

FROM THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE.  
GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

THE BARGE'S CREW.

"It's like a ship in constant motion, sometimes high, and sometimes low."

Alongside of Joe Henderson pulled Pat Digory, but never was there a more unfortunate sight upon the face of the earth, or rather upon the bosom of the ocean; for, according to the poets, the earth has its face while the ocean has its bosom; or perhaps the ocean is the bosom of the earth—no matter; but, as I was saying, never was there a more unfortunate sight than that of Pat Digory from the County Kildare. Pat was cast upon the world before he was much bigger than a Saint Patrick's rabbit, but, as to how he came into being, who were his parents, or whether he ever had any, could never be discovered. The fact is, he was found one morning sprawling under a gooseberry bush in the little garden at the back of the cottage belonging to the village priest, "Arrah, had luck to sorrow," shrieked Judy Mac Quilgan, as she saw that chubby face and arms stretched out from underneath an immense cabbage leaf, that concealed the rest of his body. "Bad luck to sorrow any how, Dermot, run and call thy father, for sure Saint Patrick has sent him a cherub from the clouds—some creature, how it twiddles its tongue, run, Dermot, run." Away strode Dermot with all the rapidity of a penny post, and shortly afterwards down came Father O'Twig. "This reverend gentleman was a true son of the Church, and as much like his mother as two peas, for in appearance he closely resembled a moving cathedral with a short steeple; and, although a minor canon, there was always a great difficulty in making him go off. Not but that he discharged his duty faithfully, and his general report was good. The father was a kindly soul. Dermot came to O'Twig, shaking to all the saints in the calendar. "Och, botheration," cried the Father, "what's the creature squinting about? Arrah be avay, and don't make such a hubbub. What's the matter, what's the matter with you?" "Oh, my dear father," said Judy, "sure and hasn't Saint Patrick sent you a beautiful cherub?" "The cherub, Judy, remain where he is, and don't make a brat of yourself, and don't wrap the darling in your arms, and cherish it. Who's child can he be?" "The Father, take it up and warm it at the fire and don't stand grubbing with your ten toes there as modest as there take it up, I say, for Father O'Twig never yet turned a soul from his door that hadn't the power to walk away, and he's not going to begin now—arrah take it in, Judy, take it in." Thus poor Pat was first ushered into what shall I say?—no—into the Father's cottage. Every inquiry was made—the gooseberries were carefully examined—the cabbage was rooted up and every leaf turned over with the strictest scrutiny, but it left them just as ignorant as ever. When ever he came from was of little consequence to Pat—he enjoyed the warmth of the pot fire, and just the buttermilk like an angel, as Dermot said, while Judy's heart began to molly towards the infant. Days, months, years rolled away, without the smallest disturbance being given which could lead to the knowledge of his ancestors; and during this time he grew like a mountain flower luxuriantly wild. But Pat was destined to feel the chilling blast of adversity; for after having passed eight years under the hospitable roof of his benefactor, and sharing his generous bounty, the worthy Father O'Twig departed this life; and Pat was once more cast abandoned on the world's wide stage, and doomed to roam in scanty poverty. He was obliged to wander from place to place, and pick up a potatoe wherever he could find it. At last he fell into the power of a little proctor, who employed him in sundry little jobs, not at all suited to Pat's ideas, and at the same time, kept him very spare in food. Often did he get thrashed for being hungry, and his back would be punished for the falls or mistour upon a nibble. Every mischief was attributed to him. Every morsel that the old cook applied to her own use, Pat was condemned for stealing, and got flogged accordingly. If the children broke the pitcher, capsize the buttermilk, or stole the cream, Pat only was blamed. Once he got thrashed because a horse kicked him, and nearly broke his leg. At another time he was severely punished for tumbling out of a hay loft and dislocating his shoulder; till, wearied with his servitude, he bade his master good day, determined to try his luck elsewhere. Cork was his next destination, and having arrived, he was hired to attend a hunter, and both were to be hired by any sea officer who was desirous of a ride from Cove into the town; but they were such scare-crows, it was difficult to tell which had been started most, or worst used. When Pat first saw the ocean, and the bulwarks of old England proudly skimming over the liquid element, his heart began to bound with joy. "Henceforward," says he, "my native land shall be the briny wave." Accordingly he entered on board the frigate, and was appointed servant to the purser; but they laughed at and scouted him so much that he soon got sick of the sea, even before he was sea sick. In about three weeks orders came for sailing, and Pat was obliged to hold on the nippers while heaving up the anchor. This he didn't mind but he couldn't see the use of holding the end of a handful of rope yards, and so he dropped it down below to his master. "Why are you on the main deck, Faddy?" "The ship's corporal is lying on with his pipe. Why aren't you at the messenger, Faddy?" "Another thump." "What's the matter?" "The purser—ma Corry Sir?" "Faddy, by my faith, Sir, and I'm tired out with the ship, and every body abuses me. When I first did myself the honour of becoming your servant, and taking you for my master, I was proud of serving a real gentleman; and would do for your honour by night or by day, as all day long, though they do call you nip-chess,

FLIGHT OF BIRDS.

It has been objected to the migration of birds, that it is impossible they should support themselves so long upon the wing, or exist so long without food, as they must probably do on performing such long journeys as migration supposes. But these difficulties," says Dr. Fleming, "vanish altogether when we attend to the rapidity with which a hawk and many other birds occasionally fly, it is probably not less than a fast mile an hour. Major Cassin, in his observations, states that the flight of a duck was at the rate of 60 miles an hour. Sir George Cayley estimates the rate of flight of even of the common crow, at nearly 25 miles an hour; and Spallanzani found that of the swallow completed about 92 miles in twelve hours, and was found at a distance of 135 miles, a velocity nearly equal to 57 miles an hour, supposing the tassel to have been upon the wing. The whole time being about five hours, and allowing the day to be at the longest eight hours, we can restrict the migratory flight of birds to the rate of 50 miles an hour, how easily can they perform their extensive migrations! And we know in the case of woodcocks, and perhaps all other migrating birds, that they in general take advantage of the fair wind with which to perform their flights. The breeze perches and then at the rate of 30 or 40 miles an hour—SWEETIE.

LOOK OUT FOR THE MURDERER!

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NEW BRITISH MINISTER.

The New-York Albion mentions the appointment of Mr. Charles Robert Vaughan as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to this country, though we have not observed that the appointment has been announced in the London papers. It was lately mentioned in the Paris papers that Mr. Vaughan had passed thro' that city on his return to England from Switzerland, where he has been for the last two or three years in the capacity of minister. He is a young man, under 40 years of age, of distinguished talents, a fine scholar, and of great moral worth. He went to Spain in 1809, and soon after published a very interesting account of the siege of Saragossa. When Sir Henry Wellesley was appointed Ambassador to the Constitutional Government of Spain at Seville, Mr. Vaughan was appointed his Secretary, and he remained in that situation until 1818, when Sir Henry went for six or eight months to England, during which time Mr. Vaughan acted in the capacity of minister. He was afterwards in 1820 appointed Secretary to the embassy in France, and in 1821 or 1823 Minister to Switzerland. Boston Repository.

LOOK OUT FOR THE MURDERER!

The following interesting letter appeared some time since in "Stillman's Journal," but as many of our readers do not receive that work, we have given it a place in our columns; the author is a gentleman of undoubted veracity, and of the first respectability. Batavia, (East-Indies,) March 10, 1822. "What I have seen with mine own eyes and felt with mine own hand, that I believe." I send you a description of a Mermaid, taken on the shores of Japan some time last year, and brought to his place a few months since by one of the regular Dutch ships. The measurement I made myself, during the annual in my possession a hour; and the description is from my own observation, taking minutes at the time. I regret it is not in my power to give a scientific description of it, but you must use these facts for that purpose, and lay it before the Society of which you are a member. I offered for it \$1000 which was as much as I dare risk. I have heard the animal taken to Europe, where it is probable will be published a proper account of it. Until this came under my observation, I was a disbeliever in the existence of an animal inhabiting the water so much resembling a human being. Now I am convinced—I was only disappointed in its size. I had conceived the idea that they were much larger, if they existed at all. Its extreme length from head to tail is 27 inches—arms, including hand 13 3/4 divided thus, 8 1/4, from the end of the finger to the elbow; and from thence to the shoulder 5 1/2 inches. The hands are beautifully formed, the fingers tapering, and nails long, delicate, and white, projecting beyond the flesh a little. It is a female, and to all appearance, full grown. The breasts were of good size, resembling those of a human being, and were relatively situated; immediately under them commences the fish. The head is large in proportion, of human form, rather round; the hair upon its crown and black, and most upon the right side—the other appeared inclining to baldness. The cheeks project neatly in a line with the nose, which is perfectly human, rather flat, and large nostrils. The ears were human, and properly placed. There is a little hair down the back of the neck in where the shoulders are set on. The eye sockets were rather large. The head was so set, that its vision was prostrate, was about an angle of 45 degrees upwards, which as you hold it erect, gives it the appearance of a humpback person. The neck is finely formed, rather long, and upon the Adam apple a small lock of hair. Lips human, mouth large, and the eye teeth were like tusks. The others were like a human being. The line of demarcation between the fish and human is the commencement of scales immediately under the breasts, where they are so fine you can only see them with a powerful magnifying glass. They gradually increase in size as you approach the tail, when they are a little larger than a haddock's, and adhere firmly.—The skin above was evidently smooth and of a tawny hue just under the breasts are two fins quite small, and above them, say 1 1/2 to 1 3/4 inch, a lock of hair. Between the fins and hair commences the scales. Below these, 7 in. are five others larger than the upper and lower; they are fin extending nearly to the tail. The back one long fin just over the middle ones upon the belly. The outer edge of the fin appears to be of a reddish hue. The back bone shows itself from the neck down to where the scales commence, and is there lost to the sight. The fish part, if I recollect right, resembles in its fins the fish of our shores that feed about the rocks and in dun colour. In what position it gives neck I am at a loss; but I am inclined to think prostrate upon the rocks. I learned from the owner that the Japanese say they are often seen but very wary.

ABUSE OF GEN. JACKSON.

It is unwise and injudicious, says the Boston Herald, in certain politicians to assail the character and depreciate the services of Gen. Jackson. Are they already commencing a canvass, the result of which cannot be ascertained till the year 1828? Do they mean to get rid of every competitor, by attacking each in turn, and by consuming upon each other long years of bitterness and calumny? Such many believe to be the project now in operation. If it be so, these very forecasting managers must not be surprised for the contest at a moment's warning. If they desire to embarrass the existing state of things, to make it worse, by introducing thus early the distractions of an electioneering canvass, be all the mischievous consequences upon themselves. Were it not for a feverish solicitude to destroy the well-earned popularity of Gen. Jackson, standing, as it does, in the way of ambitious schemes, to be realized, if practicable, hereafter, we cannot perceive the least cause or motive for the aspersions daily heaped upon him. Every American citizen owes him a debt of gratitude. If it is never to be paid, at least let him enjoy privacy and happiness undisturbed by volunteered slander. If it be wished to provoke his friends to controversy, or to impel them to opposition, the task will not be found difficult, and they who achieve it will be the only ones to repent. Such a "tower of strength" as is composed of the virtues, abilities, and merits of Gen. Jackson, is not easily demolished. It can withstand the bombardment of "paper bullets of the brain," like those daily shot, under the pretence or cloak of defending others. Within the last six months, instead of being shaken, as was intended, to its foundations, it has only settled with greater stability, and has, indeed, by deepening and widening its basis, acquired greater solidity and firmness than ever. When we are told that we overrate the popularity and worth of General Jackson, it is intended to intimate that these qualifications of his have become obnoxious, and are to be disparaged? Let us have some candour on this point. We wish men to speak frankly, and without hypocrisy or disguise. Is the popularity of Jackson unpalatable? Are his services wormwood? Is it thought necessary to any set of politicians, and to the success of their plans, that the hero of New Orleans should be sacrificed? We hope that our very worst intriguers are actuated by better motives, and pursue a better course. Yet can we not, with any other key, unlock the mystery associated with the increasing efforts made to vilify one of the greatest and best men of our country. Wash. Gaz.

FROM THE HARPER'S FERRY PRESS

From the Harper's Ferry Press extra, of the 28th April. LOOK OUT FOR THE MURDERER! A man of a suspicious appearance and character has been in Loudoun county, near Harper's Ferry, for a week past, and a strong belief has been excited, from a variety of circumstances, that he is the murderer of Miss Cunningham, near Baltimore. He answers the description of the monster, given in the newspapers, except as to dress, which he says he lost with his knapsack in Newmarket Md. He afterwards, however, engaged a washerwoman, stating that he intended in a few days to go for his clothes. He returned to the Loudoun settlement on Tuesday, the 19th instant, having been absent since the 1st of March.—He informed Mr. Shriver, a respectable citizen of Loudoun, that he passed by the place about two hours after the murder! he was the first who gave Mr. S. information of it, and conversed about it in a manner which betrayed some anxiety or uneasiness. He was much disturbed in his sleep, frequently exclaiming—"There they are! there! don't you see them? look at her! look at her! She's a beautiful girl! Poor thing, she's dead! Where's the child?" When awakened, and questioned on the subject he said that whether awake or asleep he continually saw a young woman, the face of whom he could not see, and he felt much disturbed and did not know the cause of it. &c. As soon as he heard that a suspicion was excited, he disappeared. Several persons were in pursuit of him yesterday, and he was last heard of within a mile of Harper's Ferry, on the Maryland side.—His name is Markle; he has worked at this place, was convicted of theft in this county about 18 months since, and served 12 months in the penitentiary. Accompanying the extra sheet was a note from a gentleman stating that he had received it at Harper's Ferry—that he saw the man in gaol at Charles town, Jefferson county, Va. who told him he never was in Cecil—but (adds the writer) I am inclined to think he is the criminal.—This being published in your paper will apprise the friends of the young lady in Cecil." Am.

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AN OLD SAILOR.

Are you called in the French word quarantine, because they formally required a seclusion of forty days, in case of any suspicion that an individual was infected with the plague? These laws have existed for several centuries in the South of Europe. In England, the plague appears to have prevailed frequently before the 16th century; but what regulations were in use for its prevention does not appear.—In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it also occurred, and at least as early as Queen Elizabeth's time various regulations were enjoined by Royal Proclamation to prevent infection. Similar orders were issued by Kings James I. and Charles I. and it down to 1665, the date of the last plague in England. The Legislature seems first to have added its prohibitions and penalties in 1720, but in 1720 a terrible plague having broken out at Marseilles, and the alarm spreading to England, Dr. Mead, at the request of Government wrote his book, recommending certain precautionary measures, which were adopted by the Legislature, and form the basis of our present Quarantine Laws.

CANAL FROM HELVOET TO ROTTERDAM.

The Boston Daily Advertiser has a letter from Rotterdam, dated March 15, which gives the following description of a projected Canal from Helvoet to Rotterdam, to proceed in a direct line from Helvoet to the Meuse.—The distance from Helvoet to Rotterdam by the present circuitous route of Hammevliet, the Kabb, and old and new Meuse, is 140 English miles, which by the Canal will be reduced to 13; besides offering the advantage of ships proceeding in a direct line, and thereby avoiding the opposing winds at present required, as also the various tides and currents, to which they are subjected. The Canal will moreover be attended with the important advantage of enabling ships, drawing a large draft of water, to come up to town without the assistance of lighters; and, by waiting a fair wind in the basin, the dangerous roads of Helvoet will be avoided, and consequently the risk of shipping considerably diminished.

RECUNDITY.

The wife of Conrad Keller of Ruscombator township, Pennsylvania, on the 28th instant delivered of three sons, all of whom were in good health on the 20th.—Perks Journal.

THE HARRISBURG RIOTERS.

A Harrisburg paper states, that the county commissioners, and that the grand jury had a "true bill" against twelve of the black men concerned in the riot and attempt to rescue a slave from his master. The jury returned a verdict of guilty against twelve of the rioters, and an acquittal for the rest. The grand jury appropriated \$300 for the erection of a tread mill to give them employment.

FROM THE AM FARMER.

FROM THE AM FARMER. MISCHIEVOUS DOGS. A SURE AND CERTAIN METHOD OF PREVENTING DOGS KILLING SHEEP. Mount Airy, Caroline county, Va. April 6, 1825. Dear Sir, In an inveterate antipathy to the sight of a sheep can be produced in a dog, our harmless flocks would certainly be at all times safe from their depredations. This aversion can certainly be procured in the following manner. When the dog is about 6 or 8 months old, tie him to one of the strongest sheep in the flock, leaving a space of five or six feet between them; when let loose, the sheep will run and drag and choke the dog until its strength is exhausted—it will then turn upon him, and bite him very severely. Take care to handle the dog well flogged with a switch while the sheep is dragging him. If it is a dog of high temper or spirit, give him a little of high temper or spirit, give him a second, tied to a fresh sheep. If sometimes happens that he will snap at his antagonist; this may be remedied by muzzling him, or tying a string over or round his mouth about the long teeth. Take care to have the whole flock of sheep in a small enclosure, with the couple one and the dog, it often happens that several in the flock will join in inflicting heavy blows upon him. By this time the dog has taken such an aversion to the company and presence of sheep, that he never forgets or attempts to fall in a single instance, and an encouragement by recommending different descriptions—hounds, curs, spaniels, and pointers at different times—all of which, without a single exception that I now recollect, have undergone the above discipline, and not one instance has occurred where there was the smallest disposition shown for mischief. I at this time have a very sprightly and high spirited pointer, as much so as one can possibly be, which, when he unexpectly falls in with sheep while hunting a fox, always cowers and slinks off another way.

FROM THE AMERICAN FARMER.

FROM THE AMERICAN FARMER. TO DESPOY TOBACCO FLIES. Mr. SKINNER. I am totally ignorant of the value of the following prescription for destroying the tobacco fly, even if it is as efficacious as pretended, nor do I know, if useful, that it has the merit of novelty, for I know nothing of the tobacco culture beyond the experience of raising some dozen or two of plants from the Caracas seed you once had the goodness to send me. But this paper, such as it is, at your service, and if it will not save your tobacco, it may serve to light your pipe. A gentleman to whom I had promised a few plants, on visiting the patch, found they had been nearly destroyed by the fly. He then advised me to use some sinters of pine, and set them at night in different places in the patch, which the flies would be attracted by the light and perish in the flames. He said they only committed their depredations at night, and that a few moon-light ones, favourable to the effect of the plant, would enable me to save a patch entire. How much I saved by the experiment, the former ravages of the fly precluded the possibility of ascertaining. W. P. F.

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It is said that the whole number of looms in the city of Philadelphia is forty-five hundred.

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FROM THE AMERICAN FARMER. TO DESPOY TOBACCO FLIES. Mr. SKINNER. I am totally ignorant of the value of the following prescription for destroying the tobacco fly, even if it is as efficacious as pretended, nor do I know, if useful, that it has the merit of novelty, for I know nothing of the tobacco culture beyond the experience of raising some dozen or two of plants from the Caracas seed you once had the goodness to send me. But this paper, such as it is, at your service, and if it will not save your tobacco, it may serve to light your pipe. A gentleman to whom I had promised a few plants, on visiting the patch, found they had been nearly destroyed by the fly. He then advised me to use some sinters of pine, and set them at night in different places in the patch, which the flies would be attracted by the light and perish in the flames. He said they only committed their depredations at night, and that a few moon-light ones, favourable to the effect of the plant, would enable me to save a patch entire. How much I saved by the experiment, the former ravages of the fly precluded the possibility of ascertaining. W. P. F.