A VISION *of the* PRINTER's BOY.

Presented on the NEW-YEAR, *by the* CARRIER *of the* MERCURY, *in* HARTFORD.

AS late soft slumber clos'd my eyes,
A lovely form shot from the skies,
Approach'd my bed with aspect meek,
And thus it spake, or seem'd to speak.

"Go, with the New-Year's sun, my boy,
Go, bid your anxious country joy;
This is the year ordain'd by fates,
To rear the glory of the states."

Raptur'd I gaz'd—The voice and mein,
Methought, I knew; I erst had seen
Columbia's genius—'Twas the same
Who spake, and thus pursu'd the theme.

"I, who Columbia's heroes fir'd
To arms, more lately have inspir'd
Th' assembled Sages with a plan
To finish what those arms began.
Thence thro' the states I wing'd my way,
To scatter wisdom's sacred ray:
I kindled up the glowing flame
Of zeal to raise Columbia's fame.
The federal states to union drew,
And bade, *The glorious work pursue.*

"One state is doom'd awhile to be
A mark, by which the rest may see
And shun the gulph which quick embrogues
Blind paper-mongers, cheats and rogues.

"Now wisdom shall the elections guide,
Wisdom in Congress shall preside—
No object there shall be pursu'd,
But publick peace and common good.
Science and virtue shall revive,
Arts, commerce, manufactures thrive,
Just laws shall private rights maintain,
Slav'ry no more shall clank her chain,
No wars again infest the ground,
But peace shall walk the country round.
Plenty shall crown the peasant's toil,
And Heav'n on all his labours smile,
The desart, cultur'd to a field,
Blessings before unknown shall yield;
Where beasts of prey now stalk and roar,
Tame flocks shall feed and play secure;
Where the tall forests mock the skies,
Cities, with taller spires shall rise;
And golden harvests wave their heads,
Where the wild thicket boundless spreads.
Here liberty shall stretch her hands
To call the oppress'd from distant lands,
'Till tyrants shall no more oppress,
And freedom all the nations bless."

The genius spake—and from my sight
Shot upwards to the palace of light.
I woke—arose—scarce stay'd to dress—
I ran and put this work to press,
Resolv'd to hand it to the town,
Whose bounty will my labour crown.

From the Independent Gazetteer.

To N——— T———, Esq. commander of the ship ———, lying at ——— wharf, in the port of Philadelphia, and now preparing to sail on a voyage to the coast of Guinea *for a cargo of* Negroes.

SIR,

WHILE you persist in your accursed trade, of stealing Negroes from their native country, and binding them in chains of slavery, I shall not cease to invoke just Heaven, for divine vengeance to be poured down upon your guilty head, and upon those who encourage your infernal traffic. Such monsters, in human shape ought to be held up to publick view, in the most odious and despicable light. They ought to be outlawed and hunted down, in every state where they are found; And, as their souls are callous to the feelings of humanity, their bodies ought to be insulted, kicked, and trampled on, wherever they are found.

You, sir, as I am informed, are now about to sail to the coast of Guinea, for a cargo of Negroes. My ardent prayer to Heaven, shall be, that whirlwinds, calm, thunder and hurricanes, may persecute you without intermission.

And when you arrive near to your destined port, may you behold multitudes of negroes on the shore, living happily on the spontanious produce of their own fruitful country; and while your heart beats quick with joy, in hopes of soon seizing your prey, may the incensed Heavens spread black clouds over your head, and instant hurricanes drive you swift from their shores. May you experience all the horrors of an enraged sea; while midnight thunders with tremendous peals rend the dark heavens; and the sharp lightning with quick flashes singe your ropes, until the ship dashes on a cragged rock, kid in the foaming briae. May hungry sharks snap at you, and with greedy jaws devour your accursed crew; and while you are gasping for breath, on a New-England rum-cask, may a green-wave wash you, with filthy sea-weeds, on to a desolate island, where nothing grows but briars, thorns, and poisonous reptiles.—There may you wander about naked, cold, & hungry, until, exhausted with fatigue, you sink down to sleep. May evil spirits haunt your sleeping hours, and make your hideous dreams doubly frightful. May you behold, but at an awful distance, the spirits of the many millions of those whom you, and your predecessors in traffic, sold as slaves in Maryland, Virginia, Carolina, Georgia, and the West-Indies. May you behold them happy in Elysian groves, whither at their death better genius conducted them. There may you see the parent fondly embracing his long lost child, the new-married pair (who poisoned themselves soon after you seperated them) now enjoying eternal love that never cloys. May you see troops of youth (formerly made wretched by you) beautiful as angels, and whiter than snows moving in aromatic shades, to the throne of God—and joining in sweet songs of never-ceasing praise to their all-merciful Redeemer. Thus may you see them; but may the hissing of snakes, and the croaking of toads around you, prevent you from hearing the soft music or the sweet song. And while you attempt calling to one of the happy, for relief, whom you formerly knew, may the night-mare in a grizly shape, set heavy on your breast, & painfully prevent your tongue from speaking. Then may your groveling mind look forward to its native hell; there to behold your ship's crew, surrounded by devils, with whips of scorpions, urging them to hard labour, in distilling spirituous liquors, in the same manner as now practised in the West-Indies. While below them you may see the damned souls of your predecessors in trade, rolling in fire and brimstone, wrapt up in sheets of the hottest flames. And while they cry loud for a drop of water to cool their scorched tongues, the distillers shall pour them out boiling rum, which, as it runs down their throats, shall be turned to blue flames. Thus may you behold them; and may their screams give anguish to your tortured soul until the repeated stings of serpents, and the bite of a flatted adder break off your dream, and wake you to fresh horrors. And may your horrors never cease, until you sincerely repent of your wicked deeds, and solemnly promise, never more to add to the heap of human misery by your inhumantraffic. Then, and not till then, may you be set at liberty; and may the remainder of your life be rendered useful by your exertions to ease the misery of those you have already made wretched.

I am, Sir, a sworn foe to cruel oppression, and a friend to the oppressed.

AFRICANUS.

Philadelphia 15th year of American Independence.

Worcester, November 17th, 1788.

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An ESSAY on the Life of Gen. ISRAEL PUTNAM, by Col. D. Humphrys—Webster's Institute, 1st, 2d, and 3d part—Psalm-Book—Primers—Pike's Arithmetic—Stuben's Military Exercise—An Essay on Baptism—An Enquiry concerning the Design and Importance of Christian Baptism and Discipline—Account Books—Bonnet Paper—Blanks of various kinds—Writing-Paper, &c.

CASH, or any of the above articles, given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS.

The partnership of

JOHN and RUSSEL ATWATER,

Being this day dissolved by mutual consent,—All persons indebted to said Company are requested to settle their accounts, and make payment without delay, to JOHN ATWATER, at Westfield, or RUSSEL ATWATER, at Blanford.

Jan. 1, 1789.

James Byers, & Co.

Have for SALE at their FURNACE, and at their STORE, near the COURT-HOUSE, in SPRINGFIELD,

The following ARTICLES, viz.

Pot-Ash,		Pudding-Pans,
Caldron or Barrel	Kettles.	Basons,
90 lb.		Porringers.
72 do.		
40 do.		Grenadier Dogs,
28 do.		Boft do.
23 do.		Negro do.
15 do.		Large Ring do.
10 do.		Small do.
		Poppy do.
37 lb.	Ovens.	Cart,
28 do.		Waggon, and
23 do.		Chaise
15 do.		56 lb.
10 do.		28 do.
Large and small Bake-Pans,		14 and
		7 do.
Do. Spiders,		Hat-Irons,
Do. Tea-Kettles,		Clothiers' Plates,
Do. Skillets,		Hatters' do. and
		Fire-Backs, &c.

Stoves.

For which, Pearl and Pot-ashes, Flour, Wheat, Rye, Indian-Corn, White Beans, Beef, Pork, Flax, Woolen and Linen Check, Tow Cloth, Country made Hats and Shoes, Bees-Wax, Old Brass, Old Pewter, and West-India Goods will be received in payment.

Springfield, December 3, 1788. (13

CASH,

And a generous price given, for all kinds of

SHIPPING FURR

and

BEES-WAX,

by LEVI SHEPHARD.

Northampton, Dec. 1788.

ALL Persons indebted to or having any demand on the estate of BENJAMIN WOOD, late of Cummington, deceased, either by Book, Note, or Bond, are desired to exhibit the same for settlement immediately, as no accounts will be allowed after the first day of April next.

ABEL PACKARD, jun. Administrator.

Cummington, Jan. 1st, 1789.

TAKEN up by the subscriber, on the 24th October, a chestnut coloured MARE, supposed to be four years old, with a white strip in her face, shod before, trots and paces. The owner is desired to pay charges and take her away.

JOSEPH WARREN.

Leyden, Jan. 12, 1789.

WE the Subscribers being appointed by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the county of Hampshire Commissioners to receive and examine the claims on the estate of EZRA SMEAD, late of Montague, deceased, represented insolvent, and six months being allowed the creditors to bring in their claims—do hereby give notice, that we shall attend said business at the house of Samuel Smead, in said Montague, on the last Tuesdays of January, March and April next, from one to four o'clock P. M. on each of said days—after which no accounts will be allowed.

CALEB KINGSLEY,
MOSES ROOT,
DANIEL CLAPP.

ALL persons indebted to, or that have any demands on said estate, are desired to settle the same without delay, with the subscribers, Administrators on said estate.

HENRY WELLS,
ELISHA ROOT.

Montague, Dec. 30, 1788.

NOTICE is hereby given to SIMEON SMITH, late of West-Springfield, in the county of Hampshire, who has removed out of said town, that he is taxed in the rate bills committed to us to collect, the following taxes, viz.

State taxes, No. 1, No. 2, and No. 3, 8l. 13s. 2d.—Town taxes, 1l. 15s. 7d. 3q.—Parish taxes, 18s. 11d. 2q.

Unless said taxes are paid to us the Subscribers, on or before the 15th day of January next, so much of a lot of land, called his Mountain Lot, will be sold at Public Vendue, at the House of Benjamin Stebbins, innholder in said town, at two o'clock, P. M. as will be sufficient to discharge said taxes, with intervening charges.

ISRAEL WILLISTON, } Collect-
HEMAN DAY, } ors.

West-Springfield, Dec. 3, 1788. (22

PERRY's DICTIONARY, for sale by the Printer hereof.

Post Mayster

THE [NUMBER

Vol. III.] HAMPSHIRE GAZETTE. [

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1789.

NORTHAMPTON, (MASSACHUSETTS) Published by WILLIAM BUTLER.

HUMOUR.

The following Portrait of a *Bashful Man*, is taken from a publication called VARIETY.

YOU must know, says the writer, "That in my person, I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme sensibility of shame, that on the smallest subject of confusion the blood rushes into my cheeks, and I appear like a perfect full blown rose." Having been sent to the university by his father, a farmer of no great property, the consciousness of this unhappy failing made him shun society, and he became enamoured of a college life. But from that peaceful retreat he was called by the death of his father, and of a rich uncle who left him a fortune of thirty thousand pounds. He now purchased an estate in the country, and his company was much courted by the surrounding families, especially by such as had marriageable daughters. Though he wished to accept their offered friendship, he was repeatedly forced to excuse himself, under the pretence of not being quite settled; for often when he had rode or walked with full intention of returning their visits, his heart had failed him as he approached their gates, and he had returned homeward resolving to try again next day. Determined however, at length to conquer his timidity, he accepted of an invitation to dine with one, whose easy, open manner left him no doubt of a cordial welcome. But the relation of this eventful visit must be given in his own words.

Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, adjoining to that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters, all grown up and living with their mother and a maiden sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly-hall, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I had for some time past taken private lessons of a professor, who teaches "grown gentlemen to dance;" and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the barones invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity; but, alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house, a dinner bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled it by delaying my want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance I summoned all my fortitude, & made my new learned bow to Lady Friendly; unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels to be the ceremonizator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress; suffice it to say, the number I believe is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her Ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being tastefully furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classics, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity; and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I suppose, willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and guilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink stream from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet; and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambrick handkerchief. In the height of this confusion we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first had so alarmed my fears, was only the half hour dinner bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments, to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat between Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a firebrand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortable cool when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole faddling contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my cloaths, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some moments my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling caldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities par-boiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce boat, and knocking down a salt-seller; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite."

Had a piece of pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me; in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was oliged to drop the cause of my torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water; but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire: and a glass of sherry was brought me from the fire-board, which I snatched up with eagerness: But, oh! how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the Butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flead and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat & palate as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow; and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by the bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants and the Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction.—The Baronet himself could not suppress this laugh, but joined his Lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Bashful.

An Indian SPEECH, *in answer to a Sermon preached by a Swedish Missionary at Conestogoe, in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania 1710.*

IN or about the year of our Lord, 1710, a Swedish missionary preached a sermon at an Indian treaty, held at Conestogoe, in which sermon he set forth original sin, and the necessity of a mediator; and endeavoured by certain arguments to induce the Indians to embrace the Christian religion: After he had ended his discourse, one of the Indian chiefs made a speech, in reply to the sermon; the discourses on both sides were made known by interpreters. The missionary on his return to Sweden, published his sermon and the Indian's answer. Having wrote them in Latin, he dedicated them to the university at Upsall, and desired them to furnish him with arguments to confute such strong reasonings of the Indian.

The Indian SPEECH, *translated from the Latin, is as followeth.*

Since the subject of his errand is to persuade us to embrace a new doctrine, perhaps it may not be amiss, before we offer him reasons why we cannot comply with his request, to acquaint him what is the ground and principle of that religion which he would have us to abandon.

Our forefathers were under a strong persuasion, as we are, that those who act well in this life will be rewarded in another, according to the degree of their virtue; and on the other hand, that those who act wickedly here, will undergo such punishment hereafter as are proportionate to the crimes they have been guilty of. This has been a constantly invariably received and acknowledged for a truth, through every successive generation of our ancestors; it could not then have taken its rise from a fable; for human fiction, however artfully or plausible contrived, can never gain credit long among any people, when free enquiry is allowed of, which never was denied by our ancestors, who on the contrary, thought it the sacred, inviolable, natural right of every man to examine and judge for himself. Therefore we think it evident, that our notion concerning future rewards and punishment was either revealed immediately from heaven, to some of our forefathers; and from them descended to us, or that is was implanted in each of us at our creation, by the Creator of all things. Whatever the method might have been, whereby God has been pleased to make known to us his will, and give us knowledge of our duty, it is still in our sense a divine revelation. Now as we desire to propose to him some questions, does he believe that our forefathers, who were eminent for their piety, constant and warm in their pursuit of virtue, hoping thereby to merit eternal happiness, were all damned? Does he think that we, who are the zealous imitators in good works, and influenced by the same motive as they were, earnestly endeavouring with the greatest circumspection to tread the paths of integrity, are in a state of damnation? If that be his sentiment, it is as impious, as it is bold and daring. In the next place we beg that he would explain himself more particularly concerning the revelation he talks of. If he admits of no other than what is contained in his written book, the contrary is evident from what has been shewn before; but if he says that God has revealed himself to us, but not sufficiently for our salvation, then we ask, to what purpose should he have revealed himself to us in any wise? It is clear that a revelation insufficient to save, cannot put us in a better condition than we should be in without any revelation at all: We cannot conceive, that God should point out to us the end we ought to aim at, without opening to us way to arrive at that end.

But, supposing our understandings to be so far illuminated as to know it to be our duty to please God, who yet has left us under an incapacity of doing it, will this Missionary therefore conclude we shall be eternally damned? While he take upon him to pronounce damnation against us for not doing those things which he himself acknowledges were impossible by us to be done? Tis our opinion that every man is possessed with sufficient knowledge for his own salvation. The Almighty (for any thing we know) may have communicated himself to different races of people in a different manner; some say they have the will of God in writing, be it so; their revelation has no advantage above ours, since both must be equally sufficient to save, or the end of the revelation would be frustrated; besides, if they be both, they can be the same in substance, and the difference can only be in the mode of communication.

He tells us there are many precepts in his written revelation which we are entirely ignorant of; but those written commands could only be designed for those who have the writing, they cannot possibly regard us; had the Almighty thought so much knowledge necessary for our salvation, his goodness would not so long have deferred the communication of it to us; and to say that, in a matter so necessary, he could not at one and the same time equally reveal himself to all mankind, is nothing less than an absolute denial of his omnipotence. Without doubt he can make his will manifest without the help of any book, or the assistance of any book this man whatsoever.

We shall in the next place consider the argument which arises from a consideration of Providence: If we be the work of God, which we presume will not be denied, it follows, that we are under the care and protection of God; for it cannot be supposed that the Deity should abandon his own creatures, and be utterly regardless of their welfare; then to say that the Almighty has permitted us to remain in a fatal error through so many ages, is to represent him as a tyrant. How is it consistent with his justice to force life upon a race of mortals without their consent, and then to damn them eternally without ever opening to them a door of salvation? Our conceptions of the grat ness God are much more noble, and we think that those who teach otherwise do little less than blaspheme. Again, tis through the care and goodness of the Almighty that from the beginning of time, through many generations to this day our name has been preserved unblotted out by enemies, unreduced to nothing, with the necessary means of preserving their lives; but all these things are trifling compared with our full