

Counties, are hereby further required to invite all the Settlement Indians not already come in, to retire into the Towns for their Safety, to take an Account of the Names of all such, and to assure them of the Protection of the Government, and such Assistance as they may stand in Need of; which all his Majesty's Subjects are hereby enjoined to afford them during their peaceable Deportment among them.

GIVEN under my Hand and Seal at Arms at Fort-George, in the City of New-York, the Eighth Day of March, 1756, in the Twenty-ninth Year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord GEORGE the Second, by the Grace of GOD of Great-Britain, France and Ireland, KING, Defender of the Faith, and so forth.

CHARLES HARDY.

By his Excellency's Command,
GW. BANYAR, Dep. Secy.
GOD save the KING.

Wednesday last Capt. Sears arrived here in 15 Days from Halifax, by whom we have Advice, That some time ago Capt. Milton failed from Chignecto for the Westward, with a Cargo of French Neutrals; but on the Passage (thro' the Treachery of some of the Crew) they took Possession of the Vessel, and carried her into St. Mary's Bay; when, after lying a Month, they failed for St. John's, there burnt the Vessel, and delivered the People into the Hands of the Indians.

Capt. Sears adds, That his Majesty's Snow Vulture, Captain Scarff, and the Halifax Province Sloop, Captain Rogers, were fitting out with all Expedition, in order, as 'twas said, to be sent to St. John's, to look after the above mentioned Frenchmen, and some others, that were assembled there.

Capt. Libourn, in the Brig Relief, inward bound from South-Carolina, in the great Snow Storm we had here Friday and Saturday last, parted her Cables and went on Shore on the Inside of the Hook; -----the Crew with Difficulty saved themselves, but the Vessel and Cargo 'tis feared will be lost. Capt. Price from Philadelphia also went on shore, but by unloading her will be recovered. Two other Sloops, unknown, are also upon the Beach, and probably may be got off without much Damage. News from Bristol in eight Weeks, Via Carolina, is, That the French had not then made any Captures of English Vessels; and that the latter still continued taking those of the former.

The General Assembly of this Province have voted Fifty Pounds to Capt. EYRE, Chief Engineer, Director of the Artillery, and Quarter-Master-General to the Provincial Forces under the Command of Major-General JOHNSON, last Campaign, to be presented him in a handsome Piece of Plate, as a Testimony of their Esteem, and the grateful Sense they have of his Services upon that Occasion.

Thursday last about 12 o'Clock, happen'd a very melancholy Accident in our Bay, when one of the Ferry Boats from Staten-Island, being coming over, in a pretty high Wind, with 13 Men and 3 Horses on board, a rough Sea, near Oyster-Island, over-whelmed the Boat, and she sunk down directly; by which Means 11 of the Men and the 3 Horses were drowned: As it happened to be just on the Edge of the Flats, about 3 Feet of the Boat's Mast continued above Water after she sunk, to which several of the Men clung for a considerable Time: And upon its being discovered from this City, two other Boats immediately put off, who, tho' upwards of four Miles distant, happily reached them Time enough to save two of the Men, the rest being quite spent with Cold and Wet, could not hold out; -----and those saved were almost ready to drop likewise; -----Persons saved were Capt. Williams designed a Battoe-Man, and one of his Men: Those drowned were Thomas Harrison, Israel Rose, Daniel Fling, and James Jones, designed Battoe-Men under Capt. Williams; Mr. Thomas Alton of Raway; -----Moore of Piscataway; Denyse Van Tyle, the Boatman; William Smallpierce, a Soldier belonging to Shirley's Regiment; and three Gentlemen Strangers.

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CHEARFULNESS.

FAIR as the dawning Light! auspicious Guest!  
Source of all Comfort to the human Breast!

Depriv'd of thee in sad Despair we moan,  
And tedious roll the heavy Moments on.  
Though beauteous Objects all around us rise,  
To charm the Fancy and delight the Eyes;  
Though Art's fair Works and Nature's Gifts conspire

To please each Sense, and satiate each Desire;  
'Tis joyless all---'til thy enlivening Ray  
Scatters the melancholy Gloom away.  
Then opens to the Soul a heav'nly Scene,  
Gladness and Peace, all sprightly, all serene.  
Where dost thou Reign, say in what blest'd  
Retreat,

To choose thy Mansion, and to fix thy Seat?  
Thy sacred Presence how shall we explore?  
Can Av'rice gain thee with her golden Store?  
Can vain Ambition, with her boasted Charms,  
Tempt thee within her wide extended Arms?  
No, with Content alone canst thou abide,  
Thy Sister, ever smiling by thy Side.

When boon Companions, void of ev'ry Care,  
Crown the full Bowl, and the rich Bumper share,  
And give a loose to Pleasure---art thou there?  
Or when the eager Swains pursue the Chace,  
With active Limbs, and Health in ev'ry Face;  
Is it thy Voice, that, wak'ning up the Morn,  
Cheers the staunch Hound, and winds th' enlivening Horn?

Or when th' assembled Great and Fair advance,  
To celebrate the Mask, the Play, the Dance;  
Whilst Beauty spreads its sweetest Charms around,  
And Airs extatic Swell their tuneful Sound?  
Art thou within the pompous Circle found?  
Does not thy Influence more sedately Shine?  
Can such tumultuous Joys as these be thine?  
Surely more mild, more constant in their Course,  
Thy Pleasures issue from a nobler Source;  
From sweet Discretion ruling in the Breast,  
From Passions temper'd, and from Lust repress'd,  
From Thoughts unconscious of a guilty Smart,  
And the calm Transports of an honest Heart.  
Thy Aid, O ever faithful, ever kind,  
Thro' Life, thro' Death, attends the virtuous  
Mind:

Of angry Fate wards from us ev'ry Blow,  
Cures ev'ry Ill, and softens ev'ry Woe.  
Whatever good our mortal State desires,  
What Wisdom finds, or Innocence inspires;  
From Nature's bounteous Hand whatever flows,  
Whate'er our Maker's Providence bestows,  
By thee Mankind enjoys, by thee repays,  
A grateful Tribute of perpetual Praise.

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Reflections on the Uncertainty of worldly Enjoyments.

HOW vain is Man! How fluttering 'are his Joys!

When, what one Moment gives, the next destroys;
Hope and Despair fill up his round of Life,
And all his Days are one continual Strife;
Still struggling to be Rich, yet always Poor,
Because Ambition makes him covet more:
Reason (which ought to be his only Guide)
He widely barter for an anxious Pride;
And all his Hopes are but Uncertainty,
The Parent of Despair and Misery.

Thus foolishly roll on the Days of Man,
(A tedious Journey, though a little Span)
The Court, the Park, the Play, are pompous Wiles,
To make him fancy that his Fortune Smiles;
When like a Jilt she turns his Joy to Grief,
By Disappointment of his fond Belief;
And cool Reflection teaches him to see
The Giddiness of all his Vanity.
His Self-Conceit, his fancy'd Pow'r, and Skill,
Which bid Defiance to th' Almighty's Will;
Destroy'd by secret Springs, he knows not how,
Should learn him to th' Almighty's Will to bow:
For to his Providence alone we owe
All we possess of Good, and all we know;
'Tis he who raises us, and brings us low.

Cease then, proud Man! of thy own Strength to boast,
Who, of thyself, canst little do at most;
Thou art the Maker's Image, struck in Clay,
Who, with one Blast, can blow that Form away,
Which Moulders to its Parent Earth each Day.

Then let not thy unruly Fancy rove
On any Thing but what is fix'd above.
Be Kind, be Humble, Merciful, and Just;
In Providence alone put all thy Trust:
For what thou hast, to him give all the Praise,
Or never Hope to meet with happy Days.

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A Father's Advice to his Son, on the important Subject of ETERNITY.

SHOULD the whole Earth of growing Numbers stand,  
Stars, Thoughts, Leaves, Emmets, Minutes, Drops,  
and Sands;

All Matter, Water, Earth, Fire, Air, and all,  
Past, Present, Future, into Atoms fall;  
And all Mankind that was, is, is to come;  
Angels, all Creatures, in, to count the Sum,  
And count from the Creation, to the Doom;  
Ages, Worlds, Thousands, Myriads, millionize,  
Fatigue, Conception, 'twill not all Comprise,  
With thee, Eternity! Then SON, be Wise;  
Attentive Read these Lines, and you will find  
More Worth in them, than what I left behind.

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The just MARCH.

A Poor Villager complain'd to Mahmud,
Sultan of Damascus, that a young Turk
of Distinction had broke into his House,
and insulted him so, that he was forc'd to abandon it, with his Wife and Family, to the shameful Abuses of that bold Intruder, who afterwards escap'd, and remain'd unknown. The Sultan very much mov'd, charg'd the Sufferer to come immediately and give him Notice, if ever that Turk should repeat the Insult; which he did three Days after, and the poor Man complain'd to the Sultan accordingly, who taking a few Attendants, immediately went with him. It was Night when they came to the House, but the Sultan order'd all the Lights to be put out; then rush'd boldly in, and with his Sabre cut the Ravisher in Pieces. After which, he order'd a Torch to be lighted, and looking on the Face of the Malefactor, immediately with an Air of Joy, fell down on the Ground and praised God. When he rose, he bid the Man of the House bring out what Victuals he had, which was only some stale Brown-Bread and Buttermilk, of which the Sultan eat and drank heartily; and then being ready to return, at the poor Man's Request, explain'd all the mysterious Circumstances of this Action, as follows:

You must know, said he, that upon hearing this Complaint, and the Description of the Criminal you gave me, I concluded he could be no other than my own Son: Therefore, left my Eyes should suborn my Heart, and the Terrors of Nature enervate the Arm of Justice; I resolv'd, thro' the undistinguishing Veil of Night to give it Scope. But when I beheld it was not he, but only an Officer of my Guard, I fell down with Gladness to give Thanks unto God that my own Offspring had not in this Affair deserv'd my Wrath, nor met with my Vengeance: And after all, I asked what Provision you had at Hand, to satisfy my Hunger, and repair this fleshly Frame, which my Repentment would not suffer me to gratify either with Sleep or Sustainance, from the Moment I heard this Accusation, till I had thus punish'd the Author of your Wrongs, and shew'd myself worthy of my People's Obedience: For this one Example shall make it known among them, that you have a Prince, under whom there is no Sufferer so mean, who need fear to be deny'd Redress; and no Offender so great, as may hope to escape Punishment.

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PHILADELPHIA, March 18.

We have the following Account from the Reverend Mr. STEEL.

ON Sunday the Twenty-ninth of February, about Twelve o'Clock, two Boys at a small Distance from David Davis's Fort, in the little Cove, Cumberland County, were fired on by three Indians, when one of the Boys escap'd, and apprized the Fort. The Indians immediately came up and took Possession of the Barn, and fired often on the Fort, which at this Time had but eight or ten Men in it. One of the Shots killed an old Man, Father-in-Law to David Davis. The Fort returned the Fire briskly, and it is believed did Execution, several Fragments of burnt Bones being afterwards found in the Barn. The Indians failing in their Attempt, divided themselves into two Parties, being computed in all to be about Twenty, and left the Fort. Peter's Township was apprized of this Attack about

Three or Four o'Clock, Speed raised several small parties, marched to the Relief of the Fort, and the Number of Forty-six, Indians, came in Sight of the Fort, and pursued them so closely, that they were obliged to quit their Horses, and taken the Day before next escap'd from the young Man's Pursuit. A Captive Woman and Horse, joined by another Party, went in Pursuit of them, and of two Companies, which they were obliged to return, they were found dead, our People were found as missing; it not being as yet are killed or made Prisoners. Cattle are killed, and several The rescued Woman tells us ed her, that they were Companies, and that they were Body when the Leaves were

In the Evening of the 18th, attacked, one Alexander, Path-Valley, about two Miles from the Mill, spied a Number of Indians, in Peter's Township, took thro' said Barr's Orchard; but he escap'd, and said Mill. Notice was given with all possible Dispatch, the Indians designed to plunder they did on the First of November were preparing to support did not recal our young Man's Way to the Little-Cove, Morning, before Day, a Men, belonging to Captain who were at the Mill, and young Men, went off, to the Enemy. When they were a Mile of Barr's they were judged by the many different was a great Body of them, Reinforcement to the Mill, ing so eager to engage, did directly up. The young were to take a Compass at the Indians, while the Soldiers but unhappily the Soldiers shot, before the other Party design'd Place, engaged to standing round a Fire, and Fifty. The Serjeant assured the Indians fall at the first directly to the Place from which and briskly fired on the Soldiers, and being vastly outnumbered, the Firing, hastened to the Indians possessed of the Soldiers upon them, and saw some turned the Fire, wounded a Barr, junr. and one of the mahawk to the Lad, who serving, fired upon the Indians. The young Men not feeling including they were either killed and about a Quarter of a the Reinforcement from the Soldiers, and returned, but the Indians had slept near William Clark's, and their Speed to surprize them might possibly have succeeded. Lads, returning from so Cattle, spied them. Three Lads, one of which fell, the Fort. In ten Minutes rounded the Fort, and scarcely Gun-shot off the at our Men, who were look as off as they got a Sight the Fire. At this Time the Mill, fell into the Mill made their Escape into three Times. Our Men hearing the Guns, judging return'd, and meeting them, beat them back, a in one Place, and a Tomahawk Indian was fired at, were wounded; for they and seemed to sally, as had While the Indians were re Thicket, five Men from M