Canaan*.

To the first, therefore, that such a Place there was upon the Earth, the Words of *Moses* make it manifest, where it is written, *And the Lord God planted a Garden Eastward of* Eden, *and there he put the Man whom he had made*: And that this Story of Mankind was not allegorical, it followeth in the Text of the 2d Chapter and 9th Verse, in these Words: *For out of the Ground made the Lord God to grow every Tree pleasant to the Sight, and good for Meat*, &c. So at first, it appears, that GOD created ADAM elsewhere, as in the World at large, and then put him into the Garden; and the End why, is express'd, *That he might dress it, and keep*

it;

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it; *Paradise* being a Garden, or Orchard, filled with Plants and Trees of the most excellent Kinds, pleasant to behold, and withal good for Meat: Which proveth, that *Paradise* was a Terrestrial Garden, garnished with Fruits, delighting both the Eye and Taste. And to make it more plain, and to take away all Opinion of Allegorical Construction, he affirmeth that it was watered and beautified with a River; expressing also the Region, out of which this River sprang, which he calleth *Eden*; and that *Eden* is also a Country near unto *Charon* in *Mesopotamia*, *Ezekiel* witnesseth.

Furthermore, by the Continuation and Order of the Story, is the Place made more manifest; for GOD gave ADAM free Liberty to eat of every Tree in the Garden, (the Tree of *Knowledge* excepted) which Trees *Moses* in the 9th Verse saith that they were good to eat, meaning the Fruit which they bore. Besides, GOD left all Beasts to ADAM to be named, which he had formerly made; and these Beasts were neither in the third Heaven, nor near the Circle of the Moon, nor Beasts in Imagination; for if all these Things were enigmatical or mystical, the same might also be said of the Creation of all Things: But *Moses* wrote plainly, and in a simple Stile, fit for the Capacities of ignorant Men, and he was more large and precise in the Description of *Paradise*, than in any other Place of Scripture, on Purpose to take away all Scruple from the Incredulity of future Ages, whom he knew (out of the Gift of Prophecy) would be apt to fabulous Inventions, and that if he had not described both the Region and the Rivers, and how it stood from *Canaan*, many of the unbelieving *Israelites*, and others after them, would have misconstrued this Story of Mankind.

It appearing then evident that *Paradise* was a local Place upon the Earth, we must next enquire in what Part of it, it was situated.

Now, besides those notable Marks, *Euphrates* and *Tigris*, the better to find the Way which leadeth to the Country of *Eden*, we are to take for Guides these two Considerations, *(to wit.)* That it lay Eastward from *Canaan* and *Judæa*, and that it was of all others the most beautiful and fertile. First, then, in Respect of Situation, the next Country to

Judæa

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Judæa Eastward, was *Arabia Petræa*; but in this Region was *Moses* himself, when he wrote; and the next unto it Eastward also, was *Arabia* the *Desart*; both which, in Respect of the Infertility, could not be *Eden*; neither have any of the *Arabians* any such Rivers, as are expressed to run out of it: So as it followeth of Necessity, that *Eden* must be Eastward, and beyond both *Arabia Petræa*, and *Deserta*. But because *Eden* is by *Moses* named by itself, and only described by the Rivers and Fertility, we must seek it in other Scriptures, and where it is, by the Addition of the neighbouring Nations, better described. In the Prophet *Isaiah* I find it coupled and accompanied with other adjacent Countries, in these Words, spoken in the Person of *Senacherib*, by *Rabsakeh*: *Have the Gods of the Nations deliver'd them, which my Fathers have destroyed, as* Gosan, *and* Haran, *and* Reseph, *and the Children of* Eden, *which were at* Telassar? *and in* Ezechiel, *where he propheseth against the* Tyrians? *They of* Haran, *and* Canneh, *and* Eden, *the Merchants of* Sheba, Ashur, *and* Chilmad, *were thy Merchants*, &c.

Upon examining where these Countries lay, we find them all in, or bordering upon *Mesopotamia*, where the famous City of *Babylon* once stood, and which is now a Province of the *Turkish* Empire, called *Diarbec*; so that the Region of *Eden* was that Country which was afterwards called *Mesopotamia*, and since named *Diarbec*, comprehending likewise a Portion of *Shinar* and *Armenia*. We find some Part of these Countries called by the Name of *Eden*, in several antient Authors, and even as late as the Year 1555 we find Mention made of the Isle of *Eden*, situated in the River *Tigris*, not far from *Babylon*. But it may be asked, whether this Region of *Eden*, which we have mentioned, be of such Fertility and Beauty, as *Eden*, the Seat of *Paradise*, was; which, if it be denied, then must we also consider, that there was no Part of the Earth that retained that Fertility and Pleasure, that it had before the Curse; neither can we ascribe the same Fruitfulness to any Part of the Earth, nor the same Virtue to any Plant thereon growing, that they had before the Flood; and therefore this Region of *Eden*

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may be now no ſuch flouriſhing Country, as it was when it was firſt created in its Perfection. Yet this I find written of it: Firſt, in *Herodotus*, who was an Eye Witneſs, and ſpeaketh of the very Place itſelf; for the Iſle of *Eden* is but twelve Miles, or thereabout, from *Nineve*, and ſo from *Mouſul*. "*Where* Euphrates *runneth out into* Tygris, *not far from the Place where* Ninus *is ſeated. This Region, of all that we have ſeen, is moſt excellent*: And he addeth afterwards, *It is ſo fruitful in bringing forth Corn, that it yieldeth two hundred Fold, the Leaves of Wheat and Barley being almoſt four Fingers broad: As for the Height of Millet and Seſame, they are even in Length like unto Trees; which, although I know to be true, yet I forbear to ſpeak hereof, well knowing, that thoſe Things which are reported of this Fruitfulneſs, will ſeem very incredible to thoſe who never were in the Country of* Babylon. *They have commonly in all the Country Palm-Trees growing of their own Accord, the moſt of them bearing Fruit, out of which they make both Meats, and Wine, and Honey, ordering them as the Fig-Trees.* Thus far HERODOTUS.

To this Palm-Tree, ſo much admired in the *Eaſt-Indies*, *Strabo* and *Niger* add a fourth Excellency, which is, that it yieldeth Bread; "*of which theſe People make Bread, Wine, Honey, and Vinegar*: But ANTONIUS, the Hermit, findeth a fifth Commodity, not inferior to any of thoſe four, which is, that from this ſelf-ſame Tree there is drawn a Kind of Flax, of which People make their Garments, and with which, in *Eaſt-India*, they prepare the Cordage for their Ships. And that this is true, *Athanaſius*, in the Life of *Antonius*, the Hermit, confeſſeth, ſaying, *That he received a Garment made thereof from the Hermit himſelf, which he brought with him out of this Region.* So therefore theſe Trees, which the *Eaſt-Indies* ſo highly eſteem, and ſo much admire, (as indeed the Earth yieldeth no Plant comparable to this) thoſe Trees, I ſay, are in this upper *Babylon*, or Region of *Eden*, as common as any Trees of the Field. STRABO ſaith, "*there are of Palms over all the whole Region, growing of their own Accord.* Of this Place QUINTUS CURTIUS maketh this Report: "*As you travel on the left*

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Hand of Arabia, (*famous for Plenty of sweet Odours*) *there lieth a Champian Country placed between* Tygris *and* Euphrates, *and so fruitful and fat a Soil, that they are said to drive their Cattle from Pasture, lest they should perish by Satiety.* "*The* Babylonians *cut their Corn twice a Year*, saith NIGER. And as Countries generally are more fruitful to the Southward, than in the Northern Parts, so we may judge the Excellency of this by that Report which STRABO maketh of the South Parts of *America*, which is the North Border of *Eden*, or a Part thereof. His Words are these: *This Region aboundeth with pleasant Fruits, and Trees always green*; which witnesseth a perpetual Spring, not found elsewhere but in the *Indies* only, by Reason of the Sun's Neighbourhood, the Life and stirrer up of Nature in a perpetual Activity. In brief, so great is the Fertility of the Ground, that the People are constrained twice to mow down their Corn Fields, and a third Time to eat them up with Sheep; which Husbandry the *Spaniards* wanting in the Valley of *Mexico*, for the first forty Years, could not make our Kind of Wheat bear Seed, but it grew up as high as the Trees, and was fruitless: Besides, these Fields are altogether without Weeds, saith *Pliny*, who addeth this Singularity to that Soil, That the second Year the very Stubble (or rather falling down of the Seeds again) yieldeth them a Harvest of Corn, without any further Labour.

But now to conclude, it appeareth to me by the Testimonies of the Scriptures, that *Paradise* was a Place created by GOD, and a Part of this our Earth and habitable World, seated in the lower Part of the Region of *Eden*, afterwards called *Aram Fluviorum*, or *Mesopotamia*, which taketh into into it also a Portion of *Shinar* and *Armenia*; this Region standing in the most excellent Temper of all others, *to wit*. 35 Degrees from the *Æquinoctial*, and 55 from the North Pole: In which Climate the most excellent Wines, Fruits, Oyl, Grain of all Sorts, are to this Day found in abundance. And there is nothing that better proveth the Excellency of this said Soil and Temper, than the abundant growing of the Palm-Trees, without the Care and Labour of Man: For wherein soever the Earth, Nature, and the Sun, can most

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moſt boaſt that they have excelled, yet ſhall this Plant be the greateſt Wonder of all their Works. This Tree alone giveth unto Man whatſoever his Life beggeth at Nature's Hand: And though it may be ſaid, that theſe Trees are found both in the *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indies*, which Countries are alſo bleſſed with a perpetual Spring and Summer, yet, ballancing thoſe Pleaſures and Benefits with the fearful and dangerous Thunders and Lightenings, the horrible and fearful Earthquakes, the dangerous Diſeaſes, the Multitude of venimous Beaſts and Worms, with other Inconveniencies, which are frequent both in the *Eaſt* and *Weſt-Indies*, then there will be found no Compariſon between theſe and *Meſopotamia*.

On the Works of CREATION.

BEAUTY complete, and Majeſty divine,
In all thy Works, ador'd Creator, ſhine.
Where'er I caſt my wond'ring Eyes around,
The God I ſeek in ev'ry Part is found.
Purſuing thee, the flow'ry Fields I trace,
And read thy Name on ev'ry Spire of Graſs.
I follow thee thro' many a lonely Shade,
And find thee in the ſolitary Glade.
I meet thee in the kind, refreſhing Gale,
That gently paſſes thro' the dewy Vale.
The Pink, the Jeſſ'min, and the purple Roſe,
Perfum'd by thee, their fragrant Leaves diſcloſe.
The feather'd Choir that welcome in the Spring,
By thee were taught their various Notes to ſing.
By thee the Morning in her crimſon Veſt,
And Ornaments of golden Clouds is dreſt.
The Sun, in all his Splendor, wears thy Beams,
And drinks in Light from thy exhauſtleſs Streams.
The Moon reveals thee by her glimm'ring Ray;
Unnumber'd Stars thy glorious Paths diſplay.
Amidſt the ſolemn darkneſs of the Night,
The Thoughts of God my muſing Soul delight.

Thick Shades and Night thy dread Pavilion form;
In State thou rid'ſt upon the flying Storm;
While thy ſtrong Hand its fierceſt Rage reſtrains,
And holds the wild unmanag'd Winds in Reins.
What Sparklings of thy Majeſty appear,
When thro' the Firmament ſwift Lightnings glare?
When Peals of Thunder fill the Skies around,
I hear thy Voice in the tremendous Sound.
But, oh! how ſmall a Part is known of thee,
From all thy Works immenſe Variety?
Whatever mortal Men Perfection name,
Thou, in an infinite Degree, doſt claim.

And while I here thy fainteſt Shadows trace,
I pine to ſee the Glories of thy Face;
Where Beauty in its never changing Height,
And uncreated Excellence ſhines bright.
When ſhall the heav'nly Scene, without Controul,
Open in dazzling Triumph on my Soul?
My Pow'rs with all their Ardor ſhall adore,
And languiſh for terreſtial Charms no more.

The Man, *the* Cat, *the* Dog, *and the* Fly.

A FABLE.

NATURE expects Mankind ſhould ſhare
The Duties of the public Care.
Who's born for Sloth? To ſome we find
The Plough-ſhare's annual Toil aſſign'd;
Some at the ſounding Anvil glow;
Some the ſwift-ſliding Shuttle throw;
Some, ſtudious of the Wind and Tide,
From Pole to Pole our Commerce guide;
Some (taught by Induſtry) impart
With Hands and Feet the Works of Art;
While ſome, of Genius more refin'd,
With Head and Tongue aſſiſt Mankind:

Each

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Each, aiming at one common End,
Proves to the Whole a needful Friend.
Thus, born each other's uſeful Aid,
By Turns are Obligations paid.
The Monarch, when his Table's ſpread,
Is to the Clown oblig'd for Bread;
And, when in all his Glory dreſt,
Owes to the Loom his royal Veſt:
Do not the Maſon's Toil and Care,
Protect him from th' inclement Air?
Does not the Cutler's Art ſupply,
The Ornament that guards his Thigh?
All theſe, in Duty, to the Throne
Their common Obligations own.
'Tis he (his own and People's Cauſe)
Protects their Properties and Laws:
Thus they their honeſt Toil employ,
And with Content the Fruits enjoy.
In ev'ry Rank, or great or ſmall,
'Tis Induſtry ſupports us all.

The Animals, by Want oppreſt,
To Man their Services addreſt:
While each purſu'd their ſelfiſh Good,
They hunger'd for precarious Food;
Their Hours with anxious Cares were vext,
One Day they fed, and ſtarv'd the next:
They ſaw that Plenty, ſure and rife,
Was found alone in ſocial Life;
That, mutual Induſtry profeſt,
The various Wants of Man redreſt.
The Cat, half-famiſh'd, lean and weak,
Demands the Privilege to ſpeak.
Well, Puſs, (ſays Man) and what can you
To benefit the Public do?
The Cat replies; Theſe Teeth, theſe Claws,
With Vigilance ſhall ſerve the Cauſe.
The Mouſe, deſtroy'd by my Purſuit,
No longer ſhall your Feaſts pollute;

Nor

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Nor Rats, from nightly Ambuſcade,
With waſteful Teeth your Stores invade.
I grant, ſays Man, to gen'ral Uſe
Your Parts and Talents may conduce;
For Rats and Mice purloin our Grain,
And Threſhers whirl the Flail in vain:
Thus ſhall the Cat, a Foe to Spoil,
Protect the Farmer's honeſt Toil.
Then turning to the Dog, he cry'd,
Well, Sir; be next your Merits try'd.
Sir, ſays the Dog, by Self-applauſe
We ſeem to own a friendleſs Cauſe.
Aſk thoſe who know me, if Diſtruſt
E'er found me treach'rous or unjuſt.
Did I e'er Faith, or Friendſhip break?
Aſk all thoſe Creatures; let them ſpeak.
My Vigilance and truſty Zeal,
Perhaps might ſerve the public Weal.
Might not your Flocks in Safety feed,
Were I to guard the fleecy Breed?
Did I the nightly Watches keep,
Could Thieves invade you while you ſleep?
The Man replies, 'Tis juſt and right,
Rewards ſuch Service ſhould requite.
So rare, in Property, we find
Truſt uncorrupt among Mankind,
That, taken in a public View,
The firſt Diſtinction is your due.
Such Merits all Reward tranſcend;
Be then my Comrade and my Friend.
Addreſſing now the Fly. From you
What public Service can accrue?
From me! the flutt'ring Inſect ſaid;
I thought you knew me better bred.
Sir, I'm a Gentleman. Is't fit,
That I to Induſtry ſubmit?
Let mean Mechanicks, to be fed,
By Buſ'neſs earn ignoble Bread:

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Loſt in exceſs of daily Joys,
No Thought, no Care, my Life annoys.
At Noon (the Lady's matin Hour)
I ſip the Tea's delicious Flower:
On Cates luxuriouſly I dine,
And drink the fragrance of the Vine.
Studious of Elegance and Eaſe,
Myſelf alone I ſeek to pleaſe.
The Man his pert Conceit derides,
And thus the uſeleſs Coxcomb chides.
Hence, from that Peach, that downy Seat,
No idle Fool deſerves to eat.
Could you have ſapp'd the bluſhing Rind,
And on that Pulp ambroſial din'd,
Had not ſome Hand, with Skill and Toil,
To raiſe the Tree, prepar'd the Soil?
Conſider, Sot, what would enſue,
Were all ſuch worthleſs Things as you:
You'd ſoon be forc'd (by Hunger ſtung)
To make your dirty Meals on Dung,
On which ſuch deſpicable Need,
Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.
Beſides, vain ſelfiſh Inſect, learn
(If you can Right or Wrong diſcern)
That he who with induſtrious Zeal,
Contributes to the public Weal,
By adding to the common Good,
His own hath rightly underſtood.
So ſaying, with a ſudden Blow,
He laid the noxious Vagrant low:
Cruſh'd in his Luxury and Pride,
The Spunger on the Public dy'd.

WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month of March.

In the KITCHEN-GARDEN.

CONtinue to ſow Radiſhes, Sileſia, Imperial, and Cabbage Lettuce; ſow Scorzonera, and ſlip Skirrets of the laſt Year, leaving only the tender Fibres, and not any

of

of the greater Roots, about the Plants. Sow Peaſe and Beans; make Plantations of Mint, Balm, Thyme, Savoury, Sage, Pennyroyal, Tanzey, Rue, and other durable Herbs, for Houſehold Uſe, except Lavender and Roſemary, which are beſt deferred till *April*. Plant out ſome Cauliflower Plants, to ſucceed thoſe planted in Autumn; refreſh the Cucumber and Melon Beds with hot Dung, and ſow now for a full Crop; tranſplant Lettuce for cabbaging, and to ſtand for Seed; ſow Cabbages and Savoys for a Winter Crop, and Sellery for early blanching; ſow Chardones to tranſplant next Month; dreſs Artichokes, leaving only three or four Suckers on each ſtrong Root, and ſlipping off the reſt for Tranſplantation. Towards the Middle of this Month, rake and dreſs Aſparagus Beds, the Buds of which will appear in *April*; and now you may make new Plantations of Aſparagus in the natural Ground prepared for that Purpoſe. Towards the End of this Month, ſow upon hot Beds, Purſlane, Naſturtium, *French* Marigolds, and *Africans*; ſow Marigolds in the natural Ground; ſow Sallads, Leeks, Beets, Fennel, Dill, and Burnet; ſow Endive very thin, to prevent its running to Seed; make young Plantations of Chives; divide the Roots of Tarragon, and tranſplant the Slips about eight Inches apart; dreſs up Strawberry Beds, keeping them clean from Runners, till the Plants bloſſom, and giving them Water when neceſſary; ſlip and ſet Sage, &c. and where the Soil is Clay, or over moiſt, mingle it with Brick Duſt. Take Care to ſhelter Trees and Plants from the Injuries of the Weather; water all young planted Herbs and Trees carefully in the Morning; deſtroy all Weeds before they run to Seed; and by the End of this Month your Garden ought to be compleatly cropp'd. Now put Kidney Beans in warm Borders, where they may be defended from cold Winds; but do this in dry Weather, becauſe too much Moiſture will make them rot in the Ground; ſow Purſlane in warm Borders, in common Ground, and ſow Turnips in open Ground, to come in *May*; and now ſow ſweet Marjoram, and other Aromatick Plants, on a dry, warm Soil.

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In the FRUIT-GARDEN.

In this Month of *March*, finiſh the Plantation of Fruit-Trees, and fill up all Vacancies; alſo compleat the pruning of Apricots, Peaches, and Nectarines. The Beginning of the Month is a fit Time to prune ſuch Peaches, Plumbs, Pears and Cherries, as have had one Year's Growth; which is to be done very diſcreetly, having a due Regard to the Vigour or Weakneſs of the Trees. It is not too late to cut off new planted Trees againſt a Wall, and to reduce them to three or four Buds. Now prune Fig-Trees, cutting off all ſuperfluous Wood: Graft Apples and Cherries the firſt take beſt on Crab Stocks, and the laſt on the black Cherry: Now cut off the Heads of thoſe Stocks which were inoculated laſt Year, two Inches above the Bud ſlope-wiſe, beginning the Slope oppoſite the Bud; and the dead Wood, called by ſome Perſons the *Cockſpur*, is to be clean cut off next Year in *March*, that the Stock and Cyon may the better incorporate, and the Wound be healed. Now lay Layers of the Vine and Fig, and erect horizontal Shelters over ſome of the earlieſt Bloſſoms of Fruit-Trees, to ſecure them from nipping Froſts and Dews; dig and clear the Ground between Rows of Raſberries and Gooſberries, which will ſtrengthen the Bloſſoms, and encourage the Trees.

In the FLOWER-GARDEN.

Tranſplant Carnations, Pinks, Sweet Williams, Roſe Campions, Honeyſuckles, and moſt other Sorts of fibrous-rooted Plants; ſtir the Earth of Borders and Beds of Flowers, which were planted at *Michaelmas*, but be careful not to hurt the Roots nor Buds; this will deſtroy Weeds, and make them look pleaſant. Tulips, Ranunculus's, Anemonies, and Hyacinths, now ſhew their Buds for flowering, therefore carefully look after and cover them in bad Weather. You may now ſet double Anemonies, and other Flower-Roots, to blow after theſe that now appear, and place your Pots or Boxes of ſeedling Auriculas in a ſhady Place, (if the Plants appear) giving them frequently a little Water in dry Weather; but let them not have too much Water

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at a Time, and but little Sun. Take Care of Pots of choice Auriculas; for Froſts, cold Winds, and much Rain, are very hurtful to them. Pick off decay'd Leaves from Carnations, double Roſe Campions, Scarlet Lychnis, and other Plants of *Michaelmas* Plantation, and give ſuch of them as need it ſome freſh Mould, which will make them blow the ſtronger.

Near the End of this Month ſow the Seeds of moſt Kinds of Plants of two Years Continuance; as alſo Annuals, which may ſupply your Borders the next Year, ſuch as *French* Honeyſuckles, Sweet Williams, Stock July Flowers, and many others; alſo, the Seeds of all hardy Annual Flowers. Make freſh hot Beds for your choice Annuals, which were ſown in *February*, with good Earth, placing the Plants in them a Week after they are made, and the violent Heat gone off.

Sow on hot Beds Naſturtium, Balſams, Convolvulus, *Indian* Pink, and other exotick Plants that are not very tender, and come ſoon to Perfection: Tranſplant Carnation Layers for blowing, if not planted out in Autumn. Sow the Seeds of the humble and ſenſitive Plant in hot Beds; and in common Ground ſow the Seeds of the Arbutus, Mezereon, Apocinum, Palm-Tree, and ſuch like; graft the *Spaniſh* white Jeſſamine on the common *Engliſh* Sort; plant and make Layers of the Paſſion-Tree; ſlip and ſet Box for Edgings; ſow the Seeds of the Juniper and Fir-Tree, and tranſplant Yews, Holly, Phillarea, and other Evergreens.

An ODE *to the* CREATOR *of the* WORLD.

I.

O Muſe unfeign'd! O true celeſtial Fire!
Brighter than that which rules the Day,
Deſcend! a Mortal Tongue inſpire
To ſing ſome great Immortal Lay;

Begin,

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Begin, and ſtrike aloud the conſecrated Lyre!
Hence ye Prophane be far away!
Hence all ye impious Slaves that bow
To Idol Luſts, or Altars raiſe;
And to falſe Heroes give fantaſtick Praiſe! [owe.
And hence ye Gods, who to a Crime your ſpurious Being
But hear, O Heaven, and Earth and Seas profound!
Hear ye unfathom'd Deeps below,
And let your echoing Vaults repeat the Sound;
Let Nature trembling all around,
Attend her MASTER's awful *Name*;
From whom Heaven, Earth, and Sea and All
The wide CREATION came.

II.

He ſpake the great Command, and Light,
Heaven's eldeſt born and faireſt Child,
Flaſh'd in the low'ring Face of antient Night,
And pleas'd with it's own Birth ſerenely ſmil'd.
The Sons of Morning on the Wing,
Hov'ring in Choirs his Praiſes ſing;
When from unbounded vacuous Space
A beauteous riſing World they ſaw,
When Nature ſhew'd her yet unfiniſh'd Face,
And Motion took the eſtabliſh'd Law,
To roll the various Globe on high:
When Time was taught his Infant Wings to try,
And from the Barrier ſprung to his appointed Race.

III.

SUPREME ALMIGHTY, ſtill the ſame!
'Tis HE, the Great Inſpiring Mind,
That animates and moves the univerſal Frame,
Preſent at *once* in all, and by no Place confin'd;
Not Heaven itſelf can bound his Sway,
Beyond the untravell'd Limits of the Sky
Invifible to Mortal Eye,
He dwells in uncreated Day:
Without Beginning, and without End, 'tis HE
That fills the unmeaſur'd Orb of vaſt Immenſity.

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IV.

What Pow'r but His, can rule the changeful Main,
And wake the ſleeping Storm, or its loud Rage reſtrain?
When Winds their gather'd Forces try,
And the chaf'd Ocean proudly ſwells in vain,
His Voice reclaims th' impeteous Roar:
In murm'ring Tides th' abated Billows fly,
And the ſpent Tempeſt dies upon the Shore.
The Meteor World is His, Heaven's wintry Store,
The moulded Hail, the feather'd Snow,
The Summer Breeze, the ſoft refreſhing Shower,
The looſe divided Cloud, and many colour'd Bow:
The crooked Light'ning darts around
His Sov'reign Orders to fulfill;
The ſhooting Flame obeys th' eternal Will
Launch'd from his Hand, inſtructed where to kill,
Or rive the Mountain Oak, or blaſt the unſhelter'd Ground.

V.

Yet pleas'd to bleſs, indulgent to ſupply,
He with a Father's tender Care
Supports the num'rous Family,
That peoples Earth, and Sea, and Air.
From Nature's Giant Race th' enormous Elephant,
Down to the Inſect Worm and creeping Ant;
From th' Eagle Sov'reign of the Sky,
To each Inferior feather'd Brood;
From Crowns and purple Majeſty,
To humble Shepherds on the Plains,
His Hand unſeen divides to all their Food,
And the whole World of Life ſuſtains.

VI.

At one wide View his Eye ſurveys
His Works in every diſtant Clime;
He ſhifts the Seaſons, Months, and Days,
The ſhort-liv'd Offspring of revolving Time:
By Turns they die, by Turns are born;
Now chearful Spring the Circle leads,
And ſtrows with Flowers the ſmiling Meads;

Gay

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Gay Summer next in ruſſet Robes adorn,
And waving Fields of yellow Corn; [ſpreads;
Then Autumn, who with laviſh Stores the Lap of Nature
Decrepid Winter, laggar'd in the Dance,
(Like feeble Age oppreſs'd with Pain)
A heavy Seaſon does maintain,
With driving Snows, and Winds and Rain,
Till Spring recruiting to advance,
The various Year rolls round again.

VII.

But who, thou GREAT ADOR'D, who can withſtand
The Terrors of thy lifted Hand?
When long provok'd thy Wrath awakes,
And conſcious Nature to her Centre ſhakes;
Rais'd by thy Voice the Thunder flies,
Hurling pale Fear and wild Confuſion round,
How dreadful is th' inimitable Sound,
The Shock of Earth and Seas, and Labour of the Skies!
Then where's Ambition's haughty Creſt?
Where the gay Head of wanton Pride?
See! Tyrants fall, and wiſh th' op'ning Ground
Would take them quick to Shades of Reſt,
And in their common Parent's Breaſt,
From Thee their bury'd Form for ever hide.
In vain-----for all the Elements conſpire,
The ſhatter'd Earth, the ruſhing Sea,
Tempeſtuous Air, and raging Fire,
To puniſh vile Mankind, and fight for Thee:
Nor Death itſelf can intercept the Blow,
Eternal is the Guilt, eternal is the Woe.

VIII.

O *Cyrus! Alexander! Julius!* All
Ye mighty Lords that ever rul'd this Ball,
Once Gods of Earth, the living Deſtinies
That made a hundred Nations bow!
Where's your Extent and Empire now?
Say, where preſerv'd your Phantom Glory lies?
Can Braſs the fleeting Thing ſecure?
Enſhrin'd in Temples does it ſtay?
Or in huge Amphitheatres endure?

Al-

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Ah, no! the mould'ring Monuments of Fame,
Your vain deluded Hopes betray,
Nor ſhew th' ambitious Founder's Name,
Mix'd with yourſelves in the ſame Maſs of Clay.

IX.

Proceed my Muſe! Time's waſted Thread purſue,
And ſee at laſt th' unravell'd Clue,
When Titles ſink, and Kingdoms are no more,
And weary Nature ſhall her Work give o'er:
Behold th' Almighty Judge on *High!*
See in his Hand the Book of *Fate!*
Myriads of Spirits fill the Sky,
T' attend the dread Solemnity.
The World's laſt Scene, and Time's concluding Date,
The feeble Race of ſhort-liv'd Vanity
And ſickly Pomp at once muſt die;
Foul Guilt to midnight Caves will ſhrink away,
Look backwards, tremble in her Flight,
And at Heaven's purſuing Light
Surrounded with the Vengeance of the Day.
How will ye, then, ye Impious, 'ſcape your Doom,
Self-judg'd, abandon'd, overcome?
Your Clouds of painted Bliſs ſhall melt before your Sight;
Yet ſhall you not the giddy Chace refrain,
Nor hope more ſolid Bliſs t' obtain,
Nor once repeat the Joys you knew before;
But ſigh a long Eternity in Pain,
Toſt in the Ocean of Deſire, yet never find a Shore.

X.

But ſee where the *mild Sov'reign* ſits prepar'd
His better Subjects to reward!
Where am I now! What Power Divine
Tranſports me! What immortal Splendors ſhine,
Torrents of Glory that oppreſs the Sight!
What Joys, Celeſtial King! thy Throne ſurround!
The Sun who with the borrow'd Beams is bright,
Sees not his Peer in all the ſtarry Round,
Would here diminiſh'd fade away,
Like his pale Siſter of the Night,
When ſhe reſigns her delegated Light
Loſt in the Blaze of Day.

Here

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Here Wonder only can take Place-------
Then Muſe th' advent'rous Flight forbear;
Theſe myſtick Scenes thou canſt no farther trace;
Hope may ſome boundleſs future Bliſs embrace,
But what, or when, or how, or where,
Are Mazes all, which Fancy runs in vain;
Nor can the narrow Cells of Human Brain
The vaſt immeaſurable Thought contain.

An Account of the ELEPHANTS *of* Cochin China,* *by* F. Borri, *who lived there ſeveral Years.*

THE *Elephant*, as well for its Bulk as Sagacity, ſeems to be the Maſter-piece of the Brute Creation. Moſt Authors have deſcribed it as the wiſeſt of Beaſts: Mr. *Pope* calls it a *half reaſoning Animal.* It therefore merits our Curioſity; and the following Account of them, being wrote by one who frequently travelled upon them, and a Man of Credit, is therefore the more to be depended upon.

"There are abundance of Elephants in the Woods of *Cochin China*, which they make no Uſe of, becauſe they know not how to take, or tame them: Therefore they bring them tame and well-taught from *Cambogia*, a neighbouring Kingdom. Theſe are twice as big as thoſe of *India*; the round Print of their Feet they leave behind them, is not leſs than half a Yard Diameter; the two Teeth ſtriking out of the Mouth, whereof Ivory is made, are very often four Yards and a half long; that is, thoſe of the Males, for thoſe of the Females are much ſhorter; by which it is eaſy to compute how much thoſe Elephants of *Cochin China* are bigger than

* *Cochin China* is a Country extending from the eighth Degree of North Latitude to the ſeventeenth. It is bounded on the North by *Tonquin*; by the Sea of *China* on the Eaſt, the *Indian* Ocean on the South, and the Kingdom of *Cambogia* on the Weſt. It is called by the Natives *Anam*, or the *Weſt Country*, as lying to the Weſtward of *China*.

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than thoſe ſhewn about in *Europe*, whoſe Teeth are not above three Quarters of a Yard long. The Elephants live many Years; and I aſking how old one might be, the Driver of it told me it was ſixty Years old before it came from *Cambogia*, and had lived forty in *Cochin China*: And having myſelf ſeveral Times travelled upon Elephants in that Kingdom, I can relate many Things that will ſeem ſtrange, but yet are very true.

An Elephant generally carries thirteen or fourteen Perſons, who are thus diſpoſed of: As we lay a Saddle on a Horſe, ſo they clap a certain Machine upon the Elephant, which is like a Coach, wherein there are four Seats; it is faſtened with Chains under the Elephant's Belly, as a Horſe's Saddle is girt. The Coach has two Doors on the Sides, where ſix Perſons ſit, three on a Side, and another behind, where ſit two more, and four in the Front; the *Nayre*, who ſupplies the Place of a Coachman, ſits over the Elephant's Head, and guides him. Nor have I travelled in this Manner by Land only, but very often by Sea too, croſſing Arms of it above a Mile over: And it was wonderful to any Body that knew it not before, to ſee ſuch a vaſt great Lump of Fleſh ſwimming under ſuch a Weight, ſo that it looked like a Boat rowing. True it is, the Beaſt groaned under the Toil, occaſioned by the unreaſonable Bulk of its own Body, and the Difficulty of breathing; and therefore to eaſe itſelf of that Pain, it ſucked in Water with its Trunk, and ſpouted it out ſo high, that it looked like ſome great Whale gliding along the Ocean.

For the ſame Reaſon of its mighty Corpulency, it finds much Difficulty in ſtooping down; and this being abſolutely neceſſary for the Conveniency of Paſſengers to get up to, or down from the Coach, he does it not but when commanded by the *Nayre*; and if, when he is kneeling, any one ſtops but never ſo little, upon Ceremony, or any other Account, he riſes up, not having Patience to continue in that Poſture, it is ſo painful.

Nor is it leſs wonderful to behold how, at the *Nayre*'s Command, he makes, as it were, a Ladder of his Limbs, for the greater Conveniency of thoſe that are to get up into the

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the Coach: The firſt Step is his Foot, which is high enough; for the ſecond, he turns out the firſt Joint above the ſame Foot, diſtant enough from the other; for the third, he bends his Knee; for the fourth, his Hip-Bone, ſticking out for that Purpoſe; and from whence, he that gets up, lays hold of a Chain faſtened to the Coach itſelf, where he ſeats himſelf.

By this it plainly appears how much they are miſtaken, who ſay and write, that the Elephant can neither kneel nor lie down; and that the only Way to take him, is to cut the Tree he leans againſt to ſleep, for that the Elephant falling together with the falſe Support, and not being able to riſe, he becomes a certain Prey to him that lies in Wait: Which is all a Fable; though it is true that he lies not down to ſleep, that being an uneaſy Poſture to him, as has been ſaid, but ſleeps always ſtanding, with a continual Agitation of his Head.

Upon Occaſion of War or Battle, they take off the Roof of the Coach; whence, as it were from a Tower, the Soldiers fight with Muſkets, Arrows, and ſometimes a ſmall Piece of Cannon, the Elephant being ſtrong enough to carry it, his Strength being anſwerable to all the reſt: And I have ſeen one myſelf, that would carry vaſt Weights upon his Trunk, another that lifted up a great Piece of Cannon with it; and another, who by himſelf launched ten Galliots, one after another, taking hold of them very dexterouſly with his Teeth, and ſhoving them into the Sea. I have ſeen others pull up large Trees with as much Eaſe as we do a Cabbage or a Lettuce: With the ſame Eaſe they throw down Houſes, levelling whole Streets when they are commanded, either to do Harm to an Enemy in War, or to ſtop the Fury of the Flames, upon Occaſion of any Fire.

The Trunk's Length is proportionable to the Height of the reſt of his Body, ſo that he can take up any Thing off the Ground with it, without ſtooping. It is made of abundance of ſmall Sinews, knit together, which makes it ſo pliable, that he can take up the leaſt Thing, and yet ſo ſtrong and firm as we have ſhewn. All the Body is co-

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covered with a rough Aſh-Colour Skin. An Elephant's uſual Day's Journey is twelve Leagues, and his Motion has the ſame Effect upon thoſe that are not us'd to it, as that of a Ship has at Sea.

I ſhall ſay nothing more wonderful concerning the Elephant's Docility, or Aptneſs to learn, that what is generally reported; by which it will appear, there was Reaſon to ſay, *No Beaſt was more ſenſible than the Elephant:* For it does ſuch Things as ſeem to be the Acts of Prudence and Underſtanding. In the firſt Place, though the *Nayre* makes Uſe of a certain Inſtrument of Iron a Yard long, which has a Hook at one End, wherewith he ſtrikes and punches him, that he may be watchful and mind what he bids him do, yet for the moſt Part he governs him only by Words: By which it appears he underſtands the Language very well; and ſome of them underſtand three or four that are very different, according to the ſeveral Countries they have lived in. Thus he that I travelled on, ſeem'd to underſtand the Language of *Cambogia*, whence he came, and that of *Cochin China*, where he was. And who would not admire to hear the *Nayre* diſcourſe with the Elephant, tell him the Way and Road he is to take, what Place he is to paſs by, what Inn they are to lie at, what they ſhall there find to eat, and, in ſhort, give him an exact Account of all that is to be done during the Journey; and to ſee the Elephant perform what he expects from him, as regularly as any Man of good Senſe could do? Inſomuch, that when the Elephant ſeems to have underſtood what Place he was to go to, he takes the ſhorteſt Cut to it, without minding the beaten Road, Rivers, Woods, or Mountains, but goes on, not doubting to overcome all Difficulties, as in Effect he does; for if any Rivers be in the Way, he either fords or ſwims them; if Woods, he breaks the Boughs of the Trees, pulls them up whole, or cuts them with a ſharp Iron like a Scythe; which, for this Purpoſe, is faſtened to the fore Part of the Top of the Coach; wherewith, upon Occaſion, (having firſt laid hold of the Boughs) he cuts them with his Trunk, and makes himſelf a Way, cutting through the thickeſt Foreſt; where it is eaſily known to have been an

Elephant

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Elephant that made the Way: And all this he does with great Eaſe and Expedition, in Obedience to the *Nayre*.

One only Thing diſturbs this Creature, and puts it to great Pain; which is, when a Thorn, or ſuch-like Thing, runs into the Bottom of his Foot, which is extraordinary tender, and therefore he treads very cautiouſly, when he goes through Places where there may be Danger of ſuch an Accident. I went a Journey once with ſeven or eight Elephants in Company, and heard the *Nayres* every one warn his own Beaſt to look out carefully where he ſet his Feet; for they were to paſs over a ſandy Place about a Mile in Length, where Thorns grew up among the Sand: Upon this Intimation all the Elephants held down their Heads, and looking out, as it were, for ſome ſmall Thing that is loſt, they walked that Mile very cautiouſly, Step by Step; till being told there was no more Fear, they lifted up their Heads, going on as they had done at firſt. Being come at Night to the Inn, the *Nayres* ſent the Elephants to the Wood to feed, without taking the Coach off their Backs; and I aſking why they did not take it down, they anſwered, that the Elephants fed on the Boughs of Trees, and therefore they left the Coach on their Backs, that they might cut them with that Iron which (as we ſaid) is before it. The next Day, being come where there was no Wood, every *Nayre* carried a large Bundle of green Boughs for his Elephant. I took particular Satisfaction to obſerve one, who more nimbly than the reſt, laying hold of thoſe Boughs with his Trunk, bark'd them with his Teeth, and then eat them up as quick, and with as good a Guſt, as we would a Fig, or any other Sort of Fruit. Diſcourſing the next Day with my Fellow Travellers, who were about twenty, I told them how much I was pleaſed to ſee that Elephant eat the Boughs ſo cleverly. Then the *Nayre*, by Order of the Elephant's Maſter, called him by his Name, which was *Gnin*, he being at ſome Diſtance, when he preſently lifted up his Head to give Ear to what was ſaid to him. *Remember* (ſaid the *Nayre*) *that Gentleman, the Paſſenger that looked upon you Yeſterday, when you was eating; take ſuch a Bough as one of them was, and come before him, as you did Yeſterday.* No ſooner he

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had the *Nayre* ſpoke theſe Words, but the Elephant came before me with a Bough in his Trunk, ſingling me out among all the Company, ſhew'd it me, bark'd, and eat it; then inclining himſelf very low, he went away, as it were, laughing, making Signs of Joy and Satisfaction, leaving me full of Aſtoniſhment, to ſee that a Beaſt ſhould be ſo apt to underſtand, and do what it was commanded. Yet the Elephant is obedient to none but the *Nayre*, or his Maſter, and he will only endure to ſee them get upon him; for if he ſhould ſee any other Perſon mount, there is Danger that he would throw down the Coach with his Trunk, and kill him; and therefore, when any Body is to get up, the *Nayre* generally covers his Eyes with his Ears, which are very large and ill ſhaped.

If at any Time the Elephant does not obey ſo readily as he ſhould, the *Nayre* beats him cruelly on the Middle of his Forehead, ſtanding himſelf all the while upright on his Head. One Time, when I was upon him, with ſeveral others, the *Nayre* beat him, as has been ſaid, and every Stroke he gave him, it look'd as if we ſhould have been all thrown down Headlong. Generally they give him ſix or ſeven Strokes on the Middle of the Forehead; but with ſuch Force, that the Elephant quakes, and yet bears all patiently. There is only one Time when he obeys neither the *Nayre* nor any other Body; which is, when on a ſudden he is enflamed with Luſt; for then, being quite beſides himſelf, he bears with no Body, but lays hold of the Coach with all that are in it, killing, deſtroying, and beating every Thing to Pieces. But the *Nayre*, by certain Signs, diſcovers it a little before it comes, and getting down ſpeedily with all the Paſſengers, unloads him, taking down the Coach, and leaves him alone in ſome bye Place, till that Fury is over: After which, being ſenſible of his Error, and as it were aſhamed of himſelf, he goes with his Head low to receive the Blows that are to be given him, thinking he has deſerved them.

Formerly the Elephants were of great Uſe in War, and thoſe Armies were formidable that carried great Troops of them into the Field; but ſince the *Portugueſe* found out the Way of uſing artificial Fireworks to them, they are rather hurtful

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hurtful, than otherwiſe; for not being able to endure thoſe Sparks of Fire which get into their Eyes, they betake themſelves to Flight, breaking their own Armies, killing and confounding all that ſtands in their Way.

The tame Elephant fights with only two Creatures, which are the wild Elephant, and the Abada, or Rhinoceros; the latter it overcomes, but by the firſt is generally conquered. The Rhinoceros is a Beaſt in Shape between a Horſe and an Ox, but as big as one of the ſmalleſt Elephants, covered all over with Scales, as it were ſo many Plates of Armour. He has but one Horn in the Middle of the Forehead, which is ſtrait and pyramidial, and his Feet and Hoofs are like thoſe of an Ox. When I was at *Nuocmon*, a City in the Province of *Pulucambi*, the Governor went out to hunt a Rhinoceros, that was in a Wood near our Dwelling Place: He had with him above a hundred Men, ſome on Foot, ſome on Horſeback, and eight or ten Elephants. The Rhinoceros came out of the Wood, and ſeeing ſo many Enemies, was ſo far from giving any Tokens of Fear, that he furiouſly encountered them all; who opened and making a Line, let the Rhinoceros run through: It came to the Rear, where the Governor was on the Top of his Elephant, waiting to kill it. The Elephant endeavoured to lay hold with his Trunk, but could not, by Reaſon of the Rhinoceros's Swiftneſs and leaping, he ſtriving to wound the Elephant with his Horn. The Governor knowing it could receive no Hurt, by Reaſon of the Scales, unleſs they ſtruck it on the Side, waited till by leaping it laid open the naked Place, and caſting a Dart, dexterouſly ſtruck it through from Side to Side, with great Applauſe and Satisfaction of all the Multitude of Spectators; who, without any more to do, laid it upon a great Pile of Wood, and ſetting Fire to it, leap'd and danced about, whilſt the Scales were burning and Fleſh roaſting, cutting off Pieces as it roaſted, and eating them. Of the Entrails, that is the Heart, Liver, and Brain, they made a more dainty Diſh, and gave it to the Governor, who was upon a riſing Ground, diverting himſelf with their Merriment. I being preſent, obtained the Hoofs of the Gover-

nor;

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Governor; which are looked upon to have the ſame Quality and Virtue as the Hoof of the Elk, and ſo the Horn is good againſt Poiſon, as is the Unicorn's.

The *Univerſal Prayer.*

By Mr. POPE.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry Age,
In ev'ry Clime ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great Firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my Senſe confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art Good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark Eſtate,
To ſee the Good from Ill;
And binding Nature faſt in Fate,
Left free the Human Will.

What Conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than Hell to ſhun,
That, more than Heav'n purſue.

What Bleſſings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For God is paid when Man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span
Thy Goodneſs let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thouſand Worlds are round;

Let not this weak unknowing Hand
Preſume Thy Bolts to throw,
And deal Damnation round the Land,
On each I judge thy Foe:

If I am right, thy GRACE impart
Still in the Right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my Heart
To find that better Way;

Save me alike from fooliſh Pride,
Or impious Diſcontent,
At ought thy Wiſdom has deny'd,
Or ought thy Goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's Woe;
To hide the Fault I ſee;
That Mercy I to others ſhow,
That Mercy ſhow to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
Since quicken'd by thy Breath:
O lead me whereſoe'er I go,
Thro' this Day's Life or Death.

This Day, be Bread and Peace my Lot:
All elſe beneath the Sun
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
And let Thy Will be done.

To Thee, whoſe Temple is all Space,
Whoſe Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies,
One Chorus let all Being raiſe!
All Nature's Incenſe riſe!

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An infallible Receipt to prevent the Rot *in* SHEEP.

PUT two Handfuls of chopped Rue into a Pail of Water over Night; next Morning squeeze it out, and put in as much Salt into the Liquor, as will make it bear an Egg: Of this Liquor give five Spoonfuls to a Sheep, once in nine Days in the greatest Danger; and seldomer, according to your Discretion, where the Danger is less. The Sheep may continue in the same Ground, be it ever so bad, without any Hazard. This has always been found effectual where the Sheep are not come to an absolute Rot, and is a cheap and easy Medicine to be got by all Farmers and Graziers, *&c.*

To prepare Ink for drawing of Lines; which, when writ upon, may be rubbed out again.

BURN Tartar to Ashes, or till it is calcined, to a white Colour; take thereof the Bigness of a Hazle Nut, and lay it in a Cup full of Water to dissolve, then filtrate it: To this Solution mix as much fine ground Touch-Stone as will colour it black enough to write with. With this Ink rule the Lines you would write upon: When you have done writing, only rub it over with the Crumb of a stale Rowl, or with Crumb of Bread; the Lines will vanish, and the Paper be as clean as it was before. This may be useful for Schools.

To spot a white Horse with black Spots.

TAke Litharge three Ounces, Quick-lime six Ounces; beat them fine, and mix them together; put the Mixture into a Pan, and pour a sharp Lee over it; then boil it, and you will have a fat Substance swim at Top; with which anoint the Horse in such Places as you design to have black, and it will turn of that Colour immediately: This will likewise change the Hair that is red, into a black Colour, only then you must take an equal Quantity of Lime and Litharge, and boil it only in fresh Water, and what swims at Top is fit for Use.

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WORKS *to be done in Gardens in the Month of* April.

In the KITCHEN-GARDEN.

SEt Kidney Beans in dry Weather, and in light Earth; alſo Rouncival Peas and Beans, to ſucceed other Crops.

Where Beans have been ſet too thick, cut down every other Row, within three Inches of the Root, and they will produce a good after Crop, when the others are gone. Sow Spinach, for the laſt Time, in a moiſt Place, not too much expoſed to the Sun; ſow Cabbage and other Lettuce, to ſucceed what were ſown before, and Purſlane and Sallery in natural Ground; ſow ſmall Sallads in open Borders; ſow Seeds of Thyme, and other ſweet Herbs; plant Cuttings or Slips of Roſemary and Lavender in moiſt Weather; and you may yet plant Slips of Thyme, Sage, and ſuch-like Herbs; make Plantations of Strawberries till the Middle of the Month, and towards the End hough Carrots, Parſnips, and Onions.

Make Ridges for Cucumbers and Melons, for a full Crop; prune the Melon Plants on the forward Ridge from all ſuperfluous Branches, but do it carefully, leſt you bruiſe the tender Branches, and endanger the Plant. If the Weather be dry and windy, you are to ſtake up all new-planted Trees, watering them once a Week; cleanſe Trees and Plants from Snails, Slugs, and other Vermin, which now do much Damage.

Cover the Cucumber and Melon Ridges with Bell Glaſſes; ſtill ſlip and plant Artichokes in a moiſt Soil, and now plant out your Cauliflower Plants that were raiſed in *February*, for a latter Crop; draw and tranſplant young Sellery Plants in Beds of rich Earth, about three Inches diſtant, watering them duly till they have taken Root; hough the Ground between the Rows of Beans and Peas, drawing the Earth up to their Stems; alſo draw the Earth up to the Stems of Cabbage and Cauliflower Plants. In cold Nights cover your Cucumbers and Melons cloſe with the Glaſſes, other-

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wise you will lose the young Fruit. Sow Turnips to come after those sown before, which should now be houghed, and the Weeds cut out. Beds of Mint must now be weeded, and all other Things that the Garden produces, if you would have them thrive; now plant new Beds of Mint, Tarragon, and such-like Herbs; transplant your large Lettuces, and water them well. Thin Cabbages and Savoys, and prick them out into Beds, so will they gain Strength by the Time you transplant them out for Use; and at the latter End of this Month look over your Artichokes, drawing out all the young Plants that have been produced since the Stocks were slipped, some of the best of which may be trimmed and planted where wanted.

In the FRUIT-GARDEN.

Take off all young Shoots from new-planted Trees against Walls that push directly forward, leaving none but what push Side-ways to form the Beauty of the Tree. Watch the new-planted Vines, and suffer not above two Shoots to remain. Trees that have too much Vigour, as Peaches, *&c.* will now drop their Blossoms and Fruit. Remove all Suckers from Fig-Trees, and what Apples remain to be grafted, should now be compleated. Cherry Trees that are not very thriving, should now be relieved from being Hide-bound, by cutting their Bark. All new-planted Trees should be watered frequently. Plant Cuttings of Vines, observing to have a Knot of the old Wood at the Bottom of each, and bury them in the Ground, that the uppermost Eye may be even with the Surface; weed and water your Strawberry Beds, if they need; and Fruits in the forcing Frame must have now fresh Air, according to the Season; and if their Roots and Branches be watered at proper Times, it will be of Service to them.

In the FLOWER-GARDEN.

Sow in the natural Ground the most hearty exotick Seeds, and such Flower Seeds as were omitted in the former Months; sow Columbines, Scabius, Marigolds, Amaranthus,

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thus, Gnaphalium, and Cyanus; plant Scarlet Beans, and yet plant and ſet fibrous-rooted Plants. Stick up Carnations, and now ſow their Seed; pot ſome of your Amaranthuſes, and give them a freſh Bed to draw them tall. Stake up all Plants and Flowers which are grown to any Height; after Rain clip your Edgings of Box; ſow Pine and Fir Seeds, covering them with a Net, to keep them from the Birds; and now is the Time to remove all Sorts of Evergreens. If the Weather is moiſt, it is not too late to make Layers of Jeſſamines, Roſes, Honeyſuckles, and ſuch-like Shrubs. Make freſh hot Beds to forward young ſeedling Oranges, Lemons, and other Exoticks now come up, and fit to tranſplant from the firſt hot Bed; roll Graſs and Gravel Walks after Rain, and renew your Works in Sand, *&c.* Mow Graſs often, which now grows apace; ſcreen your ſeedling Auriculas from the Sun, and refreſh them with Water; remove your fine Auriculas, which now ſhow their Colours, under ſome Cover, to ſhelter them from the Rain and Sun; yet let them have as much open Air as you can, eſpecially ſuch as you deſign for Seed. Cover Beds of Tulips, Renunculuſes, Anemonies, Hyacinths, and ſuch like, which are now in Bloom, but open them every Morning and Evening for freſh Air. At the latter End of this Month, take up the Roots of Saffron, Colchicums, and other bulbous-rooted Flowers, to blow at *Michaelmas*, whoſe Leaves are decayed; keep them out of the Ground till *July*, and then plant them again.

An Account of the amazing Riches *and* Curioſities *of the Chapel or Holy Houſe of* Loretto, *in* Italy.

THE City of *Loretto* is ſituated on an Eminence, three Miles to the Weſtward of the Gulph of *Venice*, fifteen South of *Ancona*, and one hundred and forty-five to the Eaſtward of *Rome*, in a pleaſant fruitful Soil: It is but ſmall, conſiſting only of one large Street within the Gate,

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and another without: It is defended by a Wall and other Fortifications, but ſuch as are of no great Strength.

The *Roman Catholicks* think the Chapel, or Holy Houſe of this Place, is to be preferred before all the Holy Places under Heaven; and, upon that Account, the rich Gifts that have been made to it by Emperors, Kings, Popes, Princes, and other Perſons of Diſtinction of the *Roman Catholick* Perſuaſion, almoſt exceed Imagination.

The celebrated Mr. *Addiſon*, in his Travels through *Italy* a few Years ago, viſited this Place, and tells us, in the Account of his Travels, (which he publiſhed after his Return) "That the Riches in this Holy Houſe are ſurprizingly "great, and as much ſurpaſſed his Expectations, as other "Sights have fallen ſhort of it; that Silver can ſcarce find "Admiſſion, and Gold itſelf looks but poorly among ſuch "an incredible Number of precious Stones."

What the *Roman Catholicks* believe of the Original of this Holy Houſe, is written in ſeveral Languages on Tables, and hung up in the Cathedral of *Loretto*, and is as follows, *viz.* "That this was the Bleſſed Virgin's Chamber near *Jeruſalem*, in which ſhe was born and ſaluted by the Angel; that ſhe conceived and brought up her Son JESUS here, till he was twelve Years of Age; that after the Aſcenſion of our SAVIOUR, the Apoſtles conſecrated it to the Honour of the Bleſſed Virgin, and St. *Luke* drew a Picture of her, which is preſerved here to this Day; that the Natives apoſtatizing from the Faith of CHRIST, and becoming the Diſciples of MAHOMET, the Angels carried it into *Dalmatia*, and placed it on a Mountain there, called *Terſatto*, near the Gulph of *Venice*, (but as to the Time of this memorable Event, they are not perfectly agreed, whether it was on the ninth, tenth, or the twelfth Day of *May*, 1291, or in the Year 1294;) but the People of the Country not expreſſing a true Veneration for it here, three Years and ſeven Months after, the Angels tranſported it over the Sea to a Wood in the Territory of *Recanati*, (which is about three Miles from *Loretto*) the Territory belonging to a noble Lady named *Loretto*, from whence it obtained the Name of *Our Lady of Loretto*. After it had remained here eight Months, on Account

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count of the Wickedneſs of the Natives, it was removed a third Time to the Hill where it ſtands at preſent; but a Controverſy ariſing between two Brothers to whom the Ground belonged, four Months after, it was removed a little farther into a Highway; and here they built over it a magnificent Church, the preſent Cathedral, under the Middle of the Cupola whereof it now remains. They alſo erected four Walls of white *Parian* Marble, which ſurrounded the Holy Chamber at the Diſtance of half a Foot, the better to preſerve it. Here all the Beauties of Sculpture and Architecture may be ſeen, the greateſt Artiſts in *Italy* having been employed in the Work. It is of the *Corinthian* Order, with excellent Baſsreliefs, in which the Hiſtory of the Virgin is repreſented; and there being two Rows of Niches one above another between the double Columns, in the ten below are the Statues of ten Prophets, and in thoſe above the Images of ten of the *Sibyls*, who propheſy'd of our SAVIOUR's Birth. There remains no more now of the Virgin's Chamber than the four Walls, compoſed of a reddiſh Stone, which the Legend ſays is no where to be found but near *Nazareth*. The Roof has been removed, to give Light within, and a Door made on each Side; nor is there any of the Foundation. The Chamber is about forty Foot long, twenty broad, and about twenty in Height. Our Author ſays, he viewed the Wall on the Inſide, which they were prevented from doing without, by the Marble Incloſure; and whatever they may pretend, it appears to be built of Brick. *Miſſon* alſo relates, that he has examined the Matter, and that they have on Purpoſe made Choice of Bricks of different Shapes and unequal Bigneſs, together with ſome flat greyiſh and reddiſh Stones, which are common every where, and that the Cement is common Lime and Sand, as in other ordinary Houſes, but ill joined and fitted together; which ſeems to evince, that the Work was done in Haſte. But to go on with the Tradition concerning this Houſe, which the *Roman Catholicks* believe as firmly as their Creed: They ſay, that it was not known from whence it came, till the Bleſſed Virgin appeared to a devout Man in his Sleep, and declared the Manner of its Removal

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in the Year 1296, who diſcovering it to the Governor and other conſiderable Men of the Province, they ſent ſixteen Perſons of good Reputation to *Nazareth*, who meaſured the Foundations from whence it was taken, and found them to be exactly of the ſame Dimenſions with the Walls of the Holy Houſe. They ſaw alſo an Inſcription on an adjoining Wall, which ſignified that it had left that Place; which demonſtrated to them, that this was the Chamber of the Virgin MARY: And it has been reverenced by Chriſtians accordingly, and many Miracles wrought there, ſays the Legend.

Paul Silva, a Hermit of great Sanctity, who lived in the Neighbourhood, alſo declared, that going there conſtantly to Mattins for ten Years on the eighth of *September* annually, two Hours before Day, he ſaw a Light deſcend from Heaven upon the Holy Houſe, which was the Bleſſed Virgin, who ſhewed herſelf there on the Day of her Nativity. Another Man of Credit, named *Paul Renalducci*, atteſted, that his Grandfather ſaw the Angels convey it over the Sea, and place it in the Wood, where he had often viſited it. One *Francis Prior* alſo atteſted, that his Grandfather's Grandfather being an hundred and twenty Years old, had much frequented it in the ſame Place, and that in his Time it was carried from thence to the Mountain of the two Brothers.

The Holy Houſe is ſituated Eaſt and Weſt. Towards the Eaſt is the little Chimney of the Chamber, and over it ſtands the Lady of *Loretto*, with a little Jesus on her Right Arm: The Image of our Lady is ſaid to be of Cedar Wood, the Workmanſhip of St. *Luke*, and brought hither with the Houſe. It is about four Foot high, and adorned with a particular Kind of Veil, (of which they have ſeveral of various Colours for Change,) all rich and glittering with precious Stones: One of theſe, *Laſſels* relates, has ſix Rows of Diamonds down before, to the Number of three thouſand, and is wrought over with a Kind of Embroidery of little Pearl, ſet thick every where, within the Flowers, with great round Pearl, to the Number of twenty thouſand Pearls in all. Her triple Crown, covered with precious Stones, was the Preſent of *Lewis* XIII. King of *France*. The Crown

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Crown on the Head of our SAVIOUR, also is set with Diamonds. Before the Breast of the Blessed Virgin, hangs a Royal Toison, or Fleece of rich Jewels, a Collar of Rubies, Pearls and Diamonds, and a rich Cross hanging at it. And round the Nich where the Statue stands, is a close Row of precious Stones of several Kinds and Lustres, of great Bulk and Value, forming a Kind of Rainbow of various Colours.

Towards the upper End of the House, is an Altar of Silver, given by *Cosmo* II. Great Duke of *Florence*. Before it hangs a Lamp of Gold, as great as two Men can carry. It was the Vow and Gift of the Senate of *Venice*, which had vowed it in the Time of a Plague. On either Side of the Walls are fastened two great Candlesticks of pure Gold, made like Cornucopias, and neatly wrought. These were the Gift of the Dutchess of *Florence*. On one Side of the Altar, in a Cupboard in the Wall, are some little Earthen Dishes, (brought thither with the House) which Tradition holds to have been our SAVIOUR's Plate, and our Lady's Vessels. This Cupboard hath now got a Door of Silver, the Gift (as 'tis said) of a Duke of *Parma*.

Before the Image of our Lady, hang about twelve Lamps of pure Gold, each as big as a Man's Head, one whereof exceeding the rest in Workmanship, was the Gift of *Sigismund*, King of *Poland*. There hangs round about many rich Vows and Presents, particularly an Image of Silver of the eldest Son of *Ferdinand* III. Emperor, with a Chain of Diamonds about it. An Angel of Silver, presenting as it were a Child of Gold in Swathing Bands upon a Silver Cushion, the Gift of the Queen of *France*, being brought to-bed of the *Dauphin*, afterwards *Lewis* XIV. The Picture of a Prince of *Conde* in Silver, kneeling. A Vow of his Mother, when he went first to the Wars. The Busto of St. *Barbara* in Silver, set with Jewels, the Gift of an Arch-duke of *Austria*. Another Busto of St. *Girione*, set with Jewels, given by the Queen of *Bohemia*. The Statue of St. *Ladislaus* in Silver, the Gift of *Ladislaus* IV. King of *Poland*. A fine kneeling Stool of Silver, given by Cardinal *Colonna*.

Over

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Over againſt the Image of our Lady, at the End which looks Weſtward, is the Window at which, 'tis ſaid, the Angel entered when he brought her the joyful Tidings of being the Mother of our SAVIOUR; this Window is about three Foot high, and almoſt the ſame Breadth; and, according to Tradition, the Virgin was telling over her Beads when the Angel appeared to her.

They add, that the Altar made by the Hands of the Apoſtles, and the Stone on which St. *Peter* ſaid his firſt Maſs, was tranſported hither with the Houſe, which are now covered with Silver. The Pavement conſiſts of ſquare Pieces of red and white Marble; but this is modern, for the old Floor they ſay was left at *Nazareth* with the Foundation of the Houſe. The Entrance of this Chapel is by three Doors at preſent, *viz.* one on each Side, and one behind the Altar, though originally there was but one. The Place between the Altar and our Lady's Shrine, is called the Sanctuary: Upon this Altar Maſs is celebrated from Four in the Morning to One in the Afternoon.

All round the Walls that incloſe the Houſe, are a great Number of Candleſticks and Bronches; and theſe Walls the Pilgrims ſurround on their Knees, ſome five, ſome ſeven, and others twelve Times, as they are diſpoſed, ſaying over their Pater-Noſters and Ave-Marias, and telling their Beads, all endeavouring to get as near the Wall as they can; and as ſome ſurround it one Way, and others the contrary, this occaſions frequent joſtling, and muſt not a little diſturb their Devotions; but this is never done when there are great Numbers of Pilgrims aſſembled. From the *Santta Caſa* Foreigners are led to view the Treaſury; in Compariſon of which, ſays *Miſſon*, all the Riches of the Holy Houſe are but of ſmall Value.

This Treaſury is a Room forty Paces long, and about fifteen wide, vaulted and painted over Head. On the Left Hand of this Room ſtand great Cupboards, which opening above, have little Nets of ſtrong Wyar before them, to keep Hands off. In one of theſe Cupboards there is to be ſeen a Crucifix, Candleſticks, Cruets, Baſon and Eure, (Things uſed in the celebrating the *Roman* Maſs) and the Foot

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Foot of a Chalice, all of Amber. In another, ſuch a whole Service, all of *Agate*. In another, ſuch a whole Service, all of *Lapis Lazuli*, given by Count *Olivares*. Another, all of Corall, given by the Arch-duke *Leopold*. Another, all of Cryſtal. In another, one all of Silver, with Flower Pots neatly wrought, given by *Don Thadeo Barberino*, Prefect of *Rome*. In another, a ſtately Ebony Crucifix, adorned with many curious Pictures in Miniature, given by Pope *Clement* VIII. In another, a ſpread Eagle of Diamonds, given by *Mary* Queen of *Hungary*. Two Crowns of Gold, enriched with Pearl, the Gift of a Queen of *Poland*. A Crown of Gold, ſet with very large Rubies, given by the Dutcheſs of *Nevers*. In another, a Crown and Scepter of Gold enamelled, given by *Chriſtiana*, Queen of *Sweden*. In another, an enamelled Pigeon, with a rich Jewel on its Breaſt, the Gift of the Prince *Ludoviſio*: The Heart enriched with Diamonds, with a great Emerald in the Middle of it, of an exceſſive Bigneſs, the Gift of *Henry* III. of *France*. In another, a rich enamelled triangular Jewel, with the Picture of the Bleſſed Virgin in the Middle of it. In another, ſeveral great Chains of Gold, given by great Men. In another, a great Heart of Gold, as big as both a Man's Hands, enamelled with Blue, and bearing on the outſide *Jeſus Maria*, ſet in pretty big Diamonds, and within it are the Pictures of the Virgin on one Side, and of the Queen of *England*, *Henrietta Maria*, on the other: Alſo, another neat little Heart of Gold, enamelled, and ſet with Jewels, the Preſent of Madam *Chriſtiana*, Dutcheſs of *Savoy*, and Siſter to the aforeſaid Queen of *England*, with her own and her Son's Picture in it. In another, the Picture of our Lady, with her Son in her Arms, cut in a great Pearl, and ſet in Gold. In another, a Picture of our Lady, wrought curiouſly with *Indian* Feathers of ſeveral Colours, and cut ſhort as Pluſh; which Picture changeth Colours as often as you change its Situation, or your own Poſture. In another, a great *Cuſtodia* of Cryſtal, given by *Chriſtiana* of *Tuſcany*. In another, a *Cuſtodia* of *Lapis Lazuli*. In another, a Diamond, valued at 12,000 Crowns, the Gift of the Prince *D'oria* of *Genoa*. Another of almoſt equal

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Price, given by a *German* Prince. In another, a curious Book of Gold, covered with Diamonds, with the Leaves of Gold, and rarely painted in Miniature, the Gift of a Duke of *Bavaria.* In another, the *Samaritans* Well of Gold, with the Pictures of our SAVIOUR, and the *Samaritan* Woman, in Gold alſo, the Preſent of Cardinal *Brancaccio.* In other great Cupboards, a whole Suit for the Altar, Prieſt, Deacon, and Sub-Deacon, covered all over with Embroidery of Pearl, valued at 130,000 Crowns, the Preſent of *Catherine Zamoiſky*, Wife of the Chancellor of *Polonia.* In others, ſeveral ſingle Diamonds of an immenſe Value; a golden Dove, with two Crowns above it, covered with Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, and other precious Stones; a Cup of *Lapis Lazuli*, with a Lid of Rock Cryſtal, on the Top whereof is an Angel in relievo, having a Lilly ſet with Diamonds on his Head: The Border of this Lid is adorn'd with four large Diamonds, and as many Rubies; the Foot is oriental Jaſper and Gold, artfully intermixed and embelliſhed with precious Stones, three Satyrs of Gold ſitting upon it glittering with Rubies and Diamonds, intermixed with Pearls; and there are three golden Syrens for the Baſis, holding each of them a Child, with this Diſtich,

Ut quæ prole tua mundum Regina beaſti,
Et Regnum & Regem prole beare velis.

That is, Do thou, O Queen, that bleſſed the World with thy Offspring, bleſs the King and Queen with Offspring.

This glorious Cup *Henry* III. of *France* offered to our Lady for a Succeſſor: And here are two Crowns in Form of Tiara's, which *Lewis* XIII of *France* offered on the ſame Account. Theſe are both of Gold, embelliſhed with Diamonds and Pearls; which, it is ſaid, coſt eighty thouſand Crowns.

Among the golden Statues are thoſe of the Duke of *Savoy*, with a Royal Mantle, on his Knees, and that of *Staniſlaus*, King of *Poland:* And there is an Altar Cloth preſented by the Lady of the great Chancellor of *Poland*, the Jewels whereof are computed to be worth an hundred and fifty thouſand Crowns, with a Multitude of other valuable Preſents; among which we muſt not forget one that *Miſſon* ſays was ſent by King *James* II's Queen in 1688, *viz.* an Angel

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Angel of Gold, holding a Heart bigger than an Egg, covered with Diamonds of great Value; which, he ſays, ſhe offered to the Virgin juſt before ſhe became pregnant of the Chevalier.

On the other Side of this Room are great Windows, betwixt every one of which are ſet upon long Tables, divers great Towns expreſſed in Silver, with their Walls, Ramparts, Churches, Steeples, Houſes, Streets, Windmills, *&c.* being all *German* Work, and *German* Towns, and wrought with that Curioſity, that whoſoever has once ſeen the Towns, will eaſily diſtinguiſh them here in Effigie.

Turcelinus, in his Hiſtory of *Loretto*, relates, that in ſome Years, between *Eaſter* and *Whitſuntide*, there have reſorted hither five or ſix hundred thouſand Pilgrims; and in the Space of two Days in *September*, when they celebrate the Feaſt of the Virgin's Nativity, not leſs than two hundred thouſand. Theſe Pilgrims ſet out in Bodies from the ſeveral Catholick Cities of *Italy*, and other Parts of *Europe*, each Body or Society being diſtinguiſhed by the Arms of the City they come from, and by the Colour of their Cloaths: They wear a Kind of Linnen Frock with a Cowl, which quite covers their Heads, leaving only three Holes for their Eyes and Mouth; they have large Chaplets of Beads, Girdles, Pilgrims Staves, and the Arms of the Society painted or embroidered before and behind, on the Back and Breaſt of every Brother. The Men uſually ride on Aſſes, probably in Imitation of our SAVIOUR. As to the Female Pilgrims, their Habits are the richeſt they can procure. The Ladies uſually ride in Calaſhes and Chaiſes, ſurrounded with a Crowd of Gentlemen mounted on Aſſes, and dreſſed in the Manner above deſcribed, who ſhow a thouſand Antick Tricks, and ſing merry Songs for their Diverſion. The numerous Clergy who conſtantly attend here, muſt occaſion a very great Expence, there being above an hundred and twenty Maſſes founded to be ſaid every Day in the Church and Chapel, beſides caſual ones celebrated for particular Perſons; for which Purpoſe only they maintain near fourſcore extraordinary Chaplains; and the Madona, or Saint herſelf, is continually ſerved by twenty

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Canons, thirteen Eccleſiaſticks, called Incumbents, twelve Clerks, and other inferior Officers.

A SONG of PRAISE.

PREPARE, my Soul, thy nobleſt Lays,
And ſpeak thy great Deliv'rer's Praiſe.
Awake, my Voice, and gentle Lute,
Nor let one grateful String be mute;
And, oh! ye ſacred Pow'rs of Love,
Let me all your Influence prove:
Ye heav'nly Virtues, guide my Tongue,
Or teach me ſome celeſtial Song;
Such as your own Flame inſpires,
When you touch your golden Lyres;
And in the fair ethereal Bow'rs,
Sing away your happy Hours.

Begin, begin the tuneful Lays,
While the Morning's early Rays
All their golden Luſtre ſpread
O'er the tow'ring Mountain's Head;
Nor ceaſe till Noon, till ſable Night
Conceal the World from mortal Sight,

From the loweſt Depths of Care,
To God I ſent a doubtful Pray'r:
Yet he lent a gracious Ear,
And ſcattered all my groundleſs Fear.

While theſe Lips draw vital Breath,
Till I cloſe my Eyes in Death,
I'll ne'er forget thy wond'rous Love,
Nor thoughtleſs of thy Favours prove.

Ben[illegible]

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Beneath thy ſhadowing Wings Defence
I'll place my only Confidence;
In ev'ry Danger and Diſtreſs,
To thee I will my Pray'r addreſs.
Let all my Hopes on Earth be loſt,
In thee I'll make my conſtant Boaſt;
I'll ſpread the Glories of thy Name,
And thy unbounded Love proclaim.

You that ſink in dark Deſpair,
To God direct your humble Pray'r;
From his lofty Seat he hears
Our ſad Complaints, and drys our Tears;
He regards the penſive Breaſt,
And gives the weary Pilgrim Reſt;
On Human Miſ'ries, from his Throne
With ſoft Compaſſion he looks down;
The Weight of all our Grief he knows,
And ſeems to ſhare our ſecret Woes.

Lord, what is Man, that he ſhould prove
The Object of ſuch boundleſs Love?
Whence can ſuch wond'rous Bounty ſpring,
To ſuch a vain and worthleſs Thing?
Why ſhould he ſo largely ſhare
Thy Favour, and thy tender Care?
Why thy ſacred Thoughts employ,
In the Heights of perfect Joy?

O let ev'ry grateful Tongue
Speak thy Praiſe in lofty Song;
And thou, my Soul, join all thy Pow'rs,
In this bleſt Work employ thy Hours.

IMPROVEMENTS

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IMPROVEMENTS in HUSBANDRY,

Communicated by a Letter from a Gentleman in Hertfordſhire.

SIR,

AMONG the *great Improvements* that have of late Years been made in Arts and Sciences, thoſe in *Agriculture* (of which you have given us many Hints of *Improvement* in your *uſeful* and *entertaining WORK)* deſerve to be ranked not in the loweſt Place, on Account of the *great Benefits* Mankind receive from them.

It is not many Years ſince the Seeds of Turnips, and ſeveral Sorts of Graſs, were firſt ſown in the Fields, which have encreaſed the Value of Lands, enriched the Occupiers thereof, and enabled them to keep larger Flocks of Cattle upon them than formerly.

Our beſt Huſbandmen do now ſo order their Matters, that they ſeldom let the Ground be idle, it generally producing them an annual Crop of Grain, Turnips, and Graſs; and no ſooner are their Turnips eat off, but they prepare their Ground for another Crop, either of Wheat or Barley, by plowing it once, and harrowing in the Grain. They frequently ſow on this Ground Wheat, as late as the Beginning of *March*, and generally have a great Crop of it; the Turnip Ground Wheat, though for the moſt Part ſown late, being reckoned the beſt in this Part of *Hertfordſhire*, the Sheep that were fed upon the Turnips, and the Turnips themſelves, meliorating the Land, and deſtroying the Weeds.

A good Crop of Turnips in this Country, is ſeldom ſold for leſs, often for more, than 40 s. an Acre. As this Root therefore is ſo advantageous to the Farmers, the *Hertfordſhire* Way of manuring and preparing the Soil for the Reception of its Seeds, may be acceptable to the Publick.

I have for ſome Years paſt occupied a large Farm, and as well as my Neighbours, find by Experience, the beſt Method is to plow the Land which we intend for Turnips, in the Winter Seaſon, and in the following Spring to dreſs that Land with good Dung, which ſhould be plowed into the Ground, and before the Seeds are ſown we plow the Ground

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Ground a third Time, which then generally breaks up, and may be harrowed as fine as Garden Mould, and ſeldom fails of producing a plentiful Crop of Turnips. But if we cannot get a ſufficient Quantity of Dung for the above Purpoſe, we manure our Turnip Land with Soot, ſowing about twenty or twenty-five Buſhels on every Acre, which we harrow into the Ground, and this ſometimes cauſes it to produce a better Crop than Dung, and by many Farmers is preferred before it; for it not only manures the Land, but prevents the Flies eating the Turnips; and, when we dreſs with Dung, we generally ſow about fourteen Buſhels of Soot upon an Acre, and harrow it into the Ground after the Seed is ſown, to ſave the Plants from thoſe deſtructive Inſects which do ſometimes deſtroy them all in two or three Days after they appear above Ground.

We eſteem Soot the beſt of all Manure for our Wheat, and we dreſs moſt of it therewith, ſowing on every Acre about twenty-five Buſhels; and this, on Account of its hot Nature, doth ſo promote and forward Vegetation, that the good Effect of it is not only viſible at Harveſt, but may be diſcerned ſoon after it is ſown on the Ground. There is ſuch a material Difference in the Appearance of the Corn which has, and that which has not been ſoſted, that a Stranger may at the firſt View ſee how far it was uſed. And we are ſo fond of this black Manure, though it ſometimes coſts us eleven Pence a Buſhel, that I believe more of it is uſed in *Hertfordſhire*, than any other County.

Chalk we likewiſe eſteem an excellent and laſting Manure for our Land, and we employ Labourers to get it out of the Bowels of the Earth, by ſinking Pits, ſometimes eight or ten Feet deep before they can find it: Of this we lay about twenty Cart Loads upon an Acre; the Labourers dig it and barrow it about the Field for Seven-pence Half-penny a Score Barrows (a Barrow may contain about a Buſhel) and this doth ſo fertilize the Soil, that we reap the Benefit of it in an ample Manner for eighteen or twenty ſucceeding Years. In ſhort, thoſe Farmers, who on Account of Poverty, cannot ſoot and chalk their Grounds, do plow and ſow to little Purpoſe; for they get but half Crops,

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Crops, and ſoon render their Land as poor as themſelves, the Conſequence whereof is generally their Ruin.

We have a ſmall Kind of Vetches, which we call Winter Vetches, of which we ſow about a Buſhel and a half upon an Acre, as ſoon as we can after an Harveſt, upon almoſt any Stubble, plowing the Ground but once; they are ſo hardy, that the moſt ſevere Winter doth not hurt them, and in the Spring they afford us an excellent Food for our Sheep. They may be eaten till Midſummer, and then the Ground may be plowed once, and Turnips ſowed thereon, dreſſing the Ground with about twenty Buſhels of Soot; and, if they ſhould fail, the Ground may be plowed again, and ſowed with Wheat, which generally ſucceeds well.

It has not been much practiſed till of late hereabouts, but we now find it a very good Way, to mow our Wheat Stubbles and carry the Straw off before plowed, it having been experienced that the plowing in the long Straw hurts the next Crop.

Hemſted, Feb. 10. AGRICOLA.

How to prepare Wheat-Seed a new Way, ſo as to ſecure it againſt Worms and Smut.

As Clover and other Graſs-lays are in particular more ſubject to the Breed of Worms and Grubs than other Ground, by Reaſon of its longer reſting from the Plough and Harrows: It is abſolutely neceſſary to provide againſt their Rapine, which here they commonly commit on new ſown Wheat, by gnawing its firſt Sprout, or Blade, juſt within the Ground; for thus I knew a Farmer loſe, I believe, twenty Pounds in one Field, by the Damage of ſmall red Worms, while the Wheat was in its Infant Growth, in a gravelly, chalky Soil, about *Allhollantide*. Now, it is not ſteeping the Wheat-Seed in Brine that will effectually hinder ſuch a Loſs, for the Strength of the Brine and Lime may be ſoon drawn or waſhed away, and then the Worm may remain Maſter: But, to anſwer this great End, a more powerful Application muſt be made Uſe of, and that is one

I learnt

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I learnt of a *Hertfordſhire* Man.--- Put a Tap and Tap-Whips into a Tub, and then in with your two or three Buſhels of Wheat-Seed: This done, take three Pounds of Copperas, which I buy for Three-half-pence per Pound, and put it into two or three Gallons of ſcalding Water, where, with ſtirring, it will diſſolve preſently; let it cool a little, and put all of it, while it is warm, over the Seed; a Quarter of an Hour after, pour over all the Wheat-Seed as much black Mudgel-hole Water as will make the whole ſwim four Inches; which will give you an Opportunity, by ſtirring all ſoundly, to ſkim off all the Seeds of Weeds, and the light under-line Corns that occaſion Smut and Pepper-Wheat. In this Liquor let the Seed lie twelve Hours, or, if you are in Haſte, ſix, four, or two; then draw all clear off, and lime it directly for ſowing the ſame Morning; but, if the Seed lay and drained twelve Hours before liming, it would be rather better; but ſave the drawn off Liquor, to ſerve towards ſuch another Parcel, with an Addition of one or two Pounds more of Copperas, and ſo on. This Ingredient is of a poiſonous Nature, but of no ill Conſequence to the Seed; for it will ſo taint the Earth, as to keep off Grubs, Worms, and Slugs, and thus ſecures it, not only againſt their Miſchief, but preſerves it from Smuttineſs.

WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month of May.

In the KITCHEN-GARDEN.

ABOUT the Beginning of this Month ſow Cucumbers in the natural Ground, put about twelve Seeds in each Hole, and when they come up leave only four or five of the ſtrongeſt for Fruit; let the Earth be well work'd, and rather light than ſtiff; when the Plants come up, they muſt be often watered; but much Water deſtroys Melons.

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Give Melons Air, and prune off the Water-Branches, which are known by their Breadth and Flatneſs; alſo pinch off the Tops of Runners that have Fruit on them, for they have always three or four Joints beyond the Fruit, which take away the Nouriſhment the Fruit ſhould have; let the Fruit be well ſheltered with Leaves from the Power of the Sun, till grown to Maturity, and then the Sun cannot ripen them too faſt; if the Seaſon be dry, rather pour Water in the Alleys between the Melon Ridges, than on the Plants or Stems; and Pond Water is the beſt, becauſe moſt expoſed to the Sun.

Replant Imperial and Sileſia Lettuce, if you have any large enough; and if any of the Imperial Lettuces are cabbaged, cut the Tops of them croſs-ways, that the Flower Stems may more eaſily ſhoot for ſeeding. Sow *Dutch* Brown Lettuce, to be planted out for cabbaging in *June*; ſow Radiſhes in natural Ground; alſo Purſlaine and Cabbage Seed. Now ſow Endive very thin, to be blanched without tranſplanting; tranſplant Cauliflower Plants, and make Drills for Sellery; plant out Cabbages, Sellery, and Beet-Chard; ſow Sweet Marjoram, Thyme, and other Aromatick Herbs; alſo July-Flowers, and other tender Plants; and what was omitted in the former Months, muſt be done the Beginning of this; water new planted Trees, Aſparagus, and other Things that want, and deſtroy all Weeds and Vermin.

Set Peas and Beans, both *French* and *Windſor*; ſow Brocoli for Spring Uſe, and in moiſt Weather ſow Turnips. A careful Gardener will now daily viſit every Part of his Care, correcting the unruly, and comforting the weak Plants, in the beſt Manner he can.

In the FRUIT-GARDEN.

Now tie up the Shoots of the Vine to their Props, leaving only three or four of the boldeſt; looſen ſuch Branches as are bound between the Joints of the Wall, or behind the larger Wood. At the latter End of this Month nail the moſt

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moſt forward projecting Branches, where Fruit is, cloſe to the Wall, and pick off all fruitleſs Shoots.

Peaches and Apricots are to be carefully thinned of their Fruit, not ſuffering above two or three Fruit on a Branch. All dried withered Branches from Wall-Trees are to be taken away, and the Trees cleanſed from Snails, Cankers, and Vermin. Now begin the Summer with pruning of Pears, cutting off the Shoots of this Year, that come forward, to half an Inch, and taking out thoſe in the Middle, where they crowd one another entirely; but at the Extremity of the Tree, they may be let alone to the Winter pruning, if there be Room. All perpendicular Shoots in the Middle of Dwarfs, ſhould this Month be reduced to half an Inch. The Summer Bon-Chretien Pear ſhould never feel the Knife but in this Month, except it be to cut out great Wood entirely; becauſe if it has Room, it will bear at the Extremities. Now clip off the Extremities of the Shoots of Gooſberries, which will in a great Meaſure prevent or kill the Canker-Worm. Gather the Neſts of Caterpillars, and other Inſects which hurt your Trees, and pull off all crumpled Leaves, which harbour Multitudes of pernicious Vermin, though the naked Eye cannot ſee them.

At the latter End of this Month you may looſen the Bandages of Trees grafted in the Spring, breaking off the Clay.

In the FLOWER-GARDEN.

Repeat the ſowing of annual Flowers, giving them frequent Waterings till they come up. This is the beſt Seaſon to ſow Carnation Seeds; now tie up Carnations which ſpindle for blowing; cut down the Leaves and Stems of all bulbous-rooted Flowers that have done blowing, unleſs ſuch as you deſign for Seed; gather your Anemony Seed as it ripens; ſhade choice Tulips from the Mid-day Sun, and defend them from Rains; when they have done blowing, break off their Seed-Pods, which will ſtrengthen the Roots; plant Stock July-Flowers in Beds, and when the Weather is ſettled, all your choice annual Flowers, as *African* and

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French Marygolds, Amaranthus, Basils, Convolvulus, and such like, are to be transplanted; plant Cuttings of the Ficoides and Sedums, of the Pyracantha, the Passion Flower, the *Arabian* Jessamine, the Goranium, Amomum Plinii, and other exotick Shrubs, in some open Border, where they will take Root better than in Pots. Lay Layers of the Myrtle, Oleander, &c. and about the tenth of this Month inarch Orange and Lemon Trees upon Lemon Stocks, and by the Middle of *August*, bearing Plants may be cut from the Mother Trees. Inarch also the *Spanish* white, and the *Indian* yellow Jessamines, upon strong Stocks of the common white Jessamine.

A HYMN *to* CONTENTMENT.

LOVELY, lasting Peace of Mind!
Sweet Delight of Human Kind!
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the Fav'rites of the Sky
With more of Happiness below
Than Victors in a Triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek, contented Head!
What happy Region dost thou please
To make the Seat of Calms and Ease?

Ambition searches all its Sphere
Of Pomp and State, to meet thee there.
Increasing Avarice would find
Thy Presence in its Gold inshrin'd.
The bold Advent'rer ploughs his Way,
Thro' Rocks amidst the foaming Sea,
To gain thy Love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the Rocks and Waves.

Lovely,

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Lovely, laſting Peace, appear!
This World itſelf, if thou art here,
Is once again with *Eden* bleſs'd,
And Man contains it in his Breaſt.

'Twas thus, as under Shade I ſtood,
I ſung my Wiſhes to the Wood,
And loſt in Thought, no more perceiv'd
The Branches whiſper as they wav'd:
It ſeem'd, as all the quiet Place
Confeſs'd the Preſence of the Grace.
When thus ſhe ſpoke-----Go, rule thy Will,
Bid thy wild Paſſions all be ſtill,
Know God---and bring thy Heart to know
The Joys which from Religion flow:
Then ev'ry Grace ſhall prove its Gueſt,
And I'll be there to crown the reſt.

Oh! by yonder moſſy Seat,
In my Hours of ſweet Retreat;
Might I thus my Soul employ,
With Senſe of Gratitude and Joy:
Rais'd as antient Prophets were,
In heav'nly Viſions, Praiſe, and Pray'r;
Pleaſing all Men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and bleſs'd with God alone:
Then while the Gardens take my Sight,
With all the Colours of Delight;
While ſilver Waters glide along,
To pleaſe my Ear, and court my Song:
I'll lift my Voice, and tune my String
And Thee, *Great Source of Nature ſing.*

The Sun that walks his airy Way,
To light the World, and give the Day;
The Moon that ſhines with borrow'd Light;
The Stars that gild the gloomy Night;
The Seas that roll unnumber'd Waves;
The Wood that ſpreads its ſhady Leaves;

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The Field whoſe Ears conceal the Grain,
The yellow Treaſure of the Plain;
All of theſe, and all I ſee,
Shou'd be ſung, and ſung by me:
They ſpeak their *Maker* as they can,
But want and aſk the Tongue of Man.

Remarkable Curioſities in the Kingdom of Denmark.

DENMARK is one of the Kingdoms of the vaſt Continent of *Scandinavia*, which makes one of the eight great Parts, that the Quarter of the World called *Europe* is divided into, viz. 1ſt. *Scandinavia*, containing the Kingdoms of *Swedeland*, *Denmark*, and *Norway*, chief Cities *Stockholm*, *Copenhagen*, and *Bergen*; 2d. *Muſcovia* or *Ruſſia*, chief City *Moſcow*; 3d. *France*, chief City *Paris*; 4th. *Germany*, chief City *Vienna*; 5th. *Poland*, chief City *Cracow*; 6th. *Spain*, chief City *Madrid*; 7th. *Italy*, chief City *Rome*; 8th. *Turkey* in *Europe*, chief City *Conſtantinople*. To theſe muſt be added the *European* Iſlands, the chief of which are *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, chief Cities *London* and *Edinburgh*.

The remarkable Curioſities of *Denmark* are as follows: In *Iceland*, a large Iſland belonging to *Denmark*, there are many remarkable Springs, ſome of them ſo hot as to ſcald the Hand, or even to boil a Piece of Beef (according to Dr. *Biornoni*) in a Quarter of an Hour; and about the Brims of the Springs theſe Waters harden and petrify. *Bleſkenius* relates, that in the Weſtern Part of the Iſland there is a Lake which ſmokes continually, and is of a petrifying Quality; ſo that if a Piece of Wood be ſtuck into it, the Part under Water becomes ſtony, and that in the Ground turns to Iron. This, he tells us, he twice experienced; but adds, that what ſeem'd to be Iron, being thrown into the Fire, burnt like Charcoal. He alſo mentions another Lake in the Middle of the Iſland, which exhales ſo poiſon-

ous

ous a Vapour, as to kill Birds that fly near its Surface. The ſame Author takes Notice of two Springs, the one hot, the other cold, the Waters whereof form an excellent Bath, being conveyed by different Channels into one and the ſame Baſon: And near theſe Springs there is another, the Water of which taſtes like Wheat, and is excellent againſt the Venereal Diſtemper.

In the South-Eaſt Part of this Iſland, not far from the Sea, is a noted Volcano or burning Mountain, called *Hecla*, which not only ſends forth Flames, but Streams of ſulphureous Water that burns like Spirit of Wine.

In this Iſland is alſo found the Foſſil called *Iſland Chryſtal*, which has the remarkable Property of cauſing every Thing that is ſeen through it to appear double. Near to *Sleſwick*, Southward, are yet to be ſeen the Remains of that famous Wall and Trench, made above 880 Years ago by *Gotritius*, then King of *Denmark*, to hinder the Incurſions of the *Saxons*, reſembling ſomewhat the *Picts* Wall in *Great Britain*. Between *Flenſburg* and *Sleſwick* is a ſmall Village, which goes by the Name of *Anglen*, remarkable in this, that from the ſaid Village, and Country adjacent, came our Anceſtors, the antient *Angles*, into *Great Britain*. In *Gottorp* is an admirable Globe of Copper, ten Feet and half Diameter, ſo contrived by one of the Dukes of *Holſtein*, that (by certain Wheels turned about by Water) it repreſents the Motions of the Celeſtial Bodies: As alſo another of ſix Feet Diameter, framed by *Tycho-brahe*, that famous *Daniſh* Aſtronomer, now to be ſeen with a lively Repreſentation of the *Tychobraick* Syſtem mechanically contrived, and ſeveral curious Aſtronomical Inſtruments in the *Round Tower* at *Copenhagen*; which Tower itſelf is likewiſe obſervable for its Manner of Aſcent, being ſo contrived that a Coach may drive up to the Top thereof.

But the greateſt Curioſities in *Denmark*, are thoſe treaſur'd up in the Royal Muſæum, or Repoſitory, at *Copenhagen*; which conſiſts of eight different Apartments, filled with Rarities. Amongſt the natural Curioſities preſerved in theſe Chambers, one of the moſt remarkable is a petrified Child, the Hiſtory whereof has been given us at large by *Bartholine*,

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line, *Licetus*, and other Authors. This Child was cut out of the Mother's Belly at *Sens* in *Champagne*, in the Year 1582, after having lain there between twenty and thirty Years; and that it is a Human Fœtus, and not artificial, is evident beyond all Diſpute. Its Head, Shoulders, and Belly, are of a whitiſh Colour, and very much reſemble Alabaſter; the Back and Loins are ſomewhat brown and harder; but from the Hips downwards, it is of a red Colour, and as hard and perfect Stone as can be, exactly reſembling the hard Sort of Stones generated in the Bladder. This Fœtus, after it was taken from the Mother, was firſt carried to *Paris*, where it was ſold to a Jeweller of *Venice*, who happened to be there, for about twenty Pounds Sterling; of whom it was afterwards purchaſed by *Frederick* III. King of *Denmark*, for ſixty Pounds, and added to this Collection.

In one of the Chambers are to be ſeen two Elephant's Teeth, each weighing a hundred and fifty Pounds, which were dug out of a Stone Quarry in *Saxony*.---Here is alſo an Egg laid by a Woman, about the Size of a common Pullet's Egg, which *Olaus Wormius* tells us was ſent him by very good Hands, and the Truth of the Fact confirmed by People of Credit. The Woman, ſays he, brought forth two Eggs, with the uſual Child-birth Pains; but the Neighbours, who were called in to her Aſſiſtance, broke the firſt, wherein they found a Yolk and a White, as in that of a Hen.*----We likewiſe ſee here an Unicorn's Horn, as it is called, white as Ivory, and ſpirally twiſted. This, however, is not the Horn of any Land Animal, but belongs to a Kind of Whale called a *Narval*.-Here is a Human Thigh-Bone, three Feet three Inches long, as meaſured by Dr. *Oliver* himſelf, and two very large Scollop Shells, holding about three Gallons each, and weighing 224 Pounds a piece. Theſe were brought from the *Eaſt-Indies*; and it is ſaid

* As ſtrange as this may ſeem to thoſe who are unacquainted with the Animal Œconomy, we have abundant Teſtimonies to confirm the Truth of ſuch Productions; and indeed the Generation of all Sorts of Animals from Eggs, is ſtrenuouſly aſſerted by *Harvey de Graaf*, and other great Anatomiſts.

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ſaid the Fiſh they belong to, is of ſuch Strength, that if a Man happens to get his Arm or Leg between the Shells when they are open, it claps them together ſo forcibly as to cut the Limb clear off.

A Piece of Marble is preſerved in this Collection, which the *Lutherans* reckon a very valuable Curioſity, the natural Veins of the Stone running in ſuch a Manner as to repreſent the exact Figure of a Crucifix: Some indeed have ſuſpected the Repreſentation to have been by Art; but upon the niceſt Examination it appears to be entirely the Work of Nature*,

Amongſt the artificial Curioſities are, The Veins and Arteries of the Human Body, curiouſly repreſented by Iron Wire, all of them appearing in their natural Situation, Bigneſs, and Colour. An artificial human Skeleton of Ivory, admirably well done by a certain *Daniſh* Mechanick; its right Hand graſps a large Scythe, the left holds a Sand Glaſs, and upon the outſide of the Caſe, containing this Curioſity, is a commendatory Copy of Verſes compoſed by the celebrated Anatomiſt *Thomas Bartholinus*. A lively Hiſtory of our Saviour's Paſſion cut out in Ivory. An Ivory Model of a Ship with her Maſts and Sails, all of Ivory. An Ivory Clock actually a going. A Cabinet of Ivory and Ebony, very beautiful to look upon, and admirably well contrived within; and remarkable for being the Work of a *Daniſh* Mechanick ſtone blind. Several large Marble Tables curiouſly adorned with inlaid precious Stones, naturally repreſenting Birds of divers Sorts. A pretty turned Wooden Cup, which conſiſts of no fewer than an hundred

* A remarkable Inſtance of this Nature is to be ſeen in an *Egyptian* Pebble, now in the Collection of Sir *Hans Sloane*; from one End of which a Lapidary having ſtruck off a ſmall Piece, obſerv'd to his great Surprize, that the Courſe of the Veins repreſented a human Face, and not only ſo, but the Face of a particular Perſon. The Lineaments (it ſeems) are exactly thoſe of our old Poet *Chaucer*, according to all the Paintings we have of him; and this has ſo little of Fancy in it, that every one who ſees the Stone, if he ever before ſaw a Picture of *Chaucer*, muſt remember the Likeneſs.

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Cups, put into one another; each of which is so thin, that they'll hardly admit of a slight Touch of one's Hand without Harm. Several Tankards, Cups, Boxes, and other Vessels of Beach tree, neatly made and adorned with Variety of curious Figures by a Peasant of *Norway*; and all with no other Tool than an ordinary Knife. Two curious drinking Vessels, one of Gold, the other of Silver, in Form of a sounding Horn: That of Gold weighs 102 Ounces and an half, is in Length two Feet nine Inches, and contains about two *English* Pints and an half. This Horn was found in the Diocese of *Ripen*, *Anno* 1639; has in raised Work on its outside such a Number of Animals, with Men in strange Postures, and divers Hieroglyphick Figures, as sufficiently evince its being of Pagan Extraction, and to have been used by the Heathens, in their Religious Performances. The other of Silver weighs almost four Pounds, and is termed *Cornu Oldenburgicum*, of which a certain Chronologer *Hamelmanus* gives a strange Relation, pretending that it was presented to *Otho* I. (one of the Dukes of *Oldenburg*) by a Ghost that appeared to him in a Wood as he was hunting: But in the Judgment of the best Criticks 'twas made by *Christian* I. King of *Denmark*. *Machina Planetarum*, an excellent modern Engine, by turning the Handle of which, one may readily see at any Time, either past, present, or to come, the true State of the Celestial Motions according to the *Copernick* System; the Longitude and Latitude of each Planet; their Apogæum and Perigæum, and true Place in the Heavens; with several other pleasant Curiosities. *Machina Eclipsium*, another modern Engine so contrived, that by turning it round one may see both the Year, and Day, and Quantity of a Solar or Lunar Eclipse, for any Time desired, either past or to come. Both these curious Engines were projected and completed by the present Professor of the Mathematicks at *Copenhagen*, the ingenious *Olaus Roner*. *Machina Ingens Copernicana*, a lively Representation of the *Copernick* System, being a pretty mechanical Engine moved by Clock-work, which, having the Sun immoveable in the Centre, shews the true Motion of the Earth both diurnal and annual; as also the Moon's

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Moon's Motion about the Earth in 29 Days and 12 Hours, with their various Phaſes, and the reſpective Motion of each of the other Planets. Many Priſms, Microſcopes, and Burning-Glaſſes, particularly one of a prodigious Bigneſs, being 32 Inches in Diameter. A curious Cylinder of well poliſhed Metal, by which ſome Colours on a Table, that appear monſtrouſly confuſed to the naked Eye, do clearly repreſent the true Effigies of *Frederick* I. of *Denmark*, with his Queen *Sophiana Amelia*. Various Sorts of Arms and Habits of a great many Nations, with a curious Collection of Pictures done by ſome of the beſt Maſters. Some *Indian* and *Egyptian* Idols of Wood, Stone, and Ivory, with a few of Porcelane Earth, and one of Braſs from *Egypt*, in Form of a Hog. Some Pages of Writing on Palm-tree Leaves from the Coaſt of *Malabar*, being done by the Natives of that Country with an Iron Stile. And we are told there is a common Cherry-ſtone, on the Surface of which are engraven two hundred and twenty Heads, but their Smallneſs makes them appear imperfect and confuſed*.

The Air of *Denmark* is much the ſame with that in the ſouthern Part of *Swedeland*, it being extremely cold. but in moſt Places very wholeſome. The Soil is very good for Grain and Paſturage. Here is abundance of Fiſh, eſpecially Herrings, as alſo many wild Fowls, and moſt Kinds of wild Beaſts. The longeſt Day in the northmoſt Part is 17 Hours and an half, the ſhorteſt in the Southern is 8 Hours and an half, and the Night proportionable. The chief Commodities are Fiſh, Tallow, Furniture for Ships, Armour, Ox-hides, Buck-ſkins, Fir-wood, Wainſcot, *&c.* This Kingdom

* Dr. *Oliver* tells us he did not ſee the Cherry ſtone here ſpoken of, but ſays that in *Holland* an *Engliſh* Gentleman once ſhewed him a Cherry-ſtone with a hundred and twenty-four Heads upon it, and all ſo perfect that the naked Eye might diſtinguiſh thoſe of Kings, Popes, Cardinals, *&c.* by their Crowns and Mitres. This Curioſity was bought in *Pruſſia* for three hundred Pounds, and is ſaid to have been the Workmanſhip of a poor Wretch in Priſon at *Dantzick*.

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Kingdom was formerly elective (altho' they uſually advanced the next Heir to the Crown) untill the Year 1629, that *Frederick* III. having bravely repulſed the *Swedes*, beſieging the capital City, *Copenhagen*, it was then rendered Hereditary to his Family. The *Daniſh* Law is highly to be prized, in that it is ſhort and perſpicuous, ſurpaſſing the Law of all other Nations in that Reſpect. It is wholly founded upon Equity, and comprized in one Quarto Volume in the *Daniſh* Tongue, and that ſo plain, that any Man may underſtand and plead his own Cauſe without the Aid of either Council or Attorney, and no Suit is to hang in Suſpenſe beyond one Year and a Month. This is indeed a mighty Advantage and a ſingular Property of the *Daniſh* Law upon one Hand; but the ſame is attended with a vaſt Inconvenience on the other; for the firſt and principal Article thereof runs thus: That *the King hath the Privilege reſerved to himſelf to explain, nay, to change and alter the ſame as he ſhall think good.* In all the *Daniſh* Dominions there is no other Religion but *Lutheraniſm* profeſs'd, except ſome *French* Refugees, who are allowed a Church at *Copenhagen*; and a few Popiſh Families, who were lately permitted to perform their Worſhip in a Chapel at *Gluckſtet*. The *Daniſh* Clergy do ſtill retain the Practice of Confeſſion, which all Perſons are obliged unto before they participate of the Bleſſed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper; they likewiſe retain Crucifixes and ſeveral Ceremonies of the *Roman* Church. Chriſtianity was fully eſtabliſhed in this Country about the middle of the twelfth Century, and that by the Means of Pope *Adrian* IV. (an *Engliſhman*) who before his Aſſumption to the Popedom was termed *Nicholaus Breakſpear*.

The *Danes* are almoſt of the ſame Temper with their Neighbours the *Swedes* and *Germans*; but that they are generally eſteemed a People more given to Pride and Cunning than either of the former. They are alſo conſiderable Lovers of Learning, but generally greater Lovers of Exceſs, whether in Drinking or Eating, eſpecially in the former.

Sitting

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Sitting in an ARBOUR.

I.

THUS ye good Powers, thus let me ever be
Serene, retir'd, from *Love* and *Business* free;
The rest of your great World I here resign
To the *Contentions* of the *Great*;
I only ask that this *Retreat*,
This little *Tenement* be *mine*.
All *my* Ambition's to this Point confin'd;
Others inlarge their *Fortunes*, *I* my *Mind*.

II.

How calm, how happy, how serene am I!
How *satisfy*'d with my *own* Company!
To few Things *foreign* my Content I owe;
But in myself *have* almost all
Which I *dare* Good or pleasing call,
Or (what's as well) I *fancy* so.
Thus I affect an independent State,
And (as a Creature can) in Self I terminate.

III.

Pleas'd with a various *Scene* of Thought I lie,
Whilst an *obliging* Stream slides gently by,
Silent and *deep* as is the Bliss I chuse,
All round the little *winged* Choir,
Pathetic, *tender* Thoughts inspire,
And with their Strains provoke my Muse;
With Ease the *Inspiration* I *obey*,
And sing as *unconcern'd*, and as well *pleas'd* as they.

IV.

If ought below deserve the Name of Bliss,
It must (what'er the great Ones think) be this.
So once the travelling Patriarch doubly blest
With Dreams divine from Heaven sent,
And his own Heaven of Content,
On's rocky Pillow took his Rest.
Angels stood smiling by and said, were we our Bliss
To change, *it should be* for a State like his.

V. 'Tis

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V.

'Tis ſtrange ſo *cheap*, and yet ſo *great* a Good
Should by ſo very very *Few* be *underſtood*.
That Bliſs which others ſeek with Toil and Sweat;
For which they prodigally waſte
Their Treaſures, and yet miſs at laſt,
Here I have at an *eaſy* Rate.
So thoſe that *coſtly Phyſick* uſe in vain,
Sometimes by *cheap* Receipts their Health obtain.

The Youth *and the* Philoſopher.

A FABLE.

A *Grecian* Youth, of Talents rare,
Whom *Plato*'s philoſophick Care
Had form'd for Virtue's nobler View,
By Precept and Example too,
Wou'd often boaſt his matchleſs Skill,
To curb the Steed and guide the Wheel.
And as he paſs'd the gazing Throng,
With graceful Eaſe, and ſmack'd the Thong,
The ideot Wonder they expreſs'd,
Was Praiſe and Tranſport to his Breaſt.
At length quite vain, he needs wou'd ſhew
His Maſter what his Art could do;
And bad his Slaves the Chariot lead
To *Academus*' ſacred Shade.
The trembling Grove confeſs'd its Fright,
The Wood-Nymphs ſtartled at the Sight,
The Muſes drop the learned Lyre,
And to their inmoſt Shades retire!
How'er, the Youth with forward Air,
Bows to the Sage, and mounts the Car.
The Laſh reſounds, the Courſers ſpring,
The Chariot marks the rolling Ring.
And gath'ring Crowds with eager Eyes,
And Shouts, purſue him as he flies.

Triumphant

Triumphant to the Goal return'd,
With nobler Thirſt his Boſom burn'd;
And now along th' indented Plain,
The ſelf-ſame Track he marks again,
Purſues with Care the nice Deſign,
Nor ever deviates from the Line.
Amazement ſeiz'd the circling Crowd;
The Youths with Emulation glow'd;
Ev'n bearded Sages hail'd the Boy,
And all, but *Plato*, gaz'd with Joy.
For he, deep judging Sage, beheld
With Pain the Triumphs of the Field;
And when the Charioteer drew nigh,
And, fluſh'd with Hope, had caught his Eye,
Alas! unhappy Youth, he cry'd,
Expect no Praiſe from me, (and ſigh'd)
With Indignation I ſurvey,
Such Skill and Judgment thrown away.
The Time profuſely ſquander'd there,
On vulgar Arts beneath thy Care,
If well employ'd, at leſs Expence,
Had taught thee Honour, Virtue, Senſe,
And rais'd thee from a Coachman's Fate
To govern Men, and guide the State.

DIRECTIONS *for manuring Land, communicated by an experienced Perſon.*

THE chief Thing to be regarded in Huſbandry, is a due Diſpoſition of Water; Ground may be too wet for Vegetation, if ſo, which every Farmer knows at firſt Sight, it muſt be laid dry; but it may alſo be too dry; where Water can be turned over it, it is an excellent Improvement, but that can ſeldom be done. The Art of a Huſbandman then, conſiſts in preparing his Ground ſo as to hold

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hold Water enough for the Use of his Plants, but not so much as to hurt them; also that the whole shall be employed for the Vegetation of the Corn he proposes to raise, not on the noxious or useless Plants or Weeds. As the latter is at present foreign to my Design, I shall confine myself to the first: Now it it must be considered, Ground may not hold Water enough for Vegetation; if that is the Fault, it must proceed either from the natural Steepness of it, or from the Contexture of its Parts, it may be so porous and loose as to suffer the Water to sink as soon as received.------ If it is occasioned by the first, there is no Remedy but cutting it into Steps or Beds, as the Mountains of *Judæa* and *China* are said to have been.----If it is occasioned by the Contexture of its Parts, as Sand or Gravel, it may be remedied by laying thereon Marl, Clay, or Chalk; Gravel our Farmers well know to be an hungry Soil; and that let them lay thereon what Muck they please, it is gone in a Year or two.-----In Sand it goes not quite so soon, tho' much too soon for the Farmer; but let him lay on this Ground Marl or Chalk he will find a vast Profit. If he has no Marl or Chalk, Clay will do well, nay in some Grounds better; for as Clay is more tenacious of Water than Marl or Chalk, it will answer best on a Gravel. Again, as this kind of Ground too soon parts with the Water, so Clay, Marl, and Chalk Lands, keep it too long. If then Marl, Chalk, and Clay will make Gravel or sandy Lands hold Water, so Sand and Gravel laid on Marl, Chalk, and Clay Grounds, will certainly make them part with it. Here, however, I must make this Observation, that Sand is mostly better than Gravel to lay on such Land, except on excessive rank Clays; and there the small Weight of the sandy Particles not being heavy enough to sink them into the Clay, Gravel is better, as the Weight of its Parts sink it sooner into the Ground.

Moss Land also holds too much Water, which is remedied by trenching, but the Roots of the Moss, Heath, &c. taking a long Time to turn again into Earth, it is necessary to lay thereon some Soil; the best is Marl or Chalk, next Clay; but, if these can't be had, Earth of any Kind.----We have an old Saying:

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He that marls Sand, may buy Land;
He that marls Moſs, ſuffers no Loſs;
But he that marls Clay, throws his Money away.

And the Reverſe is equally true; for he that ſands his ſtiff Lands, will get immenſely. In ſhort, my Syſtem may be comprized in theſe few Rules:

1. If your Ground be too wet, drain it.
2. If too dry, water it.
3. If too ſtiff, lighten it.
4. If too light, ſtiffen it.

And as contrary Manures will work the deſired Effect, I doubt not but whoever has ſtiff Land, and will be prevail'd on to try Sand, will look on a Sand Hole with as much Pleaſure as ſome diſcover a Lead Mine. I know an Eſtate raiſed from 50 *l.* to 90 *l. per Annum*, which was a ſtiff Clay, only by ſanding it: Part of this Sand was dug out of the Ground, Part came from a Brook; the drift Sand was laid on the ſtiffeſt Soil. I know an Eſtate improved one third in ten Years, by claying and marling. A Field that is mine, was ſo light and hot, that the Manure of Cow Dung did not laſt above two Years: I marled it, and now Cow Dung will laſt ſix Years. On the contrary, I limed ſome Years ago a ſtiff Clay Field, and had no Benefit; but ſanding it over, I have had noble Crops.

Here it is neceſſary to obſerve, I have ſaid nothing of Fox Earth, Garden Mold, and other Earths; nor is it all material to ſay more than that as they approach to the light or heavy, the Manure muſt be of a contrary Kind: Dungs, Soot, Lime, and various other Manures, are excellent in the Hands of the ſkilful Farmer; but are by the Ignorant often thrown away. It is a Maxim among Farmers, good Land always pays; bad never will; and it is true; but all Land may be made to pay, by firſt altering the Nature of the Soil, ſo as to bring it to be Garden Mould; and then Dungs, Lime, Soot, *&c.* will anſwer all the Farmer can expect.

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Compoſts I look on to be excellent, better mixed than laid on ſeparately---and theſe ſhould be proportioned to the Lightneſs or Stiffneſs of Land, ſo as to alter it.---For ſtiff Lands, there is no better Manure than Lime and Coal Aſhes, where Sea Sand can't be had.---In the Iſle of *Walney* in *Lancaſhire*, by uſing Sea Sand to their Clay Land, their Eſtates are treble in Value.---And here I muſt take Notice, that though I commend common Sand, yet whatever contains Salt is certainly preferable. Lime ſet over Clay Land that is ſanded, will have an Opportunity better to work on the Clay, than if no Sand was there.---If the Reader will try one Experiment, it will prove the Truth of what I ſay; mix Clay and Sand equal Quantities well together, and ſet it ſome Time in the Sun and Rain, he will find it become a good Garden Mould; Salt quickens the Vegetation of all Plants.

If common Salt could be afforded at 1 *s.* or 18 *d.* a Buſhel, it would be the beſt and cheapeſt Manure hitherto diſcovered, as it deſtroys all Manner of Inſects. I have experienced its wonderful Effect on Woodland, in cauſing young Trees to thrive beyond Expectation. What renders *Ægypt* ſo luxuriouſly fruitful after the Overflowings of the *Nile*, but the Salt that remains after the Waters have returned back? Experience may convince every one of its fertile Nature, in all Caſes wherever it is applied, if it is ſown on Grounds in the Time of Winter, or before heavy Showers of Rain in the Beginning of the Spring. Its Power of deſtroying all Manner of Inſects, is beyond Diſpute; for we know that no Inſect can live in the leaſt Portion of Salt. How uſeful then muſt it be to the Farmer, when he ſows his Grain, eſpecially Turnip Seed, to ſow a thin Sprinkling of Salt immediately upon his Grain or Seed, and then harrow the Mould upon all? It will have wonderful Effects, an Increaſe of ſixty or eighty Fold.

*** *According to ſome Letters from* Swifferland, *the Improvement of ſtony and barren Soils by the Culture of Sanfoin, grows more and more in Uſe in the Cantons of* Berne *and* Soleure, *the Country about* Neufchatel, *the* Pais de Vaux, *and alſo in* Burgundy. *It grows in the moſt rejected and unlikely*

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likely Places, amongſt Flints, Rubbiſh, Pebbles, and in the hardeſt Soils. Some in ſowing mix it with Oats, to prevent its coming up too thick, and boaſt of prodigious Advantage from this Method.

WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month of June.

In the KITCHEN-GARDEN.

SOW Rouncival Peas about four Inches apart, allowing two Feet Diſtance between the Lines, which will afford a good Crop in *September*; ſow Kidney Beans, Radiſhes, Endive, and ſome Lettuces for cabbaging. Replant Cabbage Lettuce; about the 20th Day tranſplant Leeks in light rich Ground, ſix Inches diſtant from each other. After the firſt Week in this Month, cut no Aſparagus, becauſe it will hurt the Root.

It is now a fit Time, if the Weather be dry, to gather Herbs for drying, to lay up for the Winter; ſuch as Mint, Sage, Balm, Thyme, Lavender, Sweet-Marjoram, *&c.* Now carefully preſerve your Plants from the ſcorching Sun; all Plants muſt be refreſhed frequently with Water in a Morning early, and in the Evening. Stir up ſtiff Ground to preſerve it from chopping; tranſplant Cabbage and Savoy Plants for Winter Uſe; prick out Cauliflower Plants, ſown laſt Month, in Beds of rich Earth, and ſhade and water them till they take Root; hough Carrots, Parſnips, Turnips, Onions, *&c.* Sow Brocoli Seed, to ſucceed that ſown laſt Month; and prick out the Plants now up into Beds, in order to plant out in *July*. Shade Melons in the Middle of the Day, and be careful of giving them too much Water. Now gather ripe Seeds, and ſpread them on Mats or Cloth, to dry in the Pods or Huſks.

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In the FRUIT-GARDEN.

Prune and nail your Peaches, Plumbs, and Apricots, that ſo the Sun may come at the Fruit; the Shoots, whoſe Leaves are infected by Blights, and begin to look curled at the Ends, muſt be cut off. The luxuriant Growth of Vines muſt now be checked, and the Branches ſhortened to the ſecond or third Bud beyond the Fruit. Look to your Eſpaliers of Fruit Trees, and lay in proper Branches to ſupply Vacancies, and bear Fruit advantageouſly. If the Weather be not too hot, this is the Seaſon to inoculate Peaches, Apricots, Plumbs, and other Stone Fruit; deſtroy Vermin, and root out Weeds.

In the FLOWER-GARDEN.

Tranſplant the Roots of Saffron, Cyclamen, and Colchicum; tranſplant Annuals after Rain, and ſow others to ſucceed thoſe ſown in former Months; lay Carnations, and carefully pick off weak and tender Buds, which will help thoſe that are ſtrong, help the Pods of large Blowers, and deſtroy Earwigs. Take up Tulips, and other bulbous Roots that have done blowing; waſh them clean, and let them be well dried before they are laid up; take up and replant ſuch Flower Roots as will not bear to be out of the Ground; gather Auricula and Polyanthus Seeds, and preſerve them in the Pods till ſown. Clip Edgings of Box, Ever-greens, and Hedges, after Rain; mow Graſs Walks, take up Anemony and Renunculus Roots, and ſow Anemony Seeds.

If you remove Scabiuſes, and ſtop their running to Seed the firſt Year, they will produce fine Flowers the next Year; and Slips of Myrtle ſet in a moiſt cool Place, will take Root, eſpecially if you ſplit the Bottom of the Slip, and fix in it a Grain of Barley or Oats, this will make moſt Slips grow.

The

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The BEAR *in a Boat,*

A *FABLE.*

THAT Man muſt daily wiſer grow,
Whoſe Search is bent himſelf to know:
Impartially he weighs his Scope,
And on firm Reaſon founds his Hope;
He tries his Strength before the Race,
And never ſeeks his own Diſgrace;
He knows the Compaſs, Sail, and Oar,
Or never launches from the Shore;
Before he builds computes the Coſt,
And in no proud Purſuit is loſt:
He learns the Bounds of Human Senſe,
And ſafely walks within the Fence:
Thus, conſcious of his own Defect,
Are Pride and Self-Importance check'd.
If then, Self-Knowledge to purſue,
Direct our Life in ev'ry View,
Of all the Fools that Pride can boaſt,
A Coxcomb claims Diſtinction moſt.
Coxcombs are of all Ranks and Kind,
They're not to Sex or Age confin'd,
Or rich, or poor, or great, or ſmall;
And Vanity beſots 'em all.
By Ignorance is Pride increas'd;
Thoſe moſt aſſume who know the leaſt;
Their own falſe Balance gives them Weight,
But ev'ry other finds 'em light.
A Bear of Shag and Manners rough,
At climbing Trees expert enough,
For dextrouſly, and ſafe from Harm,
Year after Year he robb'd the Swarm.
Thus, thriving on induſtrious Toil,
He glory'd in his pilfer'd Spoil.
This Trick ſo ſwell'd him with Conceit,
He thought no Enterprize too great.

Alike

Alike in Sciences and Arts,
He boasted universal Parts;
Pragmatick, busy, bustling, bold,
His Arrogance was uncontroul'd:
And thus he made his Party good,
And grew Dictator of the Wood.
The Beasts, with Admiration stare,
And think him a prodigious Bear.
Were any common Booty got,
'Twas his each Portion to allot;
For why, he found there might be picking,
Ev'n in the carving of a Chicken.
Intruding thus, he by Degrees
Claim'd too the Butcher's larger Fees.
And now his over-weening Pride
In ev'ry Province will preside.
No Task too difficult was found,
His blund'ring Nose misleads the Hound:
In Stratagem and subtile Arts,
He over-rules the Fox's Parts.
It chanc'd, as on a certain Day,
Along the Bank he took his Way,
A Boat, with Rudder, Sail, and Oar,
At Anchor floated near the Shore.
He stopt, and turning to his Train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting Strain.
What blund'ring Puppies are Mankind,
In ev'ry Science always blind!
I mock the Pedantry of Schools:
What are their Compasses and Rules?
From me that Helm shall Conduct learn,
And Man his Ignorance discern.
So saying, with audacious Pride
He gains the Boat and climbs the Side:
The Beasts astonish'd line the Strand,
The Anchor's weigh'd, he drives from Land:
The slack Sail shifts from Side to Side,
The Boat untrimm'd admits the Tide.

Born

Born down, adrift, at Random toſt,
His Oar breaks ſhort, the Rudder's loſt.
The Bear, preſuming in his Skill,
Is here and there officious ſtill;
'Till, ſtriking on the dang'rous Sands,
A-ground the ſhatter'd Veſſel ſtands.
To ſee the Bungler thus diſtreſt
The very Fiſhes ſneer and jeſt;
Ev'n Gudgeons join in Ridicule,
To mortify the meddling Fool.
The clam'rous Watermen appear,
Threats, Curſes, Oaths, inſult his Ear;
Seiz'd, threſh'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to Land,
Deriſion ſhouts along the Strand.

Remarkable Curioſities in the Kingdom of Sweden, *or* Swedeland.

THE chief Rarities of this Country may be reckon'd theſe following, *viz.* 1. Two publick Clocks of admirable Workmanſhip; one belonging to the Cathedral Church of *Upſal*, the other to that of St. *Laurence* in *Lunden*, eſpecially the latter, which (ſuppoſed to be the Work of *Gaſper Bartholinus*) ſhews not only the Day, Hour, and Minute, but alſo the remarkable Motions of the Celeſtial Bodies, with all Feſtivals, both fixed and moveable, and ſeveral other pleaſant Curioſities. 2. A few Leagues from *Gottenberg* is a dreadful Cataract, with a conſiderable Current, which runs a long Way out of the Country, and coming at laſt to a hideous Precipice, ruſheth down from thence into a low Pit, with a mighty Force and terrible Noiſe; and whereas the Natives uſually bring down their Floats of Timber by that Current, ſuch is the Height of the aforeſaid Precipice, and ſo deep is the Pit into which the Water falls, that large Maſts, when hurried down by the impetu-

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petuous Stream from that Precipice into the Pit, do frequently dive ſo far under Water, that it is a conſiderable Time before they riſe up to the Surface thereof again, ſome of them being twenty Minutes, others forty, and ſome upwards of a whole Hour under Water. If it be alledged that the Maſts may probably ſtick faſt in the Mud for ſome Time; to take off that Objection, the Pit into which they fall, has been often ſounded with a Line of many hundred Fathoms long; but never could they reach the Bottom. 3. Towards the Southern Part of *Gothland* is a remarkable ſlimy Lake, which ſinges ſuch Things as are put into it. 4. In ſeveral Parts of *Sweden* is found a certain Stone, which being of a yellow Colour, intermixed with ſeveral Streaks of white, (as if compoſed of Gold and Silver) affords both Sulphur, Vitriol, Alum, and Minium.

Amongſt the Lakes of *Sweden*, that called *Vetter* is ſo remarkable in many Reſpects, that it ought by no Means to eſcape our Notice. It divides *Eaſt* and *Weſt Gothland*, being in Length from North to South above eighty Miles, and about eighteen broad in the Middle, growing narrower towards each Extremity. The Water of this Lake is very clear, and in ſome Places ſo deep, that it has been ſounded with three hundred Fathoms of Line without finding the Bottom. For the moſt Part it is free from Rocks, and has but few Iſlands, the principal of which is *Viſingſoe*, lying in the Middle of the Lake. It is often diſturbed by Storms, and ſometimes ſo ſuddenly, that the Surface begins to be ruffled before the leaſt Breath of Wind is perceived, ſo that the Cauſe ſeems to proceed from the Bottom of the Waters; and it is no common Thing for Boats to be toſſed by a Storm in one Part of the Lake, whilſt others not far off are in a perfect Calm. That ſuch Eruptions and Agitations of the Waters are promoted by ſubterraneous Winds, ſeems to be confirmed by various Phænomenas; for immediately before a Storm, and whilſt the Sky is yet clear, there is perceived a Noiſe like Thunder in the Lake, which Dr. *Hearne* tells us he has often heard himſelf, and which was always followed by a Tempeſt. Of this the Inhabitants of *Viſingſoe* are more ſenſible than any others; for from that Part of the

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the Iſland whence the Wind will blow the next Day, they hear a confuſed Noiſe like the firing of Cannon; and when this Rumbling is heard in the Eaſt, it is generally followed by Rain and Hail. Some People have likewiſe obſerved, while the Water has been very calm, a great Number of little Clouds, like ſo many Darts, riſing up here and there from the Bottom of the Lake, which uniting in the Air, formed a mizzling Rain; whence it plainly appears, that this is much owing to ſubterraneous Winds. To ſuch Winds undoubtedly, together with thoſe from above, we may attribute the ſudden thawing of the Ice in the Spring, which one Minute is ſtrong enough to bear Horſes and Sledges, and the next is broken to Pieces. The ſtrange Grumbling of the Waters, which precedes this terrible Eruption, warns Travellers to make the beſt of their Way; but thoſe who happen to be at a great Diſtance from Land, are immediately drowned, or float upon Shoals of Ice till they meet with Relief: And what is ſtill more dangerous, the Ice ſometimes with the leaſt Blaſt of Wind ſinks ſuddenly to the Bottom.

There is a Spring not far from the Lake *Vetter*, called the *Hungry* or *Prophetic Fountain*, becauſe they ſay it never has Plenty of Water, but when there is a Scarcity of Corn the following Year. It lies in a Valley encompaſſed with ſandy Hills, and has this Peculiarity, that in a rainy Summer it is commonly dry, whereas in the dryeſt Summers it ſometimes overflows the Highway near *Vadſtein*. In 1685, which was a very wet Year, this Spring was quite dried up; but the next Summer, which was not ſo rainy, it was obſerved to increaſe: And in the very dry Summer of the Year 1705, when all the neighbouring Springs entirely failed, this had a plentiful Stream of Water.

The Soil of this Country is not very fruitful, but yet where leſs fertile in Corn, that Diſadvantage is recompenſed with tolerable Paſturage: However, it produceth as much Grain as ſufficiently ſerveth its Inhabitants. Its numerous Lakes are very well ſtored with various Kinds of Fiſh. Its Mountains are generally covered over with Trees, and ſeveral of them lined with conſiderable Mines of Tin, Braſs,

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Iron, and Copper, eſpecially the two laſt, and that beyond any other Country in *Europe*; beſides, in *Weſtmania* is a Mine of Silver. The longeſt Day in the Northmoſt Part of this Country is about two Months, the Sun being ſo long without ſetting, when near the Summer Solſtice: The ſhorteſt in the Southmoſt is about ſix Hours and half, and the Night proportionable.

The chief Commodities of this Country are Metals, Ox Hides, Goat Skins, Buck Skins, and coſtly Furs, Pine Trees, Fir Trees, Oaks, Tallow, Tar, Honey, and ſuch like.

The *Swedes*, for the moſt Part, are Men of big and ſtrong Bodies; Men, whoſe very Cuſtom doth fit them to be Soldiers. Their Gentry are very much given to Hoipitality, very affable and civil to Strangers, and many of them become conſiderable Proficients in ſeveral Arts and Sciences. The Commons are generally eſteemed good Mechanicks, but looked upon by all as too much addicted to Lazineſs in Point of improving their Country, by not cutting down many unneceſſary Foreſts, and improving their Ground to better Advantage.

The Kingdom of *Swedeland* having ſuffered various Turns of Fortune, being frequently diſturbed by the adjacent Nations, at laſt got rid of them all, and becoming terrible to others, ſpread itſelf over a conſiderable Part of its Neighbours Territories. At preſent it is ſubject unto, and governed by its own Monarch; who, ſince the laſt Age, is hereditary.

The different Orders in this Realm are ſix, *viz.* Princes of the Blood, the Nobility, Clergy, Soldiery, Merchantry, and Commonalty. Theſe by their Repreſentatives being aſſembled in Parliament, make four different Houſes, *viz.* 1. That of the Nobility, where the grand Marſhal preſides. 2. That of the Clergy, where the Archbiſhop of *Upſal* preſides. 3. That of the Burgeſſes, where one of the Conſuls of *Stockholm* preſides. And laſtly, that of the Knights of the Shire, where one of their own Number elected by themſelves preſides.

Lutheraniſm

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Lutheraniſm is the eſtabliſhed Religion of this Country, being univerſally profeſſed by all Orders and Degrees of Men. Chriſtianity was firſt planted in this Country, *A. D.* 829; and that by the Care and Diligence of *Anſgarus* (a Monk of *Corvey*, and afterwards Archbiſhop of *Bremen*) ſent thither for that End by the Emperor *Lewis the Pious*.

KNOW YOUR SELF.

[*By the late Dr.* ARBUTHNOT.]

WHAT am I? how produc'd? and for what End?
Whence drew I Being? to what Period tend?
Am I the abandon'd Orphan of blind Chance;
Dropt by wild Atoms in diſorder'd Dance?
Or from an endleſs Chain of Cauſes wrought?
And of unthinking Subſtance, born with Thought?
By Motion which began without a Cauſe,
Supremely wiſe, without Deſign or Laws?
Am I but what I ſeem, mere Fleſh and Blood;
A branching Channel, with a mazy Flood?
The purple Stream that through my Veſſel glides,
Dull and unconſcious flows like common Tides:
The Pipes through which the circling Juices ſtray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they:
This Frame compacted with tranſcendent Skill,
Of moving Joints obedient to my Will,
Nurs'd from the fruitful Glebe, like yonder Tree,
Waxes and waſtes; I call it mine, not me:
New Matter ſtill the mould'ring Maſs ſuſtains,
The Manſion chang'd, the Tenant ſtill remains:
And from the fleeting Stream, repair'd by Food,
Diſtinct, as is the Swimmer from the Flood.
What am I then? ſure, of a nobler Birth
By Parents right: I own as Mother, Earth;

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But claim ſuperior Lineage by my SIRE,
Who warm'd th' unthinking Cold with heavenly Fire:
Eſſence divine, with lifeleſs Clay allay'd,
By double Nature, double Inſtinct ſway'd;
With Look erect, I dart my longing Eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native Sky;
I ſtrive to mount, but ſtrive, alas! in vain,
Ty'd to this maſſy Globe with magick Chain.
Now with ſwift Thought I range from Pole to Pole,
View Worlds around their flaming Centers roll:
What ſteady Powers their endleſs Motions guide,
Thro' the ſame tractleſs Paths of boundleſs Void!
I trace the blazing Comet's fiery Trail,
And weigh the whirling Planets in a Scale:
Theſe Godlike Thoughts, while eager I purſue,
Some glitt'ring Trifle offer'd to my View,
A Gnat, an Inſect, of the meaneſt Kind,
Eraſe the new-born Image from my Mind;
Some beaſtly Want, Craving, Importunate,
Vile as the grinning Maſtiff at my Gate,
Calls off from heav'nly Truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me I'm a Brute as much as he.
If on ſublimer Wings of Love and Praiſe,
My Soul above the ſtarry Vault I raiſe,
Lur'd by ſome vain Conceit, or ſhameful Luſt,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the Duſt.
The tow'ring Lark thus from her lofty Strain,
Stoops to an Emmet, or a Barley Grain.
By adverſe Guſts of jarring Inſtincts toſt,
I rove to one, now to the other Coaſt;
To Bliſs unknown my lofty Soul aſpires,
My Lot unequal to my vaſt Deſires.
As 'mongſt the Hinds a Child of Royal Birth
Finds his high Pedigree by conſcious Worth;
So Man, amongſt his Fellow Brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a King, but 'tis a King depos'd:
Pity him, Beaſts! you by no Law confin'd,
Are barr'd from devious Paths by being blind;

Whilſt

Whilſt Man, through op'ning Views of various Ways
Confounded, by the Aid of Knowledge ſtrays;
Too weak to chooſe, yet chooſing ſtill in Haſte,
One Moment gives the Pleaſure and Diſtaſte;
Bilk'd by paſt Minutes, while the preſent Cloy,
The flatt'ring future ſtill muſt give the Joy.
Not happy, but amus'd upon the Road,
And (like you) thoughtleſs of his laſt Abode,
Whether next Sun his Being ſhall reſtrain,
To endleſs nothing, Happineſs, or Pain.
Around me, lo, the thinking thoughtleſs Crew,
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent Paths purſue;
Of them I aſk the Way; the firſt replies,
Thou art a God; and ſends me to the Skies.
Down on this Turf (the next) thou two-legg'd Beaſt,
There fix thy Lot, thy Bliſs, and endleſs Reſt:
Between theſe wide Extreams the Length is ſuch,
I find I know too little or too much.
" Almighty Pow'r, by whoſe moſt wiſe Command,
" Helpleſs, forlorn, uncertain here I ſtand;
" Take this faint Glimmering of thyſelf away,
" Or break into my Soul with perfect Day!"
This ſaid, expanded lay the ſacred Text,
The Balm, the Light, the Guide of Souls perplex'd:
Thus the benighted Traveller that ſtrays
Through doubtful Paths, enjoys the Morning Rays;
The nightly Miſt, and thick deſcending Dew,
Parting, unfold the Fields, and vaulted blue.
" O Truth divine! enlighten'd by thy Ray,
" I grope and gueſs no more, but ſee my Way;
" Thou clear'dſt the Secret of my high Deſcent,
" And told me what thoſe myſtick Tokens meant;
" Marks of my Birth, which I had worn in vain
" Too hard for worldly Sages to explain;
" Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' Schemes,
" Their Syſtems falſe, deluſive were their Dreams;
" Unſkill'd by two fold Nature to divide,
" One nurs'd by Pleaſure, and one nurs'd by Pride:

" Thoſe

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" Those jarring Truths which Human Art beguile,
" Thy sacred Page thus bids me reconcile."
Offspring of God, no less thy Pedigree,
What thou once wer't, art now, and still may be,
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree :
Faultless thou dropt from his unerring Skill,
With the bare Pow'r to sin, since free of Will :
Yet charge not with thy Guilt, his bounteous Love,
For who has Power to walk, has Power to rove :
Who acts by Force impell'd, can nought deserve ;
And Wisdom short of infinite, may swerve.
Borne on thy new-imp'd Wings, thou took'st thy Flight,
Left thy Creator, and the Realms of Light :
Disdain'd his gentle Precept to fulfil,
And thought to grow a God by doing Ill :
Though by foul Guilt thy heav'nly Form defac'd,
In Nature chang'd from happy Mansions chac'd,
Thou still retain'st some Sparks of heav'nly Fire,
Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire ;
Angel enough to seek thy Bliss again,
And Brute enough to make thy Search in vain.
The Creatures now withdraw their kindly Use,
Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce ;
Repast ill suited to such diff'rent Guests,
For what thy Sense desires, thy Soul distastes ;
Thy Lust, thy Curiosity, thy Pride,
Curb'd, or deferr'd, or balk'd, or gratify'd,
Rage on, and make thee equally unbless'd,
In what thou want'st, and what thou hast possess'd ;
In vain thou hop'st for Bliss on this poor Clod,
Return, and seek thy Father, and thy God :
Yet think not to regain thy native Sky,
Borne on the Wings of vain Philosophy ;
Mysterious Passage ! hid from Human Eyes,
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise :
Let humble Thoughts thy wary Footsteps guide,
Regain by Meekness what you lost by Pride.

Different

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Different Methods and Improvements in Brewing.

A particular Way of brewing ſtrong October *Beer.*

THERE was a Man in *Hertfordſhire*, that brewed for a Gentleman conſtantly, after a very preciſe Method; and that was, as ſoon as he had put over all his firſt Copper of Water, and maſhed it ſome Time, he would directly let the Cock run a ſmall Stream, and preſently put ſome freſh Malt on the former, and maſh on, while the Cock was ſpending, which he would put again over the Malt, as often as his Pail or Hand-Bowl was full, and this for an Hour or two together; then he would let it run off entirely, and put it over at once, to run off again as ſmall as a Straw. This was for his *October* Beer: Then he would put ſcalding Water over the Goods at once, but not maſh, and cap them with more freſh Malt, that ſtood an Hour undiſturbed before he would draw it off for Ale; the reſt was hot Water put over the Goods, and maſh'd at twice for Small-Beer: And it was obſerved, that his *October* Beer was the moſt famous in the Country, but his Grains good for little; for that he had by this Method waſhed out all or moſt of their Goodneſs. This Man was a long while in brewing, and once his Beer did not work in the Barrel for a Month in a very hard Froſt, yet, when the Weather broke, it recovered and fermented well, and afterwards proved very good Drink, but he ſeldom worked his Beer leſs than a Week in the Vat, and never tapped under three Years.

This Way, indeed, is attended with extraordinary Labour and Time, by the Brewer's running off the Wort almoſt continually, and often returning the ſame again into the Maſh-Vat; but then it continually gives him an Opportunity of extracting and waſhing out the Goodneſs of the Malt, more than any of the common Methods; by which he is capacitated to make his *October* or *March* Beer as ſtrong as he pleaſes. The Fame of *Penly October* Beer is at this Time

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Time well known, not only throughout *Hertfordshire*, but several other remote Places, and truly not without Desert; for in all my Travels, I never met with any that excelled it for a clear Amber Colour, a fine Relish, and a light warm Digestion.

A Method practised by a Victualler, for brewing of Ale, or October *Beer, from* Nottingham.

His Copper holds twenty-four Gallons, and the Mash-Tub has room enough for four and more Bushels of Malt. The first full Copper of boiling Water he puts into the Mash-Tub, there to lie a Quarter of an Hour, till the Steam is so far spent, that he can see his Face in it; or, as soon as the hot Water is put in, throws a Pail or two of cold Water into it, which will bring it at once into a Temper; then he lets three Bushels of Malt be run leisurely into it, and stirred or mashed all the while, but as little as can be, or no more than just to keep the Malt from clotting or balling; when that is done, he puts one Bushel of dry Malt at the Top, to keep in the Vapour or Spirit, and so lets it stand covered two Hours, or till the next Copper full of Water is boiled hot, which he lades over the Malt or Goods three Hand-Bowls full at a Time, that are to run off at the Cock or Tap by a very small Stream, before more is put on, which again must be returned into the Mash-Tub till it comes off exceeding fine; for, unless the Wort is clear when it goes into the Copper, there are little Hopes it will be so in the Barrel; which leisure Way obliges him to be sixteen Hours in brewing these four Bushels of Malt. Now, between the Ladings over, he puts cold Water into the Copper to be boiling hot, while the other is running off: By this Means his Copper is kept up near full, and the Cock spending to the End of brewing his Ale or Small Beer, of which only twenty-one Gallons must be saved of the first Wort that is reserved in a Tub, wherein four Ounces of Hops are put, and then it is to be set by. For the second Wort I will suppose there are twenty Gallons of Water

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Water in the Copper boiling hot, that muſt be all laded over in the ſame Manner as the former was, but no cold Water need here be mixed; when half of this is run out into a Tub, it muſt be directly put into the Copper with half of the firſt Wort, ſtrained through the Brewing-Sieve as it lies on a ſmall looſe wooden Frame over the Copper, to keep back thoſe Hops that were firſt put in to preſerve it, which is to make the firſt Copper twenty-one Gallons; then, upon its beginning to boil, he puts in a Pound of Hops in one or two Canvaſs or other coarſe Linnen Bags, ſomewhat larger than will juſt contain the Hops, that an Allowance may be given for their Swell; this he boils away very briſkly for half an Hour, when he takes the Hops out, and continues boiling the Wort by itſelf, till it breaks into Particles a little ragged, and then is enough, and muſt be diſperſed into the Cooling-Tubs very thin: Then put the Remainder of the firſt and ſecond Wort together, and boil that the ſame Time, in the ſame Manner, and with the ſame Quantity of freſh Hops, as the firſt was. The reſt of the third or ſmall Beer Wort will be about fifteen or twenty Gallons, more or leſs, which he mixes directly with ſome cold Water, to keep it free of Exciſe, and puts it into the Copper as the firſt Liquor, to begin a ſecond Brewing of Ale with another four Buſhels of Malt, as he did before, and ſo on for ſeveral Days together, if neceſſary; but at laſt there may be ſome ſmall Beer made, though ſome will make none, becauſe the Goods or Grains will go the farther in feeding of Hogs.

Obſervations on the foregoing Method.

The firſt Copper of twenty-four Gallons of Water is but ſufficient to wet three Buſhels of Malt, and by the Additions of cold Water, as the hot is expended, it matters not how much the Malt drinks up; though a third Part of Water is generally allowed for that Purpoſe, that is never returned.

By the leiſure putting over the Bowls of Water, the Goodneſs of the Malt is the more extracted and waſhed out,

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so that more Ale may be this Way made, and less small Beer, than if the Wort was drawn out hastily; besides, the Wort has a greater Opportunity of coming off finer by a slow Stream, than by a quicker one, which makes this Method excel all others that discharge the Wort out of the Mash-Tub more hastily. Also, by the continual running of the Cock or Tap, the Goods or Grains are out of Danger of souring, which often happens in Summer Brewings, especially when the Cock is stopped between the several Boilings of the Wort, and what has been the very Cause of damaging or spoiling many Guiles of Drink.

By this Method of Brewing, Ale may be made as strong or as small as is thought fit, and so may the small Beer that comes after; and is so agreeable, that this Brewer makes his Ale, and strong keeping *October* Beer, all one and the same Way, only with this Difference, that the latter is stronger and more hopped than the former. Where little or no small Beer is wanted, there may little or none be brewed, according to this Manner of working; which is no small Conveniency to a little Family that uses more strong than small; nor is there any Loss by leaving the Grains in some Heart, where Horses, Cows, Hogs, or Rabbits are kept.

WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month of July.

In the KITCHEN-GARDEN.

THE first Week sow Kidney Beans and Peas, to bear in *September* and *October*; sow them where they may have Shelter from frosty Nights, which sometimes happen. Sow Cucumbers on a Bed made with dry Horse-Litter, and covered with light Earth ten Inches thick; cover them at

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at Night in *September* with a common Frame and Glaſs, to keep them from the Froſt and Rain; and by this Method you may have Cucumbers till *Chriſtmas*. Make a Bed for Muſhrooms, as you did in *February*, and cover it very thin with Earth.

About the Middle of this Month ſow *Royal*, *Sileſia*, and Brown *Dutch* Lettuces, ſome of which will cabbage for Winter Uſe, and then are to be planted cloſe together, where they may be ſheltered with Glaſſes. Sow Chervil, Carrots, Turnips, and Onions, to ſtand the Winter; plant Cabbages and Savoys for Winter; and plant out Broculi and Cauliflowers, to blow in *September*.

Sow ſome Cauliflower Seeds to ſtand the Winter, ſo you will have good Flowers in the Spring; about the 20th Day is the right Time to ſow them. Tranſplant Endive for blanching againſt Winter, and tie up Chardons for blanching, with Bands of Hay or Straw. Earth up Sellery in Drills, and plant out a new Crop to ſucceed the preſent; take up Shalots and Garlick, and gather Rocambole when the Stalks turn yellow; and when the Stalks of Onions change Colour, pull them up in dry Weather, and lay them in the Sun till they are well dried, to lay up for Winter. Neglect not to gather ſuch Seeds as are fully grown and coloured in their Huſks, pulling up the whole Plants, and ſetting them upright in a proper Place to dry.

Now water plentifully all Herbs that are ſeeding, for a good watering or two will fill the Seed; alſo water well thoſe Plants that ſtand abroad in Pots or Caſes, which have leſs Benefit from the Rains in this Seaſon, than the Plants in open Ground; for the Showers which now fall, are but of little Help to the Roots of Plants, ſo that they require frequent watering; water from Five to Eight, Morning and Evening. Hough and weed as in the former Month; deſtroy Waſps, Ants, and other Inſects, which in this Month are very numerous; and be careful to pick off all crumpled Leaves where-ever you ſee them; and alſo the Twigs, if they are curled, they being the Beds of deſtructive Creatures. Melons, now beginning to ripen, ſhould have very little

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Water given them, becauſe Water will give an ill Taſte to them.

In the FRUIT-GARDEN.

Now Vines are in their full Strength and Vigour, inſomuch that the greateſt Confuſion imaginable will enſue, if they are not carefully pruned this Month. The Vineyard muſt be minded, and the Fruit Branches tied up to the Props or Eſpaliers, and all weak and fruitleſs Shoots taken away.

At the Beginning of this Month lay open Apricots to the Sun, by taking away the Leaves, that the Fruit may ripen; at the latter End do the ſame to Peaches; if any ſtrong Wood, or Water-Shoots, puſh from either of theſe Trees, take them away entirely, unleſs ſome void Place wants to be filled up; but all young, ſhort Branches, are to be preſerved, by nailing them to the Wall, and not ſhortening them. The Pear Tree is now to be looked to and managed, if over vigorous, and all Branches that puſh forward are to be ſhortened to half an Inch. Inoculation may be continued after Rain. Watering plentifully a Peach Tree full of Fruit, is a great Advantage to it; and Fruit Trees in Pots are now to be daily watered, otherwiſe the Fruit will fall off. Fruit near the Ground (not too near) have a double Advantage, being expected to be large, and firſt ripe.

In the FLOWER-GARDEN.

Continue to lay Carnations as they gather Strength, and often refreſh them with Water; ſow Tulip Seeds (which are now ripe) in Caſes of light Earth; ſow Anemony Seed and Annuals in Edgings, to blow in *September*. Tranſplant ſuch Bulbs as you took not out of the Ground the laſt Month. Cut down the Flower Stems of ſuch curious Flowers as have done blowing. Tie up and prune all exotick Plants which grow diſorderly; they will have freſh Shoots before they are ſet in the Houſe. Gather ſuch Flower Seeds

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Seeds as are ripe, drying them well in their Seed-Veſſels, before they are beaten out, and after that in the Sun for a Week or more, before you lay them up. Lay Mirtles, Laurels, and other curious Greens; alſo Pinks, Sweet-Williams, and ſuch-like Plants. Graft by Approach; inarch or inoculate Jeſſamines, Oranges, and choice Shrubs; gather your early Cyclamen Seed, and ſow it preſently in Pots; give freſh Earth to the Surface of Orange Tubs; and cleanſe Auriculas from Weeds and dead Leaves.

The FARMER's WIFE and the RAVEN,

A FABLE.

WHY are thoſe Tears? why droops your Head?
Is then your other Huſband dead?
Or does a worſe Diſgrace betide?
Hath no one ſince his Death apply'd?
Alas! you know the Cauſe too well;
The Salt is ſpilt, to me it fell.
Then to contribute to my Loſs,
My Knife and Fork were laid acroſs,
On *Friday* too! the Day I dread!
Would I were ſafe at Home in Bed!
Laſt Night (I vow to Heav'n 'tis true)
Bounce from the Fire a Coffin flew.
Next Poſt ſome fatal News ſhall tell,
GOD ſend my *Corniſh* Friends be well!
Unhappy Widow, ceaſe thy Tears,
Nor feel Affliction in thy Fears;
Let not thy Stomach be ſuſpended,
Eat now, and weep when Dinner's ended,
And when the Butler clears the Table
For thy Deſert I'll read my Fable.

Betwixt

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Betwixt her ſwagging Panier's Load
A Farmer's Wife to Market rode,
And, jogging on, with thoughtful Care
Summ'd up the Profits of her Ware;
When, ſtarting from her ſilver Dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her Scream.
That Raven on yon Left-Hand Oak
(Curſe on his ill-betiding Croak)
Bodes me no Good. No more ſhe ſaid,
When poor blind *Ball* with ſtumbling Tread
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the Pannier lay,
And her maſh'd Eggs beſtrow'd the Way.
She, ſprawling in the yellow Road,
Rail'd, ſwore and curſt. Thou croaking Toad,
A Murrain take thy whoreſon Throat!
I knew Misfortune in the Note.
Dame, quoth the Raven, ſpare your Oaths,
Unclench your Fiſt, and wipe your Cloaths.
But why on me thoſe Curſes thrown?
Goody, the Fault was all your own;
For had you laid this brittle Ware
On *Dun*, the old ſure-footed Mare,
Though all the Ravens of the *Hundred*
With croaking had your Tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed *Dun* had kept his Legs,
And you, good Woman, ſav'd your Eggs.

Remarkable Curioſities in NORWAY.

NEAR to *Drontheim* is a remarkable Lake, whoſe Waters never freeze, even in the Dead of Winter, notwithſtanding the exceſſive Cold at that Seaſon. Upon the Coaſt of *Norway*, near the Iſle of *Hitteren*, in the Latitude of 68, is that remarkable and dangerous Whirlpool, commonly

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commonly called *Maelstroon*, and by Navigators the *Navel* of the Sea. Which Whirlpool is, in all Probability, occasioned by some mighty subterranean Gap, and proves fatal to Ships that approach too nigh, provided it be in the Time of Flood; for then the Sea, upwards of two Leagues round, makes such a terrible Whirlpool, that the Force and Indraught of the Water, together with the Noise and Tumbling of the Waves upon one another, is rather to be admired than expressed. But, as in the Time of Flood, the Water is drawn in with a mighty force, so during the Tide of Ebb, it does throw out the Sea with such a Violence, that the heaviest Bodies then cast into it, cannot sink, but are tossed back again by the impetuous Stream which rusheth out with incredible Force; and during that Time are abundance of Fishes caught by Fishermen, who watch the Opportunity; for being forced up to the Surface of the Water, they cannot well dive again, so violent is the rising Current. In several Parts of *Norway* were discovered, some Years ago, divers Silver Mines, particularly two, whereof one was termed *Benedicta divina*, (vulgarly *Segen Gottes*) and the other *Bona Spes*, but both of them were quickly exhausted; however, in the former of these, Anno 1630, was found a Mass of Silver, valued at three thousand two hundred and seventy-two Imperial Dollars: And in the other was taken out a Mass of Silver, valued at five thousand such Dollars. Both which Masses, and some others of pure Silver from these *Norvegian* Mines, are now to be seen in the *Musæum Regium* at *Copenhagen*.

The Air of this Country is so extreamly cold, especially towards the North Parts of the Kingdom, that it is but thinly inhabited, and that by the meanest of the People.

By Reason of the excessive Coldness of the Country, (it lying in the 11th, 12th, and 13th North Climate) the Soil is very barren, not having Force enough to produce the very Necessaries of Life, the common People being forced to use dried Fish instead of Bread. In short, this Country is overspread either with vast Forests, barren Mountains, or formidable Rocks. In the Northmost Parts of it the longest Day is above two Months, the Sun not setting for that Time;

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Time; the ſhorteſt in the Southernmoſt, about ſix Hours and half, and the Nights proportionable.

The chief Commodities of this Country are Stock-Fiſh, rich Furs, Train-Oil, Pitch, Maſts, Cables, Deal Boards, and the like; which the Inhabitants exchange for Corn, Wine, Fruits, Beer, and other Neceſſaries of Life.

The *Norvegians* (who being notorious Pirates of old, became very formidable to ſeveral of the Northern Nations,) are now looked upon as a very mean, ſimple, and ignorant Sort of People; a People, however, that are very hardy, much given to Toiling and Labour, very juſt in their Dealing, and abundantly civil (after their own Manner) to the few Strangers who come among them. In the Northmoſt Parts of the Kingdom they have no Towns, but generally live in Tents, and travel in great Companies from one Place to another in hunting.

This Kingdom was formerly a diſtinct Body by itſelf, and independent on any other, but (being incorporated with *Denmark*, Anno 1387) is now ſubject to his *Daniſh* Majeſty, who beſides particular Governors in Places of the greateſt Importance, doth ordinarily keep a Viceroy there, for the better managing of the whole; his Place of Reſidence is commonly at *Bergen*, and his Power is extraordinary great.

The eſtabliſhed Religion in *Norway* is the ſame as in *Denmark*, only that in the Northmoſt Parts of the Kingdom the Knowledge of Chriſtianity (which was at firſt planted in this Country much about the ſame Time with the two other Northern Crowns) is ſo decayed, that on the Borders of *Lapland* they differ but little from mere Heathens.

Lapland is a Province which extends ſo far North, that very few have travelled over it. Monſieur *Motraye* was there in 1718, and made proper Obſervations concerning the Natives and their ſuppoſed Conjurations. The upper Garment, both of the Men and Women, is made of Skins with the Hair on, faſhioned like a Ploughman's Frock, girt about them with a broad Belt: The Men's Breeches reach down to their Ancles, and their Caps are made of a young Fawn's Skin, and ſit cloſe to their Heads like a Scull-Cap, covering

alſo

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alſo their Necks and Shoulders; their Shoes alſo are made of Skins, without Heels, picked and turned up at the Toes; and the Finery of the Women conſiſts in a kind of Pewter Wire, with which they work the Bottom of their Coats, their Girdles, and Edges of their Caps. Neither Sex knows what it is to wear Linnen, but in the cold Seaſon wear a Waiſtcoat of Fawn's Skins next them; almoſt the only Part of Dreſs that diſtinguiſhes the Sexes, is, that the Women's Coats are ſomewhat longeſt, and a Purſe hangs at their Girdles, with their Money, Rings, and Toys. Their Food is the dried Fleſh of Rein Deer, Cheeſe made of their Milk, and Fiſh. Their Drink is ſour Milk or Water; as for Bread they know not what it is, not having ſo much as a Word in their Language to expreſs it by. As to their Lodging, they have no other Bed or Covering but their Rein Deer Skins, between which they lie quite naked. With Reſpect to their Stature, they are the ſhorteſt Men in all the North, being ſeldom above four Foot and a Half high, and ſome of them even under that Size. Their Aſpect is generally homely, having a large Head, hollow Eyes, a broad Face, a flat Noſe, and ſhort black Hair. They have broad Breaſts, ſlender Waiſts, and ſmall Legs, but are very ſtrong, ſwift, and nimble. The Women are ſomewhat handſomer than the Men, having black Eyes, and a Complexion mix'd with a natural Red and White, which is not diſagreeable.

The *Laplanders*, in Hunting, make uſe of Bows about three Yards long, in handling of which they are very dexterous, being train'd up to it from their Infancy; inſomuch that ſome of them will ſhoot an Arrow into a Circle no bigger than a Farthing, at ſuch a Diſtance as they but juſt diſcern it. Their Riches conſiſt in Flocks of Rein Deer, whom they drive Northward as the Summer approaches, theſe Creatures not being able to endure the Heat. As to their Religion, they are ſtiled Chriſtians, but know very little of its Doctrines. Mr. *Motraye* aſked them what Notions they had of Witchcraft with which ſome of their Countrymen are charged? To which one of them anſwer'd, that the Profeſſors of the Black Art were in *Finland*, that they converſed with the Devil, and knew every Thing that was done, and

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pretended to give several Instances of their deviliſh Power *Motraye* went to the Tent of one of theſe Conjurers, having firſt given him all imaginable Aſſurances that he would not betray him to the Government (the *Swediſh* Laws being very ſevere againſt Witchcraft;) he found the Wizard in a poor Hut, upon which he made this Obſervation, that if theſe poor Creatures had any Intereſt with the Devil, he would ſurely reward them better. *Motraye* followed the Conjurer, as he deſired him, to the Top of a high Mountain near his Hut, where he deſired him to ſtand, till he fetched his Drum and other Utenſils neceſſary to the acting of his Part; to his Drum was faſtened a Chain with ſeveral Braſs Rings; then the Wizard demanded if they had any Brandy, and half a Pint being preſented him, he drank about two thirds of it: Then putting the Chain and the Rings into the inſide of the Drum, and turning it bottom upward, he beat upon it with a forked Piece of Rain Deer's Horn (the Head of the Drum was covered with tranſparent Parchment, wretchedly painted with Celeſtial Signs;) he beat upon it for a few Minutes, the Rings jumping about; then he laid himſelf down flat on his Back, and ſet the Head of his Drum on his Breaſt, and having ſhut his Eyes ſeemed to be in a Trance, not breathing for ſome Time; then having fetched a deep Sigh, he gently raiſed the Drum above his Head, and looked upon the Rings, which he eaſily diſcerns through the Parchment, and having conſidered their Poſition to the Celeſtial Signs, he fixed his Eyes upon Mr. *Motraye*, and declared he would run a great Hazard upon the Water, and that he would have another great Eſcape from Fire; that his Life ſhould be long and healthful after the Space of two Years. Having finiſhed his Predictions, *Motraye* aſked him if he could tell him, whether he was a Batchelor or a married Man? and into what Countries he had travelled before he came thither? and ſeveral more ſuch Queſtions: But the Conjurer was too wiſe to gueſs at Things paſt, in which he knew his Ignorance might have been diſcovered with Eaſe; however, he gave the Wizard half a Crown, with which he ſeemed extremely well pleaſed. Upon this Subject *Motraye* farther obſerves, that though ſeveral Princes and Eccleſiaſ-

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ticks have ſhown themſelves very zealous for the Extirpation of Witchcraft, and have upon incompetent Evidence condemned ſome poor Wretches to Death for it; yet, ſays he, none could ever yet demonſtrate they ever entertained any Commerce with the Devil.

The Sable Mice of *Lapland*, which are the ſame with thoſe called Norway Mice by *Olaus Wormius*, deſerve the Attention of the Curious. They are near as large as a ſmall Squirrel, but have no Tail; their Skin is ſtreak'd and ſpotted with Black and light Brown; and they have two upper Teeth, and as many under, which are very ſharp and pointed. They have Feet like thoſe of Squirrels, and are ſo fierce, that if a Stick be held out to them they will bite it, and hold it ſo faſt that one may ſwing them about in the Air. In their Marches they keep a direct Courſe, generally from North-Eaſt to South-Weſt, and each Troop conſiſts of a great many Thouſands, who march in Lines ſome Yards long, and parallel to each other. They march by Night or in the Twilight, and lie ſtill by Day; and if they meet with any Thing to interrupt their Courſe, they do not turn out of their Lines, even though it be a Fire, a deep Well, a River, a Lake, or other Obſtacle, but without Heſitation venture through it, by which Means vaſt Numbers are ſometimes deſtroyed. If they are met ſwimming over Lakes, and forced out of their Courſe, they preſently return into it again; and when they are ſtopp'd in the Fields they raiſe themſelves upon their hinder Legs like a Dog, and make a kind of Barking or ſqueaking Noiſe, leaping up as high as a Man's Knee, and defending their Lines as long as they are able. If a Houſe happens to be in their Way, there they ſtop till they die; for they never come into Houſes, or meddle with the Food of the Inhabitants. Through a Stack of Corn they will eat themſelves a Paſſage, and when they march through a Meadow, they damage it much by eating the Roots of the Graſs; but if they encamp there by Day they quite ſpoil it, making it look as if it were burnt or ſtrewed with Aſhes. Theſe Creatures are very fruitful, but their Breeding does not hinder their March, for ſome of them have been obſerved to travel with a young

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one in their Mouths, and another upon their Backs. The Roots of Grass, with rotten Wood, and the Insects contained in it, are their chief Food; and during the Winter they lie under the Snow, having breathing Holes at Top, as the Hares do, and other Animals.

The Rain Deer of *Lapland* are of wonderful Service to the Inhabitants of that Country, who bring them up tame and tractable, feed upon their Milk and Flesh, make Cloaths of their Skins, and use them to draw Sledges, in which they travel over the Snow with prodigious Swiftness. This Creature is somewhat less than a Stag, has two branched Horns, and long rough Hair under his Neck. His Colour inclines to an Ash, but his Haunches and Shoulders, and the Parts under his Belly are white. Their Feet are short, and cloven; and when they walk their Joints make a Sort of Noise like the clashing of Stones one against another. Their ordinary Food is Moss, and with this Sustenance only they will perform Journeys of eighty or a hundred Miles a Day.----The Sledges in which the Laplanders are drawn by the Rain Deer, are shaped like Boats, but they are flatted behind, and not pointed as they are before. The Bottom of the Sledge is convex, that it may slide with more Ease over the Snow; and the Traces are fastened about the Neck of the Animal, going down his Breast and between his Legs. The Reins are tied to his Horns, whereby he is guided by the Traveller, who by the Motion of his Body and the Help of his Hand takes Care to balance the Sledge, and prevent its overturning, of which it is often in Danger by reason of the Roundness of its Bottom. They hang Bells to the Trappings of the Rain Deer, with which those Animals are much delighted.----When the *Laplanders* go a hunting, they use a Sort of Skates, which are two Boards four or five Feet long, pointed at each End, and turn'd upwards before; and having a long Pole in their Hands, with a Piece of Board fasten'd to the End of it that it may not sink too deep in the Snow, they run over with great Swiftness, so as to go fifty or sixty Miles a Day without any Fatigue.

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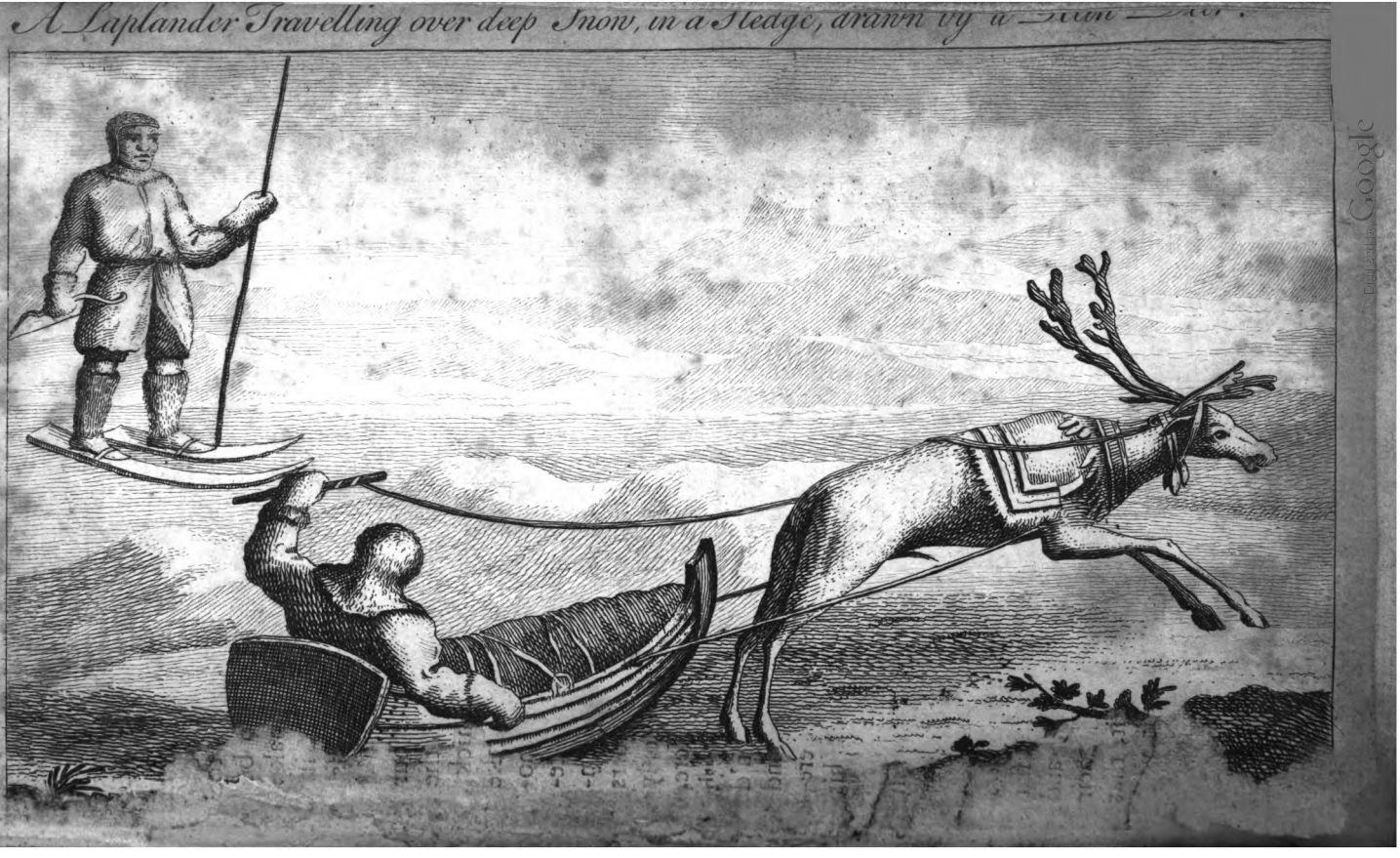
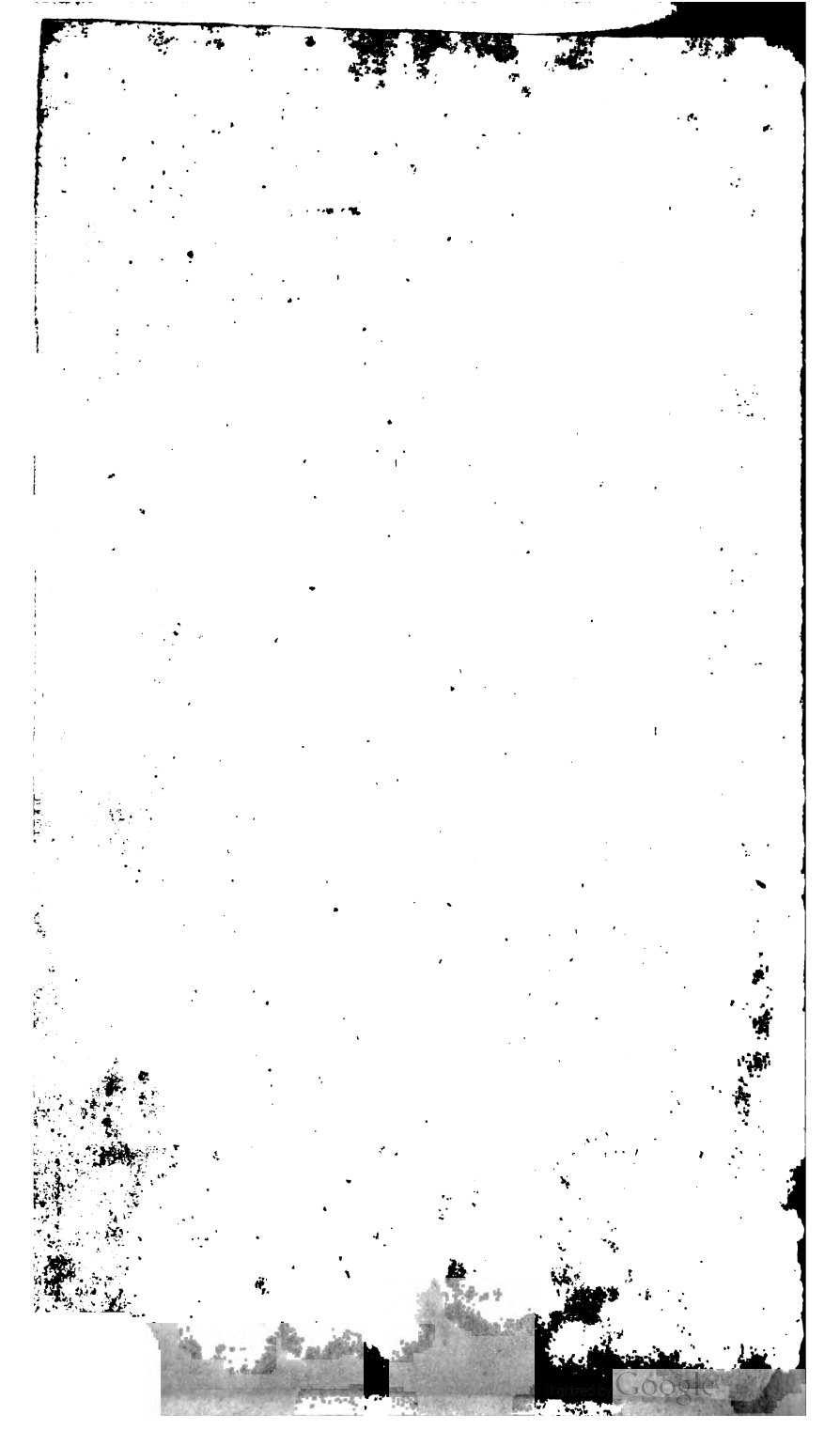

A Laplander Travelling over deep Snow, in a Sledge, drawn by a



The *Laplanders* have no Phyſicians amongſt them, nor indeed have they much Occaſion for any, as they are very ſeldom afflicted with Sickneſs. For the Cure of all inward Diſtempers they make a Drink of a certain Moſs which they call *Jerth*, or inſtead of that chew the Root of Angelica, or boil it in Rain Deer's Milk. When they feel a Pain in any Part of their Body, they take a kind of Fungus or Muſhroom growing upon the Birch Tree, and, having ſet Fire to it they apply it burning hot to the Part affected; and this raiſes a Bliſter, which they imagine draws off all the bad Humours. For Wounds they have no other Remedy but the Reſin that oozes from the Fir Tree; and when they have any Member frozen, they run a red-hot Iron into a Cheeſe made of Rain Deer's Milk, and with the Fat that drops from it anoint the Part, which by that Means is almoſt inſtantly cured.

As to their Funerals, if a deceaſed *Laplander* was rich, his Corps is wrapp'd in Linnen; but if he was poor, he has only a Wollen Shroud. They put into the Coffin along with the Deceaſed a Flint and Steel and a Hatcher, which they imagine he may have Occaſion for in his Journey to a Place of Reſt. But this is only the Practice of thoſe who are ſtill Heathens, or have very groſs Notions of the Chriſtian Profeſſion. The Corps is drawn in a Sledge to the Place of Burial, after which the Creature is kill'd to make a Funeral Entertainment, to which all the Friends and Relations of the Deceaſed are invited.

When a Child is born, they waſh it immediately with Snow or cold Water, and then wrap it up in the Skin of a Hare. The Women do not keep their Beds above four or five Days, and as ſoon as they have recover'd Strength, they ſet out with the Child at their Backs to have it baptiſed, for which Purpoſe they are often obliged to take long Journeys. Their Cradles are made of a Piece of hollow Timber, like a ſmall Boat; in which the Child is laid upon a kind of ſoft fine Moſs, cover'd over with the tender Skin of a young Rain Deer. The Cradle is ſuſpended by a Rope, from the Roof of the Hut, and by toſſing it too and fro they lull the Child to Sleep.

The

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The BABOON *and the* POULTRY.

A FABLE.

WE frequently miſplace Eſteem
By judging Men by what they ſeem.
To Birth, Wealth, Pow'r, we ſhould allow
Precedence and our loweſt Bow:
In that is due Diſtinction ſhown:
Eſteem is Virtue's Right alone.
With partial Eye we're apt to ſee
The Man of noble Pedigree.
We're prepoſſeſt my Lord inherits
In ſome Degree his Grandfire's Merits:
For thoſe we find upon Record,
But find him nothing but my Lord.
When we with ſuperficial View
Gaze on the Rich, we're dazzled too:
We know that Wealth, well underſtood,
Hath frequent Pow'r of doing good;
Then fancy that the Thing is done,
As if the Pow'r and Will were one.
Thus oft the cheated Croud adore
The thriving Knaves that keep 'em poor.
The cringing Train of Pow'r ſurvey:
What Creatures are ſo low as they!
With what Obſequiouſneſs they bend!
To what vile Actions condeſcend!
Their Riſe is on their Meanneſs built,
And Flatt'ry is their ſmalleſt Guilt.
What Homage, Rev'rence, Adoration,
In ev'ry Age, in ev'ry Nation
Have Sycophants to Pow'r addreſt!
No Matter who the Pow'r poſſeſt.

Who

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Who then ſhall glory in his Poſt?
How frail his Pride, how vain his Boaſt!
The Followers of his proſp'rous Hour
Are as unſtable as his Pow'r,
Pow'r, by the Breath of Flatt'ry nurſt,
The more it ſwells, is nearer burſt.
The Bubble breaks, the Gewgaw ends,
And in a dirty Tear deſcends.

Once on a Time, an ancient Maid,
By Wiſhes and by Time decay'd,
To cure the Pangs of reſtleſs Thought,
In Birds and Beaſts Amuſement ſought:
Dogs, Parrots, Apes, her Hours employ'd;
With theſe alone ſhe talk'd and toy'd.
A huge Baboon her Fancy took,
(Almoſt a Man in Size and Look)
He finger'd ev'ry Thing he found,
And mimick'd all the Servants round;
Then too his Parts and ready Wit
Show'd him for ev'ry Bus'neſs fit.
With all theſe Talents, 'twas but juſt
That Pug ſhould hold a Place of Truſt:
So to her Fav'rite was aſſign'd
The Charge of all her feather'd Kind;
'Twas his to tend 'em Eve and Morn,
And portion out their daily Corn.
Behold him now, with haughty Stride,
Aſſume a miniſterial Pride.
The Morning roſe. In Hope of Picking,
Swans, Turkeys, Peacocks, Ducks, and Chicken,
Fowls of all Ranks ſurround his Hut,
To worſhip his important Strut.
The Miniſter appears. The Croud
Now here, now there, obſequious bow'd.
This prais'd his Parts, and that his Face,
T'other his Dignity in Place:
From Bill to Bill the Flatt'ry ran;
He hears and bears it like a Man:

For,

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For, when we flatter Self-Conceit,
We but his Sentiments repeat.
If we're too ſcrupulouſly juſt,
What Profit's in a Place of Truſt?
The common Practice of the Great
Is, to ſecure a ſnug Retreat:
So Pug began to turn his Brain
(Like other Folks in Place) on Gain.
An Apple-Woman's Stall was near,
Well ſtock'd with Fruits through all the Year;
Here ev'ry Day he cramm'd his Guts,
Hence were his Hoards of Pears and Nuts;
For 'twas agreed (in Way of Trade)
His Payments ſhould in Corn be made.
The Stock of Grain was quickly ſpent,
And no Account which Way it went;
Then too the Poultry's ſtarv'd Condition
Caus'd Speculations of Suſpicion.
The Facts were prov'd beyond Diſpute;
Pug muſt refund his Hoards of Fruit:
And, though then Miniſter in Chief,
Was branded as a publick Thief.
Diſgrac'd, deſpis'd, confin'd to Chains,
He nothing but his Pride retains.
A Gooſe paſs'd by; he knew the Face,
Seen ev'ry Levee while in Place.
What, no Reſpect! no Rev'rence ſhown!
How ſaucy are theſe Creatures grown!
Not two Days ſince (ſays he) you bow'd
The loweſt of my fawning Croud.
Proud Fool (replies the Gooſe) 'tis true,
Thy Corn a flutt'ring Levee drew;
For that I join'd the hungry Train,
And ſold thee Flatt'ry for thy Grain:
But then, as now, conceited Ape,
We ſaw thee in thy proper Shape.

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WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month of Auguſt.

In the KITCHEN-GARDEN.

THE firſt Week of this Month ſow a ſecond Crop of Cauliflowers, to ſtand the Winter, leſt the firſt ſhould run to Seed, which in an open Seaſon they will be apt to do. Sow Cabbages, Coleworts, and Onions; alſo Radiſhes, Lettuce, Chervil, Creſſes, Corn-Sallad, and Spinach, for Winter Uſe; tranſplant Cabbage-Lettuce, eſpecially the Dutch Brown; tie up Endive for blanching; give more Earth to your blanching Sellery, which is to be repeated every Fortnight; break off the the Stems of Artichokes which have done blowing; and towards the End of the Month ſlip and ſet aromatic Herbs, ſuch as Savory, Thyme, Hyſſop, *&c.* and cut down thoſe that are run to Seed within three or four Inches of the Ground. If the Stalks of Aſparagus be mowed down, you may expect a ſecond Autumn Crop. Sow Turnips in the open Field, till the 12th of this Month, and thoſe Roots not only yield a profitable Increaſe, but very much enrich all light Soils. Strip the Leaves of Carrots, Parſnips, *&c.* to improve the Roots; pull the Roots of Plants a little out of the Ground, covering them with Mould to keep them from running to Seed; and cut down Strawberries, after they have done bearing, cloſe to the Ground. Water ſuch Things as need it in the Beginning of this Month; but after the Middle of it water only in the Morning, for fear of Froſt.

In the FRUIT-GARDEN.

Look over and expoſe Wall-Fruit to the Sun, to perfect their Ripening; give Vines the laſt Pruning for the Summer, and keep the Grapes cloſe to the Wall, ſhading them with Leaves, to defend them from cold Nights. Now inoculate Pears, Plumbs, and Hollies; now unbind thoſe Buds

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of Trees inoculated the laſt Month, to prevent the Bandages galling and fretting the Stocks, which will now be in Danger by their ſwelling. In gathering Wall-Fruits, take Care not to break the Branches whereon they grow, becauſe from them other bearing Branches are expected the next Year. the Borders are to be reviewed and kept clean, and at the latter End of this Month to be ſtirred, the better to enable them to receive the Rains in Autumn; therefore no Greens muſt now be planted in them.

In the FLOWER-GARDEN.

Sow the Seeds of the bulbous Iris, Frittillaries, and Ranunculuſes, covering them with a thin Coat of fine ſifted Earth; tranſplant ſeedling Auriculas upon a Border of well-ſifted Earth, giving them Sprinklings of Water, and ſhading them from the Sun for a Fortnight. Now is the proper Time for parting Auriculas. Tranſplant ſeedling Polyanthos upon a ſhady Border, and divide old Roots; plant ſingle Anemonies, and tranſplant the Hyacinth, Narciſſus, Lillies, Martagons, Crocuſes, and Snow-Drops; plant Primroſes, Campions, July-flowers, Hepatica's, Crown-Imperials, Aſphodils, Lillies of the Valley, Dens-Caninus, and moſt other Flowers that have blown in the Spring, or Summer preceding. Continue to lay Carnations that were not ſtrong enough in the former Month; but theſe will not be fit to tranſplant till March. Take off and plant out ſuch of your Carnation Layers of the former Months as are well rooted; tranſplant ſeedling Carnations a Foot Diſtance from one another; plant Slips of Pinks in a Nurſery, to plant out the Summer following; cut down the withered Stalks of thoſe Flowers that have done blowing, and part their Roots for Increaſe. Gather Flower-Seeds in a dry Day; ſhade Anemony and Tulip Seeds ſown the preceding Months. About the Middle of the Month cut the inarch'd Orange Stocks from the bearing Trees, but be careful not to break the new-grafted Branches from the Stock; leave the Clay upon them till the following Spring, and guard them from high Winds. Now make Layers of all Sorts of Shrubs and Trees

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Trees which remain abroad all Winter. If you have Pots of old Roots of Carnations, which you find will blow late, shift them into other Pots of fresh Earth, and set them in the Green-house in *October*, they will blow in the Winter.

Of the Nature of several WATERS, and their Use in *Brewing*.

WATER, next to Malt, is what by Course comes under Consideration, as a Matter of great Importance in brewing of wholesome fine Malt Liquors, and is of such Consequence, that it concerns every one to know the Nature of the Water he brews with, because it is the Vehicle by which the nutritious and pleasant Particles of the Malt and Hop are conveyed into our Bodies, and there become a Diluter of our Food: Now the more simple and freer every Water is from foreign Particles, the better it will answer those Ends and Purposes; for, as Doctor *Mead* observes, some Waters are so loaded with stony Corpuscles, that even the Pipes thro' which they are carried, in Time, are incrusted and stopped up by them, and are of that petrifying Nature as to breed the Stone in the Bladder: What makes it still more evident, is the Sight of those incrusted Sides of the Tea-kettles, that the hard Well-waters are the Occasion of, by being often boiled in them: And it is further related by the same Doctor, that a Gentlewoman afflicted with frequent Returns of violent Cholic-Pains was cured by the Advice of *Van Helmont*, only by leaving off drinking Beer brewed with Well-water: It is true, such a Fluid has a greater Force and Aptness to extract the Tincture out of Malt, than is to be had in the more innocent and soft Liquors of Rivers: But for this very Reason it ought

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not, unleſs upon mere Neceſſity, to be made Uſe of; this Quality being owing to the mineral Particles and alluminous Salts with which it is impregnated.

Spring Waters are in general liable to partake of thoſe Minerals through which they paſs, and are ſalubrious or miſchievous accordingly. That which will lather with Soap, or ſuch ſoft Water that percolates thro' Chalk, or a grey Fire Stone, is generally accounted beſt; for Chalk in this Reſpect excells all other Earths, in that it adminiſters nothing unwholeſome to the perfluent Waters, but undoubtedly abſorbs, by its drying ſpungy Quality, any ill Minerals that may accompany the Water that runs thro' them. For which Reaſon they throw in great Quantities of Chalk into their Wells at *Ayleſbury* to ſoften their Water, which coming off a black Sand Stone, is ſo hard and ſharp, that it will often turn their Beer ſour in a Week's Time, ſo that in its original State it is neither fit to waſh nor brew with, but ſo long as the alcalous ſoft Particles of the Chalk hold good, they put it to both Uſes.

River Waters are leſs liable to be loaded with metallic, petrifying, ſaline, and other inſanous Particles of the Earth, than the Well or Spring Sorts are, eſpecially at ſome Diſtance from the Spring Head, becauſe the Rain-water mixes with and ſoftens it; and are alſo much cured by the Sun's Heat and the Air's Power. Where a River-water can be had clear in a dry Time, when no great Rain has lately fell, out of Rivulets, or Rivers that have a a gravelly, chalky, ſandy, or ſtony Bottom, free from the Diſturbance of Cattle, *&c.* it may then juſtly claim the Name of a moſt excellent Water for Brewing, and will make a ſtronger Drink with the ſame Quantity of Malt than any of the Well-waters; inſomuch that that of the *Thames* has been proved to make as ſtrong Beer with ſeven Buſhels of Malt, as Well-water with eight; and ſo are all River-waters in a proportionable Degree, and, where they can be obtained clear and pure, Drink may be drawn fine in a few Days after Tunning.

Rain-Water is very ſoft, of a moſt ſimple and pure Nature, and the beſt Diluter of any, eſpecially if received free from Dirt, and the Salt of Mortar that often mixes with it

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as it runs off tiled Roofs; this is very agreeable for brewing of Ales that are not to be kept a great while, but for Beers that are to remain ſome Time in the Caſks, it is not ſo well, as being apt to putrify the ſooneſt of any.

Pond Waters; this includes all ſtanding Waters chiefly from Rain, and are good or bad as they happen; for where there is a clean Bottom, and the Water lies undiſturbed from the Tread of of Cattle, or too many Fiſh, in an open ſound Air, in a large Quantity, and where the Sun has free Acceſs, it then comes near, if not quite ſo good as Rain or River-waters.

A particular Method to furniſh a Fiſh Pond with Variety of FISH.

TAKE about the latter End of *April*, or the Beginning of *May*, the Root of a Willow that ſtands near the Water Side, and is full of Fibres; waſh the Earth about it clean away; then tie it to a Spike, which drive into a River or Fiſh Pond, that is well ſtored with Variety of Fiſh; they will preſently ſtrike about and againſt the Root, and void their Spawn or Row, which will hang to the Fibres; after a few Days take the Spike with the Willow Root out of that River or Fiſh Pond, and convey it to that which you deſign to ſtore, driving it about a Hands Breadth deep under the Surface of the Water, and in about a Fortnight's Time you will perceive a great Number of young Fiſhes. Be careful that you leave the Root not too long in the firſt Pond or River, leaſt the Heat of the Sun animate the Spawn, and ſo it diſengages from the Root.

The Shapes and Marks of a good Cart Horſe.

He ſhould have a thick Shoulder, and a broad Cheſt, over-laden with Fleſh, hanging forward, and heavily projecting over his Knees and Feet, a ſhort Back, ſhort Joints, flat-legged, full-eyed, and wide Noſtrils, with a wide Mouth and round Buttocks. Of ſuch, a Team ſhould be compoſed, of one Height,

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The Shapes and Marks of a good Saddle-Horse.

He should have the Eyes and Joints of an Ox, the Strength and Foot of a Mule, the Hooves and Thighs of an Ass, the Throat and Neck of a Wolf, the Ear and Tail of a Fox, the Boldness of a Lion, the Quickfightedness of a Serpent, and the Lightness and Nimbleness of a Hare: A high Pace, a deliberate Trot, a pleasant Gallop, a swift running or rebounding Leap, and quick in Hand. Or take it thus: The Hoof should be narrow and black, his Pasterns straight and upright, Fetlock short, Legs straight and flat, Knees long, lean, and round, Ears long and sharp, Sides and Ribs bearing out, and close shut at the Huckle-bone, Neck long and reared, wide-jawed, Breast large and round, Forehead lean and large, Withers sharp and pointed, Back short, Rump round, plain, and broad, a large Space between his Buttocks, or what is called *wide gascoined*, and his Yard and Stones small. In short, that Saddle-Horse, which has thin Shoulders and a flat Chest, with his Forefeet standing boldly forwards and even, his Neck rising semicircular from the Point of those thin Shoulders to his Head, with the before-mentioned Marks, may justly be said to have a light Fore-hand, and is a right useful Horse for a Saddle. To which may be added, that a crooked or low-backed Horse, with thin Gascoigns, is, commonly, not only weak, but too often proves unhealthful either for Cart or Saddle.

To mow Hay in a Barn, Cock, or Stack, without Danger of Firing.

For this Purpose use a Tub about two Feet Diameter, and three Feet long, or a long Basket, or four Boards, of a Foot wide each, and four Feet long, nailed together, either of these; when the Ground Layer is up to its Top, we pull it up higher, and so on till our Mow is finished, and then the Hole, or dry Well, that it thus makes, serves as a Chimney in the Middle of it for evacuating the Fume, Steam, or Smoak, that the Heat or Sweat of the Hay causes;

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cauſes; and by which you avoid the Danger of having your Mow take Fire, otherwiſe you run a great Riſque of it, eſpecially if the Hay is got in damp or wet, as ſometimes by Neceſſity it happens.

To cure coarſe Marſh-Hay.

Not only in Marſhes, but in many wet, low, Vale Grounds, their Hay is often coarſe, by Reaſon of the Sedge, or ruſty Stalks that grow among the Graſs. A Caſe of this happened in *Ayleſbury* Vale, where is a Meadow, about ten Acres, lying near a Water-Mill, which was generally flooded when the Water was pent up at the Mill-head. This cauſed a Sort of Ruſh or Sedge to grow, that made a Hay little better than ſome Straw, eſpecially if they let ſuch Graſs ſtand till it is ripe. The Occupier was told, that Coal or Wood-aſhes, or Pot-aſhes (but the firſt is beſt for this Uſe) would cure it; accordingly many were got and ſown, which, by the very next Summer, not only killed the Sedge or round Ruſh, but brought up, in its Room, a fine three-leaved Graſs, that made the beſt of Hay. How faulty then muſt thoſe be, who will not be perſuaded to ſuch a cheap and uſeful Improvement, as it is certain Thouſands may enjoy, that now do not. Obſerve, that ſuch coarſe ſedgy Hay cannot be too little made, for, by making it but little, it will mow-burn, become ſweet, and cauſe Cattle to eat and drink plentifully.

On a WATCH.

ALL Men, like Watches, various Periods ſhare,
From thirty Hours unto threeſcore Year:
And which more true or good, 'tis hard to ſay,
An Horoſcope of Gold, or one of Clay.

Falſe

Falſe and imperfect both alike we find;
In that the Spring's in fault, in this the Mind:
In their mechanic Powers both agree;
Reaſon's a Ballance, Wiſdom a Fuſee:
But if in either the main Springs ſhould fail
Or over-act, theſe Powers nought avail.
Thus if the Will be ſtrong, the Fabrick weak,
The Conſtitution then of Courſe muſt break:
Or if the Paſſions move or high or low,
The Animal Machine's too faſt or ſlow.
But when its active Springs are duely coil'd,
And not an Appetite or Senſe is ſpoil'd;
When all Life's Movements mutually agree,
And Soul with Body acts in Harmony;
This Human Trinket then may go as true,
As any ſuch like kindred Trinkets do.
And when at length each hath run out their Chain,
Quite ſilent and inactive they remain,
And with this Difference revive again:
An Human Hand ſhall thoſe awhile reſtore,
Theſe one Almighty, and for evermore.

A THOUGHT at Waking.

ATTEND my Soul, the early Birds inſpire
Thy groveling Thoughts with pure celeſtial Fire;
They from their temp'rate Sleep awake, and pay
Their thankful Anthems, for the new-born Day.
See how the tuneful Lark is mounted high,
And, Poet like, ſalutes the Eaſtern Sky;
He warbles thro' the fragrant Air his Lays,
And ſeems the Beauties of the Morn to praiſe:
But Man! more void of Gratitude awakes,
And gives no Thanks for that ſweet Reſt he takes,
Looks on the glorious Sun's new-kindled Flame,
Without one Thought of Him from whom it came;
The Wretch unhallow'd does the Day begin,
Shakes off his *Sloth*, but ſhakes not off his *Sin*,

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The sacred CONCERT of PRAISE.

I.

COME, pretty Birds, fly to this verdant Shade;
Here let our different Notes in Praise conspire:
'Twas the same Hand your painted Pinions spread,
That form'd my nobler Powers to raise his Honours higher.

II.

Fair Songsters, come; beneath the sacred Grove
We'll sit and teach the Woods our Maker's Name:
Men have forgot his Works, his Power, his Love,
Forgot the mighty Arm that rear'd their wond'rous Frame.

III.

I search the crouded Court, the busy Street,
Run thro' the Villages, trace every Road:
In vain I search; for every Heart I meet
Is laden with the World, and empty of its GOD.

IV.

How shall I bear with Men to spend my Days?
Dear feather'd Innocents, you please me best:
My GOD has fram'd your Voices for his Praise,
His high Designs are answer'd by your tuneful Breasts.

V.

Sweet Warblers, come, wake all your chearful Tongues;
We join with Angels and their Heavenly Choirs;
Our humble Airs may imitate their Songs,
Tho' bolder are their Notes, and purer are their Fires.

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VI.

Had I ten thouſand Hearts, my God, my Love,
Had I ten thouſand Voices all are thine:
Where Love enflames the Soul, the Lips muſt move,
Nor ſhall the Song be mortal where the Theme's Divine.

VII.

Infinite BEAUTY, *everlaſting* LOVE,
How are our Hearts, our Thoughts, eſtrang'd from thee!
Th' eternal God ſurrounds us; yet we rove
In Chace of airy Toys, and follow as they flee.

VIII.

Oh could I cry, and make the Nations hear,
From *North* to *South* my Voice ſhould teach thy Name:
I'd tell them that they buy their Joys too dear,
And pay immortal Souls for glittering Duſt or Fame.

IX.

ALMIGHTY POWER, break off theſe Chains of Senſe,
Melt them away with Love's celeſtial Fire,
Create the World anew; let Man commence
A Seraph here on Earth, let Man to Heaven aſpire.

The Council of HORSES.

A FABLE.

UPON a Time a neighing Steed,
Who graz'd among a num'rous Breed,
With Mutiny had fir'd the Train,
And ſpread Diſſenſion through the Plain.
On Matters that concern'd the State
The Council met in grand Debate.

A Colt,

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A Colt, whoſe Eye-Balls flam'd with Ire,
Elate with Strength and youthful Fire,
In haſte ſtept forth before the reſt,
And thus the liſt'ning Throng addreſt.
Good Gods! how abject is our Race,
Condemn'd to Slav'ry and Diſgrace!
Shall we our Servitude retain,
Becauſe our Sires have born the Chain?
Conſider, Friends, your Strength and Might;
'Tis Conqueſt to aſſert your Right.
How cumb'rous is the gilded Coach!
The Pride of Man is our Reproach.
Were we deſign'd for daily Toil,
To drag the Plough-ſhare through the Soil,
To ſweat in Harneſs through the Road,
To groan beneath the Carrier's Load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd Kind!
What Force is in our Nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler Jaws ſubmit
To foam and champ the galling Bit?
Shall haughty Man my Back beſtride?
Shall the ſharp Spur provoke my Side?
Forbid it Heav'ns! Reject the Rein,
Your Shame, your Infamy diſdain.
Let him the Lion firſt controul,
And ſtill the Tiger's famiſh'd Growl:
Let us, like them, our Freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our Name.
A general Nod approv'd the Cauſe,
And all the Circle neigh'd Applauſe.
When, lo, with grave and ſolemn Pace
A Steed advanc'd before the Race,
With Age, and long Experience wiſe,
Around he caſt his thoughtful Eyes,
And, to the Murmurs of the Train,
Thus ſpoke the *Neſtor* of the Plain.
When I had Health and Strength, like you,
The Toils of Servitude I knew;
Now grateful Man rewards my Pains,
And gives me all theſe wide Domains;

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At Will I crop the Year's Increase,
My latter Life is Rest and Peace.
I grant to Man we lend our Pains,
And aid him to correct the Plains:
But doth not he divide the Care,
Through all the Labours of the Year?
How many thousand Structures rise,
To fence us from inclement Skies!
For us he bears the sultry Day,
And stores up all our Winter's Hay;
He sows, he reaps the Harvest's Gain,
We share the Toil and share the Grain.
Since ev'ry Creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual Need,
Appease your discontented Mind,
And act the Part by Heav'n assign'd.
The Tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted,
And, like his Ancestors was bitted.

Remarkable Particulars in MUSCOVY.

AS one of the chief Rarities of this Country, we may reckon that strange Sort of Melon found in or near to *Astracan*, *Casan*, and *Samara*. Some of the Natives term it *Boranetz*, (i. e. the Little Lamb) others *Zoophyton*, which signifies the Animal Plant. The first Title would seem most proper, because in Figure it resembles a Lamb, and such is its vegetable Heat, that (according to the vulgar Manner of Expression) it consumes and eats up all the Grass, or rather Herbs within its Reach. As the Fruit doth ripen, the Stalk decays, and is covered with a Substance exactly the same with Wool that is short and curling. A Part of the Skin of this remarkable Plant (vulgarly reckoned a Plant, but disowned by our modern Botanists) is to be seen

ſeen in the King of *Denmark*'s publick Repoſitory of natural Rarities at *Copenhagen*; the inſide of which Skin being dreſſed as Tanners uſually do the fleſhy Side of Lamb Skins, without taking off the Wool, no Man can diſtinguiſh between the Skin of the *Boranetz*, and that of an ordinary Lamb. Wherefore many of the *Muſcovites* uſe the Skin of this rare Vegetable (if we may allow it to be ſuch) inſtead of Furs for lining of their Veſts. As another remarkable Thing of this Country, we may here add, that ſtately Church in *Moſcow*, called *Jeruſalem*, which ſeemed to *John Baſilides* I. (then Czar) ſuch a ſtately Pile of Building, that he ordered the Eyes of the Architect to be put out, that he might never contrive (at leaſt behold) its fellow.

The Air of this Country is very cold, particularly towards the North, where Snow and Ice are uſual for three Quarters of the Year; but in the Southermoſt Provinces they have very ſcorching Heats in the Summer for the Space of ſix Weeks. The oppoſite Place of the Globe to *Muſcovia*, is that Part of the vaſt Pacifick Ocean, between 206 and 235 Degrees of Longitude, with 49 and 70 Degrees of South Latitude.

The Soil of this Country, (it lying in the 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, &c.) Northern Climate) is very different according to the different Situation of its Parts. Here are many Plains, but generally full of Marſhes. Towards the North are vaſt Foreſts: and even where the Ground is cleared of Wood it is for the moſt Part very barren, and ſo extremely cold, that what they ſow doth ſeldom come to due Perfection. In the South-weſt Parts towards *Poland*, the Soil is tolerably good, the Ground there producing ſeveral Sorts of Grain in great Abundance; and it is reported by many, that their Corn is ready for reaping about two Months after it is ſown. The longeſt Day in the Northmoſt Parts of this Country is about two Months, the Sun not ſetting for that Time, when near the Summer Solſtice; the ſhorteſt in the Southmoſt is about nine Hours and a Half, and the Nights proportionable.

This great Country is under its own Prince, who aſſumeth the Title of Czar, which in the *Ruſſian* Language ſignifies Emperor;

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Emperor; yet more commonly is he termed the Great Duke. He is an Hereditary Monarch, and his Government truly Despotical. The Lives and Fortunes of his Subjects are wholly at his Dispofal; and the greateft *Knez*, or Lord within his Dominions, doth acknowledge himfelf his *Galop* or Slave. As he is a Prince of uncontroulable Power, fo alfo he is poffeffed of vaftly extended Dominions, from whence (though much of them be very barren) he draws prodigious Revenues; and thofe not only that accrue from publick Taxes, but likewife from his Monopoly of Sables, and Farming out of publick Inns, Taverns, and Alehoufes (he himfelf being Brewer General) which rifes to a very high Sum, efpecially in a Country where the People are extremely addicted to drinking. The Czar not only exercifeth an uncontroulable Power over his flavifh Subjects, but alfo pretends to a kind of Omnifcience among them, and hath fo fucceeded in this bold Pretence, that the main Body of the People do really believe their Great Duke knoweth all Things. The publick Affairs are chiefly managed by his Great Council (called *Dumnoy Boyaren*) conffifting of the principal Noblemen of the Empire. Here alfo are divers other Councils, or rather Chambers and Courts of Judicature, to which belong their refpective Bufinefs, and each of thefe hath its peculiar Prefident; they are in Number fix, whereof the firft is appointed for Ambaffadors and foreign Negotiations, the fecond for managing military Affairs, the third for the publick Revenues of the Empire, the fourth for the encouraging of Trade and Merchandizing, and the two others for hearing and determining all Caufes both civil and criminal. One laudable Cuftom obtains in *Mufcovia*, (and perhaps the only one that is worthy of Imitation in other Countries) which is, that the *Mufcovitifh* Emperors feldom or never make foreign Matches; but ufe to chooffe for themfelves a Confort from among the Daughters of their own Nobility.

The *Mufcovites* boaft that they profefs Chriftianity, according to the Doctrine of the *Greek* Church in its Purity, but indeed they have mixed with the fame a great many ridiculous Ceremonies and fooliffh Superftitions of their own.

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They render divine Worſhip to the Virgin *Mary*, and other Saints, as alſo to Croſſes, and never commence any Thing of Moment, unleſs they firſt ſign themſelves with the Sign of the Croſs. In Baptiſm they uſe Exorciſm, and always Confeſſion to the Prieſt before they receive the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. All above ſeven Years of Age receive that Sacrament in both Kinds, and they give it in one Kind to Children under that Age. They uſually adminiſter the ſame (as alſo extreme Unction) to Perſons paſt all Hopes of Recovery; but they neither adore the Sacrament, nor believe the ſtrange Doctrine of Tranſubſtantiation. They obſerve fifteen great Feſtivals, beſides a great many Days dedicated to particular Saints. Sermons they never uſe, but only read ſome Portion of Holy Scripture, with St. *Bazil*'s Liturgy, and divers Homilies of St. *Chryſoſtom*. The Chriſtian Faith was firſt planted in this Country towards the latter End of the tenth Century, and that by the preaching of ſome *Greeks* ſent thither by the then Patriarch of *Conſtantinople*. The Commodities of this Country are Furs, Wax, Honey, Tallow, Train Oil, Caviere, Hemp, Flax, Slad, Iron.

An excellent Account of the Nature and Method of brewing ſtrong October *Beer. By an ingenious Hand.*

IN Brewing, your Malt ought to be ſound and good, and, after its Making, to lie two or three Months in the Heap, to come to ſuch a Temper, that the Kernel may readily melt in the Waſhing.

The well Dreſſing your Malt ought to be one chief Care; for unleſs it be freed from the Tails and Duſt, your Drink will not be fine and mellow as when it is clean dreſſed.

The Grinding alſo muſt be conſidered, according to the high

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high or low Drying of the Malt; for, if high dried, then a groſs Grinding is beſt, otherwiſe a ſmaller may be done; for the Care in Grinding conſiſts herein, leſt too much of the Huſks being ground ſmall ſhould mix with the Liquor, which makes groſs Dregs, and conſequently your Drink will have too fierce a Fermentation, and by that Means make it Acid, or what we call Stale.

When your Malt is ground, let it ſtand in Sacks twenty-four Hours at leaſt, to the End that the Heat in Grinding may be allay'd, and it is conceiv'd by its ſo ſtanding that the Kernel will diſſolve the better.

The Meaſure and Quantity we allow of Hops and Malt, is five Quarters of Malt to three Hogſheads of Beer, and eighteen Pounds of Hops at leaſt to that Quantity of Malt; and, if Malt be pale dried, then add three or four Pounds of Hops more.

The Choice of Liquor for Brewing is of conſiderable Advantage in making good Drink, the ſofteſt and cleaneſt Water is to be preferred, your harſh Water is not to be made Uſe of,

You are to boil your firſt Liquor, adding a Handful or two of Hops to it; then before you ſtrike it over to your Goods or Malt, cool in as much Liquor as will bring it to a Temper not to ſcald the Malt, for it is a Fault not to take the Liquor as high as poſſible, but not to ſcald.

The next Liquors, do the ſame.

And, indeed, all your Liquors ought to be taken as high as may be, that is, not to ſcald.

When you let your Wort from your Malt into the Underback, put to it a handful or two of Hops, it will preſerve it from that Accident which Brewers call *Blinking* or *Foxing*.

In boiling your Worts, the firſt Wort boil high or quick; for the quicker the firſt Wort is boiled, the better it is.

The ſecond boil more than the firſt, and the third or laſt more than the ſecond.

In Cooling lay your Worts thin, and let each be well cooled, and Care muſt be taken in letting them down into the Tun, that you do it leiſurely, to the End that as little of

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the *Faces* or Sediment which causes the Fermentation to be fierce or mild. For note, there are, in all fermented Liquors, Salt and Sulphur, and to keep these two Bodies in a due Proportion, that the Salt does not exalt itself above the Sulphur, consists a great Part of the Art in Brewing.

When your Wort is first let into your Tun, put but a little Yeast to it, and let it work by Degrees, quietly; and, if you find it works but moderately, whip in the Yeast two or three Times or more, till you find your Drink well fermented; for, without a full Opening of the Body by Fermentation, it will not be perfectly fine, nor will it drink clean and light.

When you cleanse, do it by a Cock from your Tun, placed six Inches from the Bottom, to the End that most of the Sediment may be left behind, which may be thrown on your Malt to mend your small Beer.

When your Drink is tunned, fill your Vessel full, let it work at the Bung-hole, and have a Reserve in a small Cask to fill it up, and do not put any of the Drink which will be under the Yeast after it is worked over into your Vessels, but put it by itself in another Cask, for it will not be so good as your other in the Cask.

This done, you must wait for the finishing of your Fermentation, then stop it close, and let it stand till the Spring; for Brewing ought to be done in the Month of *October*, that it may have Time to settle and digest all the Winter Season.

In the Spring you must unstop your Vent-hole, and thereby see whether your Drink doth ferment or not; for, as soon as the warm Weather comes, your Drink will have another Fermentation, which, when it is over, let it be well stopped and stand till *September* or longer, and then peg it; and, if you find it pretty fine, and the Hop well rotted, and of a good pleasant Taste for Drinking:

Then, and not before, draw out a Gallon of it, put to it, two Ounces of Ising-glass, cut small, and well beaten to melt, stirring it often, and whip it with a Whisk till the Ising-glass be melted; then strain it and put it into your Vessel, stirring it well together, stop the Bung slightly, for

this will cauſe a new and ſmall Fermentation; when that is over ſtop it cloſe, leaving only the Vent-hole a little ſtopped, let it ſtand, and in ten Days, or a little more, it will be tranſparently fine, and you may drink of it out of the Veſſel till two Parts in three be drawn; then bottle the reſt, which will in a little Time come to drink very well.

If your Drink in *September* be well conditioned for Taſte, but not fine, and you deſire to drink it preſently, rack it before you put your Iſing-glaſs to it, and then it will fine the better, and drink the cleaner,

To make Drink fine quickly, I have been told that by ſeparating the Liquor from the *Fæces*, when the Wort is let out of the Tun into the Under-back, it may be done in this Manner; when you let your Wort into your Under-back out of your Tun, catch the Wort in ſome Tub ſo long, and as often as you find it run foul; put that ſo catched on the Malt again, and do ſo till the Wort run clear into the Under-back. This is to me a very good Way (where it may be done) for it is the *Fæces* which cauſe the fierce and violent Fermentation, and to hinder that in ſome Meaſure is the Way to have fine Drink. *Note*, That the finer you make your Wort, the ſooner your Drink will be fine, for I have heard that ſome, curious in Brewing, have cauſed Flannels to be ſo placed, that all the Wort may run through one or more of them into the Tun before Working, by which Means the Drink was made very fine and well-taſted.

An extraordinary Increaſe of Corn by Help of an Infuſion, the Receipt thereof, and Manner of Uſe; the Diſtance and Depth of Setting; in a Letter from an ingenious Gentleman.

SIR,

UPON reading ſome of your Papers of Huſbandry, I called to Mind ſome Experiments which I made about three Years ſince, upon Wheat and Barley, which being

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ing ſteep'd in a certain Liquor, and then ſet, produced an extraordinary Increaſe. The Liquor was made thus; I took a convenient Quantity of Rain Water, in which I diſſolved Stone Lime about two Pounds to a Gallon; I let it ſtand two or three Days, ſtirring it thrice a Day; I poured off the Water into another Veſſel, and to every Gallon of Lime Water I put about four Ounces of common Nitre, and a Pound of Pigeons Dung, mixing them well together, and ſtirring them three or four Times a Day for the Space of four Days, and then ſtrain'd out the Liquor to keep for Uſe; and the Uſe I made of it was this, I took a Handful of Wheat and put into a Quart of this Liquor to ſteep, and when it had lain about eighteen Hours I took the Wheat out, and laid it to dry in the Air for the Space of one Day, then ſteep'd it in the Liquor a ſecond Time about twelve Hours, and having laid it to dry, as above, I ſteeped it a third Time about ſix Hours, and then ſet it in my Garden, which was but common Earth; I ſet it in ſingle Grains about ten Inches apart, and a Finger deep; I do not remember whether every Grain came up or not, tho' I think very few failed, thoſe which did grow, produced an Increaſe beyond Expectation; from ſeveral Grains I had ſixty or ſeventy, and from one eighty Stalks, with very large Ears full of large Corn; many of the Ears, being ſix Inches long, had above ſixty Grains, and, as I remember, none leſs than forty. This I ſhewed to ſeveral Perſons of *Southampton*, where it grew, and particularly to Mr. *Peter Bulkly*, and Mr. *Roger Fairbrother*, Vicar of *Holy Rhoods*. I ſteeped my Barley alſo in the ſame Liquor, and found the Increaſe extraordinary, ſome Grains produced each above ſixty Ears.

Tho. Everard.

* With ſome of the Liquor made with Salt Petre, Lime, and Pigeons Dung, Mr. *Everard* watered ſeveral Trees and Plants in his Garden, and found them grow and flouriſh much faſter than any others of the ſame Kind. He alſo watered Auriculas and Carnations with the ſame Sort of Liquor, but found no Effect extraordinary, but that it kill'd the Worms that uſed to deſtroy the Roots of ſuch Flowers.

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One Mr. *Dickenſon*, a Friend of his, that then lived in *Southampton*, told him he ſet a Branch of Roſemary about two Inches long, and when it began to grow, he watered it with the like nitrous Liquor, and that Summer it grew to be near three Foot high, and a very large ſpreading Buſh, and he told him he watered it but twice all the Summer.

WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month of September.

In the *KITCHEN-GARDEN*.

SOW Spaniſh Radiſh for the Winter; Spinach to be cut in February; make Plantations of Dutch Brown Lettuce to ſtand the Winter; ſow Sorrel and ſmall Herbs for Sallads, and ſow Naſturtium Indicum in Pots. Replant Endive, and all Sorts of fibrous-rooted Herbs; earth up Sallery, and raiſe Banks of Earth about your Chardons for blanching; tranſplant Aſparagus Roots; make Plantations of Cabbages and Coleworts; tranſplant young Cauliflower Plants in Places where they are to flower, and in Nurſeries under warm Walls, or Places of Shelter; and now tranſplant Strawberries. Make Beds for Muſhrooms; cover every Night your Cucumbers ſown in July. If the Seaſon be dry, water your Plants and Herbs in the Mornings; give your Turnips the firſt Houghing; earth up your Winter Plants, prepare Compoſitions, and furniſh your Garden with every Thing neceſſary for Winter Uſe.

Gather Leek Seeds, if they are black, cutting the Heads from the Stems, and ſpreading them upon a Sheet in the Sun every Day, till they are fit to be beat out; gather all ſmall Seeds now ripe; gather the Pods of Garden and Kidney Beans, and expoſe them in the Sun for drying, but keep them laid up in the Pods till uſed. Peaſe are to be preſerved

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in the ſame Manner, and they will then be better for ſetting in the Seaſon. All Seeds, not throughly dried when laid up, will rot.

Cucumbers now ripe muſt be cut open, and the Seeds and Pulp taken out of them, which are to lie two or three Days together before they are waſhed, then keep the Seed in Water twenty-four Hours, after that lay it in the Sun to dry ten Days or more, before you lay it up.

In the *FRUIT-GARDEN.*

You may now inoculate Pears, and releaſe the Buds inoculated the laſt Month. Now gather ripe Fruits, and ſuch as are full grown, and in good Condition to be laid up; ſuch as are fit to gather will eaſily quit the Tree, therefore uſe no Violence to pull them off. The laſt Week of this Month, in moiſt Weather, you may plant Fruit-Trees, though their Leaves are not fallen, ſuch as Peaches, Apricots, Nectarines, and other Stone Fruit; but Pears, Apples, &c. are to be delayed till the Middle of the next Month. Fruits againſt the Wall of the forcing Frame muſt now be pruned and trained cloſe to the Wall or Eſpalier.

In the *FLOWER-GARDEN.*

Sow the Seeds of bulbous-rooted Plants, as Tulips, Anemonies, Renunculuſes, bulbous Iris, Martagons, Croculſes, and Fritillaries; and it is now a good Time to put into the Ground ſome Anemony and Renunculus Roots to blow early. About the End of the Month put in ſome Tulip Roots, eſpecially the Breeders, but give them not rich Ground, becauſe it is Want of Nouriſhment occaſions the Variegations in Plants; and Bulbs are every Year taken out of the Ground to preſerve their Variegations; therefore plant breeding Tulips in a Compoſt of half natural Ground, and half Rubbiſh of old Houſes, or elſe plant them in poor Ground near ſome Trees. Plant Junquil Roots, and let them ſtand two or three Years in the ſame Place; ſow Poppies, Pionies, Larkſpurs, Annual Stocks, Mulleins, Candy Tufts, and Venus

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Venus Looking-glaſs, to bloſſom early in the Spring; ſow Stock July-flowers, tranſplant fibrous-rooted Flowers, which have done blowing, and cut down the Flower-Stems of thoſe which are to remain growing within three Inches of the Ground. Continue to take off Carnation Layers; tranſplant all Sorts of flowering Shrubs, and make Layers of them, ſuch as Honeyſuckles, Jeſſamines, Virgins Bower, Virginian Dogwood, Periwinkle, &c. Alſo plant Evergreens, as Yews, Box, Hollies, and ſuch like, if they riſe with good Roots; but Auguſt is the moſt proper Seaſon. Now ſtake your Flowers and Trees, expecting windy Weather.

The PROSPECT.

I.

WHAT a ſtrange *Moment* will *that* be
My Soul, how full of Curioſity,
When wing'd and ready for thy eternal Flight
On th' utmoſt Edges of thy tott'ring Clay,
Hovering and wiſhing longer Stay
Thou ſhalt advance, and have *Eternity* in *Sight!*
When juſt about to try that unknown Sea,
What a ſtrange *Moment* will *that* be!

II.

But yet how much *more* ſtrange that State,
When looſen'd from th' Embrace of this cloſe Mate
Thou ſhalt at *once* be *plung'd* in Liberty,
And move as ſwift and active as a Ray
Shot from the lucid *Spring* of Day!
Thou who juſt now was clogg'd with dull Mortality,
How wilt thou bear the mighty Change, how know
Whether thou'rt then the *ſame* or no!

III.

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III.

Then to strange Mansions of the Air,
And stranger Company must thou repair!
What a new Scene of Things will then appear!
This World thou by *Degrees* wast taught to know,
Which *lessen'd* thy Surprize below,
But Knowledge all at *once* will *overflow* thee *there*:
That World as the *first* Man did *this*, thou'lt see,
Ripe-grown, in full Maturity.

IV.

There with bright Splendors must thou dwell,
And be---what only those pure Forms can tell;
There must thou live a while, gaze and admire,
Till the great Angel's Trump this Fabrick shake,
And all the slumb'ring Dead awake,
Then to thy old, forgotten State must thou retire:
This Union then will seem as strange, or more,
Than thy new Liberty before.

V.

Now for the greatest Change prepare,
To see the only Great, the only Fair;
Vail now thy feeble Eyes, gaze and be blest;
Here all thy Turns and Revolutions cease,
Here's all Serenity and Peace:
Thou'rt to the *Center* come, the native Seat of *Rest*;
There's now no further Change, nor need there be;
When *One* shall be *Variety*.

An HYMN.

I.

BEfore the rosy Dawn of Day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing;
Awake, my soft and tuneful Lyre!
Awake, each charming String! Awake!

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II.

Awake! and let thy flowing Strain
Glide through the Midnight Air,
While high amidst her silent Orb
The silver Moon rolls clear.

III.

While all the glitt'ring starry Lamps
Are lighted in the Sky,
And set their Maker's Greatness forth
To thy admiring Eye:

IV.

While watchful Angels round the Just
As nightly Guardians wait,
In lofty Strains of grateful Praise
Thy Spirit elevate.

V.

Awake, my soft and tuneful Lyre!
Awake each charming String!
Before the rosy Dawn of Day,
To thee, my God, I'll sing.

VI.

Thou round the heav'nly Arch dost draw
A dark and sable Vail,
And all the Beauties of the World
From Mortal Eyes conceal.

VII.

Again, the Sky with golden Beams
Thy skilful Hands adorn,
And paint, with chearful Splendor gay,
The fair ascending Morn.

VIII.

And as the gloomy Night returns,
Or smiling Day renews,
Thy constant Goodness still my Soul
With Benefits pursues.

IX.

For this I'll Midnight Vows to thee,
With early Incense bring;
And e'en the rosy Dawn of Day
Thy lofty Praises sing.

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On the LAST DAY.

THE fatal Period, the great Hour is come,
And Nature ſhrinks at her approaching Doom;
Loud Peals of Thunder give the Sign, and all
Heav'n's Terrors in Array ſurround the Ball;
Sharp Lightnings with the Meteor's Blaze conſpire,
And darted downward ſet the World on Fire,
Black riſing Clouds the thicken'd *Æther* choke,
And ſpiry Flames ſhoot thro' the rolling Smoke,
With keen Vibrations cut the ſullen Night,
And ſtrike the darken'd Sky with dreadful Light;
From Heav'n's four Regions with immortal Force
Angels drive on the Winds impetuous Courſe
T'enrage the Flame; it ſpreads, it ſoars on high,
Swells in the Storm, and billows through the Sky,
Here winding Pyramids of Fire aſcend,
Cities and Deſarts in one Ruin blend;
Here blazing Volumes wafted, overwhelm
The ſpacious Face of a far diſtant Realm:
There, undermin'd, down ruſh eternal Hills,
The neighbouring Vales the vaſt Deſtruction fills.

Hear'ſt thou that dreadful Crack? that Sound which broke
Like Peals of Thunder, and the Centre ſhook?
What Wonders muſt that Groan of Nature tell?
Olympus * there, and mightier *Atlas* * fell;
Which ſeem'd above the Reach of Fate to ſtand,
A tow'ring Monument of God's Right Hand:
Now Duſt and Smoak, whoſe Brow ſo lately ſpread
O'er ſhelter'd Countries its diffuſive Shade.

High midſt the Clouds the boiling Ocean roars,
And looks far down on his decreaſing Shores;
Leviathans in plaintive Thunder cry,
In diſtant diſmal Pants, the long-liv'd Echoes die.

* *Olympus* and *Atlas* ſuppoſed to be two of the higheſt Mountains in the World.

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Shew me that celebrated Spot, where all
The various Rulers of the ſever'd Ball.
Have humbly ſought Wealth, Honour, and Redreſs,
That Land which Heav'n ſeem'd diligent to bleſs,
Once call'd *Britannia*: Can her Glories end?
And can't ſurrounding Seas her Realms defend?
Alas! in Flames behold ſurrounding Seas!
And all their Waters but augment the Blaze.

Some Angel ſay, Where ran proud *Aſia*'s Bound,
Or where with Fruits was fair *Europa* crown'd?
Where ſtretch'd fair *Lybia*? where did *India*'s Store
Sparkle in Diamonds, and her golden Ore?
Each loſt in each, their mingling Kingdoms glow,
And all diſſolv'd, one fiery Deluge flow:
Thus Earth's contending Monarchies are join'd,
And a full Period of Ambition find.

And now whate'er or ſwims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of Sea, or Earth, or Skies;
All on whom ADAM's Wiſdom fix'd a Name,
All plung'd, and periſh in the conquering Flame.

This Globe alone would but defraud the Fire,
Starve its devouring Rage: The Flakes aſpire
And catch the Clouds, and make the Heav'ns their Prey;
The Sun, the Moon, the Stars all melt away,
And leave a mighty Blank: Involv'd in Flame,
The whole Creation ſinks! the glorious Frame,
In which ten thouſand Worlds in radiant Dance,
Orb above Orb their wond'rous Courſe advance,
By that o'er-ruling Hand, which kindled all
The Stars, and rounded in its Palm the Ball,
Is cruſh'd and loſt; no Monument, no Sign,
Where once ſo proudly blaz'd the gay Machine.
So Bubbles on the foaming Stream expire,
So Sparks that ſcatter from the kindling Fire;
The Devaſtations, of one dreadful Hour,
The Great Creator's Six Days Work devour.

Now

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How rich that God who can ſuch Charge defray,
And bear to fling ten thouſand Worlds away?
Great Wealth! and yet (ye Nations hear) one Soul
Has more to boaſt, and far outweighs the whole;
Exalted in ſuperior Excellence,
Caſts down to nothing ſuch a vaſt Expence.
Have ye not ſeen th' Eternal Mountains nod,
An Earth diſſolving, a deſcending GOD?
What ſtrange Surprizes thro' all Nature ran?
For whom theſe Revolutions, but for Man?
For him Omnipotence new Meaſures takes,
For him through all Eternity awakes;
Pours on him Gifts ſufficient to ſupply
Heav'n's Loſs, and with freſh Glories fill the Sky.

Think deeply then, O Man, how great thou art,
Pay thyſelf Homage with a trembling Heart;
What Angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thy ſelf, affront not God's Reſpect.
Enter the ſacred Temple of thy Breaſt,
And gaze, and wonder there a raviſh'd Gueſt;
Gaze on thoſe hidden Treaſures thou ſhalt find,
Wander thro' all the Glories of thy Mind.
Of perfect Knowledge, ſee, the dawning Light
Foretells a Noon moſt exquiſitely bright!
Here, Springs of endleſs Joy are breaking forth!
There, buds the Promiſe of celeſtial Worth!
Worth, which muſt ripen in a happier Clime,
And brighter *Sun*, beyond the Bounds of Time.
Thou, Minor, canſt not gueſs thy vaſt Eſtate,
What Stores, on foreign Coaſts, thy Landing wait.
Loſe not thy Claim, let Virtue's Paths be trod;
Thus glad all Heav'n, and pleaſe that bounteous GOD,
Who to light thee to Pleaſures, hung on high
Yon radiant Orb, proud Regent of the Sky:
That Service done, its Beams ſhall fade away,
And GOD ſhine forth in one *Eternal* DAY.

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The MISER *and* PLUTUS.

A FABLE.

THE Wind was high; the Window ſhakes,
With ſudden Start the Miſer wakes,
Along the ſilent Room he ſtalks,
Looks back and trembles as he walks,
Each Lock and ev'ry Bolt he tries,
In ev'ry Creek and Corner pries,
Then opes the Cheſt with Treaſure ſtor'd,
And ſtands in Raptures o'er his Hoard.
But now, with ſudden Qualms poſſeſt,
He wrings his Hands, he beats his Breaſt,
By Conſcience ſtung he wildly ſtares,
And thus his guilty Soul declares.
Had the deep Earth her Stores confin'd,
This Heart had known ſweet Peace of Mind.
But Virtue's ſold. Good Gods, what Price
Can recompence the Pangs of Vice!
O Bane of Good! ſeducing Cheat!
Can Man, weak Man, thy Power defeat?
Gold baniſh'd Honour from the Mind,
And only left the Name behind;
Gold ſow'd the World with ev'ry Ill;
Gold taught the Murd'rer's Sword to kill;
'Twas Gold inſtructed coward Hearts,
In Treach'ry's more pernicious Arts;
Who can recount the Miſchiefs o'er?
Virtue reſides on Earth no more!
He ſpoke, and ſigh'd. In angry Mood
*Plutus**, his God, before him ſtood;
The Miſer trembling lock'd his Cheſt,
The Viſion frown'd, and thus addreſt.
Whence is this vile ungrateful Rant?
Each ſordid Raſcal's daily Cant:
Did I, baſe Wretch, corrupt Mankind?
The Fault's in thy rapacious Mind.

Becauſe

* The fabulous God of Riches.

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Becauſe my Bleſſings are abus'd,
Muſt I be cenſur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n Virtue's Self by Knaves is made
A Cloke to carry on the Trade,
And Power (when lodg'd in their Poſſeſſion)
Grows Tyranny, and rank Oppreſſion.
Thus when the Villain crams his Cheſt,
Gold is the Canker of the Breaſt;
'Tis Av'rice, Inſolence, and Pride,
And ev'ry ſhocking Vice beſide.
But when to virtuous Hands 'tis given,
It bleſſes, like the Dews of Heaven,
Like Heav'n, it hears the Orphan's Cries,
And wipes the Tears from Widows Eyes.
Their Crimes on Gold ſhall Miſers lay,
Who pawn'd their ſordid Souls for pay?
Let Bravos then (when Blood is ſpilt)
Upbraid the paſſive Sword with Guilt.

The Way they fat Lambs *in* Hertfordſhire *for* London Market.

THEY take the Lambs as ſoon as yeaned, and put them in a clean, warm Pen; place a Trough by them full of white Peaſe and Bran mixed together; hang near it, a Handful of fine Hay, tied in a Cord, and a Chalk Stone for them to lick on. The Ewes are turned into good Graſs, and brought up to the Lambs at eight in the Morning, ten, four and eight o' Clock at Night, to ſuckle them; in the Management of which they begin with the youngeſt, and end with the eldeſt Lamb, becauſe it is found that the laſt Milk fattens moſt: Every Lamb is permitted to ſuck as much as it will; by which Means they become very delicate

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licate Meat, and at three Weeks old ſell for a good Price if early in the Seaſon.

Sir Robert Southwell's *Method to make* Fruit *and* Flowers *grow in the Winter*; *alſo his Manner of preſerving* Fruit *and* Flowers *the whole Year.*

TAKE up Trees by the Roots in the Spring, juſt as they put forth their Buds, preſerving ſome of their own Earth about the Roots; ſet them ſtanding upright in a Cellar untill *Michaelmas*; then put them into Veſſels with an Addition of more Earth, and bring them into a Stove, taking Care to moiſten the Earth every Morning with Rain Water, in a Quart of which you muſt diſſolve the Bigneſs of a Walnut of *Sal Armoniac*, and about *Lent* Fruit will appear.

As to Flowers, take good Earthen Pots, and therein ſow your Seed at *Michaelmas*, watering in the ſame Manner with the like Water, and by *Chriſtmas* you will have Flowers, as Tulips, Lillies, *&c.*

This and the other may be done in a good warm Kitchen, and ſuch Days as the Sun ſhines you may ſet them forth for ſome Hours.

Take Saltpetre one Pound, Bole Armoniac two Pounds, ordinary clean Sand three Pounds; mix all together, and obſerve this Proportion in other Quantities. Then, in dry Weather, take Fruit of any Sort that is not fully ripe, each with its Stalk; put them in, one by one, into an open Glaſs, till it be full; and then cover it with an oily Cloth, cloſe tied down; then in a dry Cellar put each of theſe Glaſſes four Fingers under Ground, and ſo as that quite round each Glaſs, and above and below, there remain two Fingers thick of the ſaid Mixture. Flowers alſo may be uſed in the ſame Manner.

Rules *for preſerving* Health *in* Eating *and* Drinking.

ALL aged and decrepid Perſons ought to eat often, and but a little at a Time, becauſe weak and waſted Bodies are to be reſtored by little and little; and by moiſt

and.

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and liquid Food alſo, rather than by ſolid, becauſe moiſt and liquid Diet does nouriſh ſooneſt, and digeſt eaſieſt.

When ſtruck in Years ſtrong Drink forbear,
Eſpecially of Wine beware;
Old Men of Moiſture want Supplies.
And Wine of all Sorts heats and dries.

Keep conſtantly to a plain Diet; thoſe enjoy moſt Health, and live longeſt, that avoid Curioſity and Variety of Meats and Drinks, which only ſerve to entice to Gluttony.

Accuſtom, early in your Youth,
To lay Embargo on your Mouth;
And let no Rarities invite
To pall and glut your Appetite;
But check it always, and give o'er,
With a Deſire of eating more:
For, where one dies by Inanition,
A thouſand periſh by Repletion.

The leſs Food the ſick Perſon eats, the ſooner he will recover; for it is a true Saying, *The more you fill foul Bodies, the more you hurt them.*

To miſs a Meal ſometimes is good,
It ventilates and cools the Blood;
Gives Nature Time to clean her Streets
From Filth and Crudities of Meats;
For too much Meat the Bowels fur,
And Faſting's Nature's Scavenger.

All Men find by Experience, that, in the Morning before they have eaten, they are light and pleaſantly eaſy in their Bodies; but, after they have indulged their Appetites with Plenty of Food, they find themſelves heavy and dull, and often ſleepy: Which ſufficiently ſhews, that thoſe full Meals are prejudicial to the Welfare of the Body.

The moſt unhealthy are found among thoſe who feed high upon the moſt delicious Dainties, and drink nothing but the ſtrongeſt

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ſtrongeſt and moſt ſpirituous Liquors; whereas others, who want this delicate Fare, are ſeldom ſick, unleſs they have ſuch unſatiable Appetites as to eat too much.

To ſup ſparingly is moſt healthful, becauſe of the Experience of an infinite Number of Perſons who have received the greateſt Benefit from light Suppers. The Stomach being not overburdened, the Sleep is more pleaſant; from ſparing Suppers the breeding of thoſe Humours is prevented, which cauſe Defluxions, Rheumatiſms, Gouts, Dropſies, Giddineſs, and Corruption in the Mouth from the Scurvy.

Let Supper little be and light;
But none makes, always, the beſt Night:
It gives ſweet Sleep without a Dream,
Leaves Morning's Mouth ſweet, moiſt, and clean.

Many Indiſpoſitions are cured by faſting, or a very ſpare Diet.

That Men in Health may prevent Diſeaſes, I adviſe, that one Meal ſhould not be eaten, till the other, which was eaten before, was paſſed off clean out of the Stomach; which never is done till the Appetite of Hunger is found to call for another Supply: By Means of which conſtant Obſervation, the Food will be converted to good Chyle, and from good Chyle, which is a Milk-like Subſtance, good Blood will be bred, and from good Blood generous Spirits will be produced, on which a healthy Conſtitution will enſue; but, on the contrary, when too great a Quantity of Food is taken for Pleaſure only, which the Stomach cannot well digeſt, the Chyle will be raw and corrupt, which will foul the Blood, and render the Body diſordered and unhealthy.

Till Hunger pinches, never eat;
And then on plain, not ſpiced Meat:
Deſiſt, before you eat your fill;
Drink to dilute, but not to ſwill;
So no Ructations you will feel.

Two Meals a Day is ſaid to be ſufficient for all Perſons

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after fifty Years of Age, and all weak People; and the omitting of Suppers does always conduce much to the Health of the Weak and Aged. Miſers, who eat and drink but little, always live long.

It was the Opinion of an eminent Perſon, formerly Phyſician to St. *Bartholomew's* Hoſpital, that Faſting, Reſt, and drinking Water, would cure moſt Diſeaſes. And there ſeemeth to be a great deal of Reaſon in what he aſſerted: For Faſting will give Time to the Stomach to unload itſelf of the Cauſe of Diſtempers, the Cauſe of all Diſeaſes being begun in the Bowels only; to cleanſing of which, the drinking of Water plentifully will much contribute.

In ſhort, Temperance or a ſpare Diet, void of Dainties, never was injurious to the ſtrongeſt Conſtitution; and, without it, ſuch as are weak and ſickly cannot long ſubſiſt; for the more ſuch Perſons eat and drink, the more weak and diſordered they will ſtill find themſelves to be: So that if the ſtrong deſpiſe Temperance, yet the Comfort of weak, ſickly, and pining People, does depend entirely upon their conſtant obſerving it; which, when they are accuſtomed to it, will be eaſy to do: So that they will deny all intemperate Deſires with as great Pleaſure, as they before delighted in what is falſly ſtiled good Eating and Drinking; for nothing of that is good which is injurious to Health. It is Cuſtom only that makes Men hanker after Gluttony and Drunkenneſs, and a contrary Cuſtom will make Men abhor it as much: And therefore it is a Wonder the Rich do not ſtrive to attain to it; for,

A fatal Error 'tis in Men of Wealth,
To feed ſo high as will deſtroy their Health.

Temperance being that which will enable them to live moſt at Eaſe, and enjoy their Wealth the longeſt; this, and Water-drinking, being the ſureſt Way to bring Men to old Age, though it hath not the Power to make thoſe young who are aged, yet it will make the Aged more free from Decrepidneſs, and die with more Eaſe, if the Death-Bed hath been well-prepared for by a good Life.

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We shall therefore conclude with the facetious Dr. *Bayard*'s Advice:

So Reader, if thou art so wise
To put in Practice this Advice,
The World shall wonder to behold
Thou look'st so young, and art so old.

WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month of October.

In the *KITCHEN-GARDEN*

IN the first Week of this Month sow Cucumbers in the natural Ground, to be transplanted into Pots, for the Convenience of Sheltering from Cold, till a hot Bed is prepared for them; this is better than to begin in *January*. Sow Kidney Beans in Baskets, under a South Wall, to be afterwards forwarded, by a hot Bed, for early Use; sow Hotspur Peas and Beans, and Spanish Beans, in some well-expos'd Border, under a Wall or Hedge; sow Radishes in some warm Place, to draw early in the Spring, and Cresses, Lettuce, Mustard, Spinach, and other small Sallads, on a decayed hot Bed; and put Roots of Mint in a gentle hot Bed for Winter Sallads.

Make Plantations of cabbaged Lettuce, for Winter Use; transplant Cabbage and Cauliflower Plants; take up those Cauliflower Plants that begin to flower, tie their Leaves together, and bury their Stalks and Roots in Sand, in a Cellar, or some cool Place; cut Artichokes with long Stalks, and preserve them in the House, by setting their Stalks in Sand; earth up and dress such Artichokes as have done blowing, and continue to earth up Sellery for blanching.

Now lay up Roots for Winter Store, as Carrots and Parsnips; but leave Turnips in the Ground till you use them.

Carry

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Carry Dung into your Garden, and spread it abroad to rot, and that the Rain may wash into the Ground the sectile Part of it before the Spring. Make Plantations of Gooseberries, Currants, and Raspberries, from Suckers, or from Cuttings; and secure all tender Things, as well as you can, from Cold.

In the *FRUIT-GARDEN.*

Now plant Peaches, Apricots, and other Fruit Trees, in untried Earth, because Dung is hurtful to them. If the Season be wet, raise the Borders, and plant the Trees high; for if Water stagnates in Winter, it will kill Apricots and Peaches that stand in it. Vines should be planted against Walls, not above four or five Feet high, and stand six or seven Yards asunder, in Soil, or Compost, of one Half natural, rich, warm Earth, and the other Half Rubbish of old Buildings, Sea-Coal Ashes, or Drift-Sand. About the Middle of this Month sow Cyder-Pressings in Beds of fresh Earth, to raise Stocks for grafting, and even making Orchards without grafting; and from a Nursery of this Kind you may have as many different Sorts of Apples as you raise Plants, tho' the Seed comes all from the same Tree.

Make Plantations of Apples, grafted upon Paradise Stocks in Pots, they will bear when the Trees are very small, and very much set off an Entertainment, being placed on a Table, with their Fruit growing, among Dishes of other Fruit. Transplant Trees of all Sorts; lay up Acorns and Mast in Sand; bare the Roots of old, unthriving, and hasty blowing Trees, and stir up new-planted Ground. Lay in a good Stock of untried Earth, to be ready upon all Occasions, for Fruit Trees, Ever-greens, and Flowers.

In the *FLOWER-GARDEN.*

Plant Anemonies and Renunculuses, and as soon as they appear defend them from Winds and Frosts with dry Straw or Mats; make an End of putting Tulips in the Ground; continue to lay and transplant Roses and flowering Shrubs, and to plant Cuttings of Jessamines and Honeysuckles in

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shady Borders. Sow the Berries of Yew, Holly, and other Ever-greens, prepared in Earth or Sand; and if the Season be mild, prune these Kinds of Plants. Set Pots of Carnations, now blowing in your Green-House, near the Door, and cleanse your Walks from Leaves.

An HYMN.

I.

THOU didst, O mighty GOD, exist
E'er Time begun it's Race,
Before the ample Elements
Fill'd up the Voids of Space.

II.

Before the pond'rous earthly Globe
In fluid Air was stay'd,
Before the Ocean's mighty Springs
Their liquid Stores display'd:

III.

E'er thro' the Gloom of ancient Night
The Streaks of Light appear'd;
Before the high celestial Arch,
Or starry Poles were rear'd:

IV.

Before the loud melodious Spheres
Their tuneful Round begun,
Before the shining Roads of Heav'n
Were measured by the Sun:

V.

E'er thro' the empyrean Courts
One Hallelujah rung,
Or to their Harps the Sons of Light
Extatic Anthems sung:

VI.

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VI.

E'er Men ador'd, or Angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous Name;
Thy Bliſs (O ſacred Spring of Life!)
And Glory was the ſame.

VII.

And when the Pillars of the World
With ſudden Ruin break,
And all this vaſt and goodly Frame
Sinks in the mighty Wreck;

VIII.

When from her Orb the Moon ſhall ſtart,
The aſtoniſh'd Sun roll back,
While all the trembling ſtarry Lamps
Their ancient Courſe forſake:

IX.

For ever permanent and fix'd,
From Agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlaſting Years
Shall thy Exiſtence be.

REFLECTIONS *in* SICKNESS.

I.

TILL now, my SOUL, this earthly Load
Was healthy, ſound, and ſtrong;
My even Spirits gently flow'd,
Smooth roll'd Life's Tide along.

II.

My Eyes with ardent Brightneſs ſhone,
My Cheeks gay Roſes grac'd,
My Nerves retain'd their wonted Tone
With active Vigour brac'd.

III.

But now how chang'd! my Fabrick reels
Scarce equal to the Weight,
My Heart with rapid Motion feels
Each Pulſe diſorder'd beat.

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IV.

Dim roll my Eyes, my Viſage fades,
My hollow Cheeks decay,
Each Part the dire Diſeaſe invades,
And Nature pines away.

V.

To Day the gaudy Flow'r we view
In blooming Beauty riſe,
To Morrow, touch'd with baneful Dew,
It languiſhes and dies.

VI.

Turn then, my SOUL, thy Thoughts to GOD,
Who made this brittle Frame,
For Life depends upon his Nod,
And Health is in his Name.

VII.

'Tis HE, HE only can reſtrain
My Blood's impetuous Tide,
HE who repell'd th' incroaching Main,
And bad it's Rage ſubſide.

VIII.

HE can reſume (whoſe Will be done)
That Breath his Bounty gave;
Nor aſk I, if my Sands are run,
One Moment from the Grave.

IX.

My fated Taſte dull Pleaſure palls,
And all my Fancy cloys;
Why ſhould I dread the Voice that calls
To ſolid endleſs Joys?

Remarkable Particulars in FRANCE.

FRANCE (formerly *Gallia*, from its ancient Inhabitants the *Gauls*, otherwiſe the *Celtæ*; and now bounded on the Eaſt by *Germany*; on the Weſt by the Bay of *Biſcay*;

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Biscay; on the North by the *English* Channel and *Flanders*; on the South by *Spain* and Part of the *Mediterranean* Sea.

The Air of this Country is very temperate, pleasant, and healthful, being in a good Medium between the great Excess of Heat and Cold, which ordinarily attend those Countries of a more Northern and Southern Situation; yea so healthful it is, that this Kingdom is generally observed to be less subject to Plagues and Sickness, than most other Nations of *Europe*, and the Air about *Montpellier*, in particular, is universally esteemed medicinal for Consumptions.

The Soil of this Country (it lying in the 6, 7, and 8 North Climate) is extraordinary fruitful, particularly in Corn, Wine, Fruits, Hemp, *&c.* The Fields being here both large and open, are generally intermingled with Vines and Corn; as also bordered and interlined with Variety of Fruits: Here are many vast Forests, and these well stored with most Sorts of wild Beasts fit for hunting; several Mountains, and these covered over with numerous Flocks, and some of them lined with rich and valuable Mines; here also are divers excellent Pits of Coal, and Quarries of Stone. The longest Day in the Northmost Part of this Country is about 16 Hours and a Quarter; and the shortest in the Southermost is 9 Hours and a Quarter, and the Night proportionable.

The chief Commodities of this Country are Salt, Fish, Corn, Wine, Almonds, Coral, Canvas, Oade, Linen, Paper, Wood, Skins, Lutestring, and rich flower'd Silks, Verde-gris, Cremor Tartaris, *&c.*

Among the chief Rarities of *France* we may reckon some remarkable Remains of the *Roman* Antiquities as yet to be seen in that Country. And they are reducible to these following Heads, *viz.* (1.) Triumphal Arches, particularly that in the City of *Rheims*, as yet entire, composed of three Arches, and adorned with many Figures and Trophies, but uncertain for whom erected. There are also the Ruins of several others near *Autun* in *Burgundy*; one at *Saintes* in *Guienne*; another almost entire in the City of *Orange*, erected by *Caius Marius* and *Luctatius Catulus*, on the Victory obtained over the *Cimbri* and *Teutones*; (where are likewise the Ruins

of

of a *Roman Circus.*) To theſe we may add that ſtately Bridge, twelve Miles off *Niſmes*, conſiſting of three Stories of Arches one above another, the laſt of which was an Aqueduct. (2.) Amphitheatres, as the Ruins of a ſtately one at *Chalons* in *Burgundy*; another at *Perigueux* in *Guienne*; another at *Thoulouſe* in *Languedoc*; another at *Arles* in *Provence*; another at *Vienne* in *Dauphine*; but the chief of all is that at *Niſmes*, of an extraordinary Bigneſs, and as yet adorned with ſeveral Pillars and divers *Roman* Eagles, as alſo the Fable of *Romulus* and *Remus* ſucking the She-Wolf. (3.) The Remains of ſome Heathen Temples; particularly thoſe of *Templum Jani* (now called the *Jenetoye*) at *Autun* in *Burgundy*; thoſe of the Goddeſs *Venus* at *Perigueux* in *Guienne*; and that of *Diana* near *Niſmes* in *Languedoc*. (4.) The Ruins of ſome ancient Aqueducts, as thoſe near *Coutance* in *Burgundy*; thoſe at *Dole* in *Bretaign*; ſome at *Autun* in *Burgundy*; and thoſe at *Thoulouſe* in *Languedoc*. (5.) Remarkable Pillars, particularly thoſe ancient Columns and Pyramids near *Autun* in *Burgundy*; but more eſpecially is that famous *Roman* Obelisk of Oriental Granate at *Arles* in *Provence*, which is much admired by the Curious, being fifty-two Feet high, ſeven Feet Diameter at the Baſe, and yet all but one Stone. Among the Monuments of Antiquity we may mention the large Paſſage cut through the middle of a Rock, about two Leagues from *Brianſon* in *Dauphine*, which being a ſtupendous Piece of Work, gives Occaſion to various Conjectures, ſome Perſons imputing it to *Julius Cæſar*, and others rather to *Hannibal*. To theſe we may add that large and round Buckler of maſſy Silver fiſh'd out of the *Rhoſne* near *Avignon* 1665, being twenty Inches in Diameter, and weighing twenty-one Pounds. 'Tis 1900 Years old, and is charged with *Scipio Africanus*, half mantled, graſping his Pike, and *Roman* Officers attending with the *Spaniards* ſupplicating for a fair Virgin; the ſame being conſecrated to that virtuous General upon his reſtoring a beautiful Captive to *Allucius* Prince of *Celtiberia*, who had eſpouſed her.

Theſe being the principal Remains of reverend Antiquity obſervable in this Country, next to ſuch Curioſities, we may ſubjoin

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ſubjoin ſome Rarities of Nature, the moſt noted of which are theſe following, *viz.* The *Salt Water Springs* at *Salins* in *Franche-Comte*, or *County of Burgundy*. Theſe Springs are in the Middle of the Town, in ſeveral ſubterraneous Caves or Vaults, of a great Depth and Extent: To view them we deſcend by forty Steps of Stone, and twenty of Wood, into a Vault near fifty Feet long and thirty broad, where the Noiſe of the Waters and the Engines at Work to raiſe them is very ſurprizing. In this Cave we ſee (by the Light of Torches) ſix Springs of ſalt Water, and two of freſh, guſhing out of the ſame Rock, within the Space of five Yards; and to prevent the Waters mixing together, there are ſeveral Channels made to convey them into different Wells or Baſons. From hence we go into other Vaults, where the double Arches reſt on very thick Pillars; and in the Middle of one of theſe is a large Baſon, into which the Waters of the Salt Springs are gathered. Of theſe there are ſix or ſeven others, beſides thoſe already mentioned, and ten or twelve of freſh Water; all which, as before obſerved, run into different Baſons prepared for that Purpoſe; and from hence they are raiſed by various Engines, the freſh to be conveyed to the River, and the ſalt into large Reſervoirs, one of which holds above fifteen thouſand Hogſheads. From theſe Reſervoirs the Water is drawn off into ſmaller ones, which ſurround the Places where it is boiled to make Salt. For this Purpoſe they have ſeveral Furnaces, over which are fixed huge Iron Pans or Boilers, near thirty Feet in Diameter and fifteen Inches deep, containing forty-five or fifty Hogſheads. A very ſtrong Fire being made underneath, and gradually ſlackened, the Water is boiled about twelve Hours, in which it evaporates, and leaves the Salt at the Bottom of the Pan almoſt perfectly dry. Then with a Sort of Rake they take off the uppermoſt Part of the Salt, which is the moſt valuable, being whiteſt and ſtrongeſt; and the reſt is formed into Cakes or Loaves, which when dried are fit for Uſe.

Near *Bourbon-Lancl*, in the Dutchy of *Burgundy*, there is a Mineral Spring which is very remarkable, if all be true that is related of its Properties. It is ſaid to be ſo hot that a

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Man cannot keep his Hand in it two Minutes, and yet an Egg left in it a whole Hour will not grow hard. It has neither Smell nor Taſte; nor does it burn the Lips when drank, or add any Warmth to the Stomach.

The *Burning Spring*, which is reckoned one of the Wonders of *Dauphine*, is in Reality no Spring at all, but a Spot of Ground about two Yards in Length and one in Breadth, on which there appears a ſmall wandering Flame, like that of burning Brandy. This Spot lies on a ſteep Rock of rotten Slate; but the Flame does not ſeem to proceed from any Hole or Fiſſure in the Rock, nor can one perceive any Matter proper to feed it, or any Aſhes produced. There is indeed a Kind of white and very ſharp Salt-petre to be found at ſome Diſtance from the Flame, which probably is fed by ſomething of that Nature; but it is remarkable that this Flame burns much briſker in Winter than in Summer, decreaſing gradually as the Heat increaſes, till it ſometimes goes quite out, and afterwards kindles again of itſelf. It may eaſily be lighted by any other Fire, and when this is done it is attended with ſome Noiſe.

In the Road from *Grenoble* to *Lyons* there is a large Cavern or Grotto, very wide at the Entrance, but growing narrower by Degrees, till we come to a Lake (as it is called) which is reckoned another of the Wonders of *Dauphine*.

There is a remarkable Fountain at *Peroul*, near *Montpelier*, in *Languedoc*, which heaves and boils up furiouſly in ſmall Bubbles. This manifeſtly proceeds (as Dr. *Robinſon* obſerved) from a Vapour breaking out of the Earth; for upon digging near it, and pouring other Water upon the Place newly dug, the ſame Bubbling immediately enſued.

Several Places in *Bigorre*, a Part of *Gaſcony*, are noted for their Mineral Waters, and particularly their hot Baths, to which People reſort in Spring and Autumn. The chief of theſe Baths are at *Bagneres*.

Barege is a Village at the Foot of the *Pyrenean* Mountains, where there are four Baths of different Degrees of Heat. The Water of the hotteſt ſmells like the Mud of the Sea, and the very Steam of it will turn Silver firſt red and then black; but the Alteration is quicker, if the Metal be

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be put into the Water itſelf. The ſecond Bath is of the ſame Nature, but not quite ſo hot. The Water of the third is leſs hot ſtill; and that of the fourth is but lukewarm, being very much weakened by a Mixture from ſome cold Springs. Theſe Baths are reckoned good to remove Rheumatic Pains, and ſeveral other Diſorders.

Moulins, the Capital of the *Bourbonnois*, is famous for its medicinal Waters; and indeed this Dutchy has more Mineral Springs than any other Province in *France*. The little Town of *Vichi* is noted on this Account; but the Waters of *Bourbon-l'Archambaud* have been moſt frequented of late, being eſteemed of great Efficacy againſt the Gout and other nervous Diſtempers. They are impregnated with Bitumen and an alkaline Salt; ſo that if an Acid be put into them, it cauſes a Fermentation, and they will turn Syrup of Violets green, like Oyl of Tartar.---A great many other Mineral Springs might be mentioned, but as they are not more remarkable than thoſe already enumerated, we ſhall conclude this Article, only juſt taking Notice of a Lake near *St. Omer's*, which is famous for the following extraordinary Curioſity:

In this Lake there are ſeveral *Floating Iſlands*, which are moved backwards and forwards by Means of Poles, Ropes, *&c.* Graſs grows on theſe Iſlands, and the People draw them near the Shore to drive their Cattle into them; there are alſo ſome Trees, but they are kept low, for Fear the Wind ſhould lay hold of them, and drive the Iſlands with too much Violence. There are no Houſes upon them however, much leſs a Church and Monaſtery, as ſome have aſſerted.

The Palace of *Verſailles*, about nine Miles from *Paris*, is reckoned one of the fineſt Buildings in the World. It ſtands on a riſing Ground in the Midſt of a Valley, ſurrounded with little Hills, at an agreeable Diſtance. The Avenues to it are very fine and ſpacious, particularly that on the Side towards Paris, which conſiſts of three Walks form'd by Rows of Elms, the middle one ſixty Feet wide, and each of the Side-Walks thirty. This Avenue ends in a large Square, which has a Fountain in the Middle of it

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and from thence we aſcend to the great Court of the Palace, which is 480 Feet long, having on each Side Apartments for the Secretaries of State, and other great Officers of the Crown. Out of this Court there is an Aſcent of three Marble Steps into another leſs than the firſt, which is likewiſe adorned with a fine Fountain; and from thence we aſcend by five Steps into a third Court ſtill leſs than the former, which is paved with black and white Marble, and has a Marble Fountain and Baſon in the Middle, with Statues of gilt Copper. This Court is terminated by the Royal Palace, in the Front of which there is a ſtately Portico, ſupported by eight Marble Pillars of the *Doric* Order, and three Iron Doors richly gilt and wrought, by which we enter into the Hall and Salons, and from thence proceed to the Apartments on the Right and Left. The principal Stair-Caſe, which conſiſts of the fineſt Marble, is ten Yards wide, and is adorned with admirable Paintings and Sculptures. Throughout this Palace indeed there is a vaſt Variety of moſt beautiful Marble; and in general the Rooms are very lofty, and richly furniſhed, the Bedſteads and Tables in ſome of them being of maſſy Silver, or Materials of equal Value. It is obſervable, that the nearer we come to the King's Apartments, the more ſumptuous are the Marble, Sculptures, Paintings, and Furniture. The King's Bed-chamber is adorned with excellent Carvings, all gilt on a white Ground; and the Bed, which is of Crimſon Velvet embroidered with Gold, is placed in a Sort of Alcove, wherein are two Figures of *Fame* repreſented ſitting, and *France* in the ſame Poſture, ſeeming to watch for the Preſervation of her Monarch. On one Side of the Bed is the Picture of *David* playing on his Harp, and on the other St. *John* in the Iſland of *Patmos*. There are other fine Paintings in this Chamber, particularly one of *Hagar* in the Deſert, with her Son and an Angel.---The Front of this Palace that looks towards the Gardens is the moſt beautiful, having a Portico a hundred Yards long, paved with Marble, and ſupported by Marble Pillars. Here we ſee the Figures of the twelve Months of the Year; and in the embois'd Works that adorn the Front are Statues of little

Children

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Children employed in Exerciſes proper to the Seaſons they repreſent. On this Side is a noble Gallery, above ſeventy Yards long, which has a fine Proſpect over the Gardens, and is filled with a great Variety of Buſts and Statues. On the Cieling the Battles and principal Actions of *Lewis* XIV, with other memorable Occurrences of his Reign, are curiouſly painted. The Cabinet of Rarities is of an octogonal Figure, in which we ſee a ſurprizing Collection of Curioſities in Agat, Cryſtal, Jewels, Medals, and other Antiquities, with ſeveral Paintings by the greateſt Maſters. Every Thing, in ſhort, that we caſt an Eye upon in this Palace is ſumptuous and beautiful; and we ſhould far exceed our Limits, if we ſhould barely enumerate the many fine Paintings and antique Statues with which the Apartments abound. The Halls of *Plenty*, of *Venus*, and of *War*, are all adorned with excellent Paintings; and in this laſt we likewiſe ſee the Buſts of ſix *Roman* Emperors in Porphyry, with a Drapery of gilt Braſs, placed on Pedeſtals of Oriental Alabaſter.---The Chapel is perfectly anſwerable to the Magnificence of the reſt of the Palace; and the very Stables, for Conveniency, Beauty, and Architecture, far exceed any in *Europe*, and are ſuperior to many Royal Palaces.

What we have ſaid may give the Reader ſome faint Notion of this majeſtick Edifice; but we muſt not leave it without taking ſome Notice of its beautiful Gardens, which may be reckoned among the modern Wonders. Coming down from the Terrace, we meet with two Baſons, wherein are ſeveral Water-Spouts, or *Jets d'Eau*, (as the *French* call them,) and in the Middle of each is a Collection of Spouts in the Form of a Wheat-Sheaf, which throw up Water to the Height of twenty-nine or thirty Feet. The Borders of theſe Baſons are adorned with ſeveral Groups of brazen Figures, repreſenting Rivers, Nymphs, Cupids, *&c.* In the Angles of this Parterre are two other Baſons of Marble, wherein the Spouts form two fine Sheets of Water, and upon the Borders are ſeveral Figures of Animals, made alſo of Braſs. Below theſe Baſons is another very fine one, in the Middle of which is the Figure of *Latona*, with her two

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two Children *Apollo* and *Diana*. She is ſuppoſed (according to the Story) to have made her Complaints to *Jupiter* of the ill Treatment ſhe met with from the Peaſants of *Lycia*, who for their Puniſhment are here repreſented as metamorphoſed into Frogs, which throw out above ſeventy Spouts of Water. The Figures are of white Marble, and the whole is reckoned an excellent Piece of Sculpture. There are many other Fountains, Caſcades, *&c.* the Beauty of which can ſcarce be conceived by any Deſcription; but what is moſt admired, is the grand Canal, ſixteen hundred Yards long and ſixty-four broad, at each End of which is a large Baſon of an octogon Figure, and in the Middle it is interſected by another Canal about two hundred and ſixty Yards in Length. Upon this noble Canal the Court ſometimes divert themſelves in Yachts and Galleys.----The *Labyrinth*, or Maze, is a fine Grove, ſo called becauſe it is difficult to find one's Way out of it, the Walks being ſo interwoven with each other. At the Entrance we meet with two Statues, the one of *Æſop*, and the other of *Cupid* holding a Clue of Thread in his Hand, intimating to the Stranger the Neceſſity of ſuch a Guide to prevent his being loſt in the many intricate Windings of the Place. The whole is adorned with Statues and Fountains, and particularly a Baſon of curious Shell-Work, wherein one of *Æſop*'s Fables is repreſented in the moſt natural Manner.---The *Orangery*, or Green-Houſe, is a noble Piece of Architecture, conſiſting of ſeveral Galleries, the largeſt of which is above four hundred Feet long, and thirty broad, and all of them adorned with beautiful Columns of the *Tuſcan* Order. Before this Green-Houſe is a fine Parterre, with a Fountain in the Middle of it, where the Water is ſpouted up to the Height of forty Feet; and the whole Parterre is adorned with Rows of Columns, Groups of Figures, Statues, Vaſes, and other Ornaments.

The Bridge of Boats at *Rouen* is a Curioſity that deſerves to be mentioned. It is about two hundred and ſixty Yards long, paved with Stone like a Street, and riſes and falls with the Tide, or as Land-Waters ſwell the River. Carriages with the greateſt Burthens paſs over it with Safety; the

Boats

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Boats being very firm, and well moored with ſtrong Chains; but it is now grown old, and requires a great deal of Money to keep it in Repair.

The Kingdom of *France*, being formerly a Part of the *Roman* Empire, was in Proceſs of Time over-run by the *Franks*, *Goths*, and *Burgundians*, eſpecially the firſt, by whom was raiſed a Monarchy, which continuing in the Succeſſion of Kings of three ſeveral Races, *viz.* the *Merovingian*, *Carlovinian*, and *Capetine*, is now as great as any in Chriſtendom; and at preſent ſubject to one Sovereign, (entitled the *Moſt Chriſtian King*, and *eldeſt Son of the Church*,) whoſe Government is Monarchical, and Crown hereditary in his Heirs Male, all Females being excluded by the *Salique Law*.

The only eſtabliſhed Religion in *France*, is that of the Church of *Rome*; for all the Deciſions of the Council of *Trent*, in Matters of Faith, are there received; but thoſe that relate to Points of Diſcipline, and infringe the Rights of the Crown, with the Liberties of the *Gallican* Church, are rejected.

The Chriſtian Faith was firſt planted in this Country by ſome of St. *Peter*'s Diſciples, (as is moſt probably thought) ſent thither at his firſt coming to *Rome*.

The GARDENER *and the* HOG.

A FABLE.

A GARD'NER of peculiar Taſte,
On a young Hog his Favour plac'd,
Who fed not with the common Herd,
His Tray was to the Hall prefer'd,
He wallow'd underneath the Board,
Or in his Maſter's Chamber ſnor'd,
Who fondly ſtroak'd him ev'ry Day,
And taught him all the Puppy's Play;
Where'er he went, the grunting Friend
Ne'er fail'd his Pleaſure to attend.
As on a Time, the loving Pair
Walk'd forth to tend the Garden's Care,

The

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The Maſter thus addreſt the Swine;
My Houſe, my Garden, all is thine;
On Turnips feaſt whene'er you pleaſe,
And riot in my Beans and Peaſe,
If the Potatoe's Taſte delights,
Or the red Carrot's Sweet invites,
Indulge thy Morn and Evening Hours,
But let due Care regard my Flowers;
My Tulips are my Garden's Pride;
What vaſt Expence thoſe Beds ſupply'd!
The Hog by chance one Morning roam'd
Where with new Ale the Veſſels foam'd;
He munches now the ſteaming Grains,
Now with full Swill the Liquor drains;
Intoxicating Fumes ariſe,
He reels, he rolls his winking Eyes,
Then ſtagg'ring through the Garden ſcowers,
And treads down painted Ranks of Flowers,
With delving Snout he turns the Soil,
And cools his Palate with the Spoil.
The Maſter came, the Ruin ſpy'd.
Villain, ſuſpend thy Rage, he cry'd:
Haſt thou, thou moſt ungrateful Sot,
My Charge, my only Charge forgot?
What, all my Flow'rs! No more he ſaid,
But gaz'd, and ſigh'd, and hung his Head.
The Hog with ſtutt'ring Speech returns:
Explain, Sir, why your Anger burns;
See there, untouch'd your Tulips ſtrown,
For I devour'd the Roots alone!
At this, the Gard'ner's Paſſion grows;
From Oaths and Threats he fell to blows;
The ſtubborn Brute the Blows ſuſtains,
Aſſaults his Leg and tears his Veins.
Ah, fooliſh Swain, too late you find
That Sties were for ſuch Friends deſign'd!
Homeward he limps with painful Pace,
Reflecting thus on paſt Diſgrace;
Who cheriſhes a brutal Mate
Shall mourn the Folly ſoon or late.

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WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month of November.

In the *KITCHEN-GARDEN.*

NOW prepare a gentle hot Bed for the Cucumbers ſown in the laſt Month, and alſo for the Kidney Beans ſown at the ſame Time; but theſe muſt not be together. Make hot Beds of Aſparagus to come next Month, and ſupply them, where wanting, from ſome old Plantations which are worn out. Continue to ſow Lettuce, Creſſes, Radiſh, Spinach, &c. on hot Beds. Sow Peas and Beans of the Hotſpur and Spaniſh Kinds in open Ground, and if the Weather be fair, earth up thoſe ſown in *September*; earth up Sellery, and tie up Endive Plants for blanching. Cut down the Hawm of Aſparagus, when it is turned yellow, within two or three Inches of the Ground, and the Earth of the Alleys flung up upon the Beds; or if the Aſparagus be worn, give a Covering, or rich Dung not quite rotten: Hen and Pidgeon's Dung is preferable to long Dung. Prepare Beds for planting Artichokes and Aſparagus in the Spring; cover well all your Artichokes with long Dung, to defend them againſt Froſt, which otherwiſe will deſtroy them in a ſevere Winter; houſe Cabbages; houſe and cover with Sand, Carrots, Parſnips, &c. Trench Ground, and lay it up in Ridges to mellow; and in a froſty Seaſon wheel on Dung, and other Manures, upon ſuch Places as want to be enriched; ſhelter Plants from Froſts and cold Rains, and ſtake up Trees, which, if neglected, the high Winds in this Month are apt to blow out of the Ground.

In the *FRUIT-GARDEN.*

Continue to plant and remove Fruit-Trees, if the Weather be open; begin to nail the tender Branches of Fig-Trees cloſe to the Wall, before the Froſts come on; begin to prune Pears and Plumbs, eſpecially Dwarfs, and thoſe on Eſpaliers; and this is the Month to prune the Vines for the

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Winter. Now lay down Branches of the Vine, particularly such as you would have bear Fruit the next Year, to be set growing in Pots upon a Table at great Entertainments; the Branches for this Purpose are to be Shoots of the same Year, and so drawn through the Hole at the Bottom of a Garden-Pot, that when it is filled with Earth there may be a reasonable Number of Eyes (*i. e.* Buds) above the Ground; a strong Branch will bear eight or nine Bunches of Grapes.

This and the preceding Month, as well as in the Spring, make Nurseries for Stocks of all Sorts of Trees. Now you may plant the best Plumb-Suckers, or sow Stones or Kernels whereon to raise Apricots, Peaches, Apples and Pears; and you cannot easily make the Soil of your Nursery for Wall-Trees too rich, because Stocks should be vigorous. As to Planting and Sowing, it is a general Rule, *Plant moist, and sow tolerably dry.*

Now apply fresh Mold to the Roots of all sickly Trees; cover your Stone Fruit and Murals, to defend them against bleak Winds; and gather your remaining Orchard Fruit, preserving them from Frost in clean Straw.

In the *FLOWER-GARDEN.*

Plant Hyacinths, Junquils, Narcissuses and Polyanthoses in Pots, and plunge them into hot Beds to blossom at Christmas. Lay down Auricula Pots on their Sides, putting the Plants toward the Sun, to drain them from Moisture, and preserve them from Frost. Shelter young seedling Bulbs from Frost, but give them daily Airings. Cut down the Stalks of tall-blowing Flowers that have done blossoming, within three Inches of the Root: Tie up all Trees and Shrubs to Stakes: Lay up Heaps of Earth for the several Sorts of Flowers, and make proper Composts (*i. e.* Mixtures) for Exoticks, observing where the Ground is too stiff, it may be brought to the State of Loam, by mixing it with drift Sand: Now you may plant Pionies, and some other fibrous-rooted Plants; and if the Weather be open, you may yet transplant Roses, Jessamines, Honeysuckles, Syringa, and Lylac.

Unnail

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Unnail your Passion Trees from Walls, and lay them on the Ground, covering them with Straw, to keep them from severe Frosts.

A DIALOGUE between the *Resolved Soul* and the *Pleasures* of the *World.*

COURAGE, my Soul, now learn to wield
The Weight of thine immortal Shield.
Close on thy Head thy Helmet bright;
Ballance thy Sword against the Fight.
See where an Army, strong as fair,
With silken Banners spreads the Air,
Now, if thou be'st that Thing divine,
In this Day's Combat let it shine;
And shew that Nature wants an Art
To conquer one resolved Heart.

Pleasure.

Welcome the Creation's Guest,
Lord of Earth, and Heaven's Heir;
Lay aside that warlike Crest,
And of Nature's Banquet share:
Where the Souls of Fruits and Flow'rs,
Stand prepar'd to heighten yours.

Soul.

I sup above, and cannot stay,
To bait so long upon the Way.

Pleaſure.

On theſe downy Pillows lie,
Whoſe ſoft Plumes will thither fly:
On theſe Roſes, ſtrew'd ſo plain
Leſt one Leaf thy Side ſhould ſtrain.

Soul.

My gentler Reſt is on a Thought,
Conſcious of doing what I ought.

Pleaſure.

If thou be'ſt with Perfumes pleas'd,
Such as oft the Gods appeas'd,
Thou in fragrant Clouds ſhalt ſhow
Like another God below.

Soul.

A Soul that knows not to preſume,
Is Heaven's, and its own, Perfume.

Pleaſure.

Every Thing does ſeem to vye
Which ſhould firſt attract thine Eye:
But ſince none deſerves that Grace,
In this Cryſtal view thy Face.

Soul.

When the Creator's Skill is priz'd,
The reſt is all but Earth diſguis'd.

Pleaſure.

Hark how Muſick then prepares,
For thy Stay, theſe charming Airs;
Which the poſting Winds recall,
And ſuſpend the River's Fall.

Soul.

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Soul.

Had I but any Time to loſe,
On this I would it all diſpoſe.
Ceaſe Tempter. None can change a Mind.
Whom this ſweet Cordage cannot bind.

Chorus.

Earth cannot ſhew ſo brave a Sight,
As when a ſingle Soul does fence
The Batt'ry of alluring Senſe,
And Heaven views it with Delight.
Then perſevere; for ſtill new Charges ſound;
And if thou overcom'ſt thou ſhalt be crown'd.

Pleaſure.

All that's coſtly, fair, and ſweet,
Which ſcatteringly doth ſhine,
Shall within one Beauty meet,
And ſhe be only thine.

Soul.

If Things of Sight ſuch Heavens be,
What Heavens are thoſe we cannot ſee?

Pleaſure.

Whereſoe'er thy Foot ſhall go
The minted Gold ſhall lie;
Till thou purchaſe all below,
And want new Worlds to buy.

Soul.

Wer't not for Price who'd value Gold?
And that's worth Nought that can be ſold.

Pleaſure.

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Pleasure.

Wilt thou all the Glory have
That War or Peace commend?
Half the World shall be thy Slave,
The other Half thy Friend.

Soul.

What Friends, if to myself untrue?
What Slaves, unless I captive you?

Pleasure.

Thou shalt know each hidden Cause;
And see the future Time;
Try what Depth the Centre draws;
And then to Heaven climb.

Soul.

None thither mounts by the Degrees
Of Knowledge, but Humility.

Chorus.

Triumph, triumph, victorious Soul;
The World has not one Pleasure more:
The rest does lie beyond the Pole,
And is thine everlasting Store.

Of the different Kinds of Wheat Seed sow'd in England, *suitable to different Soils; and of the Advantages of Sowing a proper Seed on a proper Soil.*

THE ingenious Dr. *Platt*, in his Observations on Husbandry, remarks, That he thinks Husbandry the least improved of all other Arts, tho' it deserves it most; for, as he

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he ſays: Let Farmers entertain what Notion they will of their Abilities, and fancy they have brought Farming to the greateſt Perfection, and therefore refuſe to practiſe any new Method, though never ſo beneficial; yet he is bold to tell them, that if they were ſo knowing as they pretend they are, and they would put in Practice ſuch Improvements as they may be informed of, their would not be ſuch yearly Complaints of Loſſes by uncertain Crops of Grain, by Smuttineſs, by Blights, by the Laying of Corn, and by other Accidents that often happen; On the contrary, Farmers are ſo ignorant of ſowing proper Seeds in proper Soils, and even unacquainted with Variety of Grains, though they grow near them, that they commonly commit great Miſtakes on theſe very Accounts; for Proof of which, he ſays, in *Oxfordſhire*, there is a Wheat called mix'd *Lammas*, being a white-eared red Wheat, that produces a more certain Crop, and greater Quantities than any other Wheat, and yet was unknown to many Farmers in the ſame County. He obſerves that the great Benefits that ariſe from *Putney* or Rath-ripe Barley, has not brought it into Uſe any where but in *Cornwal*, *Wiltſhire*, *Berkſhire*, and *Oxfordſhire*, altho' the Profits of its early ripening, one would think, ſhould induce Perſons to ſend for its Seed in Haſte to great Diſtances, for it has been ſown, mowed, and inned in two Months Time; ſeldom ever exceeding ten Weeks at moſt, notwithſtanding the cold Spring, wet Autumn, and very great Droughts, that may happen in the Time of its Growth: Which Benefits will be the better apprehended, when it is conſidered how other Counties ſuffer, that, by vehement long Droughts, cannot ſow their Barley ſometimes till after *Midſummer*.

The Character of Wheats.

Red Lammas. As Wheat is the King of Grain, ſo this Sort has been deemed, hitherto, *The King of Wheats*, for having deſervedly been under the Reputation of producing the whiteſt and fineſt of Flour, as is well known in particular to the *Londoners*, who call it, *The* Hertfordſhire *White*, not that

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that the beſt *Lammas* Wheat grows in this County, but becauſe of the vaſt Quantities of this largeſt-bodied Sort, that grow in *Northamptonſhire*, *Bedfordſhire*, and *Buckinghamſhire*, and ſome other Northern Counties, which are weekly brought up and ſold at St. *Alban*'s, *Hempſtead*, and ſome other few Markets in theſe Parts, where the greateſt Number of Water-mills are ſituated, for grinding Corn, in a leſſer Compaſs of Ground, than any where elſe in *England*. This by many is called *Fire-wheat*, becauſe it has a red Straw, a red Ear, and a red Kernel; and it makes the whiteſt of Flour, ſome are of Opinion, becauſe it has a thicker, more guttery, and tougher Skin than the pirky and white Sorts of Wheat, cuts into larger Flakes of Bran than them, and thus yields rather leſs, but whiter Flour; and more Bran; however, this is certain, that red *Lammas* has not only a whiter Flour than theſe, but a much ſofter, and finer, and often a bigger Body; which makes it the moſt agreeable Sort for the greateſt Quality; and therefore is the fitteſt Wheat to ſow on the beſt Land, on Account of its fetching the beſt Price at Market. This Sort of Wheat is likewiſe in great eſteem with the *Middleſex* Farmer, for its ſtiff-jointed, high-coloured, long ſtraw, that they ſell in great Quantities to the *Londoners*, for littering their Horſes with it, ſometimes at Eight-pence a Truſs in ſcarce Times, that weighs but thirty-five Pounds, which enables them to pay the greateſt Part of their Rent with this one Commodity. It affects to grow in the richeſt Vale Lands, conſiſting of Loams, or black, or blue Clays, where it grows to near five Feet in Height; yet it is by many ſown in *Chilturn* dry Loams, and even in ſome Gravels, that have been before dreſſed or manured extraordinary well. In ſhort, this Wheat was, till very lately, the only Sort ſown in Vales, and is that noble Sort, whoſe Kernels are ſomewhat longer than pirky Wheat, and near as big as Cherry Stones, when it is ſown as true Seed in a right Soil; then it will out-weigh the Pirks or white Wheat. But, when the Pirks are in Perfection, and the *Lammas* not, the firſt will outweigh the laſt; and, for theſe Benefits, great Quantities of its Seed are bought and carried in Waggons into the Northern Coun-

tries,

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Countries, becauſe in *Hertfordſhire* and about *Dunſtable*, it is ſowed in chalky Ground, partly for the Purpoſe of ſelling the Seed to be ſown in heavy Loams, or ſtiff Clay Lands in them Counties; chiefly for the Sake of its Change of Soil, and becauſe they get the ſame firſt out of the Hands of thoſe Farmers who make it their Buſineſs, in ſeveral Parts of *Buckinghamſhire*, to lay down Ground every Year, purely to improve this Grain for its Seed; for here it will come off in a large Body, thoroughly clean and free from the Seeds of all Weeds. But this Wheat has a long lank Ear, that expoſes it more than all others to the Spoil of Blights and Strokes; for which Reaſon a right Manager will ſow this Wheat the firſt of all others, that it may get into an early hard Ear in the blightening Honey-dew Seaſons of *June* and *July*. Therefore ſow this Wheat in *September*, or the Beginning of *October* at fartheſt. And it is on this very Account, that many Farmers of late have acted more judiciouſly than formerly; for, in order to avoid this fatal Misfortune, ſome have ſown it early, with a Mixture of Pirks or white Wheat, whoſe Ears growing in a thick bunchy Shape, prove a Sort of Skreen, or Shelter, to keep off and break the Honey-dew and other blightening Cauſes from the red *Lammas*, in a great Degree. Red *Lammas* Wheat, when thoroughly dry, will weigh ſix Buſhels Weight; I mean, five Buſhels in Meaſure will weigh ſix Buſhels in Weight, yet will not yield quite ſo much Flour as the ſame Quantity of pirky Wheat will. Red *Lammas*-Wheat grows about ſix or twelve Inches higher than pirky Wheat; and, as it ſhades too much, it is not ſo proper to ſow with Pirks, as ſome think, though others think otherways.

Pirky Wheat. This Wheat has a white Straw, a white Ear, and a red or yellowiſh Kernel, more round than *Lammas*, and has more of late than ever got into Reputation for its profitable Qualities; particularly for that one of growing in *Chilturn*, gravelly, and chalky Soils, where it will flouriſh and yield excellent Crops, when the red *Lammas* will in ſome Meaſure fail, becauſe this Sort will grow in a poorer Soil than that, and yet return as many Buſhels as *Lammas*

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will in rich Loams, or Clay, provided ſuch Gravels, Chalks, and light Loams are well ſowed and dreſſed with a ſufficient Quantity of Manure. Its bunchy Ear is not ſo ſubject to be blighted as the red *Lammas*, becauſe its Corns grow cloſe in a ſhorter Ear. The Kernels of pirky Wheat have rather a thinner Skin than that, and, if of the right Sort, will yield Abundance of fine Flour; and the more, when they are full dry, for then they will crumble under the Stones into much Meal and a little Bran; and as the very fineſt and ſhorteſt Bran cannot be eaſily ſeparated from its Flour, it thus becomes coarſer, than that made from *Lammas*, but this is compenſated by the Quantity of Stuff it makes. For this Reaſon, when pirky Wheat is got into the Barn dry, and has a good Body and Colour, it will fetch at Market, near, if not altogether as much as *Lammas*. It was on theſe valuable Accounts, that ſome attempted, about the Year 1730, to ſow it in their half Acre Ridge-lands in the Vale of *Ayleſbury*, and it ſucceeded ſo well in their blue Clays, and blackiſh Earths, that many now ſow no other, where formerly they made Uſe of only the red *Lammas* Sort; for they have found that pirky Wheat now yields more than that, is hardier, will grow in a coarſer Tilth, in a poorer Soil, and with leſs Dreſſing than *Lammas* can. And for theſe Conſiderations it would be certainly preferred by many of the *Middleſex* Farmers, was it not that the Straw of the red *Lammas*, as before remarked, brings them in a great deal of Money from the *London* Market; for it is this Sort of Wheat that ſo well reſiſts Honey-dews, and other Blights, as tempts many to ſow it among red and yellow *Lammas*. And as it is a very hardy Sort, it is for the moſt Part ſown on Lays after artificial Graſs on only one Plowing, where, if but only harrowed in, it often yields excellent Crops. The ſame on a Barley-ſtubble, or a Pea or Bean-ſtubble, and alſo after Turnips are eaten off, which they in the *Chilturn* Country do every Year, even ſometimes in *February*, or the Beginning of *March*; and, if the Seaſon comes favourable, ſuch a plentiful Crop may be had, as perhaps, will yield more than ſome Tilth-crops of *Lammas*, as I have known it ſeveral Times to do. In Chalks, Gravels, and light Loams, the

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the Breed of Poppy, or red Weed, in ſome Years, gets ſo predominant, that it ruins Crops of Wheat; but, as this is chiefly bred by too fine a Tilth and too early ſowing, many forbear ſowing Pirks till about the Middle or latter End of *October*. Now, if red *Lammas* is ſown late, it is apt to be ſtruck and blighted; it is not therefore this Sort that is to be ſown at this Time, but the pirky Wheat comes more and more into Uſe, and particularly for its ſuffering the lateſt Sowing of all others; and by this Means it is, that the Growth of the Poppy and many other Weeds are prevented damaging Wheat-crops. This pirky Wheat, when it enjoys a right Seaſon at Harveſt, will look of a beautiful pale Red, and then ſo nearly reſemble the red *Lammas* in its Body and Colour, that many Wheat-buyers take one for the other; and, if the Seed was of the right Sort and grew in a good Soil, it will weigh near, if not quite, as heavy as that. There are ſeveral Sorts of pirky Wheat, but it is difficult to get the true. The right is called *Ayleſbury Pirk*, that, to anſwer this Character, is brought to *Ayleſbury* Market, and there ſold ſome Time before, and in Sowing-time. Now the Improvement of this Wheat is brought to paſs thus: There are ſeveral *Chilturn* Farmers, who make it their Buſineſs to deal every Year with theſe Vale-men, who ſow this and other Wheat-ſeed in new broken up Sward-Ground, that it may come off large-bodied, and clear of the Seeds of Weeds. This pirky Wheat they ſow again in their chalky, gravelly, or dry Loams, on Purpoſe to ſell as the propereſt Sort to ſow in ſtiff or wet Loams and Clay; and then it will receive the higheſt Improvement that can be given it, as is yearly experienced by many of thoſe nice Farmers, who, by this Means ſell a Sack of this Wheat for two or three Shillings more than others, who are ſo indolent, as ſeldom, or never, to change their Seed, and make Uſe of this right Sort. This pirky Wheat has but a ſingle Chaff, ſo that, when it is ripe, the Kernel may be almoſt ſeen through it, for then it is ready to ſtart out of it. Five Buſhels of pirky Wheat ſeldom weigh more than five Buſhels and a Half in weight, or three Pecks at moſt; yet, if the ſame Meaſure of the red *Lammas* is ground, the Flour of the Pirks will weigh

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more than the Flour of the red *Lammas*, for the foregoing Reaſons. The Flour of Pirks is apt to cauſe the Bread that is made of it alone to crack; but this is prevented by a Mixture with the *Lammas*. Pirky Wheat has four or five Sets of Kernels, when the *Lammas* has but two or three. It alſo has this good Quality, not to draw the Ground ſo much as the *Lammas* Sorts, becauſe the Straw of the *Lammas* is taller and bigger than that of the Pirks. When pirky Wheat is ſown in gravelly Ground, it generally acquires ſuch a Colour, that it often deceives the Buyer for *Lammas*, and is accounted the thinneſt-ſkinn'd Wheat of all others. The red Pirks are beſt, the Yellow are rather thicker-ſkinned, and hardly to be known from yellow *Lammas*, as the red Sort is from red *Lammas*, and the white Pirk from the white *Lammas* Wheat. In Gravels and lean Loams, the pirky Wheat and *Lammas* grow much of an equal Tallneſs, when mixed.

Yellow Lammas. This Wheat has a white Straw and a red Ear. Its Kernel is of a yellowiſh red Colour, rounder, ſhorter, and not ſo guttery as the red *Lammas*; nor is the Ear of the Yellow ſo long by an Inch, as that of the Red; is nearer of the pirky Nature, has a Flour near as white and as fine as that of the red *Lammas*, and whiter than that of Pirks and white Wheat; its Skin is a little thicker than that of the Red, and thus it runs ſomething more into Bran. The Flour-men do not care to buy this yellow Wheat in Summer, by Reaſon its thick Skin is then ſo dry, as makes it apt to grind into a fine Bran, that mixes ſo much with the Bran, as to make it coarſe. But in Winter they readily purchaſe it, for then its Skin quits its Flour with Eaſe. This Wheat will grow on Chalks, Gravels, Clays, and other poor Land, much better than red *Lammas*, but degenerates ſooner than moſt other Wheats; for you may in a few Years ſow it too long in the ſame Soil, till it dwindles to ſo ſmall a Kernel, as not to be worth ſowing. Therefore, it is now very common to ſow it in a Mixture with Pirks, becauſe it is a much ſurer Crop this way than when ſown alone; perhaps, Variety beſt agrees with the Earth, but it is more true, that the Mode or Make of one Ear is a Security againſt blighting the other; and, the Pirks are moſt ſerviceable on

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its Account, for ſeveral Farmers in *Pitſtone* Pariſh, on the Edge of *Ayleſbury* Vale, think thus of it, elſe they would not ow it every Year, mixed in their gravelly and chalky Loams; here, if they are ploughed fine, and dreſſed well, theſe Grains will flouriſh to great Profit, becauſe theſe two Wheats will ſell and grind well together: For, the yellow *Lammas* being toughiſh, and the Pirks ſhort, the firſt will keep the latter from making too ſmall a Bran, and running too much into Flour. A great *Chilturn* Farmer, whoſe incloſed Fields had ſeveral Soils in them, obſerved, as often as he could, to ſow his Loams with red *Lammas*, his Gravel with Pirks, and his loamy Chalks, with white or yellow *Lammas*, for he is certainly moſt in the Right, that ſows a Seed that is moſt agreeable to the Soil it is to grow in; in which, this, as well as the red *Lammas*, requires an early Sowing, as before hinted, and a frequent Change. Yellow *Lammas* yields a Peck or two of Flour leſs, in five Buſhels, than red *Lammas*: Yet ſeveral Farmers ſow yellow *Lammas* in their ſtiff, clayey Loams in the *Chilturn*, and thinks it the very beſt Sort, for its thin Skin, cloſe Ear, and good Yield; and beſt agrees to be ſown with Pirks, becauſe it grows about four Inches higher, and ſhelters that the better from Blights. Others differ in their Opinion and think otherways.

White Wheat. This white Wheat has a white Straw, and a white bunchy Ear; it kernels as big as Pirks, grows cloſer together than the red or yellow *Lammas*, and thus is better ſecured from Strokes and Blights than they are. Now this Corn is moſtly defended againſt theſe Incidents, by Means of its rough Chaffs; for the right Sort of white Wheat has two or three that encompaſs each Kernel, which alſo preſerve it in a great Meaſure from the Damage of Flies and other Inſects, which are apt to ſpoil Wheat while it is growing in the Ear. When this excellent Wheat is near ripe, its true Sort may be known by its Aſpect, for then it will appear, as if it were hoary all over its Ear. In *Hertfordſhire* it is more and more ſown, as being a Sort that thrives well in their incloſed, poor, gravelly, chalky, and light loamy Soils; and, by many, this, or any other of the white Wheats,

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is much ſown in a Mixture with red, or yellow Lammas, becauſe this Wheat will not help to keep off Blights from that, but is a moſt proper Sort to ſell and grind with the red or yellow Lammas, by Reaſon one is of a ſhort, brittle Nature, and the other tough; which prevents the white from running too much into ſmall Bran, as it is apt to do if ground alone, and then its Flour will be the coarſer. This Wheat weighs rather lighter, than either the red or yellow Lammas or Pirks, yet makes more Stuff or Flour than they do, becauſe its very ſmall Bran, remaining among it, is not eaſily perceived, for, as its Coat, or Skin, is of a light Colour, it gives the Meal and Bread a pleaſing yellowiſh Caſt. On this Account, white Wheat ſtands the Baker's Friend, becauſe its white Colour will admit of a Mixture of ſo much ſmall Bran with its Flour, that leſs Flour will ſerve in making a Loaf, and yet the Cuſtomer be at the ſame Time contented; for, if he has not a penetrating Judgment, he cannot find out the Legerdemain Part of this Matter. There is a ſmooth-eared Sort of white Wheat, that is not reckoned ſo valuable as this rough-eared Sort, and are both diſtinguiſhed by the Names of *White Pirks* and *White* Lammas. The Flour of white Wheat is of ſo ſhort a Nature, that the Workman can hardly make a Loaf of it that will ſtand without cracking; and therefore it is generally mixed with the Flour of the Lammas Sort, which improves each other, ſo as to make excellent Bread. White Wheat will grow well both in Vale, ſwampy, ſtiff Soils, and in *Chilturn* dry Grounds.

Duck-bill or Dugdale *Wheat.* In *Eſſex* they call this *Grey-poll Rivet*; in *Huntingdonſhire*, *Dunover Wheat*; in the Weſt Country, *Grey-poll* and *Blue-poll Wheat*; in *Hertfordſhire*, *Duck-bill*, or Dugdale *Wheat.* In *Berkſhire*, there is a white-cone Wheat, whoſe Straw is like a Ruſh, full of Pith, and not hollow, like the Lammas Sort; however theſe are all bearded Wheats. The common Duck-bill Wheat has a darkiſh, brown, crooked, guttery Kernel, rather bigger than any other Wheat; but the Chaff is better thrown away to make Dung, than to give to Cattle, becauſe, by the Sharpneſs of its Sides, it pricks and cankers the

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Horſes Mouths. A certain Farmer ſuffered above ten Pounds Damage on this Account in one Year; for this Diſtemper reduced his Horſes ſo low, before it was cured, that they could not work for a conſiderable Time. It is ſown both in Vale and *Chilturn* Grounds, in wet and dry Loams that are made rich with Manure, for a very poor Soil will not agree with this Wheat, as it is a great Drawer of the Earth. It ſhould be ſown a Fortnight before *Michaelmas* at lateſt, becauſe it is always late ripe, and then in a ſtiff Soil; for this bulky Wheat is very apt to fall by the Wind and Rain; and therefore no light Sand ſuits it. In the Vale they ſow it Broad-caſt on their Ridge half Acre Lands, and plow it in. In the *Chilturn* they ſow it in Broad-lands, while they lie rough, and harrow it in. In two or three Bout-lands they ſprain the Seed, and plow it in, but do not harrow afterwards. If it is ſown in four Bout-lands, they plow in Half, and harrow half in. If this Corn is ſow'd in Broad-lands, the beſt Way is to fold on it to make it ſtand faſt; but this muſt not be done in Stitch-work, for then the Sheep will tread the Seed into the Thoroughs, and ſpoil the Crop. This Seed, when ſown in a fine, well dreſſed Tilth-ground, produces the moſt of all others. One Ear has been ſaid to have had above an hundred Grains in it, and on an Acre above fifty Buſhels of Wheat have grown; but, as its Flour is of the heavieſt and coarſeſt Sort, it is ſold for two or three Shillings leſs in a Sack than the Lammas, Pirks, or white Wheat. Its Kernels are of a brittle Nature, and therefore grind well with the Lammas Sort. One Buſhel of *Dugdale* and three of Lammas make very good Bread. This Wheat is fit to reap, when its Beards are ready to drop off, are hard to thraſh out, and yield a great deal of Chaff. The Lammas, Pirks, White, or Dugdale Wheats are very rarely ground alone for the Baker's Uſe, becauſe the firſt grinds too tough and flaky, and the reſt run too much into a branny coarſe Flour; therefore they ſow grey or blue-poll Wheat and Lammas together, and grind two of a contrary Sort at once, that the Flour may anſwer their Purpoſe the better. They never brine nor lime the Seed of bearded Wheat, for it is never known to Smut. Two Buſhels of Seed

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Seed is the common Allowance for one Acre of Ground, as it is a great Brancher. It will grow in rough four Tilths, the best of any Wheat, therefore some sow it on only one plowing up of a Lay and harrow it in; but it must be carefully done in such Lays by a skilful Workman, lest, as it is a large-bodied Grain, it be too much exposed to the Beaks of Fowls; and so careless are many in preparing the Ground by several Plowings for this Grain, that they venture to sow it on sour Land, without any Manure, and sometimes come by pretty good Crops. But he that makes a fine Tilth, and manures the Ground well for his Seed, stands a much better Chance of a plentiful Return at Harvest; and the more, for that all the bearded Sorts are freest from Blasts, Blights, and Strokes of any, as being guarded against them by its Beards. This Wheat yields a sharp cutting Meal; but, when finely sifted, it serves to mix with other Flour. One Bushel of this, mixed with Flour of Lammas, the *London* Baker approves of, because it keeps the Bread a Day or two longer moist than usual, and yet its natural Coarseness is not perceived by the Customer. If it is finely sifted, it makes the sweetest and shortest Pancake.

A particular very large-bearded Wheat. The late Mr. *Johnson*, of *Ivinghoe-Arson*, a very able Yeoman and nice Seedsman, famous for being the chief Opposer of inclosing a certain Common, was a most hospitable Neighbour, and thus became the noblest Work of God, an honest Man. He was very curious for collecting several Sorts of Corn for sowing them in Fields. Among the rest he got a bearded Wheat that grew in a Set of four Kernels in Rows, or Sides, instead of two that the *Dugdale* has. It had a very large Ear and white, its Straw of the same Colour and round, but the Kernel brown. This Wheat yielded prodigiously, but he was forced to leave off sowing it, because the Ear was so large and heavy, that it fell down before it was fit to reap, for his Ground was rather too light for it; but had he in his Time known the Benefit of sowing Wheat in Drills, undoubtedly he might have enjoyed its Crops in Perfection.

Double-eared Wheat. It is sometimes sown in *Essex* in dry Loams. This Wheat, Mr. *Houghton* says, in 1679, was taken

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taken for a Prodigy, for, about that Time, Books were publiſhed concerning a Perſon, who, in the Time of Scarcity, ſold his Corn to the Poor for a Shilling a Buſhel leſs than his Neighbours, and had, the next Year, a Field of Wheat which had twelve or fourteen Years upon one Stalk, and that there was another ſuch Crop in *Suffolk*. This is ſomewhat like the Character of Farmer *Rowland*'s Peaſe, who uſed to ſow half an Acre of Ground with Peaſe, partly for the Poor, by giving a Meſs of them to any of the poorer Sort on Aſking; and it was obſervable, that the ſame Piece of Peaſe yielded a greater Quantity at Harveſt, than the ſame Meaſure of Ground did elſewhere in the ſame Farm, although a great deal was given away before.

Bleſſings ever wait on virtuous Deeds,
And tho' a late, a ſure Reward ſucceeds.

Egg-ſhell, or Mouſe-dun Wheat. We do not know that any of this grows any where in *England*, but in one particular County. Here, they ſay, that theſe are ſynonymous Names for this Wheat, which they affirm to be the beſt in *England*, becauſe it makes the fineſt Flour; and, indeed, one of the greateſt Bakers in *London* confirms the ſame, and ſays it beats red Lammas, for making a white Bread and Manchet, that the Flour of red Lammas could not come up to. By handling of this Wheat, and by its outward Appearance, it does not promiſe all this; but its Inſide was, by all the Neighbourhood, allowed to anſwer the Character here given of it.

Diogenes's *Account of* Alexander *the Great making a Viſit to him. In old Engliſh Verſe.*

Written near two hundred Years ago.

GREAT *Alexander* came to ſee my Manſion, being a Tunne,
And ſtood directly oppoſite between me and the Sunne.

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Morrow (quoth he) Philoſopher, I yield thee Time of Day.
Marry (ſaid I) then Emperour I pray thee ſtand away,
For thou depriveſt mee of that thy Power hath not to give,
Nor all thy mighty fellow Kings that on Earth's Foot-ball live:
Stand backe, I ſay, and rob mee not, nor wrong mee in my Right;
The Sunne would ſhine upon mee, but thou tak'ſt away his Light.
With this he ſtept aſide from mee, and ſmiling did intreat
That I would be a Courtier, for he lik'd my Conceit.
Ile have thy Houſe brought near my Court, I like thy Veine ſo well:
A Neighbour very neere to me I meane to have thee dwell.
If thou beſtow that Paine (quoth I) pray when thy Worke is done,
Remove thy Court, and carry that a good Way from my Tunne.
I care not for thy Neighbourhood, thy Treaſure, Traſh I hold,
And doe eſteeme my Lantherne Horne as much as all thy Gold.
The coſtlieſt Cheere that Earth affords, (take Sea and Aire to boot)
I make farre leſs Account thereof, than of a Carret Root.
For all the Robes upon thy Backe, ſo coſtely rich and ſtrange,
This plaine poor Gowne thou ſeeſt mee weare thread bare, I will not change.
For all the Pearles and precious Stones that are at thy command,
I will not give this little Booke that heere is in my Hand.
For all the Countries, Cities, Townes, and Kingdoms thou haſt got,
I will not give this empty Tunne, for I regard them not.
Nay, if thou would'ſt exchange thy Crowne for this ſame Cap I weare,
Or give thy Scepter for my Staffe, I would not do't, I ſweare.

Doſt

Doſt ſee this Tub? I tell thee Man, it is my Common-Wealth.
Doſt ſee yon Water? 'Tis the Wine doth keep mee ſound in Health.
Doſt ſee theſe Roots that grow about the Place of my Abode?
Theſe are the Dainties which I eat, my bak'd, my roſt, my ſod.
Doſt ſee my ſimple three-foot Stoole? It is my Chaire of State.
Doſt ſee my poore plaine wooden Diſh? It is my Silver Plate.
Doſt ſee my Wardrop? Then behold this patched ſeame-rent Gowne.
Doſt ſee yon Mat and Bull-ruſhes? Why they're my Bed of Downe.
Thou call'ſt me poore and beggerly; alas, good carefull King,
When thou art often ſighing ſad, I cheerefull ſit and ſing.
Content dwells not in Palaces, and Courts of mighty Men:
For if it did, aſſure thy ſelfe I would turn Courtier then.
No, *Alexander*, tha'rt deceiv'd, to cenſure on mee ſo,
That I my ſweet contented Life for Troubles will forgoe.
Of a repoſed Life, 'tis I can make a juſt Report,
That have more Vertues in my Tun, than are in all thy Court.
For what yeelds that but Vanities, Ambition, Envie, Pride,
Oppreſſion, Wrongs, and Crueltie? Nay, every Thing beſide.
Theſe are not fit for my Company, Ile rather dwell thus odde:
'Who ever walks amongſt ſharp Thornes, had need to go 'well ſhod.'
On mighty Men I cannot fawne, let Flatterie crouch and creepe:
The World is naught, and that Man's wiſe, leaſt Leage with it doth keepe.
A Crowne is heavy wearing, King, it makes thy Head to ake:
Great *Alexander*, great Accounts thy Greatneſſe hath to make.

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Who ſeeketh Reſt, and for the ſame doth to thy Court repaire,
Is wiſe like him that in an Egge doth ſeeke to finde an Hare.
If thou hadſt all the World thine owne, that World would not ſuffice:
Thou art an Eagle (mighty Man) and Eagles catch no flies.
I like thee for thy Patience well, which thou doſt ſhow to heare mee:
Ile teach thee ſomewhat for thy Paines, draw but a little neere mee.
Some honeſt Proverbs that I have, upon thee Ile beſtow:
Thou didſt not come ſo wiſe to mee, as thou art like to goe.

The Proverbs of DIOGENES.

In Old Engliſh Verſe.

HE that performes not what he ought, but doth the ſame neglect,
Let him be ſure not to receive the Thing he doth expect.
When once the tall and lofty Tree unto the Ground doth fall,
Why every Peaſant hath an Axe to hew his Boughs withall.
He that for Vertue merits well, and yet doth nothing claime,
A double kinde of Recompence deſerveth for the ſame.
Acquaint mee but with whom thou goeſt, and thy Companions tell:
I will reſolve thee what thou doeſt, whether ill done or well.
He knows enough that knoweth nought, if he can Silence keep:
The Tongue oft makes the Heart to ſigh, the Eyes to waile and weepe.
He takes the beſt and choiſeſt Courſe, of any Man doth live,
That takes good Counſell, when his Friend doth that rich Jewell give.
Good Horſe and bad (the Rider ſayes) muſt both of them have Spurrs:
And he is ſure to riſe with Fleas, that lies and ſleeps with Currs.

He

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He that more Kindneſſe ſheweth thee, than thou art us'd unto,
Either already hath deceiv'd, or ſhortly means to doe.
Birds of a Feather and a Kinde, will ſtill together flocke:
H'ad need be very ſtrait himſelf, that doth the crooked mocke.
I have obſerved divers Times, of all Sorts old and young,
That he which hath the leſſer Heart hath ſtill the bigger Tongue.
He that's a bad a wicked Man, appearing good to th' Eye,
May do thee many thouſand Wrongs, which thou canſt never ſpie.
In preſent Wante deferre not him, which doth thy Help require:
The Water that is farre off fetcht, quencheth not Neighbours Fire.
He that hath Money at his Will, Meat, Drink, and Leiſure takes:
But he that lacks muſt mend the Pace, need a good Footman makes.
He that the Office of a Friend, uprightly doth reſpect,
Muſt firmly love his Friend profeſt, with Fault and with Defect.
He that enjoys a white Horſe, and a faire and dainty Wife,
Muſt needs find often Cauſe by each of Diſcontent and Strife.
Chuſe thy Companions of the good, or elſe converſe with none;
Rather than ill accompanied much better be alone.
Watch over Words, for from thy Mouth there hath much Evil ſprung:
Its better ſtumble with thy Feet, than ſtumble with thy Tongue.
No outward Habit, Vertue 'tis that doth advance thy Fame:
The golden Bridle betters not a Jade that wears the ſame.
The greateſt Joyes that ever were, at length with Sorrow meets;
Taſte Hony with thy Fingers End, and furfet not on Sweets.
A Liar can do more than much, work Wonders by his Lies,
Turn Mountains into Mole-Hills, and turn Elephants to Flies.

Children

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Children that were unfortunate, their Parents always praiſe;
And attribute all Unthriftineſs unto their forgone Dayes.
When Sickneſs enters Health's ſtrong Hold, and Life begins to yeeld,
Man's Fort of Fleſh to Parley comes, and Death muſt win the Field.
The Flatterer before thy Face with ſmiling Lookes will ſtand,
Preſenting Hony in his Mouth, a Raſor in his Hand.
The truly Noble-minded loves, the Baſe and Servile fears:
Whoever tels a Foole a Tale, had neede to finde him Eares.
To meddle much with idle Things, would vex a wiſe Man's Head:
Tis Labour and a weary Worke, to make a Dogge his Bed.
The worſt Wheele ever out of the Cart, doth yeeld the greateſt Noiſe:
Three Women make a Market, they have ſufficient Voice.
Firſt Leaſe all Fooles deſire to learne, with ſtedfaſt fixed Eyes:
In this, all other Idiots are, and they exceeding wiſe.
When once the Lion breathleſſe lies, whom all the Foreſt fear'd,
The very Hares preſumptuouſly, will pull him by the Beard.
Ceaſe not to do the Good thou ought'ſt, though Inconvenience grow:
A wiſe Man will not Seed-time loſe for Fear of every Crow.
One Man can never doe ſo well, but ſome Man will him blame:
Tis vaine to ſeeke to pleaſe all Men, Jove cannot do the ſame.
To him that is in Miſery do not Affliction adde:
With Sorrow to load Sorrowes Backe, is moſt extremely bad.
Shew mee good Fruit on evil Tree, or Roſe that growes on Thiſtle:
Ile undertake at Sight thereof, to drinke to thee and whiſtle.
Cenſure what Conſcience reſts in him, that ſweares he Juſtice loves:
And yet doth pardon hurtfull Crowes, to puniſh ſimple Doves.

Theres

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Theres many that to aſke might have, but his own Silence croſt:
What Charge is Speech unto thy Tongue? By aſking, pray whats loſt?
He ſerves for nothing, that is juſt, and faithfull in his Place:
Yet for his Duty well performed is not a whit in Grace.
He makes himſelf anothers Slave, and Feares doe undergoe,
That unto one being ignorant doth his own Secrets ſhow.
On Neptune wrongfull he complaines, that oft hath been in Danger,
And yet to his devouring Waves, doth not become a Stranger.
Age is an honourable Thing, and yet though Yeeres be ſo,
For one wiſe Man with hoary Haires, three dozen Fooles I know.

WORKS to be done in Gardens in the Month of December.

In the *KITCHEN-GARDEN.*

NOW look carefully after your hot Beds, and add to their Heat if they begin to cool, by lining them with hot Dung. Towards the Middle of the Month make a hot Bed for *Aſparagus*, as you did the laſt Month. Sow on hot Beds all Sorts of ſmall hot Sallad Herbs for Sallads; alſo ſow Peas and Beans, as in the former Months; dig, dreſs, and trench Ground; fit up Tools, and prepare for the Spring, by getting all Things ready.

In the *FRUIT-GARDEN.*

You muſt not prune any Fruit-Trees now; but you may dig and dreſs Ground, ſet Traps for Vermin, mend Borders,

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ders, bring in Dung, and get all Things in Readiness against the Spring. If the Weather is frosty, guard against it as well as you can; if mild and open, you may plant and remove hardy Trees.

In the *FLOWER-GARDEN.*

Prepare Shelters and Coverings for all tender Flowers, Boxes of Seedlings, Carnations and Auriculas; yet in mild open Weather, give them Air; turn over your Heaps of Earth, and mix up new Heaps, that the Spring may meet you prepared for it.

In the *GREEN-HOUSE.*

Pick off dead and rotten Leaves from your Exoticks; give but little Water to any Plants, and to Aloes, Euphorbiums, Indian Figs, Sedums, and Torch-Thistles, none at all till the latter End of *March*. Let as much Sun as possible into the House. Your Ananas must have a good Share of Heat, and be often refreshed with Water, as before directed; your Coffee-Trees, and other tender Plants in the Bark Bed, must also be carefully tended.

A faithful and accurate Account of that amazing Prodigy the Production of a large Island out of the Midst of the Sea, in the Bay of Santerini, *in the* Archipelago, *by* F. Gorre, *who was an Eye-Witness of its Formation.*

ON the 23d of *May*, 1707, after an Earthquake that happened the Night before, a new Island was discovered early in the Morning by some Seamen; who not be-

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being able to diſtinguiſh what it was, and taking it for ſome Wreck brought thither in the Night-time, rowed immediately towards it; but finding a Heap of Rocks and Earth, inſtead of a floating Wreck, they haſtened back again, and ſpread the Report over *Santerini*. How great ſoever the Apprehenſions of the Inhabitants were at the firſt Sight of this Phænomenon, their Surprize abated in a few Days, and ſeeing no Appearance of Fire or Smoke, ſome of them ventured to go aſhore upon the new Iſland. Their Curioſity led them from one Rock to another, where they found a Sort of white Stone that cut like Bread, and very much reſembled it in Form, Colour, and Conſiſtence. They alſo found great Numbers of Oyſters ſticking to the Rocks, but whilſt they were employed in gathering them, they perceived the Iſland move and ſhake under their Feet, upon which they retired to their Boats with Precipitation. With theſe Motions and Tremblings the Iſland every Day increaſed, not only in Height, but alſo in Length and Breadth; though now and then it happened, that whilſt it was raiſed and extended on one Side, it ſunk and diminiſhed on the other. F. *Goree* obſerved a Rock riſe out of the Sea, about forty or fifty Paces from the Iſland, which continued four Days together, when it ſunk again and appeared no more; but ſeveral others appeared and diſappeared alternately, which at laſt remained fixed and unmoved. During this Time the Colour of the ſurrounding Sea was changed, being at firſt of a light Green, then reddiſh, and afterwards of a pale Yellow, accompanied with a noiſome Stench, which ſpread itſelf over great Part of *Santerini*.

The Smoke appeared firſt on the 16th of *July*, not indeed from the Iſland itſelf, but from a Ridge of black Stones which ſuddenly roſe up about ſixty Paces from it, where the Depth of the Sea was before unfathomable. Thus for ſome Time there were two ſeparate Iſlands, whereof one was called the *White*, and the other the *Black Iſland*, by reaſon of their different Colour; but they were not long before they united, and that in ſuch a Manner, that theſe black Rocks became the Centre of the whole Iſland. The Smoke iſſuing from them was very thick, and of a whitiſh Colour,

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like that of a Lime-Kiln; which being driven by the Wind towards *Santerini*, it penetrated the Houses of the Inhabitants, but without doing much Harm, the Smell not being then very offensive.

In the Night between the 19th and 20th of *July*, Flames were observed to issue with the Smoke, to the great Terror of the Inhabitants of *Santerini*, especially those of the Castle of *Scard*, who were not above half a League distant from the burning Island. This Island now increased very fast, large Rocks daily springing up, which added sometimes to its Length, sometimes to its Breadth, insomuch that the Additions from Time to Time might easily be perceived. The Smoke also increased very much, and there being no Wind stirring, it ascended so high as to be seen at *Candia*, *Naxos*, and other distant Islands. During the Night it appeared like a Column of Fire fifteen or twenty Feet high; and the Sea at that Time was covered with a Scurf or Froth, in some Places reddish, and in others yellowish, from whence proceeded such a Stench, over the whole Island of *Santerini* that they were obliged to burn Perfumes in their Houses, and to make Fires in the Streets to prevent Infection. This indeed did not last above a Day or two, the Froth being dispersed by a strong Gale of Wind; but another Evil quickly followed, for the Wind drove the Smoke upon most of the Vineyards of *Santerini*, whereby the Grapes in one Night were parched up and destroyed. It was also observed that the Smoke sullied Plate and Copper, and caused violent Head-achs, attended with Reachings.

The 31st of *July*, the Sea was perceived to smoke and bubble near the Island in two different Places, where the Water formed a perfect Circle, and looked like Oyl when set upon the Fire. This lasted for above a Month, during which Time a great many Fish were found dead on the Shore. The following Night was heard a dull howling Noise, like the distant Report of several Cannons; which was immediately followed by Flames of Fire shooting up from the Furnace to a great Height in the Air, where they suddenly disappeared. The next Day the same hollow Sound wrs heard several Times, and succeeded by a blackish Smoke;

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Smoke; which, notwithſtanding a pretty freſh Gale, roſe up in the Form of a Column to a prodigious Height; and this in the Night would probably have appeared as if it were all on Fire.

On the 7th of *Auguſt* the Noiſe was different, reſembling that of large Stones thrown all together into a deep Well, and the Extremities of the Iſland ſeemed to be in a great Commotion. This Noiſe, after it had laſted ſome Days, was ſucceeded by another much louder, which ſo nearly reſembled Thunder, as hardly to be diſtinguiſhed from three or four real Claps, that happened about the ſame Time. On the 21ſt the Fire and Smoke were conſiderably diminiſhed, but the next Morning they broke out with greater Fury than before. The Smoke was red and very thick, and the Heat was ſo intenſe, that all round the Iſland the Sea ſmoked and bubbled up in a ſurprizing Manner. At Night F. *Goree*, viewing with a Teleſcope the large Furnace upon the higheſt Part of the Iſland, diſcovered ſixty ſmaller Openings or Funnels, all which emitted a very bright Flame; and he imagined there might be as many more on the other Side of the great Volcano.

The 23d of *Auguſt*, in the Morning, our Author obſerved the Iſland was much higher than the Day before, and that its Breadth was increaſed by a Chain of Rocks ſprung up in the Night Time, almoſt fifty Feet above Water. The Sea was alſo covered again with the reddiſh Froth abovementioned, which always appeared when the Iſland receiv'd any conſiderable Additions, and occaſioned an intolerable Stench till it was diſperſed by the Wind and the Motion of the Waves.

The 5th of *September* the Fire opened itſelf another Vent at the Extremity of the *Black Iſland*, from whence it iſſued for ſeveral Days, during which Time there came but little out of the large Furnace: And from this new Paſſage it was ſurprizing to ſee the Fire dart up three ſeveral Times to a vaſt Height, reſembling ſo many Sky-Rockets of a glowing lively Red. The following Night the ſubterraneous Thunder made a terrible Noiſe, and immediately afterwards a thouſand Sheaves of Fire, as it were, flew up into the Air,

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where breaking and diſperſing, they fell like a Shower of Stars upon the Iſland, which appeared all in a Blaze, preſenting to the aſtoniſhed Spectator at once a moſt dreadful and beautiful Illumination. To theſe natural Fire-Works ſucceeded a Kind of Meteor, which hung for ſome Time over the Caſtle of *Scaro* like a fiery Sword, and increaſed the Conſternation of the Inhabitants.

On the 9th of *September* the *White* and *Black Iſlands* united, after which the Weſtern End of the Iſland daily increaſed. There were now only four Openings that emitted Flames, which came out with great Impetuoſity, ſometimes attended with a Noiſe like a large Organ-Pipe, and ſometimes like the Howling of wild Beaſts. On the 12th the ſubterraneous Noiſe was very much augmented, having never been ſo dreadful nor ſo frequent as that Day and the following. The Burſts of it, like a general Diſcharge of the Artillery of an Army, were repeated ten or twelve Times in four and twenty Hours, and immediately after each Clap the large Furnace threw up huge red-hot Stones, which fell into the Sea at a great Diſtance. Theſe Claps were always followed by a thick Smoke, which ſpread Clouds of Aſhes over the Sea and the neighbouring Iſlands.

The 18th of *September* an Earthquake was felt at *Santerini*, which did no great Damage, but conſiderably enlarg'd the burning Iſland, and gave Vent to the Fire and Smoke in ſeveral new Places. The Claps were alſo more terrible than ever, and ſo violent that one would have thought every Houſe in *Scaro* muſt have been ſhaken to the Ground: And in the Midſt of a thick Smoke, which appeared like a Mountain, one might ſee and hear large Pieces of Rock thrown up with as much Noiſe and Force as Bullets from the Mouth of a Cannon, and afterwards fall down upon the Iſland, or into the Sea. One of the ſmall neighbouring Iſlands was ſeveral Times covered with theſe fiery Stones, which being thinly cruſted over with Sulphur, gave a very bright Light, and continued burning till that was conſum'd.

On the 21ſt of the ſame Month, after a dreadful Clap of ſubterraneous Thunder, very great Lightenings enſued; and at the ſame Inſtant the new Iſland was ſo violently

ſhaken,

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ſhaken, that Part of the large Furnace came tumbling down, and huge burning Rocks were thrown to the Diſtance of two Miles or upwards. This ſeemed to be the laſt Effort of the Volcano, and to have exhauſted the combuſtible Matter, eſpecially as all was quiet for ſeveral Days after: But on the 25th the Fire broke out again with ſtill greater Fury; and amongſt the Claps there was one ſo terrible, that the Churches of *Santerini* were preſently filled with Crowds of People, expecting every Moment would be their laſt; and the Caſtle of *Scaro* ſuffered ſuch a Shock, that the Doors and Windows of the Houſes flew open. Thus the Volcano continued to rage during the remaining Part of the Year, and the Month of *January*, 1708; the large Furnace, without one Day's Intermiſſion, throwing out Stones and Flames, at leaſt once or twice, but oftner five or ſix Times a Day.

The 10th of *February*, in the Morning, a pretty ſtrong Earthquake was felt at *Santerini*, which the Inhabitants looked upon as a Prelude to greater Commotions in the burning Iſland. Nor were they deceived in their Expectation; for ſoon after the Fire and Smoke iſſued in prodigious Quantities, the Claps like Thunder were redoubled, and nothing appeared but Horror and Confuſion. Rocks of amazing Bulk were raiſed up to a great Height above the Water, and the Sea raged and boiled to ſuch a Degree, that it occaſioned a general Conſternation. The ſubterraneous Bellowings were heard without Intermiſſion, and ſometimes in leſs than a Quarter of an Hour there were ſix or ſeven Eruptions from the large Furnace. The Noiſe of the repeated Claps, the Quantity of huge Stones that flew about on every Side, the Houſes tottering to their very Foundations, and the Fire which now appeared in open Day, ſurpaſſed all that had hitherto happened, and formed a Scene aſtoniſhing beyond Deſcription.

The 15th of *April* was remarked for the Number and Violence of the Bellowings and Eruptions, by one of which near a hundred large Stones were thrown up all together into the Air, and fell again into the Sea at about two Miles Diſtance. From this Time to the 23d of *May*, (the Anniverſary

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verſary of the Birth of the new Iſland) Things continued much in the ſame State, but afterwards the Fire and Smoke ſubſided by Degrees, and the ſubterraneous Thunders grew leſs terrible.

On the 15th of *July* our Author, accompanied by the *Latin* Biſhop of *Santerini*, and ſome other Eccleſiaſticks, hired a Boat to take a near View of the Iſland, and to land upon it, if they found it practicable. They made directly towards it on that Side where the Sea did not bubble, but where it ſmoked very much. Being got into this Vapour, they perceived a cloſe ſuffocating Heat, and found the Water very hot; whereupon they directed their Courſe towards that Part of the Iſland which was fartheſt diſtant from the large Furnace. The Fires, which ſtill continued to burn, and the boiling of the Sea, obliged them to take a great Compaſs, and yet they felt the Air about them very hot and ſultry. Having coaſted round the Iſland, and ſurveyed it carefully from an adjacent one, they judged it to be two hundred Feet above the Sea, about a Mile broad, and five Miles in Circumference: But not being thoroughly ſatisfied with this View of it, they reſolved to attempt once more to land, and accordingly rowed towards that Part of the Iſland where no Fire or Smoke had been perceived: But when they had got within a hundred Yards of the Place, the great Furnace diſcharged itſelf with its uſual Fury, and the Wind blew upon them a thick Smoke and a Shower of Aſhes, which obliged them to quit their Deſign. Having retired a little, they let down a Plummet, and had ninety-five Fathom Water, without finding the Bottom, the Line not being long enough. Being returned to *Santerini*, they obſerved that the Heat of the Water had melted moſt of the Pitch from their Boat, which was therefore grown very leaky.

From this Time till the 15th of *Auguſt*, when *F. Goree* left *Santerini*, the Fire, Smoke, and Noiſe, continued pretty moderate; and by the Accounts he received from thence for ſeveral Years afterwards, it appears that the Iſland ſtill increaſed, but that the Fire and ſubterraneous Noiſe were very much abated: And our Author ſuppoſes, as there is

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no Likelihood that the Fire will make itſelf a Paſſage at the Bottom of the Sea, ſo as to let in the Water to extinguiſh it, that the Volcano will not have an End till the Mine of Sulphur that feeds it be entirely conſumed.

The PHILOSOPHER *and the* PHEASANTS.

A FABLE.

THE Sage, awak'd at early Day,
Through the deep Foreſt took his Way;
Drawn by the Muſick of the Groves,
Along the winding Gloom he roves;
From Tree to Tree, the warbling Throats
Prolong the ſweet alternate Notes.
But where he paſt he Terror threw,
The Song broke ſhort, the Warblers flew,
The Thruſhes chatter'd with Affright,
And Nightingales abhorr'd his Sight;
All Animals before him ran
To ſhun the hateful Sight of Man.
Whence is this Dread of ev'ry Creature?
Fly they our Figure or our Nature?
As thus he walk'd in muſing Thought,
His Ear imperfect Accents caught;
With cautious Step he nearer drew,
By the thick Shade conceal'd from View:
High on the Branch a Pheaſant ſtood,
Around her all her liſt'ning Brood,
Proud of the Bleſſings of her Neſt,
She thus a Mother's Care expreſt.
No Dangers here ſhall circumvent,
Within the Woods enjoy Content.
Sooner the Hawk or Vulture truſt
Than Man; of Animals the worſt;
In him Ingratitude you find,
A Vice peculiar to the Kind.

The

The Sheep, whoſe annual Fleece is dy'd,
To guard his Health, and ſerve his Pride,
Forc'd from his Fold and native Plain,
Is in the cruel Shambles ſlain.
The Swarms, who, with induſtrious Skill,
His Hives with Wax and Honey fill,
In vain whole Summer Days employ'd,
Their Stores are ſold, the Race deſtroy'd.
What Tribute from the Gooſe is paid!
Does not her Wing all Science aid?
Does it not Lovers Hearts explain,
And drudge to raiſe the Merchant's Gain?
What now rewards this general Uſe?
He takes the Quills and eats the Gooſe.
Man then avoid, deteſt his Ways,
So Safety ſhall prolong your Days.
When Services are thus acquitted,
Be ſure we Pheaſants muſt be ſpitted.

On the Vanity of HUMAN GREATNESS.

WHY, *Lycidas*, ſhou'd Man be vain,
If bounteous Heav'n hath made him great?
Why look with inſolent Diſdain,
On thoſe undeck'd with Wealth and State?
Can ſplendid Robes, or Beds of Down,
Or coſtly Gems to deck the Hair;
Can all the Glories of a Crown
Give Health or ſmooth the Brow of Care?
The ſcepter'd Prince, the burden'd Slave,
The humble and the haughty die;
The poor, the rich, the baſe, the brave,
In Duſt without Diſtinction lie.
Go ſearch the Tombs where Monarchs reſt,
Who once the richeſt Glories wore,
Fled is that Grandeur they poſſeſs'd,
And all their Greatneſs is no more.
So glides the Meteor thro' the Sky,
And ſweeps along a gilded Train,
But when it's ſhort-liv'd Beauties die,
Diſſolves to common Air again.

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L I F E.

LIFE, recounting all it's Gains,
Cannot equal half its Pains:
Daily we our Cares renew,
Daily flying Bliſs purſue:
Hopes, how flatt'ring ev'ry Day,
We believe, and they betray.
Diſtance ever cheats the Eye,
There we fancy'd Pleaſures ſpy;
Which, tormenting to the Mind,
Graſp'd, an empty Cloud we find;
Or, more mortifying Thought,
With fierce Storms and Thunders fraught.
Love, that endleſs Bliſs ſecures,
Oft'ner heightens Grief than cures:
Friendſhip, ſpecious Name! deludes,
But a Phantom oft' intrudes;
We imagin'd Joys repeat,
'Till we mourn the fair Deceit.
What can *Luxury* afford?
What the richly furniſh'd Board?
'Mongſt thoſe Heaps that tempt the Eye,
Gouts and Fevers ambuſh'd lie:
In the *Glaſs* that ſparkles ſo,
Seeds of future Miſchiefs flow.
Mirth rolls on a boiſt'rous Tide,
But it's Torrents quick ſubſide;
Soon the refluent Waves are gone,
And a troubled Bottom ſhown.
Love and Friendſhip, Mirth and Wine,
Coz'ners of this Heart of mine;
Since 'tis only in your Power,
Juſt to gild a gloomy Hour:
In your Stead I'll ſubſtitute,
Calm CONTENT, prolifick Root;
Whence more ſolid Peace ſhall ſpring,
Than your Syren-Arts can bring.

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A MIDNIGHT HYMN.

I.

TO Thee, All-glorious, Ever-bleſſed Pow'r,
I conſecrate this ſolemn *Midnight* Hour.----
While Darkneſs robes in Shades the ſpangl'd Sky,
And all Things huſh'd in peaceful Slumbers lie;
Unweary'd, let ME praiſe thy Holy Name:
Each Thought with riſing Gratitude inflame
For the rich Mercies, which THY Hands impart,
Health to my Limbs, and Comfort to my Heart.

II.

Should the Scene change, and Pain extort my Sighs,
Then ſee my Fears, and liſten to my Cries:
Then let my Soul by ſome bleſt Foretaſte know
Her *ſure* Deliv'rance from eternal Woe.
Arm'd with ſo bright a Hope, no more I'll fear
To view the dreadful Hour of Death draw near:
But my FAITH ſtrength'ning as my LIFE decays,
My dying Breath ſhall mount to Heav'n in Praiſe.

III.

Oh! may my PRAY'RS before thy Throne ariſe,
An humble, but accepted Sacrifice!
Bid kindly Sleep my weary Eye lids cloſe,
And chear my Body with a ſoft Repoſe.
Their downy Wings may Guardian Angels ſpread,
And from all Dangers ſcreen my helpleſs Head:
May of thy powerful LIGHT ſome gracious Beams
Shine on my Soul;----and influence my Dreams.

The

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The Power of INNOCENCE.

A Northern Pair, we wave the Name,
Rich, young, and not unknown to Fame;
When firſt the nuptial State they try'd,
With Poets GODS in Pleaſure vy'd,
New to the mighty Charm, they feel
A Joy that all their Looks reveal.
We love whate'er has Power to pleaſe,
So Nature's antient Law decrees:
And thus the Pair, while each had Power,
To bleſs the fond ſequeſter'd Hour,
With mutual Love enraptur'd glow,
And Love in kind Complacence ſhow:
But when familiar Charms no more
Inſpire the Bliſs they gave before,
Each leſs delighting, leſs was lov'd,
Now this, now that, was diſapprov'd;
Some trifling Fault which Love conceal'd,
Indifference every Day reveal'd;
Complacence flies, Neglect ſucceeds,
Neglect, Diſdain and Hatred breeds:
The Wiſh to pleaſe forſakes the Breaſt,
The Wiſh to rule has each poſſeſs'd:
Perpetual War, that Wiſh to gain,
They wage, alas! but wage in vain.
Now Hope of Conqueſt ſwells the Heart
No more---at length content to part,
The rural Seat, that Sylvan Shade,
Where firſt the nuptial Vows were paid,
That Seat atteſts the dire Intent,
And hears the parting Settlement.
This Houſe, theſe Fields, my Lady's own,
Sir *John* muſt ride to Town alone;
The Chariot waits, they bid adieu,
But ſtill the Chariot waits in View:
Tom tires with waiting long in Doubt,
And lights a Pipe, and ſmokes it out.

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Myſterious ! wherefore this Delay ?
The Sequel ſhall the Cauſe diſplay.
One lovely Girl the Lady bore,
Dear Pledge of Joys ſhe taſtes no more ;
The Father's, Mother's Darling, ſhe
Now liſp'd and prattled at her Knee :
Sir *John* now riſing to depart,
Turn'd to the Darling of his Heart,
And cry'd with Ardour in his Eye,
Come *Betſy*, bid Mamma Good-bye.
The Lady trembling, anſwer'd No ;
Go kiſs Papa, my *Betſy*, go,
Sir *John*, the Child ſhall live with me ;
The Child herſelf ſhall chuſe, ſaid he.
Poor *Betſy* look'd at each by Turns,
And each the ſtarting Tear diſcerns :
My Lady aſks with Doubt and Fear,
Will you not live with me, my Dear ?
Yes, (half reſolv'd) reply'd the Child,
And half ſuppreſs'd the Tears, ſhe ſmil'd.
Come, *Betſy*, cry'd Sir *John*, you'll go
And live with dear Papa I know ;
Yes, *Betſy* cry'd ; the Lady then
Addreſs'd the wandering Child again.
The Time to live with both is o'er,
This Day we part to meet no more ;
Chuſe then :---Here Grief o'erflow'd her Breaſt,
And Tears burſt out, too long ſuppreſs'd.
The Child, who Tears and Chiding join'd,
Suppos'd Papa diſpleas'd, unkind,
And try'd with all her little Skill
To ſooth his oft relenting Will.
Do, cry'd the Liſper, Papa do,
Love dear Mamma ! Mamma loves you.
Subdu'd, the Force of manly Pride
No more his Looks his Heart bely'd :
The tender Tranſport forc'd its Way,
They both confeſs'd each other's Sway ;

And

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And prompted by the ſocial Smart,
Breaſt ruſh'd to Breaſt, and Heart to Heart:
Each claſp'd their *Betſy* o'er and o'er,
And *Tom* drove empty from the Door.
Ye that have Paſſions for a Tear,
Give Nature Vent, and drop it here.

The LAWYER *and* JUSTICE.

A FABLE.

LOVE! thou divineſt Good below,
Thy pure Delight few Mortals know!
Our rebel Hearts thy Sway diſown,
While Tyrant Luſt uſurps thy Throne!
The bounteous God of Nature made
The Sexes for each other's Aid,
Their mutual Talents to employ,
To leſſen Ills, and heighten Joy.
To weaker Woman he aſſign'd
That ſoft'ning Gentleneſs of Mind,
That can, by Sympathy, impart
It's Likeneſs to the rougheſt Heart.
Her Eyes with Magic Pow'r endu'd
To fire the Dull, and awe the Rude.
His roſy Fingers on her Face
Shed laviſh ev'ry blooming Grace,
And ſtamp'd (Perfection to diſplay)
His mildeſt Image on her Clay.
Man, active, reſolute, and bold,
He faſhioned in a diff'rent Mould,
With uſeful Arts his Mind inform'd
His Breaſt with nobler Paſſions warm'd;
He gave him Knowledge, Taſte, and Senſe,
And Courage, for the Fair's Defence.
Her Frame, reſiſtleſs to each Wrong,
Demands Protection from the Strong;

To

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To Man ſhe flies, when Fear alarms,
And claims the Temple of his Arms.
By Nature's Author thus declar'd
The Woman's Sov'reign, and her Guard,
Shall Man by treach'rous Wiles invade,
The Weakneſs, he was meant to aid?
While Beauty, given to inſpire
Protecting Love, and ſoft Deſire,
Lights up a Wild-Fire in the Heart,
And to it's own Breaſt points the Dart,
Becomes the Spoiler's baſe Pretence
To triumph over Innocence?
The Wolf, that tears the tim'rous Sheep,
Was never ſet the Fold to keep;
Nor was the Tyger, or the Pard
Meant the benighted Trav'ler's Guard;
But Man, the wildeſt Beaſt of Prey,
Wears Friendſhip's Semblance, to betray;
His Strength againſt the Weak employs,
And where he ſhould protect, deſtroys.
Paſt twelve o'Clock, the Watchman cry'd,
His Brief the ſtudious Lawyer ply'd;
The all-prevailing Fee lay nigh,
The Earneſt of To-morrow's Lie;
Sudden the furious Winds ariſe,
The jarring Caſement ſhatter'd flies;
The Doors admit a hollow Sound,
And rattling from their Hinges bound;
When *Juſtice*, in a Blaze of Light,
Reveal'd her radiant Form to Sight.
The Wretch with thrilling Horror ſhook,
Looſe ev'ry Joint, and pale his Look;
Not having ſeen her in the Courts,
Or found her mention'd in Reports,
He aſk'd, with fault'ring Tongue, her Name,
Her Errand there, and whence ſhe came?
Sternly the white-rob'd Shade reply'd,
(A crimſon Glow her Viſage dy'd)

Can'ſt

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Can'ſt thou be doubtful who I am?
Is *Juſtice* grown ſo ſtrange a Name?
Were not your Courts for Juſtice rais'd?
'Twas there, of old, my Altars blaz'd.
My Guardian thee did I elect,
My ſacred Temple to protect,
That thou, and all thy venal Tribe
Should ſpurn the Goddeſs for the Bribe?
Aloud the ruin'd Client cries,
Juſtice has neither Ears, nor Eyes!
In foul Alliance with the Bar,
'Gainſt me the Judge denounces War,
And rarely iſſues his Decree,
But with Intent to baffle me.
She paus'd. Her Breaſt with Fury burn'd.
The trembling Lawyer thus return'd.
I own the Charge is juſtly laid,
And weak th' Excuſe that can be made;
Yet ſearch the ſpacious Globe, and ſee
If all Mankind are not like me.
The Gown-man, ſkill'd in *Romiſh* Lies,
By Faith's falſe Glaſs deludes our Eyes;
O'er Conſcience rides without Controul,
And robs the Man, to ſave his Soul.
The Doctor, with important Face,
By ſly Deſign, miſtakes the Caſe;
Preſcribes, and ſpins out the Diſeaſe,
To trick the Patient of his Fees.
The Soldier, rough with many a Scar,
And red with Slaughter, leads the War;
If he a Nation's Truſt betray,
The Foe has offer'd double Pay.
When Vice o'er all Mankind prevails,
And weighty Int'reſt turns the Scales,
Muſt I be better than the reſt,
And harbour Juſtice in my Breaſt?
On one Side only take the Fee,
Content with Poverty and Thee?

Thou

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Thou blind to Senſe, and vile of Mind,
Th' exaſperated Shade rejoin'd,
If Virtue from the World is flown,
Will other's Frauds excuſe thy own?
For ſickly Souls the Prieſt was made;
Phyſicians, for the Body's Aid;
The Soldier guarded Liberty;
Man Woman, and the Lawyer me.
If all are faithleſs to their Truſt,
They leave not thee the leſs unjuſt.

The Efficacy of the following having been experienced in ſeveral Caſes, we think it too uſeful not to give it a Place in our Work.

To procure an eaſy Delivery to Women with Child.

TAKE Laurel Leaves dried, not too old but gathered within the Year: Pulverize them well, taking Care that no Dirt, or heterogeneous Matter, be mixed with them. Take one or two Spoonfulls of this Powder, and mix it with as much Olive Oil as is neceſſary to make it into a liquid Paſte of ſuch a Conſiſtence as not to run abroad. Spread this Compoſition upon a Linen cloth, and apply it to the Navel of the Woman in Labour. As ſoon as this is done, in whatever unnatural or irregular Poſition the Child may be, it will immediately turn and preſent itſelf readily, and in the beſt and moſt happy Manner. If Olive Oil cannot be had, *Hungary* Water may be made Uſe of to moiſten the Powder, but Oil is preferable.

The Virtues of this ſimple topical Remedy have been often experienced. One Woman in particular, who had been four Days and a half in Labour, was by Means thereof delivered within an Hour, and two others one of whom had been

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been two, and the other eight Days in Labour, were both, upon Application thereof, immediately and happily delivered. Hard Labours are attended with ſuch cruel Pains, and of ſuch long Continuance, that ſuch a ſimple and effectual Remedy ought to be eſteemed as a moſt valuable Preſent to the Publick. It would be adviſeable to make Uſe of this Application in all Caſes as ſoon as the Woman falls in Labour. The Berries of the Laurel have the ſame Virtues as the Leaves, and may be uſed inſtead of them. In Countries where the Laurel is common, Experience hath taught the Shepherds the Virtues of it, for when the Sheep are on the Point of bringing forth, they cauſe them to ſwallow ſeven or eight Laurel or Bay-berries, ſtripp'd of the Skin.

To make an excellent Compoſt, *or* Manure, *to dreſs one Acre of Ground.*

TAKE twelve Pounds of Common Salt, one Pound of Salt-Petre in Powder, and mix it with twenty Buſhels of Wood or Coal-Aſhes, finely ſifted, and ſow it over one Acre of Ground, after or before the Seed of Wheat, Barley, Oats, or other Grain, is ſown in the Broad-caſt Way.

Meadow and Paſture Grounds ſhould be ſowed with this Manure, ſixteen Buſhels to an Acre, before *Chriſtmas*, that it may receive the Moiſture of the Winter Showers; and when the Spring comes on, you'll then ſee the Benefit of the early ſowing of the Manure; which will not only feed the Roots of Graſs, but doth encreaſe and bring forth a new Sort of feeding Graſs of the Trefoil Kind, *&c.* if the Land had none before, though any Graſs Ground may be ſowed

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with the Manure at all Seaſons, when the Graſs is ſhort, and the firſt Rain that falls prepares it for the Act of Vegetation; but the Winter Seaſon is the propereſt Time, which all will find that uſe it.

Ground ſowed with this Manure produces ſuch a Graſs, as all Cattle delight in; as hath been experienced by thoſe that have ſowed a Part of a Ground, and left the other without ſowing any Part of it; for the Cattle have fed on the Part manured, and kept it bare, when the other Part has grown, and been ready to mow, and neglected it; and it will make Cattle thrive faſter than any other Ground adjoining, and not manured.

Sheep feed extraordinary on the Lands ſowed with this Manure; and what is more, they will never rot, where it is continually ſown; and it will cure the ſame, if not too far gone before they are put in: Eſpecially if the Ground is not too wet, and they have the Advantage of lying dry.

Likewiſe thoſe Parks that have been ſown with this Manure have produced better and fatter Veniſon, be it of Buck or Doe, than was fed there before, and much ſooner. The mowed Lands have alſo had much greater Crops for Hay, and the Hay ſo much better, as every one by feeding their Horſes, or other Cattle, with the Hay, will preſently experience, by the great Improvement of them that are fed with it.

Alſo Bowling Greens watered with the Lixivium of the Manure, ſoaked or ſowed on it when the Worms, &c. come up, will deſtroy them, and rid them of all thoſe troubleſome Reptiles; for none will live where 'tis either watered with or ſowed on the Ground, as hath been experienced by thoſe who have tried the ſame; and will keep it in the beſt Order for the Uſe of the Gentlemen of Pleaſure. Graſs Seeds ſown at the Time with the Manure, either before or after, will produce an incredible Crop the next Seaſon.

A De-

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A Deſcription of the wonderful Grotto of Antiparos, *an Iſland in the* Archipelago.

MR. *Tournefort*, who viewed it in the Year 1700, repreſents it as one of the greateſt Wonders in Nature. The Deſcent into this Grotto is very difficult and dangerous, being for the moſt Part down Rocks and frightful Precipices, by Means of Ropes and Ladders, and the Aſſiſtance of Guides who attend with Torches. From the firſt Entrance into the Cavern to the Bottom of the Grotto is reckoned a hundred and fifty Fathoms, and the Grotto itſelf is about forty Fathoms high, and fifty broad. The Roof, which is in Form of an Arch, is embelliſh'd with Variety of natural Fret-work, from whence hang Reſemblances of Bunches of Grapes, Feſtoons, and Lances of a ſurprizing Length. All round the Grotto are form'd ſeveral little Cloſets or Cabinets, among which there is one particularly diſtinguiſhable, the Productions that form it (ſays M. *Tournefort*) ſo exactly reſembling the Roots, Stems, and Heads of Collyflowers, that one would think Nature intended thereby to ſhew us how ſhe operates in the Vegetation of Stones. Theſe Figures are all of white Marble, tranſparent in ſmall Pieces, and, when ſtruck, ſound like Copper.----Here are likewiſe three or four Columns of the ſame Stone, planted like Trunks of Trees on the Top of a little Rock, one of which is ſix Feet eight Inches high, and one Foot in Diameter, and on the ſame Rock are ſeveral other budding Pillars, reſembling the Stumps of Horns. Theſe Stems of Marble (adds our Author) muſt certainly vegetate, for not a Drop of Water falls into the Place; and if it did, we cannot conceive how a few Drops, falling from ſuch a Height as the Top of this Grotto, ſhould form cylindrical Pieces, and always of the ſame Regularity.

At the farther End of the Grotto appears a Pyramid ſtill more ſurprizing than what we have mentioned, which has been called the Altar ever ſince the Year 1673; when the Marquiſs de *Nointel*, the *French* Ambaſſador to the Grand

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Signior, cauſed Maſs to be celebrated in this Cavern. It ſtands by itſelf, is about eight Yards high, and conſiſts of many large Bunches reſembling Collyflowers, and all of a dazzling Whiteneſs, like the reſt of the Grotto. This Pyramid M. *Tournefort* thinks is the fineſt Marble Plant in the World; for it is impoſſible (he again inſiſts) that it ſhould be form'd by the Droppings of Water, to which the Congelations in Grotto's are uſually attributed; and therefore it is more probable that theſe Productions, as well as thoſe which hang down from the Roof like Icicles, are owing to a Principle of Vegetation.

In order to go round this Pyramid, one muſt paſs under a great Maſs of Congelations, the back Part of which is hollow like the Roof of an Oven. The Entrance into it is low; but the Sides, which are whiter than Alabaſter, are ſo figured as to appear like Tapeſtry of great Beauty. From the Top of the Roof, juſt over the Pyramid, hang Feſtoons of an extraordinary Length, which form, as it were, the Attic of the Altar. At the Foot of the Altar are two Half-Columns, the Tops whereof M. *de Nointel* cauſed to be broken off, that they might ſerve as a Table in the Celebration of the Maſs; the Memory of which Tranſaction is perpetuated by an Inſcription carved on the Baſis of the Pyramid.

A good Stone Glue or Cement for Grotto-Work.

TAKE two Parts of white Roſin, melt it clear, add to it four Parts of Bees Wax; when melted together, add Stone-flower, of the Stone you deſign to cement, two or three Parts, or ſo much as will give the Cement the Colour of the Stone; to this add one Part of Flower of Sulphur, firſt incorporate all together over a gentle Fire, and afterwards knead it with your Hands in warm Water. With this cement the Stones, after they are well dry'd and have been warm'd before the Fire, in order to receive the Cement the better,

On

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On the Love of GOD *to* MANKIND.

CELESTIAL Love, my ever-charming Theme,
Ten Thouſand Bleſſings reſt upon thy Name!
From the Divinity thou haſt thy Source,
And God himſelf atteſts thy wond'rous Force.

Some Angel, ſpeak in your immortal Strain,
How Love does o'er th' immenſe Creator reign;
But, oh! that glorious Truth what Mortal can explain?
You ſaw him quit the Pleaſures of the Sky,
And veil the Glories of the Deity;
You ſaw him born, and wond'ring heard him weep,
Wond'ring you ſaw the World's Protector ſleep;
You ſaw him wander here deſpis'd, unknown,
Without a Place to reſt his Head, his own;
You knew his Grief and inward Agony;
You ſaw the Heav'nly Lover bleed and die.

Victorious Love, how infinite thy Pow'r,
How great thy Triumph, on that ſolemn Hour!
The Sun, the Moon, and ſparkling Stars on high,
Stood Witneſs to the vanquiſh'd Deity.

Strike up your golden Harps, ye Sons of Light,
Some mighty Genius the vaſt Song indite;
And, oh! ye Sons of Men, unite your Voice,
Let all the ranſom'd Tribes on Earth rejoice;
Ye ranſom'd Tribes, peculiarly from you
Unbounded Thanks, and endleſs Praiſe are due.
Triumph and ſhout, begin th' eternal Strains,
To him that dy'd, but now for ever reigns;
To him that lov'd, and waſh'd us in his Blood,
And made us Kings, and choſen Prieſts to God:
For worthy is the Lamb, that once was ſlain,
Of Praiſe and Bleſſing in the higheſt Strain.

AN

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An ELEGY.

Written in a Country Church Yard.

THE Curfeu tolls the Knell of parting Day,
The lowing Herd winds ſlowly o'er the Lea,
The Plowman homeward plods his weary Way,
And leaves the World to Darkneſs, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering Landſcape on the Sight,
And all the Air a ſolemn Stillneſs holds;
Save where the Beetle wheels his droning Flight,
Or drowſy Tinklings lull the diſtant Folds.

Save that from yonder Ivy-mantled Tow'r
The moping Owl does to the Moon complain
Of ſuch as, wand'ring near her ſacred Bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary Reign.

Beneath thoſe rugged Elms, that Yew-Tree's Shade,
Where heaves the Turf in many a mould'ring Heap,
Each in his narrow Cell for ever laid,
The rude Foreſathers of the Hamlet ſleep.

The breezy Call of Incenſe-breathing Morn,
The Swallow twitt'ring from the Straw-built Shed,
The Cock's ſhrill Clarion, or the echoing Horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly Bed.

For them no more the blazing Hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy Houſewife ply her Evening Care:
No Children run to liſp their Sire's Return,
Or climb his Knees the envied Kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the Harveſt to their Sickle yield,
Their Furrow oft the ſtubborn Glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their Team afield!
How bow'd the Woods beneath their ſturdy Stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful Toil,
Their homely Joys, and Deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful Smile,
The ſhort and ſimple Annals of the Poor.

The

The Boaſt of Heraldry, the Pomp of Pow'r,
And all that Beauty, all that Wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable Hour,
The Paths of Glory lead but to the Grave.
Forgive, ye Proud, th' involuntary Fault,
If Memory to theſe no Trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn Iſle, and fretted Vault
The pealing Anthem ſwells the Note of Praiſe.
Can ſtoried Urn or animated Buſt
Back to its Manſion call the fleeting Breath?
Can Honour's Voice provoke the ſilent Duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold Ear of Death?
Perhaps in this neglected Spot is laid
Some Heart once pregnant with celeſtial Fire,
Hands that the Reins of Empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to Extaſy the living Lyre.
But Knowledge to their Eyes her ample Page
Rich with the Spoils of Time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble Rage,
And froze the genial Current of the Soul.
Full many a Gem of pureſt Ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd Caves of Ocean bear:
Full many a Flow'r is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its Sweetneſs on the deſart Air.
Some Village-*Hampden* that with dauntleſs Breaſt,
The little Tyrant of his Fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may reſt,
Some *Cromwell* guiltleſs of his Country's Blood.
Th' Applauſe of liſt'ning Senates to command,
The Threats of Pain and Ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter Plenty o'er a ſmiling Land,
And read their Hiſt'ry in a Nation's Eyes
Their Lot forbad: Nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing Virtues, but their Crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through Slaughter to a Throne,
And ſhut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind,

The

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The ſtruggling Pangs of conſcious Truth to hide,
To quench the Bluſhes of ingenuous Shame,
Or heap the Shrine of Luxury and Pride
With Incenſe, kindled at the Muſe's Flame.

Far from the madding Crowd's ignoble Strife,
Their ſober Wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd Vale of Life
They kept the noiſeleſs Tenor of their Way.

Yet ev'n theſe Bones from Inſult to protect
Some frail Memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth Rhimes and ſhapeleſs Sculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing Tribute of a Sigh.

Their Name, their Years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The Place of Fame and Elegy ſupply:
And many a holy Text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic Moraliſt to dye.

For who to dumb Forgetfulneſs a Prey,
This pleaſing anxious Being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm Precincts of the chearful Day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring Look behind?

On ſome fond Breaſt the parting Soul relies,
Some pious Drops the cloſing Eye requires;
Ev'n from the Tomb the Voice of Nature cries,
Awake and faithful to her wonted Fires.

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The FARMER,

A TALE.

A Farmer once to *London* went,
To pay the worthy 'Squire his Rent:
He comes,--he knocks,--soon Entrance gains,
Who at the Door such Guest detains?
Forth struts the 'Squire, exceeding smart;
Farmer, you're welcome to my Heart:
"You've brought my Rent, you're to a Hair,
"The best of Tenants I declare."
The Stew'rd was call'd, th' Accompt made even,
The Money paid, Receipt was given:
"Well, quoth the 'Squire, now you shall stay,
"And dine with me, good Friend, To-day;
"I've here some Ladies, wond'rous pretty,
"And pleasant Sparks, I'll warr'nt will fit thee.
He scratch'd his Ears, and held his Hat,
And said, "No Zur, two Words to that:
"For look, d'ye zee, when Ize do dine
"With Gentlefolks zo cruel fine;
"I do use to make (and 'tis no Wonder)
"In Deed, or Word, some plag'y Blunder;
"Zo, if your Honour will permit,
"I'll with your Servants pick a Bit.---
"Pho, (says the 'Squire) it shan't be done,
And to the Parlour push'd him on.
To all around he nods and scrapes,
Not Waiting-maid or Butler 'scapes:
With often bidding takes his Seat,
But at a Distance mighty great.
Tho' often ask'd to draw his Chair,
He nods, nor comes an Inch more near.
By Madam serv'd with Body bended,
With Knife and Fork, and Arms extended,
He reach'd as far as e'er was able,
To Plate that over-hung the Table,

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With little Morſels cheats his Chops,
And in the Paſſage ſome he drops;
To ſhew where moſt his Heart inclin'd.
He talk'd and drank to *John* behind.
When drank to in the modiſh Way,
" Your Love's ſufficient, Zur, he'd ſay,
And to be thought a Man of Manners,
Still roſe to make his aukward Honours,
" Piſh, (ſays the 'Squire) pray keep your Sitting,
" No, no, (he cries) Zur, 'tis not fitting,
" Tho' I'm no Scholard vars'd in Letters,
" I knows my Duty to my Betters.
Much Mirth the Farmer's Ways afford,
And hearty Laughs go round the Board.
Thus the firſt Courſe was ended:---Well!
But at the next---Ah! what befell.
The Diſhes now were timely plac'd,
And Table with freſh Lux'ry grac'd.
When drank to by a neighb'ring Charmer,
Up, as was uſual, ſtands the Farmer.
A Wag, to carry on the Joke,
Thus to his Servant ſoftly ſpoke:
" Come hither, *Dick*; ſtep gently there,
" And pull away the Farmer's Chair.
'Tis done, his Congee made, the Clown
Draws back, and ſtoops to ſit him down;
But by Poſteriors over-weigh'd,
And of his truſty Seat betray'd,
As Men at Twiggs in River ſprawling,
He catch'd the Cloth to ſave his falling,
In vain---ſad Fortune, down he wallow'd,
And rattling all the Diſhes follow'd.
The Foplings loſt their little Wits,
The Ladies ſquall'd, ſome fell in Fits.
Here tumbled Turkies, Tarts, and Widgeons,
And there minc'd Pies, and Geeſe, and Pidgeons.
A Pear Pye on his Belly drops,
A Custard Pudding met his Chops.

'Las!

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'Las! what ado 'twixt Belles and Beaus!
Some curſe, ſome cry, and rub their Cloaths.
This Lady raves, and that looks down,
And weeps and wails her ſpatter'd Gown.
One Spark bemoans beſpatter'd Waiſtcoat,
One, rot him, cries, he has ſpoil'd my lac'd Coat.
Amidſt the Rout the Farmer long
The Pudding ſuck'd, and held his Tongue.
At length he gets him on his Breech,
And ſcrabbles up to make his Speech,
Firſt ſcrapes Eyes, Mouth, and Noſtril twangs,
Then ſmacks his Fingers, and harangues.
" Plague tak't---Ize told ye how't wou'd be,
" Luck here's a Pickle, Zurs, d'ye ſee;
" And ſome I'll warrant that makes this Clatter,
" Have Cloathers daub'd with Greaſe and Batter,
" That coſt.---He had gone on--but here
Was ſtopt at once in his Career.
" Peace, Brute! be gone the Ladies cry;
The Beaus exclaim, " Fly Raſcal, fly.---
" I'll tear his Eyes out, ſqueaks Miſs *Dolly*,
" I'll pink his Soul out, roars a Bully.---
At this the Farmer ſhrinks for Fear,
And thinking 'twas ill tarrying here,
Shabs off, and cries, " Ay! kill me then,
" Whene'er ye catch me here again,
So Home he joggs, and leaves the 'Squire,
To cool the Sparks and Ladies Ire.

Well! here ends my Tale, and now I'll try
Like PRIOR, ſomething to apply.

" This may teach Rulers of a Nation
" Ne'er to place Men above their Station:
" And this may ſhow the Wanton Wit,
" That whilſt he bites, he may be bit."

On TRUTH.

" MORTALS, in vain ye hope to find,
" If Guilt, if Fraud have ſtain'd your Mind,
" Or Saint to hear, or Angel to defend."
So Truth proclaims. I hear the ſacred Sound
Burſt from the Centre of the burning Throne.
Where aye ſhe ſits with Star-wreath'd Luſtre crown'd,
A bright Sun claſps her adamantine Zone.
So *Truth* proclaims; her awful Voice I hear,
With many a ſolemn Pauſe it ſlowly meets my Ear.
" Attend, ye Sons of Men; attend, and ſay,"
Does not enough of my refulgent Ray
Break thro' the Veil of your Mortality!
Say, does not Reaſon in this Form deſcry
Unnumber'd, nameleſs Glories, that ſurpaſs
The Angel's floating Pomp, the Seraph's glowing Grace?
Know, Mortals, know; e're firſt ye ſprung,
E're firſt theſe Orbs in Æther hung,
I ſhone amid the heav'nly Throng.
Theſe Eyes beheld Creation's Day,
This Voice began the choral Lay,
And taught Archangels their triumphant Song.
Pleas'd I ſurvey'd bright Nature's gradual Birth,
Saw Infant Light with kindling Luſtre ſpread,
Soft vernal Fragrance cloath the flow'ring Earth,
And Ocean heave on his extended Bed;
Saw the tall Oak aſpiring pierce the Sky,
The tawny Lyon ſtalk, and rapid Eagle fly.
Laſt, Man aroſe, erect in youthful Grace,
Heav'n's hallow'd Image ſtampt upon his Face,
And, as he roſe, the high Beheſt was giv'n,
" That I alone of all the Hoſt of Heav'n,
" Should reign Protectreſs of the godlike Youth."
Thus the ALMIGHTY ſpake: He ſpake and call'd
me TRUTH.

On

On the Return of the NEW YEAR.

GOD's vast Existence ne'er decays,
His Age does never grow;
Past, present, future, in his Sight,
Are one eternal *Now*.

Man measures out his fleeting State,
By Motions in the Skies,
And like his own frail Vesture wears,
With ev'ry Hour that flies.

Successive Moments make our Day,
Successive Days our Year;
The Moments past shall ne'er return,
Tho' Seasons like appear.

Still a new Spring shall bless the Earth,
And a new Harvest rise;
But the last Year shall ne'er again
Revisit Mortal Eyes.

Old *Time* with his keen-pointed Scythe,
Consumes the Life of Man,
Our Periods less'ning from the Hour,
Our Beings first began.

Each Year fulfils some new Event,
Heaven long decreed before,
Removes unnumber'd Lives away,
And gives unnumber'd more.

Soon shall th' appointed Angel stand
O'er Earth and Air and Sea,
And swear by him that ever lives,
Time shall no longer be.

Then shall the League of Nature cease,
The Sun forsake his Way,
And Years and Ages lose their Names,
In one *eternal Day*.

To

Rules for DAILY PRACTICE.

SOON as the Morn ſalutes your Eyes,
And from ſweet Sleep refreſh'd you riſe,
Think on the Author of the Light,
And praiſe him for that glorious Sight;
His Mercy infinite implore,
His Goodneſs infinite adore.
At Noon, of what you then partake,
An Off'ring of Thankſgiving make;
Nor of the Creatures for your Uſe,
Be too luxuriouſly profuſe;
For Temp'rance, when with Prudence join'd,
Brings Health of Body, Peace of Mind.
Take not at Night the leaſt Repoſe,
E'er you to Heav'n your Soul diſcloſe;
Nor let ſoft Slumber cloſe your Eyes
Before you've recollected thrice
The Train of Actions thro' the Day:
Where have my Feet choſe out their Way?
What have I learnt, where e'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've ſeen?
What know I more that's worth the knowing?
What have I done that's worth the doing?
What have I ſought that I ſhould ſhun?
What Duty have I left undone?
Or into what new Follies run?
Theſe Self-enquiries are the Road,
That leads to *Virtue* and to GOD.

To make a BALL *for the* FARCY *in Horſes; which has been experienced to be a certain Cure.*

TAKE red Precipitate two Drams: You may uſe the white; but then you muſt give three Drams. One Ounce of Venice Treacle: Of Diapante a ſufficient Quantity

Quantity to make it into a Ball. Keep him warm, and give him warm Water: Give him a Ball every other Morning, for three Mornings.

A DRINK *after the* BALL.

Take Rue two Handfuls, Roots of Madder, ſharp-pointed Dock, of each four Ounces; Chips of Guiacum Wood, Saſſafras, each two Ounces: Boil them in two Quarts of ſtale Beer, to three Pints; then ſtrain it, and give it lukewarm.

Repeat the Ball and Drink every third or fourth Day for three Doſes.

A Way of recovering pricked, ſtale, and damaged Butt, *and other* Malt-Drinks.

TAKE three Pounds of Hops that have been boiled in a firſt Wort only half an Hour; and, as ſoon as they are cold, put them into a Hogſhead of pricked or ſtale damaged Beer or Ale. Then take two Pounds of pure, ſoft, fat Chalk; break it ſmall, and put it likewiſe into the Caſk; and, if the Drink is not too far gone, it will fetch it again into a ſmooth, mellow, fine Condition.

Of the OAK.

THE Oak being the chiefeſt Tree in the Foreſt, for the Support of the Shipping, may from thence be counted the Bulwark of the Nation; therefore we ought, as much as we can, to encourage the Increaſe of the ſame, and to preſerve it in every Country, but eſpecially in thoſe near the Sea, or Rivers, for the more eaſy Carriage of it: And though we have had many Acres deſtroyed by the Plough for Tillage, yet then the Owners or Farmers ſhould be obliged to plant or raiſe of each Sort of Timber Trees in the Hedge Rows of large Grounds; which would ſhew they were not for totally deſtroying all Timber Trees that were planted

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planted Ages before their Time; and by which the future Age might see, that their Predecessors had some Thoughts of the Security of those that were to come after.

First, as to the Soil: A good loamy Earth I take to be the very best Sort of all others, for the most profitable Growth of this Tree; because a Sand, a Chalk or a Gravel, are rather too hot, too louse, and too poor a Sort for it; for it is well known that these Earths, in most Situations, are of so loose and warm a Nature, that they'll bear a Shower of Rain almost every Day; and though Rains fall thus on them, yet there is seldom any Water stands on their Surfaces, by Reason their globular Parts admit of the Water's free Percolation; and thus the Roots of the Oak in very dry Seasons, are apt to pine for Want of a due Quantity of their watry Nourishment; therefore, in my humble Opinion, this Evil is much prevented where the Acorns are planted in a Loam, and mostly in that of the stiffer Sort. A Proof of this is fully shewn by the Oak's thriving, and growing into a Bulk of the greatest Magnitude: For tho' in a Chalk, a Sand, or a gravelly Loam, this Tree may grow with good Husbandry quicker than in a stiffer Sort, yet it never arrives there to a very large Trunk or Body. Besides which, its Veins or Grain will always be of looser Parts like the *Norway* Oak, than that of *English* Oak, that grows in a stiff Loam. It is true, a Tree is here longer growing before it comes to Perfection, than when it is planted on the chalky, sandy, or gravelly Earth; but then it is compensated by its greater Bulk, and closer Grain, as I have observed. Yet whether an Oak is to grow on a Sand, a Chalk, a Gravel, or a Loam, some proper Manure, if judiciously applied, may be made, in my Opinion, to make it grow into a full Maturity in half the Time that it generally takes up to grow wild without such Assistance.

Plantations of Oak may be (and I dare say many are) greatly damaged by ill gathering, and the ill keeping of Acorns, till the Time of their Sowing in the Spring Season: For some have been so ignorantly silly to bash and beat down Acorns from off their Trees for Seed, which is certainly a very wrong Method; because the bruised Seed (if

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(if it grows at all) will never make a large Tree. Others will not beat them, but ſhake them down, which is indeed by far the leſſer Evil, but even this I take to be wrong Management; becauſe by this, the Acorns will receive ſome Contuſion, and a little Bruiſe may cauſe them to rot in part, or in the whole; if in part, the Tree will ſuffer in Proportion. Wherefore when Acorns begin to drop through their Ripeneſs, I think the ſecureſt Way of all others, would be to raiſe a Ladder againſt the Tree, and gather only the largeſt of them as carefully as we would the beſt of Apples or Pears for keeping the whole Winter. This done, let them lie thin on Boards in a warm Room, whether it be a Chamber or a Granary, ſo that the Froſts may not have Power to hurt them. When the Land is, by ſeveral Plowings, or Diggings, brought into a fine looſe Tilth, that has been well dunged or manured, ſo that it is in the beſt of Heart, (for ſuch it ought to be) then the Acorns may be ſown Broad-caſt out of a Man's Hand in the random Way, and plowed in as ſhallow as well can be done, that their tender Spires may meet with not much Difficulty to aſcend the ſooner into the Air and grow the faſter: Or the Acorns may be ſet by a Dibber, as broad *Windſor* Beans commonly are; or ſowed out of a Man's Hand by his following the Plow, that covers them with the Earth of the next Furrow. Thus the Acorns will lie in a ſtrait Line, as if they were drilled in at about a Foot Diſtance from the Drills; but I would adviſe to ſow Acorns in this Manner in only every third Furrow; not but that I would have all the Ground entirely plowed, though two of the Furrows has nothing ſown in them. The Reaſon is, that by this Management there will be Room left for the two-wheel Hoe to be drawn through the interval Ground between the ſow'd Furrows, two or three Times in a Summer; by which this vacant Ground will be kept in a continual fine Tilth, that will give the Roots of the young Oaks an eaſy free Acceſs into it, for ſtriking and ſhooting their tender Capilliary Fibres to a very great Advantage. This is an intire new Method, that I here offer to the World of Hoeing the interval Earth between the Rows of young Oaks; and I do aſſure my Rea-

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der, it is the cheapeſt and very beſt Way of all others. No Plough can be drawn between the Rows of Oaks to looſen the Ground, and kill the Weeds, and nouriſh their Roots, like this two-wheel Hoe.

As to the Conſervation of the Plantation of young Oaks, there has been much wrote of it already, and therefore I ſhall wave enlarging on this Article here, ſince the great Importance of their Safety one would think, is enough to induce Perſons to take Care of them, till their Growth puts them out of the Power of Cattle to hurt them. And this I am ſure would be very expeditiouſly brought to paſs, if efficacious Manure was ſown along the interval vacant Ground between the Rows of young Oaks, and worked in by the ſuperlative excellent Machine, the new two-wheel Hoe. With this Tree many Groves may be made to great Pleaſure and Profit, by plowing any Parcel of Ground into a fine Tilth, by dreſſing it into good Heart, and by planting Oaken Setts, or young Trees, at twelve or fourteen Foot Diſtance in Rows for many Acres, and give their Owners the great Benefit of enjoying beautiful, cooling, ſhady Walks in the violent Heats of Summer.

A Method of obtaining natural Flowers in Winter, freſh blown any Day you pleaſe.

THE moſt ſurpriſing and unexpected Effects are ſometimes produced by the moſt eaſy and ſimple Means. Such is the Method we are about to diſcloſe.

Chooſe ſome of the moſt perfect Buds of the Flower you would preſerve, ſuch as are lateſt in Blowing, and ready to open; cut them off with a Pair of Sciſſars, leaving to each if poſſible a Piece of the Stem three Inches long: Cover the End of the Stem immediately with *Spaniſh* Wax, and when the Buds are a little ſhrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up ſeparately in a Piece of Paper perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry Box or Drawer, and they will keep without corrupting.

In Winter, or any other Time, when you would have the Flowers blow, take the Buds over Night, and cut off the

End

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End of the Stem sealed with *Spanish* Wax, and put the Buds into Water, wherein a little Nitre, or Salt has been infused, and the next Day you will have the Pleasure of seeing the Buds open and expand themselves, and the Flowers display their most lively Colours and breathe their agreeable Odours.

The Method of making marbled Paper.

THE Manner of making marbled Paper is so curious, that an Account of it can hardly fail of being agreeable.----A Trough is provided, either made of Lead or Wood well join'd and pitch'd, of the Shape and Dimensions of the Paper to be marbled, and about four Fingers deep, which is to contain the Liquor used in the Operation. This Liquor is made by macerating a Quantity of Gum Tragacanth four or five Days in fair Water, which is to be stirr'd from Time to Time, and fresh Water daily added, till it be of a Consistence somewhat thinner than Oil, and then it is strain'd into the Trough for Use. The Colours to be applied on the Surface of this Liquor, (which are usually Blue, Red, Green, and Yellow) being prepared of proper Ingredients, there is added to them a little Ox or Fish Gall; and if the Colours, when sprinkled on the Liquor, do not dilate themselves sufficiently, more Gall must be added; but if they spread too much, the Fault must be corrected by adding more of the Colour. The Colours being ranged in Gallipots on the Table where the Trough is placed, they begin by dipping a Brush of Hog's-Hair into any Colour, commonly the Blue first, and sprinkling it on the Surface of the Liquor; then the Red is applied in the like Manner, but with another Brush; afterwards the Yellow, and lastly the Green. When all the Colours are thus floating on the Liquor, they use a pointed Stick, which being drawn with Address from one Side of the Trough to the other, stirs up

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the Liquor and fluctuating Colours; after which they draw a Comb over the Surface of the Liquor, permitting only the Teeth to enter; and this being performed with a gentle and uniform Motion, makes those Clouds and Undulations on which the Beauty of the Paper much depends. The Colours lying in this Posture, the Operator applies on them a Sheet of white Paper previously moisten'd, which requires a Dexterity that can only be obtain'd by Practice, the Surface of the Liquor and Paper being to meet equally in all Parts; which done, before the Colours have Time to soak through, he lifts it up nimbly, and spreads it on a Board, where having lain awhile it is hung upon a Line to dry, and is then polish'd with a Marble Stone, or Knob of Ivory.----It must be observed, that the sprinkling of the Colours is to be renewed, and the Operations to be perform'd with the Stick and Comb, at every Application of a fresh Sheet of Paper, because each Sheet takes off all the Colours from the Liquor.

The YOUNG MORALIST.

WHERE thro' the Meads fair *Isis* cuts her Way,
Young *Damon*, sunk in Thought, extended lay:
In vain the pleasurable Waters roll,
Potent to raise each Transport in the Soul!
Thoughts in his Breast, and black Reflexions throng,
While the pure Streams neglected pass along.

I.

Sighing he cry'd, can this be Life?
This troublesome, precarious State,
Dependent on the Will of Fate,
Pregnant with Injuries and Strife,
What still we love, what still we hate,
Can this, my Soul! can this be Life?

Go

II.

Go to the sweetly-flowing Bowl,
There riot for a while, my Soul!
Then sink, and own thyself mistaken quite:
When sad Reflexion shall destroy
Each gay Idea in the midst of Joy,
And shade the lively Scene with melancholy Night.

III.

Go to the Fair! perhaps she may
Charm half a Night, or half a Day.
Enjoy the Charmer that thy Heart enslaves,
Then ask thy Appetite if still it craves.
Ah no! how transient is the keen Delight!
Yet if fresh Vigour prompt thee to the Fight,
Does not th' officious Judge within
Rebuke thee, and imbitter all the Sin?
Alas! thou know'st not what it is to live,
There's somewhat wanting still beyond her Pow'r to give.

IV.

There is, but ah! what is it, canst thou guess?
'Tis not the Glaring of th' embroider'd Dress.
'Tis not the Star, which only can
Add Lustre to the Coat, and not the Man:
'Tis not Possession, or Extent of Pow'r,
Can purchase one substantial Hour,
Sure one may deck his outward Part,
And yet most pitifully sigh at Heart.

V.

Come, Virtue! I conjure thee, come away,
Peace of my Night! and Sun-shine of my Day!
Through thee Contentment gilds our cloudy Scenes,
Pleas'd with her little but sufficient Means.
Health, Pleasure, Wealth, Content attend thy Call,
Thou teacheſt them to please, for thou art all in all.

A *Prayer.*

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A PRAYER of CLEANTHES, *an* Heathen Philosopher.

GREAT Father of the Skies, whose boundless Sway
Both Gods above, and Worlds below, obey:
Thy Laws sustain the universal Frame,
Various thy Titles, but thy Pow'r the same.
Hail Sovereign LORD! all Nations shall address
Their Songs to thee, who gave them Tongues to bless.
Behold thy Image grov'ling on the Earth,
Faint Echoes of thy Voice, which gave us Birth:
Then back will I reflect thy Praises still,
And sing the Wonders of Almighty Skill.
The wide Expanse of yon ætherial Plain,
And all below, is subject to thy Reign.
The forked Light'nings, which, with double Glare,
Sublimely wave, and linger in the Air,
From thy dread Arm with pointed Fury fly,
And, ting'd with ruddy Vengeance, sweep the Sky.
Thy Ray divine o'er all the Frame presides,
Glows in the Sun, and in the Ocean glides.
From thee each Atom of Creation springs;
Hail! great Support of all inferior Things!
The Orbs above, and floating Seas below,
Move by thy Laws, and by thy Influence flow;
All, rang'd in Order, know their destin'd Place,
All but the mad degen'rate Human Race:
But thou can'st Order from Confusion bring,
Bid Peace from Discord, Good from Evil spring:
And when all Nature frowns, and Nations jar,
Set Calms in Storms, and Harmony in War.
The Mighty GOD so form'd the earthly Ball,
That universal Good results from all;
While common Sense still shines with certain Ray,
And thro' the seeming Maze points out the Way;
Yet thoughtless Men, to this blest Convoy blind,
Court the wild Dictates of a restless Mind;
Perversely fly the universal Light,
And the sweet Voice of heav'nly Reason slight.

Unhappy

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Unhappy Men! who toil and hunt for Bliſs,
But the plain Road of ſacred Wiſdom miſs;
Led by this conſtant, this unerring Guide
Thro' flow'ry Paths, Man's Life wou'd ſmoothly glide;
But urg'd by Paſſion, heedleſs we purſue
The firſt mad Pleaſures that invite the View;
Some Avarice and ſordid Taſte inſpire,
Ambition ſome, and Fame's ungovern'd Fire;
Soft Lux'ry ſome, and Beauty's Charms delight,
While all ruſh forward to the Heav'n in Sight.
But thou, who thund'reſt in the Vault on high,
Correct theſe vain Deſires, thou Ruler of the Sky!
Let God-like Reaſon in our Boſoms dwell,
And from weak Minds this Lunacy expel;
A Ray of Wiſdom on our Souls beſtow,
By which thou rul'ſt all Nature's Scene below:
Then with Devotion fir'd, we'll hail THEE King,
And in eternal Songs, thy Wonders ſing;
No greater Good can Men, or Gods attend,
Than at thy Throne with proſtrate Hearts to bend.

The HYMN *of the three Eaſtern* MAGI, *adoring our Saviour at his Nativity.*

FROM thoſe bleſt Regions where the Sun diſplays
His blooming Light, and ſpreads his earlieſt Rays;
Where fragrant Groves for ſacred Incenſe ſpring,
To Thee, great Son of God, our zealous Vows we bring.

Hail, mighty Infant, Offspring of the Skies!
Celeſtial Glorry lightens in thy Eyes;
Thy Smiles preſage immeaſurable Grace,
And Scenes of Paradiſe are open'd in thy Face.

More than the Race of Man ſurprizing Fair!
More lovely than thy own propitious Star!
When firſt its chearful Luſtre bleſt our Sight,
Grac'd with ſuperior Beams and well-diſtinguiſh'd Light.

The

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The Sun its conqu'ring Glories met by Day,
And fac'd his Rival with a fainter Ray;
In golden Robes amidst the Shades it blaz'd,
While Night, with all her Eyes, on the fair Stranger gaz'd.

To rich *Judea* still it led the Way,
And hov'ring where th' immortal Infant lay;
With darting Beams it gilds the blest Abode,
And to our longing Eyes reveal'd th' unquestion'd God.

Whom thus with pure Devotion we adore,
And freely offer all our costly Store;
Gold, as a Tribute to the new-born King,
And Incense, to the God, with humble Zeal we bring.

The spacious *East* shall soon converted be,
And all her splendid Monarchs kneel to thee.
The Sun no more, in folding Clouds array'd,
Shall mourn the impious Honours to his Lustre paid.

APIS shall cease to bellow thro' the Croud,
With gilded Horns, and flow'ry Garlands proud;
Panthea's costly Gums shall smoke no more
To Gods of monst'rous Shape, on *Nile*'s polluted Shore.

But thou shalt rise in Fame, illustrious Child,
Of all Mankind the *Great Redeemer* styl'd;
A God in ev'ry Language known and blest,
By ev'ry bending Knee ador'd, and ev'ry Tongue confess'd.

Temples to thee with gilded Spires shall rise,
And Clouds of fragrant Incense shade the Skies:
In lofty Hymns, and consecrated Verse,
Succeeding Times shall speak thy Praise, and thy great Name rehearse.

And thee, unblemish'd Maid, divinely fair,
Whose tender Arms th' eternal Monarch bear;
Thrice happy thee Posterity shall call,
Pride of thy lovely Sex, and grac'd above them all.

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Of the ELM.

IT is ſaid, there are ſeveral Sorts of this Tree; but two Sorts are moſt cultivated here, the Mountain Elm, being of a ſmaller jagged Leaf, and that called the *French*, whoſe Leaves are thicker, more florid and ſmooth, delighting in a lower and moiſter Ground; this laſt Sort is beſt known here; and ſome of them have riſen to a great Height, as well as large Compaſs. The Ground that this Tree likes beſt is a light Brick or loomy Earth; it is eaſily raiſed from the Roots of the Mother Plant; and the more you take from the Roots that ſhoot up, they ſeem the more to encreaſe; though many think this Tree bears no Seed, yet it is affirmed by the curious and nice Obſervers of Nature, that it does: For about the Beginning of *March*, you will find the broad Leaf beginning to fall, which has the Seed in them; and if theſe be gathered in a dry Day, in what Quantity you pleaſe to ſow, then lay them thin in ſome Place to dry for four or five Days; and having prepared a Bed according to the Quantity of Seed you intend to ſow, let your Bed be made of freſh Brick Earth; if poſſible ſow the Seed and Veſſel all over; after ſift ſome of the ſame Mould all over the Bed, for they will not rake, let them be covered above half an Inch thick, then ſcatter the † Manure thinly over the Bed; if the Summer proves dry, water them ſometimes, and keep them clean of Weeds, and about the Middle of *Auguſt* they will come up; and when up, ſift a little more Mould all over the Bed, but not ſo much as quite to cover them; this done, the next Summer prune them of their Side-boughs, though young, and when they have ſtood two Years, you may remove them, ſtill pruning them yearly, and preventing Cattle from cropping of them, you'll then produce many tall fine Trees; this Way is allowed to be the beſt for raiſing the loftieſt Trees, though the other Way is the quickeſt and moſt commonly done. The ſcattering ſome of the Manure over the Bed very thinly, when the Seed is ſown, will make them flouriſh greatly; as alſo when you remove them, mix a little of the Manure

† *See this Manure, Page* 257.

with the Ground you tranſplant them to, and let none lie in Lumps, which will greatly add to their Growth. You may plant this Tree in the Hedge-rows, it will run in the Bank, and add to the thickening your Hedge with Wood, and agrees well with any other Wood that grows near it; it is counted erroneous to think it will grow from the Chippings: In lopping theſe Trees cut always cloſe to the Stock, and cut ſloping upward, the better to ſhoot off the Wet: It will grow off Layers, by laying them along the Hedge-rows, and covering them a little with the Mould; they will ſhoot and fill a Hedge ſoon, if cut of each Side before it is laid in the Ground, and about an Ell long; the Seaſon for this Work is about the End of *January*. After they are grown up, then you may ſaw or cut them aſunder, and plant them twenty or thirty Foot aſunder in your Hedge-Rows as you pleaſe. There are many other Ways of increaſing this Plant, as well from the Branches as Roots, by opening a Trench in the Hedge Rows, and the Roots will ſhoot out, *&c.* This Tree is the eaſieſt of any removed when large; but then it muſt be lopped of its Branches, leaving only the Top entire, and taken up with as much Earth as poſſible.

The beſt Way of propagating it of all others is by planting its Setts or young Shoots, drawn from about the Roots of an old one in *October*, and directly ſet into the Earth, where they are to grow, when it is in Plenty of Moiſture, for this will greatly contribute to their ſtriking Root immediately into it, and getting into a forward Growth before the Violence of Froſts comes on, that ſtops all Vegetation: For theſe Reaſons all Setts or Suckers of Elms ſo drawn, or if they are dug up with a Mattock, or better by a Spade, they will ſtand a much ſurer Chance of growing expeditiouſly. Wherefore neither this nor any other Sett or Sucker, ſhould have its Roots dry before it is tranſplanted, leaſt when a thriving Tree is expected, there is only a weak half grown one. Happy then it is for many, that they have this Opportunity to improve their wet clayey Soils, by planting them with this Tree, for neither Oak, Beech, nor Aſh, will grow here ſo well as the Elm, nor will they grow in ſo little

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little a Compaſs of Ground. But when it is allowed a full Room for its Roots to grow clear of all Interruption of others, it will grow into a Body of the greateſt Bulk and Height in about ſeventy Years Time, and then ſell for one Shilling a Foot: Here then four Foot ſquare of Ground may be ſeen capable of producing a Tree worth twenty or more Pounds, without cauſing its contiguous Earth ſo much as hardly to ſuffer any Damage, which is what cannot be ſaid of any other Timber Sort.

A METHOD *of preſerving* FRUIT.

PITCH upon the beſt and moſt perfect of the Fruit you would preſerve whilſt hanging upon the Tree, which is not in the leaſt bruiſed, nor the Skin any where ſcratched or broken. Do not touch nor gather it with your Hands, but tie a ſtrong Thread about the Stalk, and, holding the Thread tight in your Hand, cut the Stalk above the Thread with a Pair of Sciſſars: The Fruit being thus detached from the Tree without touching the Branches or any Thing elſe, cloſe the cut End of the Stalk with Spaniſh Wax to prevent the Air acting upon it. Then roll up a Sheet of white Paper in the Form of a Cone, with a little Opening at the Top; through this Aperture paſs the Thread tied to the Stalk of the Fruit, ſo that it may be ſuſpended in the Cone, then cloſe the Aperture with ſoft green Wax, and fold in the Paper at the Bottom, and cloſe and ſecure it with Wax in like Manner, ſo that the Air may be effectually excluded, for if the Air had Acceſs to the Fruit, it would ſoon ſpoil and corrupt. The little Cone incloſing the Fruit may then be hung by the Thread upon a Nail in a dry temperate Place, neither hot nor cold, ſo as it may not touch any Thing; and by theſe Means Fruit may be preſerved quite ſound and perfect for two or three Years. Apples, Pears, Plumbs, Cherries, and all ſuch like Fruits, may be well preſerved in this Manner.

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The MISER *and the* HOG,

A FABLE.

A Miſer on a ſcurvy Tit,
With Furniture as he thought fit;
'Vanc'd on the Road with trotting Jog,
'Till ſtopp'd by Dirt and miry Hog;
In Language which Folk uſe in Sties,
He bid the naſty Creature riſe.
The wallowing Beaſt with frightful Snout,
Made tim'rous *Bonny* croſs the Rout,
The Miſer's Straw-ſtuft Pad turns round,
And leaves him grov'ling; prone to Ground!
From Dirt he ſtrives to diſengage,
And on the Hog, thus vents his Rage.
Thou Swine as foul as filthy Sinner,
Or Dog that twice licks up one Dinner:
Thou uſeleſs Beaſt of all the Field,
Nor Load do'ſt bear, nor Fleece do'ſt yield:
Thou good for Nought 'till Butcher's Knife
Revenge this Wrong and end this Strife;
A Murrain take thy croſs-grain'd Head,
Thou'lt ne'er do Good 'till thou art dead.
The briſtling Hog with grunting Note,
Anſwer'd, (like *Welch* by Help of Throat,)
Why angry thus, old Brother Miſer?
Faults ſeen in me ſhou'd make you wiſer.
Ceaſe ſtorming with that ſpleeniſh Breath,
We're both alike in Life and Death;
There's none reaps Good from you, nor I,
Until the very Hour we die.
For 'tis our Pleaſure and our Pride,
That Folk ſhall ſay, how fat we dy'd!
One Neighbour can with Eaſe eſpy
A Mote within another's Eye:
When at ſame Time he can't diſcover
The Beam that ſpreads his own all over.

On

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On *Life*, *Death*, *Judgment*, *Heaven*, and *Hell*.

By a Youth of Seventeen.

WHAT's *Life?* a rough and dang'rous Sea
Seldom calm, and never free
From ſudden Guſts and ſtormy Gales,
Which ſpoils our Hopes and ſplits our Sails.
What's *Death?* the Gulph we muſt ſhoot through,
E'er we can reach the Port in View.
What's *Judgment?* It's a ſtrict Account
Of our Effects, and their Amount.
What's *Heaven?* the Market of our Gains,
The End of all our Toils and Pains.
What's *Hell?* a deſperate looſing Voyage,
Expect no more from one of my Age.

The VIRGIN.

THE Things that make a Virgin pleaſe,
She that ſeeks will find them theſe;
A Beauty not to Art in Debt,
Rather agreeable, than great;
An Eye, wherein at once do meet
The Beams of Kindneſs, and of Wit;
An undiſſembled Innocence,
Apt not to give, nor take Offence:
A Converſation, at once free
From Paſſion, and from Subtilty;
A Face that's modeſt, yet ſerene,
A ſober, and yet lively Mien;
The Virtue which does her adorn,
By Honour guarded, not by Scorn:
With ſuch wiſe Lowlineſs endu'd,
As never can be mean or rude;

Whom

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Whom prudent Negligence does enrich,
And times her Silence, and her Speech;
Whoſe equal Mind does always move,
Neither a Foe, nor Slave to Love,
And whoſe Religion's ſtrong and plain,
Not ſuperſtitious, nor prophane.

Verſes wrote by Mrs. Hannah Wakeford, *only Daughter of the Reverend Mr.* Towgood, *of* Exeter, *on Occaſion of receiving a Mourning Ring ſome Months before her own Death, at the Funeral of Mrs.* Hannah Wakeford, *her Huſband's Grandmother, and found after her Deceaſe in her own Hand-writing.*

WELCOME thou Preſage of my certain Doom:
I too muſt ſink into the darkſome Tomb.
Yes, little Prophet, thus my Name ſhall ſtand
In mournful Record on ſome friendly Hand.
My Name? it's here----the Characters agree,
And every faithful Letter ſpeaks to me.
Bids me prepare to meet my Nature's Foe,
Serene expect the Monſter's fatal Blow:
Without a Sigh to leave the Joys of Time,
Secure of Glory in a happier Clime:
Then mount the Skies, forſake my old Abode,
And gain the Plaudit of a ſmiling God.

An Account of the burning Mountain Ætna, with the Deſtruction of Catanea, *and all the memorable Events that have attended its Eruptions.*

THIS Mountain ſtands at no great Diſtance from *Catanea*, a Town in *Sicily*, ſituated on the Eaſtern Shore of the Iſland. The Soil of the whole Iſland is of a crumbly Nature,

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Nature, and the Ground is undermined throughout with Caverns that lie open to the Winds in ſome Places, and in others are full of great Quantities of Sulphur and other combuſtible Matter.

The Mountain is much higher than *Veſuvius*, being no leſs than eleven, or as ſome ſay twelve Miles perpendicularly high. The lower Part of the Mountain, and the ſurrounding Vallies are exceeding fruitful; but toward the Middle the whole Mountain affords neither Tree nor Herb, but is covered wholly with Cinders, and half melted Stones and Minerals, which are continually thrown out at its Mouth in the Time of its Eruptions. At the very Summit of the Mountain, is the great Opening, or common Vent of the Fire; this is a tremendous Hollow, ſhocking the Eye with the dreadful Proſpect of a frightful Hollow, of ten or twelve Miles Circumference, and near four Miles over in ſome Places. The Smoke which continually comes out of this dreadful Chimney, prevents uſually any one ſeeing to its Bottom; but when that can be done, Nature affords no other Object ſo terrible. It is of a prodigious Depth, and opens into a vaſt Chaſm filled with flaming and boiling Minerals, heaving up at Intervals to vaſt Heights, and threatning to reach up to the Mouth of the Opening.

Beſide this great Mouth, there are ſeveral other ſmall ones, which in the Day-time ſend up a ſuffocating Smoke, and uſually in the Night all appears a Sheet of Fire from thence. On all Sides of theſe, as well as of the great Opening, there are the Remains of Eruptions, melted Metals, and calcined Rocks, which have been thrown out, and run in Streams like Water down the Sides of the Mountain, and the whole Country about is full of Chiarres or Cinders, of mineral Matter, which, whenever the Mountain burns violently, it throws out to a prodigious Diſtance.

All Hiſtorians mention the Burning of this Mountain, but none of them ſpeak of its firſt Eruption, ſo that it ſeems to have burnt from Time immemorial; but according to what we can trace from Hiſtory in the Space of three thouſand Years, there have been thirty very terrible Eruptions of it.

The

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The first we have any certain Knowledge of, happened at the Time of the Conquest of the Golden Fleece by the *Greeks*, twelve hundred Years before the Birth of our Saviour. The next was when *Æneas* came into *Italy*, a little after the Siege of *Troy*. There are three reckoned from the third Olympiad to Ol. 83, four very remarkable ones under the Consuls; one in the Time of *Julius Cæsar*, one in that of *Caligula*, in the Year of our Lord 40, and another under *Charlemain* in the Year 80. From the Year 1160 to 1169, it broke out several Times, and *Sicily* was continually alarm'd with Earthquakes, which destroyed many fine Towns, and many thousand Lives were lost. In the Year 1284 it began to rage again with terrible Violence; from 1329 to 1333, it burnt almost continually; it broke out again in 1408; but from 1444 to 1447, it never ceased, but blazed without Interruption, as it also did from 1536 to 1537. There was another very terrible Eruption in 1633, which lasted till 1639; and this was followed by a terrible Eruption of Mount *Vesuvius*, where every Thing had been quiet for some Time before. After a short Respite it broke out again more impetuously in 1660; but the Eruption in 1669 being extreamly remarkable in all its Circumstances, may be looked upon as one of the most memorable Events that ever happened, and deserves as much to be recorded with all its Particulars, as any Thing that History has handed down to us.

Eighteen Days before there was any Suspicion of an Eruption, there were felt all over Sicily, but especially near the Mountain, very terrible Earthquakes, attended with Storms of Thunder and Lightening. Several public Buildings were by these levelled with the Ground, and the Town of *Nicolosi*, near the Foot of the Mountain, was overthrown, and its Ruins sunk a great Depth into the Earth. At this Time several Persons also, who were at Sea, between *Sicily* and *Calabria*, heard a dreadful Murmuring and Roaring under the Water, and the Waves rose in vast Bubbles on all Sides, notwithstanding the Sea was calm and the Sky perfectly serene.

About

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About two Months before, *Vesuvius*, *Strongelo*, and the neighbouring Volcano's, burnt more terribly than usual, and Mount *Ætna* had all this Time its great Mouth covered over with a Shell, of a prodigious Thickness, of metallick, stony, and mineral Matter, that had cooled and cak'd over it after the last Eruption. Nothing therefore appeared here: But at length, on the Eleventh of *March*, the vast Cake broke up with a prodigious Noise, and after being tost up to a surprizing Height in the Air, amidst a Cloud of Smoke, it was scattered over the whole Country. After this, however, the Fire did not appear from this Opening, but it made a new one, by tearing up the Earth at two Miles distance from the main Mountain, and made its Way through three Hillocks about ten Miles from the City of *Catania*.

Nothing can be conceived to equal the Terror of this Sight: The Earth burst open in a Moment, with a Report louder than that of a hundred united Thunder-claps, and in an Instant the whole Horizon was a Sea of Fire, moving in vast Waves too and fro. A Volume of Flame, more terrible than the rest, darted upright from the Mouth into the Sky, and in the Midst of that were several Fountains of liquid Fire, melted Metals, Sulphur, &c. spouting up to a prodigious Height, like Water-works.

From the three Hillocks where the Opening was, there issued three Torrents of melted Metal, sparkling as they ran; these soon united, and formed a vast River of liquid Fire. This dreadful Torrent took its Course directly towards *Catania*, which, as before observed, was but at ten Miles Distance; in the first twenty-four Hours it ran three Miles forward, but after this it proceeded more slowly, and soon afterwards began to gain not above a hundred Paces a Day, and in this Manner it continued till the twenty-fifth of *April*, which was six Weeks from its first Eruption, still daily gaining a great deal of Ground, but still slower and slower, the Cause of which was only that the Mass cooled in running, and at the farther Distance it was from the Opening, the less Progress it could make. To which it may be added,

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that after the firſt four or five Days Progreſs, the Deſcent was leſs ſteep, and it at laſt moved almoſt on a Level.

All this Time, however, it continued pouring with equal Violence out at the Mouth, and ſpreading over the former Surface, flaming in ſome Places, and ſparkling with a dreadful Splendor in others. This River of Fire was in ſome Places three Miles wide, and often broke into ſeveral Branches, according to the Surface of the Ground, which would ſoon unite again. The fiery Maſs was twelve Feet above the Surface of the Earth, and four or five under Ground, burning itſelf a Channel as it went, and Trees and Houſes at conſiderable Diſtances on each Side, fell down at its Approach, the Earth about them calcining with the Heat into a Powder.

At length the Torrent reach'd the Walls of *Catania*: Here it immediately filled the Foſſe, or dry Ditch, and bore againſt the Walls; but the Earth happily having a conſiderable Deſcent here the contrary Way, before it reached the Top of the Walls, it ſurpaſſed its Bank on the other Side, and poured in a prodigious Deluge into the Sea, in which its Courſe might be traced near a Mile, by the Emotions of the Water over it; and the Remains of it form a Sort of Mole to this Day, running out into the Sea.

The Stream, as it ran, grew cooler at the Surface, and the upper Parts at length formed a Sort of ſolid Bridge or Arch, over which Perſons might have walked, while the liquid Fire was roaring down below. The Violence of the Stream, however, often broke theſe Cruſts, and vaſt Maſſes of them were ſeen continually ſwimming in the Lake of Fire, like vaſt Rocks of Ice in the Stream of a River after a hard Froſt. Theſe over-topp'd the Walls of *Catania*, but the liquid Matter happily found another Current before it reached ſo high.

People ventured to the Side of the running Fire at the latter Part of the Time, and ſaw it roll hiſſing and ſparkling at their Feet like a vaſt Bed of melted Iron. A Stick thruſt into the Matter as it ran, became Charcoal in a Moment; a Sword dipt into it, all the Edges ſnapped off up to the

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the Hilt; and a Bar of Iron thrown into the Midſt, melted away like a Lump of Wax.

The Eruption laſted, but with leſs Violence, till the End of *May*, and the whole did not ceaſe till the End of *June*. All the Time while the melted Maſs poured out at the Openings, vaſt Bodies of Flame pierced the Sky, and the prodigious Clouds of Smoke obſcur'd the Light of the Sun; and Stones and Aſhes were carried to prodigious Diſtances at Sea, and the lighter Part fell like Rain on Ships in ſeveral Parts.

It is eaſier to conceive than to expreſs the Horror, Conſternation, Death and Ruin that attended this dreadful Hurricane of Fire. Eleven large Towns were ſo utterly deſtroyed, that they ſcarce left any viſible Remains of them; and thirty-five more were left in Ruins. *Syracuſa* was almoſt totally deſtroyed; and the Earthquake made the Sea recoil with ſuch Impetuoſity, that vaſt Numbers of Fiſh were left upon the Beech, gaſping for Water; but the Sea returning after a few Moments, with a redoubled Force, overflowed the Walls of the City, and almoſt deſtroyed the Citadel.

Catania, that ſo remarkably eſcaped this terrible Deſtruction, had but a ſhort Reſpite, however; for in 1693, *Sicily* was again afflicted with a terrible Earthquake. The fine Plantations, and the Crops of Corn in the whole Valley of *Nota* were deſtroyed; ſeveral Cities were in a Moment ſwallowed up, and vaſt Lakes of Sea-water appeared in their Place. *Syracuſe* and *Meſſina* were both greatly damaged; in fine, about fifty Towns were deſtroyed; and it is computed, that at leaſt an hundred and fifty thouſand Perſons loſt their Lives.

When this terrible Earthquake was firſt felt, it did no Harm; but two Days after, at the ſame Hour, it returned with ſo much Horror, that in leſs than a Quarter of an Hour all this dreadful Devaſtation was made. At *Catania*, out of twenty-two thouſand Inhabitants, two thouſand only eſcaped, and thoſe almoſt all wounded. The Sea ran back above a Mile, carrying away with it eight Felucca's that were in Port. The City was almoſt wholly ſwallowed up in an In-

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ſtant, and in its Place there appeared a Lake of ſulphureous Water, four Miles round.

At *Auguſta* the Earth crack'd open in ſeveral Places, and the Fire iſſuing out of one of theſe Chaſms, under the Caſtle, fired the Powder of the Magazine, and threw up vaſt Quantities of Bombs, Cannon, Bullets, and Stones of the Building, to the dreadful Deſtruction of all that was about it.

This Earthquake was of ſuch prodigious Extent, that it was felt at the ſame Time at *Malta*, and even as far as *Africa* on one Side, and on the other all up the *Adriatick*. The Volcano of *Ætna* roar'd ſo loud at the ſame Time, as to be heard at *Meſſina*, and at *Malta* the Air appeared all on Fire, and every Thing diffuſed a ſtrong Smell of Brimſtone.

In the Year that followed this Event, Earthquakes were alſo felt all along the Coaſts of the *Adriatick*, and *Raguſa* and many other Cities were deſtroyed, and the Hill of *Dellegrotte* in the Territory of *Fermo*, in the Marquiſate of *Ancona*, was toſs'd up from the Earth it ſtood on, as a Mine blows up a Baſtion; and carried with Woods, Farms and Cottages upon it above two Miles into the Sea.

Of a Shoulder Strain in a Horſe, with the Methods of Cure.

WHen a Horſe's Shoulder is over-ſtrained, (for there is no ſuch Thing as being Shoulder-ſlipt or diſlocated,) he does not put out that Shoulder as the other, but to prevent Pain, ſets the ſound Foot hardily to the Ground, to ſave the other, even though he be turned ſhort on the lame Side, which Motion tries him the moſt of any. When trotted in Hand, inſtead of putting his Leg forward in a right Line, he forms a Circle with the lame Leg; and when he ſtands in the Stable, that Leg is advanced before the other. In order to cure this Lameneſs, firſt bleed him, and let the whole Shoulder be well bathed three Times a Day with hot Verjuice or Vinegar, in which may be diſſolv'd a Piece of Soap; but if the Lameneſs continues without ſwelling, or Inflammation, after reſting two or three Days, let the Muſcles be well rubbed for a conſiderable Time to

make

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make them penetrate, with good Opodeldoch, or either of the following Mixtures:

Take camphorated Spirits of Wine two Ounces; Oil of Turpentine one Ounce; this Proportion will prevent the Hair coming off.

Or, take the beſt Vinegar half a Pint; Spirit of Vitriol, and camphorated Spirit of Wine, of each two Ounces.

When the Shoulder is very much ſwelled, it ſhould be fomented with woollen Cloths, (large enough to cover the whole) wrung out of hot Verjuice and Spirit of Wine; or a Fomentation prepared with a ſtrong Decoction of Wormwood, Bay Leaves, and Roſemary, to a Quart of which may be added half a Pint of Spirit of Wine.

A Rowel in the Point of the Shoulder in this caſe often does great Service, eſpecially if the Strain has been very violent, and the Swelling very large; but as to boring up the Shoulder with a hot Iron, and afterwards inflating it, is both a cruel and abſurd Treatment; and the pegging up the ſound Foot, or ſetting on a Patten Shoe, to bring the lame Shoulder on a Stretch, is a moſt prepoſterous Practice, and directly calculated to render a Horſe incurably lame; for it can only be neceſſary in Caſes the very oppoſite to this, where the Muſcles have been long contracted, and we want to ſtretch them out.

Searching after GOD.

MY GOD, I love and I adore;
But Souls that love would know thee more.
Wilt thou for ever hide, and ſtand
Behind the Labours of thy Hand?
Thy Hand unſeen ſuſtains the Poles
On which this huge Creation rolls:
The ſtarry Arch proclaims thy Power,
Thy Pencil glows in every Flower:

In

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In thouſand Shapes and Colours riſe
Thy painted Wonders to our Eyes;
While Beaſts and Birds with lab'ring Throats,
Teach us a GOD in thouſand Notes.
The meaneſt Pin in Nature's Frame,
Marks out ſome Letter of thy Name.
Where Senſe can reach, or Fancy rove,
From Hill to Hill, from Field to Grove,
Acroſs the Waves, around the Sky,
There's not a Spot, or Deep, or High,
Where the Creator has not trod,
And left the Footſtep of a GOD.

But are his Footſteps all that we,
Poor groveling Worms, muſt know or ſee?
Thou Maker of my vital Frame,
Unvail thy Face, pronounce thy Name,
Shine to my Sight, and let the Ear
Which thou haſt form'd, thy Language hear.
Where is thy Reſidence? Oh, why
Doſt thou avoid my ſearching Eye,
My longing Senſe? Thou Great Unknown,
Say, Do the Clouds conceal thy Throne?
Divide, ye Clouds, and let me ſee
The Power that gives me Leave to be.

Or art thou all diffus'd abroad
Thro' boundleſs Space, a preſent GOD,
Unſeen, unheard, yet ever near!
What ſhall I do to find Thee here?
Is there not ſome myſterious Art
To feel thy Preſence at my Heart?
To hear thy Whiſpers ſoft and kind,
In holy Silence of the Mind?
Then reſt my Thoughts; nor longer roam
In queſt of Joy, for Heaven's at home.

But, oh, thy Beams of warmeſt Love!
Sure they were made for Worlds above.

How

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How ſhall my Soul her Powers extend,
Beyond where Time and Nature end,
To reach thoſe Heights, thy bleſt Abode,
And meet thy kindeſt Smiles, my God?
What ſhall I do? I wait thy Call;
Pronounce the Word, my Life, my All.
Oh for a Wing to bear me far
Beyond the golden Morning-Star!
Fain wou'd I trace th' immortal Way,
That leads to Courts of endleſs Day,
Where the Creator ſtands confeſs'd,
In his own faireſt Glories dreſs'd.
Some ſhining Spirit help me riſe,
Come waft a Stranger thro' the Skies;
Bleſs'd JESUS, meet me on the Road,
Firſt Offspring of th' eternal GOD,
Thy Hand ſhall lead a younger Son,
Clothe me with Veſtures yet unknown,
And place me near my Father's Throne.

Remember your Creator, &c. Eccleſ. xii.

I.

CHILDREN, to your Creator, GOD,
Your early Honours pay,
While Vanity and youthful Blood
Would tempt your Thoughts aſtray.

II.

The Memory of his mighty Name,
Demands your firſt Regard.
Nor dare indulge a meaner Flame,
'Till you have lov'd the LORD.

III.

Be wiſe, and make his Favour ſure,
Before the mournful Days,
When Youth and Mirth are known no more,
And Life and Strength decays.

IV

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IV.

No more the Bleſſings of a Feaſt
Shall reliſh on the Tongue,
The heavy Ear forgets the Taſte
And Pleaſure of a Song.

V.

Old Age with all her diſmal Train,
Invades your golden Years
With Sighs and Groans, and raging Pain,
And Death, that never ſpares.

VI.

What will you do when Light departs,
And leaves your withering Eyes,
Without one Beam to chear your Hearts,
From the ſuperior Skies?

VII.

How will you meet GOD's frowning Brow,
Or ſtand before his Seat,
While Nature's old Supporters bow,
Nor bear their tott'ring Weight?

VIII.

Can you expect your feeble Arms
Shall make a ſtrong Defence,
When Death, with terrible Alarms,
Summons the Pris'ner hence?

IX.

The ſilver Bands of Nature burſt,
And let the Building fall;
The Fleſh goes down to mix with Duſt,
Its vile Original.

X.

Laden with Guilt, (a heavy Load)
Uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The Soul returns t' an angry GOD,
To be ſhut out from Heav'n.

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An Account of the Publick Tranſactions that have been done in moſt Parts of the World, ſince the Commencement of the Year 1754.

WE could not begin this one additional Part to our original Plan, at a Period more big with intereſting Events than the preſent: A Period in which various Diſputes, both Foreign as well as Domeſtick, agitate the different Countries of *Europe*; the Iſſue of which muſt in Conſequence determine the future Figure they are likely to make in the World, and the Influence they may gain in the Syſtem of Affairs.

In the North, the ſtrict Alliance lately entered into, as well as the long and invariable Friendſhip between the two Imperial Courts of *Vienna* and *Moſcow*, the indefatigable Endeavours of his *Britannick* Majeſty to ſtrengthen that Union, and the Succeſs his Cares have met with, ſeem to have alarmed one of the moſt capable Monarchs, either in the Cabinet or Field, that ever perhaps ſat upon a Throne, the King of *Pruſſia*, whoſe great Deſigns for the Benefit of his People, and his own Aggrandiſement, can only receive a Check from ſuch a Confederacy. This Prince, who well knows how to conceal his Paſſions, is endeavouring, by his Influence over his Brother in-Law of *Sweden*, and his neceſſary Connexion with *France*, to form a Counter-League, which all our freſheſt Advices mention to be in great Forwardneſs; nor is it looked upon as a mere Conjecture, that he has, in Conjunction with *France*, made ſome Inſtances to the *Porte*, to wave the *Ottoman* Creſcent upon the Dominions of *Ruſſia*. Here, indeed, all Accounts agree, they have met with little Succeſs; the preſent Grand Seignior and his Miniſtry being either of a more pacific Spirit than their Predeceſſors, or too much burthened with Commotions and Diſturbances at Home, to be at Leiſure to trouble the Affairs of the Chriſtian World.

A Treaty of Confraternity and Alliance between the Empreſs Queen and the Duke of *Modena*, in *Italy*, ſeems equally to diſagree with the *Bourbon* Family, as by it they

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are ſhut out, as it were, from any Pretence to diſturb that Country; and if the King of *Sardinia* ſhould enter into the ſame Treaty, may relinquiſh all future Longings after the plenteous and pleaſing Proſpects of that Garden of *Europe*.

The *Spaniards* have been a long Time buſy in augmenting their Forces, and reſtoring and improving their Marine, and ſtill continue their unwarrantable Depredations in *America*. The *Dutch* are ſtruggling under the Ills of Faction and Parties, and ſeem, as a Maritime Power, in the loweſt Condition they ever were reduced to. And as to the *French*, they ſtill continue to be torn by internal religious Diſputes: Their antient Judicature, the Parliament of *Paris*, is in Exile, and yet they find Leiſure to concern themſelves, ſome Way or other, with the Affairs of every other Nation, and ſeem growing to as exorbitant and dangerous a Pitch of Power and Influence, and to dictate and cajole as much, as before the Commencement of the laſt long and tedious War.

By theſe few Strictures of the preſent Face of Things, it may be conjectured the World is very precariouſly ſituated; and indeed few of the Stipulations of the late General Peace of *Aix-la-Chapelle* have been complied with, by either of the contracting Parties: And if one were to gueſs at their real Intentions at that Time, by their Behaviour ſince, one would be apt to imagine it was entered into only as a temporary Expedient, to give them Opportunity of renewing War with more Vigour and Succeſs, and ſhedding in more copious Streams the Blood of their poor ſlaviſh Subjects.-----After this Introduction, we proceed to the orderly Relation of the Incidents ſince the Commencement of the Year.

In *TURKEY*, the Prime Vizir has renewed his Aſſurances to Mr. *Porter*, the *Britiſh* Envoy, and the *Ruſſian* and Imperial Reſidents, that the Diſpoſition of the *Porte*, is not to give any Umbrage or Diſſatisfaction to neighbouring Chriſtian States.

RUSSIA has been thoroughly alarmed, by the many frequent Fires that have happened in all Parts of that Empire, particularly at *Peterſburgh* and *Moſcow*; and it is aſſured, that

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that Diſcoveries have been made, that they have been occaſioned by certain vile Incendiaries, ſet on for that Purpoſe, in order to ruin the Power and deſtroy the Proſperity of the Nation. Since the burning of the Imperial Palace at *Moſcow*, they have, in about a Month, run up a commodious Palace of Wood, exquiſitely decorated, in which the Empreſs kept her Birth-Day; a grand Supper of 220 Diſhes was ſerved up, and a magnificent Ball concluded the Evening. The little City of *Wiſchna Wolſchok*, the Hoſpital at *Peterſburgh*, and a Country Seat of the Empreſs's, near that Place, have been conſumed by Fire.

His *DANISH* Majeſty has erected a Tribunal, to enquire into and puniſh the exorbitant Demands of Uſurers, throughout his Dominions, whoſe Sentence is to be executed without Appeal. The *Danes* ſent out 90 Veſſels, great and ſmall, on the Whale Fiſhery laſt Year, which brought Home 344 Whales.

SWEDEN ſeems the Seat of ſome very important Negotiations, Couriers perpetually coming to and going from *Stockholm*. *France* and *Spain* have employed their Agents there, to procure the building of ſeveral Ships of War and Frigates for their Service.

GERMANY, in many Parts, has ſuffered by a late great Froſt and the conſequent Thaw, by which Rivers have overflowed their Banks; particularly the *Weſer*, by which the Neighbourhood of *Bremen* was under Water on the 6th of *January*: The *Saubur*, *Kecker*, *&c.* in *Franconia*, have done incredible Damages by theſe Floods, which have ruined the Crops of great Extents of Arable and Paſture Land, and carried away many People, and much Goods and Cattle. At *Berlin* a new Company is erected to trade to *Bengal*; and they write that the Number of Births laſt Year in *Pruſſia* were 26,578, of Burials 18,898, of Marriages 5,565.

From *Bruſſels* in FLANDERS, by Advices dated the 24*th* Ult. we are inform'd that a *Dutch* Major General, M. *Cornabe*, and an *Engliſh* Engineer, have lately inſpected the Works of *Dunkirk*; and that the Affair of the Barrier is likely to be ſettled upon a proper and advantageous Footing.

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The Clergy, by an Account lately taken, poſſeſs no leſs than 20,000 Acres, out of 28,000, the whole Extent of *Auſtria Hainault*.

ITALY furniſhes Advices of ſome Importance. The King of *Sardinia* reſents that the Pope did not nominate his Nuncio to the Purple, at the late Promotion of Cardinals; and it is thought the Holy Father muſt compromiſe the Matter with him and the *Poles*, by making two more in the Perſons of their Nuncios. The King of *Naples* and the *Malteze* are at Daggers drawing; the former having prohibited the Commerce of the latter in his Dominions, for refuſing to ſubmit in Spirituals to the Viſitation of the Archbiſhop of *Syracuſa*. The Empreſs Queen, we are told from *Leghorn*, intends in the Spring to have an Army of 40,000 Men in *Lombardy*, including Garriſons: And from *Milan* we are told, that the Duke of *Modena* arrived in that City on the 14th of *January* at Night, and the next Day took upon him the Government of *Auſtrian Lombardy*, in the Name of the Archduke, *Peter Leopold*; but that *Vicar of the Empire* is not mentioned amongſt his Serene Highneſs's Titles, for Fear of giving Umbrage to certain Courts, The *Barbary Corſairs* are very alert in the Seas of *Italy*.

The brave, but unhappy *CORSICANS*, who have been maſſacreing each other ſince the Murder of their Chief *Gafforio*, have reſolved, in a general Aſſembly of all the Pieves, to cut out the Tongue of any one that ſhall propoſe Peace with the *Genoeſe*, aud have ſignified to Chancellor *Grimaldi*, the Republick's Commiſſary, that they would hold no Truce with his Party, till the Murderers of *Gafforio* are delivered into their Hands. That Nobleman, quite tired with the Situation he is in, has at length obtained his Recall, on Condition he ſtays for his Succeſſor's Arrival.

SPAIN ſtill ſuffers from the late Draughts, and ſome late Tempeſts have done conſiderable Damages on the Coaſts: The Court, however, is in high Spirits, at the Advantages gained over the *Moors* in *Africa*, who had blocked up the Fort of *Ceuta* for above fifty Years: The Marqueſs *de St. Croix* attacked their Camp, totally defeated them with a great

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great Slaughter, ruined and pillaged their Dwellings, and took a great Booty of Cattle of all Sorts.

In *PORTUGAL* ſome freſh Differences have ariſen between the *Engliſh* Merchants and that Court, in Relation to Commerce; and it is imagined the King has a Deſign to lay an Indulto of 2 or 3 *per Cent.* upon the Exportation of the *Portugueſe* Gold Coin; though without it we cannot ballance our Imports into that Kingdom.

In *FRANCE*, the Royal Chamber, erected by the King to act inſtead of the exiled Parliament, ſtill meets with violent Oppoſition from various Tribunals, as well as the *Chatelet*, who have informed the Chancellor, they could not acknowledge ſuch an unconſtitutional Tribunal. The baniſhed Parliament, it is thought by ſome, will be ſpeedily recalled; nay, conſiderable Wagers have been laid at *Paris* thereon. The Remonſtrances lately preſented by the Parliament of *Rouen*, have not been approved of, and ordered to be eraſed from their Regiſters, as contrary to the King's preceding Declarations. But theſe Domeſtick Diſputes probably will meet with a ſpeedy Iſſue, as Matters of Foreign Concern ſeem to bid fair to ingroſs the Attention of the *French* Miniſtry, and to direct Unity and Harmony at Home. Mean Time, we are told that their Finances are in the utmoſt Diſorder, and that the Revenues for the Service of 1754, are even already diſpoſed of.

The Troops raiſed by Col. *Fiſcher*, in *Germany*, for the Service of the *French Eaſt-India* Company, being 1300 Men, have, with a conſiderable Number from old Regiments, been embarked at *Nantes* for that Part of the World, on a conſiderable Fleet, furniſhed with all Sorts of Proviſions and warlike Stores, and ſailed the Beginning of *January*.

From all Parts of *HOLLAND* we have received terrible Accounts of the Damages done by the late Floods and Inundations, and the conſequent breaking down of their Dykes; by which moſt Part of the Town of *Deventer* was laid under Water; and the Inundation was great in the County of *Swent*, and the Country of *Lutphen*. The Neighbourhood of *Zwole* was overflowed for five Leagues, and many Peo-

ple

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ple and much Cattle drowned. Half the City of *Emmerick* was under Water, and the Dykes of *Hatem* and *Leuven* giving Way, many thouſand Inhabitants are ruined in the Diſtricts of *Leiners*, *Latum*, and *Doeſburgh*. At *Leuven* the Parſonage Houſe was carried away; and the Parſon and his Siſter, and a Maid Servant, drowned. Advices ſince received, tell us, that the Wind coming Southward, the Waters were ſo much abated, that in ſome Places the overflowed Land was become dry. The *Dutch* are, in Earneſt, going to rebuild their Fleet, and put it upon a reſpectable Footing; which, perhaps, is one good Conſequence of the Succeſſion of Counſellor *Bentinck* to preſide in their Aſſemblies, who is well known to be an honeſt Man, and a Lover of his Country.

A M E R I C A.

Halifax, in *Nova Scotia*, *October* 22. On the 7th Inſt. we had a violent Storm at S. E. which did great Damage here, and tore up all the Trees on the Citadel Hill: Many Veſſels were driven from their Anchors, and ſome ſtranded upon our Coaſts.

I R E L A N D.

Prodigious Damage has been done lately in this Kingdom, by the late Floods and Storms.

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

At *London*, at a General Court of the South Sea Company, a Dividend of 2 per Cent. due the 5th of *January*, was declared, and his Majeſty was ordered to be addreſſed, to continue their Governor.

A great Cauſe, long depending, was finally determined by Sir George Lee, in the Court of Arches, relating to the Eſtate and Effects of the late Sir Thomas Millington, a Roman Catholick Phyſician, to the Value of 40,000 l. in Favour of Dr. Boucher, with full Coſts of Suit. Sir Thomas left three Daughters, all of whom died without Iſſue; and the laſt Survivor left her Eſtate to the next of Kin, without naming

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naming the Perſon, ſo that near thirty different Claims have been made to it.

A Report was ſpread, that the Plague had broke out in *Normandy*; but the next Advices from *Rouen* aſſured us it was only the Small-Pox, and a malignant Fever, which was greatly abated; however, proper Orders were given in Regard to Veſſels bound from *Venice*, and the *French* Court took every Meaſure to prevent its ſpreading.

At the Concluſion of the Seſſions at the Old Baily, William Ford, for ſtealing a Mare, Edward Allen, and Daniel Wood, for Sheep-ſtealing, William James, for ſtealing ſome Stockings, William Irons, Benjamin Richford, and Samuel Witham, for Houſe-breaking, Joſhua Kidder, for a Foot-pad Robbery, and Thomas Bernard, for a Burglary, receiv'd Sentence of Death; thirty-four to be tranſported for ſeven Years, ſix to be branded, and five whipp'd. Before the Court roſe, Proclamation was made for Elizabeth Canning to appear, which will be repeated at five Courts of Huſtings at Guildhall, to proceed to an Outlawry againſt her.

The Lords of the Admiralty having iſſued Impreſs Warrants, for that Purpoſe, about 3000 Seamen were taken from the Merchant Ships in the River, to man a Squadron deſigned for the *Eaſt-Indies*, on board of which a Regiment will be embarked.

The Traders concerned in taking Copper Coin in large Quantities, met at the Crown Tavern behind the Royal Exchange, and approved of a Petition drawn up to the Lords of the Treaſury, praying Relief from the bad Half-pence, by having ſome Reſtrictions laid on the Copper Coinage, and more effectual Puniſhments provided againſt counterfeiting thereof.

A remarkable large Cow was killed at *Sudbury* in *Derbyſhire*, which meaſured over the Loins, from Hip to Hip, three Feet ſeven Inches: In cutting the Rump aſunder, ſhe cut four Inches and half thick, of found Fat; one of the Rumps being parted down the Middle, cut ſeven Inches and a Quarter of ſolid Fat, and her Cake of Fat weighed 235 Pounds.

Twelve of the Malefactors under Sentence of Death, were executed at Tyburn the 4th of February.

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Prices of STOCKS in JANUARY, 1754. BILL of MORTALITY, &c.

Days	Bank Stock.	India Stock.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea Annu. old	South Sea Ann. new	3 and ½ p. C. B. An.	3 p. Cent. B. Annu.	S. S. An. 1751.	3 p. Cent. Ind. Ann.	Ind Bonds.	B. Cir. p
1				105 ⅛		104 ⅝ ¾	103 ⅞		102 ¼	61. 9s	1 2 6
2				105 ⅛		105 ⅝	103 ⅞		102 ¼	61. 8s	1 2 6
3	135½13 5			105		104 ½ ⅝	103 ⅞		102 ½	61. 8s	1 2 6
4	135			104⅞105		104 ½ ½			102	61. 7s	1 2 6
5				105		104 ½			102 ⅛	61. 5s	1 2 6
6	Sunday									61. 5s	
7				105		104 ⅛ ¼			102 ⅛		1 2 6
8	135 ⅛			105		104 ¼ ⅜ ½			102 ⅛	61. 6s	1 2 6
9	135 134¾			104 ⅞		104 ¼ ⅜ ½			102 ⅛	61. 5s	1 0 0
10	134			104 ⅞ ⅛		104 ¼ ⅜ ½			102 ¼ ⅛	61. 5.	1 2 6
11				104 ⅛ ⅛		104 ¼ ⅜ ½			102 ¼	61. 4s	1 2 6
12				104¾ ⅛		104 ¼ ⅜ ½			102 ¼	61. 4.	1 2 6
13	Sunday										
14	134 ¼			104 ⅛		104 ¼			102 ⅛	61. 4s	1 2 6
15	134 ¼			104 ⅛		104 ¼			102 ⅛	61. 4s	1 2 6
16	134 ⅛	193 ½		104 ¼ ⅞		104 ¼			102 ⅛ ¼	61. 3s	1 2 6
17	134 ⅛	189		104 ¼ ⅛		104 ¼ ½			102 ⅛ ¼ ½	61. 2s	1 2 6
18	134 ¼			105 104⅛		104 ¼ ⅛ ⅛			102 ½ ¼	61. 4.	1 2 6
19		192 ¼		104 ½		104 ⅛			102 ½	61.	1 2 6
20	Sunday										
21	134	188		104 ⅛		104⅛ 104		101 ⅜	102 ⅛	61.	1 2 6
22	133			103 ¼	102 ½	103 ½ ¾		101 ⅜		61.	1 0 0
23	131½132			101 ¼	101 ¼	102½101½		100	100	6.	0 15 0
24	132			102 ¼	101 ¼	102 ¾ ¼		100 ½	100 ¼	5l. 16s	0 15 0
25	132	186 ½		102¾103	101 ⅜	102 ¾ ⅝	102 ¼	100 ½	100 ¼	5l. 16s	par.
26				103	101 ⅜	102 ⅝ ⅝		101 ¼	100 ¼	4l. 6s	par.
27	Sunday										
28				103	101 ⅛	103 ⅛		101 ¼	100 ½	5l. 1s	0 15 0
29	133	187 ¼		104 ¼	103 ¼	103 ⅝ ½		101 ½	100 ¼	5l.	0 15 0
30	133 ¼	187 ¼		104	103 ¼	103 ½		101 ¼	100 ¼	5l.	0 15 0
31	133			104 ¼	103	103 ½		101 ¼	100 ½	5l.	0 15 0

BILL of Mortality from Dec. 25. to Jan. 21.

Christ.	Males 625	Femal. 580	1205
Buried	Males 845	Femal. 858	1703

Died under 2 Years old		578
Between 2 and	5 —	124
5 and	10 —	27
10 and	20 —	45
20 and	30 —	138
30 and	40 —	182
40 and	50 —	173
50 and	60 —	165
60 and	70 —	125
70 and	80 —	92
80 and	90 —	50
90 and	100 —	4
		1703

Buried:

Within the Walls	159
Without the Walls	634
In Mid. and Surrey	777
City and Sub. West.	333
	1703

Weekly Jan.	1 —	393
	8 —	455
	15 —	366
	22 —	489
		1703

Wheaten Peck Loaf 1s. 10d.
Peafe 23s. to 26s. per Quar.
Tares 22s. to 25s. per Q

Price of corn

Mark-lane Exchange.	Basingstoke.	Reading.	Farnham.	Warminster	Devizes.	Birmingham.	Oxford.	Abingdon.
Wheat 29s to 31s q	08l. 10s. load	09l. 10s load	07l. 10s load	34s to 40 qr	44s to 45 qr	4s 6d to 4s. 10d	10l. to per load	10l. 10s per load
Barley 18s to 19s	20s to 19 qr	22s to 20 qr	18s to 21 qr	16s to 20.	16s to 23	2s 8d to 2s 10d	16s to 17s cd	16s to 17s
Oats 12s od to 14s	14s to 15 6d	18s to 19	13s to 16s	14s to 17	16s to 21	1s 8d to 1s 10d	13s od to 14s od qu	13s 6d, to 15s cd
Beans 20 to 22s 6d	23s to 25 od	22s to 26	30s to 25s	30s to 38	24s to 34	3s 4d to 3s 6d	18s 6d. to 19s	18s od to 19s od

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The Huſbandman's Meditation *in the Field.*

WITH toilſome Steps when I perſue,
O'er breaking Clods, the Plough-ſhare's Way,
Lord, teach my Mental Eye to view
My Native diſſoluble Clay.

And when with Seed I ſtrew the Earth,
To thee all Praiſes let me give,
Whoſe Hand prepar'd me for the Birth,
Whoſe Breath inform'd, and bade me live.

Pleas'd I behold the ſtately Stem
Support its bearded Honour's Load:
Thus, Lord, ſuſtain'd by thee, I came
To Manhood, thro' Youth's dang'rous Road.

Purging from noxious Herbs the Grain,
Oh! may I learn to purge my Mind
From Sin, rank Weed of deepeſt Stain,
Nor leave one baneful Root behind.

When Blaſts deſtroy the opening Ear,
Life, thus replete with various Woe,
Warns me to ſhun, with ſtudious Care,
Pride, my moſt deadly latent Foe.

When Harveſt comes, the yellow Crop
Prone to the Reaper's Sickle yields;
And I beneath Death's Scythe muſt drop,
And ſoon or late forſake theſe Fields.

When future Crops, in ſilent Hoards,
Sleep, for a while to Service dead;
Thy Emblem this, Oh! Grave, affords
The Path to Life, which all muſt tread.

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The POET *and the* ROSE,

A *FABLE.*

I Hate the Man who builds his Name
On Ruins of another's Fame.
Thus Prudes by Characters o'erthrown
Imagine that they raiſe their own:
Thus Scriblers, covetous of Praiſe,
Think Slander can tranſplant the Bays.
Beauties and Bards have equal Pride,
With both all Rivals are decry'd.
Who praiſes *Leſbia*'s Eyes and Feature,
Muſt call her Siſter, aukward Creature;
For the kind Flatt'ry's ſure to charm,
When we ſome other Nymph diſarm.

As in the Cool of early Day
A Poet ſought the Sweets of *May*,
The Garden's fragrant Breath aſcends,
And ev'ry Stalk with Odour bends.
A Roſe he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus ſinging as the Muſe inſpir'd.

Go, Roſe, my *Chloe*'s Boſom grace;
How happy ſhould I prove,
Might I ſupply that envy'd Place
With never-fading Love!
There, Phœnix like, beneath her Eye,
Involv'd in Fragrance, burn and die!

Know, hapleſs Flower, that thou ſhalt find
More fragrant Roſes there;
I ſee thy with'ring Head reclin'd
With Envy and Deſpair!
One common Fate we both muſt prove;
You die with Envy, I with Love.

Spare

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Spare your Compariſons, reply'd
An angry Roſe, who grew beſide;
Of all Mankind you ſhould not flout us;
What can a Poet do without us!
In ev'ry Love-Song Roſes bloom;
We lend you Colour and Perfume.
Does it to *Chloe*'s Charms conduce,
To found her Praiſe on our Abuſe?
Muſt we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine and fade?

An HYMN.

I.

TO thee, my God, I hourly ſigh,
But not for golden Stores;
Nor covet I the brighteſt Gems
On the rich eaſtern Shores.

II.

Nor that deluding empty Joy,
Men call a mighty Name;
Nor Greatneſs in its gayeſt Pride,
My reſtleſs Thoughts inflame.

III.

Nor Pleaſure's ſoft enticing Charms
My fond Deſires allure:
For greater Things than theſe from thee
My Wiſhes wou'd ſecure.

IV.

Thoſe bliſsful, thoſe tranſporting Smiles
That brighten Heav'n above,
The boundleſs Riches of thy Grace,
And Treaſures of thy Love.

V.

Theſe are the mighty Things I crave;
O! make theſe Bleſſings mine,
And I the Glories of the World
Contentedly reſign.

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To know when a Perſon has been bit by a Dog, whether it was mad or not.

WHEN a Perſon hath been bit by a Dog that is apprehended to be mad, it commonly happens that the Dog is killed before one is aſſured of his Condition; and the Perſon bit continues in a cruel Uncertainty. Mr. *Petit*, an eminent Surgeon in *France*, has diſcovered an Expedient for putting an End to this Uneaſineſs. He rubs the Throat, the Teeth, and the Gums of the dead Dog with a Piece of Meat that hath been dreſſed, taking Care that there be no Blood to ſtain it, and then offers it to a living Dog. If he refuſes it with crying and howling, the dead Dog was certainly mad; but, if it be well received and eaten, there is nothing to fear.

A Compendious and Methodical Account of Sallad Seeds, *ſhewing their Kinds, Seaſon of ſowing, planting, and Culture, according to the New-Style.*

LETTICE, the Kinds; white Cos, green Cos, red Cos, Sileſia, brown Dutch, Capuchin, Imperial, Cabbage, curl'd. Lettice is ſown in *February* and *March*, on a warm light Soil and open Situation: Thoſe you intend to ſtand to cabbage, ſhould be hoed or planted out a Foot apart; and the Cos and other large Lettices a Foot and half apart: You may ſow them either on warm Borders, or on a gentle hot Bed; and they may be ſown all the Summer Months on a more ſhady moiſt Soil: They are ſown in *Auguſt* and *September*, to ſtand the Winter for Uſe early in the Spring, and muſt be planted out under Glaſſes, or in Frames, or under Walls and warm Expoſures.

Endive, white curl'd, green curl'd. Endive is ſown from *April* till *Auguſt*, for a Succeſſion, in a light rich Soil, and open Situation; about a Month after it is up, it is planted out eight or ten Inches apart; and when it is full grown, is tied up to blanch, or whiten, as it is wanted: The latter Sowings

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Sowings ſhould be planted out under Walls and warm Expoſures, in a dry Soil; and when they are well grown, are drawn up and planted deep on the warm Sides of Ridges to blanch, as it is wanted, and will continue for Uſe till *April*.

Celery, upright, celeriac. Celery is ſown from *March* till *June*, in a light rich Soil; and in about a Month or ſix Weeks after it is up, the largeſt Plants ſhould be pricked out three or four Inches apart; and about ſix Weeks after, they ſhould be drawn up, and the Tops and Roots pruned off, and planted into Trenches three Foot aſunder, and five or ſix Inches apart, and as it advances in Height, muſt be earthed up to blanch. The firſt Plantings ſhould be in a rich moiſt Soil, and will begin to be fit for Uſe in *Auguſt*; the latter Plantings ſhould be on a drier Soil, and will continue for Uſe till *April*. The celeriac, or Turnip-rooted, is commonly planted out on level Grounds, in a rich moiſt Soil; and when they are well grown, earthed up once to blanch.

Small Sallad Seeds, as Garden Creſſes, white Muſtard, Sandwich Radiſh, Cole Rape, green-top Turnip, are ſown from *January* till *September*, in ſhallow Drills, and cut in the Seed Leaf; the firſt Sowings are on gentle hot Beds, or under Glaſſes, and on warm Borders under Walls or Hedges; in *March*, *April*, and *May*, they are ſown in more open Ground warmly expoſed, and in the Summer Months on more ſhady Places, and may be continued on hot Beds the Winter Seaſon.

Corn Sallad, or Lamb's Lettice, and common Chervil, are ſown early in the Spring, or in *Auguſt*, or *September*.

Common Sorrel and Burnet are ſown in the Spring, and may be tranſplanted.

Purſlain, green and golden. Purſlain is ſown in *March* on a gentle hot Bed, or from *April* till *July*, on Beds of light rich Earth, in a warm Situation.

Spinage, round-leav'd, prickly-leav'd. Spinage is ſown from *January* till *September*; the round Sort is commonly ſown for the Spring Crops: The firſt Sowing ſhould be on a warm dry Ground, and in *February* or *March*, in an open Situation, and as the Seaſon advances on a moiſt Soil, and ſhould

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ſhould be hoed out four or five Inches apart, and thinned for Uſe: The prickly Sort is ſown in *Auguſt* or *September*, for Uſe in the Winter, and early in the Spring.

Orach, or Garden Orach. Orach, or French Spinage, is ſown in the Spring, and hoed out as Spinage.

Parſley, common, curl'd. Parſley is ſown in *February*, *March*, or *April*, or till *September*, in Beds or ſhallow Drills.

Finochia, or Italian Fennel, is ſown from the End of *February* till *July*, for a Succeſſion, in light rich Soil, in ſhallow Drills, a Foot and a half apart, and after it is up ſhould be thinned, ſix Inches apart, and when it is well grown muſt be earthed up to blanch.

Tarragon, or Tarchon, is commonly raiſed from Slips planted in *March* or *April*; the Leaves are uſed in ſmall Sallads, to give a high Flavour.

A Deſcription of the Dwellings of the Tartars, *in a Letter to the King of* France.

WHEN I firſt entered among the *Tartars*, methought I was come into a new World; which I will deſcribe unto your Highneſs as well as I can.

They have no ſettled Habitation, neither know they To-day where they ſhall lodge To-morrow. They have all *Scythia* to themſelves, which ſtretcheth from the River *Danube*, to the utmoſt Extent of the Eaſt. Each of their Captains, according to the Number of his People, knows the Bounds of his Paſtures, and where he ought to feed his Cattle Winter and Summer, Spring and Autumn; for in the Winter they remove into warm Regions Southward, and in the Summer they go up into the cold Regions Northward. In Winter, when Snow lies upon the Ground, they feed their Cattle in Paſtures where there is no Water, becauſe then they uſe Snow inſtead of Water. Their Houſes in which they ſleep, they raiſe upon a round Foundation of Wickers, artificially wrought and compacted together; the Roof, conſiſting of Wickers, alſo meeting above in one little Roundell, out of which there riſes upwards a Neck like a Chimney,

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a Chimney, which they cover with white Felt, and often they lay Mortar or white Earth upon the Felt with the Powder of Bones, that it may ſhine and look white; ſometimes alſo they cover their Houſes with black Felt. This Cupola of their Houſe they adorn with Variety of Pictures.

Before the Door they hang a Felt curiouſly painted over, for they ſpend all their coloured Felt in painting Vines, Trees, Birds, and Beaſts thereupon. Theſe Houſes they make ſo large, that they contain thirty Foot in Breadth; for meaſuring once the Breadth between the Wheel-ruts of one of their Carts or Wains, I found it to be twenty Feet over, and when the Houſe was upon the Cart, it ſtretched over the Wheels on each Side five Feet at leaſt. I told two and twenty Oxen in one Draught drawing an Houſe upon a Cart, eleven in one Row according to the Breadth of the Cart, and eleven more on the other Side.* The Axle-tree of the Cart was of an huge Bigneſs, like the Maſt of a Ship, and a Fellow ſtood in the Door of the Houſe, upon the Foreſtall of the Cart, driving the Oxen. They likewiſe make certain four-ſquare Baſkets of ſlender Twigs as big as great Cheſts, and afterwards from one Side to another they frame an hollow Lid or Cover of ſuch-like Twigs, and make a Door in it before. Then they cover the ſaid Cheſt or Houſe with black Felt rubbed over with Tallow or Sheep's Milk, to keep the Rain from ſoaking through, which they likewiſe adorn with Painting or white Feathers. Into theſe Cheſts they put their whole Houſehold Stuff, or Treaſure, and bind them upon other Carts, which are drawn by Camels, that they may paſs through Rivers; neither do they ever take down theſe Cheſts from their Carts. When they take down their Dwelling-Houſes, they turn the Doors always to the South, and next they place the Carts laden with the Cheſts here and there within a Stone's Caſt of the Houſe, inſomuch that the Houſe ſtandeth between two Ranks of Carts, as it were between two Walls.

The

* *See the Cut.*

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The Women make themſelves moſt beautiful Carts. A rich *Tartar* hath a hundred or two ſuch Carts with Cheſts. The King hath ſixteen Wives, every one of whom hath one great Houſe, beſides other little Houſes, which they place behind the great one, being as it were Chambers for their Women to dwell in, and to each of the Houſes belong two hundred Carts. When they take their Houſes off the Carts, the principal Wife placeth her Court on the Weſt, and ſo all the reſt in Order; ſo that the laſt Wife's Houſe is on the Eaſt Frontier, and the Court of each Wife is diſtant from another about a Stone's Caſt.

Hence it is, that the Court of a rich *Tartar* will appear like a very large Village, few Men being to be ſeen therein: One Woman will guide twenty or thirty Carts at once, for their Country is very flat, and they faſten the Carts with Camels or Oxen, one behind another: A Wench ſits in the foremoſt Cart driving the Oxen, and all the reſt of themſelves follow a like Pace. When they come to a Place which is a bad Paſſage, they looſe them and guide them one by one, for they go a ſlow Pace, and not much faſter than an Ox can walk.

The beſt Method of making Cyder, and of the different Kinds of Apples which are moſt fit for it.

SOME imagine any Kind of Apples will make good Cyder, but with them Connoiſſeurs do not agree. It is therefore proper to mention ſuch Cyder Apples as have obtained an eſtabliſhed Reputation for Fruitfulneſs, quick Growth, Duration, Hardineſs, Plenty and Goodneſs of Juices.

The *White Sour*, or *Elliot*. This is the moſt early ripening Cyder Apple: The Fruit is under the middle Size, of a whitiſh Colour, inclined to Yellow. It comes to Maturity in *Auguſt*. It produces, without ſoftening it by racking, a potent Juice agreeable to Lovers of rough Cyder, and will communicate Life and Smartneſs to dull Cyders made of vulgar Fruits.

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The *Herefordſhire Red-ſtreak*. This Fruit is very ſmall, beautifully ſtriped with red and ſometimes yellow within, the Juice is generally of a very high Colour. It was originally called the *Scudamore Crab*. The rough and ſmooth are ſo duly blended in its Juice, as render it palatable to all. An eminent Phyſician preſcribes it for a conſumptive Patient.

The *Fox Whelp*, is under the middle Size, long, and of a dark red Colour, contains a richer Juice than the *Redſtreak*, though ſomewhat rougher, if not ſoftened by racking. A Hogſhead of this Cyder has been ſold in *London* for 8 *l.* and it has been exchanged for *French* Wine in equal Quantities.

The *Backamore*. This Fruit is flat and large, beautifully ſtreaked with dark red, and has a Bloom on it like a Plumb. It makes an excellent ſtrong and palatable Cyder, preferred by ſome to any other for a Smack of Bitterneſs, and a Poignancy reſembling that of the *Redſtreak*.

The *Midyate*, or *Meadiate*. This Apple is under the middle Size, of a long Shape, and produced in Cobs, commonly of a yellow Colour, and ripens late. It makes a very rough Cyder, which has this peculiar Quality, that if it be but one 20th of a Hogſhead, it will predominate, and is therefore very uſeful to mix with inſipid Cyder.

The *Royal Wilding* is a ſmall long Fruit, of a yellowiſh Colour. Its Cyder is of a bright Yellow, a noble Body, an excellent Bitter, a delicate Roughneſs, and a fine vinous Flavour.

The *Stiar* is middle ſized, longiſh, and of a pale yellow Colour, and makes a bold ſtrong Maſculine Cyder, of great Reputation in *Herefordſhire* and *Glouceſterſhire*; but our Author ſays, he has often taſted it, and can find nothing extraordinary in it.

The *Cowley-Bridge Crab* is a ſmall Fruit, produced in Cobs, of a dirty purple and green Colour. The Juice is an auſtere Cyder, but by frequent Rackings may be rendered ſoft and pleaſant.

The *Common Crab* produces firſt excellent Verjuice, which is eſteemed a ſovereign Antiſcorbutic, being more wholeſome than other Acids, is more proper for making Punch.

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Cyder of this Fruit three Years in Caſks, and three Years in Bottles, is a bold ſtrong Maſculine Liquor, not much inferior to Old Hock.

The *Cocko Gee* is of *Iriſh* Extraction, the Name ſignifying Gooſe Turd. Its Cyder has a vinous pipinary Flavour. *

Publick Tranſactions in EUROPE ſince our laſt, continued from Page 303.

A Native of *Geneva* having gained the Favour and Confidence of the Prime Vizier, in *Turkey*, has obtained thereby an excluſive Privilege, to his Fellow Citizens, of being the only Sellers, throughout the *Ottoman* Dominions, of all Clocks and Watches that do not exceed the Value of eighty-four Sequins. Peace ſtill ſeems to actuate the Councils of the ſublime Porte, and all its Motions, and at preſent it does not ſeem probable, that the Troublers of *Europe* ſhould excite them to Hoſtilities againſt their Chriſtian Neighbours.

The Empreſs of *RUSSIA*, who may truly be ſtiled the Mother of her People, was lately addreſſed by her Senate, to thank her for eaſing her Subjects from certain Impoſts and Duties, to which ſhe returned a remarkably gracious Anſwer; and, as an Inſtance of her private Senſe of Gratitude and her extraordinary Generoſity, we may mention, her having beſtowed an Eſtate of 25000 Rubles, yearly Revenue in *Livonia*, on Prince *Woronzoff*, in Return for the Pains he took to extinguiſh the late Fire in her Palace, and the Magnanimity with which he expoſed his Life on the Occaſion.

His *DANISH* Majeſty has given Orders throughout the Dutchies of *Sleſwick* and *Holſtein*, to prepare for the Reception of a Body of Troops, which is to be encamped there in the Spring: Orders, theſe, that muſt afford ſome Matter for

* The Method of making Cyder will be treated on in our next.

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for Speculation; becauſe at all Times theſe fertile Dukedoms are ſufficiently peſtered with Soldiers, and theſe Motions ſeem to indicate no leſs, than that the King of *Denmark* has either changed his Syſtem; or is willing to ſell the next Subſidy Treaty he makes to more Advantage than the laſt, by ſhewing his Strength and diſplaying his Readineſs, to the two contending Parties for his Alliance.

The late Miniſter from *Spain* at the Court of *Denmark*, the Marquiſs *del Puerto*, who is now removed to that of *SWEDEN*, ſeems quite pleaſed with his Situation, and has procured ſuch Advantages for the *Swediſh* Commerce in *Spain*, that nothing his Catholick Majeſty requeſts, is denied at *Stockholm*; and tho' a conſiderable Number of Men of War are on the Stocks, for the Service of that Monarch, the King of *Sweden* has given Aſſurance, that he ſhall be ready to furniſh a ſtill greater Number.

In *POLAND*, in the Palatinate of *Poſnania*, an uncommon Accident lately happened; for ſome Days Rain being ſucceeded by a ſtrong Froſt, a Number of Buſtards, not much leſs than the Oſtrich, alighting in a Field, their Wings and Feathers were frozen in ſuch a Manner, that they could not riſe to fly: Some of them were killed by the Peaſants with Bludgeons, and others were taken by Dogs; but by the ſtout Reſiſtance they made, a Man was wounded, and two Dogs killed.

From *Straſburgh*, in *GERMANY*, we are informed, that a Perſon has lately diſcovered the Secret to make out of 100 Pound Weight of common Salt, the ſame Quantity of Salt Petre; ſo that, upon repeated Trials, the *French* Court had engaged him to eſtabliſh his new Manufacture in the Neighbourhood of that City, and to ſupply, for forty Years, all the Magazines of the Kingdom; towards which they have advanced him 200,000 Livres.

The Empreſs Queen has prohibited all foreign Soap in her Hereditary Countries for the future; and the Elector of *Bavaria* has ordered a new Body of Laws to be drawn up for his Dominions, in Imitation of the King of *Pruſſia*'s Code, which admirably tends to hinder the protracting of Law Suits, to the Ruin of the Suitors.

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The Conſort of the Electoral Prince of *Saxony* was brought to Bed on the 26th of December of a Prince.

The King of *Pruſſia* has ordered Horſes to be provided for all the Supernumeraries of his Cavalry, and a new Batallion of Militia to be raiſed, Eighteen Perſons were lately killed by the falling down of the Lutheran Church of *Silſea* in the Time of divine Service.

Births at *Vienna* in 1753, 5638, ſtill born 304; Burials 5043, of which 897 died of the Small Pox, and 208 by Apoplexies; ſix only died at upwards of 100.

Births at *Frankfort* 1008; Burials 1097; Weddings 192.

From *ITALY* we are inform'd, that all the Beggars in *Rome* have been taken into Cuſtody, by the expreſs Orders of the Pope, and thoſe capable to get their Bread, are to be ſet to Work on the new Port making at *Anzio*.

The King of *Naples* has, likewiſe, provided a new Body of Laws, called the *Carolini* Code; by which the Fees of the Lawyers are curtailed, and all Cauſes are to be determined in the Space of a Year. He is fitting out two Men of War and a Frigate, to purſue the *Barbary* Corſairs, who have appeared of late, very daringly, in the Canal of *Piombino*.

The Inhabitants of St. *Remo*, ſubject to the *Genoeſe*, who were lately handled very ſeverely for revolting from them, had concerted a freſh Inſurrection, but were diſcovered before their Project arrived to Maturity; and the principal Conſpirators ſeized, who will no Doubt be made Sacrifices to the wanton Cruelty of their Taſk Maſters.

The King of *SPAIN* is ſaid to be in a very ill State of Health, and ſeldom ſtirs abroad. A joint Squadron of *French*, *Spaniards*, and *Portugueſe*, is fitting out to demoliſh entirely the infidel Corſairs of *Barbary*. Nine *Algerine* Xebecks were attacked by ſome *Spaniſh* Men of War, two of them taken, three ſunk, and the reſt got off in a very ſhattered Condition.

The *PORTUGUESE* have reſolved to extend their Trade in the *Eaſt Indies*; for which Purpoſe his moſt faithful Majeſty has granted to Mr. *Oldenburgh*, an excluſive Privilege, for ſending five Ships to *Macao* in *China*, in ſix Years, and

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and four to *Goa* in ten Years: Upon this Grant a Company is to be erected, whoſe Stock is to be divided into Shares of 480,000 Rees, or 160 l. Sterling each, and the Proprietors are not to ſell out without Leave of the Company.

In *FRANCE* many People are ſtill very ſanguine in their Hopes of the Return of the Parliament: and one Reaſon they build them upon is, that they think Money cannot be raiſed legally, if the Edicts for that Purpoſe are not regiſter'd by that Tribunal.

They tell us from thence, that *Dupleix* has made himſelf Maſter of all the plain Country in the *Eaſt-Indies*, driven the *Engliſh* to *Madraſs*, and that he had inveſted that Place. This Advice came by ſome homeward bound *Eaſt India* Ships, who are put into Cape *Breton*, and ſent their Diſpatches home by the *Utile* Frigate.

It has been colder in France, by a Degree, than it was in 1740, and more Snow has fallen than for ſixty Years before, in which many Travellers have periſhed.

Upon the Burial of an eminent Burgher of *Amſterdam*, who was of the Party that brought in the late Stadtholder, the Anti-Stadtholderian Mob aſſembled, and committed a great Number of Diſorders, and the ſame Spirit has continued ever ſince, to ſuch a Degree that Paſquinades are poſted up, even againſt the young Prince of *Orange* and his Court in general; ſo that many intelligent Perſons preſage inteſtine Confuſion approaching in the Republick, and fear that it may produce a freſh Revolution in the Government.

AMERICA.

Great Diſputes having ſubſiſted between the General Aſſembly of *Virginia*, and the Governor, occaſioned by his demanding a Piſtole on each Patent for Land, which they voted illegal, arbitrary, and oppreſſive; his Excellency prorogued them, and they have ſent an Agent to *England* to ſollicit the Suppreſſion of the new Impoſt.

SCOTLAND.

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SCOTLAND.

The Burials in *Edinburgh* and the *Weſt Kirk* Parish, amounted laſt Year to 1105.

A common Weed has been found out in the Weſt of this Kingdom, which dreſs'd in Summer, produces a fine ſtrong even Thread, of which Cloth may be made reſembling Muſlin.

IRELAND.

Dublin Caſtle, Jan. 30. His Majeſty having ſignified his Royal Pleaſure, that the Parliament of this Kingdom be prorogued; the ſaid Parliament is prorogued unto Tueſday the 2d Day of April next.

A rich Lead Mine has lately been diſcovered on the Eſtate of Lord *Howth*, which is judged to be as good a one as any of the Sort in *Europe*.

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

One hundred Chaldron of Coals were given by two charitable Gentlemen, Brothers, to the Poor of the City of *Weſtminſter*.

Twelve Malefactors were executed at *Tyburn*.

The River *Thames* was frozen ſo hard above *Kingſton*, that Perſons paſs'd and repaſs'd it with Safety.

Rear Admiral *Watſon* and Commodore *Pococke*, ſet out for *Portſmouth*, to take the Command of the *Eaſt India* Fleet.

Eighty Pounds was collected for ſome Orphans going with Mr. *Whitefield* to *Georgia*, at his Tabernacle in *Moorfields*.

Three Houſes were burnt at *Limehouſe*.

At a Court of Common Council, a Committee was appointed to conſider of the beſt Means for conſtructing a Bridge acroſs the *Thames*, from *London* to *Southwark*, who are empowered to draw on the Chamberlain for 100 l. for Plans,

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Plans, Surveys, *&c.* and are alſo to take into their Conſideration, the Means to make the Paſſage of *London Bridge* more ſafe and commodious.

At a Seſſions of Admiralty, held at the *Old Baily*, *Thomas Haggerſton* was acquitted of the Murder of *John Johnſon*: *John Lancey* was found guilty, *John Lloyd* acquitted, and *Thomas Poe* left Special, for burning the Ship *Nightingale* to defraud the Inſurers.

Elizabeth Canning was ſurrendered, and Bail given for her Appearance, to take her Trial at the *Old Bailey*.

His Majeſty, by the Advice of his Privy Council, has made ſome new Rules and Regulations, for the more effectual performing of Quarantine, in order the better to prevent the Plague being brought into the Kingdom from foreign Parts.

At a Council held at St. *James*'s, at which the Judges, going their Circuits, were ordered to attend, the Lord Chancellor, by his Majeſty's Command, ſignified to them his Majeſty's great Concern at the melancholy Increaſe of Robberies and Murders, particularly of Murders by Poiſoning; Perjuries, Forgeries, *&c.* and gave them a particular Charge from his Majeſty, to be, at this Time, vigilant and active in puniſhing all Perſons found guilty of ſuch Offences: They were alſo directed to exhort and admoniſh the Gentlemen in the Commiſſion of the Peace to do their Duty, for the Support of his Majeſty's Government and the Good of their Country.

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Prices of STOCKS in FEBRUARY, 1754 BILL of MORTALITY, &c.

Days	Bank Stock.	India Stock.	South Sea Stock.	South Sea Annu. old	South Sea Ann. new	3 and ½ p. C. B. An.	3 p. Cent. B. Annu.	3 p. Cent. Ind. Ann.	Ind. Bonds. prem.	B. Circ. p l. s. d.
27	Sunday									
28	132⅞ 3	187		103⅛	102⅛	102⅛ 3⅛		100½	5l. 2s	1 10 6
29	133¼	187½		104¼	102⅛ 3	103¼		101⅛ ⅜	5l. .	1 12 6
30	133⅜	188¼			103⅛	104⅛ 4		101⅛ 2⅜	5l. 2s	1 5 0
31	133⅜ ⅛	189		104⅛ 105	103⅜	104⅛ ¼		102½	5l. 12s	1 7 6
1	133⅜	188¾		105½ ⅜	104 3⅞	105 4⅛			6l.	1 5 0
2	133 7	188¾		105½	103⅜	104⅜			6l.	1 7 6
3	Sunday									
4	133⅜	188¾		105⅜	103⅞	104⅛ ⅛		101½	6l. 2s	1 7 6
5	133⅜			105¼	103⅜	104½		102¼	6l. 2s	1 7 6
6	133⅜ ⅛	187½		105	103½	104⅛ 3⅜	102 1⅞		5l. 18s	1 5 0
7	133⅞	188½	121	105¼	103⅜ ¼	104½	102 ⅛	102½	5l. 17s	1 5 0
8	133¾	187½	120¾	105¼	103¾	104⅜	102⅛ ⅛	102½	5l. 19s	1 5 0
9		188¼			103⅜	104⅛	102⅛	102½	6l.	1 5 0
10	Sunday									
11	134⅜	188½	118½	105⅛	103¾	104⅜	102⅜	102½	6l.	1 7 6
12	133⅞	188½	118⅞	105⅛ ⅜	104⅛ ⅛	104⅛ ⅛	102⅛ ¼	102½	6l. 1.	1 7 6
13	134⅛		118⅞	105¼	103¾	104¼ ⅛	102⅜	102½	6l.	1 7 6
14	134	188½	118½ ⅞	105⅛	103¾	104¼ ⅛	102½ ⅛	102¼	6l.	1 7 6
15	133⅜	187	118 ⅛	105 ⅛	103⅜ ¼	104⅜ ⅛	102⅜ ¼	102¼ ⅛	5l. 19.	1 10 6
16		187¼		105⅛	103⅜ ¼	104⅛	102½	102½ ⅛	5l. 17s	1 10 6
17	Sunday									
18	134	187½	118½	105⅛ ¼	103¾	104⅛ ⅜	102⅜	102½ ⅛	5l. 17.	1 7 6
19	134	187½	118⅜	105¼ ¼	103¾ ⅜	104¼	102⅜	102½ ⅛	5l. 16s	1 7 6
20	134⅛	186¾ ½	118¼	105¼	103⅞	104½ ⅛	102⅝ ⅛	102 ¼	5l. 17s	1 7 6
21	133¾	187½	118½	105⅛	103⅞ 4	104⅛	102⅝ ⅛	102⅛ ¼	5l. 17s	1 7 6
22	134	187 186¾	118½	105¼ ⅛	103⅞ 4	104⅛	102 ⅛	102½ ⅛	5l. 19s	1 7 6
23	133⅞	186¾	118½	105⅜	104	104½	102⅝ ¼	102½	5l. 19s	1 7 6
24	Sunday									
25	134	186¾ 7	119 118¾	105¼	103⅞	104¼ ⅛ ½	102 ⅝	102½	5l. 18s	1 7 6
26	134⅛ ⅛ ⅛	187½	118¼	105¼	103⅞ 4	104½	102⅛ ¼	102½	5l. 17s	1 7 6

Bill of Mortality from Jan 22. to Feb. 19.

Christ.	Males 599		2165
	Femal. 566		
Buried	Males 958		1911
	Femal. 953		
Died under 2 Years old			581
Between 2 and	5	109	
5 and	10	43	
10 and	20	69	
20 and	30	151	
30 and	40	191	
40 and	50	193	
50 and	60	208	
60 and	70	150	
70 and	80	134	
80 and	90	68	
90 and	100	9	
			1911
Buried: Within the Walls			150
Without the Walls			442
In Mid. and Surrey			824
City and Lib. West.			435
			1911
Weekly Jan. 29			465
Feb. 5			452
12			489
19			505
			1911

Wheaten Peck Loaf 1s. 9d.
Houshold Loaf 1s. 3d ½

Price of corn	Mark-lane Exchange.	Basingstoke.	Reading.	Farnham.	Warminster	Devizes.	Birmingham.	Abingdon.
	Wheat 26s to 30s q	08l. 10s. load	09l. 0 1s load	07l. 00s load	34s to 40 qr	44s to 45 qr	4s 6d to 4s. 10d	10l. 10s per load
	Barley 17s to 19s qr	17s to 19 qr	21s to 20 qr	18s to 21 qr	16s to 20	16s to 23	2s 8d to 2s 10d	16s to 17s
	Oats 12s 6d to 13s	14s to 16 6d	18s to 19	13s to 15s	14s to 17	16s to 21	1s 8d to 1s 10d	13s 6d. to 15s od
	Beans 16 to 20s od	23s to 25 od	22s to 26	27s to 25s	30s to 38	24s to 34	3s 4d to 3s 6d	18s od to 19s od

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The beſt Method of managing the Fruit to make Cyder.

TO maturate the Juices it is neceſſary to collect the Apples into Heaps, in an open even and airy Part of an Orchard, unſhelter'd from the Rain and Dews, which inſtead of doing Harm will dilute the Juices and promote a ſpeedier Fermentation. Apples of various Kinds, which have dropp'd from the Tree, are to be gather'd up and laid in a Heap by themſelves, and may be made into Cyder after having laid about ten Days. Apples which have acquired ſome Degree of Maturity, and are gathered from the Trees, are to be laid in a Heap by themſelves for about a Fortnight. The later hard Fruits, which are to be left on the Trees till the Approach of Froſt is apprehended, are to be laid in a Heap for a Month or ſix Weeks, by which they will receive ſuch a Maturation as they could not have attained on the Trees. The riper and mellower the Fruits are at the Time of laying them in Heaps, the ſhorter ſhould be their Continuance there, and the harſher immaturer and harder they are, the longer ſhould they reſt. In ſome Counties the Method is to make theſe Heaps of Apples in an Houſe, or under ſome Covering incloſed on every Side; but this occaſions a great Loſs of Juices, a general Rottenneſs, rancid Smell, and diſagreeable Taſte.

When the Apples are duely maturated, they are to be reduced to a Pummice, or broken Pulp preparatory to the Expreſſion of the Juice. This is beſt done by an Engine work'd by Coggs, and round which turn two or more Tumblers ſtuck full of Teeth, which leaſt bruiſes the Skin Pulp and Kernels of the Apples; for an immoderate Breaking produces Auſterity and Bitterneſs. The Pummice ſhould be received into a large open mouth'd Veſſel, capable of containing as much as is ſufficient for one making, or Cheeſe, and ſhould be preſs'd the ſame Day it is broken.

The Cheeſe or Cake is compoſed of the Pummice or broken Pulp of the Apples and long wheaten Straw or Reeds raiſed up in a cylindrical Form upon the Floor, Stage or Baſon of the Cyder Preſs. Firſt there is laid in the Middle

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of the Floor a circular Layer of long Straw or Reed, the Diameter exceeding that of the Pummice or Cheeſe two Feet at leaſt, that a Foot or more of the Straw may be brought up round the Cheeſe, and the Ends turned in upon it, the Pummice is then laid out in a circular Form to the Height of ſix Inches, then another Layer of Straw and another Layer of Pummice, and ſo on alternately till all the Pummice intended to be preſſed is laid on. When the Cheeſe has been ſome Time preſs'd and become broader, its Exceſs ſhould be cut round with a Knife, ſuch as is uſed for cutting Hay, and the great Beam raiſed, and the Cuttings laid on the Top, and the Cheeſe again preſſed till it be dry.

As the Cyder runs from the Preſs it is to be received into a Veſſel fixed within the Ground, from whence as it fills it is to be laded out, and put into a Caſk with its Head ſtruck out, and a coarſe Hair Sieve ſet over it, that the Cyder may be ſtrain'd, and the groſſer Part of the Pulp intercepted.

From this Veſſel it is to be transferr'd into a large open Vat, which will contain a whole Pounding or making of Cyder, or as much as can be preſſed in one Day. When the Cyder has remain'd in this Vat a Day, or ſometimes leſs, according to the Ripeneſs of the Fruit and State of the Weather, the groſſer Parts of the Pulp will riſe to the Top, and in a Day or two more grow very thick; and when little white Bubbles of the Size of the Top of your Finger break thro', it is then preſently to be drawn off thro' a Cock or Faucet Hole within three Inches of the Bottom, if large, but not nearer than four Inches, if ſmall, that the Lees may be left behind.

If the Cyder be not immediately drawn off on the firſt Appearance of theſe white Bubbles, all the Head which is then become a thick Cruſt will ſink to the Bottom, and the Opportunity of making ſweet Cyder will be loſt.

On drawing off the Cyder from the Vat, it muſt be tunn'd into cloſe Caſks well ſcented. Upon letting it remain a longer or ſhorter Time in theſe Caſks with the Lees and Impurities, the hardening or ſoftening it depends.

To have Cyder perfectly ſweet, it is to be carefully watch'd after it is tunned into cloſe Caſks, and when the white

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white Bubbles ariſe at the Bung Hole, it is immediately to be rack'd off again into another clean and well ſcented Caſk, which Operation is to be continued till the Cyder ceaſes hiſſing, and is as ſweet as you deſire. Weaker Cyder will only bear one or two Rackings: But to make the bolder and ſtronger Cyders ſoft, mellow and perfectly ſweet, the Rackings muſt be repeated till the Fermentation ceaſes.

The Manner of making rough Cyder differs from that of the ſweet, in this, that the firſt Appearance of the white Bubbles may be diſregarded, and the Liquor not drawn off till the next Separation. After the Fermentation is over every Hogſhead muſt be filled up to the Bung, once a Month, if this be neglected the Cyder will grow flat and heavy, and contract an ill Taſte and Smell from the rancid Air lodg'd in the Vacuity. Vent ſhould be ſometimes given at a Spile Hole for three Months. Until it has done hiſſing, the Bung Hole would be beſt covered with a Tile or flat Stone, after that it ſhould be cloſely bung'd.

The beſt Method of ſweetening Caſks by the Match is as follows: Take four Ounces of Brimſtone, one Ounce of burnt Allom, two Ounces of Wine Brandy, put theſe together into an Earthen Pan, and hold it over a chafing Diſh of glowing Coals till the Brimſtone runs; then dip therein little Pieces of new Canvas, and inſtantly ſprinkle them with Powders of Cloves, Nutmegs and Coriander. This Canvas is to be fired and burnt out in the Bung Hole, ſo as it may be received into the Caſk, and bung'd down tight.

Of the ASH.

THE Keys, or Seeds, that you ſow to raiſe this Tree, muſt be thorough ripe, which will be about *October* and *November*! When they are gathered lay them then to dry; let them be gathered from the talleſt and ſtraiteſt

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Trees, by Reaſon the Seed will be larger and better: Let the Time of Sowing be from *October* till *January*, for they lie a Year before they ſpring, covering them about an Inch, or Inch and Half, with fine Mould, and ſcatter ſome of the Manure thinly over the Bed: When they are up keep them clean of Weeds at firſt, for they ſhoot but little the firſt Year, but the ſecond they will ſhoot ſtrongly; the Winter after they may be tranſplanted; prune the little ſide Shoots, and cut the Tap-root, keep them with digging and pruning at the firſt, and they will ſoon come to be fine growing tall Trees: When you remove the Aſh, do not top him, except he is Top-heavy; for the Aſh, like the Walnut, is not to be headed, they having a great Pith; the ſide Boughs may be cut, but then cloſe to the Body, and the Boughs not large; though it is not like the Elm, to run much into ſide Branches; by doing of which your Aſhes will grow to large and tall Trees ſoon. It is not fit to be planted near a fine Garden, for the Leaves turn to Soil, and ſpoils the Walks, and the Roots running ſo ſhallow, will ſpread into the Beds and Borders: They are as bad for the Plough Ground, for the Roots will draw the Ground, ſo as to ſpoil the Corn: But though the Aſh does prejudice Corn by its Root, yet the Wood is the uſefulleſt and moſt univerſal of all Wood, except the Oak, for the Plough, and many other Uſes of the Ploughman: It is a quick growing Wood, and does grow in moſt Sorts of Soil, provided not too wet; it thrives beſt on ſuch Grounds as have the Surface of a looſe Nature, ſo it be not too ſhallow, and is excellent Timber for ſeveral Uſes.

Aſhes may be propagated from a Bough ſlipt off, with a little of the old Wood, and from the old Root, which will ſhoot forth prodigiouſly; from whence comes that called the Ground Aſh, ſo much deſired for Arbours, Eſpaliers, and other Pole Works. The Uſes of Aſh are many; as for the Carpenter, Wheel-wright, Cart-wright, Ploughs, Axle-tree, Wheel-rings, Harrows, Oars, and the beſt Blocks for Pullies; alſo for the Cooper, Turner, and Thatcher; Palliſadoes, Hedges, Hop-Yards, Poles, Spars, Handleſtocks for Tools, Spade-trees, *&c.* Ladders and other Tackling.

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The Keys or Seed of this Tree may be ſown by the broad-caſt ſpread over the Ground, and plowed in; or it may be ſown out of a Man's Hand in a Furrow after the Plough, and covered by the Turn of the next Furrow: In either of theſe Forms of Sowing, the Ground ſhould lie very ſhallow on the Seed, leſt it be what we call buried by the Cover of too much heavy Earth: This is to be done for a Nurſery, or ſtanding Wood; but in Caſe Aſhes are to be planted in Hedges, or other particular Places, then Aſhen Setts are by far moſt commodious and moſt advantagiouſly planted.

Thoughts of a dying CHRISTIAN.

I COME, I come! and joyfully obey
The fatal Voice that ſummons me away:
With Pleaſure I reſign this mortal Breath,
And fall a willing Sacrifice to Death.
O welcome Stroke, that gives me Liberty!
Welcome, as to the Slave, a Jubilee!
Of the vain World I take my laſt Adieu,
The promis'd Land is now within my View;
The Clouds diſpel, the ſtormy Danger's paſt,
And I attain the peaceful Shores at laſt.
My Hope's dear Object, now are all in Sight,
The Lands of Love, and unexhauſted Light;
The flowing Streams of Joy, and endleſs Bliſs,
The ſhining Plains, and Walks of Paradiſe;
The Trees of Life, immortal Fruits and Flow'rs,
The tall celeſtial Groves, and charming Bow'rs:
I breathe the balmy empyrean Air,
The Songs of Angels, and their Harps I hear;
And ſcarce the fierce, tyrannic Joy can bear.

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The NIGHTINGALE *and* GLOW-WORM,

A F A B L E.

THE prudent Nymph, whoſe Cheeks diſcloſe
The Lilly, and the bluſhing Roſe,
From publick View her Charms will ſcreen,
And rarely in the Croud be ſeen;
This ſimple Truth ſhall keep her wiſe,
"The faireſt Fruits attract the Flies."

One Night, a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring Train,
Cry'd, ſure there never was in Nature
So elegant, ſo fine a Creature.
All other Inſects, that I ſee,
The frugal Ant, induſtrious Bee,
Or Silk-worm, with Contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic Crew,
Who ſervilely their Lives employ
In Buſineſs, Enemy to Joy.
Mean, vulgar Herd! ye are my Scorn,
For Grandeur only I was born,
Or ſure am ſprung from Race divine,
And plac'd on Earth, to live and ſhine.
Thoſe Lights, that ſparkle ſo on high,
Are but the Glow-worms of the Sky,
And Kings on Earth their Gems admire,
Becauſe they imitate my Fire.

She ſpoke. Attentive on a Spray,
A Nightingale forbore his Lay;
He ſaw the ſhining Morſel near,
And flew, directed by the Glare;
A while he gaz'd with ſober Look,
And thus the trembling Prey beſpoke.
Deluded Fool, with Pride elate,
Know, 'tis thy Beauty brings thy Fate;

Leſs

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Less dazling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the Velvet Plain;
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And Beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

Seeking for HAPPINESS.

NOT all that Parent Earth can give,
Can make her Children ever live;
Nor yet afford them Happiness;
For Creatures ne'er can truly bless.
If what we drink, and what we eat,
Can never make our Bliss compleat;
To rich Variety of Food,
And gay Attire, and ev'ry Good;
Give Honour, Titles, Pomp, and Fame,
With ev'ry Blessing we can name;
Give Pleasure, Profit, Knowledge, Ease,
Whatever can instruct or please;
Authority, a vast Estate,
With all that maketh rich and great;
Yet these cou'd never constitute
A Man much happier than a Brute:
For while our wretched Passions reign,
Felicity is sought in vain.
Where then shall Happiness be found?
That lovely, pleasing, joyous Sound!
Great Source of Bliss, vouchsafe to show
How I this Pearl of Price may know.
If grateful Souls----if Souls resign'd
To thy blest Will, this Treasure find;
To me, great GOD, do thou impart
A thankful, and contented Heart;
Drive far away all Diffidence,
And give me, Lord, true Confidence
In thy unerring Providence,
Let all my Vices be subdu'd,
Replace 'em, Lord, with Gratitude,

My

My ev'ry Want do thou redreſs,
Give me! O give me Happineſs.

An EVENING HYMN.

INdulgent GOD, whoſe bounteous Care
O'er all thy Works is ſhown!
Oh, grateful let my Praiſe and Pray'r
Aſcend before thy Throne!

What Mercies has this Day beſtow'd!
How largely haſt thou bleſt!
My Cup with Plenty overflow'd,
And with Content my Breaſt.

Safe, 'midſt a thouſand latent Snares,
Thy careful Hand has led;
And now, exempt from anxious Cares,
I preſs the downy Bed.

I fall this Night into thy Arms,
Which I have prov'd ſo kind:
Oh keep my Body from all Harms,
And from all Sin my Mind!

Let balmy Slumbers cloſe my Eyes,
From Pain and Sickneſs free;
And let my waking Fancy riſe
To meditate on thee.

So bleſs each future Day and Night,
'Till Life's fond Scene is o'er;
And then to Realms of endleſs Light
Oh! aid my Soul to ſoar!

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Publick Transactions in EUROPE *since our last, continued from Page* 320.

FROM *RUSSIA* we are informed that a dreadful Fire broke out lately in the Capital, at the Palace of *Le Fort*, in which the Empress's Body Guard of 400 Gentlemen with their Families were lodged, to the Number of 3000 Persons. The Flames destroyed all the inside Work, and many Persons lost their Lives in endeavouring to escape the Fire. The same Day, and some Days after, a few Houses were burnt in the Suburbs of *Krasnoe Zelo*, and the House of a Secretary of the Chancery in the *Slabode*.

In *DENMARK*, the Sea has been quite frozen over, from *Denmark* to the *Swedish* Coast, so that People pass it on Foot.

From *SWEDEN* they write that Count *Tessin* and his Countess, having at length obtained Leave to resign their Employments, are retired to their Country Seat. A Peasant, who died lately in *Ostrogotha*, aged 108, had a Son when 105 by his third Wife, whom he married in his 100th Year: He lived 57 Years with his first Spouse, and fourteen with his second.

We have likewise Intelligence from *Stockholm*, that the Difference between their Court and that of *Denmark*, concerning the Limits of the two Kingdoms, is entirely accommodated, and nothing remains to be settled, but the Duty which the *Danes* are to pay for the Wood they bring from *Norway*, and which must pass through some Parts of *Sweden*.

From *GERMANY* we are inform'd, a Proposition to introduce the Princes of *Waldeck* and *Tour* and *Taxis* into the College of Princes meets with great Opposition.

The Castle of *Garbenichen* near *Koningsburg*, is entirely consumed by Fire, forty-eight Horses in the Stables, and other Cattle, perishing in the Flames.

The principal Inhabitants of St. *Remo*, in *ITALY*, having received a favourable Answer to their Remonstrances, as Vassals of the Empire, from *Vienna*, have abandoned their

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Town and taken Shelter at *Oneglia*, where the King of *Sardinia* has ordered them to be received as an oppreſſed and perſecuted People.

From *NAPLES* we hear that by an exact Liſt which has been taken of the Troops in that Kingdom, it appears that his Majeſty may, in Caſe of Neceſſity, aſſemble an Army of 25 or 30,000 Men, excluſive of the Garriſons left in the fortified Towns. The Miſunderſtanding between that Court and the Order of *Malta*, continues upon the ſame Footing. Not long ſince two *Malteſe* Barks, with ſeveral Paſſengers on Board, attempting, in a violent Storm, to take Shelter at *Paola*, a Port of *Calabria*, the Governor obliged them to put to Sea again, which they had had no ſooner done but they periſhed within Sight of the Harbour.

The Palace of Count *Caſtlebarco*, in *Milan*, has been almoſt deſtroyed by Fire, with a very valuable Collection of Medals, and ſome rich Tapeſtry.

In *SPAIN* they have had ſuch violent Storms for a Fortnight paſt, that many Ships of divers Nations have been loſt on their Coaſts.

We are informed by private Letters from *Madrid*, that a Fire broke out on the 16th of laſt Month in the Palace of St. *Ildephonſo*, the uſual Reſidence of the Queen Dowager of *Spain*, by which Accident one entire Wing of that magnificent Palace was deſtroyed.

They write from *PORTUGAL*, that eighty-one Carriages are arrived at *Elvas*, laden with 22,464 Pounds Weight of Silver Coin, bought up at *Cadiz*, by Order of the Sieur *Oldenburg*, the Director of a Company lattely eſtabliſhed, for carrying on a Trade to *China* and the Coaſt of *Coromandel*.

The *Brazilian* Natives upon the Confines of the Colony of St. *Sacrament*, being ſpirited up by the *Jeſuits*, declare they will not ſubmit to the Treaty which cedes that Diſtrict to the *Spaniards*.

In *FRANCE* the Diſputes ſtill continue between the Court and the People. The Curate of St. *Nicholas des Champs*, having refuſed to adminiſter the Sacraments to a dying Man, the Chatelet proceeded againſt him; upon which the King ſent his *Lettre De Cachet* forbidding them

to

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to meddle with ſuch Affairs: However, they ventured to paſs Sentence, which the King directly annulled; but they have notwithſtanding iſſued Writs againſt him.

From *Paris* they write that on the 12th Inſtant the Officers of the Chatelet wrote a very pathetick Letter to the Chancellor, expreſſing great Concern and Surprize at the Confinement of Mr. *Grandjean de la Croix*, their Counſellor, who was lately ſent to the *Baſtile*, and deſiring his Lordſhip to intercede with his Majeſty, in order to procure his Liberty. The 13th the Chancellor ſent the Lieutenant Civil to acquaint them, that the King would very ſoon ſignify his Pleaſure to the Chatelet in Relation to that Letter. The Deputies of the Parliament of *Aix*, being upon the Road to *Verſailles*, were met by a Courier from Court, who enjoined them to return immediately, which the Parliament being adviſed of, likewiſe ordered them to come back.---Some Members of Parliament who had obtained Leave to come here from their Exile to ſettle their Affairs, have received Orders to return, from whence it is inferred, that the Parliament will continue in the ſame Situation, unleſs they think proper to take ſome Step which may induce his Majeſty to reſtore them to his Confidence, and their Authority.

The Parliaments of *Bourdeaux* and *Thouloufe* continue vigorouſly to proſecute the Refuſers of the Sacrament.

One of the largeſt Warehouſes in *Marſeilles*, full of Goods, and amongſt the reſt 100 Bales of Cotton, has been entirely conſumed by Fire; the Damage amounts to 200,000 Livres.

Letters from *HOLLAND* inform us, that the College of Admiralty of *Amſterdam* have made a Regulation for the Relief of Seamen, who ſhall be wounded or maimed by Accidents. To conſtitute a Fund for that Purpoſe, the Officers and Seamen are to pay a Proportion of their Wages, according to the Length of their Voyage. A Seaman who loſes both his Eyes is to have a 1000 Florins paid him; for one Eye 250; both Arms 1000; one Arm 350; both Hands 1000; one 300; both Legs 1000; one 250; one Foot 250 Florins; but for the Loſs they may ſuſtain in de-

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ſending their Ship, or ſailing againſt other Veſſels, the Owners are to indemnify them.

The States of *Holland* and *Weſtfriezland* have publiſhed a Placart for ſuppreſſing the Publication of Libels, Paſquinades, *&c.* the Printers and Publiſhers of which are to pay 3000 Florins for the firſt Offence, 6000 for the ſecond, and in Caſe of a third Offence, to be perpetually baniſhed from the Province.

By the Contract made between his *Pruſſian* Majeſty and her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs Governante of the *Low Countries*, for the Sale of his *Pruſſian* Majeſty's Dominions in *Holland*, the Sum of 700,000 *Dutch* Florins are to be paid for the Eſtate, and 5000 *Dutch* Florins for the Furniture in the Houſes thereupon.

I R E L A N D.

From *Dublin* they write that a conſiderable Number of the Nobility, Members of Parliament, and other Gentlemen of Property and Diſtinction, of the Province of *Leinſter*, dined together at the Tholſel of that City. After Dinner, a great many Toaſts were drank; the following were the moſt remarkable, may we never want a *Kildare* and a *Boyle* to aſſert our Loyalty and defend our Liberty. The two Strangers at the Caſtle. May the Love of the People be the only Treaſure ever carried out of this Kingdom. May that Man, who has neither Wife, Whore, nor Eſtate in *Ireland*, never have any Share in the G------ thereof. May the Statute of Juſtice, which ſhews her Backſide to the People, ſhew her Face to the next S----- of P-------. The Parliament of *Paris*. A high Wind, lee Shore, and leaky Veſſel to all the Enemies of *Ireland*, *&c.* In the Evening, ſeveral Barrels of Ale, and a large Bonfire, were given to the Populace.

While the Tragedy of *Mahomet the Impoſter*, was acting on the 2*d* Inſtant at the Theatre in *Dublin*, the following Speech in the firſt Act was *Encored*,

---*If*

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----------If, ye Powers divine,
Ye mark the Movements of this nether World,
And bring them to Account; cruſh, cruſh theſe Vipers,
Who, ſingled out by a Community
To guard their Rights, ſhall for a Graſp of Ore,
Or paltry Office, ſell them to the Foe.

and the Actor who ſpoke it, refuſing, by Mr. *Sheridan*'s Orders, to repeat it; Mr. *Sheridan* alſo refuſing to appear on the Stage, and give his Reaſons why the *Encore* was not comply'd with, the Audience pull'd up the Benches, demoliſhed the Boxes, Branches, Boxes, Sconces, Inſtruments, and Scenes, and left the Houſe reduced to a mere Shell.

The King's Letter is arrived, for paying off the National Debt of this Kingdom, of 77,500l. the Circulation of which Sum in ready Caſh, at this critical Time, will be of great Advantage. It begins to be paid off on *March* 26; but thoſe that are willing to let their Debentures remain in the Treaſury, will be allowed Intereſt to *June* 24, after which all Intereſt will ceaſe.----On this Occaſion there was the greateſt Rejoicings by Ringing of Bells, Bonfires, and Illuminations.---The Merchants and Traders waited on his Grace the Duke of *Dorſet*, by whoſe Benevolence this happy Event was accompliſhed, with an Addreſs of Thanks. To which his Grace was pleaſed to return a moſt gracious Anſwer.

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

On digging for a Well, at *Burgfield* near *Reading*, a Stratum of white Sand was diſcovered 20 Feet from the Surface, with Cockle Shells, or Stones very like them, tho' the Place is fifty Miles from any Sea, lies low, and has a clayey Surface.

A Pair of Oxen were killed at *Beverley* in *Yorkſhire*, the Property of Mr. *Conſtable*, of *Burton Conſtable*. The four Quarters of one weighed 136 Stone 13 Pound; the Tallow 15 Stone 13 Pound; the Hide 10 Stone 7 Pound; in all 163 Stone 5 Pound; Of the other, 120 Stone 9 Pound; the

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the Tallow 15 Stone; the Hide 10 Stone 11 Pound; in all 146 Stone 6 Pound.----Total of both 309 Stone 11 Pounds, at 14 Pound to the Stone.

There came on lately at *Guildhall*, before Sir *Michael Foſter*, the Trial of a Cauſe, wherein Mr. *Maddox*, an Attorney, was Plaintiff, and an eminent Man-midwife Defendant, on an Action for the latter's Non Attendance upon the former's deceaſed Wife; when a Verdict was given for the Plaintiff with 1000 *l.* Damages and Coſts of Suit.

The *Arundel* Man of War, Capt. *Lloyd*, ſailed from *Spithead*, to ſink a Ship and Cargo which has been on Quarantine ſome Time, at the Mother Bank, ſuppoſed to have had the Plague on Board.

His Majeſty, attended in his State Coach, by the Marquiſſes of *Hartington* and *Rockingham*, went to the Houſe of Peers, and gave the royal Aſſent to the Watchmakers, *Eaſt-India* Mutiny, Servant's Wages, St. *Luke*'s Pariſh, and *Leith* Harbour Bills, and to ſeveral Road Bills and private ones.

Andover, *Hants*. A Fire broke out at the Houſe of one *Willis*, a Labourer at *Penton*, which conſumed 13 Houſes, beſides Out-houſes. This is the ſecond Fire that has happened in that Village within eight Months, and 19 Houſes out of 31, have been conſumed.

The two Gold Medals, given by the Duke of *Newcaſtle*, to the Batchelors of Arts of the preſent Year, of the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, for Encouragement of Claſſical Learning, were adjudg'd to Mr. *Hallifax* of *Jeſus College*, and Mr. *Emſall* of St. *John*'s.

Sail'd from *Spithead*, for *Cork* in *Ireland*, where they are to take in the Land Forces for the *Eaſt Indies*, the *Bridgewater*, *Kent*, *Saliſbury*, *Eagle*, and *Briſtol* Men of War, and the *Kingfiſher* Sloop, under the Command of Admiral *Watſon*. At the ſame Time alſo ſailed the *Jaſon* for *Guinea*, and the *Raven* Sloop for the *Iriſh* Station.

The *Eagle* and *Briſtol*, two of the 70 Gun Ships of the above Fleet, run aground upon the *Iriſh* Coaſt, and received ſo much Damage that they muſt be docked, and two others, the *Tyger* and *Cumberland*, are fitting out to replace them.

April

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April the 6th, his Majeſty went to the Houſe of Peers with uſual State, and gave the Royal Aſſent to the following Bills, *Viz.*

An Act for granting to his Majeſty a certain Sum out of the Sinking Fund for 1754.

An Act to continue ſeveral Laws relating to the Diſtemper now raging among the horned Cattle.

An Act for puniſhing Perſons deſtroying Turnpikes, Locks, and other Works erected by Authority of Parliament, and declaring all Acts made for erecting Courts of Conſcience to be public Acts.

An Act for the more effectual puniſhing wicked and evil-diſpoſed Perſons going armed and diſguiſed, and doing Injuries and Violencies to the Perſons and Properties of his Majeſty's Subjects; and for the ſpeedy bringing Offenders to Juſtice.

An Act for the more eaſy and effectual Proceeding upon Diſtreſſes to be made by Warrants of Juſtices of the Peace.

An Act for the Amendment and Preſervation of the public Highways and Turnpike Roads of this Kingdom, and for the more effectual Execution of the Laws relating thereto.

And to divers other public and private Bills.

When his Majeſty was pleaſed to put an End to the Seſſion with the following moſt gracious Speech.

My Lords, and Gentlemen.

Nothing could have given Me greater Satisfaction, at this Time, than the Unanimity and Diſpatch with which you have gone through the Buſineſs of this Seſſion. Tho' no particular Point of extraordinary Moment hath offered itſelf to your Conſideration, yet you have ſhewn the moſt attentive Regard to every Branch of the Publick Service. As to Foreign Affairs, I ſhall ſay nothing at preſent, except, that it is my fixed Reſolution to do every Thing in my Power to maintain the general Tranquillity, and to adhere to ſuch Meaſures for that Purpoſe, as I have hitherto purſued in Conjunction with the Powers in Alliance with Me.

Gentlemen

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Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,

I return you My hearty Thanks for the Supplies which you have ſo chearfully granted; and which are the more acceptable to Me, as they have brought no new Burthen upon My good Subjects.

My Lords, and Gentlemen,

The Time draws near, when the preſent Parliament muſt determine by Law; and it is My Intention very ſpeedily to call a New One: But it would be unjuſt to this, not to give it a Publick Teſtimony of my Approbation. The many eminent Proofs which you have given of your Duty and Affection to My Perſon and Government; of your Zeal for this excellent Conſtitution, and for the Security of the preſent Eſtabliſhment; can never be forgotten by Me. By your vigorous Aſſiſtance, under the Protection of the Divine Providence, I was enabled to put an End to an expenſive, tho' neceſſary War, by an honourable Peace; which you have greatly contributed to preſerve, by readily and uniformly ſupporting My Meaſures. You have gone farther; and, whilſt the Difficulties ariſing from the War were ſcarce over, ſeized the Firſt Opportunity to perfect One of the greateſt Works of Peace, by concurring in the moſt proper Means for a gradual Decreaſe of the National Debt, and, at the ſame Time, raiſing the Publick Credit. You have alſo, by ſeveral new Laws, laid a Foundation to ſtrengthen and advance the Commerce of My Kingdoms. Such a Series of wiſe and ſteady Conduct cannot fail to recommend you to the Good Will and Eſteem of your Fellow Subjects, as well as Mine. For My own Part, I ſecurely rely upon the Loyalty and good Affections of My People; and have no other Aim but their laſting Happineſs.

BILL of Mortality from Feb. 19. to Mar. 26, 1754.

Chriſt.	Males 801	1510
	Femal. 709	
Buried	Males 1198	2436
	Femal. 1238	

Prices of Goods at Peas-Key.

Wheat	28 to 30s.
Oats	11 to 13s.
Barley	16 to 18s.
Rye	17 to 19s.
Beans	17 to 19s.
Flour	29

Price of STOCKS.

Bank Stock, Books ſhut. India Stock, Books ſhut. South Sea Stock, no Price. Three 1 half per Cent. Old Annuities 1ſt Sub. Books ſhut. Ditto 2d Sub. Books ſhut. Dito New 1ſt Sub. 104 a ⅛. Ditto 2d Sub. 102 ⅛ a ¼. Three 1 half Bank Annuities, 1ſt Sub. Book ſhut. Ditto 2d Sub. Books ſhut. Ditto India Annuities, Books ſhut. Three per Cent. Bank Annuities, 102 ¼ ⅛. Ditto 1751, 102 ⅛. Ditto India Annuities, Books ſhut. New Bank Circulation, 1l. 12s. 6d. prem. India Bonds 5l. 14s. a 15s. Prem.

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A Song to Creating Wiſdom.

In Five PARTS.

I.

ETERNAL WISDOM, thee we praiſe,
Thee the Creation ſings:
With thy loud Name, Rocks, Hills, and Seas,
And Heav'n's high Palace rings.

II.

Place me on the bright Wings of Day,
To travel with the Sun;
With what Amaze ſhall I ſurvey
The Wonders thou haſt done?

III.

Thy Hand how wide it ſpread the Sky!
How glorious to behold!
Ting'd with a Blue of heavenly Dye,
And ſtarr'd with ſparkling Gold.

IV.

There thou haſt bid the Globes of Light
Their endleſs Circles run;
There the pale Planet rules the Night,
And Day obeys the Sun.

PART II.

V.

Downward I turn my wond'ring Eyes
On Clouds and Storms below,
Thoſe Under-Regions of the Skies
Thy num'rous Glories ſhow.

VI.

The noiſy Winds ſtand ready there
Thy Orders to obey;
With ſounding Wings that ſweep the Air,
To make thy Chariot-Way.

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VII.

There, like a Trumpet, loud and ſtrong,
Thy Thunder ſhakes our Coaſt:
While the red Lightnings wave along,
The Banners of thine Hoſt.

VIII.

On the thin Air, without a Prop,
Hang fruitful Show'rs around:
At thy Command they ſink, and drop
Their Fatneſs on the Ground.

P A R T III.

IX.

Now to the Earth I bend my Song,
And caſt my Eyes abroad,
Glancing the *Britiſh* Iſles along;
Bleſt Iſles, confeſs your GOD.

X.

How did his wond'rous Skill array
Your Fields in charming Green;
A thouſand Herbs his Art diſplay,
A thouſand Flowers between!

XI.

Tall Oaks for future Navies grow,
Fair *Albion*'s beſt Defence,
While Corn and Vines rejoice below,
Thoſe Luxuries of Senſe.

XII.

The bleating Flocks his Paſture feeds:
And Herds of larger Size,
That bellow thro' the *Lindian* Meads,
His bounteous Hand ſupplies.

P A R T IV.

XIII.

We ſee the *Thames* careſs the Shores,
He guides her ſilver Flood:
While angry *Severn* ſwells and roars,
Yet hears her Ruler GOD.

XIV.

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XIV.

The rolling Mountains of the Deep
Obſerve his ſtrong Command;
His Breath can raiſe the Billows ſteep,
Or ſink them to the Sand.

XV.

Amidſt thy watry Kingdoms, LORD,
The finny Nations play,
And ſcaly Monſters, at thy Word,
Ruſh thro' the Northern Sea.

PART V.

XVI.

Thy Glories blaze all Nature round,
And ſtrike the gazing Sight,
Thro' Skies, and Seas, and ſolid Ground,
With Terror and Delight.

XVII.

Infinite Strength, and equal Skill,
Shine thro' the Worlds abroad,
Our Souls with vaſt Amazement fill,
And ſpeak the Builder GOD.

XVIII.

But the ſweet Beauties of thy Grace
Our ſofter Paſſions move;
Pity Divine in *JESUS* Face
We ſee, adore, and love.

A Morning HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good,
Almighty, thine this univerſal Frame,
Thus wondrous Fair: Thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable, who ſitſt above theſe Heavens,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy loweſt Works; yet theſe declare
Thy Goodneſs beyond Thought, and Pow'r divine.

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Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with Songs
And choral Symphonies, Day without Night,
Circle his Throne rejoicing; ye in Heaven,
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without End.
Faireſt of Stars, laſt in the Train of Night,
If better thou belong not to the Dawn,
Sure Pledge of Day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling Morn
With thy bright Circlet, praiſe him in thy Sphere,
While Day ariſes, that ſweet Hour of Prime.
Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater, ſound his Praiſe
In thy eternal Courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high Noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon, that now meet'ſt the orient Sun, now fly'ſt,
With the fix'd Stars, fix'd in their Orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring Fires that move
In myſtic Dance not without Song, reſound
His Praiſe, who out of Darkneſs call'd up Light.
Air, and ye Elements, the eldeſt Birth
Of Nature's Womb, that in Quaternion run
Perpetual Circle, multiform; and mix
And nouriſh all Things; let your ceaſeleſs Change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new Praiſe.
Ye Miſts and Exhalations that now riſe
From Hill or ſtreaming Lake, duſky or gray,
Till the Sun paint your fleecy Skirts with Gold,
In honour to the World's great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with Clouds th' uncolour'd Sky,
Or wet the thirſty Earth with falling Show'rs,
Riſing and falling ſtill advance his Praiſe.
His Praiſe ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your Tops, ye Pines,
With every Plant, in Sign of Worſhip wave.
Fountains and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious Murmurs, warbling tune his Praiſe.
Join Voices all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That ſinging up to Heaven Gate aſcend,

Bear

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Bear on your Wings, and in your Notes his Praiſe.
Ye that in Waters glide, and ye that walk
The Earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witneſs if I be ſilent, Morn or Even,
To Hill, or Valley, Fountain, or freſh Shade
Made vocal by my Song, and taught his Praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill
To give us only Good; and if the Night
Have gather'd ought of Evil or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now Light diſpels the Dark.

An Account of the various Kinds of Manure for Land, with their different Properties.

DUNG of Sea-Fowls. The Dung of thoſe Birds which retire into the Iſles near the Continent, is the beſt of all Fowl Dung.

Duck and Gooſe Dung. This is deemed too hot and burning. The Farmer is chagrined to ſee his Land covered with the Dung of wild Geeſe; but if he would take Care to throw Straw over it, or gathering it in a Heap, as well as that of tame Ducks and Geeſe, mix it with the Dung of large Cattle, he would bring it to a temperate Heat, and draw from it ſuch Advantage as would indemnify him for the Pains he ſhould have taken. The Virtue of this Method is known by Experience: A Farmer having abandoned a Piece of Ground to his Geeſe for the Space of twelve Years, at the Expiration of that Term turned them out to let the Graſs go, and it roſe ſo thick and ſtrong, that the Scythe would ſcarce paſs through it.

Hen Dung. This is ſcattered like a Sort of Spice, in ſmall Quantities, upon Land intended to be ſown; and on Account

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Account of its Heat, it is never uſed except when Rain is foreſeen. It is practiſed with great Advantage for Millet, and is an excellent Manure for Meadows.

Pigeon Dung is much the ſame with that of Poultry, the only Difference being its ſuperior Heat.

Human Ordure. The Heat of this is beyond Expreſſion, it being replete with an impure and burning Sulphur, that deſtroys every Thing, unleſs employed with great Caution; this Caution conſiſts in mixing it with Straw, or Leaves, if they can be got conveniently from the Wood, and in leaving it expoſed for a Year, or ſeveral Months at leaſt, to the open Air and Rain. It muſt be turned up from Time to Time that it may rot, its bad Qualities be deſtroyed, and its Heat moderated. If theſe Meaſures are taken, it will be found as uſeful as it is commonly thought dangerous, eſpecially if uſed in Vineyards.

Aſs Dung is the moſt eſteemed of any, and may be employed on the Ground in any Shape, without having lain long rotting in the Yard: The Reaſon aſſigned for this Excellence is, that the Animal being phlegmatick and ſtrong, eats ſlowly, and by grinding well his Aliments, digeſts better than other Creatures; whence it follows, that his Excrements being more diſſolved, neither abound with Heat nor Humidity, and are nearer to Putrefaction.

Sheep Dung. This is of no Duration, even when taken from the Cotes, and ſtill leſs durable when the Sheep are folded. In this laſt Caſe, in order to prevent a too ſudden Evaporation of the Dung, the Ground included in the Fold ought to be covered with chopt Straw or Foliage, before the Sheep enter: But ſeveral Farmers are diſguſted at this Manner of dunging their Lands, becauſe of the difficulty of dunging them equally; a Taſk that requires a very careful and faithful Shepherd, and becauſe, in order to profit by this Kind of Dung it muſt be immediately buried either with the Spade or the Plough. The Wheat and Barley that grow upon Lands manured with Sheep Dung are not proper for making Beer, which contracts a bad Taſte from it, and eaſily evaporates.

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The Dung of horned Cattle is the moſt refreſhing of all; and this well known Quality points out what Ground it beſt agrees with. It is a wiſe Precaution to make a Sink in the Stalls, paved and lined with Stone, in which all the Juice of the Dung may be preſerved, by which Means it is better kept from becoming acrimonious; and this Juice is very uſeful in watering Gardens, Trees and Meadows.

Pork Dung is not commonly eſteemed, yet when mixed with that of large Cattle, it manures the Ground as well as any other; it is in particular deemed ſpecifick in preſerving the Hop from the bad Effects of the Mildew.

Horſe Dung being naturally dry and warm, is little eſteemed by ſeveral Farmers, but the moſt underſtanding are far from deſpiſing it: With this alone are made Hot-beds; it is quite neceſſary for Aſparagus, and when rotted, is excellent for all the Plants of the Kitchen Garden: Indeed it is not eaſily rotted, but may be aſſiſted with Rain Water or Soap Suds, which fill it with Salt and Oil: It may likewiſe be mixed with Cow Dung, which will temper its Heat and Dryneſs, and then it will be as good as any other Kind of Manure.

Marl, by the Confeſſion of all Authors of Farming, is the moſt excellent Dung; It is a Kind of Lime-ſtone, ſuppoſed to be the Beginning of Chalk; for it is imagined that Chalk, before it acquired its Conſiſtence and Hardneſs, was of Marl, and that if it could be diſſolved and pulveriſed, it would be as uſeful as Marl itſelf. This Stone, which nearly reſembles Clay, is either white, black, grey, or yellow; ſometimes found under the firſt Cruſt of the Earth, and ſometimes taken from the Depth of four or five Fathom, for which Purpoſe Pits are dug in the Places where it is expected to be found, though as yet there are no certain Signs by which it can be diſcovered. Some Authors obſerve, that it is always formed in Marſhes that are dried and covered with Earth, and that it is known by the Bull-ruſhes that ſhoot up, and the Shells that are found in the Mole-hills of that Sort of Soil. The moſt ordinary and beſt Method for being aſſured whether or not there is Marl in any particular Spot, is to ſound it with a long hollow Wimble in which there

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there is a Rod, with a croſs Handle at one End. When the Wimble hath penetrated far enough into the Earth, this Rod is drawn out, and brings along with it Marl from the Bottom. Marl is not always ſolid, but ſometimes liquid and muddy, though the Beds of it are always very thick. The Marl being taken out of the Earth, is laid in ſmall Heaps upon the Land, and afterwards ſpread like ordinary Dung. It is ſo replete with Virtue, as to fatten the Earth for twelve, fifteen, twenty, nay ſometimes thirty Years, during which it will require no other Manure. But it being very hot, and that in different Degrees, the Quality of it muſt be examined, and proportioned to the Nature of the Land on which it is to be ſpread. It is dangerous to lay it on too thick, for in that Caſe it will burn; but whatever Precautions are taken, a good Crop is not to be expected from it the firſt Year; yet the Farmer is amply recompenſed for this tranſient Barrenneſs, by the Abundance that follows. It will be convenient to marl the Land in the Autumn or Spring, that being diſſolved by the Rains which are uſual in theſe Seaſons, it may enter the Earth ſo as to fertilize it, let it be never ſo barren.

Green Turf rotted or burnt. Wherever the Farmer is not afraid to ſtrip the Earth, as in old Ditches, Marſhes, &c. he carries away as much Turf as he can take, lays it up in an Heap, leaves it to rot for the Space of a Year, and then ſpreads it on the Ground which he wants to fatten; it may alſo be uſed ſooner, if Lime be mixed between the Layers of it, for this will help to conſume it more quickly, and by impregnating the Turf with its own Virtue, render it more fit to fertilize the Ground. As to burnt Turf, we ſhall relate in what Manner an expert and induſtrious Farmer conducted himſelf in the Operation: He ordered a barren Meadow, and at another Time a Piece of Ground, to be ſlightly laboured in the Spring, and ſo leaving them that whole Year, and the following, till the Beginning of *Auguſt*, that they might have Time to rot and dry, he gave Directions for paring off the Turf in Pieces two Feet ſquare; of theſe he built Ovens reſembling thoſe that are uſed by Bakers, with a Side opening below, to the Windward; through this O-

pening

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pening a very dry Faggot being thruſt into the Oven was ſet on Fire, and when well kindled, the Oven entirely ſhut up with Turf, and the Fire preſerved within. The People employed to watch over theſe Ovens, took Care to lay new Turf in every Place where the Fire penetrated and became viſible. This Operation laſted ſeveral Days and Nights, until at length the Ovens were reduced to Heaps of Aſhes, which were ſtrewed pretty thick in a Field that was on the Eve of being ſown. It produced the faireſt and beſt of Crops, and the Ground, tho' before but indifferent, was conſiderably meliorated by this Expedient. As for the Places from whence the Turf had been taken, which remained bare, they were covered with the Remains of the Turf which had not been burnt, together with Earth ſcraped from the Spots where the Ovens had been: then being ploughed and ſown with Oats in the Spring, they were in Condition to produce Graſs, as formerly. Thoſe who can find Turf without being obliged to ſkin their Meadows will ſtill ſurpaſs this Farmer in Point of Advantage.

Publick Tranſactions in E U R O P E *ſince our laſt, continued from Page* 336.

FROM *TURKEY* we are informed that the Plague has lately broke out in their Capital, and makes very great Ravages.

Letters from *RUSSIA* inform us that their Court has ordered a Body of Irregulars, and ſeveral Regiments of Regulars, to march towards the Frontiers of *Lithuania*, and the Fleets at *Peterſburgh* and *Cronſtadt* are order'd to be ready to ſail at a Minute's Warning.

The Court of *DENMARK* has renewed its Subſidy Treaty with the *French*.

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They write from *SWEDEN*, that his Majeſty to promote their Manufactory, has prohibited, for one Year, the Importation of *India* wrought Silks.

From *Pruſſia*, in *GERMANY*, we hear that the King has lately reſolv'd to eſtabliſh a Mining Company, at *Berlin*, his Capital, and ſeveral rich Chriſtian and *Jew* Merchants are already nam'd as Members. They are to have an excluſive Grant for twenty Years, to work all Mines, Minerals, *&c.* in his Dominions, and an Exemption from all Duties and Taxes.

11,978 Cauſes came on to be tried, in the three Regencies of the King's Dominions, during the laſt Year, and only 229 were left undecided at the End of it.

Letters from *Hanover* ſay the Diſtemper among the horned Cattle ſtill rages violently in ſeveral Parts of that Electorate; but the Regency are taking all the Precautions neceſſary to prevent its ſpreading further.

By Letters from *Leghorn*, in *ITALY*, we are aſſured the following is an Extract of the *Corſican* Manifeſto, addreſs'd to all the Powers of *Europe*, and couched in very ſtrong Terms, which plainly ſhews how much they lament the Death of *Gafforio*, and how much they honour his Memory.

" The fatal Death of our Father *Gafforio*, the Honour and " Ornament of the Nation, which he defended by his Cou- " rage, ſupported by his Conſtancy, and animated by his " Example, was the moſt fatal Stroke that could befal us. " We have ſeen *Cæſar* aſſaſſinated, but we hope to find *An-* " *thony*'s to revenge his Death, and *Auguſtus*'s to reſtore " our Glory and Tranquility. We have ſworn, and we " call upon God to witneſs it, that we will all of us ſooner " die than enter into any Negotiation with the Republick of " *Genoa*, or return under its Yoke. If the Powers of *Eu-* " *rope*, withdrawing their Compaſſion from an unhappy " People, ſhould arm themſelves againſt us, and concur in " our total Deſtruction, we will repel Force by Force; we " will fight like deſperate Men, determined either to con- " quer or die, till our Strength and Spirits being exhauſted, " our Arms ſhall fall out of our Hands; and when we

" have

" have not Strength to take them up again, when all the " Reſources of our Courage ſhall be exhauſted, our Deſpair " ſhall furniſh us with the laſt, which ſhall be to imitate " the famous Example of the *Saguntines*, by ruſhing volun- " tarily into the Fire, rather than ſubmit to the Yoke of " Tyranny and Slavery."

From *Spain* we hear that all the Officers quartered in *Catalonia*, are ordered to their reſpective Poſts, and the Regiments kept in Readineſs to march at an Hour's Warning. They are arming in all the Ports of the Kingdom, particularly at *Carthagena*; mean Time a general Complaint is made of the decline of Trade, and a *French* Merchant at *Cadiz* has lately failed for 160,000 Livres.

They write from *FRANCE*, that there is ſhewn at the Hotel of *Monaco* at *Verſailles*, an Automaton of the Figure of a Man, larger than the Life, and painted the natural Colour, placed on a Tun; which pronounces moſt diſtinctly a conſiderable Number of Words and Sentences; the Letters of the Alphabet, and the Months of the Year; wiſhes the Company Good-morrow, &c. To put it in Motion there are required only a Pair of Bellows and a Cylinder. This moſt curious Machine has been ſeen with Admiration by the whole Court.

We hear from *HOLLAND*, that the Number of Veſſels intended for the Whale Fiſhery next Seaſon, is 132.

SCOTLAND.

By Letters from *Edinburgh* we are informed that a very extraordinary and almoſt incredible Accident happened in the Pariſh of *Rothemay*, near *Aberdeen*: One *Mary King*, a Servant Maid of 24 Years of Age, was drawing Water at the Mill-Head of *Rothemay*, and by Accident falling into the Mill-Race, was carried through betwixt the Wheel and the Ark, (which is built of hewn Stone) without ſo much as a broken Bone, or any other Damage, except one of her Arms a little ſcratched, and ſhe herſelf ſo much frightened that ſhe was for ſome Time deprived of the Uſe of her Senſes and Speech.

IRELAND.

From *Dublin* they write that a Proclamation is publiſhed by his Grace the Duke of *Dorſet* and the Privy Council, offering a Reward of 500*l.* for diſcovering the Author of a falſe, ſcandalous and malicious Advertiſement which was diſowned and diſavowed by the Free Citizens, other than the Writer of the ſaid Advertiſement; and 200*l.* to any other than the Author, for diſcovering the Printer; and 100*l.* to any other than the Author and Printer, for diſcovering the Perſon who poſted it up in any Place, beſides his Majeſty's moſt gracious Pardon: This Proclamation is to be in Force three Months.

The Advertiſement was in theſe Words: "Whereas "the Government of this Kingdom has been at uncom- "mon Pains to enlarge the Prerogative of the Crown at the "Expence of the Rights of the People; and as it would "ſhow much Inattention to the publick Good to neglect an "Opportunity of teſtifying an Abhorrence of ſuch Pro- "ceedings; theſe are therefore to require all and every of "the Free Citizens, to be and appear at the *Smith*'s *Hall* in "*Smock Alley*, on *Tueſday* the 12th Inſtant, in order to cen- "ſure thoſe bold Invaders, and to take ſuch other Meaſures "as ſhall convince them we are determined to uſe all Ways "in our Power to render them diſreſpectful and odious."

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

A Turncock to the New River Company, took a Carp out of the Pipes in *Swallow Street*, *Golden Square*, 2 Feet long, 18 Inches and a Half round; his Head about 11 Inches round, and his Tail ſpread 7 Inches and a Half.

A general Court of the *Free Britiſh Fiſhery* has been held, when it was reſolved to proceed no further in the Report of the Committee of Enquiry; and a Propoſal for letting out a Number of the Society's Buſſes, on a new Plan, was generally agreed to, and then they adjourned to *Wedneſday* in *Eaſter* Week.

A Cauſe

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A Cauſe was try'd laſt *Kingſton* Aſſizes before Sir *Martin Wright*, wherein *William Groome*, was Plaintiff, and *James Shaw*, Eſq; Deputy Ranger of *Richmond Park*, and others, were Defendants, upon an Action brought againſt the Defendants for an Aſſault and falſe Impriſonment. The Cauſe of Action aroſe from the Defendant's taking the Plaintiff into Cuſtody, for being in, and attempting to go thro' the Park from *Robinhood Gate* to *Richmond*, and carrying him before a Magiſtrate. After a Trial, which laſted above ſeven Hours, the Jury brought in a Verdict for the Plaintiff. The Council for the Plaintiff were, Mr. Serjeant *Wynn*, Mr. *Knowler*, Mr. *Burrel*, and Mr. *Harvey*; and for the Defendants, Mr. *Robinſon*, Mr. *Haſtell*, Mr. *Clarke*, Mr. *Biſhop*, and Mr. *Cox*.

A Proclamation has been publiſhed by order of the King and Council, for diſſolving the Parliament, and Writs were ordered to be iſſued by the Lord Chancellor, bearing Date *April* the 9th, and returnable on *Friday May* 31, for electing a new one.

The Convocations of *Canterbury* and *York* were ordered to be diſſolved, and Writs to be iſſued for electing new Members, returnable on the 5th of *June* next.

An eminent Phyſician and Man-midwife of *Shadwell*, was lately called up early in the Morning by a young Woman, under a Pretence of her Mother's being in Labour at *Deptford*, and prevailed with to go along with her. He took with him two Watchmen, and on their Way diſcourſing with her of her Mother's Circumſtances, and finding the Girl prevaricate, and in ſome Confuſion, he ſuſpected ſomething extraordinary, and threatened to puniſh her ſeverely, if ſhe uſed any Deceit; on which ſhe confeſs'd that her Father was a Man, who belong'd to a Gang of deſperate Ruffians, and forced her to forge this Pretence; that they were to lay wait for him in the Road to *Deptford*, in order to murder him, and take his Watch or Ring to be delivered as a Signal at his Houſe, which, when they had gained Entrance, they were determined to ſtrip, and if they met with any Oppoſition, to murder the whole Family. The Girl is ſecured for farther Examination.

A few

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A few Days ago, between two and three o'Clock in the Morning, a Man and Woman were obſerved by the Watch at the lower End of *Berkeley Square*, diſputing about the Carriage of a Sack. The Watchman ſuſpecting ſomething bad, got Aſſiſtance, and came up to them, on which the Man fired a Piſtol at the Watchman and got clear off. The Woman was taken with the Sack, which contained the Head and Arm of a Man. She was carried to the Roundhouſe in *Dover Street*, and being examined by the Veſtry of St. *George*'s, *Hanover Square*, they committed her till ſomething further can be diſcovered. The Head and Arm were known to belong to a poor Man that drove a Duſt Cart, and ſometimes Rubbiſh from Buildings, *&c.* The Piſtol, which the Fellow dropt as ſoon as fired, appears by ſome Marks on it, to belong to ſome of the Military.

Some Days ago a Man indifferently dreſſed, on Horſeback, went to the *George Inn* at *Stoney-Stratford*, and after eating his Supper went to Bed; about ſeven o' Clock the next Morning the Woman of the Houſe heard an uncommon Noiſe, and to her great Aſtoniſhment ſaw him come running down Stairs with his Throat cut, and wounded in three Places in the Belly. He was immediately laid hold of and carried back to Bed, and a Surgeon ſent for, who ſewed up his Throat; but as he had loſt much Blood and bled inwardly, he did not long ſurvive it. He would give no Account of himſelf, or why he did this horrid Action; all he ſaid was, that he was a Shoe-maker, and had a Wife and two Children in *London*, and that he lately lived near *Clerkenwell Green*.

A melancholy Accident lately happened at *Kedlaſton* near *Derby* the Seat of Sir *Nathaniel Curzon*. The Mother of two Siſters who lived as Fellow Servants, being a dying at *Derby*, one of the Siſters, named *Betty Goadſby*, aſked her Leave to go and ſee her Mother, which ſhe gave her; and afterwards told the other Siſter that ſhe might go too; but when the ſecond came down Stairs ſhe found *Betty* ſtone-dead, with her Throat cut moſt ſhockingly; which dreadful Spectacle ſo ſurprized her, that ſhe fell in a Fit and expired

pired immediately. Nobody can tell what could induce the firſt Siſter to commit ſo raſh an Action.

On Friday the 19th of *April*, about eleven o' Clock at Night, the Shock of an Earthquake was felt at *Whitby* in *Yorkſhire*; not only the whole Town, but the Ships in the Harbour were affected by it. Tho' the Wind had blown pretty hard all Day, it was then quite calm. The greateſt Effects of its Violence were the throwing open of Doors that were not lock'd; for, by all Accounts, no Damage was done, nor was the Shock felt at *Pickering*, *Malton*, or over the *Moor*.

As ſome Labourers were lately levelling a ſmall Barrow on little *Dunford Downs*, near *Saliſbury*, they found a Human Skeleton lying on the left Side in a ſloping Poſture. It was covered over with large Flint Stones, not above two Feet below the Surface of the Earth; the Jaws and Teeth were perfectly ſound. About twenty Years ago two ſmall Urns of ordinary Clay, and rude Workmanſhip, were taken out of the ſame Barrow, about three Feet on the left Side of the above Skeleton; and not above two Yards diſtant was found a Human Trunk with a Dart in it: Which Urns and Dart are in the Poſſeſſion of a Member of the Royal Society, who was at *Little Durnford* when they were dug up. The Antiquaries are deſired to account for the Bodies of ſome, and Aſhes of others, being buried together in one and the ſame Tumulus.

On Monday the 29th Day of *April* came on the long expected Trial of *Elizabeth Canning*, for wilful and corrupt Perjury, in falſely ſwearing a Robbery againſt *Mary Squires* a *Gypſy*; which was not finiſhed till Ten o'Clock Tueſday Night, the 7th of *May*; when the Jury went out, and after about two Hours Stay, returned and brought in their Verdict *Guilty of Perjury*, but *not wilful and corrupt*. But being told by the Court that their Verdict muſt be either *Guilty* or *Not Guilty*, they went out again, and in a ſhort Time after returned, and brought her in *Guilty*, but recommended her to the Mercy of the Court; upon which ſhe was committed to *Newgate*. A great Number of Witneſſes were examined on both Sides.

Lately

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Lately died in *Glamorganſhire*, in *Wales*, of mere old Age and a gradual Decay of Nature, at ſeventeen Years and two Months, *Hopkins Hopkins*, the little *Welſhman*, lately ſhewn in *London*. He never weighed more than ſeventeen Pounds, but for three Years paſt no more than twelve. The Parents have ſtill ſix Children left, all of whom no Ways differ from other Children, except one Girl of twelve Years of Age, who weighs only eighteen Pounds, and bears upon her moſt of the Marks of old Age, and in all Reſpects reſembles her Brother when at that Age.

Tueſday the 7th of *May* at Four o' Clock ended the Poll for the City of *London*, immediately after which the Sheriffs caſt up the Poll Books upon the Huſtings, and the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor being ſent for, the Sheriffs declared in his Preſence that the Election had fallen upon Sir *John Barnard*, *Slingſby Bethell*, Eſq; Sir *Robert Ladbroke*, and *William Beckford*, Eſq; who were declared duly elected. The Number of Livery that polled at this Election was 5931.

Tueſday Se'nnight about Midnight, the Boy who brought the Croſs Mail from *Briſtol* for *Bath*, loſt it between *Bath* and *Salford*: The Horſe was ſeen about a Quarter of a Mile from *Bath*, with the Saddle on, and ſomething behind it like a Great Coat, but no Mail or Boy, who came Home drunk early the next Morning. When ſober, he was examined before a Magiſtrate, but could give no Account of the Mail or himſelf, other than that he was drunk and loſt it. The Mail is not yet found, and the Boy is committed to Priſon. This is ſuppoſed by ſome to be a new Way of robbing the Mail.

Price of STOCKS.

Bank Stock 132 ⅝ a ½. India Ditto, 189 ¼. South Sea Stock, no Price. Three i half per Cent. Old Annuities 1ſt Sub. Books ſhut. Ditto 2d. Sub. Books ſhut. Ditto New 1ſt Sub. 105. Ditto 2d Sub. 103 ⅝ a ¾. Three i half Bank Annuities 1ſt Sub. 105 ⅛ a ¾ Opening. Ditto 2d Sub. Books ſhut. Ditto India Annuities, 102 ⅜. Three per Cent Bank Annuities, 103 ⅝. Ditto 1751, 103 ⅜. Ditto India Annuities, 102. New Bank Circulation, 2l. 7s. 6d. Prem. India Bonds, 6l. 1. a 2s. Prem.

BILL of Mortality from March 26, to April 23, 1754.

Chriſten'd	Males	672	1195
	Females.	523	
Buried	Males	963	1966
	Females	1003	

Prices of GOODS at Bear-Key. per Q.

Wheat	26. to 30s.
Oats	11. to 14s.
Barley	15. to 18s.
Peaſe	26. to 36s.
Brown Malt	18. to 21s.
Pale Malt	22. to 24s.
Fine Flour	27s.

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A Letter to ACHILLES, *a young* Grecian *Prince, from his Tutor* CHIRON.

OLD *Chiron* to his Pupil thus began,
When he beheld him rip'ning into Man.
Accompliſh'd Youth! well worthy of my Pains,
You now are free, and guide yourſelf the Reins:
Yet hear, *Achilles*, hear, before we part,
A few ſhort Precepts from a faithful Heart.
What tho' the Gods a *Neſtor*'s Age deny?
Let Management a longer Life ſupply,
And learn, at leaſt, to live, before you die.
A little Tract well till'd, more Profit yields
Than Realms of wild, uncultivated Fields.
Think not, young Prince, your elevated State,
Birth, Honours, or the empty Name of Great,
Can fix your Joys; they're ill-ſecur'd, unleſs
You know yourſelf to form your Happineſs,
Which in the Shepherd's humble Hut is found,
While Palaces with Diſcord ſtill reſound.
Fortune to Induſtry is ever kind,
And tho' by the blind Vulgar painted blind,
Is ſtill more equal than the Croud ſuppoſe,
Who judge of Happineſs by outward Shows;
She ſmiles on all Conditions, each may be
A Man of Pleaſure in his own Degree.
Yet few with Art their Happineſs purſue,
Tho' all Mankind have Happineſs in View,
And ev'ry Senſe ſeems made by Nature's Skill
For giving Pleaſure, and avoiding Ill.
Nature our common Mother, has been kind,
And for a Race of Joy her Sons deſign'd,
Who long to reach the Goal, yet lazy, lag behind,
Or wholly blind, or doubtful how t' advance,
They leave the Work of Induſtry to Chance.
And of thoſe few, who with more active Strife
Purſue this great important End of Life,

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Some, too impatient, know not how to wait;
Or aim at Things beyond their Human State;
Theſe laſt thro' too much Delicacy fall,
And by refining rob themſelves of all.
Shun then, *Achilles*, ſhun the Faults of ſuch,
Who ſtill propoſe too little, or too much.
Stretch not your Hopes too far, nor yet deſpair,
But above all, of Indolence beware.
Attend to what you do, or Life will ſeem
But a meer Viſion, or fantaſtick Dream,
Paſs'd in Ideas of Delight, at beſt,
While real Pleaſure's loſt in doubtful Reſt.
In ſhort, learn when, and how to bear; in vain
He Pleaſure ſeeks, who is afraid of Pain;
Pleaſure's a ſerious Thing, and cheaply bought
By Labour, Patience, Management, and Thought.
But you, aſpiring Youth, by Nature ſeem
Addicted to an oppoſite Extreme;
Impetuous, and reſtleſs, ſoon inflam'd,
And, like a gen'rous Courſer, hardly tam'd;
In all Things violent: But, O! diſdain,
Brave Prince, to let uſurping Paſſion reign,
In one raſh Moment ſacrificing more
Than Years of ſad Repentance may reſtore.
As *Thracian* Winds the *Euxine* Sea moleſt,
So Wrath, and Envy, from an Human Breaſt
Drive Halcyon Peace, and baniſh kindly Reſt.
And no Security for Joy is found,
But in a Mind that's tractable and ſound.
Suppreſs the firſt Emotions of your Ire,
And ſmother in its Birth the kindling Fire.
Ere Anger yet poſſeſſes all your Soul,
Ere yet your Boſom heaves, and Eyeballs roll,
Think on the uſeful Precepts I have taught,
And meet the riſing Heat with wholeſome Thought.
Or ſeek the ſacred Muſes with your Lyre.
Who with ſweet Peace to lonely Shades retire;
Gods, and the Sons of Gods, the Heroes, ſing,
While Hills and Vallies, with their Praiſes ring;

Theſe

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Theſe learn to imitate, and thoſe adore,
And ſweetly to yourſelf, yourſelf reſtore;
Muſick, and Verſe, and Solitude controul
Impetuous Fury, and compoſe the Soul.
For this, I early taught you how to ſing,
And form'd your Fingers to the trembling String;
For 'tis not all ſweet Pleaſure's Path to ſhow,
The Arts of Conſolation Man ſhould know:
Our Joys are ſhort, and broken; and in vain
To conſtant Bliſs would human Race attain:
Be oft contented to be free from Pain.
There is a Deity, ordain'd by Fate
To damp our Joys immoderately great,
That none on Earth from Sorrow ſhou'd be free,
But ev'n our Bleſſings taſte of Miſery.
If Fortune gives what rarely we obtain,
An equal Share of Pleaſure, and of Pain,
Our Portion is o'er paid, the reſt you'll find
But fond Ideas of the wanton Mind.
Which now vain Scenes of God-like Pleaſure ſhows,
And now creates imaginary Woes.
When ſad, your Ills examine and compare,
Judge of your own by what another's are.
Conſider greater Wretches, and the Fates
Of mighty Heroes, and of mighty States;
Thus real Evils in their proper Light
Appear, the falſe thus vaniſh out of Sight.
Nor aim at Pleaſures difficult to gain,
Chooſe rather what you may with Eaſe obtain.
Who ſcorns to trifle, is by Pride abus'd:
I pity him, who ne'er can be amus'd,
But ſlighting Pleaſures moderate, and ſmall,
Muſt live in Rapture, or not live at all.
Great Pleaſures ſtill are near ally'd to Pain:
Who quits the peaceful Shore, and ploughs the Main,
Big Waves and mighty Tempeſts muſt ſuſtain.
Let not ſuch fond Ambition to be bleſt,
The humbler Pleaſures in your Power moleſt;

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Yet cheriſh Hope; for without Hope there's none:
Taſte Hope; but be not fed with that alone.
Some their whole Lives in Expectation ſpend,
As Life were not begun, or ne'er wou'd end:
Fondly from Day to Day themſelves deceive,
Not living, but intending ſtill to live;
While they neglect the Joys they might poſſeſs,
For empty Dreams of future Happineſs.
Let Nature in your Pleaſures be your Guide,
Nor ſuffer Art her genuine Charms to hide:
Her Beauties with unwearied Eyes we ſee;
The Truth of Beauty is Simplicity.
Live not by Imitation, ſervile State!
Nor on the Faſhion for your Pleaſures wait.
Man, otherwiſe ſo ſelfiſh, and ſo proud,
Submits his Taſte to the fantaſtick Croud,
And lives not for himſelf: Do you purſue
Your own Deſires, and to yourſelf be true.
As Bees extract their Sweets from ev'ry Flow'r,
So you your Joys from all Things in your Pow'r,
With Induſtry and Management produce:
The meaneſt Trifles are ſometimes of Uſe.
Yet know well what you do, and when 'tis done,
Nor at all Hours to ev'ry Pleaſure run;
But mix with Art your Pleaſures, and your Toils;
For Pleaſures have their Seaſons, and their Soils.
Thus when the earlieſt Dawn of Eaſtern Light,
Proclaims the finiſh'd Empire of the Night,
Haſte to the Field, *Achilles*, nor diſdain,
To chace the foaming Monſter o'er the Plain,
Or teach the untam'd Steed to feel the Rein;
Or let your Car and Arms your Nerves prepare,
Or for Olympick Games, or future War:
Then whether Arts or Glory fire your Mind
With Thoughts more generous, or more refin'd,
Aurora to the Muſes ſtill is kind.
At Noon, a ſimple ſhort Repaſt be made;
A ſhorter Slumber in the cooling Shade:

What's

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What's gay and light th' unbended Mind employs,
Or Sports, or paſt Delights, or future Joys.
But when the Evening-Star begins to riſe,
When *Phœbus'* fainting Steeds forſake the Skies,
Still chearful at the well-ſpread Board be found,
Amidſt bright Friends, and with freſh Garlands crown'd,
While Wine, and *Thais* with her Voice and Lyre,
Baniſh old Sorrows, and new Joys inſpire.
Thus when from Toils of Empire you are free,
Nor Camp, nor Council claim your Liberty,
The Morn to Labour and the Muſes give;
At Noon with Temperance and Quiet live;
Ceres' and *Bacchus'* Gifts at Ev'ning prove;
Divide the Night with *Somnus*, and with Love.
Thus, thus, *Pelides*, drive your Cares away,
Nor feel the Evil, till the evil Day.
What tho' on *Simois'* or *Scamander's* Shore,
Far off from Home, the *Greeks* your Death deplore?
No matter where, or when; it once muſt be,
And nothing can revoke the firm Decree.
Tho' *Thetis'* Son, tho' third from mighty *Jove*,
Eternal Monarch of the Realms above,
Nor *Jove*, nor *Thetis*, can your Days recal,
Or for an Hour defer your deſtin'd Fall.
Mean while a looſer Rein to Pleaſure give;
Time flies in Haſte, be you in Haſte to live:
Seize on the precious Minutes, as they fleet;
Your Life, however ſhort, will be compleat,
If at the fatal Moment you can ſay,
I've liv'd, and made the moſt of ev'ry Day!
One Precept more I fain wou'd recommend,
And then old *Chiron's* tedious Leſſons end.
Learn gen'rous Prince, what's little underſtood,
The God-like Happineſs of doing Good.
How glorious to defend, and to beſtow!
From nobler Springs can human Pleaſure flow?
A ſolid Good, which nothing can deſtroy,
The beſt Prerogative the Great enjoy.

For

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For this, remember, Monarchs, firſt were made,
For this, young Prince, be lov'd, and be obey'd,
At once yourſelf, and mighty Nations bleſs,
And make Humanity your Happineſs.
But now *Aurora* uſhers in the Day,
And fond, expecting *Peleus* chides your Stay.
Go then, brave Youth, where'er the Fates may call;
Live with Deſign, and fearleſs wait thy Fall.
Whatever Space of Life the Gods decree,
Thy Name is ſtill immortal; for I ſee
More than another *Peleus* riſe in thee.
Thy Fame the Prince of ſacred Bards ſhall fire,
Thy Deeds the Conqueſt of the World inſpire.

An Account of the extraordinary Way of hatching Chickens, practiſed in Egypt.

THE Method of hatching Chickens in Ovens is a Curioſity for which *Egypt* is famous, and may be look'd upon as an Art peculiar to that Country; nay, ſome pretend that only the People of one Village are Maſters of the Buſineſs, who, at the proper Seaſon of the Year, diſperſe themſelves all over *Egypt* for Employment, there being ſcarce a Town but what is provided with Ovens for this Purpoſe. The Seaſon for producing Fowls after this Manner, is from *January* to *April*, while the Weather is temperate, for at other Times the Heat is too violent. The Ovens are built under-Ground in two oppoſite Rows, with a Gallery or Paſſage between them; and they are raiſed one above another, with Holes at the Top, as there are likewiſe in the Paſſage, which they open or ſtop as they would have the Heat diminiſh'd or augmented. The Fuel they uſe to heat theſe Ovens is Dung and chopp'd Straw, which make a ſmo-

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a ſmothering Fire, the Smoke whereof is very offenſive. They continue to heat them gently for eight or ten Days together, and then bring the Eggs from the lower Cells, where they had lain in Heaps, and ſpread them in the upper Apartments, ſo as only to cover the Floor, and not lie one upon another. The Buſineſs is now to turn them every Day, and keep a moderate Fire in a Channel that runs along near the Mouth of the Ovens; and indeed the Art conſiſts chiefly in giving the Ovens a proper Degree of Heat, neither too much nor too little, for in either Caſe the Labour would not ſucceed. Their general Rule is, that the Eggs be never made hotter than a Man can bear them to be applied to his Eyelid. Thus with good Management they begin to hatch in about three Weeks, at which Time it muſt needs be entertaining to take a View of theſe Places, and to obſerve ſome of the Chickens juſt putting forth their Heads, others half out of the Shell, and others quite deliver'd from their Confinement.-----Thunder, it is ſaid, ſometimes occaſions great Numbers of Eggs to miſcarry; and, at the beſt, it is obſerv'd that many of the Chickens want a Claw, or have ſome Defect or other, which, perhaps, they would not have if they had been hatch'd in the natural Way.----The Maſter of the Ovens, according to Mr. *Greaves*, has one Third of the Eggs for his Pains and Charges, out of which he is to make good to the Owners any of their Number that may happen to be broke or miſcarry. The ſame Gentleman tells us, that the Fire in the upper Ovens, when the Eggs are plac'd in the lower, is thus proportion'd: The firſt Day the greateſt Fire, the ſecond leſs than the firſt, the third Day leſs, the fourth Day more than the third, the fifth Day leſs, the ſixth Day more than the fifth, the ſeventh Day leſs, the eighth Day more, and the ninth no Fire at all, the tenth a little Fire in the Morning; the eleventh they cloſe all the Holes with Flax, *&c.* making no more Fire, for if they ſhould the Eggs would break. In this Manner ſeven or eight thouſand Chickens are hatch'd in a ſhort Time; but ſome nice People pretend to diſtinguiſh one of theſe by the Taſte, from another hatch'd by a Hen, as if the latter were more delicious; though we are apt to think this is nothing but

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but Imagination. It has been doubted whether this Method of hatching Chickens was practicable in any Country besides *Egypt*, the Nature of the Climate being supposed particularly favourable to that Design; but the same Experiment has been made with Success in *Italy* and other Parts of *Europe*.

Of the CHESNUT.

THERE are several Sorts of this Nut, and though the largest and best comes from abroad, yet there are many raised in this Country, and the best Sort grow to large Trees, and bear a good Nut; and was formerly planted in several Places, as did appear by the many Buildings in and about the City of *London*, before the great and dreadful Fire consumed the same: For in several Places, in the Out-parts, are some Buildings now standing, which has been built above an hundred Years, and the principal Part of the Wood-work is of Chesnut: Therefore as this Timber is so durable, and of speedy Growth, it is great Pity it is not more minded by Gentlemen in planting of their Woods and Hedge Rows: It will grow as Underwood, and being lopped, will increase from their Roots very much, and will produce great Number of the best Stakes and Poles for Pallisadoes, Pediments, and Props for Vines and Hops: The Timber is good for Columns, Tables, Chests, Chairs, Stools, Bedsteads, Tubs and Wine Casks: They are produced by sowing: Let the Nut be first spread to sweat, as you do the Beech Mast, in a Layer of dry Sand, one Row upon another; then put them in Lixivium of the Manure, all that swims are not valuable; then take them out, and dry them for about a Month; then after that sand them again; then dry them till about the Beginning of the Spring; then set them in Rows as you do Beans; put them into the Holes with

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with the Point upwards, and do not remove them for two Years; yet they may be planted, where you deſign they ſhould ſtand, and not removed at all; if you do remove them let it be about *November*, and that in a light Ground, or a moiſt Gravel; though they will grow in almoſt any Soil you have, even in a Clay; in any Place, either on Hills or Declivities of Hills; if Northward they will thrive, keeping them clear of Weeds at the firſt planting; and prune them as you do the Oak: The Fruit of this Tree has been, and is a very great Dainty in many curious Diſhes, both abroad as well as here; they are made into Bread in ſome Places: In ſome Countries abroad they put the Leaves into the Mattreſſes they lie on.

Publick Tranſactions in EUROPE ſince our laſt, continued from Page 352.

WE are informed by Letters from Turkey, that a Tumult happened on the 16th of March amongſt the Janizaries, which was ſoon quelled by ſeizing twenty of the Ringleaders: A few Days before ſix hundred Houſes were conſumed by Fire in the Armenian Quarter of the Capital, which rag'd from eleven at Night till ſix in the Morning; the Damage done is ſuppoſed to be 2000000 Piaſtres. The Plague is now entirely ceas'd.

From Ruſſia they write, that the Empreſs Queen has ſigned an Order to raiſe 3000 Recruits, and the Revel Squadron will be augmented with fifty Gallies.

On the 23d ult. the fine Buildings contiguous to the Phyſick Gardens at Moſcow, were conſumed by Fire; this is the third Accident of the Kind within the laſt two Years.

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From Sweden we hear the King has granted an Exemption from Taxes, for twenty Years, to his own Subjects, and for ten Years, to Foreigners, who are Proteſtants, and the free Liberty of carrying on all Sorts of Trade and Commerce, that build Houſes in his new Town, on the Borders of the Sound, not far from *Landſcroon*. The Weather continues very ſevere in this Country, the Rocks are ſtill covered with Snow, and the Earth frozen as in the Middle of Winter, an Inſtance of which the oldeſt Perſon cannot remember.

They write from Copenhagen in Denmark, that a great Quantity of Snow has covered the Ground for ſome Months paſt, and the laſt Winter has been the longeſt that any Perſon can remember.

Letters from Vienna, in Germany, mention, that the Empreſs Queen, who at the Expence of 100,000 Florins, procured the Pope's Diſpenſation for the Abolition of certain Holidays, had the Mortification on St. George's Day, to ſee the Repugnance which her idle and ſuperſtitious Subjects ſhew to the new Regulation; the Tradeſmen walk'd abroad, and tho' the Shopkeepers, agreeable to Orders, open'd their Shops, nobody would buy, nor would they ſell the ſmalleſt Article; at which ſhe is highly incenſed.

From Berlin, the Capital of Pruſſia, we hear, that a terrible Storm of Thunder and Lightning happened lately at a Village called Sonnenburgh, which ſet Fire to Scharrow Church, by which that Building and almoſt the whole Town was reduced to Aſhes.

The Republick of Genoa, in Italy, has declared, to the Foreign Courts, who have ſtrongly ſollicited her to join in their ſeveral Schemes, That her domeſtick Affairs don't permit her to concern herſelf in the Broils of *Europe*, and, moreover, that the Limits of her Power, the Safety of her Subjects, and the Preſervation of her Commerce, would not allow her to tempt again the Miſeries of War.

From Tortona we are inform'd, that the Emperor has taken the City of St. Remo, and its Inhabitants under his Protection as a Fief of the Empire.

We

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We hear from *Leghorn*, that the Malecontents in Corſica, have aſſembled 7 or 8000 Men, to diſpoſſeſs the Genoeſe of St. *Fiorenzo*.

The Court of Spain is earneſt in their Military Schemes; Troops, Men of War, Artillery, and Magazines, are the principal Objects of its Attention: Catalonia and Valencia ſwarm with Troops, and every Fort from Roſes to Malaga is in a Poſture of Defence. Notwithſtanding the ſevere Drought, their Grainaries are full, and the Coaſts of the Mediterranean abound with warlike Veſſels. The Drought which had entirely deſolated Catalonia and Arragon, is at an End; the moſt ſalutary Showers have ſucceeded, and the Face of the Country is entirely changed.

They write from Portugal, that the Nunnery of St. Francis at Valence du Minho, in Entre Minho Douro, with the Corn Magazine, and all the Proviſions of the Convent, were lately conſumed by Fire.

The Maragnan Fleet brought 2000000 of Cruſadoes for the King, and 54000 Octaves for the Merchants.

Letters from Bareith of the 23d inform us, that the Fire at Prague was not maſtered till the 19th in the Afternoon: Great Part of the Jews Quarter has been conſumed, as alſo the greateſt Part of three other Streets, beſides ſeveral Convents.

We have received the following Advice from Paris, dated May 24, *viz.* Death hath made terrible Havock for ſome Time in this Capital. In the Pariſh of St. Euſtathius, there has been more Burials in the Space of four Months, than uſed to be in that and all the other Pariſhes in a whole Year. The Sickneſs ſtill continuing, and giving Reaſon to ſuſpect that the Middle Region of the Air is partly infected, the Faculty made lately an Experiment on this Subject at the Obſervatory. A Pound of freſh Meat was fixed on the End of a long Pole, placed on the Top of that ſuperb Edifice, which commands all Paris. After remaining an Hour it was taken down, and laid before a Company of Phyſicians, who pronounced it corrupted, both from the Colour, Smell, Taſte, and Touch.

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Letters from Schaffhouſen by the laſt Poſt inform us, that on the 3d of laſt Month, about Six in the Evening, the fine Stone Bridge, built over the Rhine there, all on a ſudden ſunk in ſuch a Manner, as that there ſcarcely appear any Footſteps of it remaining. They write from Mentz, that Proviſions were become ſo exceſſively dear there, that a great Number of the poor Inhabitants of that City would have periſhed with Hunger, had not their good Biſhop daily diſtributed conſiderable Alms among them.----Letters from Augſbourg adviſe, that the Poſtman from the Empire was lately attacked near that City by a Man in Diſguiſe, well mounted and armed, who held a Piſtol to his Head, and threatened to blow his Brains out, unleſs he ſuffered his Mail to be examined quietly. He then took out ſeveral Letters, but meddled with none that had any Bills of Exchange, or Money in them. A Poſtillion was treated not long ſince in the ſame Manner, on the Frontiers of Bohemia.

We have Intelligence from Leipſick, that the Methods that have lately been purſued, in order to eſtabliſh the Credit of the Royal Steuer, have proved ſo ſucceſsful, that they have already been able to pay all the Intereſt, both of the old and new Capital, up to laſt Eaſter.

The Report of the two Encampments, the one in Alſace, and the other in Franche Compte, is confirmed, with theſe Circumſtances, that the firſt will aſſemble at Biſchweiler, under the Command of the Count de Maillebois, and the ſecond at Gray, under the Orders of the Duke de Randan: The former will conſiſt of 18000 Foot, and 7000 Horſe.---The laſt Letters from Languedoc adviſe, that three Men died lately at Prades d'Aubrac, whoſe Ages made up 356 Years. The oldeſt, who was 126 Years of Age, had never drank any Wine, nor never had any Illneſs except that which carried him off; and, what is very extraordinary, not many Days before his Death he worked at his Buſineſs, which was that of a working Goldſmith.

One Ingebourd died lately in Sudermania, aged 121 Years. She was born in 1633, and had by two Marriages eight

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eight Children and a Number of Grand Children: January 15, 1698, being then 65, ſhe was brought-to-bed of a dead Child: At an hundred ſhe ſhed her Teeth, but ſeven Years after ſhe had a new Sett. Laſt Year ſhe was better able to travel than her youngeſt Son, who was then 90 Years of Age, and had kept her new Teeth to that Time.

We are informed from Hamburgh, that a Fire broke out on the 8th paſt, in the Houſe of a Peaſant at the Village of Ottenſen near Altena, which in a little Time conſumed five other Houſes. In the Houſe where it began, the Peaſant, his Wife, and a Footman, periſhed; and in another, a Girl of twelve Years, and a Boy of ſix, met with the ſame Fate.

Extract of a Letter from Major Stringer Lawrence *to the Court of Directors of the* Eaſt-India *Company, dated at the Camp near* Tritchenopoly, Sept. 15, 1753, *(which it is ſuppoſed ſhould be the 26th of* September,*) received by the* Delawar, May 7, 1754.

SInce my Letter of the 14th Inſtant, Captain Ridge joined me with a Detachment of above 200 Europeans. This Addition made me reſolve to attack the Enemy, as the Monſoon approached, and their Situation was ſuch, that they cut off our Proviſions, which muſt have ended in the Loſs of Tritchenopoly: Accordingly, on the 19th, I made a Motion in the Night towards the Left of the Enemy's Camp, for they had Poſſeſſion of two large Rocks, about a Mile diſtant from each other, and I found it neceſſary to gain one of them. The whole Day of the 20th was ſpent in cannonading; and the better to conceal our Deſign, I had ordered out an eighteen Pounder from the Fort, that they might think we had no other View than that of diſturbing them in their Camp with our Shot. This lulled them into a Security; and at Four o'Clock in the Morning of the 21ſt, our Europeans being diſpoſed into three Lines, with the Seapoys on our Flanks, and the Horſe in our Rear, we attacked the Rock on our Left, called the *Golden Rock*, and gained

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gained it without any Loſs; the Enemy retiring after a faint Reſiſtance, and leaving behind them two Pieces of Cannon. This Earneſt of Succeſs encouraged the Men greatly, and determined me to puſh on to the main Body; ſo, that no Time might be loſt, I diſabled the two Guns, and advanced towards the *Sugar-loaf Rock*, juſt as the Day began to break. The Enemy were drawn up cloſe to the Rock, and had fortified themſelves with Breaſt-works; ſo it was neceſſary to gain their black Camp, that we might fall upon them in the Rear. This was effected with little Trouble, and our Soldiers marched through a conſtant Fire from nine Pieces of Cannon, attacked a Line of Men, which greatly out-numbered themſelves, and in ten or twelve Minutes drove the Enemy out of their Lines.

They however rallied, and made ſome faint Reſiſtance afterwards, ſupported by the Morattas, who rode up very deſperately: But as theſe could not ſuſtain a galling Fire, which fell upon them from all Quarters, they at length ran away, and left us compleat Maſters of the Field of Battle, their whole Camp, Baggage, and Ammunition, and ten Pieces of Cannon. The Remains of their Army retreated, ſome towards Altoora and Syringham, ſome towards Tondamons's Country, and ſome towards Tanjour. The Polligars and Seapoys bring in Priſoners every Minute. The Action laſted near two Hours. We took eight Officers, and 100 Soldiers, beſides the Killed, which might be about ſixty more. The Morattas ſaved the reſt, and prevented a Purſuit, as they were vaſtly ſuperior to Monage, our Tanjour Friend, in Numbers. On our Part, we had ſix Officers wounded, and ſeveral Men killed and wounded. I received a ſlight Wound in the Arm with a Muſket Ball; but I thank God it does not prevent me from keeping the Field, and continuing to do my Duty.

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

On the 13th of May ended the Seſſions at the Old Bailey, when ſix Priſoners received Sentence of Death, *viz.* William

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liam Bradford, David Edem, Silas Dowling, Hugh M. Kabe, John Parry, and Mary Mayne; two to be tranſported for fourteen Years, forty-four for ſeven Years, three to be branded, and two whipped. Mary Mayne pleaded her Belly, and was found quick with Child; and Elizabeth Canning's Sentence was reſpited till next Seſſions.

The Dwelling-Houſe and Sugar-Houſe of Meſſrs. Barret and Co. Sugar-bakers, near Paul's Wharf, in Thames-ſtreet, were lately conſumed by Fire, and ſeveral Perſons, aſſiſting the Sufferers, were hurt: The Preſence of the Lord Mayor, Sir Robert Ladbroke, the Sheriffs, and a Guard of a Party from the Tower, were of great Service on this melancholy Occaſion.

On Putney Heath a young Highwayman was ſhot dead by a Servant behind the Coach of a Gentleman whom he had juſt robbed.---[A few Inſtances of this Kind would in all Likelihood have a better Effect in ſuppreſſing Robberies than 100 Executions.]

A Fire broke out lately at Offun, a Village about a Mile from Stratford on Avon, by which ſeven Houſes with Furniture, Barns, Out-Houſes, and Stables, were conſumed, as alſo the Out-Houſes, Barns, Corn Ricks, &c. of Mr. Jones, whoſe ſingle Loſs amounts to above 2000 l.

On the 30th of May, Elizabeth Canning was brought to the Seſſions-Houſe in the Old Bailey, to receive her Sentence, in Purſuance of an Adjournment from the 13th Inſtant, when after hearing every Thing that could be urged in the Behalf of the Priſoner, to obtain an Arreſt of Judgment, or a new Tryal, by ſeveral learned Counſel, the Court proceeded to paſs Sentence, which is, one Month's Impriſonment, and Tranſportation for ſeven Years. Beſides the Lord Mayor, who always preſides in this Court, the Lord chief Juſtice Willes, Mr. Juſtice Denniſon, Mr. Juſtice Clive, the Barons Legge and Smyth, and the Recorder, were preſent, who all concurred in the above Sentence, with whom alſo joined two Aldermen. It was moved by one of the Aldermen then preſent, that the Sentence might be mitigated to ſix Months Impriſonment, which met with the Approbation of ſeven more of them, but was over-ruled.

The

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The Parliament met on the 31ſt of May, when the Houſe of Commons choſe the Right Hon. Arthur Onſlow, Eſq; their Speaker; after which the Members were ſworn as uſual.

Three hundred Medals of Tiberius Conſtantinus, well preſerved, with the Head of that Emperor with a Helmet on one Side, and on the Reverſe a Croſs, with the uſual Legend, VICT. AUG. have been found in the Iſland of Candia.

When Elizabeth Canning received her Sentence of Tranſportation for ſeven Yaars, ſhe proteſted her Innocence, and ſubmitted her Cauſe to GOD. She has behaved reſigned and ſubmiſſive to the Divine Will ever ſince her Confinement; and the greateſt Concern ſhe has expreſſed, has been for her poor Mother, (a Widow of near threeſcore,) leſt ſhe ſhould be overwhelmed with the Stroke. Her whole Behaviour, under her preſent Circumſtances, has been ſuch as one might ſuppoſe conſcious Innocence to be, not bold and impudent, as thoughtleſs Guilt is apt to behave, nor ſullen and moody, as if conſcious of Crimes ſhe had been unwilling to be detected in.

At a Meeting of the Royal Society, was read an Account of ſeveral Experiments lately made by an eminent Surgeon of Guy's Hoſpital, to prove the Efficacy of the Agaric of Oak in ſtanching Blood; which, in a great Variety of Caſes, he found it to do more effectually, with leſs Trouble to the Operator, and leſs Pain to the Patient, than any other Method or Thing yet practiſed. The Agaric * is almoſt every where to be found upon the Stumps of old Oaks, and the beſt on the Tops of Pollard Oaks.

* The Agaric is an Excreſcence like a Muſhroom, growing upon Oaks, &c.

Price of STOCKS.

Bank Stock 134 1 qr. India Ditto, 190 1 half. South Sea Stock, no Price. Three 1 half per Cent. Old Annuities 1ſt Sub. 105 1 8th. Ditto 2d Sub. no Price. Ditto New 1ſt Sub. 105. 5 8ths. Ditto 2d Sub. no Price. Three 1 half Bank Annuities 1ſt Sub. 104 5 8ths. Ditto 2d Sub. no Price. Ditto India Annuities, no Price. Three per Cent Bank Annuities, no Price. Ditto 1751, 103 5 8ths. Ditto India Annuities, no Price. New Bank Circulation, 3l. Prem. India Bonds, 6l. 3s. Prem.

BILL of Mortality from April 23, to May 21, 1754.

Chriſten'd	Males	584	1195
	Females	611	
Buried	Males	1038	1932
	Females	894	

Prices of GOODS at Bear-Key. per

Wheat	27. to 33s.
Oats	12. 6d. to 13s.
Barley	17. to 19s.
Beans	16. to 19s.
Brown Malt	18. to 21s.
Pale Malt	22. to 24s.
Fine Flour	27s.

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The Song of ANGELS above.

I.

EARTH has detain'd me Priſoner long,
And I'm grown weary now:
My Heart, my Hand, my Ear, my Tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

II.

Tir'd in my Thoughts I ſtretch me down,
And upward glance my Eyes.
Upward (my Father) to thy Throne,
And to my native Skies.

III.

There the dear MAN my Saviour ſits,
The GOD, how bright he ſhines!
And ſcatters infinite Delights
On all the happy Minds.

IV.

Seraphs with elevated Strains
Circle the Throne around,
And move and charm the ſtarry Plains
With an immortal Sound.

V.

JESUS the LORD their Harps employs,
JESUS my Love they ſing,
JESUS, the Name of both our Joys,
Sounds ſweet from every String.

VI.

Hark, how beyond the narrow Bounds
Of Time and Space they run,
And ſpeak in moſt Majeſtick Sounds,
The Godhead of the SON.

VII.

How on the Father's Breaſt he lay,
The Darling of his Soul,
Infinite Years before the Day
Or Heavens began to roll.

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VIII.

And now they ſink the lofty Tone,
And gentler Notes they play,
And bring th' Eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble Clay.

IX.

O ſacred Beauties of the MAN!
(The GOD reſides within)
His Fleſh all pure without a Stain,
His Soul without a Sin.

X.

Then, how he look'd, and how he ſmil'd,
What wond'rous Things he ſaid!
Sweet Cherubs, ſtay, dwell here a while,
And tell what *JESUS* did.

XI.

At his Command the Blind awake,
And feel the gladſom Rays;
He bids the Dumb attempt to ſpeak,
They try their Tongues in Praiſe.

XII.

He ſhed a thouſand Bleſſings round
Where-e'er he turn'd his Eye;
He ſpoke, and at the Sovereign Sound
The helliſh Legions fly.

XIII.

Thus while with unambitious Strife
Th' Ethereal Minſtrels rove
Thro' all the Labours of his Life,
And Wonders of his Love.

XIV.

In the full Choir a broken String
Groans with a ſtrange Surprize;
The reſt in Silence mourn their King,
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

XV.

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XV.

Seraph and Saint, with drooping Wings,
Ceaſe their harmonious Breath;
No blooming Trees, nor bubbling Springs,
While *JESUS* ſleeps in Death.

XVI.

Then all at once to living Strains
They ſummon every Chord,
Break up the Tomb, and burſt his Chains,
And ſhew their riſing LORD.

XVII.

Around the flaming Army throngs
To guard him to the Skies,
With loud *Hoſanna*'s on their Tongues,
And Triumph in their Eyes.

XVIII.

In awful State the conquering GOD
Aſcends his ſhining Throne,
While tuneful Angels ſound abroad
The Vict'ries he has won.

XIX.

Now let me riſe, and join their Song,
And be an Angel too;
My Heart, my Hand, my Ear, my Tongue,
Here's joyful Work for you.

XX.

I would begin the Muſick here,
And ſo my Soul ſhould riſe:
Oh for ſome heavenly Notes to bear
My Spirit to the Skies!

XXI.

There, ye that love my Saviour, ſit,
There I would fain have Place,
Amongſt your Thrones, or at your Feet,
So I might ſee his Face.

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XXII.

I am confin'd to Earth no more,
But mount in haſte above,
To bleſs the GOD that I adore,
And ſing the MAN I love.

CUPID, HYMEN, and PLUTUS.

A FABLE.

AS *Cupid* in *Cythera*'s Grove
Employ'd the leſſer Powers of Love,
Some ſhape the Bow, or fit the String,
Some give the taper Shaft its Wing,
Or turn the poliſh'd Quiver's Mold;
Or head the Darts with temper'd Gold.
Amidſt their Toil and various Care,
Thus *Hymen**, with aſſuming Air,
Addreſt the God. Thou purblind Chit,
Of aukward and ill-judging Wit,
If Matches are no better made,
At once I muſt forſwear my Trade.
You ſend me ſuch ill-coupled Folks,
That 'tis a ſhame to ſell them Yokes.
They ſquabble for a Pin, a Feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The Huſband's ſullen, dogged, ſhy,
The Wife grows flippant in Reply;
He loves Command and due Reſtriction,
And ſhe as well likes Contradiction;
She never ſlaviſhly ſubmits,
She'll have her Will, or have her Fits;
He this Way tugs, ſhe t'other draws,
The Man grows jealous, and with Cauſe,
Nothing can ſave him but Divorce,
And here the Wife complies of courſe.
When, ſays the Boy, had I to do
With either your Affairs or you?

I never

* *The God of Marriage.*

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I never idly ſpend my Darts;
You trade in mercenary Hearts:
For Settlements the Lawyer's fee'd;
Is my Hand Witneſs to the Deed?
If they like Cat and Dog agree,
Go rail at *Plutus*, not at me.
Plutus appear'd, and ſaid; 'Tis true,
In Marriage, Gold is all their View;
They ſeek not Beauty, Wit or Senſe,
And Love is ſeldom the Pretence.
All offer Incenſe at my Shrine,
And I alone the Bargain ſign.
How can *Belinda* blame her Fate?
She only aſk'd a great Eſtate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true,
Her Lord muſt give her Title too;
And ev'ry Man, or rich or poor,
A Fortune aſks, and aſks no more.

Av'rice, whatever Shape it bears,
Muſt ſtill be coupled with its Cares.

To make Ivory Black.

TAKE the Shavings or Raſpings of Ivory, which you may eaſily have at the Comb-makers; mix them up with a little Linſeed Oil, put them into Pan or Crucible, and lute it cloſe, leaving only a little Hole in the Middle of the Cover; ſet it on a Coal Fire, and let it ſtand till you perceive no more Smoak; then take it off, and ſet it in Sand, putting another Pan or a Crucible that is entire over it; when cold, you will have the fineſt black Colour that can be prepared.

Another

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Another Method to burn Ivory either Black or White,

Fill a Crucible with the Waſtes of Ivory or Hartſhorn, lute it well, and put it in a Fire, and when the Phlegm, Spirit, Oil, and fluid Salts have left them, they will be of a very fine black Colour; but if you keep them longer in the Fire, they will turn as white as Snow.

To make Indian Ink.

Take dry'd black Horſe-beans, burn them to a Powder, mix them up with Gum-Arabic Water; and bring them to a Maſs, which preſs in a Mould made for that Purpoſe, and let it dry.

To make a fine Ink-Powder to write or draw with.

Take half an Ounce of Lamp-black, Plumb or Cherry-ſtones, Vitriol and Gall-nuts of each half an Ounce; burn it firſt together in a Crucible; add half an Ounce of Gum-Arabic: All which beat in a Mortar to a fine Powder, and ſearce it through a fine Searcer, then put it up in a Box, and when you want to uſe it dilute it with fair Water.

Of the WALNUT.

THERE are ſeveral Sorts of this Nut; therefore they who deſign to plant muſt chuſe the Sort that is moſt eſteemed, (and to know what Kind will alter for the better) ſome will be better, others worſe, and ſome near the Sort you deſign to raiſe from: Gather your Nuts from a young thriving Tree, that is in the Prime of its bearing: When they are gathered, lay them in ſome Room to dry, turning of them ſometimes with a Broom; about the Beginning of *October*

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tober put them into Sand, a little moiſtened with the Lixivium of the Manure, till about *Chriſtmas*, for then they'll begin to ſpear; ſow them not in their Huſks, neither ſteep them, as ſome adviſe; ſet or ſow them in *January*, or the Beginning of *February*; 'tis good to ſtrew ſome Furzes broken, or chopt ſmall, to preſerve it from Mice and Rats, when the Shell begins to be tender. If you plant the Nuts, where you deſign them to abide, is well, becauſe this Tree is moſt impatient of any to be removed: You muſt keep them digging about, or hoeing and pruning, till they get about ſix Foot high; if you bud them, it may make them bear the ſooner: I have raiſed them from the Nut, and in ſeven Years they have bore, and grown larger in that Plant from the Nut, than ſome replanted that were twenty Years from their firſt Growth: They delight in a ſandy rich Ground, eſpecially inclinable to a feeding, chalky, or Marle, and where it may be protected from the North Wind, (though it affects Cold rather than extreme Heat.) It may be ſet in Woods, for it will run up (if the under Boughs be cut off) to a great Height, and yield very good Timber for many Uſes: It yields a very good Oil for Painters, and other Uſes.

It is enough to invite Gentlemen, that have a Conveniency to propagate it in a numerous Manner, for that its Wood yields the greateſt Price, when arrived to a due Age and Bulk, beſides the almoſt annual Benefit of its Fruit, that in Nuts frequently returns the Owner no little Profit. This Tree, it is true, by the cloſe Texture of its Wood, requires many Years Growth to arrive at its full Bigneſs, as it is planted and grows in the common Method of planting Trees, which is juſt to dig a Hole, put in the Roots, and only cover all with Mould, and thus leave it, except perhaps ſupported at firſt from falling, with Stalks, Rails, or Buſhes, ſo that here is hardly any Huſbandry beſtowed upon this Tree, though it is one of the Number that wants it moſt. To remedy this, if the Ground in which theſe Roots run was to be kept in a continual tilth Condition, and proper fertile Manure was to be ſpread over it once in two or three Years, in the Month of *October* or *November*, for the Winter Rains

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Rains to waſh it in; it would ſoon ſhow the good Effects of ſuch an Aſſiſtance, in a moſt expeditious thriving Order, even I don't doubt but to grow as faſt again as Trees deprived of theſe Benefits.

Working Beer *and* Ale, *after a new Way, to their great Advantage.*

YEAST is an Acid, as appears by its ſoon turning ſour, and conſiſts of a great Quantity of ſubtile and ſpirituous Particles, wrapped up in ſuch as are viſcid: When therefore this is mixed with Liquor, it occaſions an inteſtine Motion by the interfering of Particles of different Gravities, as the ſpirituous Parts will be continually ſtriving to get up to the Surface, and the viſcid ones continually retarding ſuch Aſcent and preventing their Eſcape. So that by theſe two concurring Cauſes, the Particles extracted from the Grain will, by frequent Occurſions, be ſo comminuted, as continually to increaſe the more ſubtil and ſpirituous Parts, until all that can be made ſo by Attrition or Fretting are ſet looſe from their viſcid Confinements, as a learned Author plainly demonſtrates. It is alſo influenced by the Air that in Summer is warm, light and thin, and greatly promotes it; in Winter it is thick, cold and heavy, and much retards it. Alſo in Spring, and Summer, the floating Particles of the Air, that are of the ſame Kind as thoſe in the fermenting Liquor, join them with their Strength, and make the Working more violent. So Malt-Liquors made from Beans, Oats, or other Vegetables, will ferment higher and be ſtronger, if brewed when they are in Bloſſom.

In the Working of Beer and Ale, the Spirits have the greateſt Opportunity of making their Eſcape, and therefore here is the Place for your chiefeſt Care, that the Fermentation may be brought on cool and leiſurely under the cloſe Cover of a Lid and Cloths to preſerve the Spirits; for, if you put your Noſe over it while it is working, you will find the Strength ready to ſuffocate you; which plainly ſhews

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ſhews it emits a great deal of ſpirituous Effluvia, that will fly away if not kept well in. To prevent which, take a little Wort before it is quite cold, and mix it with ſome Yeaſt; when it is fermented, put into it a Hogſhead or Butt, and on that let the Wort run out af the Back, or pour it out of your Tubs as fine as poſſible, and as cool as the Seaſon will permit. Then ſtop up the Bung-hole in the Head with a turned Piece of Wood wrapped round with wetted brown Paper, and let the Yeaſt work out of a common Cork-hole, made in the Front of the upright Caſk within about an Inch of the upper Head, by a litttle Piece of Leather nailed under it, and a wooden Spout under that, to convey the Yeaſt into a Tub on the Ground; ſo will you enjoy a Drink much ſtronger, finer, and better reliſh'd, than when work'd and tunn'd after the old Faſhion: For this Way cauſes the Beer, or Ale, to taſte ſmooth, and retain a briſk, lively Quality to the laſt. But then ſuch Working muſt be in a right Manner, neither too much nor too little. If in the firſt Degree, it will be apt to boil in the Caſk in Summer almoſt like the Motion in a Copper, and bring it under a ſtale Hardneſs, make it taſte harſh in the Mouth, and give too deep a Colour to the paler Sort of Drink: For this Reaſon ſome will follow this Method of Fermenting it all together in the Caſk in the Winter, and not in Summer. If in the ſecond Degree, it will always be ſputtering and never fine. But the Danger of theſe Extreams will not be very hazardous where Care and Judgment attend the Work, and ſo may be performed at any Time of the Year with Safety, though the Equinoxes or moſt temperate Seaſons, are certainly the beſt. Beſides which here is a great deal of Waſte prevented that always accompanies the Vat, Tun, Pump, Pail, or Jett, uſed in working Malt Liquors after the old Way. And to prove the great Benefit of this Method, make but an Experiment even in your ſmall Beer, and you will find that work'd in the Caſk, ſtronger, pleaſanter, and will keep longer, than that firſt work'd in an open Veſſel, and afterwards put into the Barrel, which conſequently muſt likewiſe render it much wholeſomer, than Drink fermented in the

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open Tun, becauſe by this Means it is furniſhed with a great Plenty of its own original Spirits, that otherwiſe would certainly make their Eſcape, and the Liquor become flat and weak.

Publick Tranſactions in EUROPE ſince our laſt, continued from Page 368.

WE have Advice from Conſtantinople, by the Way of Ruſſia, that the Grand Seignior's Health is now perfectly eſtabliſhed, and the Janizaries, who appeared ready for a Revolt, during his Illneſs, are at preſent very quiet. On the ſecond of May, being the Grand Princeſs's Birth Day; the Pregnancy of her Imperial Highneſs was declared at Court.

They write from *Sweden*, that their Envoy at Copenhagen has removed the Difficulties, that retarded the Settlement of the Limits, on the Side of Norway.

A Fire broke out in the Jews Quarter at Prague, in Bohemia, on the 11th of May, which was not maſter'd untill the 18th: It conſumed the greateſt Part of that Quarter, almoſt three other Streets, and many Convents. The Number of the Houſes deſtroyed, was near 700.

By Letters from Saxe-Gotha, in Germany, we are informed, that an Inundation between Heilbron and Fauthenbourgh, has lately done great Damage; before which a more terrible Storm happened than the oldeſt Man can remember; all the Dykes and Cauſeways were broken down, and the Fields and Meadows ruined; Houſes, Stables, and Cow-houſes were overturned, and the Cattle drowned. The Damage done is computed at 100,000 Florins.

Authentic

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Authentic Memoirs of the King of Pruſſia.

One Circumſtance in Favour of this Prince, beyond any other in Europe, is the Œconomy of his Government and perſonal Expence. The Allowance of his Table is but thirty Crowns a Day, Fiſh and Wine excepted. *Potſdam* is his favourite Reſidence, where he avoids all the Ceremonies of a Court. He ſits down to Table with twelve Perſons; and after his own Miniſters, who are moſt in Favour, are ſeated, and alſo thoſe of foreign Princes who happen to be at *Potſdam*, his Officers, even to an Enſign, fill up the vacant Places. His Converſation is eaſy and chearful, even to Jeſting; but he can paſs from the Gay to the Serious in an Inſtant. He requires delicate Foods, but eats moderately, and mixes Water with his Wine. He takes Spaniſh Snuff to Exceſs. He uſed to drink liberally of Champaign, and eat rich Fruits ſoaked in ſtrong Wine; but having been often afflicted with Fevers, is beome abſtemious. His Perſon is rather plump than corpulent; his Complexion ſanguine; his Countenance is inclined to the penſive, but very expreſſive, indicating in ſome Degree, the inceſſant Labour of his Mind. Since the late War he is much broken, and ſtoops, which takes off from the Gracefulneſs of his Figure. He often appears in Boots, and always in his Regimentals, which are a blue Cloth Frock, with Silver Brandenburgs; and he is Maſter only of one Change for the Winter, and another for the Summer. His Bed conſiſts of two Mattreſſes, under the Cover of a Down Quilt, without any Ornament or Mark of Grandeur. He often asks his moſt familiar Acquaintance, if they think the Condition of a King the moſt deſireable? And then tells them how eaſily they may rectify their fond Opinions, by obſerving what great Labour and Attention the Duty of a King requires.

From Leghorn, in Italy, they write, that the Malecontents in Corſica who are more and more inveterate againſt the Genoeſe, lately made an Incurſion into the Province of *Balagna*, and did great Miſchief. They carried off Guiliani the younger, and ſeveral of that Party, and confined them, at

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their Return to Corte, in dark Caves under Ground, for ſome Days, then obliged them to caſt Lots, and thoſe who had ill luck were ſhot.

The Corſican Rebels have made an Attack upon Baſtia, but by the Bravery of the Marquis Grimaldi were totally routed.

At Rome on Saturday the 18th of May they had a moſt furious Storm, accompanied with Thunder, Lightning, Hail of an uncommon Size, and prodigious Rain. The Lightning fell upon Prince Ricci's Palace in the Quarter of San Giovanino, and burnt or damaged the Tapeſtry Hangings and other Furniture to the Amount of 600 Crowns. A Countryman on Horſeback was alſo killed by it in the Falconiana. But the Damage occaſioned by the Rain was much more conſiderable. Almoſt all the Streets were laid under Water; particularly the Square of Navone, where the Market was held that Day. A great Quantity of Proviſions, Cloaths, and other Effects, expoſed to Sale, were ſpoiled or ſwept away by the Torrent, the Violence whereof was ſo great that it overturned a Part of the Wall of the Palace of Monte Cavallo.

At Baſſano, in the Marche Treviſane, for ſome Weeks paſt they have had an extraordinary Kind of Phenomenon, formed by inflammatory Vapours, which riſe in the Night to the Height of a Man, and range the Surface of the Earth in the Shape of Globes of Fire. In the Village of Loria, and its Neighbourhood, in particular, many Barns and Granaries have been fired by them; and the Inhabitants are continually on the Watch, and contrive all Sorts of Means to diſſipate theſe moving Fires, by Stones, Scythes, Halbards, and other Inſtruments.

Letters from Poſnania, in Poland adviſe, that the Foreſt in the Neighbourhood of Sierakow, had been ſet on Fire by the Negligence of the Peaſants who live there, and was not extinguiſhed before it had conſumed all the Trees that were growing in the Space of a Mile ſquare, or that were already cut down in that Space.

Letters from France mention, that on the 4th Inſtant, the firſt Preſident of the Parliament arrived at Verſailles from Soiſſons,

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Soiſſons, and was above an Hour in Conference with his Majeſty, after which he immediately returned, without paſſing or repaſſing through Paris, ſince which it is expected Matters are coming to ſpeedy Accommodation.

The grand News of the Day ſays our Correſpondent at Paris, with which every Mouth is filled, and takes Pleaſure in repeating, is the ſpeedy Return of the Parliament, the great Object of the Wiſhes of this Capital and the whole Kingdom. M. Maupeou got back to Soiſſons, after his Conference with the King, the 5th Inſtant about ſix o' Clock in the Morning; and immediately ſent Notice in Writing to all the Gentlemen of the Grand Chamber to meet him in the Afternoon. The Gentlemen having attended accordingly, he gave them an Account of the Reception he met with from the King. He told them, that his Majeſty on ſeeing him come into the Cloſet, ſaid with the greateſt Good-nature and Affability, "You are very punctual, Mr. Preſident: Sit down, for you muſt be tired." His Majeſty commanded him to give him an exact Account of the whole Affair relating to the Parliament, and to ſpeak with the greateſt Freedom. M. Maupeou made Uſe of this Permiſſion to repreſent all the bad Conſequences that had followed the Diſperſion of the Parliament; to which the King gave the greateſt Attention. It is ſaid that his Majeſty alſo deſired the Preſident to give him ſome Information concerning the Form in which the Parliament would have the Sovereign's Will ſignified to them: And having been fully ſatisfied in every Thing, he told M. Maupeou, that he was not inſenſible of what his People had ſuffered by the Abſence of the Parliament; that he was quite ſick of the preſent Diſputes; that he was moſt deſirous of putting an End to them; and would therefore recall his Parliament very ſoon: Which he gave him Leave to ſignify to the baniſhed Members. Accordingly as ſoon as the Preſident had communicated this News to the Members of the Grand Chamber, Couriers were diſpatched to every Colony of the Exiles: And it is ſtrongly reported that Orders are given for fitting up the Halls where the ſeveral Members ſit to do Buſineſs. On the other Hand, the Biſhops who are in this Capital, aſſembled a few Days

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Days ago at the Archbiſhop's Palace, to draw up Repreſentations to the King for the Intereſt of their Body, and the Maintenance of their Rights.---Several Conferences have been held within this Fortnight, both at Verſailles and at the Eaſt-India Houſe, concerning the Diſpatches of a Courier, which was ſent by the Duke de Mirepoix from London the 22d of laſt Month; and he has been ſent back with a circumſtantial Anſwer, which does not, however, admit of certain Reſtrictions, upon which the Engliſh Company would ground the Concluſion of an Accommodation; ſo that, it is feared, it will be ſome Time longer before this Affair is brought to a Determination.

IRELAND.

They write from Dublin, that lately for three Days together they had had as heavy Rains as have been known, which did great Damages, by breaking of Bridges, Mildams, and Sluices; waſhing away Banks, Houſes, Mills, Cabbins, Trees, &c. And the fine Bridge at Rathfarnham, being only one Arch of 100 Feet long, was thrown down, the North Abutment being undermined by the Water ſome Time ſince, which might have been mended and made ſtaunch for forty Shillings, had it been repaired in Time. Many People and Cattle have been drowned, and ſeveral Boats drove out to Sea.

About 68 front, and 44 back Houſes, in Silver, Pond, and Caſtle Streets, in this Town, beſides Out-Offices and Stables, were in leſs than an Hour conſumed by Fire. Damage computed at 5000*l.*

SCOTLAND.

They write from Aberdeen, that the Wife of one Robert Ewing, (who, after ſerving ſeveral Champaigns abroad, now lives on Chelſea Pay, and works as a Day-labourer) brought forth at one Birth, three Sons and a Daughter: The Children are well fixed, lively, and likely to do well, and the poor Woman in a fair Way of Recovery.

DOMES-

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DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

Anthony Brucer, late of St. George the Martyr, Eſq; who died on the 22d of laſt Month, by his laſt Will has deviſed all his real, and the greateſt Part of his Perſonal Eſtate, (ſuppoſed to be worth upwards of 70,000 *l.*) to his Executors therein named; in Truſt to ſell the ſame, and to give the whole Produce thereof to ſuch Clergymen of the Church of England, as have taken Orders, and have not more than 40 *l.* a Year, in Spirituals or Temporals, to ſupport themſelves and Families; and to ſuch only as his Executors ſhall think have the greateſt Occaſion for it: To give to each of ſuch Clergymen, the Sum of 20 *l.* till his whole Eſtate is given away, not giving to any ſuch Clergyman more than 20 *l.* in one Year.

A Shoe-blacker in Moorfields was called from his Stand to take Poſſeſſion of an Eſtate of 50 *l.* a Year, to which he ſucceeded by the Death of a Relation at Edmonton. The poor Fellow was in the utmoſt Diſtreſs, having been threatened that very Day by the Lord Mayor's Officers.

In Monmouthſhire and Glouceſterſhire was lately the moſt violent Storm of Hail known in the Memory of Man, which did great Damage to the Corn, Fruit, and Windows, ſome of the Hail Stones meaſuring four and ſix Inches. Immediately after the Hail fell a prodigious Shower of Rain, which occaſioned ſuch a Flood, that many Houſes were filled four Feet deep with Water, and the Rivers overflowed and caſt out Fiſh. At Coventry the Flood was ſo great, that for ſome Time Waggons and Carriages were ſtopt from paſſing through the Town.

We hear the Diſpute in Regard to the Right of a Way through Richmond Park, will be tried next Michaelmas Term, by a ſpecial Jury of the County of Surry, at the Bar of the Court of King's Bench.

By Letters from Virginia, dated in April laſt, we are informed, that the laſt Crops have been very ſhort and bad; and that the new Inſpectors have been ſo vigilant in the Execution of their Duty, in burning the bad, that many of the Ships

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Ships will come home half loaded, and ſome under 6l. per Ton.

By Letters from Portſmouth in New Hampſhire, dated May 20th, we are informed, that for near thirty Days paſt the Woods have been continually on Fire between Merrimack and Kenneback River, and likely to continue; great Damages have been already done to the Woods and Fences, and in ſeveral Towns it was with Difficulty the Houſes were kept from Firing. The Houſes here, with ſome Winds, are filled with Smoke, though the Fire is fifteen Miles from us.

Advice has been recived that the Toulon Squadron was met between Cape St. Vincent, and the weſtern Iſlands, ſtanding for North America.

Nine Men of War are getting ready for the Sea at Deptford and Woolwich.

The greateſt Man inthe Kingdom has publickly declared, that, *rather than loſe a Foot of Ground in America, he would oppoſe the Enemies of his Country in that Part of the World himſelf.*

There was lately caught in the River *Ouze*, near Huntingdon, a Sturgeon that weighed above 130 Pounds, and the Spawn of it between 20 and 30 Pounds.

The Amſterdam Gazette tells us, that the Treaty of Commerce between England and the two Sicilies is ſettled by Sir James Gray, his Majeſty's Envoy at Naples, and ſent home to England for the Approbation of the King and Council. The Treaty lately concluded between that Prince and the Dutch ſerves for the Baſis of this.

Prices of STOCKS.

Bank Stock 134 ⅜ to ½. India Ditto, no Price. South Sea Stock, 119 ¼. Three 1 half per Cent. Old Annuities 1ſt Sub. 105 ⅛ to ⅝. Ditto 2d Sub. 103 ⅞ to 104. Ditto New 1ſt Sub. no Price. Ditto 2d Sub. no Price. Three 1 half Bank Annuities 1ſt Sub. 105 ½. Ditto 2d Sub. 104 ⅛. Ditto India Annuities, 103 ⅞; Three per Cent Bank Annuities, 103 ¼ to ⅜. Ditto 1751, 104 ⅜. Ditto India Annuities, 103. Bank Circulation, 3l. 5s. Prem. India Bonds, 6l. 6s. Prem.

Bills of Mortality from May 21, to June 25, 1754.

Chriſten'd	Males	743	1408
	Females	665	
Buried	Males	1085	2184
	Females	1099	

Prices of GOODS at Bear-Key.

Wheat	20 to 28s.
Barley	13 to 14s.
Malt	18 to 22s.
Rye	18 to 20s.
Beans	20 to 21s.
Oats	11 to 14s.

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A HYMN to CHRIST.

DEAR JESUS when, when ſhall it be,
That I no more ſhall break with Thee!
When ſhall this War of Paſſion ceaſe!
When ſhall my Soul have perfect Peace!

Here I repent, and ſin again;
Now I revive, and now am ſlain:
How often bleeds my wounded Heart!
How often I from CHRIST depart!

When, deareſt LORD, when ſhall I be
A Garden ſhut to all but thee!
Each Stranger's Hand, each common Foot,
Tramples thy Flow'rs, and plucks thy Fruit.

Too ſlight the Fence, the Soil too poor,
For Grace to thrive, and grow ſecure:
'Twill never open, ſpring, and riſe,
Until tranſplanted to the Skies.

LORD, take me hence, Oh! bear my Soul
Where yon refreſhing Rivers roll;
Where all the Plants of Glory bloom,
And ſhed around a rich Perfume.

Eden, more bleſt than that of *Eve*,
Without a Serpent to deceive:
Like Gods indeed we there ſhall be,
Oh! let me die this Life to ſee.

Thus ſing my Lips; but does my Heart
Join in the Song, and bear its Part?
Am I ſo wiſe, indeed, to chuſe
The other World, and this refuſe?

Why ſhould I not? What can I find,
On Earth, to ſatisfy my Mind?

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To talk, and eat, and drink, and sleep,
Poor Things my Soul from Heaven to keep.

What's Fame, or Health, or Wealth, or Gold,
In tedious Sums to Millions told!
Is it for these I wish to stay
In my frail Tenement of Clay!

Blush, Oh my Soul! repeat the Word;
Wish for the Presence of thy Lord.
Oh! let thy Love be firm and true,
And with more Zeal thy Prayers renew.

Oh may this Dying-life make haste,
To die into True-life at last;
No hope have I of Life before,
But then shall live and die no more.

PSALM XXXIII. Paraphrased.

THE Lord my Pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care;
His Presence shall my Wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye;
My Noon-day Walks he shall attend,
And all my Midnight-hours defend.

When in the sultry Glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty Mountain pant,
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads
My weary wand'ring Steps he leads,
Where peaceful Rivers soft and slow,
Amid the verdant Landskips flow.

Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy Horrors over-spread,
My stedfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
For thou, O LORD, art with me still:

Thy

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Thy friendly Crook ſhall give me Aid,
And guide me through the dreadful Shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way,
Through devious lonely Wilds I ſtray,
Thy Bounty ſhall my Pains beguile;
The barren Wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams ſhall murmur all around.

On ETERNITY.

LET that Arithmetician come,
Can multiply a boundleſs Sum,
In Figures can produce a Draught,
Beyond his Pen, beyond his Thought;
Can join the various Numbers made
E'er ſince the Poles of Heaven were laid.
Upon your Tables firſt deſcry
The Tapers of the Galaxy,
With all the Lamps that Heaven adorn,
And all the Pearls of dewy Morn:
Tell all the vital Rills that flow
Through ſecret Veins of Earth below,
With upper Streams whoſe large Command,
Diſtributes Plenty o'er the Land;
Tell all the Chryſtal Tears that riſe,
And fall from weeping Nature's Eyes,
And fleecy Locks that ever ſpread
Her Limbs with Winter's-coverlid;
And then into thy Numbers bring
The tender Infants of the Spring,
Their Features and Proportions tell,
And their Complexions and their Smell;
Then Cluſters count which Vineyards dreſs,
Whoſe Juice intoxicates the Preſs,
And all the Stores the Orchard yields,
When rich *September* crowns the Fields;

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Each ſingle Grain of Corn run o'er,
Which plenteous Harveſt ever bore;
Count Leaves that fall, when Winter's Breeze
Does comb the Woods, and poll the Trees;
And all the Lives that fruitful Earth
And pregnant Seas did e'er bring forth:
Go on, and don't one Atom ſpare,
That dances up and down the Air,
Nor fineſt Thread that ever ſuits
The ſhaggy Garments of the Brutes,
Nor ſmalleſt Hair that ever ſpread
An Ornament on Human Head;
Then add the numerous Sands that be
The Chains of the enraged Sea,
And all the Spires that e'er were ſeen
To cloath the Fields with native Green;
Let Myriads then of Years be run,
As Moments paſt ſince Time begun:
Yet ſtill Eternity ſurmounts,
By endleſs Flight, your vaſt Accounts.
What Mind, alas! can bear to ſtate
The Durance of the Damned's Fate!
When they thus long in Flames have roll'd,
And all theſe Years in Darkneſs told,
No Help, my Friend, no Hope remains,
To ſhift their Doom, or ſlip their Chains:
Nay, if by joining Millions more,
You ſtill enhance the nameleſs Score;
When they ſo many Ages ſhall have ſeen,
Eternity ſtill lives, and ſtill does but begin.

But the Thunder of his Power who can underſtand?
Job. xxvi. 14.

'TWAS God that turn'd the rolling Spheres,
And ſtretch'd the winding Skies;
That form'd the Plan of endleſs Years,
And bade the Ages riſe.

From

From Everlaſting is his Might;
Unbounded, unconfin'd,
He pierces through the Realms of Light;
And rides upon the Wind.

He darts along the burning Skies;
Light Thunders round him roar:
All Heav'n attends him as he flies;
All Hell proclaims his Power.

The Sun ſhrinks back as he appears,
The Moon forgets to ſhine:
And every blaſted Star declares
His Majeſty divine.

He ſpeaks; great Nature's Wheels ſtand ſtill,
And ceaſe their wonted Round:
The Mountains melt; each trembling Hill
Forſakes its ancient Bound.

He ſcatters Nations with his Breath;
The ſcatter'd Nations fly;
Blue Peſtilence and ſpreading Death
Confeſs the Godhead nigh.

Ye Worlds of ev'ry living Thing,
Fulfil his dread Command!
Pay duteous Homage to your King,
And own his ruling Hand!

But oh! my Muſe! forbear the Theme,
Since thus th' Almighty ſays:
"What Tongue is equal to my Name?
"Or who can trace my Ways?"

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Of the different Kinds of Manure for making Land fruitful, particularly Fatteners. (Continued from Page 365.)

PEASE, Vetches, Lupins, and Beans. Nothing is more uſeful in fattening the Ground, than to ſow theſe Sorts of Grain, and before they come to Maturity, cut them down, till and overturn them in the Earth, without minding the ſmall Profit that might be expected from the Crop, in Caſe they are left to ripen; for as theſe Kinds of Pulſe very much exhauſt the Earth, it is eaſy to comprehend, that the nouriſhing Juices are more abundant and perfect in the Fruit than in the Stalks and Leaves; and that if the Fruit is carried away, we cannot by over-turning the reſt reſtore to the Earth all that ſhe has given. We ought not, therefore, to diminiſh in any ſhape the Produce of the Ground, nor even ſtay till the Fruits are ripe, in order to bury them; becauſe then the Stalks have loſt a certain Vigour and volatile Spirit, which on Account of their Activity ought to be preſerved and ſhut up in the Earth, where being retained, they are rendered more fit to fructify the Seed which ſhall be afterwards ſown: Beſides, we ought to conſider, that what is ſuppoſed to be loſt, in omitting to gather the Fruits, will be retrieved by the ſaving of Dung, which will not be wanted for the Land, as well as of Carriage and Workmen to ſpread it. Nevertheleſs, for a Supply of Grain we may reſerve a Piece of Ground to be dunged as uſual, on which Pulſe may be left to ripen for a Crop. This kind of Fattening is moſt proper for high Grounds, to which it would be troubleſome and expenſive to carry Dung.

Pond Mud. Under this Name we underſtand not only the Mud of Ponds, but likewiſe the Slime that Rivers depoſite when they retire, after having over-flowed their Banks, and that which gathers on the Declivity or at the Foot of high Places, in Pits that are either natural, or prepared by the induſtrious Farmer. This Soil is excellent, becauſe it is new. It muſt not, however, be employed immediately, eſpecially the Mud of Ponds, becauſe being extremely

tremely moiſt it would chill the Earth, and produce an Effect quite contrary to the Farmer's Expectation: It muſt therefore be left unemployed one Year at leaſt, unleſs it has been qualified with a Mixture of Chalk; but Care muſt be taken not to let it lie unuſed for four or five Years, during which it would loſe all its Virtue, by the Evaporation of thoſe light fine Salts with which it was impregnated by the Water, and nothing but dead Earth remain. It ought likewiſe to be obſerved, that the Mud of Ponds, being left to dry, preſents a Surface mixed with Sand, and a kind of dead Clay, which is good for nothing; but this firſt Layer being removed, that which we ſpeak of will be found below. This Kind of Manure being warmed and rotted, muſt be ſpread equally and pretty thick upon the Land, and turned under ground, as ſoon as poſſible, leſt the Weather cauſing its light oily Parts to evaporate, the vegetative Virtue of it ſhould be enfeebled.

Aſhes. Under this Head we mean to ſpeak only of the Wood-aſhes taken from Chimneys, Forges and Ovens, and thoſe of Coal, Earth and Turf. Theſe Aſhes are particularly excellent for Peaſe, Vetches, and other ſuch Pulſe; they are ſcattered or ſown when the Plant hath riſen about an Inch from the Surface of the Earth; but as their Salt, being very ſharp, would in dry Weather infallibly prejudice the tender Vegetables, they are not uſed until the Farmer can depend upon immediate Rain to diſſolve and ſoften their Acrimony.

Soap-water and Soap-aſhes. Theſe, according to ſome Farmers, are the moſt precious of all Sorts of Manure; eſpecially Soap-ſuds, to which may be joined Lye-water. What conſtitutes the great Virtue of this Manure is, that beſides the vegetable Salts and Oils, that enter the Compoſition of Soap, it likewiſe contains the Salts and Oils of the animal Reign, that reſided in the Linen, which it cleaned and whitened; and theſe laſt perfectly ſoften the Acrimony of the firſt. This Water ought to be careſully reſerved for Gardens, where it will produce admirable Effects. As for the Aſhes taken from Soap-houſes, they ought to be kept

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dry, and never carried to the Ground until it is on the Point of being ſown; then it is ſpread as equally as poſſible with Shovels; and Care may be taken to lay it on pretty thick, Experience having ſhown that the Ground is bettered by it for eight or nine Years, during which it will need no other Dung. If there is not a ſufficient Quantity of Aſhes, Dung may be added to them; but in that Caſe, they are not ſo effectual, as may be eaſily imagined.

Shells. Some Spots of Earth are filled with Shells, which are for the moſt Part brittle, and crumble into white Powder, which is an excellent Manure, and ſome Authors pretend that it renders Land fruitful for thirty Years. Theſe Shells are not neglected in *Touraine*, and the expert Farmer who finds ſuch a Mine, will not fail to make his Advantage of it.

Lime and Lime-aſhes. The Property of Lime ſpread upon the Ground, is to deſtroy noxious Weeds, drive away Inſects, fertilize the Earth and keep it clean. The Seaſon for uſing it, is when the Land is ready to receive the Seed: But it would be dangerous to make Uſe of pure Lime unſlaked: Its extreme Heat would dry the Earth too much, and do it more harm than good; beſides, a great Quantity would be required to cover Ground of any conſiderable Extent, and the Expence of Purchaſing, or even of Carriage, would render this Manure very coſtly. When the Farmer has reſolved to fatten the Land with Lime, he orders it to be brought into the Field, or near it, if there is a convenient Place; there it is laid in one Heap, covered with Leaves or chopped Straw, two Feet high. The Top of this Heap is opened for pouring in a Quantity of Water ſufficient to ſlake it, and the Straw and Leaves are watered on the Out-ſide. The Trouble of this Operation is ſaved by the falling of Rain, and this may be waited for, if the Lime hath been conveyed in good Time. As ſoon as the Lime begins to be heated, the Hole above is ſtopped, in order to oblige the Smoak to attach itſelf to the wet Straw and Leaves, and when this Smoak penetrates, Straw muſt be carefully thrown upon it to concentrate it. When the Lime is ſuppoſed to yield

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yield no more Smoke, the Covering is pierced on all Sides; then that which was too dry, totally conſumes, and the reſt is converted into a Kind of groſs Aſhes. Thus the Heap of Lime is at leaſt tripled, its dangerous Heat tempered, and the whole rendered more advantageous to the Ground on which it is ſpread. Lime Aſhes do not require this Preparation; but may be ſcattered juſt as they are gathered, with this Caution, which is common to all Aſhes, namely, to ſpread them equally and pretty thick. If the Farmer, in the firſt Year after having prepared his Grounds in this Manner, does not reap ſuch an abundant Harveſt as he had Reaſon to expect, he ought not to loſe his Patience; the ſecond Year will pay with Intereſt what the firſt could not afford. When we ſay it is proper to prepare entirely for the Seed, the Ground upon which the Lime is to be thrown, we ought to aſſign the Reaſon for this Precaution, leſt ſome Perſon thinking to improve upon our Leſſons, ſhould loſe his Expence and the Fruit of his Labour; it muſt be conſidered, therefore, that by ſcattering the Lime and labouring afterwards, the ſaid Lime will be turned under Ground, and its Virtue ſtill deſcending, can no longer act upon the Surface of the Earth, which will therefore continue to be covered with noxious Weeds and Inſects; and the Intention was to clean and meliorate this very Surface. Wherefore, it is evident that the Ground ought to be entirely laboured, before the Lime be applied, that we may be aſſured it will remain upon the Surface, and there produce the good Effects we have Reaſon to expect from its Quality. We will add, that no Part of the Lime may be loſt, the Place where it was ſlaked ought to be ſcraped off, and theſe Scrapings impregnated with the Lime, uſed as the Lime itſelf.

Publick Tranſactions in EUROPE ſince our laſt, continued from Page 384.

WE hear from Moſcow, that the Count de Raſoumoſki, Captain-General of the Ukraine, has preſented

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ſented to the Empreſs a magnificent Coach, which, it is ſaid, coſt 40,000 Rubles, and a very handſome Heyduke, ſeven Feet high, though but juſt nineteen, and perfectly well ſhaped.

They write from Vienna, that the Count de Colleredo, Vice-Chancellor of the Empire, has delivered to the Count d'Aubeterre, Miniſter Plenipotentiary from the King of France, an Anſwer to the Repreſentations lately made by him in Favour of the Republick of Genoa, in Reſpect to the Affairs of St. Remo and Campo-Freddo; whereby it appears that the Aulic Council of the Empire are determin'd not to give up the Right of taking Cognizance of, and redreſſing, the Grievances of the Inhabitants of thoſe two Fiefs.---It is reported that the Britiſh Court has ſent to Mr. Guy Dickens, its Miniſter at Ruſſia, the neceſſary Inſtructions and Powers for concluding at Peterſbourg the Negociation entered upon at Moſcow, on the Subject of a new Treaty of Subſidy, by Virtue whereof the Empreſs of Ruſſia is to keep conſtantly on Foot, in the conquered Provinces, an Army of 70,000 Men, who are to be at the Diſpoſal of the Crown of Great Britain and its Allies. Some other Powers are invited to take Part in this Treaty, which will be purely defenſive, and tend only to the mutual Protection of the Rights and Poſſeſſions of the contracting Parties.---It is reported alſo that a new Regiment of Huſſars will be formed, and that the Archduke, of which our auguſt Sovereign was lately delivered, will be appointed Colonel thereof.

They write from Spain, that on the Repreſentations which Mr. Wall has made ſince his Arrival from London, concerning the State of Affairs between that Court and that of Great Britain, his Majeſty has given this Miniſter ſuch Inſtructions as, it is preſumed, will enable him ſoon to adjuſt with Mr. Keene the Point in Diſpute between the two Courts.

They write from Paris, that Monſieur de Maupeou, firſt Preſident of the Parliament, has lately had ſeveral private Audiences of the King, at the laſt of which his Majeſty ordered him to acquaint the Parliament, that he gave them Leave to return. As ſoon as he came out of the King's Cloſet,

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Cloſet, he received the Compliments of the Nobility upon the Occaſion. At his Return to Soiſſons, he ſignified his Commiſſion to the Members of the Grand Chamber, and ſent circular Letters to the ſeveral Colonies of exiled Members, to acquaint them that his Majeſty permitted their Return. It's pretended, that as this great Body was diſperſed by Virtue of Letters de Cachet, it cannot be reunited without the ſame Authority, and that Letters de Cachet are preparing accordingly. The Counſellors of the Grand Chamber are ſome of them come to Paris, and others gone to their Country Seats. As it muſt be ſome Time before all the Members can be got together, it's ſaid that a Chamber of Vacations will be eſtabliſhed in the Interim for the Management of ſuch Affairs as will not admit of Delay.

An Extract of a Letter from the Hague, dated July 1. confirms the Account of the Dangers that have attended the Stadtholder, the Princeſs Royal and Caroline, in their Journey to Orange-Woude. "The Court of the Prince Stadtholder is happily arrived at Orange-Woude, after having paſſed through Alkmar, Horn, and Enckhuyſen, Cities of North Holland, where almoſt every Body ſhewed how much they thought themſelves honoured by their Preſence, by giving them a very different Reception to that which the other Cities of the Province, and which theſe ſame have uſually given them: The Cannon of the Ramparts being fired, and the Burghers put under Arms as they paſſed through. But if Credit is to be given to private Letters from Frieſland, which have been publiſhed, ſome wicked People in that Province entertained a Deſign to have deſtroyed this illuſtrious Family in their Paſſage over a Bridge, which, as it was contrived, would certainly have broke down with them; but it is ſaid, the Princeſs Royal having Notice of it in Time, went another Way; and, the ſame Letters ſay, ſome of the Accomplices of this atrocious Project have been arreſted. We have likewiſe been informed, that it was not only in Frieſland that their Royal and Serene Highneſſes were expoſed to very great Danger from the Plots of the Diſcontented, but at the Schermerhornburg, in North Holland, a Bridge in the Road from

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Alkmer to Horn. On this Bridge was a triumphal Arch, finely adorned, in Honour of their Royal and Serene Highneſſes, the Supporters whereof were ſawed in ſuch a Manner, that had they paſſed under before it had been diſcover'd, they would have been in the utmoſt Danger. This is undoubted Fact. The Council of the Dignes of this Quarter, which is the Tribunal, have cauſed an Advertiſement to be inſerted in the Dutch Amſterdam Gazette, promiſing a Reward of one hundred Ducats to whoever will diſcover the Perpetrators of this helliſh Deſign, or any concerned in it. We cannot ſay what will be the Succeſs of this Journey, and whether Madam the Princeſs Royal will be able to engage the eldeſt Princeſs Dowager to renounce her Pretenſions to be at the Head of the Tutelage in the States of Frieſland and Groninguen, of which Provinces the Princes of Orange are hereditary Stadtholders; ſo this Princeſs pretends Right of Tutelage anterior to that of Madam Royal. The two Princeſſes have each of them their Party: It is neceſſary that one of them ſhould yield to the other, for the Sake of the Pupils, who will reap no Advantage from their Diviſions."

There are ſome Advices from the Frontiers of Turkey, which ſeem to be of an extraordinary Nature, as they do not agree with the Notions the Polanders have entertained of the pacific Diſpoſitions of the Porte. Theſe Letters, dated from Caminieck the 23d of June laſt, ſay, that they are forming an Army of 25,000 Turks in the Neighbourhood of Ockzakow, another of 15,000 Men near Choczim, and the like Number in the Neighbourhood of Bender. To which is added, that a great Number of Waggons, loaded with Ammunition, &c. are arrived at Choczim. They are impatient to know whether this News will be confirmed, as alſo what may have occaſioned ſo ſudden an Alteration in the Diſpoſition of the Porte.---We are informed by our laſt Letters from Lithuania, that a dreadful Fire had lately broke out at Polotſko, which had entirely reduced to Aſhes upwards of 1200 Houſes, as likewiſe the Church belonging to the College of Jeſuits, the Convent of the Dominicans, that of the Franciſcans, and a Greek Church.

We

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We hear from Paris, that the Earl of Albermarle has made Repreſentations to the King's Miniſters about the preſent Situation of Affairs in North America. It ſeems, as the Court of France ſets forth, that the Commandants of the French Troops in Canada, being deſirous to ſecure that Province from being inſulted by the Indian Allies of the Engliſh, have advanced towards a River called Ohio, in order to cover their Territories on that Side, and maintain themſelves in the Enjoyment of the Lands, that made Part of their ancient Poſſeſſions. However, we hope that the Hoſtilities committed in thoſe Parts will not be attended with bad Conſequences, and that all Things will be made eaſy, as ſoon as the two Crowns come to a right Underſtanding, about the Limits of their reſpective Poſſeſſions. The Baggage and Furniture of the Gentlemen of the Great Chamber, arrive daily from Soiſſons, as do thoſe of the Inqueſts and Requeſts from Bourges, and both are followed with the Acclamations of the People. The Royal Chamber expects daily to ſee its Period, and the Chatelet takes no Cognizance of ſpiritual Caſes.

Almoſt every Body here, ſays our Correſpondent from Amſterdam, are under the greateſt Surprize at what her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs Governante has done, in Favour of the Baron de Torck, Lord of Roſendael, one of the Regents of the Province of Guelderland, who has caballed more than any Body againſt the Houſe of Orange. Her Royal Highneſs has promiſed to give him the Reverſion of the lucrative Poſt of Grand Bailiff of Vronhove and Maeſtricht, in Favour of his Son. The Meaning of this no Body comprehends; becauſe it's well known that neither Favour, nor Employment, nor any Thing in the Power of the Princeſs Governante to give, are capable of effacing the Hatred of the Houſe of Orange from the Souls of the Regents of this Country; ſo that her Royal Highneſs would gain nothing by beſtowing in ſuch Manner this Favour, which might have been of great Service to her, and might have eſtabliſhed in her Intereſt ſome other Family, which were already well diſpoſed towards the Houſe of Orange.----After the Prince Veldt-Marſhall, Duke of Brunſwick

wick Wolfenbuttel, ſhall have taken a Survey of the fortified Places in the Provinces of Overyſſel and Groningen, particularly thoſe upon the Frontiers of the Dominions of the King of Pruſſia, from whom, however, it ſeems as if we had leſs to fear than we have on the Side of the Barrier, if a War ſhould happen, his Highneſs will repair to his Government of Bois-le-Duc. There is great Likelihood, that, during the Abſence of her Royal Highneſs, the States-General will take into Conſideration the repeated Complaints of moſt of the Provinces againſt the Grand Council of War, to whom the late Stadtholder has attributed Rights, which infringed upon thoſe of the Magiſtrates of the Cities in all the Provinces; ſo that, in Caſe the Conſent of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs Governante can be obtained, the States-General will diſannul this Grand Council, which coſt much, and does nothing more than the ordinary Councils of War did before its Eſtabliſhment.

A M E R I C A.

Extract of a Letter from Virginia, dated June 12, brought by the Patriot, Capt. Trenchard, arrived at Briſtol.

"The French had Intelligence of four or five Waggons with Proviſions, going to our Camp at Ohio, and immediately ſent a Party of thirty-five Men to intercept them, which coming to the Ears of Capt. Waſhington, one of our Officers, he went himſelf directly with forty-five Men, and had an Engagement on the 1ſt Inſtant, in which ſeven of the French were killed, and all the reſt taken Priſoners, except three, who made their Eſcape, but were afterwards met by ſome Indians in Alliance with us, who killed and ſcalped them. The Priſoners came down to Williamſburgh Yeſterday, and are all confined, except the Officers; one of whom is Monſieur le Force, a Perſon of high Rank and Diſtinction."

E A S T - I N D I E S.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman in India, dated at Calcutta, Jan. 10, 1754.

"Since my laſt I can give you a Piece of News which is authentic: We have had another ſmart Engagement in

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theſe Parts, and have put the French ſo entirely to the Rout, that I ſhould think that they will not be able to face us again; our Forces were inferior much to theirs, 9000 Europeans and Indians; and on their's 21000: The Want of Proviſions, and extreme hard Service in our Army, induced them to attack the French in their Trenches, and they have obtained a complete Victory, taking all their Artillery, conſiſting of eleven Pieces of Cannon, ſeveral Mortars, &c. all their Baggage, four or five hundred Europeans Priſoners, with the Officers of the Day, the General being gone to make a Viſit to the neigbouring Nabob. In the Bazar or Market, was great Plenty of all Manner of Refreſhments, which was of the greateſt Conſequence. The Number of Killed and Wounded on our Side was inconſiderable; as to their's I can not give any Account, the Letter I received from one of the Officers being wrote in ſo great a Hurry, that he does not mention any Particulars, but the French themſelves were ſo ſecure of Victory, that they had poſted a Party of Horſe to oppoſe our Retreat; and a Report was ſpread, that they were ordered to give no Quarters."

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

They write from Edinburgh, that the Ship the Prince of Wales, from Greenland, has brought Home a very great Curioſity, viz. the entire Head and Horn of a Sea-Unicorn; the Horn is about ſeven Feet long, beautifully wreathed and twiſted. This great Rarity is depoſited in the Royal Infirmary. This Animal was found floating on the Sea, the Body moſtly conſumed by the Sharks.

It is the Opinion of the moſt knowing of the Moderns, that there is no ſuch Thing as a Land Unicorn, though thoſe that write about it, tell us wonderful Stories of it; ſuch as that it is mightily fond of chaſte Perſons; and therefore in order to take it, a Virgin is placed in its Way, whom, when the Unicorn ſpies, he lies down by, and lays his Head in her Lap, and ſo falls aſleep; upon which the Virgin making a Signal, the Hunters come in and take the Beaſt.-----Some ſay it reſembles a Horſe, others an Aſs, others

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thers a Goat by its Beard; others an Elephant, others a Rhinoceros, &c.

At the last Sessions at the Old Baily, at the Opening of the Court, a Motion was made that the Court should contract with another Person instead of Mr. Stewart, (who is present Contractor for the Transportation of Felons) to carry Elizabeth Canning to America; and, Mr. Stewart in Court consenting to wave his Contract, the Motion was granted, (on a Division, as we are informed,) the present Contractor being to transport her to some of his Majesty's Colonies in America, according to the Sentence, under the usual Penalty.

The Aldermen that appeared at the Old Baily, in Favour of Elizabeth Canning, were Sir *Robert Ladbroke*, Sir *Joseph Hankey*, Alderman *Alsop*, Alderman *Alexander*, Alderman *Scott*, Alderman *Fludyer*.

On the second of July the Town of Hindon, in Wilts, about fourteen Miles from Salisbury, was almost entirely burnt down. It began at Mr. John Tyler's, Cutler, and was occasioned by the Sparks flying from the Forge upon the Thatch, which set it on Fire; The Wind being high, and the Houses mostly thatched, it soon laid hold of Mr. Day's Malt-house adjoining. From thence the Wind shifting, the Flames were driven to the opposite Side of the Way, and burnt down eighty Houses: The Wind turning, the Fire was renewed to the same Side, and burnt down sixty. One Person perished in the Flames. There were thirteen Publick Houses destroyed out of fourteen. The Inhabitants are reduced to great Extremities.

Prices of STOCKS.

Bank Stock 133 ⅜ to ½ India Ditto, no Price. South Sea Stock, Books shut. Three ½ half per Cent. Old Annuities 1st Sub. 105 ⅜ to ½. Ditto 2d Sub. 104 ½. Ditto New 1st Sub. Books shut. Ditto 2d Sub. Books shut. Three ½ half Bank Annuities 1st Sub. 105 ⅜ to ½. Ditto 2d Sub. 104 1 qr. to ½. Ditto India Annuities, 103 3 qrs. to ¾. Three per Cent Bank Annuities, Books shut. Ditto 1751, 102 ½ half to ⅝. Ditto India Annuities, 102 ⅞. Bank Circulation, 3l. 12s. 6d. Prem. India Bonds, 6l. 7s. Prem.

PRICES of GOODS at the Corn Exchange in Mark-Lane.

Wheat	23 to 28s. per Quarter.	Pale Malt	20 to 23s. per Qr.
Barley	12 to 15s.	Pease	22. to 30s.
Rye	17 to 17s. 6d.	Beans	18 to 20s.
Oats	12 to 15s.	Tares	20 to 25s.
Brown Malt	18 to 20s.	Hemp Seed, West Country,	24s.

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Directions for the Cultivation of Flax, wrote by an underſtanding Man, who lived long in Holland, *where Flax is managed in the beſt Manner.*

THE Soil for Flax muſt be fat:-------Upon this depends the Quality of the Grain, together with the Number and Strength of the Stalks. In ſome Countries, however, they prefer a light and warm Soil: The Flax which this produces yields a fair, finer, and ſofter Thread; but the Harveſt is indifferent, and the Seeds degenerate from the firſt or ſecond Year.----The *Dutch*, whoſe flouriſhing Trade evinces their Dexterity in this Particular, ſow very little Flax in the Province of *Holland*, becauſe the Soil of it is poor; but in *Zealand*, where the Land is extremely fat, and moiſt enough, they reap that which they employ in the Manufactures. The Linſeed which they rear in that Province is ſold dearer, and much more eſteemed, than that which is brought from the *Baltic*.

A Soil, ſuitable as above, being fixed upon, we are directed to give it a Year's Fallow, to manure it well; but to be careful if Dung be what we beſtow upon it, that it be thoroughly rotted, the better to prevent Weeds, which do more Injury to Flax than to moſt other Grain: We are alſo to beſtow upon it four Tilths before we commit the Seed to the Ground.

As Flax requires a competent Moiſture, but is ruin'd by too much, we are recommended to follow the Induſtry of the *Zealanders*. With them it is diſpoſed into uniform Beds, ſeparated by ſmall Ditches; the Beds being from fifty to ſixty Feet broad, and the Ditches about two or three Feet deep, and a Foot and an half broad. This Diſpoſition maintains a ſuitable Degree of Moiſture in the Ground: The Breadth and Uniformity of the Beds keep them in a Condition to retain Water enough to ſecure them from Drought; and the Ditches ſunk at proper Diſtances, diſcharge the Superfluity in Time of exceſſive Rains. In Soils, however, tolerably light and dry, we may ſpare ourſelves theſe Pains; for the *Flemings* are ſo much perſuaded

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ſuaded of the Neceſſity there is for a certain Degree of Moiſture to the Flax, that in their light and dry Grounds they make no Ditches at all; but uſually make the Surface of the Field very even and uniform, that it may the longer retain the Rain-water.

The Seed we are to make Choice of ſhould be ſhort, roundiſh, firm, oily, heavy, of a ſhining or clear brown Colour. And as Linſeed is particularly apt to degenerate ſoon, let the Soil on which it is produced be never ſo ſtrong, it is proper to change the Seed, and the more often the better: to ſow in ſtrong Ground the Seed which is gathered from a light Soil, and to commit to a light Soil what has been produced in a ſtrong one. To prevent, however, ſome Miſtakes which a ſervile Compliance with this Rule may occaſion, we are to obſerve, that the ſmalleſt Difference in the Nature of the Soil is ſufficient to hinder the Seed from degenerating. The Quantity of Seed ſown upon any Field has a great Influence upon the Crop. If we ſow a ſmaller Quantity than the Field is able to bear, the whole will profit by that Deficiency; the Stalks will be ſtrong and the Seed excellent. If the Seed be ſown thicker, the Flax will produce a finer Thread, the Harveſt will be more plenteous, but the Seed will be of an inferior Quality. The *Dutch* and *Flemings* employ about three or four Buſhels *per* Acre: But this we are to regulate by the *Condition* of our Soil, allowing *more* Seed to a *ſtrong* than a *light* one.

Linſeed muſt be ſown in mild, dry Weather: And may be committed to the Ground in the Month of *March*, if the Seaſon be favourable. Being thus early ſown, it will be ripe at the End of *June*, or the Beginning of *July* at fartheſt. Thus the Farmer will be Time enough for a Crop of Turnips to ſucceed the Flax upon the ſame Ground. Care muſt be taken to ſow the Seed even; to harrow it well in, and to roll it. When the Blade is two Inches high, we are to begin to weed, and may continue that Operation till it riſes to five.

It is bad Huſbandry to pull the Flax before it be thorough ripe. The *Flemings*, whoſe Experience may be depended upon, leave it growing as long as poſſible, on Purpoſe to have

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have a finer Thread; and that they may have it as ripe as it can be, for their Manufactures of Linen or Lace, they often run the Riſk of loſing the Seed, which eaſily eſcapes. When the Flax begins to be yellow, or rather to approach a Citron-colour, it is uſually Time to reap it. In *Holland*, the Flax, being pulled, is laid ſoftly upon the Ground in large Handfuls; and ſeveral Handfuls are put one over another, until the Heap is a Foot and a half high. Care muſt always be taken to lay the Heads towards the South: For the Flax being thus diſpoſed, continues to receive from the Sun the Degree of Maturity it may want, and is ſecured from the Rain if any ſhould fall. But this Diſpoſition is only obſerved when the Weather is uncertain; for when it is dry, they content themſelves with ſpreading the Flax by Handfulls upon the Field, that it may be the ſooner ready to carry off. If the Seaſon is favourable, twelve or fourteen Days are ſufficient to make it perfectly dry; but when the Weather is wet, they are ſometimes obliged to leave the Flax in little Heaps, for the Space of eighteen or twenty Days. In Countries expoſed to high Winds, it is made into Bottles that ſtand on End, expoſed to the Sun, in order to be aired and dried. The *Dutch* and *Flemiſh* ſhell it as ſoon as it is brought from the Field.

Flax is eaſily lodged by the Wind and Rain, to prevent which the beſt Way is, not to ſow it too thick; for tho' the Flax does not, by this Management, yield ſo fine a Thread, yet the Stalks riſe ſtrong enough to ſupport themſelves.

Aſpiring after GOD.

WHEN wilt thou ſpeak, and tell me thou art mine?
O how I long to hear that Word divine!
When that tranſporting Sound ſhall bleſs my Ear,
Fly ſullen Grief, and ev'ry mortal Care;

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Fly Days, and Hours, and meaſur'd Time, with ſpeed,
And let the bleſt Eternity ſucceed!
'Till then the rolling Orbs my Love ſhall hear,
And let the whole Creation lend an Ear.
Witneſs, ye cryſtal Streams, that murm'ring flow,
For you the Secret of my Paſſion know;
Ye Fields, ye Glades, and ev'ry ſhady Grove,
The ſweet Retirements, and Delights of Love,
I call you all to witneſs to my Flame,
For you have learnt the dear inſpiring Name;
In gentle Echo's you have oft reply'd,
And in ſoft Breezes through the Valleys ſigh'd;
The Valleys, moſſy Caves, and open Lawn,
The ſilent Ev'ning, and the chearful Dawn;
Thou Moon, and ev'ry fair conſpicuous Star,
Whoſe ſilver Rays the Midnight Horrors chear;
And thou bright Lamp of Day, ſhall Witneſs prove,
To the perpetual Fervour of my Love.
To Heav'n and Earth my Tongue has oft confeſt,
And Heav'n and Earth my Ardor can atteſt.
Angels, for you the ſolemn Truth can tell,
And ev'ry pious Midnight Sigh reveal;
You feel the Warmth of this celeſtial Flame,
And bleſs, with me, the dear tranſporting Name;
Be Witneſs that my raptur'd Vows aſpire,
To the high Theme of your immortal Lyre.

Man's Dependence *on his* Creator.

THRO' all the various ſhifting Scene
Of Life's miſtaken Ill or Good,
The Hand of God conducts, unſeen,
The beautiful Viciſſitude.

He portions with paternal Care,
Howe'er unjuſtly we complain,
To each their neceſſary Share
Of Joy and Sorrow, Health and Pain.

Truſt

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Truſt we to Youth, or Friends, or Pow'r,
Fix we our Foot on Fortune's Ball,
When moſt ſecure, the coming Hour,
If he ſees fit, may blaſt them all.

When loweſt ſunk with Grief and Shame,
Gorg'd with Affliction's deepeſt Cup,
Loſt to Relations, Friends and Fame,
His powerful Arm can raiſe thee up.

Before his Throne the Poor, oppreſt
With ſland'rous Rage, acquitted ſtand;
He guides the Exile to his Reſt,
And Country, in a foreign Land.

His pow'rful Conſolations cheer,
His Smiles erect th' afflicted Head,
His Hand can wipe away the Tear,
That ſecret wets the widow'd Bed.

All Things on Earth, and all in Heav'n,
On his eternal Will depend;
And all for greater Good were giv'n,
Would Man purſue th' appointed End.

This be my Care: To all beſide
Indifferent let my Wiſhes be;
Paſſion be calm, and dumb be Pride,
And fix'd my Soul, my God, on Thee.

The GOOSE *and the* SWANS:

A *FABLE.*

To an AFFECTED LADY.

I HATE the Face, however fair,
That carries an affected Air;
The liſping Tone, the Shape conſtrain'd,
The ſtudy'd Look, the Paſſion feign'd,

Are

Are Fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they ſtrive to mend.
With what ſuperior Grace enchants
The Face, which Nature's Pencil paints!
Where Eyes, unexercis'd in Art,
Glow with the Meaning of the Heart!
Where Freedom, and Good-humour ſit,
And eaſy Gaiety, and Wit!
Tho' perfect Beauty be not there,
The Maſter Lines, the finiſh'd Air,
We catch from ev'ry Look Delight,
And grow enamour'd at the Sight;
For Beauty, tho' we all approve,
Excites our Wonder, more than Love,
While the Agreeable ſtrikes ſure,
And gives the Wounds, we cannot cure.
Why then, my *Amoret*, this Care,
That forms you, in Effect, leſs fair?
If Nature on your Cheek beſtows
A Bloom, that emulates the Roſe,
Or from ſome heav'nly Image drew
A Form, *Apelles* never knew,
Your ill-judg'd Aid will you impart,
And ſpoil by meretricious Art?
Or had you, Nature's Error, come
Abortive from the Mother's Womb,
Your forming Care ſhe ſtill rejects,
Which only heightens her Defects.
When ſuch, of glitt'ring Jewels proud,
Still preſs the foremoſt in the Croud,
At ev'ry public Shew are ſeen,
With Look awry, and aukward Mein,
The gaudy Dreſs attracts the Eye,
And magnifies Deformity.
Nature may underdo her Part,
But ſeldom wants the Help of Art;
Truſt her, ſhe is your ſureſt Friend,
Nor made your Form for you to mend.

A Gooſe,

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A Gooſe, affected, empty, vain,
The ſhrilleſt of the cackling Train,
With proud, and elevated Creſt,
Precedence claim'd above the reſt.
Says ſhe, I laugh at human Race,
Who ſay, Geeſe hobble in their Pace;
Look here!-----the ſland'rous Lie detect;
Not haughty Man is ſo erect.
That Peacock yonder! Lord, how vain
The Creature's of his gaudy Train!
If both were ſtript, I'd pawn my Word,
A Gooſe would be the finer Bird.
Nature, to hide her own Defects,
Her bungled Work with Fin'ry decks;
Were Geeſe ſet off with half that Show,
Would Men admire the Peacock? No.
Thus vaunting, croſs the Mead ſhe ſtalks,
The cackling Breed attend her Walks;
The Sun ſhot down his Noon-tide Beams,
The Swans were ſporting in the Streams;
Their ſnowy Plumes, and ſtately Pride
Provok'd her Spleen. Why there ſhe cry'd,
Again, what Arrogance we ſee!------
Thoſe Creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall ev'ry Fowl the Waters ſkim,
Becauſe we Geeſe are known to ſwim?
Humility they ſoon ſhall learn,
And their own Emptineſs diſcern.
So ſaying, with extended Wings,
Lightly upon the Wave ſhe ſprings;
Her Boſom ſwells, ſhe ſpreads her Plumes,
And the Swan's ſtately Creſt aſſumes.
Contempt, and Mockery enſu'd,
And Burſts of Laughter ſhook the Flood.
A Swan, ſuperior to the reſt,
Sprung forth, and thus the Fool addreſs'd.
Conceited Thing, elate with Pride!
Thy Affectation all deride;

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Theſe Airs thy Aukwardneſs impart,
And ſhew thee plainly, as thou art.
Among thy Equals of the Flock,
Thou hadſt eſcap'd the public Mock,
And as thy Parts to Good conduce,
Been deem'd an honeſt, hobbling Gooſe.
Learn hence, to ſtudy Wiſdom's Rules;
Know, Foppery's the Pride of Fools;
And ſtriving Nature to conceal,
You only her Defects reveal.

Of the different Kinds of Manure for making Land fruitful, continued from Page 393.

BLOOD. It is not a little ſurprizing that People ſhould ſo much neglect this, which is one of the principal Species of Manure. The Nature of Blood, which is replete with Salts, Oils, and Spirits, ought to have demonſtrated how proper it was to fertilize the Earth. Every judicious Farmer will, therefore, take Care not to loſe one ſingle Drop of that which is taken from the Beaſts; and even furniſh himſelf with as much as he can procure from the Shambles, fully perſuaded that this ſmall Trouble will requite him an hundred-fold, by the Fruitfulneſs of the Land upon which it is ſprinkled.

The Earth of Conflagrations and Furnaces. By this Earth are underſtood the Aſhes and Rubbiſh that remain after a Conflagration or Fire, as well as thoſe of old demoliſhed Furnaces. The Earth will be the better the more it contains of burnt Straw, and the more it is mixed with Clay, becauſe the ſoft Salts of theſe Matters will blunt the pungent Salts of the Wood.

The Dirt of Streets. The Goodneſs of this Manure conſiſts in its being fat, well brayed, diluted, and mixed with Abundance

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Abundance of Animal Dung, and Sweepings thrown from Houſes, abounding with Things which have the Virtue of Dung. It ought not, however, to be uſed until ſome Time after it hath been collected, when it is thoroughly rotten; and in order to accelerate its Preparation, it ſhould be ſtirred from Time to Time.

Soot contains a very volatile Salt, and agrees beſt with Onions; but with Regard to other Vegetables, it ought not to be uſed without great Caution, on Account of its Acrimony.

Salt-Petre or Nitre, and common Salt. We might here amply expatiate upon the Article of Salt-Petre and common Salt; and we may likewiſe reſtrict ourſelves to a few Words. This laſt is the Method we ſhall chooſe, contenting ourſelves with obſerving that Nitre and Salt are the moſt efficacious Principles of Vegetation, and that in them only conſiſts the Virtue of all the Dung that is uſed: Wherefore, all Matter impregnated with theſe Salts, is proper for fertilizing the Earth.

Scraped Earth, or what is collected in Yards when they are cleaned after Rain. It is laid in Heaps, and left ſome Time to rot; then being carried to the leaneſt Land, it is beaten, and in tilling put under Ground. This Manure is ſo vigorous, as to fatten the Earth for ſeveral Years.

Plaiſter and Rubbiſh of old Houſes. This Matter is univerſally thrown away, as abſolutely uſeleſs, into Places where it can turn to no Account: Nevertheleſs, a prudent Farmer will obſerve, that after the Bricks, Tiles and Stones are taken away, what remains will be uſeful, as it is a Mixture of Lime and Clay, which hath received the Impreſſions of the Air, and the Exhalations of the Earth, during a long Series of Years; without reckoning the Wood, Straw, and other rotten Matters, which are always found in ſuch Places.

Fragments of Slate and Lye Aſhes. When Ground that is too fat, wants to be lightened, a better Method cannot be taken, than to ſprinkle it with powdered Slate or Lye Aſhes, which ſeparate the Clods of Earth, and give them Air, that, penetrating into their interior Parts, ſets in Motion, and heats the Salts and Oil with which they are replete.

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Putrified Animals. Every Body knows what Benefit Trees receive from Animals that are buried at their Roots. This is an approved Remedy for their Diſtempers and Barrenneſs.

All putrified Subſtances. Putrefaction is the Operation by which Nature diſſolves one Body for the Formation of another; it is therefore eaſy to conceive, that every Thing which is putrified, muſt favour Vegetation; and it is unneceſſary to inſiſt further upon the Subject.

Urine is full of Salt and Spirit; but they are ſo ſtrong and ſharp, that they burn every Thing when the Urine is employed by itſelf; it is therefore convenient to mix and ſoften it with Rain Water, and then it becomes an excellent Manure.

Wine Lees. Of all Vegetables there is none more abundantly impregnated with the ſolar Virtue, than the Vine; therefore, the Lees which the Wine depoſits in the Caſk, cannot but be replete with vigorous Salts and Spirits: But Care muſt be taken, in covering Ground with them, that their moſt ſubtile and volatile Parts do not eſcape.

Currier Lye, &c. To this Lye muſt be added all that comes from Tan-works, Fulling-mills, Dyers Vats, and Manufactures of Wooll, as well as all the Waſte in dreſſing Hides, Hair and Horns of Animals, and Leather-works. All that belongs to the Animal Reign is precious in itſelf, on Account of the Salts with which it abounds; and theſe good Qualities are augmented by the Oil and Fat uſed in preparing the greateſt Part of it, or in keeping the Leather in Repair. That old Leather, therefore, which is uſually thrown away, ought to be carefully preſerved; and whether ſcattered upon the Land, after having been cut in ſmall Pieces, or ſteeped and rotted in all Sorts of greaſy and dirty Water, ſuch as Diſh-waſhings, Soap Suds, &c. kept for enriching the Ground, the wonderful Effects of it will ſoon appear.

Potters Earth is uſually employed on ſandy Grounds, and ſuch as retain no Water: It binds the Earth, and enables it to bear.

Pit.

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Pit Coal being replete with Sulphur and Oil, Sea-Sand and Sea-Weed, which abounds with Salts, and all Sorts of ſaline and oily Matter in general, always form an advantageous Manure; for theſe Salts and Oils conſtitute all that is uſeful in the ordinary Kinds of Dung.

Publick Tranſactions in EUROPE ſince our laſt, continued from Page 400.

DURING her Imperial Majeſty's Reſidence at Moſcow, ſeveral conſiderable Improvements have been made to her Palace at Peterſhoff. The old Apartments have been enlarged, and ſeveral new ones added, which are furniſhed with great Magnificence. The Gardens have likewiſe been adorned with ſeveral additional Statues by the greateſt Maſters in Italy.

According to the laſt Advices from Abo, the Swediſh Commiſſaries cannot yet agree with thoſe of Ruſſia about certain Diſtricts in the Dutchy of Finland, which are claimed by both Courts.

We hear that the Interview of thoſe two Princes the Elector of Manheim and Mentz has occaſioned ſome important Conferences between them, from which there is Reaſon to hope ſome favourable Effect in future Affairs of the Empire.

On Wedneſday the 3d of July her Neapolitan Majeſty was ſafely delivered of a Princeſs. Though ſome Progreſs has been made in the Negociation of the Treaty of Peace between the Court of Naples and that of Great Britain, there are ſome Difficulties left ſtill with Regard to the collecting of the Duties which are to be paid upon Engliſh Commodities in the ſeveral Ports of that Kingdom; but we hope they will ſoon be removed.

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There has lately been handed about a Plan of a Treaty of Confederacy between ſeveral Princes in Italy, for the Preſervation of Peace in that Part of Europe; and ſome People go ſo far as to inſinuate, that this Plan has already been the Foundation of ſome Propoſals which have been made. We cannot abſolutely ſay that it is authentick, though, from ſeveral Parts of it, it might be looked upon to be ſo, the Plan for uniting the different Princes being calculated very wiſely for preventing freſh Diſturbances, and the bad Conſequences which might ariſe from claſhing Intereſts. The Treaty lately concluded between the Imperial Court and the Duke of Modena ſeems to have given the Hint for the Foundation of this Plan.

We hear from Liſbon, that the commercial Difficulties between the King of Portugal and Great Britain are ſettled to the mutual Satisfaction of both Nations, to which the prudent Conduct of M. Caſtres, the Britiſh Miniſter, has not a little contributed.

The Court of Spain has equipped ſeveral Veſſels in the Ports of that Kingdom, and ſent them away ſucceſſively to America, where they are to be employed as Guarda Coſtas. A grand Council has been held at Court on ſome important Diſpatches received from Vienna. The Imperial and Britiſh Miniſters have alſo had Conferences with M. Wall. The Diſpatches that occaſioned the ſaid Council and Conferences, ſeemed to have turned on the State of Affairs at the Courts of Naples and Turin. On the 22d ult. at Night, M. de la Enſenada was by Order of his Catholic Majeſty arreſted, and ſent under a Guard to Granada; and at the ſame Time M. Hordennana, chief Secretary to M. de la Enſenada, was alſo arreſted, and ſent under a Guard to Valadolid.

On Wedneſday, July 24, died at Verſailles, the Marquis de St. Conteſt, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and grand Maſter of the Ceremonies. And on Sunday his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty was pleaſed to appoint M. de Rouille, Secretary for the Marine, to ſucceed M. de St. Conteſt in both thoſe Employments; M. de Machault to ſucceed M. de Rouille in the Department of the Marine; and M. de

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de Sechelles, to be Coptroller-General of the Finances, in the room of M. de Machault. The Parliament have received their Letters de Rappel, and are by his Majeſty's Orders to aſſemble at Paris the latter End of this Month. The Parliament's Return being decided, the Royal Chamber, which exerciſed its Functions, will ſoon be diſſolved: The Letters Patents for this Purpoſe have already been ſigned at Compeigne. All the Sentences and Decrees pronounced by that Chamber are to remain in full Force, it being previouſly ſtipulated, that the Parliament, after its Return, ſhall not alter nor repeal them. In Conſequence of the Return of the Parliament, the Royal Chamber is ordered to be ſuppreſſed, and the neceſſary Letters Patent are preparing for that Purpoſe, but all their Decrees are to remain irrevocable.

We are informed by a Letter from Paris, dated Auguſt 1, that lately the following unhappy Affair happened in the Neighbourhood of la Port de Paris: A young Man coming there, to anſwer a Charge brought againſt him by a Girl, ſtabbed her in the Throat with a Knife, and afterwards went into another Room and ſtabbed himſelf in ſeveral Places with the ſame Knife, in ſuch a Manner, that he died on the Spot, but the Girl is yet alive.---Letters de Cachet are every Day diſpatching to the ſeveral Places where the Parliament has been baniſhed, in order to recall the Members, who were all to re-aſſemble there on the 20th, or, at fartheſt, on the 25th of Auguſt.

It is aſſured, that the Spaniſh Miniſtry will uſe their utmoſt Endeavours to diſlodge the Engliſh from the Fort which they are erecting upon the Muſketo Coaſt, and that ſome Men of War which are now in the Bays of Campeachy and Honduras, will be ſent upon this Expedition.

We hear from Poſnania, that great Havock has been lately made by the Locuſts in the Neighbourhood of Biala. They write from ſeveral Places in Upper Poland, that the heavy Rains which have fallen lately, have occaſioned moſt of the Rivers to overflow, which has done great Damage to the Country.

Letters from Hildeſheim inform us that a Fire broke out on the 26th paſt at Emmerke, a Village about a League from

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from thence, which in a ſhort Time burnt down the whole Place, except the Church and about fifteen Houſes, and has reduced the Inhabitants to ſuch Diſtreſs, that moſt of them will be obliged to beg their Bread.

Letters from Genoa adviſe, that the Director of the Poſt Office of that City is gone off with 500,000 Livres, and has taken his Rout to Venice and Raguſa, in order, it is ſaid, to go to Smyrna, where he is to be joined with two Ships which he freighted ſome Time ſince.

They ſpare no Pains or Expence at preſent in France to encourage the Arts of Clock and Watch-making, laying it down as a certain Maxim, that if their Artiſts can once reach Perfection, they will ſoon draw to themſelves all the Advantages that can poſſibly reſult from it as a Trade.

Letters from Elſineur, dated the 27th of July, give an Account, that three Days before, his Daniſh Majeſty diſſolved the Daniſh Weſt-India Company, by taking the Colony into his own Hands, allowing a free Trade to every Body; the Conditions and Time of taking Place are not yet known.

Letters from Charles Town in South Carolina, dated the 4th of June, ſay, that a barbarous Murder had been committed upon Capt. William Curtis, Maſter of the Hopewell, bound for Annapolis, by four of his Ship's Company: After the Perpetration of the Murder, they pirattically carried the Ship and Cargo near to a Place called Caper's Iſland, upon that Coaſt, there left her, and made their Eſcapes. A Vice Court of Admiralty is ſoon to be held, for condemning the ſaid Hopewell and her Cargo, unleſs Proof appears to the contrary before the ſaid Court.

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

It is reported by Perſons of Credit, that an Alliance between this Kingdom and Spain has been lately concluded, in Regard to Commerce.

By a Letter from Nottingham we learn, that the Rains lately fallen in that County, and the adjacent ones of Leiceſterſhire,

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ceſterſhire, Derbyſhire, and Lincolnſhire, have been exceſſive, and that the Floods occaſioned thereby exceed any Thing of the Kind remembered for many Years paſt. Our Correſpondent adds, that the Damage ſuſtained in the Hay and Corn, on this Account, in the above Counties, is computed at upwards of 50,000 l.

They write from Walton in Suffolk, that they had ſuch a violent Storm of Hail and Rain, attended with Thunder and Lightening, on the 28th of July laſt, between Six and Seven in the Evening, as has not been known before: The Hail Stones in general were as large as Pigeons Eggs, in various Shapes, and jagged like broken Pieces of Ice. It has done conſiderable Damage, eſpecially in the Corn Fields, where the Wheat is almoſt half beat out, the Barley Ears lie as if cut off with a Scythe; Oats, &c. have ſuffered greatly, and the Turnips are all waſhed away, ſo that the Ground muſt be ſown again: Several have had all the Glaſs in their Windows broke, that there is ſcarce a whole Quarry remaining; and the Fruits in the Gardens are entirely ſpoiled. The Damage done by the Storm, is computed to near 500 l. Where the Hail fell ſo very thick, was about a Mile in Length, and half a Mile in Breadth. It ſeems to have fallen down with a Whirlwind, like a Tornado, and not to have ſpread itſelf.

Some Time ſince, one Sarah Robinſon was committed to the New Gaol, Southwark, by William Clark, Eſq; for farther Examination, touching a violent Aſſault made upon her Huſband, and giving him ſeveral Wounds with a Caſe Knife in the Face, and one almoſt through his Windpipe, by which his Life is in great Danger. When before the Magiſtrate, ſhe declared ſhe was ſorry ſhe had not cut his Head off.

Captain Vear was lately attacked in St. George's Fields by two Footpads, armed with Cutlaſſes, who, notwithſtanding he made a ſtout Reſiſtance, robbed him of three Half Guineas and ſome Silver; the Captain was wounded in the Knee and Arm, and carried in a Coach to Lloyd's Coffee-Houſe, where his Wounds were dreſſed.

A few

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A few Days ſince, one Mr. Biſield going over Putney Heath in a ſingle Horſe Chaiſe, was robbed by a Footpad as he was going in a gentle Manner up the Hill from the Turnpike; he was looking over the Park Wall, and the Fellow jumped into the Chaiſe, and preſented a Piſtol to his Breaſt, demanding his Money, on which the Gentleman put his Hand in his Pocket and offered it him; there was ſome Silver, and a Guinea in Gold; he took the Guinea and left the Silver; he likewiſe took his Watch, which was Silver.

We hear from Cambridge, that the Hon. Mr. Frederick Cavendiſh, Fellow Commoner of Peter Houſe, had the Misfortune, in reaching out of his Window to look at ſomething in the Court, to fall down and fracture his Skull in ſo dangerous a Manner, that there is little Hope of his Recovery.

A few Days ſince, as a Man and his Wife were coming to London on the Road on this Side of St. Albans, two Farmers Men laid hold of the Woman, and the Huſband making Reſiſtance, they knocked him down, broke one of his Legs, and otherways very much abuſed him, ſo that his Life is in Danger, and afterwards brutally raviſhed his Wife; one of them, however, was taken and committed to Hertford Gaol, the other made his Eſcape.

We hear that a few Days ago Sir John Ligonier had the Misfortune to have a Fall in his Garden at Cobham, by which Means he broke one of his Ribs.

A Preſentation has paſſed the Seal, to enable the Rev. Samuel Marks, B. A. to hold the Rectory and Pariſh Church of St. Michael le Coombe, in the County of Cornwall and Dioceſe of Exeter, lately vacant by the Ceſſion of the laſt Incumbent, worth upwards of 130 l. per Annum.

Prices of STOCKS.

Bank Stock 134. India Ditto, 183 ¼. South Sea Stock, 117 ⅞. Three 1 half per Cent. Old Annuities 1ſt Sub. 106 to ¼. Ditto 2d Sub. 104 3 qrs. to ⅞. Ditto New 1ſt Sub. 105. Ditto 2d Sub. 104. Three 1 half Bank Annuities 1ſt Sub. 106 ¼. Ditto 2d Sub. 104 3 qrs. to ⅞. Ditto India Annuities, 104 ¼ to ½ Three per Cent Bank Annuities, 104. Ditto 1751, 103 ¼. Ditto India Annuities, 103 3 qrs. Bank Circulation, 3l. 17s. 6d. Prem. India Bonds, 6l. 9s. to 10s. Prem.

PRICES of GOODS at the Corn Exchange in Mark-Lane.

Wheat	25 to 28s. per Quarter.	Pale Malt	22 to 23s. 6d. per Qr.
Barley	14 to 16s. 6d.	Peaſe	24s.
Rye	16 to 17s. 6d.	Beans	19 to 21s.
Oats	11 to 15s.	Tares	25s.
Brown Malt	20 to 21s.	Hemp Seed, Weſt Country,	24s.

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An ODE on the Morning.

ARise my Soul, survey the Morn
And purple Beauties of the Dawn,
In Order as they shine;
The Herbs that with the Dew Drops glow,
The Grass, the Shrubs, the Flow'rets, show
Their Maker all divine.

Hark how the warbling feather'd Throng
Now tune their soft melodious Song
From every leafy Spray;
The Black-bird here with mellow Throat,
And there the Thrush with softer Note,
In Concert pour the Lay.

Do thou, my Soul, responsive join,
Ambitious of a Theme divine,
And sing thy Maker's Praise;
Unnumber'd Objects he supplies
For Contemplation's wond'ring Eyes,
And all the Muses Lays.

JEHOVAH, thy all-forming Hand
The World produc'd at thy Command,
That World shall melt away;
Soon the Arch-Angel's Trump shall sound,
The starting Dead shall cleave the Ground,
And Graves admit the Day.

But yonder glitt'ring Orbs of Light
That now distinguish Morn from Night,
No more shall shed their Rays;
Then shall break forth a Beam divine,
And then the Light himself shall shine
In one eternal Blaze.

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Againſt DRUNKENNESS.

I.

IS it not ſtrange that every Creature
Should know the Meaſure of its Thirſt,
(They drink but to ſupport their Nature,
And give due Moiſture to their Duſt;)

II.

While Man, vile Man, whoſe nobler Kind
Should ſcorn to act beneath the Beaſt,
Drowns all the Glories of his Mind,
And kills his Soul to pleaſe his Taſte!

III.

O! what a hateful, ſhameful Sight,
Are Drunkards reeling through the Street!
Now they are fond, and now they fight,
And pour their Shame on all they meet.

IV.

Is it ſo exquiſite a Pleaſure
To troll down Liquor through the Throat,
And ſwill, and know no Bound nor Meaſure,
'Till Senſe and Reaſon are forgot?

V.

Do they deſerve th' immortal Name
Of *Man*, who ſink ſo far below?
Will GOD, the Maker of their Frame,
Endure to ſee them ſpoil it ſo?

VI.

Can they e'er think of Heaven and Grace,
Or hope for Glory when they die?
Can ſuch vile Ghoſts expect a Place
Among the ſhining Souls on high?

VII.

The meaneſt Seat is too refin'd
To entertain a Drunkard there.
Ye Sinners of this loathſome Kind,
Repent, or periſh in Deſpair.

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The ELEPHANT *and the* BOOKSELLER,

A FABLE.

THE Man, who with undaunted Toils
Sails unknown Seas to unknown Soils,
With various Wonders feaſts his Sight:
What ſtranger Wonders does he write!
We read, and in Deſcription view
Creatures which *Adam* never knew;
For, when we riſk no Contradiction,
It prompts the Tongue to deal in Fiction.
Thoſe Things that ſtartle me or you,
I grant are ſtrange; yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For Science and for Senſe renown'd?
Borri records their Strength of Parts,
Extent of Thought, and Skill in Arts;
How they perform the Law's Decrees,
And ſave the State the Hangman's Fees,
And how by Travel underſtand
The Language of another Land.
Let thoſe, who queſtion this Report,
To *Pliny*'s ancient Page reſort.
How learn'd was that ſagacious Breed!
Who now (like them) the *Greek* can read!
As one of theſe, in Days of Yore,
Rummag'd a Shop of Learning o'er,
Not like our modern Dealers, minding
Only the Margin's Breadth and Binding;
A Book his curious Eye detains,
Where, with exacteſt Care and Pains,
Were ev'ry Beaſt and Bird portray'd,
That e'er the Search of Man ſurvey'd.
Their Natures and their Powers were writ
With all the Pride of Human Wit;
The Page he with Attention ſpread,
And thus remark'd on what he read.
Man with ſtrong Reaſon is endow'd;
A Beaſt ſcarce Inſtinct is allow'd:

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But let this Author's Worth be try'd,
'Tis plain that neither was his Guide.
Can he diſcern the diff'rent Natures,
And weigh the Pow'r of other Creatures,
Who by the partial Work hath ſhown
He knows ſo little of his own?
How falſly is the Spaniel drawn!
Did Man from him firſt learn to fawn?
A Dog proficient in the Trade!
He, the chief Flatt'rer Nature made!
Go, Man, the Ways of Courts diſcern,
You'll find a Spaniel ſtill might learn.
How can the Fox's Theft and Plunder
Provoke his Cenſure, or his Wonder?
From Courtiers Tricks, and Lawyers Arts,
The Fox might well improve his Parts.
The Lion, Wolf, and Tiger's Brood
He curſes, for their Thirſt of Blood;
But is not Man to Man a Prey?
Beaſts kill for Hunger, Men for Pay.
The Bookſeller, who heard him ſpeak,
And ſaw him turn a Page of *Greek*,
Thought, what a Genius have I found!
Then thus addreſt with Bow profound.
Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your Pen
Againſt the ſenſeleſs Sons of Men,
Or write the Hiſtory of *Siam*,
No Man is better Pay than I am;
Or, ſince you're learn'd in *Greek*, let's ſee
Something againſt the Trinity.
When wrinkling with a Sneer his Trunk
Friend, quoth the Elephant, you're drunk;
E'en keep your Money, and be wiſe;
Leave Man to Man to criticiſe,
For that you ne'er can want a Pen
Among the ſenſeleſs Sons of Men,
They unprovok'd will court the Fray,
Envy's a ſharper Spur than Pay,
No Author ever ſpar'd a Brother,
Wits are Game-Cocks to one another.

An

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An Account of the great Glass-Works *in* France, *and of the Method of making all Sorts of Glass.*

TOWARDS the End of the last Century, the *French* made a great Improvement in the Glass Manufacture, by inventing a Method to cast very large Plates, till then unknown, and scarce practised yet by any but themselves and the *English*. The Invention is owing to the Sieur *Abraham Thevart*, who first proposed it to the Court of *France* in 1688, where he met with the Encouragement he deserv'd. The chief, if not the only Manufactory of this Kind in *France*, is at the Castle of *St. Gobin*, three Leagues from *Laon*, where the Number of Furnaces, Forges, Work-Houses for Smiths, Carpenters, *&c.* together with Apartments for these and other Workmen employed about the Glass, appear more like a Town than a Manufactory.

The Melting-Furnaces used in this Manufacture, are of a vast Size, and those for annealing the Glasses when formed, are still larger. Round a Melting-Furnace there are at least twenty-four annealing Furnaces or Ovens, which are called *Carquasses*, each having two Tissarts or Apertures to throw in Fuel, and two Chimnies; and besides these, there are Furnaces for making Frit, † and calcining old Pieces of Glass. The Inside of the Furnaces is made of a Sort of Earth

† This Name is given to the Matter or Ingredients whereof Glass is to be made, when calcined or baked in a Glass Furnace, after which they are more readily melted and turned into Glass. The Materials used in the Composition of Glass, are Salt and Sand or Stone. The Salt is of the fixed Kind, such as will not evaporate with the most intense Heat; and is procured chiefly from the Ashes of a Plant called *Kali*, *Glass-Weed*, or *Salt-Wort*, which grows plentifully in *Ægypt* and *Syria*, and also on the Coasts of *Provence* and *Languedoc*. The Salt extracted from the Ashes of a Species of *Kali*, growing about *Alicant* in *Spain*, is reckoned the best, and is used in making the Plate-Glass here described. The Ashes of Fern also yield a Salt that makes excellent Glass; and those of Bean-Stalks, Coleworts, Brambles, Rushes, and many other Plants, may be used for the same Purpose.—As to Stone, the other Ingredient in Glass,

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Earth that is able to ſuſtain the Action of the Fire, and the Melting-Pots and Ciſterns are made of the ſame. Theſe Pots are as big as Hogſheads, containing above two thouſand Weight of Metal; ſo the Workmen call the melted Matter of which the Glaſſes are formed. The Ciſterns are much ſmaller, and ſerve for the Conveyance of the liquid Glaſs, which is taken out of the Pots, to the Caſting-Table. Such is the Violence of the Fire, that the Furnaces are repaired every ſix Months, and ſeldom laſt longer than three Years, being then rebuilt from Top to Bottom.---When the Furnace is heated to a proper Degree, they fill the Pots with Materials, which is done at ſeveral Times to facilitate the Fuſion; and when the Matter is melted, ſettled, and refined, which is commonly in four and twenty Hours, they fill the Ciſterns with it in the ſame Furnace, where they let them remain about ſix Hours longer, till they appear all white with the exceſſive Heat. By Means of Pullies, and a large Iron Chain, the Ciſterns are raiſed out of the Furnace, and placed upon a Sort of Carriage, whereby they are conducted to the Table where the Glaſs is to be run. This Table or Mould is of Pot-Metal, about nine Feet long, and broad in Proportion, having Iron Rims or Rulers on the Edges of it, which being moveable, ſo as to be ſet cloſer or further apart at Pleaſure, determine the Width of the Glaſſes. Upon theſe Rulers reſt the Extremities of a Braſs Roller, by Means of which the burning Liquid, when pour'd upon the Table from the Ciſtern, is equally ſpread from one End to the other, and rendered of an uniform Thickneſs. When the Glaſs is come to a proper Conſiſtence, they ſhove it off into the annealing Furnace, and ſo continue caſting other

Glaſs, the beſt is that which will eaſily melt, is white, and tranſparent; and this is found principally in *Italy*, being a Sort of Marble, called *Tarſo*. Nothing indeed makes finer and clearer Glaſs than Flint, but it is ſeldom uſed, becauſe of the Charge of preparing it. The Preparation neceſſary for Stone is to calcine, powder, and ſift it; but where proper Stone cannot be had, Sand is uſed, which is to be well waſhed, and needs no other Preparation. Our Glaſs-Houſes are furniſhed with white Sand for their Cryſtal Glaſſes from *Maidſtone*, and with a coarſer Sand for green Glaſs from *Woolwich*.

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other Plates till the Pots of Metal are exhauſted; removing the Table from one annealing Furnace to another, as faſt as they are filled, where the Plates remain ten Days or longer, and by the gradual Decreaſe of the Heat, they are equally conſolidated in every Part. It is really ſurprizing to behold with what Quickneſs and Addreſs the Workmen go through this dangerous Buſineſs, how they raiſe the Ciſterns full of flaming Matter out of the Furnace, convey them to the Table, pour out the fiery Torrent, ſpread the Glaſs, *&c.* In ſhort, the whole is inconceiveable to ſuch as have not been Eye-Witneſſes of this wonderful Manufacture.

Their Manner of heating the Furnaces is ſo ſingular, that it deſerves to be mentioned. The Perſon employed in doing it, runs round the Furnace as faſt as he is able, throwing into each Aperture, as he goes along, a Billet or Piece of Wood cut for that Purpoſe; and this Courſe he continues for a certain Number of Hours, at the End of which he is relieved by another. This conſtant and regular Supply of Fuel keeps the Furnace to a proper Degree of Heat, which is ſuch, that a large Bar of Iron laid at one of its Mouths, becomes red-hot in leſs than half a Minute.---It is computed that one of the Melting-Furnaces, before it is fit to run Glaſs, coſts above three thouſand five hundred Pounds, that three Months are required to repair it, and ſix at leaſt to build it anew, and that when a Pot of Metal burſts in the Furnace, the Loſs of Matter and Time is more than two hundred and fifty Pounds.

The Manner of blowing *Round Glaſs*, under which Name is comprehended our Drinking Glaſſes, Bottles, Bowls, and other Veſſels, is as follows:

When the Matter contained in the Melting-Pots is ſufficiently vitrified, the Operator takes his Blowing-Iron, which is a hollow Tube about two Feet and a half long, dips it into the Pot, and there turns it round; by which Means the Metal ſticks to the Iron, like a glutinous or clammy Juice. For each Glaſs or Veſſel he dips four Times, and at each Dip rolls the End of his Inſtrument, to which the Glaſs adheres, on a Piece of Iron placed over a Veſſel of Water, the Coolneſs

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Coolneſs whereof more readily conſolidates the Glaſs, and diſpoſes it to bind the better with the Matter taken out by the next Dip of the Inſtrument. Having taken up Matter enough by theſe Dippings, the Workman begins to blow gently through the Iron, by which he raiſes or lengthens it much like the blowing up a Bladder; and to give it a Poliſh, he rolls it to and fro on a ſmooth Stone or Marble. This done, he blows a ſecond Time, and forms the Bunch or Belly of the Veſſel, the Matter aſſuming the Figure of a Gourd, twelve or eighteen Inches in Diameter. The Blowing is repeated as often as the Operator thinks neceſſary; and in order to lengthen and cool the Glaſs, he frequently whirls the Iron round his Head. When the Veſſel is blown into this Form, it is ſometimes returned to the Fire, where it flattens a little of itſelf; after which it is taken out and cooled, and if the Deſign requires it, the Workman flats its Bottom by preſſing it on the Marble, or moulds it in the Stamp-Irons. To diſengage the Veſſel from the Inſtrument, they drop ſome cold Water on the Collet or Neck, which is the narrow Part that cleaves to the Iron; and this making a ſmall Crack, the Fracture by a ſlight Blow is communicated quite round the Collet. This done, they dip an Iron Rod in the Melting-Pot, and with the Matter that ſticks to it, they apply and faſten it to the Bottom of the Veſſel, which thus ſuſtained is carried to the great Bocca or Aperture of the Furnace to be heated, where it is left to the Care of another Perſon, whilſt the former Operator reſts and prepares himſelf for the Branching. To branch or make the Bowl, they thruſt in an Iron Inſtrument, and the Aperture thereby made is widened by a ſecond, which is turned about to give the Veſſel its proper Form. What is ſuperfluous they cut off with Shears; and when the Veſſel is thus opened, they carry it again to the great Bocca, where being ſufficiently heated a ſecond Time, the Workman puts a finiſhing Hand to the Bowl, by turning it with a circular Motion, which he increaſes in Proportion as the Bowl opens and enlarges. Nothing now remains but to place it in the Leer-Furnace to anneal and harden.

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As we are now speaking of Glass, it may not be amiss to take Notice of one of its most remarkable Properties, *viz.* its Ductility; for it may be drawn or spun out into long Threads, to a Degree of Fineness almost incredible. We have of them in the Plumes of Children's Caps, and divers other Works, much finer than any Hair, and which bend and wave with every Breath of Wind. In the spinning of Glass, two Operators are employed, one of whom holds the melted Metal over a Lamp, from which the other draws a Thread with a Hook, and having fastened it on the Rim of a Wheel, he turns it swiftly round, till he has spun out the Mass from whence the Thread is drawn. Thus this brittle Matter becomes surprizingly flexible, which is always in Proportion to its Fineness; and the Threads of Glass may be spun as small as that of a Silk-Worm, or even those of a Spider's Web.

From this Description, the Reader may form some Idea of the Manner of blowing Glass Vessels of different Kinds, but the Dexterity and Expedition with which the Work is performed, can only be conceived by seeing the Operation. It is really surprizing to observe, how the melted Matter obeys the Blast of the Artist; how it swells, spreads, and forms itself into a Bottle, a Bowl, a Cup, or other Vessel; how he turns it and twists it, makes it round as a Ball, or flat as a Wafer; how he cuts it with Scissars like a Piece of Cloth, and, in short, fashions it into a thousand pretty Fancies, or into convenient neat Vases for preserving Liquors, for which Purpose it serves better than the most precious Metals. The various Uses of Glass are almost innumerable, but one of the most common, and perhaps the most serviceable of all, is that of making Windows to our Houses. Instead of splitting Stone into thin *Lamina* or Plates, in order to render it transparent, as was the Practice of the Antients; instead of using Canvas or Linnen, which intercepts our View, and hinders the free Transmission of the Light; or instead of making Lattices, which leaves us exposed to the Cold, Wind, and Rain, how much more convenient is it (as an ingenious Author observes) to have Windows of Glass, which, though sufficiently dense and compact to defend us

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againſt the Inclemency of the Weather, are ſo pellucid as to tranſmit to us in the Middle of our Houſes the chearful Blaze of Day, without any Diminution of its Luſtre, and to lay open to our Sight the whole Proſpect of Nature!

Publick Tranſactions in EUROPE ſince our laſt, *continued from Page 416.*

THE Empreſs of Ruſſia, who uſed to go to Moſcow and back commonly in the Winter, when there is no other Method of travelling but on Sledges, went laſt Year in Summer in Coaches, and, as ſhe found this the moſt agreeable, has been pleaſed to ſignify her Intentions of going the ſame Way for the future. In order to render her Journey the more agreeable, her Imperial Majeſty has ordered Apartments to be built at certain Diſtances upon the Road, proper for the Reception of her Imperial Majeſty and all the Noblemen that attend her.

From Paris we are informed, that about the Beginning of September, ſome Muſqueteers were employed to carry to every Member of Parliament a Lettre de Cachet, which put off the Meeting of that Body till Wedneſday the 4th.

At the ſame Time the Counſellors of the Chatelet, who were detained in the Baſtile, were ſet at Liberty.

On the 4th, at Eight o'Clock in the Morning, the Parliament met conformable to the Orders of the King. When the Premier Preſident appeared, there was a loud Huzza. The Affluence of People was ſo great, that the Preſidents and Counſellors had great Difficulty to get through them. The Grand Chamber ſat till half an Hour after Twelve, during which Time the King's Declaration was read, and then the Court broke up without coming to any Determination thereupon.

On

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On the 6th the Chambers of the Parliament aſſembled at Eight o'Clock in the Morning, and ſat till Five o'Clock in the Evening. A great Crowd of People waited with Impatience in the grand Hall of the Palace, to know the Reſult of the Aſſembly. At length the Doors of the Grand Chambers opened, and the People rejoiced as ſoon as they ſaw the Premier Preſident appear ſmiling. It had been debated in this long Sitting, whether the King's Declaration ſhould be regiſtered; and it was at laſt agreed that it ſhould, with certain Modifications, and without acknowledging the Imputations which were contained in it: That a ſolemn Deputation ſhould be ſent to the King, to repreſent to his Majeſty, that his Parliament, in the Circumſtances they were, had only done in preferring for a Time publick Affairs to private, what the indiſpenſable Duties of their Station, and the Sacredneſs of their Oaths, required of them; that the Chambers ſacrificing their own Intereſt to that of the State, and the Welfare of the Subjects, will take upon them their ordinary Service.

The King's Declaration, and the Regiſtry of it, was publiſhed the Day following.

The Cardinals Rochefocault and Soubiſe, with the Archbiſhops of Paris and Narbonne, lately waited on his Majeſty at Choiſy le Roy, in order to know his Will concerning the Parliament and Clergy. The King anſwered, that he only deſired Peace among them, and that he would not hear any more of that Affair. When the King returned to Verſailles, they went again, and begged Leave to preſent a Remonſtrance at the King's Levee; but it was not granted; and his Majeſty anſwered, that he would give them Audience when he came from Chapel: Accordingly the Deputies waited in the long Gallery; and ſoon after the Cardinal Soubiſe had begun to read his Remonſtrance, his Majeſty ſtopped him ſhort, and told them he had given his Orders to his Parliament, which he hoped they would conform to; and then addreſſing himſelf to the Archbiſhop of Paris, deſired him to mind the Functions of his Charge, and to be more quiet for the future than he had been hitherto; and ſo diſmiſſed them.

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The Marquis Doria, who was ſome Time ſince appointed to ſucceed the Marquis Grimaldi, as the Republick of Genoa's Commiſſary General in Corſica, ſailed from thence on Tueſday the 6th ult. for that Iſland: He was accompanied with two Gallies, in which were a Number of Troops, ſent, by Order of this Republick, to reinforce the Garriſons of Baſtia, Calvi, and Ajaccio.

We are informed by our laſt Letters from Corſica, that the Malecontents, who had meditated a Deſign to beſiege Baſtia, finding it impoſſible to carry their Scheme into Execution, had retired to the Mountains with the greateſt Part of their Troops, from whence they frequently ſend Detachments into the Plains, to plunder the Houſes of all thoſe who ſeem to favour the Intereſt of the Genoeſe.

Before the Departure of their Imperial Majeſties to Moravia and Bohemia, the Marquis d'Azor, the Spaniſh Miniſter at the Court of Vienna, had a long Conference with Count Caunitz, to whom he intimated, that the Change in the Spaniſh Miniſtry, by the Diſpoſition of the Marquis de la Enſenada, would not in the leaſt alter the Sentiments of the King his Maſter, with Regard to the maintaining that good Harmony and Friendſhip which ſubſiſts between his Catholick Majeſty and the auguſt Houſe of Auſtria.

They write from Granada, that the Preſident of the Royal Chancery lately received a Packet from Madrid, containing an Order from the King of Spain to interrogate the Marquis de la Enſenada on the Articles laid to his Charge; which was accordingly done a few Days ago. The following are ſome of the Articles:

The Deficiencies that have been found in certain Parts of the Receipts, and in the Regiſters of the Royal Treaſury, ſince the Year 1750.

To verify the Employment of the Sums remitted to the Court's Treaſures in Foreign Parts; and whether the Application of thoſe Sums anſwered the Ends propoſed?

To give the neceſſary Eclairciſſements on the Miſreckoning that has been found in the Articles of Expence concerning the Marine and the Land Forces.

That

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That as the new Regulations made in the Commerce of the Indies, have not appeared profitable to the Monarchy, nor contributed to make Trade flouriſh at Home, he muſt likewiſe give proper Explanations on this Head.

The Monopoly of Wooll, and the exceſſive Price to which it has been raiſed to Foreigners, under Colour of keeping it at Home for the Manufactories of the Kingdom, is another Head of the Inquiry; as alſo the Engagements contracted with the Bankers of Italy, for the Court's Remittances to that Country, and for the Things purchaſed there at ſundry Times, either for Naval Armaments, or to make up Cargoes for the Weſt Indies.

The Marquis is likewiſe required to account for the Non-Execution of the Regulations made for the Encouragement of Tillage, and encreaſing the Herds and Flocks; as alſo for the Cauſe of the high Price of Corn drawn from the Royal Granaries in Times of Dearth.

There are ſeveral other Articles which are not fit for publick Inſpection, becauſe they are a Kind of State Myſteries, which muſt not tranſpire beyond the Cabinet.

The Marquis de la Enſenada has anſwered verbally to every Point; but as he could do it only in a ſummary Manner, he deſired Permiſſion to anſwer the ſame in Writing; and his Requeſt has been granted.

They write from Dublin, that lately a Beggarman preſſed very hard for Charity at a Houſe in James's-Street, and would not depart till ſome that were preſent laid Hands on him, and for Amuſement ſearched him for Money, and found in one Pocket 4 s. 11 d. in Braſs, and in the other Pocket 127 Engliſh Shillings in a Leather Purſe; the Money and he were delivered to the Care of the Governor of the Work-Houſe, who lodged him in Bridewell, and applied to the Lord Mayor for Authority to have him properly chaſtiſed.

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

We hear from Holburton, a Village near South Brent in Devon, that a Fire broke out in the Day-time, while all the People

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People of the Village, except three old Men, were at Harveſt; which burnt and conſumed thirteen Houſes before any Aſſiſtance could be had.

On Friday the 13th of September, Jane Aſhton, aged upwards of 66, was committed to the High Gaol of the City of Exon, charged on the Coroner's Inqueſt with poiſoning her Huſband, William Aſhton, of Buckland nigh Torrington in Devon, a Man more than fifty Years old, to whom ſhe had been married thirty Years, and has had five Children by him, one of which, a Daughter twenty-two Years old, is now living. The Poiſon is ſaid to have been given him in Bacon and Beans, which was prepared for his Dinner, and he died the next Day, to the Surprize of all his Neighbours, who ſuſpecting his Murder by the Wife's ſtrange and confuſed Behaviour, had the Body taken up and examined by three Surgeons: On opening the Stomach, a Quantity of Arſenick was found therein, which being given to a Cat, it ſoon killed it. On the Road to Exeter, ſhe told the Conſtable, it was not deſigned for her Huſband, but for a Landlady to whoſe Houſe he reſorted, and uſed to keep bad Company. Since ſhe has been in Gaol, ſhe behaves in the moſt hardened Manner; and on People's ſpeaking to her about this Fact, ſhe replied, What ſhe knows, ſhe'll keep to herſelf, for they can't force her to confeſs; ſometimes ſaying, *They may hang ma, or barn ma, but they can't barn ma Soul!* adding, that if it was not for one Word ſhe ſpoke, ſhe ſhould not have been ſent to Gaol.

We hear from Cowes in the Iſle of Wight, that one William Beaumont was lately taken up by the Officers of the Cuſtoms and Dragoons, for Smuggling, and ſent to the County Gaol at Wincheſter. This is the ſixteenth Perſon that hath been taken in that Iſle for Smuggling within a few Months.

The Algerines have taken off the Iſle of Rhodes a Malteſe Veſſel of twelve Guns, who defended herſelf for ſeveral Hours, and the Captain loſt one of his Arms in the Engagement.

The Phillis, Captain Holden, from Honduras for New-England, deeply laden, was met at Sea in great Diſtreſs, having

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having loſt her Rudder, and both Pumps at Work; and, not having been heard of ſince, is feared to be loſt.

A Chairman having a Quarrel lately with another Man in Brudenell-Mews, the lower End of Dover Street, the Wife of the latter brought down a Knife, and cut the Chairman in the Arm, Face, and other Parts of his Body, that 'tis thought he cannot live. He was immediately carried to St. George's Hoſpital.

Some Time ſince, as Mr. Matthew Price, Factor, of Ave-mary-lane, was croſſing from Clerkenwell Green to Cold-Bath-Square, between Ten and Eleven at Night, he was knocked down by five Ruffians at Hockley in the Hole, and robbed of nineteen Guineas, and received ſome Bruiſes.

The Speech of his Excellency *Horatio Sharpe*, Eſq; Governor and Commander in Chief in and over the Province of Maryland, to both Houſes of Aſſembly, on Wedneſday the 17th of July, 1754.

Gentlemen of the Upper and Lower Houſes of Aſſembly,

" THE Chearfulneſs with which you have attended every Buſineſs relative to the common Intereſt of theſe his Majeſty's Colonies, obviates every Doubt that I might entertain of any Exception being taken to my calling you together again ſo ſoon: And I flatter myſelf, that the preſent dangerous Situation of Affairs will not only evince the Neceſſity of it, at this Time, but engage you, without Heſitation, fully to comply with the Directions contained in the Earl of Holderneſſe's Letter.

" The Deſigns of the French muſt now be evident to every one: They have openly, in Violation of all Treaties, invaded his Majeſty's Territories, and committed the moſt violent Acts of Hoſtility, by attacking and entirely defeating the Virginian Troops under Colonel Waſhington.

" In this Emergency, the Hopes and Expectations of our Neighbours, whom in Duty, Honour, and Intereſt, we are engaged to ſupport and defend, are fixed upon us for Aſſiſtance; and what muſt the World think of our Conduct, or what Calamities may we not expect, if, from an unſeaſonable

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seasonable Parsimony, we coldly look on, while they are cut to Pieces? The boundless Ambition of the common Enemy, and the cruel Rage of their Savage Allies, now upon our Borders, flushed with Victory, indispensably require a vigorous and immediate Exertion of all our Powers, to check their Progress.

"The Indians, who are our Friends, likewise claim our Assistance: While their Warriors are in the Field with our Troops, their Women and Children are sent to us, to be protected and supported: This is the greatest Demonstration they can give of the Confidence they place in us. Nor can I doubt, but that at this critical Period, when the French are employing every Artifice to alienate their Affections from us, you will embrace so fair an Opportunity of firmly attaching them to our Interest, by taking Care to have their Wives and Children kindly and hospitably treated while they are obliged to stay with us, and implore our Protection.

"As our Settlements on the Frontiers must be the first exposed to the Inroads of the Enemy, I have ordered a Supply of Ammunition to Frederick County; and, with the Advice of his Lordship's Council of State, issued a Proclamation for the Militia to be put in the best Posture of Defence, that they may be prepared to act, in case of Necessity. And, by the same Advice, have, at the earnest Request of Colonel Innes, Commander in Chief of the North-Carolina Forces, granted him a Supply of Arms, which, considering the present Urgency of Affairs, could not have been denied."

Prices of STOCKS.

Bank Stock, Books shut. India Ditto, 187 ½. South Sea Stock, 117 ¾. Three ½ per Cent. Old Annuities 1st Sub. 105 ⅛ to ¼. Ditto 2d Sub. 104 ½. Ditto New 1st Sub. 104 ⅝. Ditto 2d Sub. 103 ¾. Three ½ Bank Annuities 1st Sub. 105 ⅛ to ¼. Ditto 2d Sub. 104 ⅜. Ditto India Annuities, Books shut. Three per Cent Bank Annuities, 103 ¾ to ⅞. Ditto 1751, 103. Ditto India Annuities, Books shut. Bank Circulation, 4l. 3s. Prem. India Bonds, 6l. 10s. to 12s. Prem.

PRICES of GOODS at the Corn Exchange in Mark-Lane.

Wheat	24 to 27s. per Quarter,	Pale Malt —	20 to 23s. od. per Qr.
Barley	12 to 15s. od.	Peafe —	20 to 22s.
Rye	16 to 17s. od.	Beans —	17 to 18s. 6d.
Oats	13 to 16s.	Tares —	20 to 25s.
Brown Malt	18 to 20s.	Hemp Seed, West Country,	

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Upon the Sight of a Skeleton.

I.

STAY, ſtart not at that Skeleton;
'Tis your own Picture which you ſhun:
Alive it did reſemble thee,
And thou when dead like that ſhall be.
Converſe with it, and you will ſay,
You cannot better ſpend the Day.
You little think how you'll admire
The Language of thoſe Bones and Wire.

II.

The Tongue is gone, but yet each Joint
Reads Lectures, and can ſpeak t' the Point:
When all your Moraliſts are read,
You'll find no Tutors like the Dead.

III.

If in Truth's Paths thoſe Feet have trod,
('Tis all one whether bare or ſhod;)
If us'd to travel to the Door
Of the Afflicted or the Poor;
Though to the Dance they were eſtrang'd,
And ne'er their own rude Motion chang'd,
Thoſe Feet, now wing'd, may upwards fly,
And tread the Palace of the Sky.

IV.

Thoſe Hands if ne'er with Murder ſtain'd,
Nor fill'd with Wealth unjuſtly gain'd;
Nor greedily all Honours graſp'd,
But to the poor Man's Cry unclaſp'd:
It matters not, if in the Mine
They delv'd, or did with Rubies ſhine.

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V.

Here grew the Lips; and in that Place,
Where now appears a vacant Space,
Was fix'd the Tongue: An Organ still
Employ'd extremely well or ill,
I know not if it could rebuke,
Or vers'd in Language of the Court;
But this I safely can aver,
That if it was no Flatterer,
If it traduc'd no Man's Repute,
But where it could not praise was mute;
If no false Promises it made,
If it sung Anthems, if it pray'd,
'Twas a blest Tongue, and will prevail,
When Wit and Eloquence shall fail.

VI.

If wise as *Socrates*, that Scull
Had ever been, 'tis now as dull
As *Midas*'; or if its Wit,
To that of *Midas* did submit,
'Tis now as full of Plot and Skill,
As is the Head of *Machiavel*:
Proud Laurels once might shade that Brow,
Where not so much as Hair grows now!

VII.

Prime Instances of Nature's Skill,
The Eyes did once those Hollows fill;
Were they quick-sighted, sparkling, clear,
As those of Hawks and Eagles are,
Or say, did they with Moisture swim,
Or were distorted, blear'd, and dim:
Yet if they were from Envy free,
Nor liv'd to gaze on Vanity,
If none with Scorn they did behold,
Nor with lascivious Glances rowl'd;

Those

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Thoſe Eyes, more bright and piercing grown,
Shall view the great Creator's Throne;
They ſhall behold the Inviſible,
And on eternal Glories dwell.

VIII.

See, not the leaſt Remains appear,
To ſhew where Nature plac'd the Ear,
Who knows if it were muſical,
Or could not judge of Sounds at all?
Yet if it were by Counſel bent,
To Caution and Reproof attent;
When the ſhrill Trump ſhall rouſe the Dead,
And others have their Sentence read,
That Ear ſhall with thoſe Sounds be bleſt,
Welcome and enter into Reſt.

Meditation in a Grove.

I.

SWEET Muſe, deſcend and bleſs the Shade,
And bleſs the Evening Grove;
Buſineſs, and Noiſe, and Day are fled,
And ev'ry Care, but Love.

II.

But hence, ye wanton Young and Fair,
Mine is a purer Flame;
No *Phillis* ſhall infect the Air,
With her unhallowed Name.

III.

JESUS has all my Powers poſſeſt,
My Hopes, my Fears, my Joys:
He, the dear Sovereign of my Breaſt,
Shall ſtill command my Voice.

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IV.

Some of the faireſt Choirs above
Shall flock around my Song,
With Joy to hear the Name they love
Sound from a mortal Tongue.

V.

His Charms ſhall make my Numbers flow,
And hold the falling Floods,
While Silence ſits on ev'ry Bough,
And bends the liſt'ning Woods.

VI.

I'll carve our Paſſion on the Bark,
And ev'ry wounded Tree
Shall drop and bear ſome myſtic Mark
That *JESUS* dy'd for me.

VII.

The Swains ſhall wonder when they read,
Inſcrib'd on all the Grove,
That Heaven itſelf came down, and bled
To win a Mortal's Love.

The beſt Manner of propagating Plants by Cuttings.

BY a Cutting, we mean a young tender Twig, of the laſt Growth, to be cut from a Plant, in order to make it ſtrike Root, by burying Part of it in the Earth, by which Way

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Way many Sorts of Plants may be increas'd; eſpecially thoſe whoſe Shoots are the moſt juicy, or ſucculent, or contain the moſt watry Juices: For ſuch Plants as are filled with a gummy or roſinous Sap, will rarely take Root from a Cutting.

When we find ſuch as are for our Turn, we muſt cut them from the Mother Plant, either in the Spring, juſt as the Sap is beginning to move in them, or elſe about Midſummer, when they have juſt finiſhed their firſt Shoot; always obſerving that they are tender. For an Example, we ſhall propoſe the Myrtle, whoſe Cuttings, at theſe Seaſons, are tender, and little inclining to be woody. The Cuttings of this Sort may be about four Inches long, becauſe there will be as many Buds in that Length of a Myrtle Shoot, as one may find in a Shoot of a Vine, and other ſuch like Plants of a Yard long; and the more Buds we bury, ſo many the more Roots we ſhall have, and the greater Number of Roots gather a greater Quantity of Nouriſhment; and, conſequently, the Buds above Ground will be better fed, and be more vigorous in their Growth. The Myrtle Cuttings will preſently ſtrike Root, if the Earth we plant them in be made very fine, and well clos'd about them, both by the Hand and by watering; but it muſt be obſerved, that the Leaves muſt be taken off with a Knife carefully, from that Part of the Cutting which is to be buried in the Ground, which, in a Myrtle Cutting of four Inches long, ſhould be near three Inches, that we may leave little more than an Inch above the Surface of the Earth.

In planting of Vine Cuttings, the *French* Way is better than the common Method practiſed by our *Engliſh* Gardeners. The *French* never plant Vine-Cuttings leſs than a Yard in Length, and then leave only two or three Buds out of the Ground, ſo that the firſt Shoots are always ſtrong. Their Way is to open a Trench about *October*, and ſet their Cuttings in it about a Foot diſtant from one another, and then fill in the Earth, and tread it down hard; of theſe Cuttings, perhaps nine or ten Buds of each may be buried only for making Roots; but in *England*, our Vine-Cuttings are ſeldom longer than a Foot, and, perhaps, not above two

or

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or three Buds of each are covered with the Earth; so that the first Shoots are weak, and will require several Years to gain Strength enough for bearing.

In making Cuttings also of Jessamin, and the Honeysuckle, whose Wood is tough and hard, it is the common Practice to let their Leaves drop before we prepare them for planting. In these the Buds stand wide asunder, and therefore their Cuttings should be of such a Length, that we may bury them a Foot in the Ground, at the least: But if we plant our Cuttings in the Summer, as soon as they have finished the first Shoot, they will answer our End much better; but then they must be well followed with Water, and be set in a shady Place: Or, to save that Trouble, we may open a Trench, and fill it with fresh Cow-dung, and, upon that lay three or four Inches of good sifted Mould; in this prepared Bed our Cuttings will prosper exceedingly, for the Cow-dung will keep them constantly moist, and keep the Air from them, and nourish them. It is also to be observed, that all hardy Ever-greens will do best from Cuttings, if we plant them about *October* or *November*, for then their Juices are in Motion. Again, we must remark, that when we collect Cuttings of those Plants which are very succulent, such as the several Sorts of Cerens, Ficoides, Sedums, *Indian* Figs, and such like, we must, in Proportion to the Succulency of such Cuttings, let them lie some Days exposed to the Sun before we plant them, that the wounded Parts may be thoroughly dry, for otherwise, their own Moisture mixing with the Moisture of the Earth, would rot them. The Time of making Cuttings of these is always when we find them inclinable to grow, which is at different Seasons, as the natural Springs of their several native Countries happen to fall out; for Plants of every Country in the World will always preserve their natural Time of shooting, wherever they happen to be stationed, The great Point to be considered in planting of Cuttings is, that we keep the Air from drying the Parts under Ground as much as possible; and, in such as are very succulent, to plant them rather upon the natural Earth than in Pots, for from the whole Body of the Earth there will exhale continually a Vapour gently

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gently moiſt, which will diſpoſe them for drawing Root; but in Pots we muſt be obliged to water them frequently, which often occaſions them to rot, and if we give them too little Water, then the Earth in the Pot will become ſo dry at particular Times, that the Cutting will be put aſide from the drawing of the Roots, though by the Moiſture it had at other Times it was diſpoſed to make Roots: For, according to the following Experiment, it is a continued gentle Diſtribution of Moiſture to a Cutting, which will occaſion it to ſtrike Root, and when it is once in that Method, if we ſuffer it to dry, the Intent of making Roots is ſtopt. The Experiment we mean is, that if we take a Branch of the Sedum Arboreſcens, or Tree Houſleek, and hang it up in the Houſe, we ſhall ſee it put out Roots when the Air comes to be of a certain Denſity or Thickneſs, and as ſoon as the Air becomes dry, and more rarified, theſe Roots become dry, and ſhrink away; but if we keep this Plant in ſome Place where the Air is continually moiſt, the Roots will be conſtantly growing as long as there is any Moiſture in the Plant; but the Head, or Top Bud of the Plant, will not grow at all, for that the Roots cannot draw Nouriſhment enough from the Air to feed it. What we have remarked concerning the planting of Cutttings of Ficoides, Geraniums, Cæreas, *Indian* Figs, Aloes, and ſuch like, in the natural Ground, has been experienced to be much the beſt Way; they will ſoon draw Root, and make good Plants, ſo that we may Pot them about the Middle of *Auguſt* of the ſame Summer, in order for the Green-houſe.

The LION *and the* CUB.

A FABLE.

HOW fond are Men of Rule and Place,
Who court it from the Mean and Baſe!

Theſe

Theſe cannot bear an Equal nigh,
But from ſuperior Merit fly;
They love the Cellar's vulgar Joke,
And loſe their Hours in Ale and Smoke;
There o'er ſome petty Club preſide,
So poor, ſo paltry is their Pride!
Nay, ev'n with Fools whole Nights will ſit,
In Hopes to be Supreme in Wit.
If theſe can read, to theſe I write,
To ſet their Worth in trueſt Light.

A Lion-Cub of ſordid Mind,
Avoided all the Lion Kind;
Fond of Applauſe, he ſought the Feaſts
Of vulgar and ignoble Beaſts,
With Aſſes all his Time he ſpent,
Their Clubs perpetual Preſident.
He caught their Manners, Looks and Airs:
An Aſs in every Thing, but Ears!
If e'er his Highneſs meant a Joke,
They grinn'd Applauſe before he ſpoke:
But at each Word what Shouts of Praiſe!
Good Gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with Flatt'ry and Conceit,
He ſeeks his royal Sire's Retreat;
Forward, and fond to ſhow his Parts,
His Higneſs brays, the Lion ſtarts.

Puppy, that curſt Vociferation
Betrays thy Life and Converſation;
Coxcombs, an ever noiſy Race,
Are Trumpets of their own Diſgrace.

Why ſo ſevere, the Cub replies?
Our Senate always held me wiſe.
How weak is Pride, returns the Sire,
All Fools are vain, when Fools admire!
But know, what ſtupid Aſſes prize,
Lions and noble Beaſts deſpiſe.

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Publick Tranſactions in Europe ſince our laſt, continued from Page 432.

THE King of Pruſſia has impoſed a Duty of one per Cent. on all the Merchandize tranſported through his Dominions into the Empire of Ruſſia, which will greatly affect their Traffick, eſpecially at the Time of the Fairs at Leipſick.

A furious Storm of Thunder, Lightening, and Hail, which lately happened in the Neighbourhood of Bonne in Germany, has done very conſiderable Damage on both Sides of the Rhine. The Hail beat off the Fruits of the Trees, and the Torrents of Rain, which tore up and carried away the Vines which the Hail ſpared, has ruined whole Vineyards for a long Time to come.

The General of the religious Orders in Spain, ſtunned with the late Injunction againſt admitting Novices into their Societies for ten Years to come, have applied to the Pope, to ſhorten the Time of the Prohibition; and on the other Hand, the King of Spain has demanded of his Holineſs, that all the Corn produced in the Eccleſiaſtick State, after Proviſion is made for the Subſiſtence of its Inhabitants, ſhall be for the future ſold to him; and that he be immediately ſupplied with Corn at a reaſonable Rate, to the Amount of 50000 Roubles.

A Commiſſary of the King of Spain's Dock Yards at Galicia has been carried Priſoner to that City, for having ſold to the Engliſh a large Quantity of Timber cut in the Mountains of Spain. Search is making for ſome other Commiſſaries, that have been guilty of the like Practices.

An Advice Boat lately arrived at Liſbon from Rio de Janeiro, with the bad News, that the Caſtle of St. Sebaſtian blew up lately, and Veſſels are ſoon to ſail with Ammunition and building Materials to ſupply ſo conſiderable a Loſs.

Preparations have for ſome Time been making at Warſaw, for holding the approaching general Diet, the opening of which was fixed for the 30th of September laſt; but the

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Diviſions among ſeveral of the Palatines of the Poliſh Kingdom give them great Reaſon to fear that this Aſſembly will not prove more ſucceſsful than the former.

We learn from Rome, that the Sea having again deſtroyed the Works that were begun for re-eſtabliſhing the Port of Anzio, it is at length determined to abandon that Deſign, the Undertakers finding that the Expences which will attend the keeping it afterwards in Repair, will far exceed the Advantages that are expected from it. Some Time ſince, the ordinary Courier who carries the Letters from Rome to Naples, was attacked by a Gang of Highwaymen between Terracine and Fondi, and robbed of a Caſket of Gold Watches and Snuff Boxes, ſent by a Banker of that City to his Correſpondent at Naples. We learn by Advices from the Sea Coaſt, that an Algerine Corſair, having landed ſome Men near Fiumicino, they had the Aſſurance to march almoſt up to the very Gates of the Town, being favoured by a thick Fog, and carried off ten Perſons into Slavery. We are informed by the laſt Diſpatches received at Genoa from the Marquis Doria, their new Commiſſary General in Corſica, that he has ſome Hopes the rebellious Subjects in that Iſland will in the End ſubmit to the Genoeſe Government, as the Appearances ſeem at preſent very favourable. They write likewiſe from Calvi in Corſica, that the new Genoeſe Commiſſary General in that Iſland has invited the Malecontents to ſend Deputies to treat on the Steps neceſſary to be taken in order to their Return to their Obedience. They write from Naples, that notwithſtanding the Pains taken by ſeveral of the Powers of Europe, and particularly by the Pope, to reconcile the Differences between that Court and the Order of Malta, that Affair ſeems very far from being brought ſpeedily to a Concluſion.

According to Advices from Florence, they apprehend there will be an abſolute Neceſſity for making a new Convention, in Contradiction to ſome Articles of the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle, in order to prevent new Troubles in Italy, ſince the King of the Two Sicilies (according to ſome Accounts) has declared, that he does not think himſelf bound to acquieſce in the Diſpoſitions of the ſaid Treaty, for the Reaſons

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Reaſons that have been already mentioned: And, purſuant to the invariable Plan of the Houſe of Bourbon, it is expected they will endeavour to make the Houſe of Auſtria a Loſer by ſuch new Arrangement of Convention, or elſe the latter muſt venture upon a new War.

They write from Hamburgh, that their Trade with the French Colonies is ſenſibly declined, becauſe the Sales of Sugar, Coffee, and Indigo, is greatly increaſed at Stetin, whither they are brought in Pruſſian Veſſels, directly from the Ports of France.

The King of Portugal has iſſued Orders for making a conſiderable Augmentation in his Forces by Land; and a Body of Troops will ſoon march towards his Frontiers. The Queen Dowager died the Beginning of this Month.

They have had, in the Morea, ſome Time ſince, a violent Shock of an Earthquake, which was felt all along that Coaſt, and nine populous Villages were ſwallowed up at Lepanto, and many Perſons and Cattle loſt.

We have an Account, that the King of the Agwhams has depoſed the new Sophi of Perſia, after a bloody Battle, wherein many were killed on both Sides.

They write from Conſtantinople, that ſince the Beginning of September that City has been viſited with divers terrible Shocks of an Earthquake, which ſtill continued when the laſt Advices came from thence. All the People were in the greateſt Conſternation imaginable. The Damage done by theſe Earthquakes is very conſiderable: All Things are in Confuſion; moſt of the Inhabitants have forſaken their Houſes, to ſeek Safety in the Country; the French and Dutch Ambaſſadors are gone to Terapia, a Town on the Canal, within three Leagues of Conſtantinople; and the other Foreign Miniſters have retired elſewhere.

Advices from Liſbon mention, that beſides the nine French Men of War that lately touched at Lagos, in order to take in Proviſions, another Squadron of eleven Ships of the ſame Nation has been ſeen off of Cape St. Vincent. Private Letters from Lagos import, that thoſe two Squadrons have Orders to join, but their Deſtination is not known.

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Letters from New-York ſay, that the Spaniards lately came by Land, to fall upon the Bay-Men in the Bay of Honduras, with three hundred Men; but one hundred only of the Inhabitants attacked and repulſed them, and killed and wounded a great many.

They write from Jamaica, that Don Juan Elanos, in a twenty-four Gun Ship, with a large Xebeck, both filled with diſciplined Soldiers, is ſailed from the Havannah for the Key Mugar, the Place of Rendezvous, where they are to meet Don Novoretta, the preſent Governor of Campeachy, with twenty Sail of Veſſels, ſuch as Brigs, Schooners, Sloops, *&c.* They alſo expect to be joined by a conſiderable Body from Rio Dolce, ſo as to make in the whole about two thouſand Men. From Key Mugar they were to proceed to extirpate all the Logwood Cutters, and to make a Settlement there themſelves; from thence to the Moſqueta Shore, to do the ſame at that Place.

Extract of a Letter from an Officer in the Virginian Troops that were defeated by the French, dated July 22.

" I ſuppoſe you have heard of the Engagement we have had with the French, and of our Defeat, before this; but I queſtion if you have heard a true Account of it, therefore I ſhall give it you as fully and truly as I can, having been an Eye-Witneſs to the whole.

July the third, at the Break of Day, we were alarmed by two Men coming up to one of our Centries placed in the Wood, who ſhot him in the Heel and fled off: They were ſo nigh him, that the Wadding was left in his Heel. We were immediately under Arms, and ſent out a ſmall Party to ſearch round the Camp, but they ſaw no Body. About an Hour after, four of our Indians who had been ſent out the Day before, came in a prodigious Hurry, and informed us that they had tracked a great Number of the Enemy into the Buſhes about fourteen Miles from us; they had gone ſo nigh to them, that they heard them talk. Upon this News we began to throw up Trenches round a Fort which

we

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we had in the Meadows, and ſent out the Indians again to ſee if the French were nigh. They returned in an Hour, running very faſt, and told us the Enemy was within half a Mile, marching down the Woods quite naked, which made us imagine they were all Indians. We were drawn up in Order of Battle immediately, reſerving only a Number to work at the Trenches, which we had got almoſt Breaſt high all round, when the Enemy entered the Meadows. Our Centry whom we had placed there fired at them, killed three, and retired to the Fort, the Enemy firing all the Way at him from the Woods, which they betook themſelves to as ſoon as they came. We marched up to take Poſſeſſion of the Wood oppoſite to the Fort, but one of our --------- who is now going to reſign, and had always ſhewn a good deal of Fear in any Danger, called out that the Enemy would take Poſſeſſion of the Fort, and immediately ordered the Men to the Right about, which they did directly, and fled to the Fort; the French firing at them all the Time, wounded a great many before they got thither. We immediately got our Trenches filled with Men, and began to fire from the Fort and Trenches with three Huzzas, which the Enemy returned with the Indian Halloo. The Engagement began at half an Hour after Ten in the Morning, and continued till Seven at Night without Intermiſſion, the Enemy firing cloſe at us from behind the Trees, and we from our Fort and Trenches. We had our Cannon fired one Round, which did great Execution among the Enemy; but our Gunner did not think it ſafe to ſtand another Round, but went into the Fort, and could not be perſuaded to fire at them again the whole Day. At Seven o'Clock the Enemy called a Parly, and offered us Terms of Capitulation; upon which we held a Council of War, and after conſidering our Circumſtances, that we had not Proviſions for two Days, that none of our Arms were fit for Service, as it rained ſo exceſſively all Day, and having a great Number of Men killed and wounded, we thought proper to accept of honourable Terms, and ſent Captain Van Braam to have Articles drawn at the French Camp, which were theſe, viz. That we were to deliver up the Fort by Day-break, and to

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be allowed to march out with our Drums beating and Colours flying, with our Arms and all our Stores, except the Cannon; that we were not to build any more, or take up Arms againſt his moſt Chriſtian Majeſty for the Space of a Year. Theſe Articles were ſigned by Colonel Waſhington and Captain Mackay; Mr. La Force was likewiſe to be delivered up in two Months and a half, with all his People. For the Performance of which, Hoſtages were demanded and granted, viz. Captains Stobe and Vanbraam. We marched out in the Morning with all our Stores, but the Indians ſoon took every Thing from us. We had eighty-ſix killed and wounded, and the French, by the trueſt Accounts I could get, one hundred and ſeventeen. They were far ſuperior to us in Number; they were ſeven hundred, beſides two hundred Indians, and we were only three hundred and fifty, and not above two thirds of theſe would engage. Among our Killed was Lieutenant Mercier of Captain Mackay's Company: We had about twenty-ſix killed; the Wounded were Captain Lewis, Mr. Peronie, Lieutenant Towers, and Mr. Lloyd, a Cadet of Mackay's Company. I would have wrote to you more fully, but as Mr. Splitdorf, by whom this comes, is juſt going off Expreſs, I am obliged to finiſh."

They write from Dublin, that not a Day paſſes without a Duel, nor without ſome Battles between the Commonalty, whereby many Lives are loſt. Eleven Butchers, four Conſtables, and nine Soldiers, died lately of the Wounds they received in theſe Squabbles. If the Mob ſecure a Conſtable, he receives no Quarter.

They write alſo from Dublin, that the late Biſhop of Cloyne, a little before his Death, ſent Mr. Falkner, the Printer, the following Caſe: "There is at preſent, while I am writing, a moſt remarkable Caſe here at Cloyne, of a poor Soldier in a Dropſy, whoſe Belly was ſwoln to a moſt immoderate Size. He ſaid he had been five Months in an Hoſpital at Dublin, and having tried other Methods in vain, left it to avoid being tapped. It is ſome Time ſince he came to Cloyne, during which he hath drank two Quarts of Tar-Water

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Tar-Water every Day. His Belly is now quite reduced; his Appetite and Sleep, which were gone, are reſtored; he gathers Strength every Moment; and he who was deſpaired of, ſeems to be quite out of Danger, both to himſelf and to all who ſee him. It is remarkable, that upon drinking the Tar-Water, he voided ſeveral Worms of a very extraordinary Size. This Medicine, which is obſerved to make ſome Perſons coſtive, is but one of ſeveral Inſtances, wherein the Dropſy hath been cured by Tar-Water, which I never knew to fail in any Species of that Malady."

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

A few Days ſince died Mr. Jacob Powell, of Stebbing in Eſſex, remarkable for his uncommon Bulk and Size. He approached the neareſt in Magnitude to the late famous Mr. Bright, of the ſame County, and weighed as much within a Trifle, his Weight being near 40 Stone, or 560 lb. His Body was upwards of five Yards in Circumference, and the reſt of his Limbs in Proportion, and he had ſixteen Men to carry him to his Grave. It is obſervable, that he and the ſaid Bright were the two largeſt Men recorded in Hiſtory, and both born in the ſaid County of Eſſex.

The Dublin Journal informs us, that, for the Honour of Ireland, Mr. Joſeph Ravell of Drogheda, has invented a Machine that will be of the greateſt Uſe in Aſtronomy, Surveying, Navigation, Gunnery, and ſeveral other Branches of the Mathematicks; for, from one Station, it ſhews the Diſtance of an Object within Sight, as accurately as if meaſured with a Chain on even Ground, and at the ſame Time ſhews the Elevation or Depreſſion thereof to a Second, as well as the Bearing. By it any one, who can multiply by two or three Figures, may, in a few Minutes, determine the exact Shape and Dimenſions of all the Sea Coaſt within Sight, from any eminent Station, to the greateſt Exactneſs; as alſo the Diſtance and Path-Way of a Ship at Sea, tho' her Tacks be ever ſo frequent, with her true Diſtance from any Rock, Iſland, or other Object at Sea, within Sight. He has

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has exhibited this Instrument, and demonstrated the Uses thereof by many Experiments to several Persons of Skill in Dublin.

Three Ship Carpenters are in the Custody of Mr. Carrington, one of his Majesty's Messengers in Jermyn-street, for illicit Practices; they have been since examined at the Cockpit.

It is said the Shipwrights were taken up by his Majesty's Messengers on Account of an Information being made that they had sent Models of our new-built Men of War Abroad.

A few Days ago a Woman near Greenwich, who had left her Child in the Cradle, while she went into a back Yard, when she came back, to her great Surprize, found a Sow in the Room, which had torn off the Child's Hand.

Some Time since a Fire broke out at Larling in Norfolk, which entirely consumed two Houses, and two Women were unfortunately burnt to Death in endeavouring to save their Furniture.

A melancholy Accident happened lately at the Seat of John Tuckfield, Esq; at Fullford in Devonshire. A Boy was sent to drive a Boar out of a Field, which turned upon him, and goared him with his Tusks, that, notwithstanding two Surgeons were sent for from Exeter, he died of his Wounds.

George Cornwall, Esq; who lately died at his House in Surry, hath by his Will left a Legacy of Two Hundred Pounds to the Foundling Hospital.

Prices of STOCKS.

Bank Stock, Books shut. India Ditto, 184 ½. South Sea Stock, 115 ½. Three per Cent. Old Annuities 1st Sub, Books shut. Ditto 2d Sub. Books shut. Ditto New 1st Sub. 102 ¼. Ditto 2d Sub. 101 ⅛. Three per Cent half Bank Annuities 1st Sub, Books shut. Ditto 2d Sub. Books shut. Ditto India Annuities, 100 ⅝ to ¼. Three per Cent Bank Annuities, 102. Ditto 1751, 101. Ditto India Annuities, 100 to ⅛. Bank Circulation, 4l. 5s. Prem. India Bonds, 5l. 2s. to 3s. Prem.

PRICES of GOODS at the Corn Exchange in Mark-Lane.

Wheat	23 to 27s. per Quarter.	Pale Malt —	21 to 23s. 6d. per Qr.
Barley	13 to 14s. 6d.	Peafe —	23 to 24s.
Rye	16 to 17s. 6d.	Beans —	20s.
Oats	12 to 14s. 6d.	Hemp Seed, Yorkshire,	18 to 19s.
Brown Malt	20s.	Ditto, West Country,	24s.

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An Addreſs to Atheiſts.

ATHEISTS no more diſown that GOD,
Whoſe Pow'r, is thus diffus'd abroad,
Rules Worlds to us unknown above,
Where glittering Orbs with Order move;
Suſtains by his o'er ruling Hand,
The beauteous Scenes of Sky and Land;
Inſtructs the flutt'ring Young to fly,
And all the Tenants of the Sky,
Whoſe ſoft melodious warbling Throats,
Point out a GOD in thouſand Notes.
No more prophane his Reverend Name,
Who wiſely made this ſpacious Frame,
From a confus'd and jumbled Heap;
Bounding the impetuous raging Deep.
Who out of Darkneſs call'd up Light,
Aſſigning Limits to the Night;
Diffuſed Heat through all the Plants;
Form'd various Inſects, Flies and Ants;
Spread a green Carpet o'er the Ground;
Whoſe ſplendid Works the Groves reſound;
Who ſits enthron'd in Realms of Light,
Where Angels pure, divinely bright,
And Saints admiring, guard his Throne,
And tune their Harps to CHRIST HIS SON.
'Tis to this univerſal Lord
All owe their Being: At whoſe Word,
When Night diſpels the falling Day,
Myriads of Orbs their Beams diſplay.
The ſcaly Tribe that ſkim the Sea,
The Whale, and all the inferior Spray,
By his Commiſſion cut the Main,
And ſport along the wat'ry Plain.
The Moon, whoſe faint and glimm'ring Light
Shines through the darkſome Shades of Night:

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And that bright Globe which rules the Day,
Thy great Commands great GOD obey.
What are we then compar'd to thee,
A Drop to the Immenſity
Of the Ocean, that ſurrounds the Earth,
Fix'd as its Limits at its Birth.
Days, Months, and Years that glide away
Swiftly, admitting no Delay;
Yea Ages, when they've took their Flight,
Seem but a Moment in thy Sight,
Thou wiſe, all-glorious, great Unknown!
Thou powerful Godhead, Three in one.
None can eſcape his ſearching Eye,
To all our Thoughts He's ever nigh.
When He his won'drous Works ſurvey'd,
He found all very good he'd made:
The ætherial Clouds and ſpangling Skies,
That veil his Brightneſs from our Eyes,
Declare himſelf of Pow'r divine,
In whom the brighteſt Glories ſhine.
His Footſtool is this lower Earth,
Whence Man himſelf deriv'd his Birth:
In all the Sons of *Adam*'s Race,
His wond'rous Footſteps we may trace;
The meaneſt Creatures here below,
The Pencil of that Artiſt ſhow.
Then to this GOD, what Tongue, what Art,
Sufficient Honour can impart?
Oh! 'tis beyond the Reach of Thought,
What no one yet e'er learn'd or taught!
O then deſiſt, no more abuſe
This powerful GOD; no more miſuſe
His Mercies, or his Grace refuſe.
Conſider his peculiar Care,
How he enumerates every Hair:
Obſerve his Goodneſs, and improve
His Favours, meditate his Love.
With deep Humility receive
His gracious Offers, and believe,

'Tis

'Tis that GREAT HE whom ye defy,
Who hurls his Thunder through the Sky;
Protects the Righteous, and imparts
His holy Will to humble Hearts.
But if ye ſtill will urge his Might,
Still in your impious Courſe delight,
Still under *Satan*'s Banner fight,
And ſtill his long Forbearance ſlight;
When all the Nations ſhall appear,
And wait their Sentence at his Bar,
CHRIST the juſt Judge, your awful GOD,
Will on ſuch Wretches pour a Load
Of endleſs Miſeries in Hell,
Where harden'd Souls muſt ever dwell.

The dying Chriſtian's Hope.

WHEN faint and ſinking to the Shades of Death,
I gaſp with Pain for ev'ry bubbling Breath;
O may my Soul by ſome bleſt Foretaſte know,
That ſhe's deliver'd from eternal Woe.
May Hope in Chriſt diſpel each gloomy Fear,
And Thoughts like theſe my drooping Spirits cheer.
What tho' my Sins are of a Crimſon Stain,
My Saviour's Blood can waſh me white again:
Tho' numerous as the twinkling Stars they be,
Or Sands along the Margin of the Sea,
Or as ſmooth Pebbles on ſome beachy Shore;
The Mercies of the Almighty ſtill are more.
He looks upon my Soul with pitying Eyes,
Sees all my Fears, and liſtens to my Cries:
He knows the Frailty of each human Breaſt,
What Paſſions our unguarded Hearts moleſt;
And for the Sake of his dear dying Son,
Will pardon all the Ills that I have done.
Arm'd with ſo bright a Hope, I ſhall not fear
To ſee my Death hourly approach more near.

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But my Faith ſtrength'ning as my Life decays,
My dying Breath ſhall mount to Heaven in Praiſe.

HYMN *on* SOLITUDE.

HAIL, ever-pleaſing Solitude!
Companion of the Wiſe, and Good!
But, from whoſe holy, piercing Eye,
The Herd of Fools, and Villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk!
And liſten to thy whiſper'd Talk;
Which Innocence, and Truth imparts,
And melts the moſt obdurate Hearts.
Thine is th'unbounded Breath of Morn,
Juſt as the Dew-bent Roſe is born;
And while meridian Fervors beat,
Thine is the Woodland's dumb Retreat;
But chief, when Evening Scenes decay,
And the faint Landſkip ſkims away,
Thine is the doubtful drear Decline,
And that beſt Hour of Muſing thine,

Deſcending Angels bleſs thy Train,
The Virtues of the Sage, and Swain;
Plain Innocence in white array'd,
And Contemplation rears the Head;
Religion, with her awful Brow,
And wrapp'd *Urania* waits on you.

Oh, let me pierce thy ſecret Cell!
And in thy deep Receſſes dwell;
For ever with thy Raptures fir'd,
For ever from the World retir'd.

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An ancient Author's Receipt to cure Sickneſs in Sheep, of what Kind ſoever it is.

IT is convenient (ſays he) for all Keepers of Sheep to have the following Medicine by them, as well in the Field as in the Houſe, to remedy any ſudden Sickneſs, and ſtay a Sheep alive till other Medicines can be got, eſpecially in the Fever, Pox, Rot, defective Lungs, or the like. It is (ſays he) excellent.----Take Penny-Royal, half a Handful, Scabious and Shepherd's-Purſe, a like Quantity; boil theſe, when you have bruiſed them well, in three Pints of ſmall Ale, and ſtrain out the liquid Part by hard ſqueezing and preſſing the Herbs; then put to it two Ounces of *London* Treacle, put it up in a Bottle and ſtop it cloſe, and give a Quarter of a Pint of this to any Sheep you ſee in Diſorder, and it will be of wonderful Uſe for their Preſervation, and reſtoring them to Health.

The moſt general Sickneſs in Sheep proceeds from a defective Stomach, which Shepherds in *Buckinghamſhire*, call Maw-ſick; when ſuch Sickneſs is in a great Degree, the Eyes of a Sheep will ſettle in its Head, it will groan much, and pine away, if not timely relieved; wherefore a Remedy that can quickly be got ready, muſt be *a-propos* in this Caſe: To this Purpoſe, take a Pint of new Milk, a Spoonful of Tar, and a Halfpennyworth of Honey; mix them together, and give it warm to a Sheep at twice.

The beſt Method of propagating Plants by Layers.

THE Directions we have given for raiſing of Plants by Cuttings, *Page* 437, may, in a great Meaſure ſerve for the raiſing of Plants by Layers; that is, we muſt take Care to bury Buds enough in the Ground when we make Layers, provided they are ſuch as are found upon a tender Shoot of the laſt Growth; but the old Wood of ſuch Plants, whoſe Subſtance is hard, ſuch as Oak, and the like, will

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will not make Roots, tho' we lay them many Years in the Ground. The Seaſon when we commonly make our Layers of Trees is in *September*, *October*, or *November*, becauſe they may have Time enough to be acquainted with the Earth before the Spring comes on; that is, that their gummy or roſinous Juices may be, by Degrees, impregnated with the watry Parts of the Earth, and, by that Means, facilitate their Change. It is a Practiſe among the Nurſerymen, to cut off the Heads of ſuch Trees as they deſign to increaſe by Layers, in order to make them produce young Shoots near the Ground, that they may be buried more eaſily in the Earth. Theſe Mother Plants they call Stoles; ſignifying a Shoot or Twig of a Tree ſprung from an old Stock. But whatever Layers we make from ſuch Twigs, muſt, when they are bent to the Ground, be carefully pinn'd down with hook'd Sticks, that when we have once fixed them they may not ſpring or ſtart from their Places. In making of Layers to be taken from the Stocks, and tranſplanted without loſing of Time, the beſt Way is to draw the Shoots of Plants through the Holes at the Bottom of Garden-Pots, and then filling the Pots with Earth, they will take Root in the Pots: But in the drawing ſuch Shoots through the Holes in the Pots, we muſt take Care, that we do not break off the Buds from the Shoots. Theſe Layers, when they have taken Root in the Pots, may be taken from the Mother-Tree, and, with all their Earth be turn'd out of the Pots, and ſet directly in a Place for bearing. Some Sorts, as Vines, for Example, will ſtrike Root in five or ſix Months: We may lay them in *November* or *December*, and we may cut them from the Vine when their Grapes are ripe; but ſome Sorts of Plants require to be buried 'till the ſecond Year before they take Root: And, indeed, Vines may be cut from the Mother Plant much ſooner, but then their Fruit will not be ſo perfectly good, as if we let them feed from the old Stock, 'till their Fruit is ripe, and then we may bring the whole Plant, with its Fruit, upon the Table, before we plant it in the natural Ground.

Remarkable

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Remarkable Inſtance of the Uncertainty of Human Judgment.

A Gentleman died poſſeſſed of a very conſiderable Fortune, which he left to his only Child, a Daughter, and appointed his Brother to be her Guardian, and Executor of his Will. The young Lady was then about 18; and if ſhe happen'd to die unmarried, or, if married, without Children, her Fortune was left to her Guardian and to his Heirs. As the Intereſt of the Uncle was now incompatible with the Life of the Niece, ſeveral other Relations hinted, that it would not be proper for them to live together. Whether they were willing to prevent any Occaſion of Slander againſt the Uncle, in Caſe of the young Lady's Death; whether they had any Apprehenſion of her being in Danger; or whether they were only diſcontented with the Father's Diſpoſition of his Fortune, and therefore propagated Rumours to the Prejudice of thoſe who poſſeſſed it, cannot be known; the Uncle, however, took his Niece to his Houſe near *Epping Foreſt*, and ſoon afterwards ſhe diſappeared.

Great Enquiry was made after her, and it appearing, that the Day ſhe was miſſing, ſhe went out with her Uncle into the Foreſt, and that he returned without her, he was taken into Cuſtody. A few Days afterwards he went through a long Examination, in which he acknowledged, that he went out with her, and pretended that ſhe found Means to loiter behind him as they were returning home; that he ſought her in the Foreſt as ſoon as he miſſed her, and that he knew not where ſhe was, or what was become of her. This Account was thought improbable, and his apparent Intereſt in the Death of his Ward, and perhaps the petulant Zeal of other Relations, concurred to raiſe and ſtrengthen Suſpicions againſt him, and he was detained in Cuſtody. Some new Circumſtances were every Day riſing againſt him. It was found, that the young Lady had been addreſſed by a neighbouring Gentleman, who had, a few Days before ſhe was miſſing, ſet out on a Journey to the North; and that ſhe had declared ſhe would marry him when he returned: That her Uncle

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Uncle had frequently expreſſed his Diſapprobation of the Match in very ſtrong Terms: That ſhe had often wept and reproached him with Unkindneſs and an Abuſe of his Power. A Woman was alſo produced, who ſwore, that on the Day the young Lady was miſſing, about eleven o'Clock in the Forenoon, ſhe was coming through the Foreſt, and heard a Woman's Voice expoſtulating with great Eagerneſs; upon which ſhe drew nearer the Place, and, before ſhe ſaw any Perſon, heard the ſame Voice ſay, *Don't kill me, Uncle, don't kill me*; upon which ſhe was greatly terrified, and immediately hearing the Report of a Fire-arm very near, ſhe made all the haſte ſhe could from the Spot, but could not reſt in her Mind, till ſhe had told what had happened.

Such was the general Impatience to puniſh a Man, who had murdered his Niece to inherit her Fortune, that upon this Evidence he was condemned and executed.

About 10 Days after the Execution the young Lady came home. It appeared, however, that what all the Witneſſes had ſworn was true, and the Fact was found to be thus circumſtanced:

The young Lady declared, that having previouſly agreed to go off with the Gentleman that courted her, he had given out, that he was going a Journey to the North; but that he waited concealed at a little Houſe near the Skirts of the Foreſt, till the Time appointed, which was the Day ſhe diſappeared. That he had Horſes ready for himſelf and her, and was attended by two Servants alſo on Horſeback. That as ſhe was walking with her Uncle, he reproached her with perſiſting in her Reſolution to marry a Man, of whom he diſapproved; and after much Altercation, ſhe ſaid with ſome Heat, *I have ſet my Heart upon it, and if I do not marry him it will be my Death*; *and don't kill me, Uncle, don't kill me*; that juſt as ſhe had pronounced theſe Words, ſhe heard a Fire-arm diſcharged very near her, at which ſhe ſtarted, and immediately afterwards ſaw a Man come forward from among the Trees, with a Wood Pigeon in his Hand, that he had juſt ſhot. That coming near the Place appointed for their Rendezvous, ſhe form'd a Pretence to let her Uncle go on before her, and her Suitor being waiting

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for her with a Horſe, ſhe mounted and immediately rode off. That inſtead of going into the North, they retired to a Houſe, in which he had taken Lodgings, near *Windſor*, where they were married the ſame Day; and in about a Week, went a Journey of Pleaſure to *France*, from whence when they returned, they firſt heard of the Misfortune which they had inadvertently brought upon their Uncle.

So uncertain is human Teſtimony, even when the Witneſſes are ſincere, and ſo neceſſary is a cool and diſpaſſionate Enquiry and Determination, with reſpect to Crimes that are enormous in the higheſt Degree, and committed with every poſſible Aggravation.

Publick Tranſactions in Europe ſince our laſt, continued from Page 448.

WE hear from Peterſbourg, that on the firſt of laſt Month the Grand Dutcheſs was happily brought to Bed of a Prince, the Birth of whom has cauſed great Joy to the Court.

On the ſecond of September about Ten o' Clock at Night they had a violent Shock of an Earthquake at Conſtantinople, which laſted about a Minute; though in other Parts it was thought longer. Its Direction was from the Eaſt, the Night was calm, and clear Moon-light. It has done conſiderable Damage. The famous Moſche of Sultan Mehemet, the firſt built in that City on the Conqueſt, has loſt ſeveral of its Cupolas. Seven Minarets or Steeples were thrown down, by which other Moſches and Houſes have ſuffered. Two of the ſeven Towers with ſome of the Walls are greatly damaged; as were all the Turrets, and many Parts of the Wall of that City. One great Khan totally deſtroyed, another rent and hurt; the Walls of the Priſon

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of Galata fell in; ſeveral of the weaker Houſes interſperſed in that City, are demoliſhed; and it is ſaid many Perſons loſt their Lives. At Twelve that Night, and Two in the Morning, the Shock was repeated leſs violent; and, to the 14th, at Three in the Morning, there has been daily ſeveral very ſenſible ones. It is reported that ſome Villages in Aſia have been deſtroyed; and that Nicomedia has greatly ſuffered. At or about the Time of the Earthquake, on the 14th in the Morning, a Fire happened near the Sultan's Palace near Beſigdaſh, which he inhabits, and conſumed a large Seraglio belonging to Parzade.

From Madrid they write that the King of *Spain* having approved the Infant Don Lewis's Reſignation of his Cardinal's Hat, and other eccleſiaſtical Dignities, and that Prince having deſired his Majeſty to obtain for him in Marriage the Infanta Donna Maria Anne, ſecond Daughter to the King of Portugal, the King has conſented to make the Demand of her, and has appointed the Duke de Montellano, a Grandee of Spain of the firſt Claſs, to execute this Commiſſion at the Court of Liſbon. This Nobleman is getting ready his Equipage accordingly, and he is to have a numerous Retinue, compoſed of young Noblemen and Gentlemen of the moſt diſtinguiſhed Families in Spain.

We are informed from Paris that the Chapter of Orleans perſiſting in their Refuſal to adminiſter the Sacraments, two Exempts of the Police are ſent from thence to ſeize upon the Temporalities of the Canons which made this Refuſal, with Orders to convoke a general Chapter to oblige them to adminiſter the Sacraments, and a Member of Parliament is to attend at this Chapter to give an Account of the Proceedings.---The Converſation of the Publick is very much engroſſed about an extraordinary Secret diſcovered by a Swiſs Phyſician, who, by Means of a certain Compoſition, pretends to preſerve Life without eating or drinking. At firſt this was looked upon as a Joke, but People are ſince of a different Opinion, becauſe, upon being ſent for to the Court, he not only aſſerted the Truth of his Secret, but offered to make an Experiment of it upon any Perſons who ſhould be pitched upon for that Purpoſe, and likewiſe to make one of the

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the Number himſelf. Accordingly ſome Soldiers were ſent to the Royal Hoſpital of Invalids, where they were confined and watched for fifteen Days, during which Time they had no Food, except a Doſe of Powder compoſed by this Phyſician, which he gave them in the Morning and at Night, diluted in Wine, Beer, or Water; and, at the Expiration of the fifteen Days, they appeared, as ſtrong, and in as perfect Health as at firſt. After this Experiment the Phyſician underwent the ſame Courſe himſelf, with the like Effect. Notwithſtanding theſe Proofs ſeveral ſuſpect ſome Deceit; and in order to come at a greater Certainty, more Experiments are ordered to be made upon Priſoners, &c. after which the Benefits that may accrue from this Diſcovery are to be enquired into.

From Germany they write that the Grievances which the Proteſtants ſuffer in the Dominions of the Empreſs Queen are to be laid before the Diet at the next Meeting. This Affair is likely to be carried on with great Vigour, the Miniſters of all the Proteſtant Courts having reſolved to intercede with the Court of Vienna on this Occaſion. The Miniſter of Brandebourg has lately intimated, that the King his Maſter will take the utmoſt Pains on this Account; and that if the Interceſſion of his Pruſſian Majeſty, and other Proteſtant Princes, do not produce the wiſhed for Effect, the Roman Catholicks eſtabliſhed in the Proteſtant States of the Empire, muſt not be ſurprized if they meet with the like ſevere Treatment, ſince the Refuſal to do Juſtice to the Proteſtants will fully authorize ſuch Reprizal.

A Letter from Amſterdam runs to this Effect: According to our laſt Advices from Aſia, Africa, and America, the Diſpute between the Engliſh and French, in all theſe Quarters of the World increaſe, and grow every Day more ſerious than other, how well ſoever the two Nations may ſeem to agree in Europe. The French Party in the other three Quarters appear to have the upper Hand, having found Means to get the Indian Nations in the Neighbourhood of the Engliſh Settlements, over to their Intereſt; and this is what gives Occaſion to Quarrels and Skirmiſhes between

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the two European Nations, who are thereby continually increaſing their Inveteracy the one to the other.

SCOTLAND,

From Edinburgh they write that lately was executed at Inverneſs, purſuant to his Sentence at laſt Circuit Court, John Shirvel, Soldier in General Wolfe's Regiment of Foot, for the barbarous Murder of his own Wife and Child. At the Place of Execution he behaved very penitently, and bade the Executioner not to be afraid, but do his Buſineſs with Courage, and not mangle his Arm, which was cut off, and fixed on the Gallows above him. He was afterwards hung in Chains.

DOMESTICK OCCURRENCES.

Lately came on in the Court of King's Bench, at Weſtminſter, the long expected Trial at Bar, wherein our Sovereign Lord the King (on the Behalf of the People of Richmond Park) is Plaintiff, and Deborah Burgeſs, Gate-keeper of Richmond Park, Defendant. The Counſel for the Crown are, Sir John Phillips, Bart. Mr. Alderman Richard Beckford, Mr. Starkey, Mr. Moreton, Mr. Parrott, Mr. Crowle, and two others. The Counſel againſt the Crown are, the Attorney and Sollicitor General, and ſeveral other of his Majeſty's Counſel learned in the Law. And the Trial ended late at Night; when the Jury, after withdrawing for about an Hour and a half, returned, and brought in the Defendant not guilty.

There was lately a grand Ball at St. James's. The King came into the Room ſoon after Nine o'Clock, when the Ball was opened. His Majeſty withdrew ſoon after Eleven, and the Prince of Wales and Prince Edward continued dancing Country Dances till near Twelve, when the Ball ended. The Quality, eſpecially the Ladies, made a moſt brilliant Appearance, the Dreſſes being as rich as Art could invent, and chiefly of Britiſh Manufacture. The Right Hon. the Lord

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Lord Mayor was there, and received ſome very high Compliments.

Orders are ſent to the Searchers of the Sea Ports in the County of Kent, to be very ſtrict in examining all Paſſengers of mean Degree, that go to France; it being diſcovered that many Men, eſpecially Natives of Ireland, daily embark to enliſt themſelves in the Service of the French King.

Stephen Theodore Janſſen, Eſq; Lord Mayor elect for the Year enſuing, was ſworn at Guildhall on the 29th of October laſt; when the Chair, and other Enſigns of Mayoralty, were ſurrendered to him in the accuſtomed Manner.

The Treaſurer of the Foundling Hoſpital has received his Majeſty's Benefaction thereto of 1000 l. directed to be applied towards ſupplying a Preacher in the Chapel of that Hoſpital, and to inſtruct the Children in the Chriſtian Religion, and for other incidental Expences attending the ſaid Chapel, being his Majeſty's further Benefaction to that Charity; and a Boy and Girl were lately placed out to Service, as many have already been.

The Smugglers in France ſtopped lately the Trevoux Stage Coach, but took nothing from the Paſſengers. A Gentlewoman, however, ſwooned away with the Fright, and never recovered. They ſaid they wanted a Comptroller of the Farms, who had made a Seizure of ſome of their Goods.

Private Letters by a late Mail adviſe, that an Earthquake happened lately at Grand Cairo, which has done much more Damage than the Shocks at Conſtantinople. According to the confuſed Accounts which are arrived in Town, many whole Streets were ſwallowed up, and ſeveral thouſands of the Inhabitants have periſhed.

We hear that Ten per Cent. of the Principal of the Hungarian Copper Loan will be paid the 6th of January next, together with the half Year's Intereſt that will then be due.

We hear the contagious Diſtemper is broke out amongſt the horned Cattle of Thomas Beckett, Farmer, at Weſtterham in Kent.

Whitehall,

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Whitehall, October 26. Letters from Fort St. George in the East Indies, dated the 9th of March last, by the Ship Durrington, lately arrived, have brought the following Advices.

On the 28th of November, 1753, the French made an Attempt to take Titchenopoly (by surprise) a strong Place belonging to the Nabob, in which was a Garrison commanded by Capt. Kilpatrick; they made the Attack about four o'Clock that Morning with 800 Europeans. Their black Forces were to make several false Attacks on different Parts of the Town; by the Darkness of the Night, and the Carelessness of a Guard, they got over the Ditch, fixed their Ladders, and 600 of them, without firing a Shot, got Possession of a Battery on the outward Wall, called Dalton's Battery. By this Time an accidental Shot or two alarmed the Garrison, who immediately repaired to their Posts, and attacked the Party on the Battery, who defended themselves till Day-light, and made several Attempts to scale the inward Wall and pettard the Gate, but were kept off by the Garrison. By Day break, those that did not chuse to venture their Necks by jumping off of the Battery to save themselves called out for Quarter, which was given them. There were taken in the Battery 97 European Prisoners, besides sixty five wounded, and forty two killed in the Ditch, and nine Officers; the rest of the Loss was not known, but it was believed must have been pretty considerable. In this Action the Garrison had scarce any Loss.

From the Time of the before mentioned Action, until the Middle of February following nothing material happened, when Col. Lawrence, who was then encamped near Tritchenopoly, was obliged, according to Custom, to send a Party to escort Provisions to the Camp, consisting of 230 Europeans, eight Officers, about 500 Seapoys, and four Pieces of Cannon. They marched on the 12th of February, and in their Return upon the 15th were attacked by a Party of the Enemy, consisting of 120 of French, two Companies of Foreigners, the French Troop of 100 Men, 1000 Topasses, 6000 Seapoys, all their Black Cavalry, in Number about 8000, and seven Pieces of Cannon. This Detachment

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Detachment moved in the Night, and came up with Col. Lawrence's detached Party by break of Day, as they were on their March. What Men could do they did; but the commanding Officer, unfortunately afraid of loſing his Baggage, divided his Force to ſave it; upon which the Enemy fell in amongſt them, and although they paid dearly for it, killed, or took Priſoners, almoſt the whole Party.

The Governor and Council of Fort St. George, on receiving Advice of this Action, diſpatched two Veſſels with Troops on board for Fort St. David, to join Col. Lawrence where they arrived about the Middle of March laſt, and the Colonel adviſes, that his Men were in good Spirits, and wiſhed for an Opportunity to repair this Slip of their Countrymen.

Thoſe two Veſſels were convoyed to Fort St. David by the Durrington, lately arrived in England, and the Company have received no Advices of a later Date than the Time of that Ship's Departure from India, which was about the Middle of March.

Extract of a Letter from Coolmoore, *the Seat of* Thomas Newenham, *Eſq; dated October* 17.

"When I came here I found my Houſe in a diſmal Condition, occaſioned by the moſt dreadful Shower of Hail that I believe ever happened in the Kingdom of Ireland, which fell laſt Saturday about four in the Afternoon. The Stones were ſo large, and edged with Points like Iſicles, that the whole Circumference meaſured 11 or 12 Inches round; the Stone itſelf was about eight. I ſhould not have believed it, but many Gentlemen of my Acquaintance affirmed it for Truth, as they meaſured them. All the Panes in the back Part of the Houſe were broke, except Half a Dozen; many Pigeons (as the Houſe is not finiſhed) were knocked down, and one really killed. The Shower came from the Weſt, Weſt and by South. It juſt touched Mr. Hodder's of Hoddersfield, and then Mr. Jeffrey's, and then fell all at once upon mine, and ſome on Mr. Connor's of Ballybreckan, who had ſome few Panes broke; but the Damage I have received is 20l. in Glaſs only. The Horſes in the Fields were

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were ſo frightened that they had like to have killed themſelves by running into the Wood for ſhelter; and to compleat the Misfortune, in half an Hour after, the Kitchin Chimney was ſet on Fire by a Flaſh of Lightning, but thank God it did no farther Damage."

A Stone whoſe Circumference lengthways meaſured full ſeven Inches and three Quarters, round the Centre of it ſix Inches and a Quarter, and weighed upwards of five Ounces, was lately extracted in the County Hoſpital at York, from a Patient aged thirty-five, who is now apprehended to be out of Danger.

From Hanover they write, that the Troop, of that Electorate are to be new cloathed in the Spring, and to hold themſelves in Readineſs to be reviewed by the King, who is expected there about the Middle of April.

The Lords of the Admiralty have been pleaſed to order the Vanguard, the Culloden, and Captain, three ſeventy Gun Ships, to be forthwith victualled and manned up to their full Compliment, being intended for Channel Service.

And we are informed that ſeveral more Men of War will ſpeedily be put into Commiſſion.

By Letters from Paris we learn, that the Right Hon. the Lord Powis Court lately undertook to ride there of his own Horſes from Fontainbleau to Paris, being fourteen French Leagues, in an Hour and four Minutes, which his Lordſhip performed with Eaſe, and by which he won of the Duke of Orleans, and others of the French Nobility, upwards of One Thouſand Pounds.

Prices of STOCKS.

Bank Stock, no Price. Ditto India, 184 to 183 ¾. South Sea Stock, 116 ¼. Three 1 half per Cent. Old Annuities 1ſt Sub. 102 ⅝ to ½. Ditto 2d Sub. 101 ½ to ⅝. Ditto New 1ſt Sub. 100 ½ to ⅝. Ditto 2d Sub. 102 ¼. Three 1 half Bank Annuities 1ſt Sub. 102 ⅝ to ½. Ditto 2d Sub. 101 ¼. Ditto India Annuities, 100 ½ Three per Cent Bank Annuities, 102 ½. Ditto 1751, 101 ⅛. Ditto India Annuities, 100 ⅛ to ¼. New Bank Circulation, 1 l. Prem. India Bonds, 5l. 4s. to 5s. Prem.

PRICES of GOODS at the Corn Exchange in Mark-Lane.

Wheat	22 to 26s. per Quarter.	Pale Malt	20 to 22s. od. per Qr.
Barley	13 to 15s. 6d.	Peaſe	20 to 22s.
Rye	17 to 17s. 6d.	Beans	18 to 20s.
Oats	10 to 12s. 6d.	Hemp Seed, Yorkſhire,	18s. to 19s.
Brown Malt	18 to 20s. od.	Ditto Weſt Country	24s od.

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The Happy Man.

I.

SERENE as Light, is *MYRON*'s Soul,
And active as the Sun, yet ſteady as the Pole:
In manly Beauty ſhines his Face;
Every Muſe, and every Grace,
Makes his Heart and Tongue their Seat,
His Heart profuſely good, his Tongue divinely ſweet.
MYRON, the Wonder of our Eyes,
Behold his Manhood ſcarce begun!
Behold his Race of Virtue run!
Behold the Goal of Glory won!
Nor Fame denies the Merit, nor with-holds the Prize;
Her Silver Trumpets his Renown proclaim:
The Lands where Learning never flew,
Which neither *Rome* nor *Athens* knew,
Surly *Japan* and rich *Peru*,
In barbarous Songs, pronounce the *Britiſh* Hero's Name.

" Airy Bliſs (the Hero cry'd)
" May feed the Tympany of Pride;
" But healthy Souls were never found
" To live on Emptineſs and Sound.

II.

Lo, at his honourable Feet
Fame's bright Attendant, WEALTH, appears;
She comes to pay Obedience meet,
Providing Joys for future Years;
Bleſſings with laviſh Hand ſhe pours
Gather'd from the *Indian* Coaſt;
Not *Danae*'s Lap could equal Treaſures boaſt,
When *Jove* came down in golden Show'rs.

He look'd and turn'd his Eyes away,
With high Diſdain I heard him ſay,
" Bliſs is not made of glittering Clay.

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III.

Now POMP and GRANDEUR court his Head
With Scutcheons, Arms, and Enſigns ſpread:
Gay Magnificence and State,
Guards and Chariots at his Gate,
And Slaves in endleſs Order round his Table wait:
They learn the Dictates of his Eyes,
And now they fall, and now they riſe,
Watch every Motion of their Lord,
Hang on his Lips with moſt impatient Zeal,
With ſwift Ambition ſeize th' unfiniſh'd Word,
And the Command fulfil.
Tir'd with the Train that GRANDEUR brings,
He dropt a Tear and pity'd Kings:
Then flying from the noiſy Throng,
Seeks the Diverſion of a Song.

IV.

MUSICK deſcending on a ſilent Cloud,
Tun'd all her Strings with endleſs Art;
By ſlow Degrees from ſoft to loud
Changing ſhe roſe: The Harp and Flute
Harmonious join, the Hero to ſalute,
And make a Captive of his Heart.
Fruits, and rich Wine, and Scenes of lawleſs Love
Each with utmoſt Luxury ſtrove
To treat their Favourite beſt;
But ſounding Strings, and Fruits, and Wine,
And lawleſs Love, in vain combine
To make his Virtue ſleep, or lull his Soul to reſt.

V.

He ſaw the tedious Round, and, with a Sigh,
Pronounc'd the World but Vanity.
" In Crowds of Pleaſure ſtill I find
" A painful Solitude of Mind.
" A Vacancy within which Senſe can ne'er ſupply.
" Hence, and be gone, ye flatt'ring Snares,
" Ye vulgar Charms of Eyes and Ears,
" Ye unperforming Promiſers!
" Be all my baſer Paſſions dead,

" And

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" And baſe Deſires, by Nature made
" For Animals and Boys:
" Man has a Reliſh more refin'd,
" Souls are for ſocial Bliſs deſign'd,
" Give me a Bleſſing fit to match my Mind,
" A Kindred-Soul to double and to ſhare my Joys.

VI.

MYRRHA appear'd: *Serene* her *Soul*
And active as the Sun, yet ſteady as the Pole:
In ſofter *Beauties ſhone* her *Face*;
Every Muſe, and every Grace,
Made her *Heart and Tongue their Seat,*
Her *Heart profuſely good*, her *Tongue divinely ſweet*:
MYRRHA *the Wonder of his Eyes*;
His Heart recoil'd with ſweet Surprize,
With Joys unknown before:
His Soul diſſolv'd in pleaſing Pain,
Flow'd to his Eyes, and look'd again,
And could endure no more.
" Enough! (th' impatient Hero cries)
" And ſeiz'd her to his Breaſt,
" I ſeek no more below the Skies,
" I give my Slaves the reſt."

JESUS the only Saviour.

I.

ADAM, our Father and our Head
Tranſgreſt; and Juſtice doom'd us dead:
The fiery Law ſpeaks all Deſpair,
There's no Reprieve, nor Pardon there.

II.

Call a bright Council in the Skies;
" Seraphs the Mighty and the Wiſe,
" Say, what Expedient can you give,
" That Sin be damn'd, and Sinners live?

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III.

" Speak are you ſtrong to bear the Load,
" The weighty Vengeance of a GOD ?
" Which of you loves our wretched Race,
" Or dares to venture in our Place ?

IV.

In vain we aſk : for all around
Stands Silence thro' the heavenly Ground ;
There's not a glorious Mind above
Has half the Strength, or half the Love.

V.

But O unutterable Grace !
Th' Eternal SON takes *Adam*'s Place ;
Down to our World the Saviour flies,
Stretches his naked Arms, and dies.

VI.

Juſtice was pleas'd to bruiſe the GOD,
And pay its Wrongs, with heavenly Blood ;
What unknown Racks and Pangs he bore !
Then roſe : The Law could aſk no more.

VII.

Amazing Work ! look down, ye Skies,
Wonder and gaze with all your Eyes ;
Ye heavenly Thrones, ſtoop from above,
And bow to this myſterious Love.

VIII.

See, how they bend ! See, how they look !
Long they had read th' Eternal Book,
And ſtudied dark Decrees in vain,
The Croſs and *Calvary* makes them plain.

IX.

Now they are ſtruck with deep Amaze,
Each with his Wings conceals his Face ;
Now clap their ſounding Plumes, and cry,
The Wiſdom of a DEITY !

X.

Low they adore th' Incarnate Son,
And ſing the Glories he had won ;

Sing

Sing how he broke our Iron Chains,
How deep he ſunk, how high he reigns.

XI.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,
By all thy flaming Hoſts ador'd:
And ſay, dear Conqueror, ſay how long,
E'er we ſhall riſe to join their Song.

XII.

Lo, from afar the promis'd Day
Shines with a well diſtinguiſh'd Ray;
But my wing'd Paſſion hardly bears
Theſe Lengths of ſlow delaying Years.

XIII.

Send down a Chariot from above,
With fiery Wheels, and pav'd with Love;
Raiſe me beyond th' Ethereal Blue,
To ſing and love as Angels do.

PLUTUS, CUPID, *and* TIME.

A FABLE.

OF all the Burthens Man muſt bear,
TIME ſeems moſt galling and ſevere;
Beneath this grievous Load oppreſt
We daily meet ſome Friend diſtreſt.
Times fugitive and light as Wind;
'Tis Indolence that clogs your Mind:
That Load from off your Spirits ſhake,
You'll own, and grieve for your Miſtake.
A while your thoughtleſs Spleen ſuſpend,
Then read; and (if you can) attend.

As *Plutus*,* to divert his Care,
Walk'd forth one Morn to taſte the Air,
Cupid o'ertook his ſtrutting Pace,
Each ſtar'd upon the Stranger's Face,

'Till

* The ſuppos'd God of Riches among the Ancients.

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'Till Recollection ſet 'em right;
For each knew t'other but by Sight.
After ſome complimental Talk,
Time met 'em, bow'd, and join'd their Walk.
Their Chat on various Subjects ran,
But moſt, what each had done for Man.
Plutus aſſumes a haughty Air,
Juſt like our Purſe-proud Fellows here.
Let Kings, (ſays he) let Coblers tell,
Whoſe Gifts among Mankind excel.
Conſider Courts: What draws their Train?
Think you 'tis Loyalty or Gain?
That Stateſman hath the ſtrongeſt Hold
Whoſe Tool of Politicks is Gold:
By that, in former Reigns, 'tis ſaid,
The Knave in Pow'r hath Senates led:
By that alone he ſway'd Debates,
Enrich'd himſelf, and beggar'd States.
Forego your Boaſt. You muſt conclude,
That's moſt eſteem'd that's moſt purſu'd.
Think too, in what a woeful Plight
That Wretch muſt live whoſe Pocket's light:
Are not his Hours by Want depreſt:
Penurious Care corrodes his Breaſt:
Without Reſpect, or Love, or Friends,
His ſolitary Day deſcends.
You might, ſays *Cupid*, doubt my Parts,
My Knowledge too in human Hearts,
Should I the Pow'r of Gold diſpute,
Which great Examples might confute.
I know, when nothing elſe prevails,
Perſuaſive Money ſeldom fails;
That Beauty too (like other Wares)
It's Price, as well as Conſcience, bears.
Then Marriage (as of late profeſt)
Is but a Money Jobb at beſt:
Conſent, Compliance, may be ſold;
But Love's beyond the Price of Gold.

Smugglers

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Smugglers there are, who by Retail,
Expoſe what they call Love to Sale:
Such Bargains are an arrant Cheat;
You purchaſe Flatt'ry and Deceit.
Thoſe who true Love have ever try'd,
(The common Cares of Life ſupply'd)
No Wants endure, no Wiſhes make,
But ev'ry real Joy partake;
All Comfort on themſelves depends,
They want nor Pow'r, or Wealth, or Friends:
Love then hath ev'ry Bliſs in Store;
'Tis Friendſhip, and 'tis ſomething more:
Each other ev'ry Wiſh they give,
Not to know Love, is not to live.
Or Love, or Money (*Time* reply'd)
Were Men the Queſtion to decide,
Would bear the Prize; on both intent.
My Boon's neglected or miſpent.
'Tis I who meaſure vital Space,
And deal out Years to Human Race:
Though little priz'd and ſeldom ſought,
Without me, Love and Gold are nought.
How does the Miſer Time employ?
Did I e'er ſee him Life enjoy?
By me forſook, the Hoards he won
Are ſcatter'd by his laviſh Son.
By me all uſeful Arts are gain'd,
Wealth, Learning, Wiſdom are attain'd.
Who then would think (ſince ſuch my Pow'r)
That e'er I knew an idle Hour?
So ſubtile and ſo ſwift I fly,
Love's not more fugitive than I.
Who hath not heard Coquettes complain
Of Days, Months, Years, miſpent in vain?
For Time miſus'd they pine and waſte,
And Love's ſweet Pleaſures never taſte.
Thoſe who direct their Time aright,
If Love or Wealth their Hopes excite,

In

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In each Pursuit fit Hours employ'd,
And both by *Time* have been enjoy'd.
How heedless then are Mortals grown!
How little is their Interest known?
In ev'ry View they ought to mind me,
For when once lost they never find me.
He spoke. The Gods no more contest,
And his superior Gift confest;
That *Time* (when truely understood)
Is the most precious earthly Good.

The RESIGNATION.

'TIS done! the darling Idol I resign,
Unfit to share a Heart so justly thine;
Nor can the heav'nly Call unwelcome be,
That still invites my Soul more near to thee;
Thou dost but take the dying Lamps away,
To bless me with thy own unmingled Day.
Ye Shades, ye Phantoms, and ye Dreams, adieu!
With Smiles I now your parting Glories view.
I see the Hand, I worship, I adore,
And justify the great disposing Pow'r.
Divine Advantage! O immortal Gain!
Why should my fond, ungrateful Heart complain?
Whate'er of Beauty in this ample Round
The Sun surveys, in THEE is brighter found;
Whate'er the Skies, in all their splendid Cost,
Their beamy Pride, and Majesty can boast;
Whate'er the restless Mind of Man desires;
Whate'er an Angel's vaster Thought admires;
In thee 'tis found in its unchanging Height,
Thou first great Spring of Beauty and Delight;
What have I lost of excellent, or fair,
Of kind, or good, that thou can'st not repair?
What have I lost of Truth or Amity,
But what deriv'd its gentle Source from thee?

What

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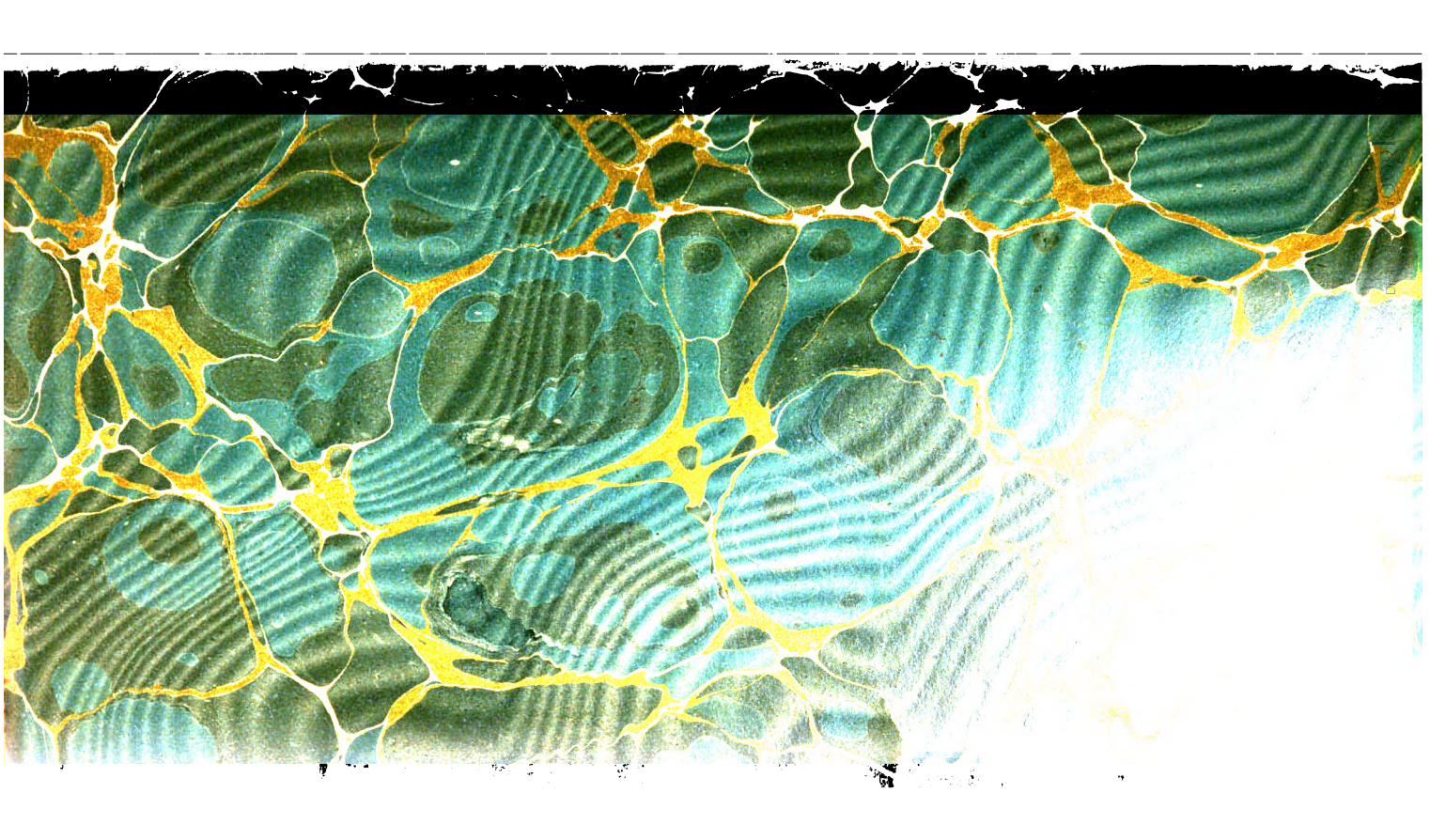

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