POETRY.

ODE.

I cannot but remember SUCH THINGS WERE,
And that they were MY DELIGHT to me.
SHAKESPEARE.

SCENES *of my youth!* ye once were dear,
Though sadly I your charms survey:
I once was wont to linger here,
From early dawn to closing day.
Scenes of my youth! pale sorrow flings
A shade o'er all your beauties now,
And robs the moments of their wings
That scatters pleasures as they flow.
While fill to heighten every care,
Reflection tells me, *such things were.*

'Twas here a tender mother strove
To keep my happiness in view;
I smil'd beneath a parent's love
That soft compassion ever knew.
In whom the virtues all centr'd;
On whom I look'd with faith rely:
To whom my heart and soul were join'd
By mild affection's prim'al tie!
Who smiles to bless'n, exempt from care,
Whilst I remember, *such things were.*

'Twas here where calm and tranquil rest,
O'erspread the paradise for his soul,
Thro' life I sped, I was blest
With glowing friendship's open smile.
My friend far distant, doom'd to roam,
Now leaves the fury of the seas;
He fled his peaceful happy home,
His little fortune to increase.
Still bleeds afresh the wound of care,
When I remember *such things were.*

'Twas here—e'en in this blooming grove,
I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,
Who, blushing, own'd a mutual love,
And melted in my youthful arms.
Yes—she is fled, forbidding fate,
Yet Fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
Far from my sight, the charm of life—
The lovely maid whom I adore.
'Twould ease my soul of all its care
Could I forget that *such things were.*

Here still I saw the moon appear
Of guileless pleasure's shining day;
I mark'd the soft declining ray;
Behold the Rose, whose streaming light
Gave splendor to the passing hue,
Now lost in sorrow's fable night,
And all their mingled glories gone!
'Till death is pity and my care,
I must remember, *such things were.*

A FRAGMENT.

SHE was fantastically dress'd.—I wish, said I to my uncle, as he passed by us, that those ladies who study to look fine, would consider what will be the advantage of their labor and expence. They seem to believe, that the more tawdry their appearance, the more acceptable they will be to the gentlemen.—It is true, they may gain by this the admiration of coxcombs; but the heart of a man of sense was never caught by ribbons. Would you choose her for a friend, who had so despicable an opinion of you, as to suppose you more pleased with a new cap, than a refined understanding?

Adieu," said my uncle, looking after her with a sigh, "has been changing her dress and complexion once a day, for fifteen years; sometimes she is too white, at other times too red: Always displeased with the mildness notion, that beauty of person is all that is needed to make one altogether amiable; and that the next change will render her more beautiful than the last. But Mira, fave her one beautiful than the last. But Mira, fave her fondness for dress, and a wish to appear more handsome, was a girl of good sense.—I was her intimate friend at the age of twenty, and had a fuccere affection for her:—I told her of her faults: the thought I exaggerated, and was offended: Few girls, Timothy, can bear you should be so friendly. I enclosed the little poem of which you saw the copy yesterday, in a letter to her, and bade her adieu."

Reader, I will give you my uncle's

ODE TO MIRA.

MIRA, coy nymph of blushing hue,
Or all the wailful France e'er knew
Add beauty to the rose?
Or sprinkled with thy lov'd perfume,
Say, all it richest sweets assume,
Or more regale the nose?

Then ceafe, nor hope by art to place
New charms upon that lovely face;
Nature alone can please.
'Tis affectation spoils the fair;
Mira avoid the affected air
And ah! pray with ease.

But grant it true that by your skill,
You'll make that face more heathen still,
Are you by this more blest?
Did beauty ever pain a friend;
Or with life's ills one pleasure blend,
Or soothe the grief fa oln breast?

A mind illum'd and virtuous heart,
Well pleas'd to eafe a wretches smart,
To me ardear the more
Than beauties, Venus' self could boast,
Or old coquettes complain they've lost
From Exeter, to fourteene.

ANECDOTE.

PIGALLE, the celebrated artift, who had laid the foundation stone of the first journey from Lyons to Paris, feeling one day a man, who was walking with visible marks of deep-felt sorrow in his countenance, boldly accosted him, and asked him, if he could any way relieve him? "Ah, Sir!" exclaimed the stranger, "for want of ten louis, I must be confined this evening into a dungeon, and be separated from a tender wife and numerous family."—"Is that all?" replied the humane artift: "Come along with me; I have ten of them in my pocket, and they are all at your service." A friend, who met him by chance the next day, asked him if he had relieved the distreffed as of a poor old man, as was publicly reported at Lyons: "Ah, mon ami," faid Pigalle, "what a delicious supper did I make last night, upon bread and cheese, with a family who blessed me at every mouthful they ate, which was mixed with the tears of gratitude."

FRAGMENT.

ADDRESSED TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF HUMANITY.

Written by Mr. CAREY.

* * * * PENSIVE and motionless the flood.
The big tear filled her eye. But, to anguish like hers, expression was denied. Her heart seemed ready to burst.

Before her lay stretched her dead husband. To his pallid corfe, her attention was chiefly directed. She recalled to her imagination the chequered scenes, the joys, the sorrows, which, during a connexion of about eight years, they had shared together. No description could do justice to her misery.

He had risen that morning in health and beauty as he had ever been during his existence. Many plans he had formed of future comforts, to compensate past difficulties. Fair was the horizon. He triumphed in the flattering prospect. Too fatal, im pending reverse!

From his home he had been absent but a few minutes. He ascended a tree to pluck a few cherries. The feebleness of the branch bilded all his schemes, and terminated his career. It gave way. Abruptly he fell upon his head—broke his neck—and expired without articulating a word.

The moment of my appearance was after the various efforts to revive him, by bleeding and other means, had proved ineffectual. He lay extended, preparatory to the last rites of sepulchre. Solemn, to the sound of care, the scene. The heart that can be unmoved at the bare contemplation of it, was never intended for human being. Chance diverted it from its proper destination, the trackless wilds of Africa.—It should have animated a ruthless lion.

A cry from the other side of the room drew my attention from the lifeless corfe. Two children met my eye. One of them, two years old, a cripple almoft from the cradle, was creeping about.—It gazed wishfully at its widowed and forlorn mother. Too happy, it knew not its heavy lofs, to be termed loofe in such a world, without the protecting hand of a father. The other child was about four months old.

When my eyes met the first of the latter, and sympathy for that of the children, had a little subsided, I again took a view of the mother.

Buried in the magnitude of her distress, she had not perceived me. I had therefore full liberty to exercife my skill in physiognomy.

Between her dreft and her countenance, there was a vaft difference. The former, homely and coarfe, excited the idea of an uncultivated owner. A fingle glance at her countenance evinced the fallacy of the conclusion. Lefs frill than that of Lavater would fuffice to diftover marks of refinement and tenderness there, that might have done honor to elevated fituations.

Some of the features were those of Sterne's monck. Chaftened and benevolence fat conspicuous, and occupied the chief ground. Poverty and diftreft had preftded over the completion of the portrait.

She looked fixed at her elder child. "Poor infant!" she feemed to fay, "your crippled ftate will difqualify you for struggling through life"—And her glance appeared to add, "had your father lived, your decrepitude would not have fallen to your lot."

When she was fated with gazing at the elder, she turned to the fucking infant. She fixed and clafped it eagerly to her bofom! Her diftreft feemed too great for utterance, and threatened her diffolution. But a plenteous flood of tears, which came to her relief, eafed her burfting heart.

At this moment, I was tempted to offer fome conSolation—to draw forth arguments from the flores of morality and religion.—

I racked my imagination.—I ufhered to artics late a few words, in the moft foothing accents, to comfort the unhappy mourner. I faultered. The words died away on my lips. I saw it was out of time and place. It would be like offering refiftance to the fury of a ftorm, which ought to be allowed to fpend its force. I therefore retired unobferved.

A circumftance, with which at this time I was unacquainted, augmented the poignancy of her anguifh, beyond calculation. One of thofe unnatural coalitions from which the tendereft of earthly connexions is not exempt, even when we are furnished with all the comforts which kind Providence can confer—had how much more aggravated the mifery of her who is condemned to the abodes of poverty and diftreft! So ordained by them!)—One of thofe coalitions, I fay, had taken place the evening before. That the origin of the alteration was very trivial, yet it had proceeded to fuch an extremity, that they did not interchange a word, after it was over. They had lain down in filence—had rifen in the fame humor—and he had, in that mood, gone to the occupation which cut fhort his thread of life.

The fympathetic reader can readily appreciate the keennefs of the dagger, which this diftreffing incident carried to her afflicted heart.

For one parting kifs of reconciliation, fhe appeared to fay, fhe would have given a world, had it been at her command.

Inexorable fate refufed the offer. A tenfold price would have been equally ineffectual.

* * * * * * *

On enquiry, a few days afterwards, I learned a circumftance to which my feeble pen cannot do juftice. O Sterne, that I had thy powers for a few minutes!

The husband owed four dollars to a labourer for an holiday's work.

The widow, whofe whole pittance, on the death of the husband, was only eleven Dollars, offered to pay him.

He caft an eye on the money. It was his, he faw, by the cleareft light. In his humble ftate, the fum was great enough to be an object of fome consequence. But he had a large heart—"a heart and fentiments fuitable"—he looked at the hand that felt for others' woe"—he looked at the hand from whence the money was to come—feminine weaknefs rendered it incapable of earning that fum in fewer weeks, than it would require days for him to replace it—from her hand he turned his eye to his own fawny arm, able to fecure him a maintenance under any fky to which adverfe fortune might drive him—he thought of the fatherleft children. No, faid he, I will not add poverty to the poor—weakneft to the weak—or diftreft to the diftreffed. This, faid he, holding out his hand, will fecure me wherewith to eat and drink as long as heaven preferves my health.—Keep your fmall ftore, and provide for your little ones. She repeatedly urged—and he as repeatedly refufed. She finally gave up the conteft.

The contribution of a few charitable perfons, about a week afterwards, raifed her above forty dollars. She felt oppreffed with the debt—again earneftly urged him to accept payment—but with the fame fuccefs.

Check not your tears, tender reader—Let them flow freely—Do not to human nature the injuftice, while you perufe thefe lines, and feel your heart melt at the diftreft and the exalted liberality they record, to fuppofe, that I am dealing in fiction—that your fympathy is excited by a child of imagination. No, heaven is my witnefs, the whole ftory is literally true. The man who was fuddenly torn from his family, was Timothy Cawfon, a gardener by profeffion, a faber, honeft, and exemplarily induftrious man—He worked on the plantation of Mr. Andrew Brown, who has fince taken charge of his elder child—The accident happened four weeks ago, about two miles from this city.—His widow Elizabeth Cawfon, may be heard of at No. 65, North Eight ftreet—And the man, whofe noble action has been ftated, is Robert Lapfley, whofe fole fupport is drawn from the labor of his hands. Compared with him, many a Dives, wallowing wealth, poffeffed of countless millions of acres, and of all the fuperfluities this world affords to the moft favored fons, muft "*lick his diminifhed bread,*" and fhrink abafhed from the mortifying contraft!

Philadelphia, July 20. 1796.

LIST OF LETTERS, REMAINING in the POST OFFICE—NORTHAMPTON, October 1, 1796.

OBADIAH ABBEY, Partridgefield—Dan Bangs, merchant, Norwich—Mofes Bifsell, Hadley—Foher Barnard Northampton—Thomas Barbank, Greenville—William Barns, Southadley—Frances Barker, Amherft—James Ball, Hatfield—Daniel Cate, Hadley, 3—Samuel Clark, Middle field—Ann Willard Cooley, Granville—Jofies Clark, Southadley—Meffrs. Church & Clark, merchants, Sunderland—Samuel Cooke, New-Salem—Jafon Chapin, Wilbraham—Elihu Clap, Northampton—Capt. Thomas Durant, Middlefield—Dr. Elihu Dwight, Southadley—Samuel Dickinfon, Deerfield—Elam Elhop, Wefthampton—Oliver Fore, Northampton—Samuel Fullerton, merchant, Londonderry—Jeremiah Gould, Charlemont—Titus & Simeon Goodman, merchants, Southadley—Mrs. Margaret Harris, Northampton—Acors Hewet, Granby—Col. Benjamin Hunting, Southampton—Park Holland, Efq. Belcher, 2—John Hires, Northampton, 3—Samuel Phillips and Caleb Johnfon, Middlefield—Capt. Thomas Johnfon, Amherft—Titus Jeril, Deerfield—Capt. Oliver Ferman, Norwich—Nehemiah Lamed, New-Salem—Meffrs. Ames and Merrill, Charlemont—Joseph Nafh, Rowe—Maj. David Mack, Middlefield—Ezekiel Olds, South-Hadley—Ifaac Pepper, Ware—Abijah Lois Parfons, Eaftampton—Mrs. Dolly Porter, Hadley—Caften Parrish, Middlefield—Rev. David Parfons, Amherft—David Smith, Northampton—Col. Samuel Sloper Blanford—Benjamin Smith, merchant, Hadley—Aldefon Stockwell, Northampton, 2—John Stebbins, do.—Ifrael Smith, Marlb, Maffachufetts—John Strong, Southampton—Eleazer Storum, merchant, Granville—Daniel Spooner, Heath—Mofes Thomas, New-merchants, Southadley—Jofeph Taylor, do.—Ebenezer Town, Ware—William Tepper, merchant, Morfon—Oliver Weller, jun. Northampton—Aaron Wright, do.—Samuel Woodward, do.—John Wells, jun. Shelburn—Thomas Hedge, Leverett—William Wait, Southadley—Jofhua Leonard, do.—Jefle Walcott, Weft-Springfield—Eli Cafper, Granby—Abner Lonifs, Northampton, Connecticut, New England.

ALL Perfons indebted to the Poft Office, are requested to make immediate payment.

The fubfcriber being appointed Executor of the laft Will and Teftament of ISRAEL HOOKER, Efq. late of Conway, deceased, and having accepted that truft, Hereby requeft all perfons having demands againft faid eftate, to exhibit the fame for fettlement, as foon as may be; and all perfons indebted to faid eftate are defired to make immediate payment.

WILLIAM BILLINGS.

Conway, October 1, 1796.

The fubfcriber, by the Honorable JUDGE of PROBATE, for the County of *Hampfhire*, being appointed and having accepted the truft of ADMINISTRATOR, on the eftate of JOHN HILLMAN, late of *South-Hadley*, deceafed: Hereby calls on all thofe indebted to faid eftate, to make immediate payment.

JOSEPH HILLMAN, jun. Admin'r.

N. B. HE wifhes people to attend, as he is determined agreeably to his duty by law, to collect the debts due to the eftate of the deceafed, with all due diligence and difpatch.

Williamfburgh, October 3, 1796.

The fubfcribers wifhes to inform the public, that they have on hand, and are conftantly making the beft of Salifbury refined IRON—warranted good—on as reafonable terms as any can be had.

JOSHUA WHITNEY, and Co.

Pittsfield—1796

ALL Perfons indebted to me the fubfcriber, either by Book or Note, are requested to make fpeedy fettlement. Such payment cannot further pafs, or they will be left in the hands of my Attorney to collect. EZEKIEL WHITE.

Williamsburgh, Sept. 14. 1796.

To be Sold at Public Vendue,

BY order of Court, fo much of TIMOTHY MARSH's home-lot in Hadley, as will fetch SEVENTY NINE DOLLARS—at the houfe of Mrs. Newton, Innholder in Hadley, on the firft Monday in November next, at fix of the clock after noon.

WARHUM SMITH, Guardian.

Hadley, 25th September, 1796.

Bolter and Delano,

Saddlers & Harneſs Makers,

BEG leave to inform their cuftomers and the public, that they have removed from their old fhop oppofite the Meeting Houfe, to their newly erected fhop a few rods fouth weft of the Meeting-Houfe, where they continue to carry on their bufinefs as ufual, and have now on hand for fale, a general aflortment of Saddles and Bridles, Saddle Bags, Portmanteaus, Trunks of all forts and different coverings, beft kind Whale-bone for fhaft and riding Whips, Plated Bits, Stirrups and Spurs; likewife a good aflortment of Brafs and Tin'd furniture for Harneffes, and almoft every other article that is generally called for in their line of bufinefs.

They have in addition to the above, erected buildings neceffary for carrying on the Chaife-Making bufinefs, and have employed a workman, experienced and approved of, to work in that bufinefs, where will be kept conftantly for fale, new and fecond hand Carriages, old Carriages, repair'd and exchang'd for new; light and convenient carriages to let.—They flatter themfelves that their long courfe of bufinefs will meet the encouragement of the public; as they pledge themfelves that no work will be torn'd off, but what will be as well executed as at any fhop in the ftate, and on as good terms to the purchafers: any commands in either of the above branches of bufinefs, will be attended to with fidelity and difpatch, and cafh or fhort paper gratefully acknowledged.

WANTED immediately, a BOY about fifteen of 16, as an apprentice to the Blackfmiths bufinefs.—Like wife one at the Chaife-Making bufinefs fhoot the fame age.

Samuel Johnſon,

INFORMS the public, that he carries on the CHAISE Making bufinefs, a little north of the court-houfe, Northampton, where Carriages may be had on the fhorteft notice.

N. B. HE has a number now on hand, complete for market.

Sept. 28, 1796.

Take Notice!

ALL Perfons indebted to me the fubfcriber whofe Accounts are one year ftanding, are requefted to make immediate payment.

ALL thofe accounts which are not fettled by the firft day of January next, will be lodged in the hands of an Attorney to collect, without further notice.

ISSACHAR SAMPSON.

Worthington, Sept. 30, 1796.

TO be let, by the fubfcriber, in the center of *Northampton*, a large dwelling-houfe, convenient for two Families.—For particulars, Enquire of MOSES WRIGHT.

October 3. 1796.

Cash and *Salt*;

and the highest price given in exchange for

FLAX-SEED,

By DANIEL BUTLER.

Northampton, 6th Sept. 96

For Sale,

A FARM lying one mile eaft of the meeting houfe in Norwich, on the road leading from thence to Northampton—containing 100 acres—well accommodated with mowing, ploughing, pafturing and orcharding—a convenient dwelling houfe—good barn—new cyder-houfe, and a new mill, and prefs under it.—For further particulars, enquire of the fubfcriber on the premifes.

CALEB RICHARDSON.

Norwich, Auguft 30, 1796.

For Sale,

A FARM lying in *Hawley*, on the county road which leads from Buckland through faid Hawley, about two miles from the Meeting-Houfe, containing ninety-three acres, about twenty acres under improvement. For further particulars, enquire of Edmund Longley, Efq. in Hawley or of Stephen Warner of Buckland.

Hawley, Sept. 12, 1796.

For Sale,

AT Public Vendue, under a license from the Court of Common Pleas, laft holden in the county of Hampfhire, on Monday next preceding the firft Tuefday of September inft. fo much of the real eftate whereof FANNY HUBBARD late of Goshen, deceafed, died feized, (lying in faid Goshen) as will produce four hundred and fifteen dollars. The vendue will be holden at the dwelling-houfe of Nehemiah May, innholder in Goshen aforefaid, on Wednefday the nineteenth day of October next, at 1 o'clock P. M.

LOIS WHITE,
CHENY TAFT, } *Adminiſtrators.*

Goshen, Sept. 20, 1796.

For Sale,

A SPAN of good HORSES either for the Saddle or Harneft. ANDREW PHELPS.

Northampton, Sept. 20, 1796.

For Sale,

TWO lots of Land in *Hadley*, one of them known by the name of Fort River paftures lot, containing nine acres; the other containing fourteen acres, lying on Tinker Hill—faid lots lately owned by Samuel Pierce of faid Hadley.—For further particulars enquire of JOSIAH PIERCE of Charlemont.

Charlemont, Sept. 20, 1796.

ALL perfons indebted to the fubfcriber by Bond or Note, are defired to fettle the fame by the firft of December next.

N. B. THOSE who are defirous to fettle, may call on Mr. Ifrael Wright of Weſthampton.

MOSES HATCH.

October 12, 1796.

BROKE into the inclofure of the fubfcriber, the 17th of Auguft laft, five young CATTLE, viz. two Heifers, and one Steer—one of the Heifers will have two years—The owner is defired to prove his property, pay charges, and take them away about the quickeft. SIMEON ROOT.

Hampshire Gazette.

PRINTED AT NORTHAMPTON (MASSACHUSETTS,) BY WILLIAM BUTLER.

[—Vol. XI.—] WEDNESDAY, October 26, 1796. [—No. 551.]

FROM THE CENTINEL.

SITUATION OF THE WORLD.

(Continued from our laſt.)

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

IS a diviſion of the world, on which all eyes are fixed, and almoft every heart feels anxious for her fate. We fhall commence it by a fhort ftatement of her

EXTERNAL SITUATION.

The armies of the Republic on the hoftile frontiers contain nearly 360 000 men, commanded by Generals JOURDAN, MOREAU, BOUNAPARTE and KELLERMAN. Their progrefs has been great—At the late dates, the former was at *Nuremberg*, in the circle of *Franconia*, 250 miles N. of *Vienna*. Gen. MOREAU was at *Conftance*, on the lake of that name, in the circle of *Suabia*, but 300 miles N. W. of *Vienna*, and Gen. BUONAPARTE was at *Verona*, in *Italy*, about 8. from *Vienna*. A fmall knowledge of Geography will make our readers acquainted with the fituation of thefe armies. Gen. KELLERMAN commands the army of the *Alps*. The fecond, the French armies are almoft unparalleled in hiftory. It is true, that in former wars they have penetrated further; but the exploits of the veteran Marfhals TURENNE, SAXE, CATINAT, and VENDOME bear but little competition with the brilliant feats of BUONAPARTE, the fteady progrefs of JOURDON, *de la riviere de Moselle*. To eftimate the fpoils obtained by them is impoffible; and as the details of military events appear in another part of the Paper, it is unneceffary here.

THE INTERNAL SITUATION

Of the Republic is ameliorating. The laft harveft has been abundant, and "*the ſtaff of Agriculture*" was celebrated throughout all the depart ments with fimplicity and rural fports, and as the revolt