

Times, and as often returned (the Commandant of which was at last dismissed for refusing the Combat offered him by the English Commandant, under all our Cannon) the Expedition from Port Louis and Vannes would have failed with the Frigates at those Ports, joined to these great Ships intended to escort them, whilst our Fleet with the Marshal de Conflans was only to have made a Feint, to draw the whole Attention of the English Fleet, which we know was watching off Ullant; and by those Means the Duke d'Aiguillon might have landed according to his Destination, either in England or Ireland; and if once ashore, it was hoped we should have been recompensed for any Accident that had happened to the Fleet that transported the Troops. But perhaps next Spring may prove more favourable to our Designs." [And perhaps not.]

A Translation of some French Lines, said to have been suck up at Versailles.

HERE are Boats to be Sold, whose Bottoms are Flat, Soldiers to be Hir'd, who are not over Fat, Having long liv'd on Aliment Powder alone, Whereby they have little besides Skin and Bone: A Minister that's commonly wish'd at the De'il: Generals that deserve to be broke on the Wheel. Thy good Fortunes, O FRANCE, and those that perplex, Were both brought about by the feminine Sex: Thy Happiness, once, a MAID did procure; Thy Ruin a HARLOT has now made secure.

January 4. Yesterday and Wednesday was imported from Jamaica and the Leeward Islands, 9596 C. Wt. of Sugar, 7395 Pounds of Indico, and 790,000 Pounds of Tobacco from Virginia and Maryland.

Extract of a Letter from a Prussian Officer, dated from the Camp at Wilsdruff, Dec. 10.

"Tho' our Enemies are accustomed to magnify their Advantages, they have never done it so grossly, as in the different Relations they have published of the Action on the 20th past, between them and a Body of our Troops under General Finck. According to their Story, 24,000 Prussians were, on that Occasion, defeated and made Prisoners by 15,000 Austrians; an Event, of which the History of many Centuries furnishes no Example. The honest Folks, who relate Stories of this Nature, ought to have remembered, that in the Year 1756 a Body of 24,000 Prussians obliged 16,000 Saxons to lay down their Arms in Presence of an Austrian Army. Besides, we cannot conceive how 18 Battalions and 35 Squadrons could compose a Body of between 18 and 20,000 Men; since, if even the one and the other had been complete, they would not have amounted to more than 15,000 fighting Men. But it is easy to conceive that Prussian Battalions and Squadrons, which, during the Course of this Campaign, have been in so many Actions, could not be so complete as those of the Austrians. I can even venture to affirm, with Certainty, that before the affair of Maxen, the Corps under General Finck did not exceed 8000 Men; that about 2000 were killed or wounded in the Action, and that the Remainder, at the Time they surrendered, did not exceed 2800 Foot, and 900 Horse, which extremely surpris'd the Austrian General. It is even most certain that above 2000 of this Corps have escap'd from the Enemy, and have mostly rejoined the Army.

"In the same proportion that they have swelled the Number of our Troops, they have diminished that of their own. In the Relation published by Marshal Daun of this Action, he says that he employed in it only twelve Regiments of Foot, and eight of Horse; and nevertheless he acknowledges that General Finck's Corps was attacked on one Side by the Troops under General Bentano, on another by those under General Palfi, and lastly, by the Army of the Empire; so that there were near 50,000 Men at that Affair. Besides, the Enemy estimate their own Loss at 1000 Men. We cannot know it exactly; but according to the Report of some of their own Officers, it amounted to near 6000. It is certain that our Battalions did not surrender till they had spent all their Ammunition. If all these Circumstances be impartially considered, the Advantage so much boasted of will soon vanish: Nor will it appear strange, that a Body of 8000 Men should be defeated by another of 50,000, and that the broken Remains of the former, to the Number of 4000 Men, having expended their Ammunition, should surrender Prisoners of War.

"If M. Daun piques himself upon his taking Advantage of the unfortunate Situation of the Troops under General Finck, it does him very little Honour that the Prussian Army, which before this Era was inferior to his in Number, and which, according to his Story, was weakened by 20,000 Men, should keep him confined, as before, between Dresden and Dippoldswalda, without his

being able to draw the smallest Advantage from this important Action.

"In Fact, this Event, though very fatal in one Sense, hath hitherto had no other Consequences than to hinder our retaking Dresden. We continue in our former Position at Wilsdruff and Freyburg, and desire nothing more than to come to Blows with the Enemy. No body in our Army doubts that the King, notwithstanding his Loss, which has been so greatly exaggerated, will still shew himself as formidable as he was after the famous Battles of Chotzemitz, Breslau, and Cunnersdorff."

On the 12th of Sept. last the Wife of one Edward Knight in Warwick, being taken in Labour about five o'Clock in the Morning, was attended by a Midwife, but after receiving all proper Assistance, she Died. About five o'Clock Afternoon, the Corpse was put into a Coffin, with a Shroud over it. Next Morning, the Nurse going into the Room where the Corpse lay, fancied she saw something move the Shroud up and down in the Coffin, and ran away in a great fright to acquaint the People of the House below; who immediately went up Stairs with her to examine the Matter; when, turning down the Shroud, they saw, to their great astonishment, a live Child groveling in the saw dust, which had delivered itself from the Corpse. As soon as their surprize was over, they wrapped the Child in Flannel, and took all possible Care to preserve it, but it Died before they could dress it.

Extract of a Letter from Captain Richard Maitland, of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, dated Bombay, May 8, 1759.

"Since my last, nothing particular happened to the Detachment until February, when I was ordered by the Governor and Council to take the Command of an Expedition against the City and Castle of Surat, my Command consisting of 850 Artillery and Infantry, with 1500 Seapoys.

"I embarked my Troops on board the Company's armed Vessels, and in 8 Days landed them all safe at a Place called Dentilowry, Distance from Surat about nine Miles, where we encamped for the Refreshment of the Troops three or four Days. In our first Day's March from the above Encampment, Capt. John Northall died of an Apopleckick Fit, and was succeeded in the Company by Captain Joseph Winter. The first Attack that I made was against the French Garden, where the Enemies (Scydees) had lodged a Number of Men; them I drove out, after a very smart Firing on both Sides for about four Hours; our Number lost consisting of about 20 killed, and as many wounded. After we had got Possession of the French Garden, I thought it necessary to order the Engineer to pitch upon a proper Place to erect a Battery, which he did, and completed it in two Days.

"On this Battery were mounted two 24 Pounders, and a 13 Inch Mortar, which I ordered to fire against the Wall, &c. as brisk as possible; this I continued to do for three Days. Having thought of a more expedient Method of getting into the outer Town than by the Breach of the Wall, I called a Council of War, composed of Military and Marine; formed a Plan of a general Attack, which I laid before them, and they as readily agreed to, and this to be put into Execution at half past Four the next Morning. The Plan was, that the Company's Grabb and Bomb-ketches should warp up the River in the Night, and anchor in a Line of Battle opposite the Scydees Bundar, one of the strongest fortified Places they had got; this they did, and a general Attack begun from the Vessels and Battery at the appointed Time. My Intentions in this were to drive the Enemy from their Batteries, and to facilitate the Landing of the Infantry at the Bundar, whom I had Embarked on board of Boats for their Transportation. We made a continual Fire until Half past Eight, when a Signal was made for the Boats to put off, and to go under the Cover of the Vessels. This proved very successful, for the Men were landed with the Loss of one Man only; getting possession of the Scydees Bundar, and putting the Men to Flight, with the Loss of Captain Robert Inglis, mortally wounded, and Lieutenant Pepperel wounded in the Shoulder, our Loss of Men not very considerable.

"Having gained this Point, and getting possession of the outer Town, with its Fortifications, the next Thing to be done was to attack the inner Town and Castle:

"I ordered the 13 and two 10 Inch Mortars, to be planted on the Scydees Bundar, and to begin firing into the Castle and Town as soon as possible; Distance from the Castle about 700 Yards, inner Town 500.

"About Six in the Evening, the Mortars began to play very briskly, and continued to do so until Half past Two the next Morning. This continual

Firing of our Mortars put the Castle and Town into such a Consternation, that they never returned one Gun. The Enemy finding it impossible to support themselves, sent to acquaint me they would open the Gates for my Troops to march into the Town, which I did, with Drums beating and Colours flying. After I was in the Town, the Governor sent to acquaint me, that he would give me up the Castle, on Proviso that I would allow him and his People to march out of the Castle with their Effects, which I agreed to, taking Possession without any farther Molestation.

"Royal Artillery. Killed 2. Wounded 4.
"In the Company's Infantry. Captains killed 2. Subaltern 1. Killed in all 150. Wounded about 60.
"Our Expedition commenced the 9th of February, and we arrived at Bombay April 15."

Preparations on the French Coast for an Invasion.

WITH Lanthorn Jaws and croaking Gut,
See how the Half starv'd Frenchmen strut,
And call us *Englisb* Dogs;
But soon we'll teach those bragging Foes,
That Beef and Beer give heavier Blows,
Than Soup and roasted Frogs.
The Priests, inflam'd with righteous Hopes,
Prepare their Axes, Wheels and Ropes,
To bend the stiff-neck'd Sinner;
But should they sink in coming over,
Old Nick may fish 'twixt France and Dover,
And catch a glorious Dinner.

Preparations in England to oppose the Invasion.

SEE John the Soldier, Jack the Tar,
With Sword and Pistol arm'd for War,
Should Monsieur dare come here;
The hungry Slaves have smelt our Food,
They long to taste our Fleth and Blood,
Old England's Beef and Beer.
Britons, to Arms! and let them come,
Be ye but Britons still, strike home,
And Lion like attack 'em;
No Pow'r can stand the deadly Stroke,
That's given from Hands and Hears of Oak,
With LIBERTY to back 'em.

The last Will and Testament of a British TAR.

IN the Name of God, I Thomas Oakham,
Now Compos mentis, sine Jacum,
On this good sixteenth day of April,
Of neither palsy, gout, or vapour, ill;
Since all must strike, or late, or soon,
Life's flag, to death, that pizaroon,
Do make, tho' not a jot my body's ill,
This my last testament, or codicil.
Item; for I must use the form,
I leave my hull to Fish or Worm;
As to my masts, and shrouds, and rigging,
They'll serve some honest Tar to pig in,
Since all I have is on my back,
I leave 'em to my mels-mate Jack—
And having neither * meks nor splinter,
I leave my trowsers to Dick Winter.
My buckles, for they're good hard plate,
I leave, for love, to Portsmouth Kate—
My soul to him that gave it, I
Give back—but not before I die,
Hoping it may good harbour find,
Safe anchor'd—both from seas and wind.
Having dispos'd of every thing,
Except my Country and my King,
It is not decent sure to die,
And leave to them no legacies—
To Portsmouth, where I drew my breath,
I leave my blessing at my death:
For in my life-time, free and willing,
'Twas there I spent my every shilling—
My Country gave it, there I spent it,
Nor do I in the least repent it—
God spare old G—e, both snug and warm,
Long may he weather out the storm;
Long may his guns do execution,
To rake the French and help the Prussian:
Oh! may he live to quell his foes,
And pull old Lewis by the Nose—
My Stock of *kenessy* and *quit*
I leave to Secretary P—t,
(Who stood it in the roughest weather)
Because I know he wants for neither.

To all my trusty cousins loving,
Who are our Pilot for removing,
My Will is, when they come to *helm*,
That they, as well, may serve the realm,
Or take it, *foundering*, up, like him,
And put it in a better trim.
Item, to B—n L— I leave,
While he to P—t does firmly cleave,
My compass, which, upon my soul,
I ne'er saw vary from the pole—

The needle
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My globe
He fail'd rou
And having
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