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FOR THE STAR.

TEMPERENCE THE BEST MEDICINE;
AND
EXERCISE THE MOST INFALLIABLE PHYSICIAN.

[CONTINUED.]

Exercise bears us gently o'er time's undulating wave,
Carries with it cheerful health—ends in a peaceful grave:
An active life well spent will have a happy end,
Labour man's best physician—virtue his surest friend.

HAVING before takeu into view the interesting importance of a due regard to diet, I shall now proceed to the second, and by no means the least consideration, of EXERCISE: this is far more important in the art of preserving health than most men seem to believe. Arguments are not wanting to prove its beneficial effects, but these are not admissible in my narrow limits, I must therefore content myself with offering a few hints, making sundry comparisons, and drawing certain conclusions therefrom. I have long thought, and observation and reflection have added weight to the opinion, that mankind are robust and healthy, that they are exempt from chronical diseases, that they thence are enabled to reach old age, just in proportion, (when other circumstances are equal) to the exercise, or muscular exertion they have undergone. A very familiar proof, though not enough observed, may be seen in the people of colour. They in general escape most of the diseases incident to the whites, the gout, gravel, consumption, asthma, and endless train of chronic diseases which are the affective scourges of Inactivity and intemperence is scarcely known, or not to be found among them. They attain to an age vastly superior to the other class of our citizens, and can we doubt, for a moment, on serious reflection, that this is the intire result of laborious exercise, and simple fare? If we look back into the ages of antiquity, if we examine the records of mortality among the ancients, we shall find their has been a gradual diminution of Human life down to the present period, and if it proceeds in the same degree to depreciate for a few more centuries a total annihilation, or intire revolution must take place. Are we at a loss for the cause; examine maturely and we shall soon find it. 'Tis luxury and dissipation, 'tis inactivity and sloth, that has worked the dire effect. Arguments are numerous, but they are endless to prove this. Comparisons are alone sufficient, they are more than competent to the establishment of this position. Let us enquire how our Robust and Healthy ancestors passed through life, how they escaped those 1387 potent enemies which are now let loose upon the human race, and so frequently drag us into painful captivity, within the confines of disease, or strike us with a surer aim to an early grave. After learning their mode of living, and the employment of their precious moments, let us compair it with present manners and prevailing customs and the contrast will no doubt be striking. We shall see that theirs was a life of laborious exercise and cheerful health, while ours in too many instances, has become inactive sloth, and sorrowful disease.—More than half the diseases now prevalent, and daily becoming more fatal, were unknown and unexperienced by them. To what can this be attributed? Not to the quantity of the vital fluid drown by the Doctors weapon, not to repeated portions of opium, mercury and antimony, nor to daily draughts of sparkling spirits: But to the simplicity of their fair, their abstenience from any unnatural stimulus, and perhaps above all to the laborious exercise which they were innured to from the first dawn of muscular ability until their heads were silvered o'er with age, and they droped like mellow fruit into the grave, "such in the early ages of time was man, so calm was was life, so impotent was death."

"Death though denounc'd, was then a distant ill,
"By feeble arm of age, its sole support, born slowly on,
"Not then as since, the short lived sons of men,
"Flocked to its realms in countless multitudes,
"But scarce in the space of twice four score years,
"One solitary ghost went shivering down,
"To his unpeopled shore."

These were the salutary, the happy effects of simplicity and activity, and if mankind ever again find their sinews strung with the same degree of vigor, they must return to the same healthful habits. They must quit many of those sedentury employments which now bury thousands in useless indolence, and intail on the Human family a degree atony and debility, which is the Parent of disease, and the certain prelude to an early Tomb.

They must learn to know that nature never formed man, fitted him for muscular exertion, and indeed rendered it absolutely necessary to his health and happiness, and then doomed him to 6, 8, or 10 years of close confinement. It was never intended that so many of the most important years of life should be spent in indolence and inactivity, where hundred's cooped up together and having over the musty volumes of what nature never qualified them to learn, inhale an impurity from the air, and draw in a contagion from bad example that is attended with the double danger of proving fatal to the constitution and ruinous to the morals. Look into Colleges and Schools and witness the truth of this; see the sorrowful effects of a plan of education, which while it "pinches Parents blue," by its enormous expence, very frequently, and indeed seldom fails to hurt the health or spoil the morals of youth. Where will the present rage for science end?—What will be the consequence if the present infatuation continues to increase and prevail? If the rising generation are all to be lawyers, doctors, merchants, clersk, and office hunters, the plow, the anvil, the axe, the hammer, the sheers and awl, will grow rusty by disuse; the more honorable and far more useful branches of agriculture and mechanics will be resigned to the sable tribe, and with a transfer of these five useful arts we shall undoubtedly transfer our health and happiness, and degenerate into that puny debilitated race, which will only be a useless burthen on creation, until nature, weary of the insignificant load, shall disencumber her lap, and those we despise shall usurp our place in the scale of animation. Let it not be so; but come forward nobly in the good cause, ye men of talents, ye to whom the lower order look for examples, teach them to resume the too long neglected instruments of husbandry, and the too much despised implements of the robust mechanic. Proclaim to the admiring multitude that labour, so far from being disreputable, (as it is now generally esteemed in this part of the country,) is as honorable as it is necessary, as noble as it is useful, and as praise-worthy as it is healthful. If men in the most eminent stations in society, were to bring up their children to labour, and have them learned some useful business, it would form an æra far more important and interesting to mankind, than the discovery of longitude or perpetual motion—By this desirable step, want and misery would soon be driven from the earth, and peace and plenty resume its umpire in the human family; disease would scarcely lift its head, and old age alone would do the work of death's destructive scythe. Is it not obvious, that if all men were engaged in adding to the comforts and supports of life, that these would be more abundant and thence more easily attainable; so that the necessity of an over proportion of labour would be no more, and at the same time the comforts of life would be so readily within the reach of all, that there would be no lack; dishonesty would soon be forgotten, and those vile scenes which involves individuals, and even whole communities in confusion and contention would be numbered no more; lawyers would be without clients, and physicians without patients, and all the long list of sedentary drones who draw their subsistence, and even now accumulate gold on the miseries or constitutions of their fellow mortals, would have the alternative of starving or falling into more honourable and healthful occupations.—Lawyers are useful, physicians are necessary, and scientific characters are indispensable to the welfare of the state, but it is the superabundance of them, swarming like locusts, that proves the bane of society, the interrupter of its repose, and the mournful cause of debility and morbid derangement in human nature.

Oh idleness! thou shame to manhood, thou disgrace to human nature; innumerable are the evils thou hast entailed upon the sons of Adam—In thy wretched, starving, sickly service, mankind are wageing perpetual war against conscience, honour, honesty, virtue and humanity. In this thraldom is fostered the most cruel purposes that ever lurked within the human heart. Half the miseries of mankind, and indeed two thirds of the remaining half may be traced to this disgraceful source. 'Tis here the bolts of war are fostered, 'tis here the chains of slavery are forged, 'tis here that health is foiled, and sickness finds its victims, and 'tis here death sharpens more than half his dreaded darts.

Mourn, mourn humanity! at the devastations, the desolations and destructions of idleness the world over, and in a most especial manner, weep and lament, at the mighty sufferings, the deplorable cruelties, and irrepairable evils that idlenes hath caused men, who call themselves sons of liberty, to inflict on Afric's sorrowing shores.

As idleness is the bane of peace, the destroyer of liberty and the interrupter of prosperity in the earth, so it is, and ever will be the parent of disease and sad promoter of morbid derangement in the human fabric. It was an approved maxim among the ancients that "acute diseases were from Heaven, and chronical ones from ourselves," though this may not be strictly true yet it is very frequently verrified and no one can doubt for a moment, but that this maxim was founded on inactivity and intemperance.—"To die" says Doctor Johnson, "is the fate of man, but to die with lingering anguish may be imputed to his own folly. Inactivity never fails to induce an universal relaxation of the contractile fibres, when these fibres are relaxed neither the digestion, the circulation nor paristaltic motion can be duly performed. It is also impossible to enjoy health, where the perspiration is not freely carried on, and this can never be the case where exercise is neglected."

Dr. Rush informs us of numerous instances, of pulmonic diseases, that had resisted all the usual medical applications and cured by exercise in the open air. There can be no doubt but that medicine is divested of more than half its efficacy by habits of inactivity and indolence, whereas exercise itself will go far toward to production of the good effect, and will not fail in every disease of the chronic class, greatly to aid medical prescriptions. 'Tis of the utmost importance in the art of preserving health to remember, that "nature abhors all sudden transitions," any deviation from former habits in diet or exercise ought to be gradual, we see instances, though they are but few in number, of persons accustomed for many years to an inactive sedentary life, suddenly engageing in laborious or long continued exercise are generally visited by epilepsy or some other destressing disease, on the contrary we see many instances of those who for many years have been engaged in active, laborious exercise and suddenly falling into inactivity and indolence soon find on the couch of ease the unwelcome companions of gout, gravel, rheumatism, or some other of the afflictive scourges of inactivity—Indeed observation has indubitably proved to me that persons passing the morning and meridian of life in honourable exercise and then falling into ignoble ease, generally, and almost invariably experience a transition at the same time, from health to disease, from muscular ability to morbid derangement, and in a word from a life of cheerful exercise to afflictive ease and painful sloth.—nature early evinces in man and other animals a strong, irresistible propensity to exercise; thus we see children, from the first dawn of muscular ability invariably inclined to it. How often do we hear parents and nurses complaining, that the little innocents, propeled thereto, by instinct, and an unalterable, indispensible law of nature, "are continually in action?"

Ye worthy fair then let them go, let loose your charming charge,
Nature says it should be so, then let them frisk at large.
Each playful day may add a year, and string their sinews strong,
Free from restraint and loose from care, it shall their life prolong.

ERASMUS.

(To be continued.)

FROM THE PUBLIC ADVERTISER.

The following extract is from a journal of a voyage from Albany to New-York, in the sloop Sidney of Lansinburgh, kept last fall by Arthur Presto, a passenger. If you agree with me that it is worthy the public eye, you will please let them have it through the medium of your useful publication.

Yours, &c.

MACTWALTER.

We are now sailing through the highlands; where we have an opportunity of contemplating "nature's sublimest features: Mountain rising over mountain swelled like an amphitheatre to those clouds which faintly tinged with the sun's prelusive beams, and rising from the earthly summits where they had reposed incorporated with the kindling either of a purer atmosphere.—All was silent and solitary—a tranquility, tinged with a sort of delightful horror, breathed on every side,'——What a grand and sublime idea do those mountains of Alpine magnitude, disposed of in such wild magnificence, give us of the works of an all wise Creator: In one place do we find them hanging over us as if ready to fall and crush all beneath to atoms; and in another, raising their rough heads among the clouds, as if too great to crawl on the surface of this troublesome ball of earth; and yet, even here, on the sides of these craggy rocks these surprising piles of rough rude matter, where nature in her sportive whim has "dressed the scene; as if for her own amusement," has man, industrious handy man, placed his habitation, freed from the noise of towns and cities—here he is left in solitude to his own reflections—that "solitude which alternately renders the mind superior to all the vicissitudes and miseries of life. The man to whose bosom neither riches nor pleasure can convey felicity may, with a book in his hand, forget his cares under the shade of any friendly tree. He tastes the pleasures which solitude affords with exquisite delight, lively and varied, pure and for ever new."—I was so highly pleased with these reflections and the grand sublimity of the surrounding scenery, that I sat up 'till midnight. I went to my birth after this hour and soon fell into a pleasing slumber; yet still my thoughts were bent to the mountain's top; methought I was seated on deck with my spy-glass, looking up to the top of one of those pyramids, where I saw a figure holding up to my view in letters of gold, the following part of Curran's (the Irish orator) speech on Peter Finerty's trial for a libel.—"Merciful God! what is the state of Ireland, and where shall you find the wretched inhabitants of this land! You may find him, perhaps in a goal, the only place of security; I had almost said of habitation; you may see him flying from the flames of his own dwelling; or you may find his bones bleached on the green fields of his country; or he may be found tossing upon those tempests less savage than his persecutors, that drift him to a returnless distance from his family and his home. And yet with these facts ringing in the ear and staring on the face of the prosecution, you are called npon to say, on your oaths, that these facts do not exist. You are called upon in defiance of shame, or honor, to deny the sufferings under which you groan, and to flatter the persecution that tramples you under foot.

"You (jurymen) are upon your oaths to say to the sister country, that the government of Ireland uses no such abominable instruments of destruction as informers. Let me ask you honestly, what do you feel, when in my hearing, when in the face of this audience, you are called upon to give a verdict that every man of us, and every man of you, know by the testimony of your own eyes to be utterly and absolutely false? I speak not now of the public proclamation of informers, with a secrecy and of extravagant reward; I speak not of the fate of those horrid wretches who have been so often transferred from the table to the dock, and from the dock to the pillory; I speak of what your own eyes have seen day after day during the course of this commission, from the box where you are now sitting; the number of horrid miscreants, who vowed upon their oaths, that they had came from the very seat of government—from the castle where they had been worked upon by the fear of death and the hopes of compensation, to give evidence against their fellows, that the *mild and wholesome councils of this government* are holden over these catacombs of living death, where the wretch that is buried a man, lies till his heart has time to fester and dissolve and is then dug up a witness.

"Is this fancy or is it fact? Have you not seen him after his resurrection from that tomb, after having been dug out of the region of death and corruption, make his appearance upon the table, the living image of life and of death, and the supreme? Have you not marked when he entered, how the stormy wave of the multitude retired at his approach?—Have you not marked how the human heart bowed to the supremacy of his power in the undissembled homage of deferential horror? How his glance, like the lightning of Heaven, seemed to rive the body of the accused, and mark it for the grave, while his voice warned the devoted wretch of woe and death; or death which no innocence can escape, no art elude, no force resist, no antidote prevent*. There was an antidote *A jurors oath*—but even that adamantine chain, that bound the integrity of man to the throne of eternal justice, is solved and melted in the breath that issues from *the informer's mouth*—conscience swings from her mooring, and the appalled and affrighted juror consults his own safety in the surrender of the victim:

Et que sibi quisquea timebat,
Unius in miseri exitium conversa tulere.

I had got thus far with this golden sentence when the figure took wing as if to fly up to "Heavens Chancery" to have it registered there. The fluttering of his wings to my mind's eye caused me to awake, and of course interrupted my pleasing speculations.

* Here is a fine picture of that hateful thing, under a corrupt government, *an informer*—it may be assimilated with Milton's description of Sin and Death.

EIGHTY-SEVENTH BULLETIN OF THE
FRENCH GRAND ARMY.

Konigsberg, July 18.

The emperors of France and Russia, after 20 days residence at Tilsit, where the imperial palaces were in the same street, and at no great distance, took leave of each other with the greatest cordiality, at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 9th. The journal which contains an account of what passed between them will be very interesting to both nations.

At half past 4, the emperor Napoleon, having received a visit from the king of Prussia, who came to take his leave, set out for Konigsberg, where he arrived at ten at night. The king of Prussia went to Memel.

Yesterday the emperor Napoleon inspected the port of Konigsberg, in a boat manned by the imperial guard. To-day his majesty will review marshal Soult's corps, and at 2 o'clock to-morrow, he will set out for Dresden.

The number of Russians killed in the battle of Friedland, amounts to 17,500, the prisoners to 40,000, 18,000 of whom have already passed through Konigsberg. 7000 remain sick in the hospitals, and the rest have been conducted to Thorn and Warsaw. Orders have been issued to send them home to Russia without delay; 7000 have already returned again to Konigsberg. Those in France are to be formed into provisional regiments. The emperor has ordered them to be clothed and armed.

The ratification of the treaty of peace between France and Russia were exchanged at Tilsit on the 9th. The ratifications of the treaty of between France and Prussia will be exchanged here this day.

The plenipotentiaries charged with these negociations, were, on the part of France, the prince of Benevento; princes Kurakin and Lubanoff, on the part of Russia; and on the part of Prussia, field marshal count Kalkreuth and the count de Goltz.

After such events as these, one cannot but smile when the great British expedition is mentioned, and at the new frenzy which animates the king of Sweden.—Besides we may remark, that the army of observation, between the Elbe and the Oder, is 70,000 strong, exclusive of the grand army, without including the Spanish divisions, which are now upon the Oder also. It was therefore necessary for Britain to have brought her whole force together, her soldiers, her volunteers, her fencibles, &c. in order to have made a diversion of any interest.——But when we take in our account, that England, under the present circumstances, has sent 6000 men to Eypt only to be slaughtered by the Arabians, and 7000 men to the Spanish West Indies, we can alone feel sentiments of pity for the extravagant avarice with which the cabinet is tormented.

The peace of Tilsit put an end to the