

THE MARINER'S FAREWELL.

From thee my friend, in quest of wealth I roam, I leave my weeping friends and native home; On foaming waves and faithless billows dare Old ocean's fury and destructive war; "But why," you ask, "why take the dangerous way?" 'Tis want impels—reluctant I obey. A tender mother, eloquent in woe, For whom my youthful heart first learned to glow, (Who ever mindful of the parent's part, Impress'd religion on my infant heart, Bade me the sacred volume oft to scan, And taught that virtue constitutes a man) With pious love implores a safe return, And weeps and prays, alternate, for her son. Instinctive fondness in the parent glows, Her care increases, and creates her woe; But more than instinct reads my bleeding heart, When I, my friend, reflect that we must part! Too soon, alas! I leave this happy shore, Too soon we part perhaps to meet no more! Destructive death appeals in every form, Lurks in the wave and triumphs in the storm! Borne on the winds, and in the thunders heard, In lightning seen, and in the tempest fear'd! A God there is, who curbs the foaming waves, Who stills the tempest, and in danger saves; At whose command the thunders cease to roll, And the wide calm extends from pole to pole; That God I serve; and tho' I bid adieu, May soon return to happiness and you, And in your friendship taste a calm repose, A sweet oblivion of my fears and woes,

From the New-York Weekly Visitor.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir—Having had business to transact in New-Jersey, I was prompted to request my clerk to keep a record, for one day, of the number of persons applying at my store, for the purpose of making purchases, &c.—As I am situated in the most conspicuous part of Broadway, and as the account rendered in possesses novelty, perhaps it may not prove unacceptable to your readers. While it serves to divert, it may afford some additional ideas of the manners and customs of our visitants.

Opened shop at 5 o'clock—no business transacted before breakfast. At ten, two young ladies, of genteel appearance, enquired for various articles, all of which, of superior qualities, were presented—"Didn't like them—thought they could be better suited." Inspected faces of the first qualities—"Price war'n't high enough—wanted better." In departing, dropt a small pocket book—handed by boy—contents: a one dollar bill—two accounts for making ladies gowns—items for trimmings, &c.

At eleven a young man entered—wanted a waistcoat pattern—thought the Nelson's eye* vastly handsome—ordered a quarter of a yard—waistcoat he'd on, six inches in length! about this time, several persons in store—attended myself on an elderly lady who wanted several articles—looked over various pieces of goods—thought the prices reasonable, but deferred purchasing—would call with her husband—bought, however, 3 skeins of silk—value 18 cents. Know her—yet in a state of celibacy.

Twelve o'clock—two boys and myself employed opening and shewing goods for three hours—amount sold, two dollars, fifty cents.

One o'clock—coach stopped at the door—three ladies entered—asked questions faster than was possible to answer—after inspecting various goods—say, a thousand dollars worth—bought to amount of two dollars; ordered servant to take goods to coach—took a polite departure. Four other ladies entered—blossoming as Hebe—no covering to bosoms—as voluble as the nightingale—talked a great deal of the prevailing colors and fashionable dresses—inspected various goods—tho't to make a dashy sale—was disappointed—left store without making a single purchase.

Two o'clock went to dinner—met the ladies who dropt the pocket book—tendered it them—could not speak to thank me—blush'd in the extreme.

After dinner's little leisure—placed goods in their proper situations—at four, female customers numerous—five questions at a time—did not know which to answer—left store—no purchases.

Eight o'clock—whole amount of sales, six dollars 75 cents—daily expenses of store six dollars.

Such, sir, is the manner in which we pass much of our time. Should the question be asked what class of society stands most in need of patience, let the answer be—THE DRY GOOD SHOP-KEEPERS.

(From the Political Barometer.)

MR. MITCHELL.

Should you think the following cure for a fever or whitlow, worth publishing, it is of your service.

Make a thin mortar of Rose and Soap, take a thimble that has a top, fill it with the above mentioned mortar, place it directly over the part affected, bind it tight with a cloth, so as to prevent the air from getting under the thimble; let it remain

two hours, then renew it again, and so continue for the space of ten hours, unless the matter appears wholly to be extracted.

For a Poultice.

Take the green bark of elder and bitter-sweet, boil them well together in water, then thicken it with Indian meal, apply it to the affected part for 48 hours; after that any healing salve will answer.

If the above receipt be thoroughly attended to, it may be depended upon as a certain cure. I can witness a number of cures it has effected.

AN ENEMY TO PAIN.

From the Aurora.

The murder of Pierce.—We have copied from the papers of London, both ministerial and antiministerial—whigs and Tories—Foxites and Pittites—their several observations and notions on the cruel outrage perpetrated by Whitty in the English ship Leander. The American public may judge of the disposition of the English government, and of the parties in and out of power, by these publications, and they will, it is painful but necessary to say, find nothing in them which bears the least token of respect for our independence or the love of justice itself; those papers lament, for their own sakes, that we should be incensed; but there is not a single sentiment uttered which carries the eye of justice towards the United States or of indignation for their injury—the insult and the murder.

The truth, so much insisted on by the enemies of reform, and so much apprehended by all who thrive upon the misfortunes and wrongs of society, that truth so constantly regarded by moralists in guarding against the approaches of vice—that the commission of one innovation is only the excuse or the temptation to the commission of another—this truth has never been more fatally exemplified, than in the progression of the British government in the commission of crimes and outrages against other nations. Every year, from the commencement of the French revolution to the present day, the disregard of the law of nations—the rights of neutrals, and even of justice, national honor and good faith, has been more conspicuous and intolerable.

That our readers may at one view be satisfied on the extremes to which the outrages and disregard of universal law and justice, the government of England has proceeded, we shall not go back to the well known menaces of the English government against Genoa, Florence & Switzerland, to drive them from their neutrality; nor to the corruption practised by her ambassadors and consuls here, in order to drag the nation into war.

We shall state two facts—and the murder of Pierce shall be one of them; the other shall be a case of murder in the same way, but under circumstances even less heinous and atrocious—which occurred during our own revolution.

In the New Annual Register, for 1781, page 19—under the head "principal occurrences," will be found the following article:

Nov. 19—On Saturday last, William Townsend, late lieutenant of the Rover privateer of Bristol, was executed at Execution Dock, for the wilful murder of captain Giacomo Silvestri, of the Victoria, a Venetian ship, by ordering a gun to be fired into the vessel which killed the captain. He acknowledged the gun to have been fired by his order, but without the least intention to kill any body. He behaved with great penitence.

This is the case which we oppose to that of Pierce—the circumstance of his murder, need not be recapitulated—it is known to the nation; and national character, honor, and independence, call for equal and exact justice.

Look at the mode in which the murder of Pierce is treated in the English prints—it is called "an affair that happened"—and the expressions of national indignation, are called "a fever of faction which will soon subside"—It is compared to "the popular fury of Maret and his associates in Paris when the revolutionary frenzy was high."

But let the American reader look back to the case we have just stated of the murder of the Venetian mariner in the same way—and compare the case.

In the case of the Venetian, the vessel carried a neutral flag.

In the case of the American, the vessel carried a neutral flag.

The Venetian was on the high seas.

The American was within the jurisdiction of the United States, in our own waters, and within a few yards of our own shores.

The murderer of the Venetian had a royal commission, or letter of marque.

The murderer of the American had a royal commission, in a royal ship of the royal navy of England.

In the case of the Venetian, we find no account of any other than the one fatal shot.

In the case of the murdered American we find that there were several shots.

The Venetian is not said to have attended to any signal.

The American had actually come to and was waiting to hear what the English ship wished to say when she was fired into, and the captain's brother at the helm, killed—wantonly fired at and murdered.

It remains to be seen whether America is as much respected as an independent nation now—as Venice was in 1781—time must unfold this truth—and we shall not fail to notice and to bring it before the American people.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in New-Orleans to his friend in this city, (Baltimore) dated May 24, 1806.

DEAR SIR,

To enter into the minutiae of my descent of the western waters, were but to annoy you with a long list of grievances. Suffice it to say, that too impatient to wait for a sufficient fresh to float the ships, I embarked on the 20th March on board a large barge 450 barrels burthen: unusual and extreme low waters retarding our speed, and increasing the distance one fourth, by compelling us to float round 54 islands in the Ohio, and 126 in the Mississippi, that in high water may be steered from point to point; 18 days lying to for head winds, aided by inexperienced and unskilful navigators, placed us thrice on sand-bars, once on a rock, and times innumerable on planters and sawyers, occasioned a tedious passage of six weeks. Planters are trunks of large trees, immovably fixed by the root in the bottom of the river, appearing perpendicularly about three feet above the surface, when in a middling stage. Sawyers are also bodies of trees, less firmly fixed, yielding to the pressure of the current, appearing, and disappearing alternately. The rapidity of the Mississippi continually undermining the banks, causing whole acres to cave in at once, bring with them the largest forest trees, renders impracticable any attempts at removing these principal dangers of the navigation. But like philosophers, we profited by adversity; our detentions enabled us to explore the Indiana Territory, Tennessee, Upper and Lower Louisiana, the Mississippi Territory, and West Florida, to a considerable extent. Wild turkeys, ducks, geese, pheasants, pelicans, and paroquets of a beautiful plumage, fell at our deadly shots; and codfish, not inferior in quality to our rock, weighing from 17 to 123 pounds, afforded us a daily repast. The soil of Upper Louisiana is rich beyond conception; in many places it was allowed by several Kentuckians to be fine manure for their first rate land, and in that state except immediately on the banks of the water courses, corn and sand command the same price; at Wilkinsonville we saw 40 warriors of the Shawanese, Delaware, Cherokee, and Scioto, painted and equipped for battle, preparing to go to war against the Osage tribe. The poor Aborigines, formerly the lords and masters of this extensive and fertile domain, now come on board with the most abject humility, even leaving their hunting knives on shore to exchange bear meat and fresh deer at one dollar the carcass, for flour, whiskey, &c. The condition of the hunters may be injured by thus circumscribing their hunting limits, yet it is a query whether their obtaining the first necessities of life, corn and flour, in exchange for their peltry, is not more than an equivalent; certainly the agricultural Indian is greatly benefited by the introduction of husbandry, spinning and weaving among them. The Creeks and Chickasaws are far advanced in civilization, every farm having spinning wheels and looms; while at the 4th Chickasaw Bluff, an old Indian squaw of that nation arrived with ten horses loaded with peltry (and driven by her negro slaves) to exchange for maize, &c. at the U. S. factory; with the product of her farm she traffics with the hunters, and pays semi-annual visits to the factory.

At this season of the year, the river flows at the rate of five miles an hour, and overflows its bank from 8 to 10 leagues on the W. side from Point-Coupee, 150 miles above Orleans, to Cape Gerardeau, near St. Louis, a distance of near 1000 miles. Its waters are extremely muddy, in high freshes, one eighth being sediment. Above its junction with the Missouri, it is a pure limpid stream; the cause of its muddy appearance remains to be accounted for. The country gradually declining on each side from the bank, and bayous or outlets bursting through every few miles and forming lakes at a short distance from the river, incontestably prove that it flows on a ridge; in fact, it is perceptible to the naked eye, as you boat down, and observe the houses and farms, as it were beneath you. At the third Bluffs we had an opportunity of ascertaining the correctness of Volney's position, that the stone coal is a cement of rotten trees and decayed leaves. About 6 feet from the surface of a high bank, lately divided by caving in, we saw a stratum of the coal half formed a greyish brown, strongly impregnated with sulphur. We also picked up some pieces of pumice-stone floating down the river, assuredly implying the existence of Volcanoes at its head waters. From the mouth of the Ohio to the walnut-hills, 100 miles above Natchez, the country is scarcely inhabited; nothing to amuse but the uninterrupted verdure that cheers the eye; even the bark of the trees is green with the luxuriant wild vine entwining itself around from the root to the top. Occasionally, the long Spanish beard, and the beautiful Magnolia flower, growing on a lofty forest

tree, affords a pleasing variety to the landscape. From Natchez down, 300 miles, the river is one broad street through a delightful village of cotton and sugar plantations, the houses shaded by orange groves and the Planters all extremely wealthy.

Boston, August 6.

DIED.

On Monday, Mr. CHARLES AUSTIN, aged 18 years, the eldest son of the hon. Benjamin Austin, esq. in consequence of a piffol discharged in State Street, of which he almost instantly expired. The coroner's inquest, which was immediately summoned, returned a verdict of "Wilful murder by the hand of THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE, with malice aforethought."

The universal sentiment of commiseration and abhorrence which this melancholy event has excited in every class of the community, has never been equalled since the fatal massacre of the 5th of March 1770.

We are informed the republican citizens of Charlestown, Ruxbury, Cambridge, and other towns in the vicinity of Boston, propose this day to pay their last respects to the remains of that amiable, valued and virtuous youth Mr. Charles Austin.

This afternoon the remains of Mr. Charles Austin will be borne from his father's house to the family tomb. He was a young man in the bloom of youth, of unblemished morals, and respectable literary acquirements. Modest and ingenuous, all who knew him were his friends, and it needed only to see him to be prepossessed in his favor. In the 19th year of his age he has bid a sad adieu to the flattering prospects of his life which were just opening to his enjoyment. His life, short as it was, had been sufficiently long to secure to him the love, respect and esteem of his acquaintance; and the remotest stranger when he hears the faithful story of his death, will be pierced with regret for his unmerited and untimely fate.

Extract of a letter just received from a friend in Boston.

"This day (August 4) an unhappy fracas took place on "Change between Mr. Thomas O. Selfridge and Charles Austin, son of the supposed editor of the Chronicle. Mr. Selfridge, after receiving repeated blows, shut him through the heart. The particulars I will give you in my next. The immediate source of the rencounter was the polling advertisement of Austin senior, by Selfridge, in the Boston Gazette of this day."

The following is the advertisement alluded to.

Evening Post.

AUSTIN POSTED.

Benjamin Austin, loan officer, having acknowledged that he had circulated an infamous falsehood concerning my professional conduct, in a certain cause, and having refused to give the satisfaction due to a gentleman in similar cases—I hereby publish said Austin as a COWARD, a LIAR, and a SCOUNDREL; and if he dares Austin has the effrontery to deny any part of the charge, he shall be silenced by the most irrefragable proof.

THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE.

Boston, August 4, 1806.

P. S. The various Editors in the U. S. are requested to insert the above notice in their journals; and their bills shall be paid to their respective agents in this town.

FROM A KENTUCKY PAPER.

The line of M. Stages from Wheeling thro' Pittsburg, to Chillicothe, we are happy to learn have at length commenced running. Owing to some arrangements which are not yet made, we understand they will not be in complete operation until the middle of next month, when the contractor assures us they will run regularly between Frankfort and Wheeling, and meet the Philadelphia stages; and consequently will form an uninterrupted line to the City and other places in the Atlantic states.

The utility of this establishment will be such as no doubt to insure it liberal support; and it is hoped that those whose duty it is to superintend and keep in repair the roads, will see the propriety of lending their aid to facilitate the passage of the stage, by removing the obstacles that may have a tendency to retard or impede its progress.

FRENCH FRATERNITY!!

Extract of a letter from Captain John Hand, jun. of the schooner Caroline of Alexandria, dated

Port Spain, (Trinidad) July 8.

"On the 21st of June, in lat. 14 long 58 was boarded by two French line of battle ships, who took from us about 14 barrels of flour, all the beans and cheecks and the greater part of the hams, and never gave us the scrape of a pen for it."