

must come *to light*. The Soot falls down on our *very little* Dinners, for Want of being able to get our Chimnies swept.—The Lamps which Gentlemen pay the same Price for, as formerly, scarce burn till Midnight; though before the Loss of *Minorca* we could light our Morning Pipes by them, when we went out to Work, which now costs us very dear at the Alehouse; where, by the great Price of Coals, we are forbid even to smell the Fire, till we pay for it. And when we ask why these Things are so? the very Tankard-Carrier, cries aloud,—*Why, 'tis Cozz of Minny-Orkey*.

THE lean *Hessian* Horses are grown plump on our Hay and Corn, while our Coachmen and Carmen, as they say, and sure they know what they feel, can scarce keep theirs alive, on Account of the Prices of those two valuable Commodities.—In short, with our new Ministry, new Treasury, and new Admiralty, we (distantly) hope for new Treasures, new Measures, and new Admirals; with
Ships