

arrived a daughter of Sir Robert Hailey, of the Grange in Hampshire; by whom he has left issue, now living, five sons and three daughters; and is succeeded in honour and estate by his eldest son, now Sir Abraham Janssen. He left France several years before the persecution of the Protestants in that kingdom, and settled here as a merchant; which profession he maintained with great abilities and integrity, improving a fortune of 2,000 l. Sterling, given him by his father, to above 300,000 l. by some being in any secret or cabal, he lost above 50,000 l. by that Year's transactions. But as he was unfortunately a director of the South Sea company at that fatal period, the Parliament was pleased to take from him above 222,000 l. by a Law made *ex post Facto*, near one half of which was real estate; which 222,000 l. was given for the relief of the proprietors of that company, tho' it is well known they had gained several millions by the scheme. This sentence was so much the more severe with regard to this gentleman, as he stood evidently clear of any guilt, as he was a very great loser by the transaction itself, and as it appeared, when his allowance came to be settled in the house of Commons, that he had done many signal services to this nation.

Extract of a Letter from Nantwich, in Cheshire, dated August 28.

"Old Bridget Bostock fills the country with as much talk as the rebels did. She hath all her life-time made it her business to cure the country folks, her neighbours, of fore legs and other disorders; but her reputation seems now so wonderfully to increase, that people come to her from far and near. A year ago she had, as I remember, about 40 under her care: When I went to London she had 100 a week, and they increased so fast, that when I came back she had eight score; and this day five weeks 116. Sunday fennight my wife and I were told by Mr. S_____ and Tom M_____, who kept the door, and let the people in by fives and sixes, that they had told 600 people she had administer'd to, besides her making a cheese. She it length grew so very faint (for she never breaks her fast 'til he has done), that at six o'clock she was obliged to give over; no' there were more than 60 persons whom she had not meddled with. Monday last she had 700, and every day near that number. She cures the blind, the lame, the rheumatic, king's evil, hysteric fits, falling fits, shortness of breath, the dropsy, palsy, leprosy, cancers, and in short almost every thing except the French disease, which she will not meddle with; and all she means the makes use of for cure, is only stroking with her affing spittle, and praying for them. It is hardly credible to think what cures she daily performs; without seeing it appears romantic. Some people grow well while in the house; others in the road home; and, as I said, none miss. People come 10 miles round. In our lane, where there have not been seen above two coaches these twelve years, now three or four pass a day; and the poor come by cart loads. She is about 70 years of age, and keeps old Bostock's house, who allowed her 500 l. year wages. She takes no money for her cures; tho' offered to her. Her dress is very plain; viz. a flannel waistcoat, a green linsley apron, a pair of clogs, and a plain cap with a halfpenny lace. So many people of fashion come to see her, that several of the poor country people make a comfortable subsistence by holding the horses. In short, the poor, the lame, the blind, and the deaf, all pray for her, and bless her; but the doctors curse her.

NEW YORK

December 5. Saturday last a boat loaded with wood, with several men on board, coming to this city, overtaken by a sudden storm of wind near Coney battery; but the men getting on the bottom of the boat, and a whale boat with some black hands putting off to their assistance, happily saved their lives, though with imminent danger to their own.

December 16. MURDER. It will be now seen, how dangerous for the good people of this city, to be without being sufficiently strong, or well armed, against attacks, and disturbances; have been lately made in our streets; but more particularly last night, two gentlemen having been in the Cart and Horse; to see if the Boston post was come in, their region was attacked and knocked down, by several persons unknown, one of whom it is thought would not have recovered, but for the timely assistance being near, two of the villains were apprehended and committed to our goal. Two other gentlemen were afterwards attacked but a few minutes before, lapped by the same party, and happily escaping to have words by themselves, and leaving thereof the rogues fled.

In the night between Wednesday and Thursday last, we had here a very violent gale of wind at S. E. which did considerable damage to the small craft along the wharfs, several of which were sunk, and their lading wash'd away; others damaged in their upper works; and had the gale continued much longer, 'tis thought many larger vessels would have suffered also. We are in pain for some vessels thought to be on the coast at that time.

From the London Evening-Post.

We hear that a Copy of the Prescription of the Waters at *Dix la Chapelle*, which Dr. Von CLARIBERG resolves shall at all Events be taken, has, merely for Form's Sake, been transmitted to *En_____*, and ordered to receive the *Sanction* of the College at *St. J_____*'s, which the Doctor knows will not be refused. There are said to be at present some Qualities extremely unpalatable in these Waters, and 'tis thought they will not sit easy upon certain Stomachs, for which they are intended by the Doctor, and his French and Dutch Associates.

A Computation having been published in *Holland*, as received from *England*, asserting that, notwithstanding all our Remittances abroad, three Millions Sterling have been added in Spectacle to the *National Wealth*; since the Beginning of the War; the ingenious Author of *An Essay on the Public Funds*, &c. published some Months ago, who prov'd the *National Debt* to be a Part of the *National Riches*, is desired once more to display his Reasoning in Support of the above Assertion.

A F A B L E.

HYMEN, and DEATH.

SIXTEEN, d'ye say? Nay, then 'tis time;
Another year destroys your prime.
But stay.—The settlement! That's made,
Why then's my simple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable scan.

The shades were fled, the morning blush'd,
The winds were in their caverns hush'd,
When Hymen, pensive and sedate,
Held o'er the fields his musing gait.
Behind him, thro' the green-wood shade,
Death's meagre form the god survey'd,
Who quickly, with gigantic stride,
Out went his pace, and join'd his side,
The chat on various subjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began:
Relentless Death, whose iron sway,
Mortals reluctant, must obey,
Still of thy pow'r shall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign?
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,
All o'er stuck with equal darts,
Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot, that Hymen ty'd;
Shall not the bloody, and the bold,
The miser, hoarding up his gold,
The harlot, reeking from the stew,
Alone thy fell revenge pursue?
But must the gentle, and the kind,
Thy fury, undistinguish'd, find?

The monarch calmly thus reply'd,
Weigh well the cause, and then decide;
That friend of yours, you lately nam'd,
Cupid, alone is to be blam'd;
Then let the charge be justly laid,
That idle boy neglects his trade,
And hardly once in twenty years,
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches, whom your office blends,
Silence now, or Pluto, sends;
Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,
Are common to the nuptial life.
Believe me; more than all mankind,
Your votaries my compassion find;
Yet cruel am I call'd, and bale,
Who seek the wretched to relieve,
The captive from a bond to free,
Indissoluble, but for me.