

Wholesale Advice to unmarried Ladies.
W H Y sighs each virgin for the nuptial bed,
Repining tears in secret sorrow shed;
The park they roam, to op'ras, balls, repair,
Still free of every gay delight to share,
As bosom's touch, when different senses arise;
When every maid in the virgin's prize,
From park at once the wedded dance retire,
To rustic mansions with a booby Squire,
No melting music, soft Italian airs,
Bucrics of children mix with hoarse-ill cars,
They sparkle now no more at midnight balls,
But while alone, immur'd in lonesome walls,
By one dim trembling taper's faint light,
They pore on some old author half the night,
Then start perhaps, and throw the volume by,
Close the dull page, and vainly vent a sigh,
At three the gentle spoeaf from club returns,
In whose hall blinking eyes no passion burns—
He comes, with wig awry, and torturing face,
And frequently wrinkles his moulden lace,
The wretched bed receives its wonted weight,
And madam like a wedded wife in state,
The dear sweet baggage of her husband's nose,
Prevents the lapse of time in dull repose,
All night she wakes, still conscious of the tie,
The hand of bliss, for which she used to sigh,
Ah! catch, ye virgins, catch the passing hour,
While smiling peace puts pleasure in your power,
Eafe, peace, and liberty more joy bestow,
Than all the spoons in this world of woe,
Content in Dian's virgin joys to live,
Lift not your man, what man can never give.

The following STANZAS were written some years ago, to a Lady going to live in the Western Country.

To please a wandering wayward mind
She quits her native shore,
To woods and solitudes retired,
Ne'er to behold it more.

How can a shepherd's amorous theme
Thus tempt you to remove,
When gathering flowers along the stream
You just begin to love!

If one to rambling always prone
Admires the savage fall,
Ah, him till hills their wastes allow,
Alone endure the toil.

To him no joy sweet Jersey yields,
The fight is only pain!
With joy he quits these happier fields
To seek Kentucky's plain.

'Tis true, her trees are always gay,
Each season has its flowers,
And cold December seems like May,
So gentle are his showers:

But, if you knew what dangers wait
On those inclin'd to rove,
Your native streams you would not quit,
Nor go so far to love.
New-York, June 10, 1790.

THE MOUSE: A remarkable Anecdote.
[From the Life of Frederick Baron Trenck, lately published.]

AFTER reciting his various projects to escape, and the impatience with which he waited for the opportunity, the Baron thus proceeds:
"My time hung very heavy. Every thing was carefully examined on the charge of the garrison—A still stricter scrutiny might occur, and my prospects of escape be discovered. This had nearly been effected by the following very singular accident; I had two years before, on some occasion, that it would play round me, and eat from my mouth. This intelligent mouse had nearly been my ruin. I had diverted my self with it during the night; it had been nibbling at my door, and creeping on a treacher. The candles happening to be extinguished, called the officers; they heard also, and asked all was not right in my doghouse. At day break, my doors refound: the town-major, a smith and mason entered; strict search was made; flooring, walls, chimneys, and my own person, were all scrutinized, but in vain—They asked what was the noise they had heard? I mentioned the mouse, whistled, and it came and jumped upon my shoulder. Orders were given I should be deprived of its society; I earnestly intreated they would at least spare its life. The officer on guard gave me his word of honour, he would protect it to a lady who would treat it with the utmost tenderness.
He took it away, and turned it loose in the guard-room, but it hid itself in a corner, and sought a hiding place. It hid itself in my prison door, and at the hour of visitation, ran into my doghouse, immediately testifying its joy by its antics, leaping between my legs. It is worthy remark, that it had been taken away blindfold, that is to say, wrapped in a handkerchief. The guard room was a hundred paces from my doghouse. How then did it find its master? Did it know or did it wait for the hour of visitation? Had it remarked the doors were daily opened.
All were desirous of obtaining this mouse, but the Major carried it off for his lady; she put it into a cage, where it pleased, refused all succour, and, in a few days, was found dead.

The loss of this little companion made me, for some time, quite melancholy, yet, on the last examination, I perceived it had got over the way of the bread, by which I had concealed the creature I had made in cutting the

door, that the examiners could be all but blind not to discover them: And I was convinced that my faithful little friend had fallen a necessary victim to his master's safety."

A LETTER.
From Dr. FRANKLIN, to a friend in England, dated in 1775.

DEAR SIR,
I AM to set out to-morrow for the camp, and having heard of this opportunity, can only write a line to say that I am well and hearty. Tell our dear good friend —, who sometimes has his doubts and despondencies about our firmness, that America is determined and unanimous, a few Tories and placemen excepted, who will probably soon export themselves.
Britain, at the expense of three millions, has killed one hundred and fifty Yankees in this campaign which is twenty thousand pounds a head; and Mr. Bunker's Hill the gained one mile of ground, half of which was lost again by our taking post on Fighborough Hill. During the same time fifty thousand children have been born in America. From these data, his mathematical head will easily calculate the time and expense necessary to kill us all, and conquer our whole territory.
My sincere respects to —, and to the Club of honest Whigs at — Adieu.
I am ever your's most affectionately,
B. F.

ANECDOTES.

THE late Gen. PUTNAM, when he commanded a corps of Rangers in 1775, was of 1775, had a bitch of very extraordinary qualifications, which was constantly by his side in all his excursions. She died early while he slept, and never deserted him in action, or in any danger. He estimated her beyond all price.
For some of his services against the French and Indians, the city of Albany presented the General, then Major Putnam, with a gold-laced hat, and a gold laced suit of clothes. On the receipt of their presents, he dressed himself in this gorgeous apparel, and paraded himself before the looking glass, when, unfortunately, his favourite bitch entered the room. The bitch started at sight of his legs to know if it was really her old master that was before her, and upon being ascertained of the fact, stuck up her hind legs, clapt her tail between her legs, and with a howl, run out of his sight. She never returned, nor never afterwards could be found.
The General, in telling this story, always added, that he never wore the clothes a second time.

A COUNTRY Clergyman, a short time since, was abruptly called upon by a ruffian, who very earnestly entreated him to accompany him immediately to visit a few new-born children. "A few," (replied the Clergyman) "don't you know how many of them there are?" "Not rightly," says the fellow, "scratching his head," "there's three of them when I came out, but the lord knows how many there are by this time!"

A SWISS captain burying pell-mell in the field of battle, the dead and the wounded, it was represented to him that some of those whom he thus buried were not quite dead, and with ease might perhaps recover. "Poh! poh! I said he," "if you take their word for it, there is not a man of 'em, will own himself dead."

An ignorant fellow maintained in company that the sun did not turn round the world, how then, said one present, does it happen, that he fits up, and rises again east, unless he passes under the globe? Why, replied he, the sun returns the same way that he came; but the reason why we don't observe it, is, "That he goes back in the dark."

NEW-YORK, August 10.
NEGROE PREDICHERS.

Extract of a letter from Maryland.
"IN some counties of this state, we are beginning to be governed by a herd of black brutes, styling themselves Gospel preachers. The advocates of delusion and superstition, not content with propagating their doctrines personally, are calling in a host of enthusiasts who by means of the novelty of black fat, and costly beads in a pulpit, attracted crowded audiences, that probably would lend much less attention than they do, were the orator of the usual colour."

"In a certain city (Baltimore) a preacher some time ago went up into the pulpit and cried fire! to loog upon it he got quite hoarse, and then he sat down and kicked and jumped to such a degree, that a number of persons thought the pulpit would be broken to pieces. The end of this story was a complete raving match. Myself, happened to come to meeting, and I am really inclined to think, that the Devil was the officer mentioned than even the name of God and at the same time, other expressions were used, much unbecoming the majesty of the gospel. The preachers shined, frowned, stamped their feet, &c. until one of them pulled off his coat, in order, I suppose to be more active in his proceedings. They never, spoke in couplet, but fill the one roared into the other's sermon, until a parcel of men took the fancy of falling down, and raising a phifal outcry. Now the confusion got general; all prayed aloud; some, in the utmost of their nervous system, and others with a hoarse droning voice, one crying "Amen" here, and the other "come Lord, here." To get for the place, truth, I never heard our Saviour get so much rattle and rattle in my life before; and one of them even ordered him to "come, a white horse and come down and save damned souls." The same preacher likewise exposted himself to some young men, who smiled at the disorder, that he should not

wonder, if the *Star Gazet*, were to strike out of the month."

STATE LOTTERY.
COMMONWEALTH of MASSACHUSETTS.

THE Managers of the STATE LOTTERY, present the Publick with the FIRST CLASS of the Massachusetts first annual State Lottery, which will commence drawing in the Representatives Chamber, in Boston, on the Seventeenth of March next, or sooner if the Tickets shall be disposed of.

SCHEME.
NOT TWO BLANKS TO A PRIZE.

25000 TICKETS, at FIVE DOLLARS, are 125000 Dollars, to be paid in the following Prizes, subject to a deduction of twelve and an half per cent, for the use of the Commonwealth.

Prizes.	Dollars.	Dollars.	Dollars.
1	10000	10000	10000
2	3000	6000	6000
3	2000	4000	4000
6	1000	6000	6000
10	500	5000	5000
30	200	6000	6000
99	100	9000	9000
100	50	4500	4500
100	40	4000	4000
100	30	3000	3000
161	20	3200	3200
200	10	2000	2000
758	5	3750	3750
833	Prizes.	4166 2/3	4166 2/3
16612	Blanks.	125000	125000

25000 TICKETS in the above Class may be had of the several Managers of JAMES WHITE, Franklin Head, Court Street, and of the Treasurer of the Commonwealth, each of whom will pay the Prizes in Demand.

J. BENJAMIN AUSTIN, Junr.
DAVID COBB,
SAMUEL COOPER,
GEORGE R. MINOT,
JOHN KNEELAND,
Boston, July 28, 1790.

Samuel Willard,
RESPECTFULLY informs the Gentlemen in the mercantile line in this and the neighbouring towns, that he has lately received by consignment from Mr. Thomas Lee, of Cambridge, a quantity of SILKS to a considerable amount, consisting of LUTE STRINGS,
MODES,
SARNETTS,
FRINGE HANDKERCHIEFS,
RIBBONS,
SEWING SILK, &c.

Which he has commission to dispose of by WHOLESALE, at a very moderate advance. The Lastings are rich and elegant, and the Silks in general are of a good quality. If any should feel disposed to inspect them, he gives them a most cordial invitation to come and see.
Northampton, August 18, 1790.

TAKE NOTICE.

THE Collector of Excise for the County of Hampshire HEREBY GIVES NOTICE, That he shall attend on the duties of his office, during the whole of September court week, at Capt. Samuel Clarke's tavern, in Northampton.
NOAH GOODMAN,
South-Hadley, August 20, 1790.

WE the subscribers being appointed commissioners by the Hon. Judge of Probate for the County of Hampshire, to receive and examine the claims of the creditors to the estate of Mr. JACOB M'ANDREW, late of Amherst, deceased, respectively do HEREBY GIVE NOTICE, That we shall attend the business of our appointment at the dwelling house of Lieut. Gilbert Parsons, inhabitant in said Amherst, on the second Tuesday in October, January, and May next, from one to six o'clock P.M. on each of said days. Ten months being allowed the creditors to bring in and support their claims. No accounts will be allowed after said term.
E. MATTOON, Junr.
ROBERT CUTLER,
ELEAZER PORTER, Junr.

ALL Persons indebted in said estate are desired to make immediate payment to DAVID PARSONS, ZEBINA MONTAGUE, or Amherst, August 21, 1790.

VOL. V.] THE HAMPSHIRE GAZETTE. [NUMBER 317.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1790.
NORTHAMPTON, (MASSACHUSETTS) Published by WILLIAM BUTLER.

From the AMERICAN MUSEUM TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,
I SEND you an historical extract—one that will be found worth hundreds. He who can read it attentively without heeding the approving roar of sympathy—without expecting the most exalted sensations, of which humanity is susceptible—though he may be zealous *lipis et sanguine*—is not a man—he is an unfeeling savage—and should quit human converse, and fly to the wilderness.

HISTORICUS.
EDWARD the third, after the battle of Cressy, hid fire to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw success into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of count Vienna, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day, the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but, when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raised, newly erected out of the ruins which the day had made.

France had now put the siege into her second harrow, since Edward, with his victorious army, had done before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. The English made their approaches and struck without remission, but the citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts.
At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcasses of their starved cattle, they tore up old foundations and rubbish in search of vermin. They fed on boiled leather and the weeds of exhausted gardens; and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury.

In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly fellied forth—the English joined battle, and, after a long and desperate engagement, the French were taken prisoner, and the citizens who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates.
On the captivity of the Governor, the command devolved upon Eulace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue.

Eulace now found himself under the necessity of capitulating; and offered to deliver to Edward the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated to the last degree, against these people, whose sole valour had defeated his warmest hopes—he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he withheld to avoid the insupportable cruelty. He answered, by Sir Walter Mauleverer, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him; their true and natural sovereign—that, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the bulk of the plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens, with halberds about their necks, as victims of atonement, for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar herd.
All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square; and like men arraigned at a tribunal, whence there was no appeal, expected with beating hearts the sentence of their conqueror.

When Sir Walter had declared his message, counter-stroke and pale dismay were impressed on every face. Each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot—for how should they die to be saved at the price proposed? And when he saw that six parents and brethren, kindred, or valiant neighbours, who had so often exposed their lives in their defence! To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded—till Eulace Saint Pierre, getting up to a little eminence; thus addressed the assembly:
"My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either submit to the terms of our cruel and faithless conqueror, or yield up our dear infants, our wives and chaste daughters, to the bloody and brutal hands of the raving soldiery."
"We will know of our own free will, and not of the merciful hands of mercy. It will not satisfy his vengeance to make us merely miserable—he would also make us criminals—he would make us contemptible—he will grant us life on no condition, save that of our being unworthy of it."
"Lions about you, my friends, and six your eyes on the fronts whom you wish to deliver up to the victims of your own safety. Which of these would you offer up to the rack, the axe, or the halter? Is there any man here, who have not watched for you, who have not fought for you, who have not bled for you? Into thro' the length of his inveterate siege, have suffered thro'

tigers and wiferies a thousand times worse than death, that you and yours might survive to days of peace and prosperity?—Is it you—your preferences, then, whom you would define to destruction? you will not—you cannot do it. Justice, honour, humanity, make such a treason impossible.

Where then is our resource? Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy, on the one hand, or the desolation and horror of a factious city, on the other? There is, my friends—there is one expedient left—a gracious, an excellent, a god-like expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! he shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that power, who offered up his only son for the salvation of mankind.

He spoke—but a universal silence ensued—Each man looked round for the example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution.
At length Saint Pierre resumed—"It had been base in me, my fellow-citizens, to propose any matter of danger to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous, to deprive any man of that preference and estimation, which might attend a first offer—on a signal occasion. For I doubt not but there are many here as ready, may more zealous of this martyrdom—than I can be—however modestly and the fear of impaired estimation may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits."
"Indeed, the station to which the captivity of lord Vienna has unhappily raised me, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely—I give it cheerfully—who comes next?"
"Your son," exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity. "Ah my child!" cried Saint Pierre—"I am, then, twice sacrificed—But, no—I have rather been given a second time—Why these are few, but full, and you for the victim of virtue has reached the utmost & final purpose of mortality. Who next my friends?"
"This is the hour of heroes." "Your kinsman," cried John de Aire! "Your kinsman," cried James Willard! "Your kinsman," cried Peter Willard! "Ah," exclaimed Sir Walter Mauleverer, bursting into tears, "why was not I citizen of Calais?"

The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example.
The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants, to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English.
Before they departed however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting, what a scene! They crowded with their wives and children about Saint Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced, they clung round, they fell prostrate before them. They groaned—they wept aloud—and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp.

The English by this time were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals to welcome and entertain the half-famished individuals—and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with fuel for the way.

At length, Saint Pierre and his fellow victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side to admire this little band of patriots as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue, which they could not but revere, even in enemies—and they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity, than that of the British garter.
As soon as they had reached the presence, "Menny," says the monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?" "They are," says Mauleverer—"they are but only the principal men of Calais; they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling." Were they delivered generally?" says Edward, "where no reluctance—no commotion among the people?" "Not in the least, my lord—the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these, to your majesty. They are self-delivered—self-voted—and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

Edward was secretly pained at this reply of Sir Walter—but he knew the privilege of a British soldier, &

suppressed his resentment. "Experience," says he "hath ever shown, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity at times, is indispensably necessary, to deter subjects into submission by punishment and example. Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution. Your rebellion," continued he, addressing himself to Saint Pierre, "your rebellion against me—the natural heir of your crown—is highly aggravated by your present perfumation and affront of my power." "We have nothing to ask of your Majesty," said Eulace, "save what you cannot refuse us—" "What is that?" "Your pardon, my lord," said Eulace, and went out with his companions.

At this instant a shout of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of those gallant soldiers, at the head of whom she had conquered Scotland, and taken his king captive.

Sir Walter Mauleverer to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.
"As soon as she had been welcomed to Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. "My lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics—it respects a matter more estimable than the lives of all the natives of France! it respects the honour of the English nation. It respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my King, my God."
"You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord! they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward."
"They have behaved themselves worthily—they have behaved themselves bravely. I cannot but respect, while I envy—while I lament—for leaving us no share in the honour of this action, save that of granting a poor, an indispensable pardon."

"I admit they have deserved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate and obstinate of your enemies. They alone have withstood the rapid course of your conquests; and have withheld from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would reward them? that you would gratify their desires—that you would indulge their ambition and enervate them with everlasting glory and applause?"
"But, if such a deed would exact mechanics over the face of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs and honours, be tarnished thereby? I would it not be said that magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the monarch of Britain! and that the objects whom he defines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the praise and esteem of mankind? The stage, on which they should suffer would be to them a stage of honour—but a stage of shame to Edward—a reproach to his conquests—a dark indelible disgrace to his name."

"No, my lord—let us rather disapprove the glory ambition of these burghers—who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We know, my lord, how they desire the merit of the British; and have well intended—but we may cut their short of their glory. In the place of their death, by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts—let us put them to shame with praises. We shall therefore defeat them of that popular opinion, which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."

"I am convinced—you have prevailed—be it so, cried Edward—"prevent the execution—have them instantly before me."
"They came—then the queen, with an aspect and accents, diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:
"Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to vast expense of blood and treasure, in the recovery of our lost and natural inheritance—but you acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment—and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."

"You noble heroes!—O! illustrious citizens! who you were tenfold the more dear to our person and our throne, we can feel nothing but our parts have respect & affection for you. You have been sufficiently proved. We loose your chains—we fetch you from the scaffold—and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us that excellence is not of blood or title or station—that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of Kings—and that those, whom the Almighty is rich with favours like you, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions."
"You are now free to depart to your kindred—your countrymen—to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem."

Edward was secretly pained at this reply of Sir Walter—but he knew the privilege of a British soldier, &