

Collins and Taneyhill, and Messrs. Thomas Wilson, Johns Hopkins, Enoch Pratt and Thomas M. Smith, Esqs., distinguished gentlemen selected from the list of Managers.

After mutual expressions of gratification at the duty about to be discharged, we were informed that the entire building was thrown open with pleasure to our inspection, and that the Books of the Institution were at our command for the most minute examination. This latter invitation was respectfully declined, and your committee informed those worthy gentlemen that our visit was of a friendly nature, and had not been prompted by any unkind spirit of criticism, but had arisen from the desire to learn the condition of the Institution, to witness the exemplary manner in which the patients were professionally treated, and learn whether the helping hand of Maryland was needed to promote the success of their silent and philanthropic labors.

Placing ourselves under the guidance of these faithful patrons of the Institution, we left the luxurious reception room and proceeded through the various wards, and at almost every step we were forced to pause and admire the order, neatness, purity and system that filled us with astonishment and elicited our warmest admiration.

The Maryland Hospital is a bright, cheerful, though venerable Institution, of vast proportions and chaste design, crowning the summit of one of our loftiest hills, and overlooking the broad waters that surround the City of Baltimore. Simple in its architectural structure, yet spread over an area of more than 300 feet in length, with symmetrical proportions, the Hospital lifts its modest towers aloft, high o'er the encircling tenements of man, that gradually have crept around its former lonely confines.

From the centre of the main building, which contains the residence, office parlors and studio of the resident physicians, start spacious corridors extending east and west along its whole extent. On each side of these vast avenues are rows of rooms beautifully furnished, and from their neatness, chaste decorations, reminding you of the series of chambers in a well-regulated hotel. Interspersed among these, ever and anon, parlors of larger proportions meet the astonished gaze, in one of which, to our surprise, we discovered seated at the piano a female form, whose gentle hand swept o'er the responsive keys, eliciting the sweetest strains to soothe her wandering intellect. We paused, and drank in the notes of sweetest strains, such as from the master's hand are rapturously drawn. In the little circle of her mute companions sat the fair form of woman, awakening melodies to cheer the gloomy minds of friends like her afflicted. Pleased at the interest that we manifested in her performance, and conscious