

Earth. The chief Business of their Lives is to make People laugh at one another, and not to spare even their nearest Friends; who while they are Copying the Imperfections of Others, bring them to be *Originals*. You may distinguish this happy Race by their Hawk Noses, One Eye less than the other, and a perpetual Sneeze; which, by repeated Habits, becomes inseparable from their Faces. To another the Pride of a Peacock, He turns *Beau*, stiches all the Tinsel about him that he can; hangs a Tail to his Head, and so walks thro' the World. To another the Gluttony, Laziness and Luxury of a Hog. From him are descended your pamper'd Citizens, and others, whose chief Exercise consists in Eating and Drinking: They are very easily distinguished by the Plumpness and Rotundity of their *Decolap*, the *Torosity* of their *Necks* and *Breasts*, and the *Prominence* of their *Abdomen*. Numberless are the Instances might be given of the Predominance of Brutes, thus occasion'd in Men, but that I hasten to give an Account of the *Animals*, chosen by these Journey-men, to give Accomplishments to the other Sex, viz. *Ceats*, *Vipers*, *Magpi*, *Geese*, *Waotails*, *Rats*, *Stoats*, *Rattle-Snakes*, *Wasp*, *Hornets*, and some few others. It is needless to inform the Reader, what Qualities were infused into these, when he can behold them so plainly in one half or more of his Female Acquaintance. And I dare venture to say, that you can hardly go into a Family, where you may not distinguish some one Lady eminently remarkable for a lively Resemblance to one or more of the aforesaid *Animals*; Upon the whole, I shall make this Remark, that the Handy-Work of *Prometheus* and their Progeny, are to be distinguish'd with the greatest Ease, from that of his Journey-men; his being all *Human Benevolent*, *Easy*, *Affable*, *Good-humour'd*, *Charitable* and *Friendly*; whereas those of his Journey-men are *Cruel*, *Malicious*, *Turbulent*, *Morose*, *Ill-natur'd*, *Snarling*, *Quarrelsome*, *Pragmatical*, *Covetous*, and *Inhuman*; which we daily experience among the great *Vulgar* and the *Small*, nor can all the Power of Art or Education, intirely wash away the Dirt of the Journey-man's Palm, or quite abolish, or restrain that Exuberance of wrong Passions which are owing to the Cause already assign'd. And I will say farther, that I know nothing else in Nature, but what may by *Cultivation*, or *Chymistry*, change its Nature, such Persons only excepted, who have had a wrong Impression at first, and *Human Excrements*; But this being of too foul a Nature, to bear a Dissertation in *Prose*, I shall transcribe it, as it was cook'd up in *Verse*, for the Taste of the *Polite*, being a very fit Emblem to explain this great and useful Maxim, *That there is no Method, as yet found out, to change Natural Inclination.*

## THE Tale of the T-----D.

**A** Pastry-Cook once molded up a T-----d  
(You may believe me when I give my Word)  
With nice Ingredients of the fragrant kind,  
And Sugar of the best, right Double-refin'd,  
He blends them all; for he was fully bent  
Quite to annihilate its Taste, and Scent.  
With Out-stretcht Arms, he twirls the Rolling Pin,  
And spreads the yielding *Ordure* smooth and thin.  
'Twas not to save his Flour, but shew his Art,  
Of such foul Dough to make a sav'ry Tart.  
He heats his Ov'n with Care, and bak'd it well  
But still the Crust's offensive to the Smell;  
The Cook was vext to see himself so foil'd,  
So works it to a *Dumpling*, which he boyl'd;  
Now out it comes, and if it stunk before,  
It stinks full twenty Times as much, and more.  
He breaks fresh *Eggs*, converts it into Batter  
Works them with *Spoon* about a *Wooden Platter*,  
To true Consistence, such as *Cook-Maids* make  
At *Shrovetide*, when they tosse the pliant Cake.  
In vain he twirls the Pan, the more it fries,  
The more the nauseous, fetid Vapours rise.  
Resolv'd to make it still a sav'ry bit,  
He takes the *Pan-Cake*, rolls it round a *Spit*,  
Winds up the *Jack*, and sets it to the Fire,  
But roasting rais'd its poisonous Fumes the higher.  
Offended much (altho' it was his own,)  
At length he throws it, where it should be thrown,  
And in a Passion, storming loud, he cry'd,

*If neither bak'd, nor boyl'd, nor roast, nor fry'd,  
Can thy offensive Hellish Taint reclaim,  
Go to the filthy Jake from whence you came.*

## The M O R A L.

**T**HIS TALE requires but one short Application,  
It fits all Upstart Scoundrels in each Nation,  
Minions of Fortune, Wise Men's Jest in Pow'r  
Like Weeds on Dunghils, Stinking, Rank, and Sour.

## FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

*Madrid, Nov. 30.* The King has granted the Degree or Quality of Gentlemen to such of the Inhabitants of the Province of Guipuleoa, as will take Shares in the newly Establish'd Company, for trading in Sugar and Cocoa Nuts to the Coast of the Caragues, which Commerce, is to be begun next Year, and there are already in the Ports of this Province several Vessels ready to sail for that Coast.

*Extract of a Letter from Germany, Sept. 28.*  
The Emperor, who returned hither the 24th Instant, did not arrive till 8 at Night, with a very small Retinue; his Imperial Majesty was not expected till next Day, and it was very dark; the Centinel who was at the Head of the Bridge, at first made some Difficulty to let him pass: The Officer of the Guard coming up, was the more surprized to see the Emperor, because his Imperial Majesty was to have lain at Mourbourg, according to the Route which had been settled. It was happy for the Emperor that he took the Resolution of leaving Mourbourg the same Day, to come hither, because soon after the Departure of his Imperial Majesty, the Apartment which was appointed him, fell down to the Ground, which Accident is attributed to the great Number of Cannon that were fired, and which had shook that Building. We learn from Trieste, that Men are hard at Work in digging a Bason or Port within the Place, for the harbouring of 16 Ships of War. The outer Port is very spacious, and will contain a great Number of all Sorts of Vessels. They are also building Warehouses, and neglect nothing for making it a flourishing Port.

*Gratz, Oct. 2. N. S.* On the 27th of last Month, a Peasant called Sorger, aged 79, and his Wife 77, who lived together 57 Years in the State of Matrimony, came to this City, and had their Marriage renewed, being attended with 14 of their Children, 35 of their Grand-children, and 12 Great Grand-children. After the Priest had blessed their second Marriage