(Continued from first page.)

Gauls rushed, with their war horses neighing destruction, upon a kneeling phalanx of Scottish hearts, shielded only by the plaid and the bare bayonet from the unsheathed sabres of the united glory of France, as they poured the torrents of death on the waving plumes of our devoted band, to extirpate our name from the annals of Scottish heroism. Then, then, in the hour of peril and of death, the genius of country burst forth through the darkness of despair, like the first flash of the young sun upon the earth when God said 'let there be light!'—as the Scots Greys flying to our aid raised the electric shout, 'Scotland forever!'—'Scotland forever!' returned our battered clansmen; 'Scotland forever!' reverberated as from the hearts we had left behind us; and 'Scotland forever!' re-echoed 'Victory!' It was a moment of inspiration and triumph. Forward dashed our Highland heroes, fearless as their fathers, resistless as our mountain cataracts! The proud steed and its mailed rider quailed at the shout. Home and its world of unutterable joys—yes, home and the fair bosom that would welcome its hero—glory and the spirit of our fathers—all rushed upon our imagination at the sound. It was a moment of poetry, of patriotism, and of inspiration at the sound. Heavens!' added he, starting to his feet, and grasping his staff, as the enthusiasm of the past gushed back upon his soul, 'to have joined in that shout was to have lived an eternity in the vibration of a pendulum!'

In a few moments the animated scene that gave eloquence to his tongue drew itself back into the chambers of humanity, and resuming his seat upon the wall, continued: 'I left my regiment with the prospect of promotion, and have since served in the West Indies; but I have heard nothing of my father—both of my mother—nothing of her I love!'

While he was yet speaking, the grave digger, with a pickaxe and spade over his shoulder, entered the ground. He approached within a few yards of where we sat. He measured off a narrow piece of earth—it encircled the little stone which the soldier had thrown to mark out the resting place of the family. Convulsion rushed over the features of my companion; he shivered—he grasped my arm—his lips quivered—his breathing became short and loud—the cold sweat trickled from his temples. He sprang over the wall, and rushed towards the spot.

'Man!' he exclaimed in an agony, 'whose grave is that?'

'Hoot! aw' wi' ye,' said the grave digger, stopping his mouth at his manner; wha'na a way is that to gle fa a body? are ye daft?'

'Answer me,' cried the soldier, seizing his hand, 'whose grave is that?'

'Let go on me!' replied the man of death, 'ye maun surely out o' your brain: it's an auld auld lady ca'd Adam Campell's grave! now a—ny thing the wiser for spirrins'

'My father!' cried my companion, as I approached him; and clasping hands together, he bent his head upon my shoulder, and wept aloud.

I will not dwell upon the painful scene. During his absence, adversity had given the fortunes of the father to the wind, and he had died in an humble cottage, unlamented and unnoticed by the friends of his prosperity.

At the request of my fellow traveller I accompanied him to the house of mourning. Two or three poor cottagers sat around the fire. The coffin, with the lid open, lay across a table, near the window. A few white hairs fell over the whiter face of the deceased, which seemed to indicate that he died from sorrow rather than from age. The son pressed his lips to his father's cheek. He groaned in spirit and was troubled. He raised his head in agony, and with a voice almost inarticulate with grief, exclaimed inquiringly, 'My mother?'

The wondering peasants started to their feet, and in silence pointed to a lowly bed. He hastened forward—he fell upon his knees by the bedside

'My mother! O, my mother!' he exclaimed, 'do not you, too, leave me! look at me—speak to me! I am your own son—your own Willie; have you too forgot me, mother?'

She, too, lay upon her death-bed, and the tide of life was fast ebbing; but the remembered voice of her beloved son drove it back for a moment. She opened her eyes—she attempted to raise her feeble hand, and it fell upon his head. She spoke, but he alone knew the words that she uttered; they seemed accents of mingled anguish, of joy, and of blessing. For several minutes, he bent over the bed and wept bitterly. He held her withered hand in his, he started; and as we approached him, the hand that he held was lifeless! He went no longer; he gazed from the dead body of his father to that of his mother—his eyes wandered wildly from one to the other—he smote his hand upon his brow, and threw himself on a chair, while misery transfixed him, as if a thunderbolt had entered his soul.

I will not give a description of the melancholy funerals and solitary mourner. The fathers obsequies were delayed, and the son laid both his parents in the same grave.

Several months passed away before I gained information respecting the sequel of my little story. After his parents were laid in the dust, William Campbell, with a sad and anxious heart made inquiries after Jeanie Leslie, the object of his earliest affections, whom we have already alluded. For several weeks his search was fruitless; but at length he learned that considerable property had been left to her father by a distant relative, and that he now resided somewhere in Dumfrieshire.

In the same garb which I have already described, the soldier set out upon his journey. With little difficulty he discovered the house. It resembled such as are occupied by the higher class of farmers. The front door stood open. He knocked but no one answered. He proceeded along the passage—he heard voices in an apartment on his right; again he knocked but was unheeded. He entered uninvited. A group were standing in the middle of the floor, and among them a minister, commencing the marriage service of the church of Scotland. The bride hung her head sorrowfully, & tears were stealing down her cheeks—she was his own Jeanie Leslie. The clergyman paused. The bride's father stepped forward angrily, and inquired, 'what do you want Sir?' but instantly recognising his features, he seized him by the breast, and in a voice half choked with passion continued—'Sorrow tak' ye for a scoundrel! what's brought you here—and the mair especially at a time like this? Get out o' my house sir I say, Willie Campbell, get out o' my house and ne'er darken my door gain wi' your ne'er-do-well countenance!'

A sudden shriek followed the mention of his name, and Jeanie Leslie fell into the hands of her bridemaid.

'Peace, Mr. Leslie!' said the soldier pushing the old man aside; 'since matters are thus, I will only stop to say farewell!—for auld lang syne—you cannot deny me that.'

He passed towards the object of his young love. She spoke not; she moved not; he took her hand, but she seemed unconscious of what he did, and as he gazed upon her beautiful countenance absence became as a dream upon her face. The very language he had acquired during their separation was laid aside. Nature triumphed over art, and he addressed her in the accents in which he had first breathed love and won her heart.

'Jeanie!' said he, pressing her hand between his, 'its a sair thing to say farewel, but it mustna mean sae at. This is a scene I never expected to see for ou, Jeanie! I could have trusted to your truth and to your love, as the farmer trusts to his seed time and harvest and is not disappointed. I thought it was ill enough when hoping to find my fathers forgiveness, I found them digging his grave; or when I reached my mothers bed-side, and found her only able to stretch out her hand and say—"It's my ain boirn!—it's my ain boirn!" but I maun bid ye farewel', Willie, farewel already! it is sair, it is sair! But oh, may the blessing o' the God of Abraham'—As she said this, the death rattle grew louder and louder in her throat—for a moment her eyes became bright as diamonds—I thought it was the immortal spirit leaving the body; and before I could speak, the cold film of death passed over them, and the tears I saw gathering in them, while she was speaking, rolled down the cheeks of a corpse! But oh, Jeanie, woman, it was na a trial like this! this is like separating the flesh from the bones, and burning the marrow! but ye maun be another's now. Farewell! Farewell!

'Nae! nae! my ain Willie!' he exclaimed recovering from the agony of stupefaction; 'my hand is still free, and my heart has ave been yours—save me, Willie save me!' and she threw herself into his arms. The bridegroom looked from one to another in loring them to commence an attack on the intruder, but he looked in vain. The father again seized the old great coat of the soldier, and almost rending it in twain, discovered underneath, to the astonished company the richly laced uniform of a British officer! He dropped the fragment of the outer garment in wonder and at the same time dropping his wrath, exclaimed, 'Mr Campbell!—or what are you! wi'll you explain yourself?'

A few words explained all. The bridegroom, a weal by, middle aged man without a heart, left the house gnashing his teeth. Bravery as our military honours are conferred, merit is not always overlooked even in this country where money is every thing, and the Scottish soldier had obtained the promotion which he deserved. Jeanie's joy was like a dream of heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand to Captain Campbell, of his Majesty's ——regiment of infantry, to whom, long years before she had given her young heart.

GARDEN SEEDS.

JOHN S. SELBY has just received a large assortment of Fresh Garden Seed from Prince and Son, New York. He will also furnish at short notice

FRUIT TREES.

of every variety. A catalogue can be seen at his store.

March 6—tf.

A FAMILY OF NEGROES FOR SALE.

A FAMILY of Negroes, consisting of a Woman aged about 38 or 40, and her two sons, one aged about 3 years and the other an infant. The above Negroes are slaves for life. For information enquire at the office of the Maryland Gazette.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN.

THAT the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans court of Saint Mary's county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Edmund Hammett, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 15th day of October next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate. Given under my hand this 6th day of March 1834.

ENOCH HAMMETT, Adm'r.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT the subscriber hath obtained from the Orphans Court of St. Mary's county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of Eleanor Mills, late of said county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 11th day of February next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 6th day of March 1834.

IGNATIUS MORGAN, Ex'r.

NOTICE.

THE commissioners for Anne Arundel county will meet at the court house in the city of Annapolis on TUESDAY the 22d day of April next, for the purpose of hearing appeals and making transfers, and transacting the ordinary business of the Levy court.

By order,

R. J. COWMAN, Clk.

March 13—4t.

STATE OF MARYLAND, SC.

Anne Arundel County Orphans Court.

February 11th, 1834.

ON application by petition of Jesse Wheat, administrator of Jonathan Sappington, late of Anne-Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased and that the same be published once in each week, for the space of six successive weeks, in one of the newspapers printed in Annapolis.

SAM'L. BROWN, Junr.
Reg. Wills, A. A. County

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT the subscriber of Anne Arundel county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of Jonathan Sappington, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 11th day of August next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 11th day of February 1834.

JESSE WHEAT, Adm'r.

F. 6

STATE OF MARYLAND SC.

Anne Arundel County, Orphans Court,

February 18th 1834.

ON application by petition of James S. Owens executor of the last will and testament of Matthew Hardesty, late of Anne Arundel county, deceased, it is ordered that he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of six successive weeks in one of the news papers printed in Annapolis.

SAM'L BROWN Junr.
Reg Wills A. A. county

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT the subscriber of Anne Arundel county, hath obtained from the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county, in Maryland, letters testamentary on the personal estate of Matthew Hardesty, late of said county deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased, are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber, at or before the 18th day of August next, they may otherwise by law be excluded from all benefit of the said estate. Given under my hand this 18th day of February 1834.

JAMES S. OWENS, Ex'r.

Feb. 20.—6w

BALTIMORE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE subscriber has received from the President and Directors of this Company the appointment of AGENT for the city of Annapolis

Its capital is Fifty Thousand Dollars, and the company intends to execute the following business:

1st. *Insurance on Lives.*
2d. *Purchase and Sale of Annuities.*
3d *Receiving Endowments.*
4th. *Receiving Money in Trust.*
5th. *The Management of Trust Estates.*

Applications made to the subscriber at his Office in West street, opposite the Farmers Bank of Maryland, will be promptly attended to

SOMERVILLE PINKNEY.

November 28.

NOTICE

I WILL sell my Farm on South River, at Private Sale. It contains upwards of a

THOUSAND ACRES.

and possesses more advantages than most farms. Any information which may be required will be afforded to those who will call upon me at my residence in this city, where I am always to be found.

RICHARD HARWOOD, of Thos.

Jan. 23.

The Editors of the Baltimore Gazette, and American Farmer, will insert the above once a week until otherwise required.

BASIL SHEPHARD, MERCHANT TAILOR.

OFFERS to the citizens of Annapolis and the public generally, a selection of new and fashionable FALL AND WINTER GOODS, from the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore markets, consisting of Black Blue, Dutch Rifle Dahba, Invisible Green, and Russia Raven; Brown, double milled Drab, Olive, and Gray

CLOTHS.

AND ALSO

CAMBLET, for Over Coats.

Diagonal, Zigzag, Polish Mixed and Printed, Mixed, Ribbed and Plain CASSIMERES, and Printed CASSINETS.

Merinos, Matelasse Silk, Satin, plain and twilled Silk, Florentine, Medley Silks, Cashmire & Toilinette

VESTINGS.

White, Black and Fancy Silk HANDKERCHIEFS, HOSE GLOVES, SUSPENDERS, SHIRT SHAMS, STOCKS, COLLARS and ORIENTAL DRESSING GOWNS

All which he respectfully invites the public to call and examine.

WALDIE'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

NOTICE.—For the sake of combining the old and new series, and making the third volume correspond both in date and manner, the subscriber has concluded to print *thirteen* additional numbers to the second volume of the first or old series. These numbers will be furnished *gratuitously* to those who commenced with No. 1 and No. 6, and who have paid their subscription, or who shall have paid it before the 26th No. of Volume 2 is issued. Those whose subscriptions remain unsettled at the publication of that No. will be struck off the list, and charged SIX DOLLARS, as lately announced.

To those who have *really patronized* the "Library," by prompt payment of their subscription, very sincere acknowledgments are tendered, and a continuance of their patronage respectfully requested.

ADAM WALDIE

WILLIAM BRYAN, MERCHANT TAILOR,

TAKES this method of returning his sincere thanks to his friends, and the public in general for the liberal patronage they have heretofore bestowed upon him, and begs leave to inform them, that he has been compelled, from the heavy calamity which befel him on the 29th October, to remove his shop to the brick building owned by Washington G. Tuck, Esq. one door below the Store of Messrs. Hall & Franklin, and nearly opposite the residence of Dr. Dennis Claude, where he intends carrying on his business in his usual manner; and where he will be happy to accommodate his friends in the line of his profession. He was, by the aid of his fellow-citizens, enabled, on the morning of the above calamity, to save a portion of his Stock in hand, and hopes, in a short time, to be enabled to restitute his whole stock. He therefore confidently solicits the former patronage of his friends, together with that of the public at large.

Nov 7.

$50 REWARD.

RAN AWAY from the subscriber in Broad Neck, Anne Arundel county, near Annapolis, on Tuesday 28th inst.,

BILL MILLER,

He is about Twenty years of age, about six feet high, a dark Mulatto, stoops in walking, and has uncommonly large feet, he took a variety of clothing with him, among others a leather cap and black hat, blue and white kersey jacket and trousers, a drab fustid jacket, &c. &c. Whoever apprehends said negro, and secures him in Jail so that I get him again, shall receive a reward of $50 if taken in this state, or $100 if out of the state of Maryland and if brought home all reasonable charges paid.

JOHN RIDOUT of H.

IN CHANCERY.

24th Feb. 1834.

ORDERED, That the sales made and reported by J. J. Speed and J. Gambrill, Trustees in the case of Nelson Gambrill and others vs. William Gambrill and others, be ratified and confirmed, unless cause to the contrary be shown before the first day of May next: Provided a copy of this order be inserted in some newspaper or papers, once a week for three successive weeks, before the first day of April next. The report states the amount of sales to be $7582

True copy. Test.

RAMSAY WATERS,
Reg. Cur. Can.

Anne-Arundel County, Sct.

ON application of Jethro Lynch Smith, of the county aforesaid, by petition in writing, setting to me, the subscriber, Chief Justice of the Orphans Court of Anne Arundel county that he is in custody of one of the constables of the county aforesaid for debt only, and praying for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of this state, a schedule of his property, and a list of his creditors, on oath, as far as he can ascertain them, being annexed to his petition, and the said Jethro Lynch Smith having satisfied me by competent testimony that he has resided two years next preceeding the time of his application within the state of Maryland, and having appointed Beale Gaither trustee for the benefit of the creditors of the said Jethro Lynch Smith, and the said trustee having given bond, with security, approved by me, for the faithful performance of his said trust, and the said trustee being in possession of all the property of the said insolvent debtor, and the said Jethro Lynch Smith having also given bond, with security approved by me, for his personal appearance before the Judges of Anne Arundel county court on the third Monday in April next, to answer such interrogatories as may be propounded to him by any of his creditors, and also to answer such allegations as may be filed against him by any of his creditors, and the said Jethro Lynch Smith having taken the oath before me, as prescribed by the said Insolvent Laws for the delivery of his property. These are therefore to certify, That I have this day granted a personal discharge to the said Jethro Lynch Smith. Given under my hand this tenth day of September, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-three.

GIDEON WHITE.

CASH IN MARKET.

THE subscriber wishes to purchase a number of Slaves of both sexes, for which he will pay in Cash a higher price than any other purchaser in the market. Persons having them to dispose of will communicate with him at Mr James Hunter's Tavern.

WILLIAM HOOPER.

Annapolis Oct. 24—tf.

PRINTING

Neatly executed at this OFFICE.

FRUIT TREES.

The subscriber has for sale Thousand Apple Trees, of the best kinds and of a proper size for planting.

NICHOLAS BREWER.

Feb. 20.

THE JOURNAL OF BELLES LETTRES.

A NEW AND STRIKING CHARACTER ADDED TO WALDIE'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

THE Proprietor of this work, anxious to gratify his readers to as great an extent as his means will allow, respectfully announces to the public that the very liberal patronage he has received has enabled him to add a new feature to this periodical, which he believes cannot fail to prove interesting and valuable.

THE JOURNAL OF BELLES LETTRES, containing three to four pages of additional new matter, will be given every week as an accompaniment to the Circulating Library, and will contain:

1 Early reprints of the reviews and notices of new books, from the weekly and monthly periodical press of London, &c. These reviews will be carefully selected with reference to imparting correct information respecting such new books as are reprinted in America, and to convey literary intelligence in regard to works which rarely find their way across the Atlantic. As great exertions will be used to make this department instructive and entertaining, the proprietor is confident that it will be considered an important addition, by many of which his numerous subscribers will frequently avoid the expense of purchasing such books as are printed on the calculation of their titles or the reputation of their authors will sell the edition. This part of the Journal will embrace a considerable amount of extracts from new books of travels, memoirs, biography, novels, and in fact present a bird's eye view of new publications, early diffused throughout the Union, by means of the facilities of modern conveyance.

The London Literary Gazette will be cited for this purpose, while the "Critical Notices" of the London Metropolitan, the Monthly, New Monthly, the Gentleman's, Blackwood's, Tait's, Edinburgh, Fraser's, and other Magazines, already regularly received by the editor, will be freely used.

2. Varieties, embracing literary anecdotes, new discoveries in science and the arts, sketches of society and manners abroad, literary and learned transactions, short notices of new books, and every species of information interesting to lovers of reading, with occasional summaries of the numerous departments of the London press, which are within the bounds of good taste, and are now published in no other journal in America.

3 A regular list of the new books published, and in progress in London and America.

4 Occasional original notices of new American publications, with extracts exhibiting their prominent features of excellence or defect.

☞ No additional charge will be made for this great increase of reading matter. It will be contained on the pages of the cover of the Library, and therefore subscribers will receive their numbers by mail to no additional expense of postage.

A. WALDIE.

Several applications having been made to ascertain the manner in which the original department of notices of new books will be conducted, we take the present early opportunity of stating that, at least they shall not be quivocally UNBOUGHT. The presentation of a copy by the publisher shall not be a passport to praise, when the merits of the work do not warrant it; so that our readers may be assured of two things: First—books shall be noticed the next day after they are received, and, secondly, they shall not be reviewed before they have been read. We have no inclination to puffing, and will be the last to indulge therein, to fall into the error of an author of weight, who in his anxiety to be the first to sound the bellows of criticism, read the preface of a duodecimo, and gravely entered his disapprobation of two chapters which, unfortunately for his critical acumen, had been omitted, while the prefatory reference to them had been a mistake, remained! This predicament is worse than that of the London editor who criticised some passages of Cooke's acting, found when he rose next morning, and his criticism was all over London, that the play had been postponed.

For the rest, time must develope our capabilities; in cases where the courtesy of the trade is not extended to our contemporaries, we shall buy what books we want, and give to them as deserve it a careful perusal.

The prospectus, and some technicalities always attending the first issue of a new journal, make the present number but a poor specimen of its future promise.

July 4.

FOR ANNAPOLIS CAMBRIDGE AND EASTON.

The Steam Boat MARYLAND, commencing her route on TUESDAY the 9th inst. leaving the lower end of Dugan's Wharf, at 7 o'clock, A. M. for Annapolis (Cambridge by Castle Haven,) and Easton, return from the Eastern Shore on every Wednesday and Saturday, leaving Easton at 7 A. M. by Castle Haven and Annapolis. She will commence her Chestertown Trip on Monday 22d April, leaving Baltimore at 6 o'clock, return the same day, leaving Chestertown at 6 o'clock: calling at Corsica wharf, for the Centreville passengers

N. B. All baggage at the owners risk.
Passage to or from Easton or Cambridge, $1
Passage to or from Annapolis,
Passage to Chestertown or Corsica,
Children under 12 years of age half price.

LEM'L. G. TAYLOR, Master.

May 2

The

VOL. LXXXIX.

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PRICE—THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the United States Gazette.

SERENADE.

Listen, listen, Lady fair!
From thy bower high in air,
Listen, while the stars are waking,
Twilight too, her leave is taking,
Listen, while on starry ceiling
Soft with chiming spheres is pealing,
Listen, while the weary hum,
Of mortals turning them to rest,
Tells us that the hour is come,
The hour that music loves the best;
Turn thee from the trembling lute,
Turn thee from the breathing lyre,
Listen only to the flute
Of Thomas Mulligan, Esquire.
Colder blows the northern blast,
And freezing dews are falling fast,
Clear the moon, but cold as clear,
Frozen drops the stars appear:
Then a withered leaf blew past,
Jarring me in shivering haste:
Close thy casement, Lady fair!
Go, nor the chill of evening breezes,
Chase not in the wintry air,
When on the lake it deepest freezes:
Go, while music's charm still lingers
In the ear—to rest retire,
And think not of the stiffening fingers,
Of Thomas Mulligan, Esquire.

LADY.

Sweeter is the setting sun,
Than when his course is just begun;
Sweeter the expiring light,
Of falling star in such a night,
Than the still unblushing gaze
Of yon red planet's ceaseless blaze;
Sweet is the retiring south,
Leaving on the lake the swell;
Sweetest is the sweetest mouth,
When unbid it says farewell;
Sweet the tinkling of the lute,
When the player's fingers tire,
And sweet is the retiring flute
Of Thomas Mulligan, Esquire.

THE LUNATIC ASYLUM AT PALERMO.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Palermo June 28.

Two of the best conducted lunatic asylums in the world are in the kingdom of Naples—one at Aversa, near Capua, and the other at Palermo. The latter is managed by a whimsical baron, who has devoted his time and fortune to it, and, with assistance of the government, has carried it to great extent and perfection. The poor are received gratuitously, and those who can afford it, enter as boarders, and are furnished with luxuries according to their means.

The hospital stands in an airy situation in the lovely neighbourhood of Palermo. We were received by a porter in a respectable livery, who introduced us immediately to the old baron—a kink-looking man, rather advanced beyond middle life, of manners singularly gentle and prepossessing. "*Je suis le premier fou,*" said he throwing his arms out, as he bowed on our entrance. We stood in an open court, surrounded with porticoes lined with stone seats. On one of them lay a sick, indolent looking man, in clean gray pinnes, talking to himself with great apparent satisfaction. He smiled at the baron as he passed without checking the motion of his lips, and three others standing in the doorway of a room marked as the kitchen, smiled also as he came up, and fell into his train, apparently as much interested as ourselves in the old man's explanation.

The kitchen was occupied by eight or ten people all at work, and all, the baron assured us, mad. One man, of about forty, was broiling a steak with gravest attention. Another, who had been furious till employment was given him, was chopping meat with violent industry in a large wooden bowl. Two or three girls were about obeying the little orders of a middle aged man, occupied with several messes cooking on a patent stove. I was rather incredulous about his insanity, till he took a small bucket and went to the jet of a fountain, and getting impatient from some cause or other, dashed the water upon the floor. The baron mildly called him by name, and mentioned to him as a piece of information that he had wet the floor. He nodded his head, and filled his bucket quietly, pouring a little into one of the pans, and resumed his occupation.

We passed from the kitchen into an open court, curiously paved, and ornamented with Chinese grottoes, artificial rocks, trees, cottages and fountains. Within the grottoes remained figures of wax before the altar of one, dressed up as a Chinese chapel, a mandarin was prostrated in prayer. The walls on every side were painted in perspective scenery, and the whole had as little the air of a prison as the open valley itself. In one of the corners was an unfinished grotto, and a handsome young man was entirely absorbed in thatching the ceiling with strips of cane. The baron pointed to him, and said he had been incurable till he had this employment for him. Every thing about us, too, he assured us, was the work of his patients. They had paved the court, built the grottoes and cottages, and painted the walls, under his direction. The secret of his whole system, he said, was em-