

sciences.

Mr. Allen, the present Professor of Medical Jurisprudence and Public Hygiene, is a young man of promising abilities, and a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania. His lectures in these branches of science evince great research, and a vigorous and groping mind. His social and moral qualities are of a high order, and being an eloquent and impressive speaker, is destined ere long to shine a star of the first magnitude in his profession.

There are other gentlemen, formerly connected with the Penn Medical University, worthy of a passing notice from our hands, but as they are now more or less associated with other medical schools, we may have occasion to pass them under our review hereafter. We would, however, here speak of one who has already placed himself in a very conspicuous position before the community, as a pathologist and microscopic anatomist. We refer to Dr. Seth Pancoast, author of a new theory of tubercular consumption, and its curability by medicated inhalation and adjunct hygienic remedies. The success of this young physician has been truly remarkable. He has performed numerous surprising cures, and continues to enjoy a very extensive practice. His book on the "Curability of Consumption" is a bold and original effort, and perhaps the most complete and satisfactory work ever published on the nature and cure of that terribly destructive disease. Dr. Pancoast is yet quite a young man, a graduate of the Pennsylvania University, and if he does not become too much elated by his present triumphs, may send his name down to posterity with those of the illustrious Louis and Laennec of France, who still remain at the head of the pathologists and philosophers who have appeared on the stage of action during the past century or less.

Written for Sund. Mercury
By "Lemo Lemo" Jan. 10-57

EVENING BULLETIN.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1857.

A VISIT TO MOYAMENSING PRISON.

We paid a visit to the Moyamensing Prison yesterday afternoon, for the purpose of seeing some of the principal offenders there, whose names have been recently much before the public, and to make a note incidentally of whatever we found particularly note-worthy. We have paid frequent visits to this institution, but we do not recollect ever to have seen it in as good order—all things considered—as at present. The building in all its details is scrupulously neat and clean, and no two opinions can be entertained as regards its comfort. The heating arrangements are now so complete that every part of the prison is kept at an even and delightful temperature, and the ventilation has been much improved. A very essential improvement is in progress in the cells, which will contribute greatly to the health and comfort of the prisoners. The windows or loopholes—one of which opens into each cell—were hitherto filled with glass that could not be opened for the admission of fresh air, or the emission of foul. These permanent arrangements are all being taken out, and a glazed sash, hinged, is put upon the inside. The prisoner is enabled by the new fixtures to increase, at pleasure, his supply of light and fresh air, commodities which jailors have generally doled out very sparingly to those who were placed in their charge.

West, who was recently convicted of the murder of his wife, is of course, at present, one of the most interesting inmates of the prison. The peculiar circumstances of his crime, and the apparent hopelessness of his case, now that a jury has convicted him, notwithstanding the plea of insanity, render him an object of peculiar interest. We were told upon inquiring for the condemned man, that he declined receiving visitors, and we, of course, forbore to intrude upon his privacy. We learned that the prisoner still maintains the air of stolid indifference which he exhibited during his trial, and that although hearty, he expresses no desire for any thing more dainty than the regular prison fare. The wretched man was visited on Thursday by one of his sisters, and the interview between them is described as having been very affecting. The wretched man was receiving a visit from his counsel, yesterday, when we were at the prison, and we saw him by accident, as we passed the open door of his cell. The prisoner looked well. He occupies an apartment on the second tier in the North corridor, about the same spot as that where Arthur Spring, Langfeldt, the

Skupinskis, Peter Mattocks, and other condemned criminals spent their last hours on earth. There was a ridiculous story published immediately after the conviction of West that he had been manacled, and that he had read some lines of poetry to Mr. Shurlock. The whole story, we are assured, is a fabrication. West has never been shackled. Escape is next to an impossibility, and he has pledged his word to the officers of the prison that he will make no attempt upon his own life.

We stepped into the cell of John Capie, who was convicted some four years since of the murder of Christopher Soohan. Capie, whom we recollect as a swaggering young man with very rowdyish propensities, has been completely tamed by his long confinement. This prisoner suffered terribly for a time after his trial; his unexpected conviction on a strange but well woven web of circumstantial evidence, his confinement, and the near approach of the time fixed for his execution, before his reprieve was received, all had a terrible effect upon him, and he was worn down to a mere shadow. He afterwards became more calm, but although measurably reconciled to his situation, he is far from content with it and he assured us that he greatly longed to be restored to liberty. Capie is very polite and respectful to those who visit him, and the officers of the prison represent him as being a very docile prisoner.

Ford, a colored man, who was convicted about six years ago of the murder of a man at Kingsessing, occupies a cell near by that in which Capie is incarcerated. This man asserts that he inflicted the fatal blow in self-defence. He is a very talkative fellow and apparently very good natured. He, also, expresses a strong desire to be out and at liberty once more.

In the female department of the prison we saw a little child, of about six years old, running about in the corridor, and seeming to be a general favorite among the keepers. We at first thought she was a daughter of one of the latter, but our guide undeceived us with the information that the little innocent was the daughter of Sarah Wood, convicted, some time since, of passing counterfeit money, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. At the outset the mother and child were separated, and both were very unhappy in consequence; but they have since been charitably brought together, and both are happier for it. A Canary bird in a tiger's den would scarcely seem more out of place than a young child in a prison; but the little thing seems perfectly happy.

After leaving the convict side of the institution, we repaired to the untried department, in the south corridor. Here we found quite a stir; the prison van had just come down bringing the four young scoundrels who were caught in the morning robbing the store of Mr. Tryon. They were all old habitués of the prison, and as they met the different keepers, words of recognition passed between them. "Cockey" Maynes was the very Napoleon of rascality among them, a lion who attracted every body's attention; visitors, Inspec-



The Doctor and His Weapon.

tors, hangers on—every body, in short, seemed anxious to have a sight of this redoubtable scoundrel, who is always in scrapes and who is always getting out of them.

It was suggested to "Cockey" that he was fairly caught this time, and that he stood an excellent chance of being "caged." The fellow turned about with an impudent leer and inquired of Mr. Wm. J. Mullen if he did not think he could get this charge *not pros'd.* "Cockey" is profound in the mysteries of the *nolle prosequi*.

Among those who were gazing at the newly arrived jail birds with a considerable degree of curiosity, we noticed a very gentlemanly looking man who stood in the open door of a cell; we were about making some comment to the stranger, upon the party, when we were somewhat taken aback by our guide introducing the gentlemanly individual as Mr. Shurlock, who is awaiting trial for shooting Mr. Clawges.

Mr. Shurlock received us very courteously, and invited us into his cell, which has been very comfortably furnished by his friends. This prisoner is an exceedingly gentlemanly man, very prepossessing in appearance, and intelligent in his conversation. The excellent character he bore previous to the dreadful occurrence in Seventh street; his mild and gentlemanly demeanor, his manly countenance, and frank manner—are all so many evidences that some powerful feeling drove him to the commission of the act of which he is accused.

After leaving the cell of Mr. Shurlock, we paid a flying visit to the cell of young Smith, who is accused of the murder of Mr. Duffee, and to that of Charles Smith, charged with killing Beeche, the German, in the Seventeenth Ward, on the morning of New Year's day. This prisoner is a mere boy; he seemed very sad and unhappy in his situation. His crime grew out of bad company, indulgence and drink, and the vile habit of carrying knives.

Before leaving the institution we visited several other prisoners, but there was nothing very remarkable about them. It was the old story of bold villainy in some, crushed humanity in others, and in many, of sneaking, whining, lying rascality.

Our thanks are due Mr. Wm. J. Mullen, the Prison Agent, Mr. Henry Snyder, Mr. Perkins, and other officers of the prison, for attentions and courtesies extended towards us.

FIRST COAL OVER THE NORTH PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—The first coal which has been shipped over the North Pennsylvania Railroad from the Lehigh Valley, arrived at the yard of Messrs. Robert R. Corson & Co., Broad street, second yard above Spruce, on Saturday evening. The whole consignment (from Lewis Audenried & Co.) is for sale at this yard, or at the office of Messrs. Corson, 53 south Fourth street, below Chestnut.

Jan'y. 14-57-