

A remarkable Story of Predestination.

NOT many years ago, a gentleman from a considerable distance, came upon a visit to a friend's house, another gentleman of this neighbourhood, and on the last day of his journey, was obliged to cross a great river, or arm of the sea, in a little ferry-boat, which he did prosperously enough; in his friend's house at night, being of the gay reasoning part of mankind, he, in the course of a mixed conversation, acquainted the company—"That his fortune had been told (or as the saying is, his nativity calculated) immediately on his birth, which was, that he would be drowned on the day he was thirty years of age, which (he gaily added) was that very day, pleasantly rallying the superstition of his mother, and the good women about her at his birth, and declaring that he crossed the said ferry with the more pleasure, in order to expose the weakness of such idle conceits. The company joined with him in his opinion all along, and diverted themselves much with the superstition of most women, and all common people.

But sitting up late, this same gentleman went by himself (which he had no occasion to do) much concerned in liquor, and unobserved by the rest, who were in the like condition, into a back yard, and hitting his foot against something in the way, pitched headlong into a deep well, where he was unfortunately drowned before any of the family missed him, or knew any thing of him.

Death strangely prevented.

IN the history of Muscovy, published by the ambassador Demetrius, we read the memorable fortune of a country peasant. This man, seeking for honey, got into a hollow tree, where was such plenty of it, that it sucked him up to his breast; and being unable to get out, he had lived two days upon honey only, and finding his voice could not be heard in that solitary wood, despaired of freeing himself from this sweet captivity. A huge bear came to the same tree to eat the honey, of which these beasts are very greedy, and descending with his hinder parts foremost, the poor fellow caught hold of his loins; the bear terribly frightened, laboured with all his might to get out, and so drew the peasant from his sweet prison, which otherwise had proved his grave.

To prevent the Biting of Musketoos, even in a Marsh, or guilt of them.

WHEN you have on your common Summer apparel, put on a pair of jack-boots, an oil-cloth great coat to reach the calves of your legs well wrapp'd round your body, with hood and cap on, so that it comes well under your chin and close to your cheeks; then put on a mask with glass to the eyes, and a piece of tin with holes like the top of a pepper-box (but mind that they are so small that the musketoe can't get thro') for the mouth-piece, and then put on a pair of stiff-toe leather-gloves lined with fur: and in this dress a musketoe will never hurt you. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

For an ague.—By Dr. Mead.

Take half an ounce of bark powdered, thirty grains of snake-root powdered, and forty grains of salt wormwood; mix all these well together, divide the whole into three equal doses, and take one in a glass of wine two hours before the fit comes on.—This has cured thousands. Or,

Take the herb called Cardus Benedictus commonly called Cardus) and make a strong tea of it—of which drink about half a pint. It is an excellent vomit, followed by a gentle purge.