PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY WILLIAM H. COUNCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within *one month* of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XL. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1857. No. 48.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

Not exceeding one square, (10 lines) inserted THREE TIMES for ONE DOLLAR and TWENTY-FIVE cents for each subsequent insertion. Longer ones in proportion. A liberal deduction to yearly advertisers. Advertisements not marked the number of insertions desired, mill be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Merchants and others who advertise by the year, will in no case be allowed to insert any advertisement not connected with their regular business, without an additional charge.

All orders addressed to the editor, post-paid will receive prompt attention.

A CARD.

DR. J. R. ANDRE thankful for the liberal patronage extended to him, hopes to merit a continuance of the same. When not on professional business he may always be found at his office, at the Chapel, Chapel District. [ma 16–tf

A. P. JUMP,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
EASTON, MD.

WILL practice in Talbot, Queen Anne's and Caroline counties, and attend punctually to all business entrusted him. Will pay particular attention to the collection of claims and the sale of property, both real and personal.
ju 4 6m

BARGAIN IN LIME.

L. COULTER, Annapolis, has on hand a large quantity of very superior LIME which he will sell and deliver at 7 cents per bushel, between this and the 1st of October. After the 1st of October, he will sell at Baltimore prices.
aug 15–tf

BLACKSMITHING.

THE subscriber takes this method of informing the citizens of Chapel and vicinity that he has opened a shop at the Chapel for the purpose of carrying on the above business. He thinks he can give entire satisfaction. Give him a call.
☞ Particular attention paid to Horse Shoeing
Aug 15—3m WM. J. NEWNAM.

TO THE FARMERS
OF TALBOT COUNTY.

WE would beg leave to announce to the Farmers and all others interested, that our stock of heavy *Full'd Cloths; Cassinetts; Tweeds; Linseys. Strip'd and Plain; Shirtings. Strip'd and Plain; Blankets. &c., &c.*, is now full and complete, and will be offered at prices that cannot fail to please. Call and examine for yourselves.
oct 3 THOMPSON & KERSEY.

TO FARMERS.

THE subscriber has just returned from the cities of Baltimore and Philadelphia with a large supply of
BOOTS AND SHOES,
some very heavy, particularly adapted to Servants and field laborers, which having been bought for cash, will be sold at a small advance. Farmers may save money by calling and making their purchases. oct 3 G. C. MACKEY.

A CARD
TO THE LADIES.

WE would most respectfully announce to the Ladies that our stock of Dress Goods, Black and Fancy Silks; French and English Merinos; Shaded and Plain Cashmeres; Plain and figured Muslin De Laines; Mexican Mohair Mixtures; Winter Challa, De Barges, &c., are ready for exhibition, and which we shall take great pleasure in showing. Please call and examine them ladies; we feel confident you cannot fail to be pleased. oct. 3 THOMPSON & KERSEY.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH.

DR. BAIRD is now fully prepared to insert Artificial Teeth in the latest and most approved style. Beside the continuous Gum teeth on Platina plate, he has purchased and is now using with much success Dr. Blandy's Patent Cheoplastic process, both of which styles for accuracy of *fit*, strength, cleanliness, durability and beauty, challenge a favorable comparison with any known method for mounting artificial teeth. He also inserts on Gold, Silver and Gutta Percha Plate, in the usual style. [Cambridge, Sep 12–tf

JUST RECEIVED FROM
HOWELL & BRO.'S
LARGE
Paper Manufactory,
BALTIMORE,

OVER 500 samples of *WALL PAPER*, of every style and quality, some of the richest and most beautiful varieties ever seen, ranging from 10 to 50 cents per piece. Persons wishing papering done are invited to call and examine for themselves. My arrangements are such as to enable me to furnish it at manufacturers prices
A. W. FOUNTAIN, Easton.
N. B.—Shop over Stewart & Beetle's Coach Shop. [aug 22–2m

ALLMOND'S HOTEL,
N. E. Corner of Fifth & Market,
Wilmington, Delaware.

ALL departments of this Commodious Hotel are conducted on the usual liberal scale.
Every Attention Paid to its Patrons.
THE LARDER
Is at all times supplied with the choicest Luxuries of the Season.
WINES AND LIQUORS.
The Wines and Liquors are selected with strict regard to purity, from the most approved brands.
Smith's Philadelphia Pale Ale.
This most excellent and invigorating Beverage can be had at the Hotel—on draught or in bottle.
The Soda Fountain,
Is again in operation. The great superiority in taste and fragrance of our "*SYRUPS*" is universally acknowledged.
CIGARS—Cigars always provided, with none but the best the market affords.
CHARLES M. ALLMOND,
ju 25–3m Proprietor.

NOTICE.

SEALED proposals will, until the 10th of November be received, by either of the Trustees, for the building of a new Schoolhouse in School District No 1, Election District No. 4. The house to be of the following dimensions, viz: 18 feet square, 10 feet pitch, rafters 11½. 5 windows 10 by 14—12 lights—with pannel shutters and necessary fastnings; one four panned door, 2 feet 10 inches by 6½, with lock. The sills and corner posts of the building to be of white oak, the balance of the frame to be of good poplar or any other sound material. The floor to be of good inch North Carolina pine, dressed and tongue and grooved; weatherboarding to be rough, rabited and dropped—inch thick, of good quality. The roof to be of good No. 1 heart shingles; the inside to be finished with two coats of plastering; the house to be well underpinned and to have chimney for stove—two writing desks, one on each side of the house, running the whole length; a platform for teacher six feet square, with six inches elevation, and two seats six feet long, one on each side of the platform; and sufficient seating, with backs, to fill the centre of the house; the doors and windows to be finished with two coats of paint, and the whole work to be done in a good and workmanlike manner, and to be completed on or before the 1st of January, 1858.
Wm: T. Kemp,
H. P. Hopkins,
Thos. Arringdale, Jr.,
oct 24 3t Trustees.

GLASS & PUTTY—Window Glass of all sizes from 6 by 8 to 22 by 32 always on hand. Irregular sizes cut to order *without charge* by
oct 17 DAVSON & BRO.

NEW GOODS.

I HAVE just received and am now opening a large and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS,
suited to the present and approaching seasons—which will be sold at a small advance for CASH, or on time to prompt paying customers.
sep 12 JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH.

FALL TRADE,
1857.
HASLET C. MACKEY

HAS just opened a large stock of Woolen and Cotton Goods, suited to the season, such as Fulled Cloths and Kerseys, Satinets, Flannels, Muslins and Sheeting, Ticking, Wool and Cotton Plaid for Servants, stripe Osnaburg, &c., also a large lot of fresh
GROCERIES.
Coffees—Rio, Laguyra and Java. Sugars—crushed, pulverized, granulated, brown. Candles, Soap, Starch, Spices of all kinds, water and soda Crackers, alway fresh.
Liquors of all kinds; fine Brandy and Wines for sickness. Hardware in great variety. Queensware and Woodware, Ropes and Cordage, all of which I will sell very cheap. My friends, customers and the public are respectfully invited to give me a call; I will endeavor to please all who may favor me with their patronage. sep 5

CARPETS, CARPETS.

THE largest and handsomest stock of CARPETS ever brought to this town are now open for exhibition and sale at the
CARPET WARE ROOM OF
Thompson & Kersey.
In our stock of the above goods will be found
Tapestry Ingrain, | Fine Ingrain,
Three Ply, | Union Ingrain,
Super Fine Ingrain, | Venetian
Druggets, List and Rag Carpets.
We earnestly solicit any who may be in want of Carpets to call and examine them. We will guarantee to sell them as low as they can be bought from any establishment in the city.
oct 3 THOMPSON & KERSEY.

NEW FALL AND WINTER
GOODS.
Thompson & Kersey

HAVE just returned from the city, and are now opening at their Newly Refitted Store Room in Easton, a very large and beautiful stock of
FALL & WINTER GOODS,
embracing almost every variety of
Ladies' Dress Goods;
Gentlemen's " "
Boys and Misses' " "
Servants' Wear;
Also a large stock of
Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Tin Ware Wood Ware, &c.; to an examination of which they earnestly invite their friends and the public generally. oct 3

Large Dry Goods Establishment

HAMILTON, EASTER & CO.,
New Marble Building,
Nos. 199, 201 and 203 Baltimore Street,
BALTIMORE

HAVE now in store (mostly of their own importation) one of the largest and most complete stocks in the United States, embracing
Silks and Silk Goods of every class;
Dress Goods—a very large stock;
Irish Linens; Linen Goods and Housekeeping Articles of every description,
Mourning Goods
Cloaks, Mantillas and Shawls;
Embroideries; Laces, Hosiery, Gloves;
Blankets, Quilts, Domestic Goods;
And every article generally required by FARMERS and PLANTERS for SERVANTS' USE.
☞ RETAIL ROOMS on first floor—the PRICE affixed to each article, from which no deviation is made.
☞ WHOLESALE ROOMS on the second and third floors. oct 17–3m

FALL AND WINTER
GOODS.
1857.

J. H. GRACE has just returned from the city with a very large stock of *FALL AND WINTER GOODS*, embracing every variety of Ladies' Dress Goods, viz:—
Silks, colored and black;
Plain and figured Delaines;
Cashmeres; De ize, &c
Also, a large assortment of
Embroidered Collars,
Ruffling, &c
Linen Cambric and hemstitch Handkerchiefs,
Gloves, hosiery, &c.
Also, a beautiful supply of Stella Shawls.
FOR GENTLEMEN & BOYS.—My assortment of Cloths,
Cassimeres,
Vesting and Coating Cassimeres
are large and complete. Also, a large supply of
Tweeds,
Cassinetts,
Jeans, &c.;
Together with a very large and generally assorted stock of
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GLASS STONE-WARE, TIN-WARE,
GROCERIES, &C.,
To an examination of which the public are most respectfully invited—feeling sure that from the pains taken in the selection of these Goods that in QUANTITY, QUALITY, and PRICES, they cannot have a better stock to select from
sep 26 J. H. GRACE.

SHETLAND YARN AND SPLIT WORSTED, for knitting Shawls, &c., on hand and for sale by
sept 19 JOHN GOLDSBOROUGH.

STOVES! STOVES!!—British lustre for cleaning Stoves and Icinglass for stove doors can be had at the Drug store of
oct 17 LEVIN H. CAMPBELL.

JUST received
100,000 Lathes.
60,000 Shingles,
25,000 feet 4-4 W. P. Fence, W. P. Culls,
Scantling, &c. [ma 9] R. THARP.

HATS, CAPS, &c—We have just opened our new stock of hats, Caps, Ladies and Misses Gaiters. Also Children's Shoes of every description to which we call attention
oct 24 MARSHFIELD & HERRMON,

TIME.

There is a silent river,
The rolling river Time,
In summer's rosy blushes,
In hoary winter's rime:
It floweth—ever floweth,
In whatever clime.

And well-trimm'd barks are sailing
Upon its silent tide;
With golden riches laden
The little vessels glide,
And Faith, and Love and Action,
And Hope are side by side.

And a great host of others
Compose the little fleet;
Now soon the waves are heaving;
Now wide the waters beat,
Gray mists steal o'er the billows,
The mournful mists of Fate.

The Polar Star grows dimmer,
The scattered vessels drivin,
All wide in disappointment
Unto the waves are given;
And FAITH alone remaineth,
To bear the soul to Heaven.

For the Easton Gazette.

INCIDENTS BY THE WAY.

Whoever would contrast the confusion and peril of modern thoroughfares with the quiet and safety of more primitive modes of travel should book himself for a seat in the stage which leaves Easton, every morning, at eight o'clock, for Canterbury station, *via* Denton. Irving, somewhere in his Sketch Book, describes the English stage-coach as carrying "animation always with it" and putting "the world in motion as it whirls along." What would be the impressions of Geoffry Crayon, could he be precipitated over these level lowlands of ours, at the enormous and unprecedented speed of forty miles in the space of ten mortal hours! One year ago I selected this route to Philadelphia, leaving home on a lovely October morning, when mists shrouded the landscape and autumnal hues made the forest skirts brilliant and beautiful beyond the touch of painter or poet. These ever varying charms without and the chat of a pleasant companion within shortened the distance and relieved the monotony of the long day. Indeed, in this particular instance, the latter enjoyment proved strongly corroborative of that oft quoted line from the fragments of Publ. Syr.

Comes jucundus in via pro VEHICULO est.

Not so my late journey. No accommodating haze obscured the ruder features of the soil, no fellow passenger aided in the destruction of the lagging hours. My eyes, when the dust would allow them to see any thing, rested complacently on the furniture of the lumbering vehicle certainly advancing, albeit insensibly, towards the point of destination. I would certainly know that old mail bag, with its rivetted seams, and the rusty buffalo-robe keeping company therewith on the stage floor, should I meet either of them again—nay, I sometimes fancy the chirp of that brood of cooped chickens lashed to the back of the venerable coach would be equally recognizable. But everything must have an end, and so, with a sigh and a broken back on my part, the stage and I parted company at Canterbury Station, without many tears on either side, just fifteen minutes before the shrill whistle announced the approach of the cars. Twelve o'clock found me laid away 'or the night in the fourth story of a well-known hotel on Chesnut street, with a vigorous Tertian ague for bed-fellow. The pitching motion of the coach still lingered—I counted over and again the rivets in the old mail bag, and gazed fixedly upon the pointed, bobbing, ears, of the venerable team as they jogged leisurely on over the dreary roads. Even the chirping of the chickens mingled with the surf-roar of a full scruple of Quinine. Wasted ammunition, alas! wherewith I had charged myself for a conflict from which I was destined to emerge so ingloriously worsted.

On the following evening kindly greetings of warm friends made me at home in the ancient city of Gotham. At a later hour repose, deep as that which is wont to steal over me in my half-rural home, settled upon weary eyelids in the noisiest part of Broadway. Taking the fourth avenue cars, next morning, for sixty-first street, I entered the convict-manned barge, a square or two from that point, and was soon gliding under the covered landing at Blackwell's Island. Nature seems to have designed this spot for the uses to which it has been applied. Once on the island the convict or lunatic to escape must pass the guards and swim either to the New York or Long Island side, no small achievement, and, one, I need not add, very seldom attempted.—At the extreme points are the Small pox Hospital and Lunatic Asylum: The former is of a recent construction, and built in the most complete manner, without regard to cost. One story is devoted to pay-patients who can have the retirement of really elegant apartments, with the best medical counsel and the attention of devoted and skilful nurses. This hospital is indeed a magnificent structure and reflects the good sense and liberality of its founders.

The Lunatic asylum is one of the best managed institutions of the kind in the country. Dr. Ranney, the Physician in charge, is justly distinguished in the treatment of the insane, and has been a prominent actor in recent conventions designed for the improvement of this interesting department of practice. On my way through the wards I was invited to call upon Mrs. Buchanan, the wife of the President, to which I readily assented. Introduced as a particular friend, and member of the Cabinet, I was received with great politeness and cordiality, and invited to a seat in her neatly arranged apartment. To numerous enquiries in regard to the health of Mr. Buchanan, and the manner in which his time is spent in the absence of his *cara sposa*, I of course responded intelligibly as circumstances would admit. Alluding to the children she drew aside the bed cover and revealed two enormously large, white, cats, dressed in blue riband, each of which she distinguished by some high-sounding patronymick. After enquiring carefully for the health of the bairins, that I might make suitable report on my return, and inspecting an embroidered genealogical tree wrought by herself, I made my best bow, took the good lady's hand with due *empressement*, and withdrew. This strange creature had, I ascertained, been for many years an inmate of the asylum, and immagined herself the wife of each succeeding Executive. She does not, as the Doctor informed me, at once drop the name of the retiring President, but ingeniously blends it with that of the freshly inaugurated. Thus for weeks after our present chief magistrate came into office she styled herself "Mrs. *Pearce* Buchanan." Mrs. B— has a fine flow of conversation and is in vigorous health, with a fair prospect of becoming the wife of more than one of the coming Presidents of the republic.

Located between the institutions alluded to are the Workhouse, Almshouse (male and female) Penitentiary and Penitentiary hospital. These massive buildings, as well as those already enumerated, are constructed of granite, quarried on the island by convicts, and contain ample accommodations for a vast number of inmates, thus answering fully the demands of a large and growing community. The Penitentiary is seperated from the remainder of the Island by a high wall, which can only be passed by an official order presented to the sentinels at the gates. Upon entering the Prison the visiter is struck by the simple inscription over the door-way,—"THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD"—nor does he lose the memory of its truthfulness while traversing the iron corridors of the inner building, along which are arranged, in regular order, the contracted cells of the convicts. The bare walls, the narrow iron cot, the small grate in the door, and the suspended card designating the name of the prisoner and the term of his confinement, are all painfully suggestive of crime and its penalties. Into these slender chambers, as the sun goes down, are marched in close order scores and hundreds of poor wretches—the harsh grating of the bolt echoes through the surrounding aisles, and they are left alone to darkness and solitude—may we not hope, in some few instances, reflection and penitence?

The Penitentiary hospital is an extensive building divided into a number of wards, to which the graver cases of disease occurring in the prison are instantly transferred.—The utmost cleanliness and order pervade the apartments of the sick, who receive the most faithful attention and are provided with such diet and medicines as their conditions require. The medical corps of the island consists of a resident physician, and six others who constitute his staff. The resident, Dr. W. W. Sanger is an exceedingly polished and agreeable gentleman, of high standing in the profession, and remarkable for the precision and efficiency with which he acquits himself of his official duties. The improvements introduced by him in ventilation, and the supply of water, cannot be overrated The very trifling mortality in the Penitentiary hospital, for some years past, affords the most convincing evidence of the value of his services. According to the report of this gentleman to the Governors of the island, for the year 1856, the entire number of inmates in all the various institutions under his charge amounted to 14,199. Of these the mortality in the Penitentiary Hospital was 38; that of the Almshouse, 255; of the Workhouse, 57; and of the small-pox hospital 27, making a total of 377 deaths. This statement shows a mortality of only 2 7-10 per cent. or one death to every 37 6-10 inmates. "Applying the ratio of New York city to this addition, would give 445 as the number of deaths instead of 377, or a difference of 68 in favor of Blackwell's island." The report before us abounds in the most useful statistical information, evincing the industry and skill of the resident and his staff. A very delightful evening passed in the circle of Dr. Sanger's intelligent and interesting family introduced a night of comfortable repose under that gentleman's hospitable roof.

At the Alms house my attention was directed to a young man sitting on the side of a couch struggling for breath, his countenance expressive of intense agony. He was greatly swollen and had not been able to lie down for some weeks. The subject was one of incurable heart disease. As I bent forward to examine his chest a pauper near me volunteered a history of the case, descanting quite learnedly of "Hyperrophy" and "Anasarca." He had been, as I afterwards learned, a Physician in the city, and reduced by drink, and its consequent poverty, to his present position I was told one of the chief Justices of New York had also here found a pauper's home and death from the same cause. How eloquent of the downward tendency of that most prolific source of pauperism and crime! Strolling through the grounds at a later hour I saw an old man standing near a granite abutment, his ink horn and paper by him, intently copying from an open volume, and occasionally pausing to read aloud. Approaching I enquired his occupation. "I am transcribing," was his reply, "the most beautiful hymn in the Prayer book for my little grand-child in the city." I expressed no small surprise at the bold and handsome chirography for one of his years (he was about 70,) when I was informed he had been the principal teacher of penmanship in New York, holding his classes for many years in the most fashionable quarter of the city—and instructing in the art of penmanship many of the leading citizens of the State. There was a remarkable calm and contentedness in the countenance of this venerable pauper which bespoke a heart at peace with the world and ripe for Heaven. I had often read the ninety-second hymn before. It was the production of Logan, one of my favorite religious poets, and yet its beauties were never so clearly revealed to me as when pronounced by that silver haired man at the quiet hour of sunset, on Blackwell's Island. How effectingly appropriate the sentiment it contains from an aged pauper upon whom the storms of adversity had spent their rage, standing at the close of his days within the precincts of a city Alms house!—Will any blame me for quoting the verses in which is embraced so much worthy to be pondered by the youthful mind?

O, in the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose;

Deep in thy soul, before its' powers
Are yet by vice enslaved
Be thy creator's glorious name
And character engraved:

Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways;

Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

True wisdom, early sought and gained
In age will give thee rest:
O, then improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

Saturday afternoon found me again in New York, where, having been disappointed in reaching the cars for New Haven, I resolved to remain over Sunday. The Lord's day came, and a wish to make the best use of its fleeting hours prompted an early start from my lodgings. After a brief call at New York Hospital, I repaired with a couple of friends to the Five points mission house, where the children of poor wretches inhabiting that sink of depravity congregate, on the first day of the week, for religious instruction. Many of them evinced remarkable intelligence, their little faces beaming with the dawn of moral improvement; while not a few wore the indelible stamp of ignorance and crime.—Connected with the mission is a commodious chapel for public worship, often filled by a large and not inattentive audience. Hastening from this most revolting of localities I proceeded to Trinity, arriving in time to hear the larger part of our beautiful church service pronounced by Rev. Dr. Haight, and thence to Grace, where a sermon awaited me from Dr. Taylor, the rector. Rarely has it been my pleasure to hear a more searching and eloquent discourse than was uttered that day in all faithfulness before the most fashionable congregation of the city. "FATHER I HAVE SINNED!" the exclamation of the prodigal, formed the subject of an address so well suited to the peculiar crisis then overwhelming the monetary interests of the great metropolis. In that assembly were those who had felt the force of the whirlwind and bent beneath its fury. In the days of plenty and extravagance they had forgotten the hand that contributed to their prosperity and now that fortune had been suddenly swept away by the same hand they were called upon to bow in deep humiliation and confess their sinfulness before God. Many, I doubt not, left the Sanctuary that morning, wiser and better for the hour spent within its walls.

On the same day I departed for New Haven. The morning of Monday rose bright and cloudless over the city of Elms and I gazed around once more upon the familiar scenes of other years with emotions difficult to describe. My first visit was to President Day, who held the reins of office during my collegiate term. After so long a lapse of time my heart swells at the recollection of that dear old christian scholar and gentleman. Although 87 years had passed over his venerable head I found him among his books. The same frail figure, keen eye, and voluminous forehead, were there, unchanged, as I saw them twenty years before. The same bland, gentle manner, marked his greeting, and the same interest manifested he had ever evinced for the children of old Yale. His son-in-law, also a Professor in the college, and my esteemed classmate, informed me that the President was in the habit of spending a number of hours every day in those profound researches for which he has ever been distinguished. Calmly, in the retrospect of a long life of useful labor, this great and good man awaits the last scene of the drama. Many hearts over this broad land will bleed with sorrow when the tidings go forth from the shades of Yale that he is no more—in many memories will his rare virtues be fondly embalmed—and to many classic minds will the words of the Augustan bard become painfully suggestive:

"Quis desiderio aut purdor aut modus
Tam cari capitis—

There were those in the city I had not encountered on former visits—old and cherished friends of college days whom I resolved to see once more. Their homes had been my familiar haunts. The streets leading to their houses were not forgotten. It seemed as though I had traversed them but a few hours before. My hand touched the knob of more than one well known door, but something restrained me. I could not walk in without some signal of my presence, as I had once done. Years may have banished me wholly from the memory of those within—who could tell? I followed the servant into old parlours—the same furniture was there—the same chair in which I sat invited to a seat now. The older heads were strangely unaltered. Children, who played about my kness, were merging into manhood and womanhood, while the companions of my youth either slept in the shaded cemetery, or wandered to and fro in the earth in search of fortune or adventure. None of the elders recognized me at first. One dear old woman, whom I had loved almost as a mother, held my hand for some minutes, looking earnestly in my face, but could not tell when or where the strange features had crossed her life path. The announcement of my name however unsealed the fount of memory and feeling and it was gratifying to know that though the liniaments may fade from recollection something still lingers to be treasured in a fond and faithful memory.

Eleven o'clock found me again in the cars moving rapidly towards Guilford.—After dinner I sauntered through the shaded streets of this lovely old town, and in the course of my rambles passed, in company with an intimate friend of the poet, at the door of Fitz Green Halleck. A wrinkled and by no means prepossessing old woman, who presides over his Bachelor quarters, informed us, greatly to our sorrow that Mr. H. had departed one hour before for New York. Halleck's father was a tailor in the town many years ago, and he himself, I believe, worked upon the bench until the close of his minority when he moved to New York. He is now advanced in years and very deaf, but those who fall in with Halleck care not to talk themselves, so cheerfully and eloquently flow his own beautiful words. No American poet holds higher rank in the estimation of his countrymen. It is no small compliment that his longest poem, "Fanny," the allusions in which are many of them purely local, and intelligible to persons out of New York, has passed through numerous editions in England, and been translated into various foreign tongues.—He still treasures the memory of his friend, Drake, whose "Culprit Fay," he has long since given to the world. One of the lesser effusions of this lamented poet I saw written, by Halleck's own hand, in the album of a young friend, one of his especial favourites. I returned to New Haven in time to say a few parting words, and secure a state room in the "Elm City," which left about midnight for New York. At 3 A. M. I was aroused by the frequent shrill whistle of the steamer, and faint response in the distance. The boat was moving very slowly, if at all. Something had evidently gone wrong, but remembering that her Pilot had crossed the sound in safety for 30 years I again quietly closed my eyes to sleep without caring to know the cause of the confusion. At daylight I found myself surrounded by the densest fog known for many years, in consequence of which a number of boats were sunken, and which detained us from the city at least five hours after the steamer was due at Peck's slip. It will long be remembered as the dark Monday night, in which the sound and river steamers were some of them submerged and all placed in great peril.

Tuesday afternoon I again visited Blackwell's Island, returning to New York next morning. On the way back I called in at the Medical College on Twenty-fourth street, happening to strike Dr. Post's hour, who was lecturing before a limited class of young men, on the bony structure of the ear. A few men, as Pattison (now deceased) and Geddings, of Charleston, could make even dry bones attractive, but this was not the case with Prof. P., who, although an accomplished surgeon and thoroughly *posted*, is by no means an eloquent teacher. On leaving the lecture room I met on the next platform Prof. Bedford, a trig, handsome, gentleman, with the flexibility of a Frenchman and the manners of a Chesterfield.—He was exceedingly affable and extended a pressing invitation to remain to his lecture which I felt reluctantly obliged to decline. Dr. B. is originally of Maryland.—The Museum of the College, next visited, embraces a large and varied collection of anatomical and pathological specimens, with an extensive assortment of Azoux's famous preparations in wax. The private cabinet of the venerable Professor Mott, which forms a part of the Museum, is unusually full of interest, being the accumulation of a long and distinguished practice of Surgery in Europe and this country. In the audience room below, I was made acquainted with Professors Draper, Paine, and Post, exceedingly courteous gentlemen all of them, with whom I enjoyed a half hour's very agreeable converse. In the private circle Prof. Post is highly entertaining. The venerable Dr. Paine, one of the most intellectual and learned members of the profession, appears always to be pleased at the opportunity of meeting and conversing with physicians from abroad. The wide spread reputation of Prof. Draper, justly esteemed one of the first Chemists and Physiologists of the age, had created a desire to see him. His personal appearance is not at all prepossessing. A figure, short and obese, is not relieved by any thing intellectual in the expression of the face, or the contour of the head. The collogial powers of this gentleman are below par, while a natural diffidence increases the awkwardness of his manners. Among the leading Surgeons of the city is Prof. Cornochgan, of the New York Medical College, Surgeon-in-chief to Ward's Island. He is exceedingly handsome, and his manners have all the polish of a French courtier. Few men living handle the knife with greater dexterity and precision than Dr. C., few attempt, with a larger per centage of success, bold and hazardous operations. The Doctor lives in elegant style, on Lafayette Place, adjoining the great homeopathic lion, Dr. Gray, and his ante room, upon my visit at 12 M., on Wednesday, was thronged with patients waiting to consult him. Among the medical notabilities, I would not omit the mention of that extraordinary man Dr. Dixon, editor of the scalpel, whom I dropped in upon one evening at his residence on Fifth avenue. Dr D. is a tall, slender gentleman, with a face wearing the impress of extraordinary intellect and energy. He is a fluent, eloquent, talker, and wields a pen which few rival. Warm and devoted in his friendships, he is fierce and implacable in his enmities, and woe to the man, of whatever station, who incurs his criticism or displeasure. Dr. Dixon was exceedingly courteous and kind in his bearing, and I left his presence determined to see more of so remarkable a character should circumstances ever again place it in my power.

Six o'clock Wednesday evening found me at the Jersey city depot with my face turned homeward, where I arrived safely on the following evening just as the town bell was ringing nine o'clock, having spent exactly one week abroad—a week full of interest and incident, and crowded with recollections of kind and generous offices from distant friends and strangers.

16th October, 1857. VIATOR.

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