

The bridge of these rivers, and half way between this city and Macclesfield, was entirely destroyed, and much more Damage was done by it.

After the treaty of peace was signed here, troops passed along the plenipotentiaries on the joyful occasion. The French minister drank the King, his master, who illuminates the world; the Spanish minister drank the King; upon which, the lord Sandwich said, *Guarantee, you have taken all the brilliant opportunities that were offered.* JOSEPH, my master, has caused the Sun and Moon to stand still.

From the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE for Jan.

Damages, &c. done by Storms of Hail, Rain, Lightning, &c.

ON the 15th ult. at Brecon in Worcestershire, a storm of Ephemering and thunder, attended with hail and rain, damaged the corn in that parish 2 or 300*l.*—A poor woman in the storm, either thro' surprise, or the violence of the hail, died as soon as she got home.—At Biabram, a village six miles from Cambridge, the 16th ult. the rain did great damage to the farmers; and the road, in less than an hour after the storm began, was up to a horse's belly.—On the 14th ult. at Fressing in Lincolnshire, near 20 sheep were struck dead by the lightning; and a barn fired, but extinguish'd by the rain.

On April the 27th, a storm of lightning and thunder much damaged Cheltenham church; and at Ewe Elm, in Oxfordshire, in a violent shower of rain, the earth on the plow'd lands was carried away by the current, quite to the gravel, and the corn thereon entirely destroyed; and in many houses the furniture was swept away.

Edinburgh, Jan 9. They write from the North, that the week before last was a most violent storm of snow, in the counties of Cromar, Badenoch, and Strathspay; in which between 3 and 400 black cattle perished.

Rome, June 14. Last Wednesday, about two hours after midnight, we had a tempest here, which threaten'd the return of all the elements into their first chaos. Besides lightnings and thunder claps, which continued without ceasing from the different parts of the heavens, besides a deluge of rain, which overflowed the whole city, filling the cellars, and even many houses; and besides a terrible hail, which broke the windows, and the tiles which cover'd the houses: A hurricane, or tourbillon, of fire and wind, beginning near the Coliseum, where it made the first ravages, extended itself along the great street which leads to Santa Maria Maggiore, and afterwards broke on the gardens of the house of Negroni, and on the other gardens, arcades and buildings on each side of the Porta Pia, carrying off the roofs of houses, throwing down entire walls, breaking the doors, the frames and glass of windows, rooting up the largest trees, and carrying them to a great distance; in one word, nothing in every part of this city marks of its fury, which we still long feel, and ever remember.

Porto, May 3. Sunday last, after dinner, it began to thunder and lighten very much, and a black cloud from the South attend'd a heavy shower; a squall of wind soon came on, and began to hail very large stones, and in less than a minute it came down as big as hens eggs, and with such impetuosity that the house to p seem'd to be beating in. The noise they made, confounded with the thunder, was as if the heavens were striking against the earth; after the shower, which happily lasted a few minutes, we measured hailstones of 4 and 5 inches, some 6 inches in circumference; some spheroidal, others flat, and all tending to a round. No great damage was done to the city to the Northward, except breaking of tiles and windows; but a league or two to the Southward, the hailstones were as big as large oranges, and one weigh'd three pounds; it tore up the ground, cut the corn in pieces, destroyed the trees, and killed several persons.

June 25. At Stockport in Cheshire, on the 16th instant was a violent frost, that the ice on the river was strong enough to bear a dog.

June 30. About the middle of this month a poor labouring man and tenant to Francis Gore, Esq; in the county of Clare, Ireland, who wanted to vomit, put the feather of a master into his throat, to make him puke; but accidentally the quill got into his stomach, which put him to great pain. John Lyons, a gentleman who had heard of it, had so much presence of mind, as to order a pistol bullet to be immediately bored through, and put a string into the hole, which he drew through, and by rolling him round several times one

up, with the quill, which had been four or five hours in the stomach, without any damage.

TAB. SPECIFIC:

A CORDIAL for the LADIES.

Mrs. Mally, a fair'd soul, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms,—but then she had a
tongue!

From morn to night th' eternal larum rung,
Which often lost th' hearts her eyes had won;
Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame;
Possess'd, he thought, of ev'ry joy of life;
But his dear Mally prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline;
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine;
From whence some petty discords would arise,
As, *You're a Fool!*—and, *You are worthy wife!*

Tho' he and all the world lov'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and ra her loud than sweet.
When she began,—to what a sweet be'd call;
Then after a faint kiss,—*cry, 'By, dear child;*
'Supper and friends expect me at the Refe.'
'And, what, Sir John, you'll get your usual dose!
'Go, sink of smoke, and gizzard nasty ware;
'Sure never virtuous love was us'd like mine!

Oft as the watchful belman march'd his round,
At a fresh bottle gay Sir John he found.
By four the knight would get his business done,
And only then reel'd off, because alone;
Full well he knew the dreadful storm to come,
But arm'd with *Bordeaux*, he durst venture home.
My lady with her tongue was still prepar'd;
She rattled loud, and he impatient heard:
'Tis a fine hour! In a sweet pickle made!
'And this, Sir John, is every day the trade.
'Here I sit moping all the live-long night,
'Devour'd with spleen, and stranger to delight;
'Till morn sends stagg'ring home a drunken bezz,
'Revolv'd to break my heart, as well as rest.'
'Hey! Hoop! d'ye hear my d—n'd obdurate spouse?

'What! can't you find one bed about the house?
'Will that perpetual clack lie never still?
'That rival to the softness of a mill?
'Some couch and distant room must be my choice,
'Where I may sleep uncur'd with wife and noise.'
Long this uncomfortable life they led,
With scolding meals, and each a separate bed.
To an old uncle of the world complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.
Old *Wisperwood* smok'd the matter as it was;
'Cheer up (cry'd he) and I'll remove the cause.
'A wondrous spring within my garden flows,
'Of sovereign virtue, chiefly to compose.
'Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife,
'The best elixir to appease man and wife;
'Strange are th' effects, the qualities divine;
'Tis water call'd, but worth it's weight in wine:
'If in his sullen airs Sir John should come,
'Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth,—then
mum;
'Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and
scold,
'Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold;
'One month this sympathetic medicine try'd,
'He'll grow a lover, you a happy bride.
'But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close,
'Or ev'ry prattling hussy'll beg a dose.'
A water-cottle's brought for her relief;
Not *Nantz* could sooner ease the lady's grief:
Her busy thoughts are on the tryal bent,
And, female like, impatient for th' event:
The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour and domestic war.