

Messrs. Editors—By publishing the following very excellent old song, by the celebrated Dibdin, you will oblige one of yours.

Go, patter to lullers and swabs, d'ye see, 'bout danger, and fear, and the like; A light waterboat, and good-as-a-room give me, And vent to a little I'll strike.

Though the tempest top-gallant-masts smack smooth should smite, And shiver each splinter of wood, Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse every thing tight, And under reef'd foresail we'll scud.

Avast, nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft, To be taken for trifles a-back; For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft, To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

Why, I heard the good chaplain palaver one day, About souls, heaven, mercy, and such; And, my timbers, what lingu he'd coil and belay! Why 'twas just all as one as High Dutch.

But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see, Without orders that comes down below, And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me That Providence takes us in tow!

For says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft Take the topsails of sailors a-back, There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft, To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, (for, d'ye see, she would cry) When last we weigh'd anchor for sea, What arguies any'ling, and piping your eye! Why, what a damn'd fool you must be!

Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all, Both for seamen and lubber ashore; And if to Old Davy I should go, dear Poll, Why you never will hear of me more.

What then! all's a hazard—come, don't be so soft, Perhaps I may laughing come back; For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft, To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be ev'ry inch All as one as a piece of his ship; And with her brave the world, without off'ring to flinch, From the moment the anchor's a-trip.

As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends, Nought's a trouble from duty that springs; For my heart is my Poll's and my rino's my friends; And, as for my life, 'tis my King's.

E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft As with grief to be taken a-back; That same little cherub that sits up aloft, Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Compendium and Digest of the Laws of Massachusetts. By Wm. Charles White, Esq. Counsellor at Law. Vol. II. Part II. Boston; T. B. Wait and Co.

A Military Dictionary of the several systems of discipline of different kinds of troops, Infantry, Artillery and Cavalry: the principles of Fortification; and also all the modern improvements in the science of tactics. Comprising the Pocket Gunner; the Laws and Regulations of the United States Military Establishments; and the weights, measures, and monies of all nations: particularly adapted to the use of the military institutions of the U. States. By William Duane, late Lieut. Col. in the army of the United States, and author of the American Military Library. Philadelphia; price \$6. 8vo.

The History of Printing in America, with a Biography of Printers, and an Account of Newspapers. To which is prefixed, a concise View of the Discovery and Progress of the Art in other parts of the World.—In two volumes octavo, with five Plates, one of which is a fac simile of the first article known to be printed in Europe by the discoverer of the art; two are fac similes of the printing types first used in England; another represents cylindrical presses; the fifth is an Indian Gazette. Boston; Isaiah Thomas, jun. 2 vols. 8vo. Price \$6 in boards.

An additional volume of President Davies' Sermons; containing nineteen Sermons never before published in America. Price \$2. Boston; Lincoln and Edmands.

A Sermon on the Atonement, by the Rev. Wm. L. Turner, A. M. of Fayetteville;—Star-Office, Raleigh. Price 25 cents.

No. 1. Archives of Useful Knowledge: a work devoted to Commerce, Manufactures, Rural and Domestic Economy, Agriculture, and the Useful Arts. By Benjamin Mease, M. D. Secretary to the Agricultural Society of Philadelphia. New York: Williams and Whiting.

The Borough; a poem, by the Rev. George Crabbe. Boston; Wm. M'Ilhenny.

A Series of Letters, in which the distinguished sentiments of the Baptists are explained and vindicated: In answer to a late publication, by the Rev. Samuel Worcester, A. M. addressed to the author, entitled, "Serious and Candid Letters." By Thomas Baldwin, D. D. pastor of a Baptist Church in Boston. Boston; Manning and Loring.

Greek Exercises, in Syntax Ellipsis, Dialects, Prosodies, and Metaphrasis. To which is prefixed, a concise, but comprehensive Syntax. By the Rev. William Nelson, D. D. New York; T. and J. Swords. Price \$1.

WORKS PROPOSED AND IN PRESS.

C. and A. Conrad and Co. Philadelphia, propose publishing, The History of the Expedition of Captains Lewis and Clarke, through the Continent of North America, performed during the years 1804, 1805, and 1806, by order of the government of the United States.

J. Simpson and Co. of New Brunswick, New Jersey, propose publishing, An Essay on the Causes of the Variety of Complexion and Figure in the Human Species; to which are added, Animadversions on certain remarks made on the first edition of this Essay, by Mr. Charles White; in a series of Discourses delivered before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, in England. Also, Strictures on Lord Kaim's Discourse on the Diversity of mankind. By the Rev. Samuel Stanhope Smith, D. D. President of the College of New Jersey, and Member of the American Philo-

sophical Society. The second edition, enlarged and improved.

Rev. Timothy Allen, now Preceptor of Newark Academy, in New Jersey, contemplates preparing for the Press, a History of that State.

W. Wellsted T. B. Wait and Co. have in press, Epistles on Women, exemplifying their character and condition in various ages and nations; with miscellaneous Poems. By Lucy Aiken.



MISCELLANY.

"Omnes unigue foscucos, carpemus atque delibemus." FOR THE STAR.

Messrs. Editors—Being a friend to the Observer I have to request you to insert in your paper, as a warning to all who wish to promote accurate pronunciation, the following pertinent and masterly remarks, extracted from that mirror of Virginia taste, the Norfolk Herald.

You will perceive that they were suggested by the first number of the Observer, who confesses that he is highly gratified by such flattering attention, and would give a public testimony of his gratitude did he not know that it would be "a most clumsy attempt" at praise without the aid of talents.

From the Norfolk Herald.

"Of all the attempts that have been attempted at ridiculing vernacular vulgarisms since the confusion of Babel, the following, which we copy from the 'Raleigh Star,' is the most beggarly, 'stale, flat and unprofitable;' and, taking it in a literary view, crude, nauseous and disgusting—for it is a tiresome recapitulation of absurd and insipid anecdotes and schoolboy witticisms, conceived in folly and vented in ignorance. Taking it as a description of the colloquial style of Virginia, it is replete with falsehoods, unless indeed, (as, in all probability might have been the case) this attentive observer mistook a negro hut for Mr. T's splendid drawing-room—some sable Cato or Scipio Mr. T. himself, & three jolly negro winches for the interesting Mrs. T. and her two angelic daughters—then, and scarcely then, he might have witnessed those uncouth barbarisms. On the whole, taking it for as much as it is worth, it is a most clumsy effort at satire, which malice prompted but talents could not aid. Indeed we are astonished that such a miserable production should find its way to the public through so respectable a channel as the 'Raleigh Star.' We really should feel ourselves bound to apologise to our readers for presenting them with such foul dishwater, but as it was made expressly for our Virginia readers, we hope they will not be offended with us for giving them an opportunity to judge of the materials."

The anonymous scribe commences with Latin quotations—then follows a description of his person, in imitation, perhaps, of the SPECTATOR!!!—he says he is "a little old bachelor, of a very dark complexion, dark eyes, deeply seated in their sockets, a saturnine countenance, a large aquiline nose, crooked legs, &c. &c."—in short, a lump of deformity!!!—and that his mind is as crooked as his legs, may be readily imagined from the specimen before us. "We would recommend to MR. OBSERVER if he should get into Virginia again, to leave his aquiline nose behind him, as it certainly will run a chance of being pull'd awry."

My friend is desirous of making it known, that as the editor of the Herald is a learned man and profoundly skilled in criticism, he admits the "non posse refelli" of his charges and will not contradict a word he has said.—Besides as the learned editor is celebrated for his deep penetration, his love of truth, his hatred of scurrility and vulgar abuse, his cool and dispassionate manner of reasoning, and his purity and elegance in writing, my friend will not hazard the loss of his "aquiline nose" by endeavouring to point out any improprieties in his observations or by inquiring what other critick besides himself would ever have conceived that the strictures on the Virginia pronunciation were made through the influence of "malice." But his nose out of the question, he hopes, that, if the learned editor should ever hereafter condescend, in despite of his subscribers' delicate feelings, to disgrace the chaste columns of the Herald with any more of his "school-boy witticisms" he will attend to the compositor and prevent the repetition of a half a dozen gross typographical errors. These together with an equal number in the Star, my friend acknowledges, are sufficient to confirm the suspicion that "his mind like his legs" is much distorted.

AMICUS.

MONITORIAL.

COMMUNICATED.

The following beautiful Allegory is extracted from Smith's Lectures on the nature and end of the Sacred Office.

Hear ye careless pastors, though neither impious nor immoral men, hear the Character and vision of Theodorus and be faithful, be zealous and be saved.

Theodorus had the pastoral care of the vale of Ormay. The tenor of his life was smooth like the stream which stole through his valley. The path which he trod was always clean; nobody could say, behold the black spot on the linen ephod of Theodorus. His flock listened with attention to his voice, for his voice was pleasant. His speech dropped from his lips like the honey from the summer oak, his words were as the dew on the rose of Ormay. The spirit of Theodorus was also meek and his heart appeared to be tender. But if it was in some degree tender it was in a higher degree timid. If his soft whispers could not awaken the sleeping lamb, he had not the spirit to lift his voice and disturb it; no not even if the lion and the bear should be nigh it. If a thoughtless sheep-wandered too near the precipice or the brook, Theodorus would perhaps gently warn it to return. But rather than terrify, alarm, or use any exertion, he would leave it to its fate, and suffer it quietly to tumble over. The danger of precipices and brooks in general Theodorus often sung on his melodious reed; but this or that brook he could scarce venture to mention, lest such of his flock as were near them might consider themselves as reproved and so be offended. He could say in general, Beware of the lion and the bear, but could not tell a poor wandering sheep Thou art particularly in danger; nor could he say, In such and such paths the enemy lies in wait to devour thee.

The voice of history should be the voice of truth, and when the motives of actions are doubtful, they should be interpreted with candour. Let therefore the conduct of Theodorus be allowed to proceed, not so much from indifference as from a love of ease and a false fear of offending. His flock, because he did not disturb them, believed that he loved them, and they loved him in return. They were indeed for the most part, a tractable and harmless herd. And though the service of Theodorus had not much zeal, it was not altogether without success. Therefore without considering that he might, if zealous, do much more, he was satisfied, having, without zeal, done so much. He blessed God that his labour was so useful, without any remorse for its not being more so; as it well might if zeal had given aid to his lazy morals. All around were satisfied with Theodorus. Theodorus on comparing himself with all around, was secretly satisfied with himself, and concluded that God was also pleased.

So dreamed Theodorus his life away, and hoped he should open his eyes in heaven when that dream on earth should be ended. Full of these complacent thoughts, he ascended on a vernal eve the eastern brow of his vale to see the calm sun setting in the west. How happy said he, is the man who departs like that beam in peace, and who like that too, sets but to rise again with more resplendent brightness in another world! So may I set, when my evening comes, and so, on the resurrection morn may I with joy arise!

As he uttered these words, he heard, as it were, the breath of the evening rustling in the leaves behind him. He turned his eye and beheld a being whose aspect was brighter and milder than the beam he had been just now beholding. His robe was like the Ether of heaven, and his voice was soft as the dying sound on the harp of Ormay when the Daughters of music touch it. Theodorus bowed his head to the ground and observed a respectful silence. For the angel had spoken peace to him and therefore, though filled with awe, he was not afraid. Look down to the valley of Ormay, said the angel, and attend to what thou seest.—Theodorus turned his eye downwards. A light clearer than the beams of mid-day shone on the banks of Ormay. In its beams he beheld a building far surpassing in magnificence the temple of Solomon, or the palace of Tadmor in the desert. Ten times ten thousand hands were conspiring to rear it, and while he yet beheld, it seemed to be already finished. All the rubbish was ordered away; a deep pit had been prepared to receive it.—The scaffold used in rearing the edifice still remained, and the master-builder was consulted how they should be disposed of. Take, said he, the best of them to be made pillars within the palace where they shall remain forever; but for the rest I have no further use, and they are indeed good for no other purpose than that which they have already served: Throw them where the rest of the rubbish has been cast, and there, as they are of a grosser and more hardened quality, let them be consumed with the fiercest of the fire.

The order was instantly obeyed. Piece after piece was taken down, and laid to this or the other hand, either for the palace or the pit. As they touched a certain piece and seemed to think it meet for the pit, Theodorus felt all his frame convulsed, as if a thousand demons moved him, and in the anguish of his soul he cried "Spare me O my God! Spare me, if it be not now too late to pray for mercy and pardon."

If it were altogether so, said the angel, I had not been sent to thee now as the minister of instruction. A few moments of grace still remain, improve them with care and show that at length thou art wise.

Ah! my Lord! What do these things mean? I have indeed perceived their purport; but O that I might also hear it!

The building which thou hast seen, said the angel, is the Church of God; and its ministers are those instruments which were used to rear it. Many of them having served that purpose though not as they ought, and being fit for no other use, are at length condemned. I saw

an angel that hung over thee and looked for thy fate. For, negative virtues, and good morals, without diligence and zeal, can be of no avail to save a minister. Have I not called thee as a brand from the fire?—Depart, I pray thee, of thy danger, be diligent, be zealous, and be saved.

As these words were uttered, the vision in the valley of Ormay vanished, and the angel shook his silver wings as he flew on the wind towards heaven. The rustling of his wings was like the rushing of the stream of Ormay where it falls between oaks in the gulf of Aneur.



MEDICAL.

To the Editor of the N. Y. Evening Post.

The following letter claims the attention of our citizens, and if the virtues therein attributed to the Alcornoque should be found equal to the cure of pulmonary and liver complaints, how immense will be the importance of its discovery! In this city our bills of mortality record the melancholy truth that more than one fourth of the deaths proceed from pulmonary complaints, against whose ravages, medicine, (as the writer observes) has been found only a palliative.

If a specific ever is discovered, I am persuaded it will be some simple of the vegetable kingdom, and it is to be hoped that those persons who visit the Spanish Main, after having perused this communication, will avail themselves of so favourable an opportunity for procuring a quantity of Alcornoque in order that its virtue may be fairly tested in this country.

From the "Gazette de la Martinique."

ST. PIERRES, June 25, 1819.

Our readers will learn with as much surprise as satisfaction from the subjoined letter, the true and wonderful effects of the Divine Alcornoque.

If the extraordinary reputation this tree has acquired as an infallible specific in all diseases of the liver, and especially those of the lungs, reputed at the present moment incurable, be maintained with all its renown, it must certainly then be acknowledged (without any need to anticipate the other beneficial properties it may possess) as the first of plants, when valued from its healing effects, and will ever merit the just epithet bestowed on it of—divine.

To the Editor of the Martinique Gazette.

Sta.—Persuaded that you would wish to give every publicity to whatever may be useful to suffering humanity, I hasten to make you acquainted with a wonderful discovery, for the cure of disorders in which medicine has to the present time, been found only a palliative.

Afflicted since eleven years with a pulmonary complaint, which the physicians said was tubercles in the lungs, spitting blood and matter, in the most frightful manner, and having never received the smallest benefit from medicine, one of my friends (Mr. Solliers), residing at the Carraccas, having heard recited two extraordinary cures made by an Indian, spoke to me on his arrival in this country, of the wonderful remedy that had been discovered; I procured in consequence one hundred pounds weight of the divine Alcornoque, I used it, and in eleven days I was perfectly cured. I hastened to administer it to different persons, who all found themselves recovered from using it; among others Messrs. Dufont, Magcoaux du Lamentine, and Hillaire de St. Pierre.

I affix to this the receipt written by Don Juan de Dios de Mucias, merchant at Barcelona, one of those who was miraculously cured. Your countrymen will owe you an eternal obligation for its publication, and myself will always remain without bounds to my acknowledgements.

Sir your very humble servant,

(Signed) P. BADOLLET.

Method which Don Juan de Dios Mucias, adopted when he took the divine Alcornoque.

In the first place, says he, I proceeded into a situation which without being damp was cool;—on my arrival I took about twelve ounces of the Alcornoque, which I had pounded in a mortar; I infused it in a regular quantity of pure water, until the following morning, when I took fasting a glass full lukewarm, and continued to use it all day as my ordinary drink, but cold; at bed time, I took another glass, lukewarm. I followed this method daily, solely observing to mix 2 spoonfuls of honey in the glasses, which I took warm, morning and evening. I expended about three bottles of this drink per day, divided into eight or nine glasses.

If the persons using this remedy feel a great deal of heat, while adopting it, some barley water must be taken, but without any kind of acid in it.

As my disorder was occasioned by an abscess in the liver, which caused me frequently the most insupportable pains in the side, I had the Alcornoque supported until it was reduced to powder, I then made a capslum or poultice and applied it to my side, and the pains left me instantly.

When the receipt is used, milk, acids, spices, and in short every thing of an irritating nature, must be abstained from: biscuit ought to be used in preference to new bread. The daily food should be plain, boiled or roasted, without any seasoning.

I suffered a year and a half the most excruciating pains—I consulted most of the physicians, both English and French, in the colonies; among others, M. Amic, of Gaudaloupe, and Dr. Gobert, of St. Pierre, Martinique, all of whom left me without hope, at length reduced to the most deplorable state, bringing away blood and matter, I adopted the receipt the Indian gave me, and in twelve days I was entirely cured, having discharged violently by the mouth, the whole of the abscess.

I omitted to mention, that after the cure, the patient should take some cooling medicines, and use if possible Asses, or Mares milk, as the Alcornoque is extremely hot. The outer bark on the Alcornoque should be taken off, previous to being pounded and made into an infusion.

(Signed) Don Juan de Dios de Mucias.

The Alcornoque is a tree which grows on the Spanish Main, the wood of which is very compact and heavy; the true meaning of the word signifies Cork, although it differs essentially from this tree, as the Cork it is well known, is of a porous and light nature.