

printed notes in circulation. All notes paid into the Bank are immediately cancelled, by tearing off the signature, and afterwards deposited and preserved for twenty years, as a matter of public accommodation, in case there should be required as evidence in a pecuniary transaction. The descent into the subterraneous receptacle, where long ranges of wooden boxes full of these ragged relics are piled up one upon another, reminded us of the catacombs at Paris, and here—

Each in its narrow cell for ever laid,  
The sons and daughters of corruption sleep!"

As one of the curiosities of the place were shewn the thousand pound note, with which Lord Cochrane paid his fine; on the back of which he had written as follows: "My health having suffered by long and close confinement, and my oppressors being resolved to deprive me of property or life, I submit to robbery, to protect myself from murder, in the hope that I may yet live to bring the delinquents to justice. Cochrane."—In the bullion department, there were a profusion of gold ingots, and sixty-ounce pieces, which last were about the size of a large cake of Windsor soap, and almost tempted one to utter an exclamation against the obligation of the eighth commandment of the holy scripture. Large heaps of Spanish dollars, in a bigger and baser coin, scarcely excited attention by the side of these golden treasures. Familiarity may, as in the case of grocers and figs, produce a similar indifference in the guardians of these vaults; but I should, at least, advise the directors to subject visitors to the dancing exercise, which Zaidi records in his history of the election of King Rabussan's treasurer. In the treasurer's office were piles of bags, containing a thousand sovereigns in each, and I was not aware before, how inconvenient would it be to carry such a sum about one's person. We next tasted of the punishment of Tantalus, by having a small bundle of notes put into our hands, amounting to nearly three millions, which we passed from one to another with the usual variety of intonation, of which the wondering exclamation of "Dear me!" admits.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### AN IRISH EMIGRANT.

We find, in the *Sheffield Iris*, edited by the poet Montgomery, a file of which has been put into our hands by a kind friend, many interesting articles for our miscellaneous department. We present this evening the following extract of a letter from an Irish emigrant, dated at St. Louis, Missouri, Oct. 14, 1820, to a person in the county of Down, Ireland, who was about to emigrate to this country.

[N. Y. Co.]

"In an excursion I lately made, I found many people comfortably situated, but much greater numbers just commencing new settlements in the woods, and for want of friends labor under many difficulties. Amongst others I conversed with a compatriot, with whom I spent a night at his dwelling. In order to come at his sentiments, I praised his fine plantation, and failed not to remind him that he could never have had such an one in Ireland. I eulogized the laws of the United States, &c. "Arrah in troth, said he, you know it better than me, and you tell the downright truth. May be I hav'nt now 200 acres of good land for 2 dollars the acre, and that while grass grows and water runs without paying a farden's rent for it neither, nor a half-penny more of taxes than just two dollars every year. And for this tax the governor and the rest would take off their hats to me, to get the vote it entitles me to. And as I was saying, may be I hav'nt plenty of cows and bogs; I can't drink my tay and my coffee, and wear a good coat, and make my whiskey if I like it, and no gauger to set his nose near it—Or if I dont like to make my whiskey, I can buy it for three shillings the gallon. I can make the tobacco grow in my garden like kail or cabbage; and I can make my sugar of the sugar trees that grow wild on my land. Besides, I can, while in the humor of shooting, take my gun (without a license too) and shoot plenty of wild deer, and turkeys, and geese, and rabbits and squirrels, and boil them and eat them when I have done. And then this is such a good country for fruit, that Adam had'nt better apples than I have, so that I can make cider of my own.—But the best of it all is, I would'nt take off my hat to the governor, nor Mr. Kennel, nor Mr. Captain neither, for I have free land and am now an American, aye, and the best of them. But indeed to tell you the truth, I suffered a good deal in the beginnin in cuttin the trees down and in bring unhappy and thinkin on home and all that. For three years after I came to this country, when the hot summer sun was settin me a shakin in the aeges just like a quaker. Oh! often would I say, Musha the sorra take him—no, but the Lord forgive him, for he needs, that

made me come to this barin country among the aeges and favers, the woods, and the bears, and the painted Indians. Och! it was'nt so at home.—There I had a cow, and a pig, and a garden, and 6d. a day. Work was nothin to me, for after workin hard from sunrise to sunset, I could go home at night whisin like a lark. I could then go to a fair, a wake, or a dance, or I could spend the winter nights in a neighbor's house crackin the jokes by a turf fire. If I had there but a sore head, I would have a neighbor within every hundred yards of me that would run to see me. But here every one can get so much, that they call them, neighbors that lives two or three miles off—Och! the sorra take such neighbors, would I say. And then I would sit down and cry and curse him that made me leave home. To be sure I am wiser and happier now, and can see that though I suffered much in the beginnin, my state is much better than ever it could have been in poor Ireland. But to tell you the naked truth, after all, I can hardly yet forgive the person that advised me to come here. I dream of my little house and garden and would sometimes almost change all I have for them again." You here see the nature of an Irishman's heart, the power of habit, and the strength of his early attachments."

From the *Herald of the Valley*.

### EFFECT OF FLANNEL WORN IN CONTACT WITH THE SKIN.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR—Having been frequently questioned on the propriety of wearing flannel next to the skin, and, as I have always esteemed it a highly injurious habit, carried to the extent it is at the present time, I think it my duty, for the benefit of enquirers, and as many others as it may concern to make public my opinion, and reason therefor.

From persons of debilitated habit, having been relieved of disease by wearing flannel next their skin—more especially affections of the lungs, the practice has been adopted not only as a remedy for, but it is without restriction, advised as a preventive of such complaints; and it is even advised to those in perfect health, and frequently adopted by them I suppose to render them more healthy.

Flannel worn in contact with the skin, is undoubtedly, a highly advantageous remedy in many winter diseases, more especially catarrh and rheumatism; and have no doubt, but that persons of a consumptive constitution, have had their lives prolonged by wearing flannel through the whole of the cold seasons of the year.

But such persons have been for some years past, much in the habit of abusing this remedy, by continuing the application of it throughout the year. Emaciated as they may be, they suffer themselves to be still more reduced, by an excessive and constant perspiration, induced and kept up by the heat and friction of flannel, in addition to the heat of summer.

In the winter of 1813, whilst I was a student of medicine, being considerably alarmed at a cold I had contracted of unusual severity and duration; I was induced to resort to the use of a waist-coat, and drawers of flannel, from which I derived considerable advantage. At the commencement of the ensuing summer, being somewhat apprehensive of a breast complaint, in consequence of the severity of my winter's attack, I was induced to believe in conformity with the generally received opinion, that it was necessary to continue the use of the flannel through the summer, for the more complete restoration of my health.—In the course of a few weeks the waist-coat became so intolerable that I threw it off, but continued the drawers. In a few more weeks, I perceived the skin, that was in contact with flannel, had a less healthy appearance than that of the rest of my body, and the muscles were softer—these appearances continuing to increase, I, in a short time threw them aside. More effectually to convince myself, whether this really were the effect of the flannel, in the summer, 1814, after examining both my arms, and having them examined by some of my fellow students, their appearance being the same, I drew a flannel sleeve on one of them next to the skin, and wore it six weeks in the months of July and August; on withdrawing the sleeve, the difference in the appearance of the two arms was remarkable; the skin of the arm that had been enveloped in flannel was pale, flaccid and papilous, somewhat resembling the skin of a pickled fowl,\* the muscles were softer, and less elastic than those of the other arm, which was in every respect, of a healthy appearance.—On removing the flannel, the skin in a few days recovered its natural appearance.

\* Since making the above mentioned observations on my own person, I have frequently had the opportunity of making similar observations on the persons of my patients who were wearing flannel in the warm months.

The result of the above experiment gives only a miniature view of the emaciating effect of flannel worn in contact with the whole body; for in this case, besides the primary effect it has on the skin itself, and the superficial muscles, it has a secondary effect, on the vitals; especially on the stomach and lungs by sympathy. The sympathy existing between the skin and those parts, is evinced by the effect produced on them from various applications made to the skin. Tobacco leaves for example, applied to the skin affect the stomach so much as to produce vomiting; and to stop obstinate vomiting, laudanum and other anodynes, are frequently applied to the skin over the region of the stomach, with the happiest effect. To prove a sympathy between the skin and the lungs, (if such a thing is questioned) we need only refer to the effects of flannel, which being worn next to the skin, will generally in the course of 20 hours loosen phlegm in the lungs and break a cough. If a remedy has the power to effect such a change as this in the lungs, it must, if long continued, without intermissions, have the effect gradually to deteriorate, and at last, to destroy the natural actions of the part, unless the constitution opposed to it, be unusually robust.

I am very firmly of opinion, that the increased number of deaths from consumption, that we perceive in the lists of mortality, is owing in a great measure, if not principally, to the abuse of the remedy in question.

From the lists of mortality in seaport towns, we perceive, upon an average, that about one-third of the deaths are from consumption, and a greater number to the south than to the north. In former times, the converse of this has been always remarked. Flannel, as a remedy, has been in use about 20 years; and its good effect in winter, has encouraged its abuse in summer.

Almost any constitution may be ruined from the constant and ill-judged use of medicines taken inwardly; and the same will, almost as certainly, though more slowly ensue from the abuse of outward remedies.

WM. A. McDOWELL.

From the *N. Y. National Advocate*.

### ANECDOTES OF VENTRILOQUISM.

[Le Sugg, mentioned below, was the father to Miss Le Sugg the actress, who performed on our stage within these few years, and who was deservedly a great favorite. As Mr. Charles exhibits this evening at the Theatre the following may not be unacceptable to our readers.]

In the month of August, 1799, Le Sugg the Ventriloquist was at Kew (in England.) Collecting some old rags which he formed into the shape of a child, he went to a baker's in the town, when the oven being heated for rolls, and the child crying, the baker observed, "it was very unpleasant to have cross children."—The other, watching an opportunity, exclaimed, "you little devil I will not be plagued with you any longer;" and immediately threw the supposed child into the flames; the cries increased for a moment, and then died away. The baker frantic, exclaimed, "Oh you d villain," and the ventriloquist running into the street, the baker followed him, crying "stop him! stop him! he is a murderer! he has thrown his child into my oven;" the women also loaded him with execrations; but being taken before a magistrate, whom he made acquainted with the trick, and who requested the ventriloquist would use his power, and bring the child before him, the latter said it was in the baker's pocket; from whence, as the baker supposed he again heard it cry, he ran off, exclaiming, "it is the devil! it is the devil!"

In the month of November, 1799, he was on his journey to March, in the Ely, when he saw some countrymen loading oats, in a field that had been inundated by the heavy rains, which occasioned the harvest to be extremely backward; seeing an empty cart going to the field, he took this opportunity of entering into discourse with the driver of it, threw his figure of a sailor, which he carried with him, and into which he threw his voice into the empty cart. At the same time alighting from his carriage, he said he should like to go and see the state in which the oats were; he accordingly proceeded to the field. The men began loading their cart: and when their work was about half accomplished, the mail coach came on the road, and Le Sugg's carriage rather stopping the way, the coachman and passengers enquired whose it was. They were answered Le Sugg's, and that he was gone to alarm the countrymen in the out field; the passengers prevailed on the coachman to stop and see the effect ventriloquism would have on these people; they assented and did not repent it. Le Sugg now threw his voice into the cart—"I shall be suffocated."—The ventriloquist affected much surprise; the countrymen stared at each other, seemingly astonished, the voice still repeating the cry of "take me out, father! I shall be suffocated! I shall be smothered!" Le Sugg now enquired of

them if they had any children with them. They answered no; he then asked, "where are you my dear, and where did you come from?" The voice replies "I am in the bottom of the cart, I came for a ride from school, from Doddington. Oh! pray make haste, or I shall die!" The countrymen now became quite alarmed, and Le Sugg affecting great concern, and at the same time in a seeming passion, exclaimed, "for God's sake make haste, unload, it's my rascal of a boy that I have just left at school with Mr. Blingfield, at Doddington. he is runaway." The countrymen immediately unloaded, and when they had got near the bottom, the voice faintly utters, "oh! take care—oh! you have run the fork into me—oh! I am killed." Le Sugg exclaims, "God forbid!—oh you villains; you have killed my dear boy; I'll have you both hanged;" and immediately leaping into the cart, snatches up the figure (which was about three feet high, and well executed, particularly its face and eyes) exclaims, "oh! my poor child is dead!" One of the passengers willing to assist in the joke, observed he had better get a little cold water to wash his temple—the countrymen immediately ran for some, and the temples of the figures were washed. Le Sugg then threw his voice into the figure, which uttered with a sigh, "where am I?" The countrymen, transported with joy at the returning life, exclaims, "Here, sur! sur! here, sur! thank God!" The figure then proceeded with, "sure, I have passed the silent gulf of death, and I am now landed on the Elysian shore." The countrymen exclaim, "ees, sur, ees, you bees safe on shore on the isle of Ely! and, thank God, we bees safe too, for we thought just now, we should all be hanged for your gentlemanship." The travellers now returned to their coach, and Le Sugg with his son, as he called him, to his carriage, after laughing heartily at the adventure.

One Gille, says the Abbe Chapelle, who has written on the subject, desired me once to enter into his back shop, where, as we were sitting by a corner of the fire-side, and were face to face to each other, he amused me for the space of half an hour, by telling me many droll stories of his skill in ventriloquism.—In a moment of silence on his part and of absence on mine, I heard myself called by name in a distinct tone of voice, which seemed to be so distant, and at the same time so strange that I was quite alarmed at it. As I soon suspected the cause, I believe, said I to him, that you mean to speak to me as a ventriloquist.—He returned no answer but smiled; and while I was pointing out to him the supposed direction of the voice which to me seemed to come through the floor from the top of the opposite house, I again heard distinctly the same voice which said, "it is not on that side," and seemed now to proceed from the corner of the chamber where we were sitting, and to rise from the ground. I could not get the better of my astonishment; the voice seemed to be absolutely annihilated, in the mouth of the ventriloquist, it appeared as shifting its quarters at his pleasure, and coming and going as it had a mind.

This ventriloquist happened to be walking with an old military man, who always assumed a stately air as he went along.—His discourse was always about sieges and battles, and himself the hero of the campaign. To repress this inordinate vanity, Gille, resolved to give him a dose in his own way.—Being arrived in a by place near the borders of a forest, our soldier imagined that he heard some one from the top of a tree cry out "It is not every one that wears a sword knows how to make use of it." "Who is that impudent fellow?" (asked the son of Mars.) "Probably," (rejoined the other,) it is some shepherd a bird-nesting." "Come hither (exclaimed the voice, which now seemed to descend along the tree,) come hither, if you be not afraid!" "As for that, (returned the soldier with a most martial air, and setting himself in a posture of attack,) I shall soon make you easy?" "What are you about then?" (cried Gille, taking him by the arm,) do not you know that you will be made game of?" "A bullying air is not always the sign of true courage," (interrupted the voice, which still appeared to be sliding along the tree.) "This is no shepherd," (observed Gille.) "But still I will chastise him for his impertinence," (cried out the other.) "Witness Hector flying before Achilles!" (cried out the voice immediately after,) upon which the exasperated soldier, drawing his sword, plunged it with all his might into a bush that grew at the foot of the tree. A rabbit instantly started from it, and ran off. "Behold Hector," (said Gille,) while you yourself are Achilles." The stroke of pleasantry disarmed the warrior, while it confounded him. He demanded of his companion what was meant by it, and the other then explained to him that he had two voices, which enabled him to act the part of two distinct persons; the one was that which he was then using, and the other which was heard as if at a considerable distance.

Interesting to Merchants.—By an act of the British Parliament, the port of Cowes in the Isle of Wight has been thrown open for warehousing American and Portuguese produce FREE FROM DUTY. The fact is not generally known to our merchants, and its promulgation may at this time be essentially beneficial. The port of Cowes, is one the safest and finest Roads for shipping, well sheltered and at the distance of about 70 miles only south of London either by the way of Portsmouth or Southampton. It lies also nearly opposite to Havre on the French coast, offering a most commodious place of depot for our produce intended for the French market. French vessels multiply between Cowes and Havre, and have already carried over several American cargoes, thereby avoiding the high tonnage duties imposed of late by the French Government upon American vessels.—Another advantage of Cowes is, that the port charges are more moderate than any other English port.

The facility and attention of the customs, the short distance to London, the easy supply of provisions and water, and admirable construction of the dry docks, give to Cowes very great advantages, and to our merchants in the European trade a safe and convenient halting place either for advice or for discharging their cargoes.

The *Columbian Newspaper* printed in New-York, formerly conducted by Mr. Holt, afterwards by Mr. B. Irvine, and more recently by Mr. A. Spooner, was discontinued on Saturday. The reason assigned for the relinquishment of it is, that "recent events of a political nature have rendered the *Columbian*, as a political paper, no longer an object of profit to the proprietor." Mr. Spooner has, however, purchased the journal, printed for some months past at New-York, called *The Patron of Industry*, for the purpose of uniting the subscriptions of both papers, and issuing a daily and semi-weekly paper, to be called the *New-York Evening Post and Patron of Industry*, and to be devoted to the cause of Domestic Industry. From this paper party politics are to be excluded.

Wonderful preservation of three boats crews by a Portland dog.—During the gale, which proved so fatal to the Thomas and Mary, and their crews on the 4th ult. three boats were seen in Chiswell Cove with the crews in most imminent danger from the fury of the waves, which, rising in terrific majesty fury frustrated every attempt of the people on shore to render them any assistance. At this critical juncture, a dog of the Newfoundland breed, but born in the island, plunged into the water, and succeeded in reaching the nearest boat. The crew immediately put a line into his mouth, and the sagacious and brave animal returned with it to the shore! This line was eagerly grasped by the sailors on the beach, a rope was fastened to it, and by great exertions and presence of mind, the three boats were safely pulled on the beach the boats having a communication with each other by means of a long rope. This is not a solitary instance of the vast utility of the dogs bred in Portland in cases of marine distress.—*Weymouth Gazette*.

Executions.—Every reflecting and humane person must have painfully observed, in the accounts of the *Assizes* in Wales, that the crimes formerly unknown in that honest principality are now frequent. The following is an official document which occurred fifty years ago.

"To the Right Hon. the Lord Commissioners of his Majesty's Treasury.

The humble petition of Ralph Griffith, Esq. High Sheriff of the County of Flint, for the present year 1769, concerning the execution of Edward Edwards for burglary.

"SHEWETH,—That your petitioner was at great difficulty and expense, by himself, his clerks, and other messengers and agents he employed, in journeys to Liverpool and Shrewsbury to hire an executioner; the convict being a native of Wales, it was almost impossible to procure any of that country to undertake the execution.

"Travelling and other expenses on that occasion, 15l. 10s.

"A man at Salop engaged to do this business, gave him in part 5l. 5s. Two men for conducting him and for their search of him on his deserting from them on the road, and charges on inquiring for another executioner, 4l. 10s.—9l. 15s.

"After much trouble and expense, John Babington, a convict in the same prison with Edwards, was by means of his wife, prevailed on to execute his fellow prisoner. Gave to the wife 6l. 6s. and to Babington 6l. 6s.—12l. 12s.

"Paid for erecting a gallows, materials and labor, a business very difficult to be done in this country, 4l. 12s.

"For the hire of a cart to convey the body, a coffin, and for the burial, 2l. 10s.; and for other assistance, troubles, and petty expenses of the occasion, at least 5l.—7l. 10s.

"Which humbly hope your lordships will please to allow your petitioner, who &c.—*London Paper*.