

have left only such a quantity in the middle, as they judge sufficient for the whole maintenance of the bees in winter, (without giving them any thing else, as they erroneously do in England), brushing those on the combs into the hive again, and covering it anew with sticks and plaster. To give the bees the less disturbance, this is likewise done in the daytime, when most of them are absent from the hives. By this means the bees are never destroyed, as in England, with taking the honey; which therefore increase and multiply prodigiously, and make them ample amends for the honey they leave to sustain them in winter. Beside, the honey has a finer flavour, and the wax a greater fragrance, than where the bees are destroyed by the offensive smoak of sulphur. Bees should always have their place of abode as near as possible to flowering shrubs, and aromatic herbs, especially thyme, which they are very fond of.

*The case of Edward Casf.*

**E**Dward Casf, aged 38, by trade a comber, in the year 1725 broke the knee-pan of his right leg by a slight fall. This fracture was reduced immediately by a surgeon of the town, and the man walked tolerably well, tho' somewhat lame. Dec. 26. 1727, by an accident as trifling as the former, the knee-pan of the other leg broke likewise. This too was reduced. April 31. 1731, he broke his right thigh by a slip of his foot. This fracture was treated as usual; and, thro' the man's impatience, opened the 15th day; when the bone appeared to be soft, and in a manner cartilaginous, insomuch that, without giving him any considerable pain, you might make the knee touch the *os pubis*. From this time, being unable to support the weight of his body, he kept his bed. About a year and a half after this, the other thigh, without any preceding fracture, became soft in the same manner; and, by the contraction of the muscles, they both grew exceeding crooked, each thigh forming a large segment of a circle, convex on the outside, so that the two knees being brought to each other, the circle was nearly compleat; and

tho', when in a state of health, the knee was at least one foot five inches from the *os pubis*, it was now not above eleven inches and a half. In this manner he lay till May 1744; when, endeavouring to lift himself to go to stool, the *sternum* broke directly in its middle; which caused a great distortion in his chest, insomuch that the middle of the bone projected about four inches and a half perpendicular height more than usual. From this time he complained of a great difficulty of breathing, occasioned by the pressure of the upper part of the *sternum* upon the *aspera arteria*. This bone never softened. April 15. 1746, endeavouring to incline on his left arm, the *humerus* broke about three inches from the *scapula*. This fracture was reduced; and in about twenty days the bone softened as usual, so that it might, without difficulty, or much pain to the patient, be twisted round one's wrist. From this time the scull began to soften; and the two sides of the *os frontis*, near its *suture*, with the parietal bones, became so elastic, that I could indent them with an easy pressure of my finger, tho' he always expressed the greatest anxiety at the time. The bones of the face in general were much distorted, and the superior angle of the occipital bone was so very soft, that it could scarce bear the weight of his head on the pillow. There was a large moveable *exostosis*, as large as an apple, on the bare of the *scapula*; the extreme bones of all his fingers and toes were enlarged and distorted excessively. — April 1747 he died, and then measured little more than four feet four inches, tho' in a state of health he was six feet high. He always ate heartily till within a week of his death. I could not discover that there was reason to apprehend any venereal taint in the case, or that any of his family were scrophulous.

*Plymouth, Aug. 6.*

J. M.

*An account of Sir Hans Sloane's museum.*

**O**N the 4th of June last, the Prince of Wales sent to inform Sir Hans, that he and the Princess desired to see his curious museum on the Tuesday following, and that Dr Mortimer, Secretary of the Royal society, might attend them. Accordingly,

cordingly, their Royal Highnesses arrived at Sir Hans's house on the 7th, about noon. Dr Mortimer was waiting at the door, and conducted them into the room where Sir Hans was sitting, being ancient and infirm. The Prince took a chair, sat down by the good old Gentleman some time, and expressed the great esteem he had for him personally, and how much the learned world was obliged to him for his having collected such a vast library of curious books, and such immense treasures of the valuable and instructive productions of nature and art. — Sir Hans's house forms a square of above 100 feet each side, inclosing a court. Three front-rooms had tables set along the middle, which were spread over with drawers fitted with all sorts of precious stones, in their natural beds, or state as they are found in the earth; except the first, that contained stones formed in animals, which are so many diseases of the creature that bears them: as, the most beautiful *pearls*, which are but warts in the shell-fish; the *lezars*, concretions in the stomach, and stones generated in the kidneys and bladder. of which man wofully knows the effects. But the earth in her bosom generates the verdant *emerald*, the purple *amethyst*, the golden *topaz*, the azure *sapphire*, the crimson *garnet*, the scarlet *ruby*, the brilliant *diamond*, the glowing *opal*, and all the painted varieties that *Flora* herself might wish to be decked with. Here the most magnificent vessels of *coral*, *shell*, *onyx*, *sardonyx*, and *jasper*, delighted the eye, and raised the mind to praise the great creator of all things.

When their R. Highnesses had viewed one room, and went into another, the scene was shifted. For, when they returned, the same tables were covered for a second course with all sorts of *jewels*, polished and set after the modern fashion; or with *gems* carved or engraved; the stately and instructive remains of antiquity. For the third course the tables were spread with *gold* and *silver* *crests*; with the most precious and remarkable ornaments used in the *habits* of men, from Siberia to the cape of Good Hope, from Japan to Peru; and with both ancient and modern *coins* and *medals* in gold and silver, the

lasting monuments of historical facts; as those of a Prusias, King of Bithynia, who betrayed his allies; of an Alexander, who, mad with ambition, over-run and invaded his neighbours; of a Caesar, who enslaved his country to satisfy his own pride; of a Titus, the delight of mankind; of a Pope Gregory XIII. recording on a silver medal his blind zeal for religion, in perpetuating thereon the massacre of the Protestants in France; as did Charles IX. the then reigning King in that country. Here may be seen the coins of a King of England, crowned at Paris; a medal representing France and Spain, striving which should first pay their obedience to Britannia; others shewing the effect of popular rage, when over-much oppressed by their superiors, as in the case of the De Witts in Holland; the happy deliverance of Britain, by the arrival of K. William; the glorious exploits of a Duke of Marlborough, and the happy arrival of the present illustrious Royal family amongst us.

The gallery, 110 feet in length, presented a most surprising prospect; the most beautiful *corals*, *crystals*, and figured stones; the most brilliant *butterflies*, and other insects; *shells* painted with as great variety as the precious stones, and feathers of *birds* vying with gems; here the remains of the antediluvian world excited the awful idea of that great catastrophe, so many evident testimonies of the truth of Moses's history; the variety of animals shews us the great beauty of all parts of the creation.

Then a noble vista presented itself thro' several rooms filled with books, among these many hundred volumes of dried plants; a room full of choice and valuable manuscripts; the noble present sent by the present French King to Sir Hans, of his collections of paintings, medals, statues, palaces, &c. in twenty five large Atlas volumes; besides other things too many to mention here.

Below stairs some rooms are filled with the curious and venerable antiquities of Egypt, Greece, Hetruria, Rome, Britain, and even America; others with large animals preserved in the skin; the great saloon lined on every side with boules

filled with spirits, containing various animals. The halls are adorned with the horns of divers creatures, as the double-horned rhinoceros of Africa, the fossil deer's horns from Ireland, nine feet wide; and with weapons of different countries, among which it appears, that the Mayalese, and not our Most Christian neighbours the French, had the honour of inventing that butcherly weapon the bayonet. Fifty volumes in folio would scarce suffice to contain a detail of this immense museum, consisting of above 200,000 articles.

Their R. Highnesses were not wanting in expressing their satisfaction and pleasure, at seeing a collection, which surpassed all the notions or ideas they had formed from even the most favourable accounts of it. The Prince on this occasion shewed his great reading and most happy memory: for in such a multiplicity, such a variety of the productions of nature and art, upon any thing being shewn him he had not seen before, he was ready in recollecting where he had read of it; and upon viewing the ancient and modern medals, he made so many judicious remarks, that he appeared to be a perfect matter of history and chronology. He expressed the great pleasure it gave him to see so magnificent a collection in England, esteeming it an ornament to the nation; and expressed his sentiments, how much it must conduce to the benefit of learning, and how great an honour will redound to Britain, to have it established for publick use to the latest posterity.

To the author of the SCOTS MAGAZINE.

S I R,

*Perthshire.*

I Am greatly pleas'd with such poems in your Magazine, as would persuade the fair sex, that virtue adds new charms to a fine complexion: I have therefore sent inclosed a SONG on that subject, said to be done by an eminent hand, Mr T. H. and which, as far as I can learn, is not so well known as it deserves. The simile of angels assuming human forms is admirable.—*I am, &c.*

NOT for thy rosy bloom alone,  
Or snowy neck, I die,  
Thy tender smile, or melting voice,  
Or love-persuading eye.

Of have I gaz'd, unhurt, on pride  
Lodg'd in a mold divine;  
Of listen'd safe, when folly flow'd  
From lips so sweet as thine.

The soul o'er all thy frame diffus'd  
Paints every feature fair,  
As angels tinge their forms at will,  
When limb'd in lucid air:

Bright beaming thro' thy shape appears  
The heav'nly guest inspir'd.  
'Twere virtue sure to kiss the case  
That holds so fair a mind.

*By a Lady on the loss of her son at sea.*

Thou'rt gone, dear prop of my declining years;  
No more for thee I'll weary heav'n with  
prayers:

Ere while, the purple morn, the sable night,  
The glorious sun in his meridian height,  
With every shining star of paler light,  
Still saw me prostrate on the earth for thee,  
With prayers and tears implore the Deity.  
But, oh! diffus'd in unresisting air, [ty's ear.  
They never pierc'd the skies, nor reach'd th' Almighty-  
For thou art gone, and I am left to mourn;  
Nor ever shalt thou to these arms return,  
Or thy dear image from my soul depart,  
While life's warm spring beats at my tortur'd  
Upon the fatal deck I see thee stand; [heart.  
I feel the bulging vessel strike the sand;  
I hear the cries of death, the wild affright,  
The dreadful scene is present to my sight:  
It strikes again; *Mercy, great God!* he cries;  
The vessel splits; he falls, he sinks, he dies!

And do I live! Thus heav'n asserts its pow'r,  
Injoins me life beyond this fatal hour.  
By nature soft, I ne'er purpos'd could hear  
The sound of woe, or view the falling tear:  
What feel I now, when, at one dreadful cast,  
My life, my joy, my hopes, my treasure's lost?  
My hopes, my joys, were center'd all in thee;  
And only God was more belov'd by me.

Ah! had my trembling hand thy eye lids clos'd,  
Thy manly limbs with decent care compos'd;  
Had I with pious tears bath'd thy lov'd face;  
Obtain'd one fond, one dear, one last embrace;  
From thy pale lips receiv'd one parting kiss,  
Ere angels bore thee to celestial bliss;  
Catch'd thy last breath, and instantly expir'd,  
Oh! happy fate, and much by me desir'd.  
But heav'n has lengthen'd my unhappy days,  
For various woes dispens'd in various ways;  
Doom'd from my early years to misery,  
Unheard I mourn, and unregard'd sigh.—

What have I said?—Tumultuous passions cease,  
In resignation we alone have peace.  
Shall a poor worm omnipotence arraign?  
Shall animated dust of God complain?  
Yet, awful power, whom heaven and earth obey,  
Who stills the tempests, and who calms the sea,  
Command the deep his body to restore;  
Winds gently waft it to his native shore: