



Portical.

HORACE IN LONDON

Foreign commentaries are perennial, &c. My work is establish'd—pale Flory, he still, My fame is not now to be unshown. I speak with the best of the wits of the quill, Eron elegant Horace of Strawley shall Must now yield to Horace in London.



FOR THE STAR WINE.

The present state of things lead to a supposition that foreign Wines will be scarce and high—it would therefore be wise, in all who have it in their power, to be as much as possible—But as bad Wine is the worst of all bad articles, I would recommend to those who are desirous to make it to be attentive that it shall be of the best quality. To enable me to give instances, I have been some time examining every Look I could procure on this subject, but with little success, as the notes and papers are for the use of those who cultivate Vineyards and engage in the business extensively—What note I could find I lay before my readers.

Grapes must be fully ripe before they are gathered; gather them in a fair day, when they are perfectly dry; and take away all the rotten and unripe grapes. For they spoil the wine: If your vintage be large, and you gather more grapes than you can mash and press out in one day, let them be gathered with bruising, for bruised grapes soon contract an unsavoury taste and hurt the wine; however, if they are mashed the same day they are gathered, the bruising will do no hurt.

The grapes must be equally pressed, to insure a uniform fermentation.

The whole of one or even two days mashing or mashing, (where the vintage is great) is thrown into a large vat, the most, stalks, skins and all, and stands in some warm dry place or cellar. The vat is covered close with sheets or blankets, or both, and thus it remains according to custom, from four to seven or even ten days, according to the coldness or heat of the weather. This is done to obtain a strong fermentation, in order to give a deeper colour to the wine; and this is the only end proposed by it; the manager of this work visits the vat twice a day, and in a glass views the colour of the wine, and tastes it; if the tincture be not deep enough to his mind, he knows by the taste of the wine, whether it will stand a longer fermentation: if it will not, he contents himself with the colour it has, and draws and presses it off, and fills it into casks, leaving about two inches from the bung for a second fermentation. When the second fermentation is over, which generally happens in four or five days, he then draws it off into clean well scented casks, and adds to it six gallons of good old wine and two gallons of brandy to an English hogshead, which contains from 60 to 65 gallons.

Besides the main pulp or core of the grape which is white in black grapes as well as others there sticks to the inside of the skin, a considerable body of rich pulp, of a deeper die in some than in others. This pulp gives the colour to the grape, this same pulp also gives the colour to the wine, for the same grape is capable of making white wine as well as red wine; if the main core which is first trod out, be only used, the wine will be white; but if the red pulp be mixed with it, it makes it of a rich purple colour; as this is a clear case the great point of improvement is, to dissolve or extract this rich pulp, without injuring the wine. That the present method is the best and most effectual to that purpose, I can by no means think; the violent fermentation through which the wine is made to pass, in order to procure the tincture, must exhaust the spirits to a very great degree, and leave the body in a weak and languid state, and subject it to hardships, to turn eager or vapid in a short time; I think I have reason to conclude that if the husks or skins, after four days lying in the mash vat, and trod over again, and especially if some of the must, or rather wine, be now & then thrown over the husks, in order to wash away the pulp, that a full tincture may be obtained, without torturing the wine, as the present manner is, and without running so great a risk of spoiling it.

The method of disposing grapes to fermentation varies in different countries. The stalks are harsh and austere, and wines produced from grapes not freed from stalks, do not participate in that quality; but these are weak and almost insipid wines, and are apt to become oily. Fermentation also proceeds with more force and regularity, in must mixed with the stalks, than in that which has been freed from them.

New casks destined for receiving wine, must be well impregnated with salt and water, to extract the injurious bitterness of the wood. Old casks must be well seasoned and washed. The wine should be drawn from the vats into a reservoir and carried to the casks.

All the vessels and instruments made use of must be perfectly clean and sweet; and every thing that has an offensive or disagreeable smell, must be removed from the place where wine is made, and from the cellars where it is kept; and the cellar ought to be dry and warm. It must also be free from mustiness, and in good weather, the windows next the south and west must be opened, to admit the warm and dry air.

The reader will observe that in all the foregoing extracts there is not one word about the use of water in assisting to procure the whole of the juices of the grape. I am informed that many people who make wine in this state,

make use of water on their second pressing, which will certainly reduce the wine and make it liable to become sour speedily—in the above directions must (that is, the juice of the grape) is made use of for assisting in the 2d pressing. POOR RICHARD.

EDGECOMBE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

We are gratified to perceive that this society continues its labours with unwearied application. Some very handsome Medals to be awarded as premiums for Agricultural and Manufacturing skill have lately been made for this society at Mr. Hemonds shop in this city.



MISCELLANY.

LUTHER'S SERMONS.

There are few books which throw so much light upon the manners and morals of the times, and the state of society, as Luther's sermons; they may be ranked among the most judicious and amusing specimens of our country literature. Our readers will not, perhaps, be displeas'd to see a specimen of his peculiar vein. It occurs in his Sermon of the Plough, preached in the church of St. Paul's, in London, on the 25th of January, 1548. He is touching upon the usefulness of giving secular employment to the clergies.

A plow hath a charge and care other-ways, and therof he cannot discharge his duty, and be a lord president too. For a parish hath requirith a whole man, and a shop cannot be two men. A bishop hath his office, a flocke to teach, to look unto; and, therefore, he cannot meddle with any other office, which alone requirith a whole man. Let the priest preach, and the noble man handle the temporal matters. Moses was a married man, a good man; Moses was a wonderful fellow, and did his dutie, being a married man: we lacke such as Moses was—When I would all men would look to their dutie, a God hath called them, and then we should have a flourishing christian common weale. And now I would aske a strange question. Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office. I can tell, for I know him who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and harkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you. It is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other; he is never out of his dyocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never fynde him unemployed; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never fynde him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at home, the diligentest preacher in all the realme; he is ever at his plough; no lording or loytering can hinder him; he is ever applying his busyness; ye shall never fynde him idle I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintaine superstition, to set up idolatry, to teach all kynde of poperie. He is ready as he can be binded, or to set forth his plough, to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his ploughing, there away with books and up with candles! away with bibles and up with beads! away with the light of the gospel and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon dayes. Where the devil is resident that he may prevayle, up with all supersticion and idolatry, setting paynting of images, candles, pictures, ashes, holy water and new service of men's inventing, as though man could invent a better way to honour God with, than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, to with purgatory pix purse, up with him, the popish purgatory I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor and impotent, up with decking of images, and gay garnishing of stocks and stones. Up with man's traditions and his lawes, down with God's traditions and his most holy word. But here some man will say to me, "What, sir, are ye so poverty of the devils counsell that ye know all this to be true? Truly, I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much in condescending to some follies. And I know him as other men do; yea, that he is ever occupied and ever busy in following his plough. I know by S. Peter, which sayth of him, sicut leo rugiens cireuit quaerens quem devoret, he goeth about like a roaring lyon seeking whom he may devour. I would have this text well viewed and examine every word of it. Circuit, he goeth about in every corner of his dyocese. He goeth on visitation daily. He leaveeth no place of his cure unvisited. He walketh round about from place to place, and cryeth boldly—Sicut leo, as a lyon; that is, strongly, boldly and proudly, stately and fiercely, with haute looks, with his proude countenances, with his stately braggings. Rugiens, roaring; for he letteth not slip any occasion to speake, or to roare out when he seeth his tyme. Quarens, he goeth about seeking, and not sleeping as our bishops doe, but he seeketh diligently, he searcheth diligently all corners, whereas he may have his prey. He roveh abroad in eve-

ry place of his dyocese, he standeth not still, he is never at rest, but ever in hand with his plough that it may go forward. But there was never such a preacher in England as he is. Who is able to tell his diligent preaching? In the meane tyme the prelates takes their pleasures. They are lords and no labourers, but the devil is diligent at his plough. He is no unpreaching prelate. He is no lordly loyterer from his cure, but a busy ploughman; so that among all the prelates and all the pack of them that have cure, the devil shall go for my money. For he still applyeth his busyness. Therefore, ye unpreaching prelates, learne of the devil to be diligent in doing of your office. Learne of the devil. An if you will not learne of God, nor of good men, for shame learne of the devil. Adrubescentum vestram dico. I speake it for your shame. If you will not learne of God, nor good men, to be diligent in your office, learne of the devil.

Mr. Gaston.—In an Oration delivered on the 4th of July last, by S. R. Hamilton, Esq. at Princeton, N. J. we observe the following quotation from a speech of Mr. Gaston:

"We were civilized Americans by the blood of martyred fathers, who lost their lives in the service of their country."

This expression, which suits well to the whole American people, has peculiar propriety and force in the mouth of this accomplished Statesman and orator, whose father, an eminent physician in Newbern, was killed by the enemy in the Revolutionary war.

Interesting statement.—The following schedule shows the number of troops furnished by each colony or state during our struggle for independence, viz.

Table with 3 columns: Continental, Militia, Total. Rows include N. Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, South-Carolina, Georgia, and Grand Total.

A citizen reading in the proceedings of Congress the following paragraph:

"The members present were then qualified, and took their seats."

remarked that he was right glad they qualified the members at Washington, for he was sure the member from his district stood vastly in need of it.

Mr. Fox, in the course of a speech in the house of commons, when he was enquiring on the influence exerted by government over the members, observed, that it was generally understood that there was a person employed by the minister as manager of the house of commons. Here there was a general cry of—Name him! name him! "No," says Mr. Fox "I don't choose to name him! though I might do as easy as to say Jack Robinson!" John Robinson was really his name.

Mr. Mackenzie, who has been sometimes called the Scotch Addison, was by profession an Attorney. Being in company with Sir William Howe, in the bagnio, where that General lately went to warm the growse of Moor game, after dinner the conversation happened to turn upon poisons; the effects of different species were mentioned, and among others those of ratsbane and laurel water. "We say in England," said the general to Mr. M. "that ratsbane will not kill a lawyer," and we say in Scotland, replied the wit "that some Generals are not in danger from laurel."

An attorney lately attempted to quiz a country parson, who had a fine snuff box. "Doctor, (said he) your box is large enough to hold the freedom of a corporation." "Sir (said the priest) it will hold any freedom but yours."

THE BISHOP'S MANTLE CUT SHORT.

The Bishop of Emsland lost a great portion of his revenues, in consequence of the occupation of part of Prussia by the King of Prussia. Soon after this event, in 1773 he waited on his Majesty at Potsdam, the King asked him if he could, after what had happened, still give any friendship for him? "Sire!" said the prelate, "I shall never forget my duty, as a good subject, to my sovereign."—"I am," replied the King, "still your good friend, and presume much on your friendship towards me: for should St. Peter refuse my entrance into Paradise, I hope you will have the goodness to hide me under your mantle, and take me in along with you."—"Sire!" returned the Bishop, "that will, I fear, be scarcely possible:—your Majesty has already cut it too short to admit of my carrying any contraband goods beneath it."