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Newport Herald, 1788-12-4

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Newport Herald.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1788.

NEWPORT (RHODE-ISLAND) PRINTED BY PETER EDES, IN THAMES-STREET.

For the NEWPORT HERALD.

An Address to WINTER.

OR A PICTURESQUE DESCRIPTION OF DECEMBER.

THE Sun has now reached his farthest boundary, and enlivens, with his all-cheering beams, the chambers of the south; whilst nature in these climates, pinched with the chilling blasts of the north, and clothed in hoary winter's frozen garment, slumbers under the shelter of the snowy hills.—The bleating flocks, that in the cheerful months of summer cover the open districts, the verdant downs, now seek the warmer parts of the sheltered valley, or the friendly covert of the leafless wood.

See, in the southern horizon, a black tremendous cloud rises gradually above the surface of the deep.—Hark,—the wind whistles through the forest, and raises the surges of the pathless ocean. They seem to touch the skies, and last the shores with the most dreadful noise. The embattled clouds, in the most awful array, expand their loaded wings over the ethereal arch of heaven. The rain in a dreadful torrent rushes down from the sky, sweeping before it the accumulated fruits of the husbandman's toil. Dissolved by the warmth of the southern wind, the snow and ice join the torrent from the clouds, and increase the deluge that covers the plains. The roads are impassable, and the weary traveller is obliged to suspend his journey.

But see the storm is over, and the brilliant rainbow, tintured with the glowing colours of the sky, extends its lovely arch across the chambers of the east.—Hail, beautiful sign of comfort and of peace, placed in the clouds by the hand of the Almighty, as a token of his covenant with the sons of men.—Thy presence lulls the jarring elements to rest, and bids the horrors of the storm to cease!

But though the sun is retired to distant climes, and nature now is wrapped in the deepest gloom of Winter; yet is not all joy banished from the tranquil scenes of a country retirement. The inhabitants of the village spend the evenings of this dreary season in pleasing recitals of their former acts.—Placed in a circle round the genial fire, they listen to the artless narrative of age, and breathe a silent wish that the former manners would again return, when the door of the opulent was open to the needy, and hospitality resided in the mansions of the great.—The city, as well as the country, abounds with a variety of pleasures, which may be freely enjoyed.—And it should not be forgotten, that those only where virtue and innocence preside, are proper for a mortal to enjoy.—Others are beneath his notice, and tend only to debase the dignity of his nature.

How truly do the revolving seasons delineate in lively colours the fleeting life of man! The early spring dressed in all the blooming beauties of the year, the sportive youth adorned with health, and thoughtless as the wanton fawn.—Unpractised in deceit, and fearless of approaching dangers, the time is spent in unsuspecting gaiety; for childish pleasures only engage the heart.

The ardent heat of summer displays the man arrived at his full strength, when he is attacked by pleasures of every kind, and when the passions plead strongly in their favour; when every nerve should be exerted to shun the broad and flowery path that terminates in death.—The dictates of prudence should then be heard, and the precepts of those who have trod

the path of life before us attentively observed.—The dangers, although many and alarming, are not so artfully concealed, but our own sagacity will point them out, and virtue, if we follow her, will lead us safely along the path of happiness.

Autumn is the season of mature reflection, when the violent effervescence of the passions is over, and calm reflection ascends her seat. If we have erred in the former stages of life, now is the time for correction; and we should do well to remember that what was only a fault in youth is a crime in mature age.

Winter is the old age of life, which creeps on by degrees, and at last closes the scene forever.—Where are now, vain man, thy golden dreams of greatness? Thy unsubstantial hopes of happiness? They are vanished like the transient meteors of the sky, like the faint and undulating mist of the morning. Nothing now remains to cheer the soul depressed with languor and decays of the body, but the comfortable reflection of having discharged thy duty here, and endeavoured to tread the paths of virtue.

Nor needest thou wish for more; for thou mayest then bear without repining, the heavy load of life, and advance with comfort towards the mansions of peace and rest.—The wintry storms of age will soon be over, and a spring of never-failing happiness will succeed.

In such a cold climate are we situated, that nearly nine months are employed to procure the necessaries for winter. Wood being so great an article, that it takes chief of the fruits of many, who are industrious, to procure that necessary ingredient.

Here let me call your attention to that class of people who are superannuated, to the widow and the orphan, and to all those who have not the means to procure the necessaries of life, and who are dependant on others for their every morsel.—Shall not the eye of humanity weep over the miseries of the poor, and endeavour to enkindle a smile in their gloomy countenances.—Will not the man who is blessed with riches, feel a sympathy for those who groan beneath the distresses of poverty, and who, from feelings peculiar to themselves, cannot ask that charity humanity might bestow.

The season of winter demands the attention of those who have it in their power to assist others, and there is a pleasure in performing a benevolent action that cannot be known only by the humane, the generous and the good.

It becomes those, who are favoured with the necessaries and even superfluities of life, to view with friendly feelings the shattered dwelling of the lonely widow.—Hark—methinks I hear the wind whistle through the casement, and the storm howl on her humble roof.—See her destitute of the conveniences of life, with a large family of children to support, and then judge of her situation.—Can you pass by and not notice her?—Can your hearts be shut to the noblest feelings of the soul, and not talk the God-like happiness to give?—If you pour one drop of friendship's balm into her cup of sorrow, her heart will be attuned to joy, and her eyes will shed the gentle tears of smiling gratitude. By exercising this God-like feeling

We raise up modest virtue from the ground, And send the unhappy smiling from our door; We spread content and cheerfulness around, And banquet on the blessing of the poor.

ALBERTO.

For the NEWPORT HERALD.

VERY remote from common conceptions are the numerous and restless anxieties by which female happiness is disturbed. A solitary philosopher would

imagine Ladies born with an exemption from care and sorrow, lulled in perpetual quiet, and feasted with unmingled pleasure; for what can interrupt the content of those upon whom one age has labored after another to confer honors, and accumulate immunities; those to whom rudeness is infamy, and insult is cowardice; whose eye commands the brave, and whose smile softens the ferver; whom the sail or travels to adorn, the soldier bleeds to defend, and the poet wears out life to celebrate; who claim tribute from every art and science, and for whom all who approach them endeavor to multiply delight, without requiring from them any return but a willingness to be pleased.

Surely, among these favorites of nature, thus unacquainted with toil and danger, felicity must have fixed her residence; they must know only the changes of more vivid or more gentle joys; their life must always move either to the flow or sprightly melody of the lyre of gladness; they can never assemble but to pleasure, or retire but to peace.

Such should be the thoughts of every man who should hover at a distance round the world, and know it only by conjecture and speculation. But experience will soon discover how easily those are disgusted who have been made nice by plenty, and tender by indulgence. He will soon see to how many dangers power is exposed which has no other guard than youth and beauty, and how easily that tranquillity is molested which can only be soothed with the songs of slattery.—It is impossible to supply wants as fast as an idle imagination may be able to form them, or to remove all inconveniences by which elegance refined into impatience may be offended. None are so hard to please as those whom satiety of pleasure makes weary of themselves; nor are so readily provoked as those who have been always courted with an emulation of civility.

There are indeed some strokes which the envy of fate aims immediately at the fair. The mistress of Catullus wept for her sparrow many centuries ago, and lapdogs will be sometimes sick in the present age. The most fashionable lustring is subject to stains; a lace, the pride of Brussels, may be torn by a careless waiter; a picture may drop; or the triumph of a new fruit may be interrupted on the first day of its enjoyment, & all distinctions of dress unexpectedly obliterated by an unhappy mourning. R.

From the American Magazine.

Extracts from a letter written by Mr. John Ledyard to Dr. Ledyard, of Queen's County, Long-Island.

It may be necessary to inform the reader, that Mr. John Ledyard was one who accompanied Capt. Cook in his last voyage round the world. After his return, he formed a design of travelling round the world by land. By the influence of the French minister Count Vergennes, he obtained the countenance of the Empress of Russia, thro' whose dominions he purposed to pass. He had actually traversed the vast regions of the north, through Russia, Siberia, and almost to the Pacific Ocean; when through the jealousy of the Russian court, he was arrested by an officer dispatched for the purpose, hurried back through a country of six thousand miles extent, to the borders of Poland, and banished the Russian empire. He arrived in London the last summer, where he was introduced to a company of nobility and gentlemen, who wished to find a person willing to undertake to explore the interior parts of Africa. Mr. Ledyard immediately engaged in the hazardous enterprise, the society having advanced a sum of money to defray the ex-

ences, and this bold traveller is now on his way through France to Alexandria, Grand Cairo, the banks of the Red Sea, and thence southward through the heart of Africa.

While this gentleman was in London, he wrote to his friend giving some account of his travels, from which are extracted the following particulars:—

“The two following observations are the result of extensive and assiduous enquiry. First, that the difference of color in the human species, as the observation respects all but the negroes whom I have not yet visited, originates from natural causes.

“The second is, that all the Asiatic Indians called Tartars, and all the Tartars that have formed the later armies of Zingis Chan, together with the Chinese, are the same people, and that the American Tartar” (so he calls the natives) “is also of the family: the most ancient and numerous people on earth, and what is very singular, the most uniformly alike.”

“You have no idea of the excessive cold in the region of Siberia. By experiments I made at Yakutsk*, I found on the 19th of November the mercury in my thermometer froze. In December I found by repeated observations, that two ounces of clear quick-silver openly exposed, froze hard in 15 minutes by a watch. In strong Coniac brandy, coagulated by a thermometer graduated by Reaumur, and filled with rectified spirits of wine, I had 39½ degrees. On the borders of the frozen ocean, a Capt. Billings had the winter before last 43½ degrees by the same thermometer. I observed that in these severe frosts, the air was condensed, as is with you in a thick fog—the atmosphere is frozen—respiration is fatiguing—all exercise must be as moderate as possible—one's confidence is placed on the fur dress alone. It is a happy law of nature that in such intense cold, there is seldom any wind—when there is it is dangerous to be abroad: those who happen to be, lie down on the snow and thus secure themselves. In these seasons there is no chase—the animals submit themselves to hunger and security; and so does man. There are no wells at Yakutsk, for it is found by experiment, that the water freezes at sixty feet depth. People of these regions therefore are obliged to use ice and snow. They have also ice windows—glass is of no use to the few who have it; the difference in the state of the air, within and without, is so great, that the glass is covered on the inside with several inches of ice, and in that situation it is less luminous than ice. The timber of the houses splits and opens with loud cracks—the rivers thunder and open with broad fissures—all nature groans beneath the rigorous winter. Just at the turning of this cold season, I travelled last winter 2600 versts; about 1800 English miles, on the river Lena.”

* On the banks of the Great River Lena, which falls into the frozen ocean.

Just re-printed, and to be sold by the Printer hereof,

A LETTER
TO
PHILO AFRICANUS,
UPON SLAVERY.

SHIPPING Papers,
Charter Parties, Bills of Sale,
Excise Certificates, Bills of Lading,
Price Currents, Bills of Exchange, Powers Attorney, Deeds, Bonds, Justice's Warrants, and Indentures, to be sold by the Printer hereof.

Parnassian Loom.

For the NEWPORT HERALD.
DECEMBER,
AN ODE.

NOW Sol but faintly lends his radiant beams,
Creation's better half in silence laid;
Old time with solemn pace,
Begins his wintry reign.

See! sable clouds in wild disorder rise,
Borne on the wings of raging northern blasts,
Thru' flood the trembling plain,
And leafless trees lay waste:
Down the rough precipice in thunder roars
A grandeur that exalts th' ennobled mind!

A silver frost succeeds;
Wildly magnificent!
The distant hills rear up their hoary heads,
While pendant icicles like diamonds shine:
Thus clad in rich disguises,
Each object nature brightens.

In frosted marshes see the nodding reeds,
Seen through the dances in a hostile field:
The myriad atoms fly,
If but a gust of wind;
While mooping birds the rattling branches hum,
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends.
PHILANDER.

TO GRATITUDE.

O Gratitude, serenely beaming pow'r,
With ever-feeling thoughts expand my breast;
Nay in the gayest dissipating hour,
Permit my heart to link in thanks left rest.

Rather let peace and all her pleasing themes
Retire, and leave me no sensations sweet;
Give up my soul to vain delusive dreams,
Nor ever footh me in the cool retreat.

Is there in love or friendship ought that bids,
The breath to heave, the trembling tear to flow,
The soul to rise to emulative deeds,
With virtue's placid genial warmth to glow.

Oh! may my bosom, never, never feel,
The sweet delight, the ever-conscious joy;
Despise'd, thro' life, may I neglected steal,
Nor dead, one penive hour of grief employ;

Ere I forget to view the sacred shrine,
Ideal rais'd in ev'ry varied spot,
Ere I forget to bid each with entwine,
Th' expressive foliage of the grateful thot.
E. F.

Lines inscribed to a Lady.

TO thee, my friend, these numbers I consign,
And bid them flow in unison with thine.
Oh! take and press them to thy tender breast,
There clasp 'em close, & let the bard be bleis'd.
Let other females roll the wanton eye,
Flutter the fan, and heave th' affected sigh,
Let others flaunt it in the tawdry gown,
Proud to be tho't the puppets of the town.
Be yours to devote from this common pride,
Be each low tho't and bubble laid aside.
To due decorum ever live resign'd,
And let fair virtue harmonize thy mind.
'Tis she shall swarm thro' with her genuine ray,
And waft thy spirit to unclouded day.
When female vanity can charn no more,
And the dull force of foppety is o'er,
By truth illumind and by virtue fir'd,
Thou, and thy moral muse shall be admir'd.
A. B.

A BARBER'S SIGN.

GENTLEMEN of every calling,
Enter here, I ask you all in;
To shave or dress I'm always ready,
With tools in order—hand, too, steady.
A Colonel's quieu, a Jockey's Club;
A fancy curl or powder'd bob.
A tooth drawn, if you please you may,
Or bleeding have here every day.
Beeches made or mended well,
Or gin to tell which I distill.
I cure most every ill and ail,
My nostrums seldom ever fail.
Fumatum, blacking-ball I make
By pot, by toll, by pound or cake.
I as a Surgeon practice here,
I make good malt, and brew strong beer.
At leisure times I shoes do make,
At others cook, and well can bake,
I butcher when the season suits,
In gardening have both seed and roots.
For pay I take produce or cash,
I am your servant, Frederick Wash.

A B C L N R U C E.

N O name of person or of place,
I by these letters mean;
Yet if you them do rightly trace,
A word will then be seen.

Mr. PRINTER,

I beg leave to communicate to the public,
a speedy, safe, and effectual cure for
the vapours in women, which I found
out as follows:

IT was my fortune to marry a wife
young, gay, and handsome; with
whom I had lived in the greatest unanim-
ity and conjugal affection. After we had
been several years in this state, and bless-
ed with a fair offspring, she proved with
child again, was safely delivered and in a
very fair of doing well, till her month was
almost expired. When on a sudden she
complained of a lowness of spirit, giddi-
ness in her head, and a defective mem-
ory. However she recovered her bodily
strength, grew plump, and looked perfect-
ly well; yet her distemper increased to
such a degree, that I heard nothing morn-
ing, noon and night, but a continual re-
petition of her miseries, which the said
would soon end her life, mixing all her
complaints with such extravagant ques-
tions, as made me apprehensive it would
turn to madness. None but the fondest
husband can conceive my grief. I applied
to the apothecary who plied her with
medicines, desired her to take a chearful
glass to raise her spirits, and go much
abroad to divert her melancholy.—
All this was done but in vain, the dis-
temper still increased, and the commonly
appeared in tears. I consulted some who
told me of many cured by different acci-
dents, but none by the physicians aid.
Then began I to think, that since only the
rich, and such as pampered themselves
and indulged their appetites, were plagu-
ed with that hellish distemper, from
which the laborious and indigent are free.
I say I began to think that the same diet
and exercise, which prove such excellent
preservatives to the poor, must be as good
restoratives to the rich. I therefore per-
suaded a friend of mine to counterfeit a
doctor, gave him proper instructions, and
then carried my wife to him for advice.
Having heard her case very attentively,
he ordered her never to drink any thing
stronger than small beer, never to go a-
broad any where but to church; and to be
sure work some hours every day. She
began this hard task as soon as she came
home, but complained that the grew
worse and worse.

But when the saw that I insisted on the
performances she continued it, and soon
grew much better, and now thank God
is as well as any woman in the world.
Yours, S.

A S C R A P.

IF any man has a thirst for knowledge,
and desires to improve his understand-
ing; if he has any curiosity to know the
intereiling transactions in the various and
remote parts of the world; if he be a
friend to his country, and would wish to
guard its rights and privileges; if he
would wish to do good to the present, and
lay a foundation for the happiness of fu-
ture generations; if the spreading of sci-
ence and the increase of literature deligh-
him; if he be pleased with the beauties
of poetry, or would gather the more sub-
stantial fruits of sound philosophy—let
him contribute his mite to promote and
encourage an Art so useful as that of
P R I N T I N G.—It is the prop
of liberty, the dread of tyrants, and the
vehicle of all public and important intel-
ligence.

The following Method of curing CANCERS
is said to be infallible—extracted from a
late London News-Paper.

SPREAD a plaister of Dyachylon
with gum, upon the leather, the
size of the Cancer: suppose the plaister
to be as large as a crown piece, or a
Spanish dollar, sprinkle on it a scruple
of corrosive sublimate of mercury, finely
powdered; and so in proportion to a
larger or smaller plaister. This plaister
must be applied to the cancer, and re-
main on it forty-eight hours; but if there
is any apprehension that it has not done
its office in that time, it must remain
longer. Then take it off, and apply a
poultice of milk and bread, with a little
olive oil, which must be renewed fre-
quently, until the Cancer comes out, by
the roots as it were. The part is then to
be dressed, digested, and cured as a
common ulcer. A purge or two with calo-
mel must precede the application. No
other preparation is necessary, unless the
patient is gross, and requires a cooling
Regimen. Bark is sometimes necessary
to forward the digestion and cura.

S O R R O W.

WE should feel sorrow, but not sink
under its depression; the heart of
a wife man should resemble a mirror,
which reflects every object without being
sullied by any. The wheel of fortune
turns incessantly round, and who can say
within himself, I shall to-day be upper-
most? We should hold the immutable
mean that lies between inflexibility and
anguish; our attempts should be, not to
extinguish nature, but to redress it; not
to stand unmoved at distress, but endeavor
to turn every disaster to our own advan-
tage. Our greatest glory is, not in never
falling, but in rising every time we fall.

REVOLUTIONS OF LIFE.

THE world is like a vast sea, man-
kind like a vessel sailing on its
tempestuous bosom. Our prudence is its
sails, the senses serve us for oars, good or
bad fortune are favorable or contrary
winds, and judgment is the rudder, with-
out this last the vessel is lost by every
billow, and will find shipwreck in every
breeze. In a word, obscurity and indige-
nace are the parents of vigilance and
economy; vigilance and economy, of
riches and honor; riches and honor, of
pride and luxury; pride and luxury, of
impurity and idleness; and impurity and
idleness again produce indigence and ob-
scurity. Such are the revolutions of life.

Christopher Champlin

Has for Sale at his STORE,

BOHEA TEA per Chest,
RUSSIA DUCK,
RAVENS DUCK,
BARR IRON,
All of the first Quality.

And a general Assortment of

English Goods.

THORNTON'S ALMANACK

For 1789,

Is now published, and to be sold by the
Printer hereof, by the groce, dozen, or
single one.

Containing (besides what is usual in
an Almanack)—A brief account of the
origin of the names of some months of the
year, and of all the days of the week,
now customarily and commonly used—
Definitions of the vulgar notes—A table
of the revolutions, &c. of the planets—
Bearings of several remarkable places
from Rhode-Island Light-house—Differ-
ence of time of high water at several pla-
ces—Courts in the States of Rhode-Is-
land, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and
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The Beechen Shade—Contest, &c. &c.

To be SOLD,

An exceeding valuable F A R M,

On the Island of PRUDENCE, in
the Narraganset Bay, containing about
800 Acres, all improved Land, with a
good Dwelling-House, Barn, and other
convenient Out-buildings thereon, a very
fine Orchard of choice grafted Fruit Trees,
with plenty of Salt-Marsh adjoining said
Farm.—Also a Quantity of Land lying
Part in the City of Newport, and Part in
Middletown, to be sold in Lots, as may
suit the Purchaser, either in House
Lots, or any Number of Acres from one
Acre to Six Hundred. For further Partic-
ulars inquire of JOHN MALBONE and
FRANCIS BRINLEY, Administrators to
the Estate of Godfrey Malbone, late of
Pomfret, Esq. deceased.
Newport, March 8.

ALL Persons indebted to the
Estate of Mrs. Elizabeth Linturn,
late of Newport, Widow, deceased,
are requested to make Payment; and
those who have any Demands are hereby
notified to produce them to
JABEZ CHAMPLIN,
Executor to the Will.
Newport, November 6, 1788.

C H E A P

FOR THE READY CASH,

A VERY GENERAL AND SEASON-
ABLE ASSORTMENT OF

DRY GOODS,

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in the last Ship, by

Walter Channing,

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Cassimeres, Hunters, Kerseys, Coat-
ings, Duffels, Baizes, Flannels,
Blankets, Serges of all Qualities.

Velvets, Corduroys, Denims, Ribdeleurs,
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Elegant Buttons and Buckles, highly fin-
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Table Steels, Pewter of every Kind, Can-
dlesticks, Waiters, Wool and Cotton
Cards, Pins, Needles—with a great Va-
riety of other well-chosen Goods, too nu-
merous to particularize.

Please to inquire at WALTER
CHANNING'S Store, the Corner of
the New Lane, Thames-Street.

To be sold, at PETER EDES'S Printing-
Office, in Newport,

Seaman's Daily Assistant,

Seaman's Daily Journal,
Fishes Young Man's Best Companion,
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Assistant, in buying and selling all Sorts
of Commodities, either wholesale or
retail,

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duction to the Latin Tongue,
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Complete Letter Writer,
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Boston Massacre Orations, in one Volume;
to which is added, Mr. Morton's Ora-
tion on the Re-interment of Major-
General Warren, and a Poem by James
Allen, Esq.

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ligion of little Children, under Seven
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D. D.

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United States of North-America,
A Poetical Sermon, occasioned by a Dis-
appointment in Love.

A L S O,

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Ink-Powder and Ink Cake, Black Lead
Pencils, Ink-Horns, Childrens Books,
Copy Sips, &c. &c.