

glyphicks and Paintings upon it, and that it will be exposed to the publick View in a few Days.

London, Feb. 21. Col. Lilly is gone in the Seaford Man of War to the West-Indies, and is to have the Direction of building a Fort on a Point of Land in South Carolina, which commands the Gulf of Florida.

They write from Portsmouth, that 6 Men of War in that Harbour, are fitting out with all Expedition for the West-Indies, and that 9 of the Guard Ships are already Mann'd to their highest Compliment, and the other 6 want but very few.

We hear the Colonels, Groves, Murry, and Otway, are ordered to hold themselves in Readiness to go to their respective Regiments, upon some Expedition, as yet unknown, and are the only Regiments that are to hold themselves in Readiness for such Expedition.

A Packet Boat is just ready to sail, with Orders for Admiral Cavendish's Squadron in the Mediterranean, which is expected home the latter end of May.

London, Feb. 10. His Majesty hath been pleased to grant his Conge d'Elire, to the Dean and Chapter of the Cathedral Church of Peterborough, for electing the Right Reverend Father in God, Dr. Robert Clavering, Lord Bishop of Landaff, into the See of Peterborough, vacant by the Death of Dr. White Kennet.

The Lord Viscount Harcourt, is preparing to set out on his Travels beyond Sea for three Years.

John Cotton, Esq; is appointed Clerk of the Papers in the Fleet.

The Inventory of the Estate of Sir Peter Delme, lately deceased, as delivered by his Executors into the High Court of Chancery, amounts to about Six Hundred and Fifty Thousand Pounds.

The SPEECH of His Excellency *William Burnet*, Esq; Captain General and Governour in Chief, in and over His Majesty's Province of the *Massachusetts-Bay* in *New-England*, &c. To the Great and General Court or Assembly of the said Province, met at *Salem*, Wednesday April 2. 1729.

*Gentlemen of the Council, and House of Representatives.*

THE long Recess you have had has given you time to think calmly on the Proceedings of the last Session, and to know the Mind of the Country upon them. I now expect that the Result of so mature Deliberations will be a Compliance with his Majesties Twenty-Third Instruction for fixing a Salary, which is a Thing as I am informed is now accomplished in every Colony in his Majesty's Dominions, which has a Governour appointed by the Crown, except in *New-England*.

I believe it will be proper for you without Delay, to take some Method to restrain private Persons from selling Strong Drink to the *Indians* on the Western Frontiers, which unless prevented, may probably be attended with dangerous Consequences.

*Gentlemen of the House of Representatives;*

I can acquaint you, That the Trading House on *Saco* River is finished, and that Care is taken of it till Provision be sent thither, a Truck Master appointed to reside there, and Supplies sent for the Trade; all which I hope you will take into Consideration.

It deserves your Attention to observe the ruinous Condition of the Fortifications in the Sea Ports of this Province, and particularly in this ancient Town, and to provide for their being put into good Repair.

I need say nothing further to persuade you to finish what I proposed to you at our first Meeting. I have said enough upon that Subject since I came to this Place, to which no Answer has been given; and I shall only add at present, That all Proposals to me to deviate from my Royal Master's Commands will be vain and fruitless: And that as I kept you together in the Fall that you might avoid his Majesty's Displeasure, till you put it out of my Power to excuse you, by sending home a Declaration that must have been highly offensive to him, so I now give you an Opportunity which this House of Representatives will never have again, of retracting and retrieving so unhappy Measures; and of shewing that your Professions of Duty and Loyalty to his Majesty are more than Words.

April 2, 1729.

*W. Burnet.*

*Boston, April 4.* His Excellency's Speech being again Read, the House entered into the Consideration thereof,

and after some Debate thereon, the Question was put, Whether the House will come into any further Consideration of settling a Salary on the Governour at this present Session? It passed in the Negative.

Nathaniel Byfield, Esq; has received his Commission as Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty, in the Room of John Menzies, Esq; deceased.

### C U P I D Wounded.

The Hint taken from *Theocritus*

ONCE Cupid on a Summer's Day,  
To *Chloe's* Garden went his way,  
When he had pillag'd all her House,  
And made a general Rendezvous,  
Anatomiz'd her Heart and Liver,  
And play'd the Devil with her Quiver,  
Stole all the Blessings she cou'd lose,  
Her Patches, Paint, and Billee-douz,  
Relov'd to Store and Stock himself  
With fragrant Spoil, and Virgin pelf.  
He travers'd all her flowery-Beds,  
And pluck'd her Blew's, her Whites, and Reds;  
Left not one single Pink or Dazy,  
With full intent to set her crazy:  
This done—the little Felon trudg'd  
And on his Shoulder hoist his Budget,  
Proud of his Quiver, Bow and Darts,  
And all his little jugling Arts:  
But as the Idle, Airy Bliker,  
Jog'd on this Manner, like a Tinker,  
Beneath the Roof of bending Trees  
He spies a fragrant Hive of Bees,  
And thinking nothing could withstand  
His Magick—in he thrusts his Hand.  
But as he thought to bear the Spoil,  
And Sweets, for which he didn't Toil,  
The little Niggard, Watchful Bee,  
Was on the Catch, as well as he,  
For wheeling round, with Armed Bum,  
Ho Stung th' Offender in the Thumb.  
The Wounded, quits the Honey-Combs,  
Bauls Murder—Stamps and Whines and Foams;  
As when a Nurse begins to dandle  
A peevish Bantling by a Candle,  
Th' untoward Brat, before he's Tame,  
Must feel the Fury of the Flame,  
And when he Squalls, and Whines and Hisses,  
And fouls her Bosom or be-pisses,  
This done—in haste to *Venus* flies,  
The God—with Fingers in his Eyes,  
And thus he spoke—and speaking Frown'd;  
*Mama*—Behold this desperate Wound,  
Made by an Insect, prithee see,  
Dear *Mama*—little scoundrel Bee.  
This said—the tender Godling cry'd—  
The Goddess smiling, thus reply'd—  
Dear *Cupid* Child—I cannot joyne,  
You're fitted in your proper Coin,  
Tho' You can run into my Sleeve,  
How mighty are the Wounds you give,

*Courteous Reader,*

MANY have been the Attempts, and very many the Objections against the Possibility of discovering that long-desired Art, Mystery, or Secret, of finding the Longitude at Sea: So that to attempt such a Discovery is now look'd upon as Madness and Folly, to presume to have attained the same.

Amidst those, and many more such Difficulties, attending my Circumstances; I, notwithstanding the Discouragements aforesaid, and what more I might meet with hereafter, have not only attempted the Search thereof, but do assume to the Possibility of attaining the same; and that within the Limits and Prescriptions laid down in the Act of Parliament, made in the Reign of our late Sovereign Queen *ANNE*, of Blessed Memory. And thupon any Gentlemen's securing me their Fidelity, in no Ways to be the Cause of my being frustrated of the Benefits accruing to such Discovery, I (by God's Assistance) will discover it to any such as are capable of understanding the same.