



MISCELLANY.

MR. PRINTER,

At the present day, when puppyism and flattery—aye and the love of flattery too, are so prevalent—the following may possibly prove serviceable—if you think so, insert it. It is a love letter which lately fell into my hands, which you may be assured, is genuine, though the author's real name is suppressed, as well as that of the lady's.

MADAM,

I AM a little afraid you and I shall never come together. There is that expectation of flattery about you that I cannot bear. Yet as I love you well enough to be honest—a bold word that—I will once for all speak my mind, and I desire your attention. I believe I do not admire you or value you for any one of those charms for which you admire and value yourself. I do not, for instance, pay any adoration to the present brightness of your eyes, because I am so strange a fellow as to consider them philosophically. They are very brilliant, to be sure; but what are they? What are they, Madam, *ab origine*? Fops, Fools and Poets, would, in their usual airy manner, tell you, that they are made of celestial fire, that they were two animated balls of beauty, two love-darting mirrors formed by the Graces, and a pack of such stuff: But I scorn to figure away at the expense of fair truth. I write in honest prose, Madam; and therefore in honest prose tell you, that those same balls of ethereal beauty, those same love-darting mirrors, are at best two pieces of ordinary clay varnished. The varnish I allow, is good, and well put on; thanks to the found health of thy father that begot you, and the mother who bare you: But what of all this? I am not such a short sighted, amorous puppy, but I can look forward a little beyond the length of my nose, to the time when the gloss will all be worn away, when the japan of Nature will be utterly gone, and the devil a spark of fire will you have about you. If you live long enough you will be purblind, and then what becomes of your love-darters? Do not be quite so vain my young beauty. Another mighty matter upon which you have, it seems, to pique yourself your face; I mean such things as we call cheeks, lips and complexion. I wish it to be known to you, that I have but a very poor opinion of these divine graces, as you call them. Some time ago, I remember you shewed me in a great air of triumph, a paper scrawled upon by some florid puppy of your acquaintance, who swore in very sorry verses, that your cheeks threw into utter despair all the lilies and roses in the creation; your skin too, was, if I recollect, polished marble; the veins were compared to the azure of the third Heaven, and the colour was whiter than alabaster. It is a lie PRISCILLA, it is a sad lie; you are indebted to poetical fiction for all this trash: The rogues who deal in it have, as they tell us, a licence from that silly fellow, APOLLO, to play such pranks with idle girls and boys who believe them. For my part, I never could be taken in by the tag of a rhyme, nor the cadence of a couplet, nor the transposition of ten faucy syllables, since I was born; I always looked upon them as mere ear-traps. What a collection of falsehoods is here, indeed! I never saw a pair of cheeks in my life, that was fairer than a lily, nor a pair of lips that were redder than a rose. As to alabaster, I will take it upon me to say, there never was a woman's skin half so white in the whole world; and I should be very glad to see a complexion so well polished as a piece of Egyptian marble. No, no; these slight will not pass upon men of cool prose. They will not indeed, PRISCILLA; upon my soul they will not. Metaphor, metaphor, my dear, is a mere balm; it tickles the child's ear; but I heartily despise it. Not but that I give to a fine form its proper portion of praise. I am perfectly sensible to handsome features; I like to see the proper proportions of red and white; am very well pleased with a sparkling pair of eyes; but I have no idea of calling any of these what they really are not, or of comparing them with objects to which they have no likeness whatever. For instance now, your bosom is said to be purer than the

driven snow: If that is not carrying the jest as far as it will fairly go, I do not know what is. Snow quoth he!—Why Madam, if a snow-ball and your bosom were shewn together, and any thing in the world but a Poet to be the judge, he would say that you were a swarthy gipsy in the comparison. But how you Ladies can be pleased with all this high flying is to me astonishing.—ZOOUS, PRISCILLA how can this be? If a man was to compare me to a stick or a stone, or a tree or a plant, that I was no more like than I am like the main ocean, should I perk up my head, and look about me the more for that? As to features, skin, complexion, &c. they are so truly things of to day, that if I was a woman, I should be afraid to put any trust in them. They have more enemies than the ever persecuted have. I could recount such a catalogue, as would make

Your hair to stand on end,

Like quills upon the fretful Porcupine. Go into your garden—fix your attention on the fairest flower; take care that it is in the luxuriance of its bloom. Did you ever behold tints more exquisite, scollops more exact, colours better mixed, or beauties better varied? Now leave it. Pay it a second visit to-morrow mornng. What are you surprized at? That a flower should fade? A slight blast of the wind in the night hath wholly destroyed it; the tints are dead; the colours are faded; the beauty is no more. Step now to your toilette. Indeed, PRISCILLA, you are very pretty: What a face, what an air, what a shape! In the evening one of the thousand enemies of handsome features overtakes you, and your second visit to the mirror shews—an ugly woman. I believe you have wit enough to see whereto all this tends—it tends, PRISCILLA, to your instruction. I would not have you fix too violent a dependance upon features. Nor do I, PRISCILLA, estimate you according to your wealth. I think there is under all you false ideas a good heart; it is this, PRISCILLA, which draws me towards you. I think I could banish the frailties that cling at present about your affections. If you can bear me after this letter, I shall have a better opinion of you than ever: If you are offended, and take pet at it, I shall loose you it is true; but then I shall know by experience, that your love was not worth seeking. I know we should live very happy together, if you would but comply with my terms. They are neither difficult nor various: 1st, break your looking-glass. 2^d, turn all your poets out of doors. 3^dly, throw their verses into the fire; and lastly, make a solemn vow never more to put your trust in metaphors and comparisons, two cursed things which have done more injury to young women than libertinism itself. What say you? Will you agree to these conditions, and take to your bosom, without either lace on his coat, poetry in his hand, or puppyism at his heart, Your old friend, and humble servant,

PETER PLAINMAN.

A NECDOTE.

WE love the French nation, and as Americans, we have cause to love them—and we wish our countrymen were more grateful to that excellent people for the favours they have so liberally granted them, that they are. Leaving it to greater historians to record the noble exertions of their King in our favour—the names and numbers of the their heroes who have fought and bled in our cause, the loans they have granted, and the privileges they have guaranteed to us, be ours the humble office of here preferring the following *morceau*, which tho' less brilliant than the above, exhibits a pretty specimen of their benevolent wishes.

AT the commencement of the late revolution, when the French nation appeared inclined to take part in contest in our favour, Sir Joseph Yorke, the Ambassador from England to the United Netherlands, meeting the French Ambassador at the Hague, censured his court for interfering in the dispute, and taking so ungenerous a part, "you have been guilty of a dishonourable act," says he, "that is unpardonable—no less than that of debauching our daughter," "I am sorry," replies the French Ambassador, "that your Excellency should put such a severe construction on the matter; she made the first advances, and absolutely threw herself into our arms; but rather than forsake your friendship, if matrimony

will make any atonement, we are ready to atone honourably, and marry her.

Intelligence by last Saturday's Mail.

L O N D O N.

THERE is at this moment existing, it is said, in different parts of Euro, particularly in Germany, a society called the Secret Society, differing entirely from that of the Free-Masons, the members of which must be prodigious great in point of numbers, if the following account of its officers only, which we have had from a correspondent at Francfort, may be depended upon. These officers are said to amount to 3280, divided into the following classes: Three Generals, nine Vice-Generals, 27 Vicars, 81 Sub-Vicars, 243 Triumvirs, 729 Directors, 2188 Sub-Directors. The nature of this society is not known, so secret are all its proceedings. The avowed object of its institution is to promote good friendship; but the meetings of so numerous a body have given umbrage to many Princes in Germany, who have resolved to dissolve a society, which, however well-intentioned, is capable of doing a great deal of mischief.

(2) A letter from Paris informs, that there is a political project said to be on foot which causes some talk here: It is to give the island of Minorca to the Chevaliers of Malta, from the port of which that order may fit out armaments with success to cruise against the Barbarians, who infest the Mediterranean. It is well known that the port of Mahon is by nature formed for the anchorage of vessels of the largest size. It will be more the interest of Portuguese, Italians and Spaniards, to employ the Maltese marine against the Africans than in warring against the Turks, a more civilized nation than the Africans, and one that hurts nobody. It is at present actually in agitation to persuade Spain to cede the island of Minorca, as Charles the Vth ceded the island of Malta, to the fugitive Knights of the order of Jerusalem. It should seem that the politics of Madrid are particularly interested in the above arrangements, of which the Baron de Suffrein is the negotiator.

(3) Of all great statesmen, says a correspondent, Lord Chancellors appear in history to have been the most unfortunate. Lord Chancellor *Wolsey* was impeached in the house of Lords of high treason—his successor, *Sir Thomas Moore*, was beheaded. Lord Chancellor *Ellesmere* had two indictments preferred against him in the King's bench for a premunire.—*Francis Bacon*, Lord Chancellor, was convicted of bribery and corruption. Lord Chancellor *Sir Thomas Fith* voluntarily exiled himself, to avoid being accused of high treason. Lord Chancellor *Hyde* was banished by act of parliament. Lord Chancellor *Jessies* died a prisoner in the tower. *Sir Thomas Trevor*, Lord Commissioner, was expelled the House for treason. Lord Chancellor *Macclesfield* was, upon an impeachment in the house of Lords, found guilty, and fined 30,000l. And Lord Chancellor *Fork*—(hiatus in MSS.)

(4) Among other signal instances of what industry and perseverance will accomplish, may be reckoned that of the late Mr. Mallet, of Dunton, in Norfolk; who from driving a team upon the farm, raised (in the space of little more than thirty years) a fortune of near 60,000l.

(5) An elderly maiden lady, of extreme delicacy, on being solicited to subscribe to the charity for the propagation of the gospel, refused to do so, because the directors of that pious and noble institution insulted every chaste and refined ear by using a word so very gross as the term "propagation."

(6) An architect at Paris, of the name of Labtierre, has lately submitted to the consideration of M. de Colonne, first Minister of State, &c. a plan for the erection of a Temple at some distance out of the city, for the purpose of serving as a burying place for Kings, Princes, and other persons of distinction; and also for Commons of extraordinary genius and merit. In fact, a building like our Westminster Abbey. The Church of St. Dennis, which has hitherto served as the receptacle of the deceased Kings, appears from hence not to answer this intention. It is proposed to remove thither, and thus to collect into one spot the principal sta-

Castalian Fount.

PARODY of the "death of General Wolfe."

In a mouldering cave, where the wretched retreat,
COLUMBIA sat wailed with care;
She wept for her Chief, than exclaim'd against Fate,
And gave herself up to despair.

The walls of her cell she had sculptur'd around,
With exploits that her Warren had done;
And even the dull, as it lay on the ground,
Was engrav'd with some deed of her son.

When sudden, the radiance of heaven appear'd
Around the disconsolate dame;
And sweeter than musick a cadance was heard,
And this was the rapturous strain.

"All gallant arms, thy brave Warren hath shone,
"When leading the patriot band;
"But now in the skies he's advanc'd to a throne,
"And the least of his bliss is—command."

June 17, 1787.

Entertaining Miscellany.

The TRUE PATRIOT.

A DRAMATICK TALE.

ATTILIUS was Consul of Rome in the first Punic war; he had met with the utmost success against the Carthaginians; but falling into an ambuscade, he was taken by the enemy, and carried prisoner to Carthage, where, after being detained some time, the people thought it a stroke of policy to send him with Hamilcar, their ambassador to Rome, upon his parole of honour; to treat about the exchange of captives, and reconcile all matters to the interest of Carthage; threatening, that, in case he failed, to put him to a cruel death.

On the day of his arrival in his native country, he discovered it was in a most prosperous condition, and that the patching up a peace would be highly injurious to the publick good. Attilius, his daughter, was overjoyed at the return of her affectionate parent, and made no doubt but that she should see him restored to the arms of his friends and fellow-citizens.

Hamilcar, the ambassador, had formerly visited Rome, and was struck with the beauty of a young lady, called Bercia, who felt a mutual regard for him. During his absence, on account of the Carthaginian war, she had been courted by Publius, the son of Attilius, and promised to him in marriage by her guardians, but, on her declaring her partiality to Hamilcar, Publius, though he tenderly loved her, nobly resigned his pretensions in favour of the man in whom she placed her future prospect of happiness.

This disinterested act struck the ambassador, that he advised Publius by all means to detain his father in Rome, as he well knew he would be treated with uncommon barbarity, if he returned with him to Carthage. Attilius, however, possessed too patriotic a soul to consider his own safety, where the good of his country was concerned; and absolutely declared to his children, the unshaken resolution he had formed of advising the Romans by no means to treat with their enemy, but to push off the war with the utmost vigor, and suffer him to depart to captivity and torture.

On the senate's being convened, the ambassador and Attilius appeared before it, when the former declared the offers of peace made by his countrymen, which Attilius, with the most manly eloquence, conjured the senators to reject, and at the same time insisted on strictly keeping his parole of honour. His behaviour affected and astonished all the audience; and the senate at length perceiving all their efforts to oppose the heroic resolution formed by this extraordinary man, in vain, consented with great reluctance, to his departure. The people, on hearing the news of the singular determination he had made, took the alarm, and crowded in great numbers round his house, declaring their resolution to prevent his returning to Carthage.

Amilcar found himself so obliged by Publius's resignation of Bercia, that he in some respects forgot his duty to his country, and advised Publius to rescue his father from the Carthaginian officers, in whose custody he remained. This advice was put into execution, almost as soon as it was given; but Attilius, with the utmost indignation, rebuked his son for this proceeding, and surrendered himself into the hands of his enemies—the tears and intreaties of his daughter, and the offers his son made to go to Carthage in his room, were all unattended to. He insisted on Amilcar's embarking for A-

frica with the utmost expedition, and preparations for that purpose were accordingly made. Notwithstanding great opposition was made by the people to his going, he embarked for Carthage, where neither his faith nor virtue could preserve him from the fury of an enraged people, who, notwithstanding the representations of Amilcar, cruelly deprived him of his life.

Mr. PRINTER,

THERE is a word much used at this day, which is not explained by Johnson or Bayley: Perhaps some idea of its signification may be found in the following:

ACROSTICK.

— Insolvent Debtors, who ne'er wish to pay—
Zororous Gamblers risking all at play.
Schemers, who've "built their castles in the air,"
Censary, Idlers—Drunkards, naked, bare—
Evangelical Tories, disappointed Knaves—
Great-Britain's friends, who groan to be her slaves.
Enlarged Jail Birds, proper birds of prey.
Zearly one hundred certain men in pay!
— These form the group, whom love of treason rules,
Sound Rogues in grain—more villains far than fools.

EPIGRAM:

On seeing "The SWINDLERS," on HORSE-BACK.
THIS maxim is known to the high and the humble,
That ill-gotten gain will assuredly tumble;
And its proof will most certainly satisfy all, {P—
When thus they see mounted two knaves GID and
Start not at the sight of these Emblems of Evil—
For beggars on horseback will ride to the devil.
CROOKED S.

Wine Cellar.

THOMAS WELLS,
RESPECTFULLY acquaints the Publick in general, and his Customers in a particular manner, that

He has opened a WINE-CELLER, under the Old South Meeting-House, nearly opposite the Treasurer's-Office, where may be had,

- Madeira,
- Sherry,
- Port,
- Lisbon,
- Cacavilla,
- Teneriffe,
- Burgundy,
- Claret,
- Fyall, and
- Malaga

WINES,

Also,
Old Jamaica Spirit, Windward Rum, Brandy, bottled Porter, Cider by the barrel, or bottle, &c. all which he will sell by wholesale or retail, for cash, as cheap as can be bought at any place in Boston, and every favour gratefully acknowledged.

N. B. He continues to carry on the business, at his WINE-STORE north of the Draw-Bridge—where any of the above articles may be had as usual.

Cash given for empty Bottles.
Boston, June 15, 1787.

Maurice Connell,

A NATIVE of Corke, in the kingdom of Ireland, and nephew to a Physician in the neighbourhood of Paris, by applying to the Printer, will receive information very advantageous to him; and any person able to give any account of the said MAURICE is requested to communicate it to the Printer.
Boston, June 16, 1787.

ALL Persons indebted to, or who have any demands on the estate of Mr. CLEMENT COLLINS, late of Boston, Gentleman, deceased, are desired to settle the same with CLEMENT COLLINS, } Executors
WALTER PIPER. }
(to said deceased's last Will and Testament.

To be SOLD,

An end of a House belonging to said estate, situated in Bennet-Street, near the North Latin School. Inquire of the Executors.

To be SOLD, by Nathaniel West, & Co.

No. 36, LONG-WHARF,
PICKLED Hides—Wines—Arrack,—
Tea and Table sets of China,
Bohea and other TEAS—Cassia Cinnamon,
India Piece GOODS,
Rattans—Cotton—Bolt Rops, Cordage and
Spunyarn, Ship Bread, &c. &c.

JUST IMPORTED,
In the DOGGERSBANK, Capt. LEMUEL
TOBEY, from Amsterdam, and to be Sold, by

James Huyman,

At his STORE, on FOSTER'S WHARF,
BOHEA Tea, in Nutmegs,
Whole, half and 1/2 Locking-Glasses of all
sizes,
Ginn, in pipes, Reels of Yarn,
Do. in jugs, Junk,
Broadcloths, Second-hand Rigging,
China Tea and Table Oakum,
Sets, Russia Duck,
Ditto India Cups and Dowlaxes,
Saucers, Bedticks,
Ditto elegant Punch Ticklenburgs,
Bowls, Polish Linen in rolls,
Ditto Mugs and Plates, Plaitiles,
Soal Leather, Sheetings,
Old Huck, Britannias,
Tumblers and other Glass Ware, Estopillas,
Handkerchiefs.

GUN-POWDER—Also,
An assortment of Calicoes and other Goods as before advertized.

Cash given for Pot and Pearl-Ash,
Tobacco and Rice.

Said vessel will sail for Amsterdam by the first of July. For freight or passage apply to the above Store, or to the Master on board.
May 22. (6w.)

RUNAWAY from the subscriber an Apprentice Lad named WILLIAM BAKER, nineteen years old, dark complexion, had long dark hair, about five feet seven inches high. Whoever will take up said lad, and confine him in any gaol in this Commonwealth, and give notice to the subscriber, shall receive TEN DOLLARS Reward, and all necessary charges paid. All Matters of Vessels and others, are cautioned against harbouring, concealing or carrying off said lad, as they would avoid the utmost penalty of the law. LEMUEL TOBEY.

N. B. Said lad lately failed in the Doggersbank.
Boston, June 4, 1787.

Stone Lime.

EASTERN STONE LIME, per hogstead, to be sold at the Store of
Capt. JOSEPH CORDIS,
in Charlestown. June 12, 1787.

For BALTIMORE,
THE Schooner MARRIA, Capt. SANXTON—
Will sail in seven days, having part of her cargo engaged. For freight or passage, apply to
SAMUEL BLAGG,
At No. 14, GREENE'S-WHARF.
Boston, June 12, 1787.



To LET,
A Large, and Convenient DWELLING-HOUSE, with a good Shop in front, situate in Marlborough Street, is an excellent stand for a Shopkeeper—Also,
A handsome House, pleasantly situated in Rowe's Lane. Inquire of the Printer.

HIGH-WATER, RISING and SETTING of the SUN, &c. in BOSTON. Lat. 42° 25' N.
June. [H. W. | O. R. & C. |] Remarks.
20 Wed. | 3 27.4 26 8 | Longest Days.
21 Thur. | 4 19.4 26 8 |
22 Frida. | 5 5.4 26 8 | (First qu. 7 morning.

BURIED in town last week. — BAPTISED 8.

Published by BENJAMIN RUSSELL, near the State-House, Boston.