EASTON GAZETTE.

WHERE THE PRESS IS FREE—"Literature well or ill-conducted, is the Great Engine by which all Popular States must ultimately be supported or overthrown
RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all.

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ADVERTISEMENTS

Not exceeding a square inserted three time for ONE DOLLAR; and TWENTY FIVE CENTS for every subsequent insertion.

NOTICE

OF THE SALE OF VALUABLE
LANDS IN TALBOT COUNTY.

The President, Directors and Company of the Farmers' Bank of Maryland, by virtue of a power, contained in a deed of mortgage, passed and executed to them, by William Hayward, deceased, bearing date the twenty fourth day of April, in the year of our Lord righteen hundred and twenty two, will offer for sale, at public auction, on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of August next, between the hours of three and four o'clock, in the afternoon of that day, at the front door of the Court House of Talbot county, in the State of Maryland, all and singular that farm and premises of him the said William Hayward, in his life time, lying and being in Talbot County aforesaid, consisting of the parcel of land called "Theobald's Addition," and of part of the tract of land, called "Sheepshead Point," bounded on the East by the land of Abednego Botfield, deceased, on the South by the public road leading to the Bay Side, on the West by the land that belonged to William W. Moore, and on the North West and North by the Cove and St. Michaels River, and containing the quantity of one hundred and sixty two and an half acres of land, more or less, which the said William Hayward purchased at public sale of the Sheriff of the said county, and died possessed of. The land is leased for the present year, therefore, possession will not be delivered to the purchaser, until the end of the year, but he will have the privilege of seeding wheat on the premises in due season, and on the usual terms. This farm being deficient in wood and timber, the purchaser will have the opportunity of obtaining a reasonable portion of wood land, convenient to the farm. There is an incumbrance on the land of the widow's dowor, which she will either sell for a reasonable price, or lease for a moderate rent. The sale will be made for the purpose of satisfying the Bank for the sum of two thousand eight hundred and twenty dollars, current money, and some interest and costs. The terms of payment can be made easy to the purchaser by an accommodation at Bank, provided a note, with approved security, be offered.

THOS. J. BULLITT, Pres't.
of the Branch Bank, at Easton.

Jan. 21 1837 1w6m

Notice of the Sale of Valuable Lands in Talbot County.

The President, Directors & Company of the Farmers' Bank of Maryland, by virtue of a power, contained in a Deed of Mortgage, passed and executed to them, by Lambert W. Spencer, bearing date the fifth day of May, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty one, will offer for sale, at public auction, on Tuesday the 18th day of July next, between the hours of three and four o'clock, in the afternoon of that day, at the front door of the Court House of Talbot County, in the State of Maryland, those parts of the several tracts of Land, called Ashby, Tilghman's Fortune, *Harding's* Endeavor, and Betty's Addition, adjoining each other, and lying and being in the County aforesaid, on the South East side of Miles River, adjoining the ferry, and on the North East side of the road leading from the said ferry to Easton, which were purchased by the said Lambert. W. Spencer from one Charles D. Barrow, and contain the quantity of one hundred and ninety acres and one half acre of land, more or less, and also those parts of the tracts of land, called Daley's Delight and Tilghman's Fortune, lying and being in the said County, on the South side of Creek, called Fausley Creek, which were Purchased by the said Spencer from one James Seth, contain the quantity of twenty four acres and one half acre of land, more or less, and adjoin the first mentioned lands. The lot will be made for the purpose of satisfying he Bank for the sum of four thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars, current money, and some interest and costs, due from the said Lambert W. Spencer. The terms of payment can be made easy to the purchaser, by an accommodation at Bank, provided a note, with approved security, be offered.

THOS. J. BULLITT, Pres't.
of the Branch Bank at Easton.

dec.3 1,1836. ts

MISS E. C. STUART,



MILLINER,

Feeling sensible of the gratitude which she owes to the public for the very liberal patronage, that she has received, since she commenced business, she again takes the liberty to inform them that she has just returned from the city with a

NEW ASSORTMENT OF

BONNETS,

OF THE LATEST FASHIONS.

She still continues at the stand which she occupied last year, on Washington Street, nearly opposite Mr. James Willson's Store, and next door to Mr. Samuel Hambleton's office, where she invites the attention of the Ladies and humbly hopes to share a part of their patronage.

RORY O'MORE.

We find so many praises crowding into our pen as we begin our commentary upon this novel, that we are likely to come in for a share of the celebrity enjoyed by Rory himself, who was, says his biographer, 'a genius at a trowel!'—Of Rory O'More's story, then, we shall simply say, that it wants no attraction that it can derive from a quick succession of scene and character—of event and sentiment; the scene very simple now, and the event very historic anon; the interest at this point centering in an individual and isolated fortune, and at another spreading out till it embraces the widest and deepest sympathies that a picture of the national condition can excite He who most truly commiserates the wretchedness and would relieve the wrongs of Ireland, will find in these volumes many scenes depicted, and many hints inartificially and incidentally thrown out, remembrance of which is worth treasuring; he who merely wants the excitement of a naturally told tale, will find here what will fully satisfy him; and he who desires some addition to his knowledge of the Irish character, in its sadder as well as its sunnier aspect—in its domestic as well as its roving habit—in its gaiety, its sorrow, its simplicity, its wildness—in that fitfulness of mood which makes it all things in an hour, and yet never renders it otherwise than true to itself—have only to extend their acquaintance with Rory O'More, and to be guided by him through a labaryuth of droll and pathetic contradictions, all of which terminate in perfect consistency, and show the utmost harmony of design.

Of the characters we can only say, sufficient for the story is the Rory thereof, the O'Mores are genuine; their habits of mind and body are thoroughly Irish; there is no mistaking the portraiture of Phelim, the schoolmaster for any sowl out of Ireland; the gallantry and patriotism of De Lacy stamp his character with equal truth; & sweet Mary is perfect even to her exquisitely rich though delicate brogue, which we fancy we can hear, as with the bewildered and all but won De Lacy's arm round her waist, she sings the 'Land of the West,' on the deck of the vessel that carries the little party across the Atlantic in search of the peace which their country so much needs. The style of the narrative is as varied as a lover of excellence can wish—we have pathos, joke, grave accident, droll adventure, anecdotes old and new, comical and cross examinations—Irishisms, in short, of all kinds—succeeding each other as fast as we can turn the pages, and yet how little of all can we copy in the way of specimen. —The following story is richly characteristic.

'Duke of Leinsther and Lord Edward Fitzjarl.'

He found that Rory had a provincial as well as personal pride of ancestry. The south, Rory protested, 'bet all Ireland in the regard of high blood.'

'They have good blood in the north, too, said the traveller.

'Oh, they may have a thrifle of it; but it's not of the rale owld sort—nothing to compare with us.'

Do you forget the O'Neils?' said the traveller.

'Oh, that's good, I don't deny.' said Rory—'but one swallow makes no summer.'

'But I can count more than one,' said the traveller—there's Talbot, De Delacy, Fitzgerald—'

'Oh, murther! murther! sir!—sure thim is only invadhers, and not the owld Irish at all. You would never compare thim with the O'Mores, the O'Dempsys, the O'Connells, the O'Donaghues, the O'Shaughnessys!'

'Stop, stop!' said the traveller, who did not know to what length this, bead-roll of O's might extend; you forget that the head of the Fitzgeralds is Duke of Leinster.'

'But O'More was King of Leinsther, sir, if you plaze.'

'Very true, Rory; but still the Geraldines are a noble race.'

Who are they, sir!'

'The Fitzgeralds.'

'Oh, the Duke o' Leinsther your mane, is it?'

'Yes.'

'Faith thin, to show you, sir, how little we think of them down in the south, i'll tell you something that I know is a truth, bekaze I had it from O'Dempsy himself wha planed the thrick on the Duke, and said the thing to him; for he's a comical blade.'

'Well, what is it?'

'Well, you see, sir, O'Dempsy was comin' home from Dublin, and the money was gettin' fine dhrawn with him, and he wanted to see if he had enough left to pay for the coach home; and, by dad! the change was so scarce that he was obliged to hunt it up in his pocket into the corner, like a contrary cowlt, before he could lay howld of it at all; and when he did get into the pawm of his fist, it was almost ashamed to see the light, it looked so contimptible; and my howld O'Dempsy seen the coach was out o' the question, or even a lift in the canal boat, and so he put his thrust in Providence, and took a big dhrink that night to strengthin him for the mornin,' and the next day off he set home, with a short stick in his hand a pair o' good legs undher him; and he met nothin' remarkable until he came to betune Kilcock and Maynooth; and it was thin that he heerd the thramp of horses gallopin' after him, and he turned round and seen three gintlemen coming up in great style; one of them, a fine full handsome man, the picthur of a gentle, and a fine baste undher him, and the gintlemen along with him very nice too; one in particular, a smart nate-made man, with fine bright eyes and a smilin' face, and a green handkerchief round his neck, and a sportin aisy sate on his horse; and Dempsy heard him say, as they dhrew up jist behind him, 'Look what a fine step that fellow has!' (manin' O'Dempsy; and, indeed, a cleaner boy isn't in all Ireland than himself and can walk with any man.) So when they came up to him, the small gintlemen, said, 'God save you!' 'God save you kindly, sir!' says O'Dempsy. 'You don't let the grass grow undher your feet, my man,' says the gintleman 'Nor corn neither, sir,' says O'Dempsy. 'So I see by the free step you have,' says the gintleman, laughin'; and the others laughed too, the full gentleman in particular; and says he, 'Well, Ned, you have got your answer.'

'Now the minit that O'Dempsy heerd the word 'Ned,' and it bein' in the neighborhood o' Cartown, which is the Juke o' Leinsther's place, the thought jumped into his head that it was Lord Edward Fitzjaral' was in it; for he always heerd he was small, and handsome and merry and that the juke his brother was a fine lookin' man: and so with that he made cock sure in his own mind that the full gintleman was the Juke o' Leinsther, and the little one Lord Edward. So hearin' that the Lord Edward liked a joke, O'Dempsy never let on to suspect who they wor and they walked along beside him, and had a great dale o' discoorse and jokin,' and the answers passin' betune them as hops. At last says the juke (for it was himself,) 'You're a verry merry fellow,' says he; 'where 'de you come from? 'From Dublin, sir,' says O'Dempsy. 'Oh I know that by the road you're goin', says the juke; but I mane, where is your place?' 'Faith and I have no place,' says O'Dempsy; 'I wish I had.' 'That's a touch at you.' says the juke to the third gintleman, whoever he was. 'But where are you going to?' says the juke. 'I'm goin' home, sir;' says O'Dempsy. 'And where are you when you're at home?' says the juke.—Faith, I'm at home every where,' says O Dempsy.

'Well, Lord Edward laughed at his brother, seein he could'nt force a sthraight answer out of O Dempsy, 'Will you tell me thin,' says the juke, 'which are you—Ulsther, Leinsther, Munsther, or Connaught' 'Leinsther, sir,' says O'Demsy, though it was a lie he was tellin;' but it was on purpose to have a laugh agin the juke, for he was laying a thrap for him all the time. You don't spake like a Leinsther man,' says the juke 'Oh, the tongue is very desaitful sometimes,' says O'Dempsy.

'Lord Edward laughed at his brother agin, and said he'd make no hand of him. 'By my troth' says Lord Edward, 'that fellow would bate Counseller Curran!' 'Well, I'll thry him once more,' says the juke; and with that says he to O'Dempsy, What's your name?' Now that was all O'Dempsy wanted, for to nick him; and so says he, 'My name is O'Shaughnessy, sir.' 'I've cotch you now,' says the juke; 'you can't be a Leinsther man, with that name.'—'Faith, I see you're too able for me, sir,' says O'Dempsy, laading him on. 'Well, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, says the juke, 'its somewhere out of Munsther you come.' 'No, faith, sir,' says O'Dempsy, 'I am a Leinsther man in airnest; but I see you could'nt be desaived about the name, and so I'll tell you the truth, and nothin' but the truth, about it. I am a Leinsther man, but I wint to live in Munsther, and was obleeged to change my name, bekaze they had no respect for me there with the one I had.' And what was your name?' says the juke. 'My name was Fitzjarl,' sir,' says O'Dempsy; 'but they thought me only an upstart down in Munsther, so I changed it into O'Shaughnessy.'—With that the juke and Lord Edward laughed out hearty, and the third gintleman says to the juke, 'I think you've got your bit now.' Well, sir, the juke pulled a guinea out of his pocket, and put it into O'Dempsy's hand, and says to him, laughin,' 'Take that, you merry rascal, and dhrink my health.' 'Long life to your grace!' says O'Dempsy, taking off his hat; 'you deserve to be an O'Shaughnessy!' 'More power to you, Paddy!' says Lord Edward, as they put spurs to their horses; and away they powdhered down the road, laughin like mad.'

We leap at once over the second volume to the close of the third; where we find De Lacy soliloquizing like a gentleman (for he is one) and feeling like a man (for he is that also, or he could not be the other.)

'Silently and thoughtfully he wended his way to the little public house where he was to be accommodated for the night, the Land of the West' still ringing in his ears—that song which he had written for the accomplished girl who had deceived him, and valued not by her—treasured up and sung by a simple peasant girl, who, more and more, he preceived, had become attached to him—in short, loved him—there was no weaker term applicable; and that girl, beautiful, sensitive, pure-minded, modest, and delicate in feeling as a lady. Ay, there was the point—a lady—'if she were a lady.' This question arose silently in De Lacy's mind, and his answer to it was a sigh. 'No, no,' thought he, 'it cannot be!—those mesalliances are terrible things! Could I, from my name and station descend to wed a country girl? —No; the world would laugh at me, sneer at me;—'So Horace De Lacy picked up with a country wench! would sound well in the mouths of those who know me:—no, no, it must not be!

And yet there's no denying I like the girl—like her well enough even to marry her: ay, and if she were but a lady, a better wife, and a truer and fonder companion, would she be than the fribble French woman who jilted me; and there is more truth and simple faith and real affection in that poor girl's heart, than in many a courtly dame whose quarterings could match my own. And why should I be less liberal in those matters than in questions of equal importance?—should I, a democrat, be the stickler for high birth in a wife?—What fools we are, after all, in such matters! The slavery of custom is upon us, do what we can to shake it off; and the sneer of a fool is too much in perspective for the firmness of the wisest man Poor Mary!—poor girl!—I wish the devil had me before I ever came in her way! And that song too—how deliciously she sang it! sweet enough to charm a drawing room—if she were a gentlewoman. Confound that eternal question—how it plagues me! And after all, why should she not be a gentlewoman? Suppose for an instant, she were my wife! Madame De Lacy would be raised to my rank, and in truth she is naturally well-bred—with the patois of her country, and wanting the maniere d'etre of a fashionable belle, 'tis true; but I never heard the girl say, or saw her do, what could be called a rude or vulgar thing; slight care would give her manner, and her own good sense would keep her quiet till she acquired it.

'What folly this is! Here am I, supposing a case which can never be all; my prejudices rise in arms against it—I dare not do it! What should I feel, on entering a drawing room, to see the searching eye, and hear the whisper running round the room, as I presented my 'country wench?' No! no! no!—Horace that would never do.

'Yet how unjust is all this on my part! —Here am I supposing this drawing room case, and I am quitting Europe and all who know me, for ever! I am going to the back woods of America;—who will know there that Mary O'More is not a gentlewoman born, or that Horace De Lacy is the descendant of a Norman line? And when once there, could I repose my faith on a purer spirit, my heart on a truer affection, or my head on a fairer bosom! Could I desire a more lovely or lovable woman for my wife? My common sense and common manhood answer No! and yet does the prejudice of De Lacy rebel against the thought.—Mary O'More, I wish to heaven you were of higher birth!'

Such was the working of De Lacy's brain all through the evening, until he retired to bed.—Even then dreams usurped the place of sleep. He imagined himself, with his country wife on his arm, in a drawing-room; a row of perfumed puppies lined the walls and occupied the fauteuils as he entered, glances of disdain were cast towards Mary's foot (which was a very pretty foot, by the way); he looked down, and instead of a satin shoe, a country brogue was peeping from beneath her velvet robe! He was in a fever, the lady of the mansion approached—she addressed, in accents of fashionable ease, Madame De Lacy, who answered in a very rich brogue: a titter ran round the circle—De Lacy started and awoke.

When he next dropt into dozing the wide spreading forest of America was before him: there was its girdle of splendid colour circling the clearance which his own hand had helped to make, and where the thriving crops of different sorts were growing; the sunset was tinging all around with its golden light, and he thought Mary was his wife, and, with her arms circling his neck, she was looking up into his eyes with glowing affection, and saying, 'Are we not happy?' He clasped her to his breast and kissed her, and said, 'Yes, happier here than in our native land!'

'But still its remembrance is very dear, Horace,' and a tinge of sweet tenderness came over her face.

'So it is, dearest.' answered De Lacy; 'sit down under the shade of this tree, and sing me 'The Land of the West.'

And in his dream he thought sounds never were so sweet as that song of his own, sung by the woman he loved:'

We close the book with a fervent and grateful hope that this gentle vision of the woods of America was but a delicate preshadowing of a real marriage, in which Mary won all that she merited, and made happy the one who deserved her.

The songs inserted in this work are worthy of Mr. Lover's reputation; and not less so are the various illustrations, that, whether comic or serious, so strikingly evince the truth and freedom of his pencil

MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

The march of improvement in the science of education, or perhaps more properly its quick step, in this utilitarian age, is well hit off in the subjoined article from the New Monthly Magazine:

FASHIONABLE EDUCATION.—Up at eight—prayers always read by Miss Julietta Trimmins whose grandmother was aunt to the Curate of Cripplesdon—fine voice, sweet delivery, and as slow as a slug—breakfast at nine—no nonsense about nerves—never let them touch tea—pure milk and water—the cow and the pump—out for on hour relaxation in the shrubbery—at ten school—every thing parcelled out, method is the only mode of managing the mind—seven minutes and a half for geography—ditto for knotting hearth rugs—quarter of an hour for Italian, and twenty minutes for mathematics, then to learn lessons—dinner at two.

'Very pretty proceedings,' said Cuthbert; 'a little of every thing, and not too much of any thing.'

'Exactly so,' said Mrs. Drandyball. 'Then till half past three, the play ground—in again fifteen minutes for music—six minutes for algebra—nine minutes for drawing—a quarter of an hour for English history—six minutes for hydraulics—under the inspection of Dr. P—and nine minutes and a half for ethics and moral philosophy—guitar twenty minutes (for those who learn it)—Newton's principia and dancing an hour and half—the play ground again.

PASSAGES FROM MISS MARTINEAU.

Negro Imitations—The Americans possess an advantage in regard to the teaching of manners which they do not yet appreciate. They have before their eyes, in the manners of the coloured race, a perpetual caricature of their own follies—a mirror of conventionalism from which they can never escape The negroes are the most imitative people living. While they are in a degraded condition, with little principle, little knowledge, little independence, they copy the most successfully those things in their superiors which require the least principle, knowledge, and independence viz their conventionalisms. They carry their mimicry far beyond any which is seen among the menials of the rich in Europe. The black footmen of the United States have tiptoe graces, stiff cravats, and eye-catching flourishes, like the footmen in London; but the imitation extends into more important matters. As the slaves of the South assume their masters' names and military titles, they assume their methods of conducting the courtesies and gayeties of life. I have in my possession a note of invitation to a ball, written on pink paper with gilt edges. When the lady invited came to her mistress for the ticket which was necessary to authorise her being out after nine at night, she was dressed in satin with muslin over it, satin shoes, and white kid gloves, but the satin was faded, the muslin torn the shoes were tied upon the extremities of her splay feet, and the white gloves dropping in tatters from her dark fingers. She was a carricature, instead of a fine lady. A friend of mine walked a mile or two in the dusk behind two black men and a woman whom they were courting. He told me that nothing could be more admirable than the coyness of the lady and the compliments of the gallant and his friend. It could not be very amusing to those who reflect that holy and constant love, free preference and all that makes marriage a blessing instead of a curse, were here out of the question; but the resemblance in the mode of courtship to that adopted by the whites, when meditating marriage of a not dissimilar virtue—a marriage of barter—could not be overlooked.

Even in their ultimate funeral courtesies, the colored race imitate the whites. An epitaph on a negro baby at Savannah begins 'Sweet blighted lily!'

Manners of Gentlemen and Ladies in Public.—So much more has naturally been observed by travellers of American manners in stages and steamboats than in private houses, that all has been said, over & over again; that the subject deserves. I need only testify that I do not think the Americans eat faster than any other people, on the whole. The celerity at hotel-tables is remarkable; but so it is in stage-coach travellers in England, who are allowed ten minutes, or a quarter of an hour for dining. In private houses I was never aware of being hurried. The cheerful, unintermitting civility of all gentlemen travellers, throughout the country, is very striking to a stranger. The degree of consideration shown to women is, in my opinion greater than is rational, or good for either party; but the manners of the American stage-coach travellers might afford a valuable lesson and example to many classes of Europeans who have a higher opinion of their own civilization. I do not think it rational or fair that every gentleman, whether old or young, sick or well, weary or untired, should, as a matter of course, yield up the best places in the stage to a lady passenger. I do not think it rational or fair that five gentlemen should ride on the top of the coach, (where there is no accommodation for holding on, and no resting place for their feet,) for some hours of a July day, in Virginia, that a young lady who was slightly delicate, might have room to lay up her feet, and change her posture as she pleased. It is obvious that, if she was not strong enough to travel on common terms in the stage, her family should have travelled in an extra, or staid behind, or done anything rather than allowed five persons to risk their health and sacrifice their comfort for the sake of one. Whatever may be the good moral effects of such self-renunciation on the tempers of the gentlemen, the custom is very injurious to ladies. Their travelling manners are any thing but amiable.

While on a journey, women who appear well enough in their homes, present all the characteristics of spoiled children. Screaming and trembling at the apprehension of danger are not uncommon; but there is something far worse in the cool selfishness with which they accept the best of every thing, at any sacrifice to others, and usually, in the South and West, without a word or look of acknowledgment. They are like spoiled children when the gentlemen are not present to be sacrificed to them; in the inn parlor, while waiting for meals, or the stage, and in the cabin of a steamboat I never saw any manner so repulsive as that of many American ladies on board steamboat. They look as if they supposed you mean to injure them, till you show to the contrary. The suspicious side glance, or the full stare, the cold immovable observation, the bristling self defence the moment you come near, the cool pushing to get the best place, every thing said and done without the least trace of trust or cheerfulness; these are the disagreeable consequences of the ladies being petted and humored as they are. The New England ladies who are compelled, by their superior numbers, to depend less upon the care of others, are far happier and pleasanter companions in a journey than those of the rest of the country.

The Real Vulgarity of America.—The manners of the wealthy classes depend, of course, upon the character of their objects and interests; but they are not, on the whole, so agreeable as those of their less opulent neighbors The restless ostentation of such as live for grandeur and show is vulgar; as I have said, the only vulgarity to be seen in the country. Nothing can exceed the display of it at watering places: At Rockaway, on Long Island, I saw in one large room, while the company was waiting for dinner, a number of groups which would have made a good year's income for a clever caricaturist. If any lady, with an eye and a pencil adequate to the occasion, would sketch the phenomena of affectation that might be seen in one day in the piazza and draw room at Rockaway, she might be a useful censor of manners. But the task would be too full of sorrow and shame for any one with the true republican spirit. For my own part, I felt bewildered in such company. It was as if I had been set down on a kind of debatable land between the wholly imaginary society of the so called fashionable novels of late years, and the broad sketches of citizen-life given by Madame D'Arblay. It was like nothing real. When I saw the young ladies trickled out in the most expensive finery, flirting over the backgammon board, tripping affectedly across the room, languishing with a seventy-dollar cambric handkerchief, starting up in ecstacy at the entrance of a baby; the mothers as busy with affectations of another kind, and the brothers sideling hither and thither, now with assiduity and now with nonchalance, and no one imparting the refreshment of a natural countenance, movement, or tone, I almost doubted whether *I* was awake. The village scenes that I had witnessed rose up in strong contrast—the mirthful wedding, the wagon-drives the offerings of wild-flowers to the stranger, the unintermitting, simple courtesy of each to all; and it was scarcely credible that these contrasting scenes could both be existing in the same country.

'Mr. Richard Massey requests the pleasure of Mrs. Mikens and Miss Arthur's company, on Saturday evening' at 7 o'clock, in Dr. Smith's long brick-store.'

A SERPENT-TONGUED INFANT.

TIVERTON, (R. I.) May 22, 1837.

I embrace the earliest opportunity to make you acquainted with such of the facts as have come to my knowledge relative to the 'serpent tongued infant' of which we had casually heard, just previous to my departure for Block Island. Quite unexpectedly, day before yesterday, I found myself in the very neighborhood of this strange and wayward production of nature. My curiosity, as you may well suppose, was greatly excited, and I could not but feel an intense anxiety to examine for myself an object which began to excite so much interest in the neighborhood of its occurrence. Mr. T——, a worthy old gentleman in the vicinity a former acquaintance of mine, was