

disengaged himself and ran, but was shot at and wounded in the Arm; however, he and the rest of the English got to the Fort, which was not very far from the Place of Action. In their Retreat they fired upon the Indians, and wounded one of them.

*NEW YORK, June 23.*

By a Sloop arrived here last Saturday Night from Montserrat, but last from St Kitts, in 21 Days, from whence the sail'd in Company with a large Fleet homeward bound under Convoy of two Men of War, we learn, that Flour is exceeding scarce and dear in almost all the English Islands, occasion'd by the great Havock made among our Vessels by the French Privateers, who now are grown so bold and numerous as to come daily in Sight of Antigua; and by a Flag of Truce from Martinico, they learn, that there have been 12 Sail of Northern Vessels, besides Europeans, carried in there within a few Days, amongst whom were five from Philadelphia, by which Means Flour was become a mere Drugg at Martinico; that not above one Vessel in so bound to Antigua, had escaped falling into their Hands, and that out of Martinico only, they have upwards of 30 Sail of Privateers, and not an English Vessel of Force seen to disturb 'em, except Capt. Richards of this Port, who can't be thought can do much Good among so many.

We have a strong Report from Connecticut, that the Governor of that Colony has just received certain Advice by a private Hand, that one of his Majesty's Ships has taken and brought into Louisburg, a French Man of War of 20 Guns, loaded at Quebec chiefly with Beaver on Account of the Rochelle Company, bound for France, and that a Packet of Letters was found on board, giving an Account that they were in the utmost Distress in Canada for the Want of Salt; that their Magazine of Gun-powder was almost expended, and that if the English should make an Attempt to take them this Year, they should be obliged to surrender.

*[The following Piece (lately publish'd in London) at the Desire of some of my very good Customers is here inserted.]*

A GRAND CONSULTATION concerning the Invasion of England, held between the Pope, the Old Pretender, a Highlander, the King of France, the Young Pretender, and the Devil.

THE Court being sat, the King of France desired to be heard; and Silence being call'd, he began: Gentlemen, You cannot but be acquainted with the Insults I have received from the King of England. You are sensible of my Intentions, when I began to make War on the Queen of Hungary, that my Motives thereto were to overthrow her, and to make an Emperor of my own, who should be under my Direction; by which Means I could command the Votes of all the Electors, to concur in any Thing I could propose, What say ye, Gentlemen?

*Pope and Old Pretender.* Very good, Sir, pray go on.

*King of France.* Well, Gentlemen, the next Step should have been to desolate *Hanover*, and take it entirely under my Direction, as it should be inhabited by my own People; by which, and my having a Vote in the Dyet, I should have been so much the stronger, and of course could command Men, etc. of the Empire, sufficient to make a proper Invasion on England; and my Brother *Jam*, I would have placed you on the Throne.

*Young Pretender.* That would have been a glorious Thing indeed, had it not been for the Devil, who would at all ways have been against it.

*Pope.* I need not say, that I have seen of making ourselves glorious Opportunity, and could have seen of making ourselves

Amends for the Loss of our Abby Lands, which ever since the accursed Reign of *Harry VIII* of hateful Remembrance, we have lost the Profits of, we would have then been revenged, by all manner of Toritures on the *English Dogs*; destroying every Soul of them.

*Young Pretender.* With Submission, Gentlemen, I hope it is not too late to begin an Invasion. If you will give me Leave, and lend me your Aid, I will attempt it, dangerous as it is; it is better than to be destitute, as our poor Family has always been, and then shall we have it in our Power, (if I succeed) to make ample Amends for the Expences we have put you to in the Support of our Family for so many Years; and I think you will not refuse me your Aid, as it may turn out so much to your Advantage. I am not afraid to go, as I am certain of Assistance from the Highlanders, who are in as desperate a State of Poverty as myself, and will fight like Lions for a little Bread, to which they are, by their natural Laziness, now Strangers to.

*Old Pretender.* Well said *Charles*; there's my brave Boy; thou hast more Courage than ever thy Father or Grandfire had.

*Young Pretender.* Let me alone Father; if I say I'll do't, I'll do't.

*Pope and King of France.* Bravely said; here's an honest Highlander that we have consulted; he is a brave Fellow, and quite desperate as he tells us all his Countrymen are; and that for Shoes and Bread they will undertake any thing, be it ever so dangerous. What say you, Friend?

*Highlander.* Why, my Lads, He say this, That by God we're no afraid of ought, for warfe than we are we canna be. The De'il a Morci have we bnt our Broad Swards and the Plunder of ean another, be they Friend or Faes, an ye'll promise to give's a little Bread and Bannarcks of Barley Meal and gued Oatmeal to mack us some Grout. The De'il an *English* or a *Scotsman* shall be left alive now, for we hate aw the whole World: And here's our aw'd Friend the De'il kens it very well, and has been i't the Highlands many a Time; but he cou'd na mels in our Geer, and sa left us uow and then far a gued Meal, and I tro came amang ye here: *France, Spain, and Rome*, where he's made better warth his Time, as I now ken very weel by yar Discourse. We'll fight to the last Drop of our Blend.

*All.* Bravo! — this is a brave Fellow, and all his Countrymen are fit to our Purpose.

*K. of France.* Well, *Charles*, thou shalt go; we will assist thee, my Boy, and go about it directly.

*Young Pretender.* I'll go by the Mass; and I promise this, That if we get to *Preslin* in *Lancashire*, I won't run away, Father, as I know who did.

*K. of France.* I will assist thee with Money; a little of which will go a great Way in the Highlands.

*Highlander.* Money! Ha, hough! De'il of any Money ha we e'ey seen aboon a Bawbee i' aw our Lives.

*Devil.* The Queen of *Spain*, who you know is the Roast, has promis'd me to do the same; and much more, but it is so very wicked, that I am really ashamed to mention it.

*All.* Asham'd to mention it; you need not be asham'd among us, who, you are very sensible, are not asham'd of any thing. Pray let us hear it.

*Devil.* I beg to be excus'd, Gentlemen.

*Pope.* This is very odd Behaviour in you, who have always been my good Friends and Ally, and us'd formerly to give us your Advice. Pray, Sir, what do you mean?

*Highlander.* Why, really Gentlemen, you have so much improved from my Advice formerly, that I have no room or in-