EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

NEW SERIES. EASTON, MARYLAND, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1839. VOL. VI-NO. 34.

THE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE
Is edited and published every
TUESDAY MORNING,
BY
GEO. W. SHERWOOD,
(PUBLISHER OF THE LAWS OF THE UNION.)

TERMS:—Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, payable half yearly in advance.

No subscription will be received for less than six months, nor discontinued until all arrearages are settled, without the approbation of the publisher

Advertisements not exceeding a square, inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for very subsequent insertion—larger advertisements in proportion.

☞ All communications to insure attention hould be *post paid*

DENTISTRY.

THE undersigned having determined to locate himself permanently in Easton, would say to the public, that he is now fully prepared to attend to all the various branches of his profession having just returned from Philadelphia, with a full supply of the BEST MATERIALS & the most approved instruments He is prepared with satisfactory references; but would prefer to rely upon his character and quality of his work, as his most substantial recommendations He attends to Extracting, Filing, Plugging, and Inserting Teeth. His charges will be moderate and operations *warranted*.

Private Families or persons in the adjoining counties, will be attended at their residences, if required. JAS. NEALL, Dentist, and Manufacturer of Artificial Teeth

aug 6

FOR RENT.

For the year 1840 my farm situated on the road leading to Kings Creek and not far from Easton, to a good and responsible farmer the terms will be made agreeable; for particulars apply to.

MARY BENNY.

Also a farm in the Chappel District at present in the occupancy of John Baynard, to rent for the year as above, terms made known by application to

M. B.

July 23, 1839. (3wG)

THE ANTI SYPHILITIC SPECIFIC CURE WARRANTED.

DOCTOR SICARD, for the convenience of those afflicted, has be induced to deposite his *Anti Syphilitic* (French) *Specific* for the perfect cure of secondary Syphilis at the Drug store of Dr. E. Baker, North East corner Charles and Pratt streets, James H Warner, North East corner Baltimore and Eutaw street, J P Williamson, North West corner of Gay and High sts. This Medicine stands in the highest estimation in France and generally used in Venerial hospitals of that country, and for many years successfully practised by Doctor S. in this & other countries. Doctor SICARD has also placed in the above stores his Specific for the speedy and effectual cure of recent cases, also, Specific for the cure of Gonorrhea, Gleet, Seminal Effusions weakness of the Bladder and Kidney

Persons purchasing his prepations, will have an advantage which no other advertises medicine possesses as the Doctor in particular times willing to give advice in obstinate and occasioned by peculiarity of constitute cases other circumstances.

His long standing as a practitioner in the City, and his success in the cure of diseases of the above nature renders it unnecessary to say more on the subject.—Doctor Sicard's office, N. W. corner of Liberty and Lexington sts, Baltimore.

N. B. As there are no doubt many persons, who will attempt to counterfeit the above medicines, in consequence of their great success, this is to warn the public not to purchase any medicines purporting to be his, except from the above named agents.

Dr. S. will also attend to all in the various branches of his profession.

The above Medicines are sold by the following agents.

T. H. DAWSON & SONS, Easton.
W. J NEVITT, Centreville.

April 30 1839. 1y

NOTICE.

LEWIS F. SCOTTI'S INTELLIGENCE OFFICE.

Old Establishment, No. 2 West Fayette street, basement story of Barnum's City Hotel, and nearly opposite the Battle Monument.

"*Now's the day and now's the hour.*"

Idle times are now all over for those who will apply for situations Just bring recommendations and you will certainly find employment.

WANTED DAILY, Porters, Waiters, Ostlers, Coachmen, Laborers, Clerks, Barkeepers, Chambermaids, Cooks, Wet and Dry Nurses, &c.

FAMILIES may rely upon getting good servants at this office

INFORMATION on any business given or received, or forwarded far or near.

HOUSES, Lots, Farms, &c. for sale, rent lease.

CITIZENS, Strangers and Emigrants visiting this city, would do well to call at this office.

LOST CHILDREN kept at this office un called for.

SLAVES.—Persons having Slaves for life that wish to dispose of them, either ou or in the State, can find purchasers for them at this office.

Any commands will be thankfully received and promptly attended to. Charges moderate and particularly be it understood, all communications through the post office must be post paid.

In order that strangers may be informed as to general character of the advertiser, for industry and prompt attention to business and general knowledge and experience, he is kindly permitted to refer to the following gentlemen.

Reverdy Johnson, Esq. Samuel Moale, Esq James M. Buchanan, Esq. James Purviance, Esq. David Barnum, City Hotel; William Frick, Port Collector.

LEWIS F. SCOTTI.

Baltimore, Nov. 6, 1838.

THE STEAM BOAT
MARYLAND.

Will commence her accustomed rout to St. Michaels and Wye Landing on Monday the 6th of May. She will leave Baltimore every Monday morning at 7 o'clock, touching at Annapolis, arrive at St Michaels about 1 o'clock proceed to Wye Landing and return to Baltimore, direct, the same day. All baggage at the risk of its owners.

L G. TAYLOR, Capt.

April 30, 1839.

COACH, GIG AND HARNESS

Making.

THE subscribers return their grateful acknowledgements to their friends, customers and the public generally, for the liberal patronge extended to them in their line of business and now respectfully take this method to inform them that they continue to manufacture every kind of Carriage, in the neatest and most elegant manner, and on reasonble terms,

They flatter themselves that from their knowledge and experience in the business, and from their determination to use none but the best materials, and employ the best workmen, that they will be able as heretofore, to give entire satisfaction to all who may honor them with their custom

They have now finished and ready for sale, a large assortment of

NEW

CARRIAGES,

made in the latest style and fashion; among them a beautiful COACH, two handsome family CHARIOTEES, BAROUCHES, YORK WAGONS, GIGS, &c. &c. and a large lot of

HARNESS

both double and single, which they will dispose of with or without the carriages. In connexion with the above, they have a great variety of second hand Gigs and four-wheeled work, which they are anxious to sell at the most reduced prices; and they would most respectfully invite the attention of the public to call and examine their assortment and judge for themselves. All kind of repairing done as heretofore, at the shortest notice, in the best manner and on accommodating terms. Orders for work from a distance thankfully received and punctually executed by

The public's obedient servants,
ANDERSON & HOPKINS.

april 30, 1839 (G)

N. B. Five active intelligent boys will be taken at the different branches of coach making if early application is made.

A. & H.

The Aurora & Chronicle at Cambridge, and Centinel and Times at Centreville, will copy the above advertisement 3 weeks and charge this office

CLARK'S

OLD ESTABLISHED LUCKY OFFICE
N. W. corner of Baltimore & Calvert sts.
(UNDER THE MUSEUM.)
WHERE HAVE BEEN SOLD
Prizes! Prizes! Prizes!!
Dollars—Millions of Dollars!

NOTICE.—Any person or persons, throughout the United States, who may desire to try their luck, either in the Maryland State Lotteries, or in authorised Lotteries of other States, some one of which are drawn daily—Tickets from $1 to $10, shares in proportion—are respectfully requested to forward their orders by mail (post paid) or otherwise, enclosing cash or prize tickets which will be thankfully received and executed by return mail, with the same prompt* attention as if on personal application, & the result given (will if requested) immediately after the drawing.—Please address

JOHN CLARK.

Old established Prize Vender, N. W. corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, under the Museum

Dec. 4, 1838.

New Establishment.

JOHN B. RAY, respectfully informs the citizens of Easton and its vicinity generally, that he has taken the store at the corner of Washington and Dover Streets and nearly opposite the Market House, where he intends carrying on the

SADDLE, TRUNK AND HARNESS MAKING,

in all its variety, and on the most accommodating terms. He solicits a share of the public patronage, & promises to execute his work with all possible despatch, and in the most substantial and workmanlike manner. He has on hand,

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF

Whips, Bits, Stirrups of all kinds, travelling Trunks, Harness & Saddles of every description, which he will sell at city prices.

August 6, 1839 6w

POETRY.

FANNY.—The Harpers, of New York, have issued a beautiful edition of Halleck's "Fanny."

From the numerous little gems with which the volume is eked out, we take the following

SONG.

From the Drama of "The Spy."

The harp of love, when first I heard
Its song beneath the woodland tree,
Was echoed by his plighted word,
And ah! how dear its song to me;
But wail'd the hour will ever be
When to the air the bugle gave,
To hush love's gentle ministrelsy,
The wild war music of the brave.

For he hath heard its song, and now
Its voice is sweeter than mine own;
And he hath broke the plighted vow
He breathed to me and me alone.
That harp hath lost its wonted fone,
No more its strings his fingers move;
Oh! would that he had only known
The music of the harp of love.

LINES WRITTEN AT SEA.
By Park Benjamin.

The sails are set—the breeze is fair—
Before us smiles the sea;
Lo, how yon halcyon skims the air!
As rapid and as free,
Our vessel bends her easy flight;
While o'er the waves we waft good night—
Our native land, to thee!

Ah! mingles there no fond regret,
With this low-breathed farewell—
Were not our eyes with tear-drops wet,
When last they sadly fell
Upon thy features, mother earth—
On scenes familiar from our birth,
On mountain, wood and dell?

Beat there no hearts in this dear clime,
Whose feelings are our own,
That we shall meet unchanged by time,
When days and years have flown,
And homeward o'er the flashing deep,
Our gallant ship again shall sweep
Like yon swift bird, alone!

Oh, stay thy wing, thou speeding bird,
And to our native shore
Bear on thy flight the simple word,
'Farewell!' when day is o'er—
When day is o'er, and near thy nest,
Upon some crag's wind-sheltered breast,
Thy circling pinions soar

Yet there is music in the waves,
Though sad our parting be;
And joy, deep joy, to him who braves
The dangers of the sea.
[illegible]
When on the waters he might roam,
As gloriously as we?

Then let us dash away the fear
That trembles in our eye;
There should be nought but happy cheer,
Between the sea and sky
The sails are set—the breeze is fair—
And like yon bird along the air,
Still shall our vessel fly!

DANDIES.—As I was passing up Westminister street the other day, I was very much amused at a few remarks made by two little urchans who were trotting on before me. They had just met one of our modern dandies, whose upper lip was pretty considerably shaded with dark, grizzly-looking hair.

"What's that?" asked the younger lad.

"That," replied the other, "why that—that is—I dont know what they call it belongs to the caravan."

"To the caravan!—why I wonder how it got lost? Perhaps it will bite!"

"No, I guess not; poke a stick at it, and see."

Not at all afraid, the younger did run after it, and cooly *poked a stick at it*. "You impertinent little rascal," exclaimed the exquisite, turning suddenly round, "desist, or I'll chastise ye, dam' me, if I will not!

"Hey?" cried the astonished urchin

H-a-y!—yes, you low, vulgar, ill-born, illiterate scamp; I'll absquatalise you in an instant"—and elevating his foot to effect his purpose, and as ill-luck would have it, a seam gave way, and one leg of his pantaloons was entirely ripped apart.

"Burst his boiler! burst his boiler!" screamed the lads and away they scampered.

The best of the joke was, three ladies stopped by the way, and witnessed the whole affair, apparently with much gratification.—Providence Journal.

When Cesar received a challenge from Anthony to engage him in single combat, he very calmly answered the bearer of the message, "If Anthony is weary of life, tell him there are other ways for death than the point of sword!" Who ever deemed this an instance of cowardice? All ages have admired it as the act of a discreet and gallant man, who was sensible of his own importance, and knew how to treat the petulant and revengeful humor of a discontented adversary with deserved contempt.

The Justice of the world.—A Merchant, or a tradesman, will pay a painter, four, six, eight and twenty dollars for a signboard to stick over his door, to be gazed at by loafers, or to excite the wonder and curiosity of idle fellows, who have nothing to do but to stare at outside show, without a shilling to spend at the counter At the same time they will neglect to improve the advantages of the newspaper, or grumble at the small charge of the printer, who sends a full account of their wares and merchandize home to a thousand families, and ten thousand readers, the most of whom have no time to walk into the street and read signboards; and consequently, without the notice in the paper, never would have found their way to the tradesman's shop, or merchant's store.—N. R. Times.

Read that—and learn wisdom.

An individual by the name of T. W. Witman, shot himself at Third street Hall, on Saturday night, about half past eleven o'clock.—The wound inflicted by the ball, is not of such a character as to endanger his life. It is said that love was the cause of this rash act.—Philad. Herald.

LAUGHABLE STORY.

The following is a laughable account of the misfortunes, which befel an American gentleman upon a visit to a lady in Paris, to whom he bore letters of introduction. After relating a number of ludicrous and amusing mistakes upon his entrance in the presence of the lady, he thus proceeds.

The ordinary routine of a French dinner commenced A regular series of servants appeared each instant at elbow, inviting us to partake of a thousand different kinds of wine, under strings of names which I no more understand than their composition, or they my *gaucheries*. Resolved to avoid all further opportunities for displaying my predominant trait, I sat in the most obstinate silence, saying *out* to every thing that was offered to me, and eating with the most devoted application, till my fair neighbor, tired with my taciturnity and her own, at length herself began a conversation by enquiring how I was pleased with the opera. I was just raising a large morsel of potatoe to my mouth, and in order to reply as quickly as possible, I hastily, thrust it in, intending to swallow it as hastily. Heavens! It was as hot as burning lava What could I do? The lady's eyes were fixed upon me, waiting a reply to her question. But my mouth in flame, I rolled the burning morsel hither and thither, rocking my head from side to side, while my eyes, which involuntarily I had fixed on her, were strained from their sockets. She regarded my grimaces, of the cause of which she was ignorant, with the expression of amazement and surprise, at which I can laugh now when I think of it.

"Monsieur is ill!" at length she gently and in an anxious tone inquired, I could hear no more. My mouth was flaying with intolerable pain, so, quietly abandoning the point, opened it to the utmost and out dropped the infernal brand upon my plate. Not the slightest tendency to risibility ruffled the imperturbable politeness of the lady She soothingly condoled with me on my misfortune, then gradually led the conversation to a variety of topics, till exercising the magic influence, that true politeness always exercises, I began to forget even my own blunders. Gradually my cheeks burned less painfully, and I could join in the conversation without the fear that every word I uttered shared the fate of the action I attempted, I even ventured to hope, nay, to congratulate myself, that the catalogue of calamities was completed for the day.

"Let no man call himself happy before death" said Solon, and he said wisely. The Ides of March were not yet over. Before us stood a dish of cauliflower, nicely done in butter—This I naturally enough took for a custard pudding, which it sufficiently resembled. Unfortunately my vocabulary was not extensive enough to embrace all the technicalities of the table, and when my fair neighbor inquired if I [illegible] of *corfleur*, I gaily took it to be the French for custard pudding, and so high was my panegyric of it that my plate was bountifully laden with it Alas, one single mouthful was enough to dispel my illusion. Would to heaven that the corfleur had vanished with it. But that remained bodily, and now as I gazed despondently on the huge mass that loomed almost as large and burning as Vesuvius, my heart died within me. Ashamed to confess my mistake though I could as readily have swallowed an equal quantity of soft soap, I struggled mantully on against the mountainous heap at its base—and shutting my eyes and opening my mouth to inhale as large masses as I could without stopping to taste it. But my stomach soon began intelligibly enough to intimate its intention to admit no more of the nauseous stranger beneath its roof, if not even expelling that which had already gained an unwelcome admission.

The seriousness of the task I had undertaken and the resolution necessary to execute it, had given an earnestness and rapidity to my exertions which appetite could not have inspired, when my plate having got somewhat over the edge of the table, upon my leaning forward tilted up, and down slid the disgusting mass into my lap. My handkerchief, unable to bear so weighty a load, bent under in its turn, and a great proportion of it landed safely in my hat. The plate instantly righted itself; as I raised my person and saw as I glanced my eye round the table, that no one had noticed my disaster, I inwardly congratulated myself that the nauseous deception was so happily disposed of. Resolved not to be detected, I instantly, rolled my handkerchief, with its remaining contents, and whipped it into my pocket.

The dinner table was at length deserted for the drawing room, where coffee and liquors were served. Meanwhile I had sought out what I considered a safe hiding place for my hat, beneath a chair in the dining room, for I dare not carry it any longer in my hand, having first thrown a morsel of paper, to hide the cauliflower, should any one chance in seeking for his own had, to look into mine.

On my return to the drawing room, I chanced to be again seated by the lady by whom I had sat at the table. Our conversation was resumed, and we were in the midst of an animated discussion, when a huge spider was seen running up her arm.

"Take it off—take it off," she ejaculated in a terrified voice.

I was always afraid of spiders; so, to avoid touching him with my hand, I caught my pocket handkerchief from my pocket and clapped it at once upon the miscreant, who was already mounting over her temple with rapid strides. Gracious heavens! I had forgotten the cauliflower which was now plastered over her face like an emoulient poultice, fairly killing the spider and blinding an eye of the Lady—while little streamlets of soft butter glided gently down her neck and bosom.

"Mon dieu! Mon dieu!" exclaimed the astonished fair.

"Mon dieu!" was re-echoed from every person's mouth.

"Have you cut your hand!" inquired one.

"No! no—the spider—monsieur is killing the spider."

"What a quantity of entrails!" ejaculated an astonished Frenchman, unconsciously to himself.

Well might he be astonished, the spray of the execrable vegetable, had spattered her dress from head to foot. For myself, the moment the accident occurred, I had mechanically returned my handkerchief to my pocket, but its contents remained.

"What a monster must it have been," observed a young lady, as she helped to relieve my victim from her cruel situation, "I declare I should think he had been living on cauliflower."

At that moment I felt some one touch me, and turning, I saw my companion who had come with me.

"Look at your pantaloons," he whispered.

Already half dead with the confusion and disaster I had caused, I cast my eyes upon my once white dress, and saw at a glance the horrible extent of my dilemma. I had been setting on the fated pocket, and had crushed out the liquid butter, and the soft, paste-like vegetable, which had bedaubed and dripped down them, till it seemed as if it were actually dissolving my pantaloons.

Darting from the spot, I sprang to the place where I had left my hat; but before I could reach it, a sudden storm of wrath was heard at the door.

"Sar! bete! sac-r-e" the r in the first syllable being made to roll like a watchman's rattle, mingled with another epithet and name that an angry Frenchman never spares, was heard rising like a fierce tempest without the door. Suddenly there was a pause; a gurgling sound, as of one swallowing involuntarily—and the storm of wrath again broke out with redoubled fury. I seized my hat and opened the door, & the whole matter was at once explained—we had exchanged hats—and there he stood, the soft cauliflower gushing down his cheeks, blinding his eyes, filling his mouth, hair, mustachios, ears and whiskers. Never shall I forget that spectacle. There he stood astride, like the Colossus, and stooping gently forward, his eye forcibly closed, his arms drooping out from his body, and dripping cauliflower and butter from every pore.

I staid no longer; but retaining his hat, I rushed from the house jumped into a "fiacre" and arrived safely home, heartily resolving, that to my latest hour, I would never again deliver a letter of introduction.

From the Liverpool Correspondent of N. York Star.

THE BRITISH MINISTRY AND OPPOSITION.

It has struck me that some of your readers, seeing the name of the British Ministry frequently mentioned in foreign newspapers and correspondence, might be glad to learn, briefly and truly, the leading points about them.—Therefore I shall devote some portion of this letter to this purpose, and at the same time, I shall give the same information relative to the Opposition—that is, to members of Peel's Cabinet in 1834-5. Thus, at one glance, they may see who and what are the actual rivals for power in England.

THE CABINET

now consists of *fourteen* ministers, and Peel's Cabinet was thirteen. The Melbourne Cabinet was thirteen until Lord Glenelg was intrigued away, when Lord Morpeth, the Irish Secretary, was made a Cabinet Minister.

LORD MELBOURNE

is the Premier. The 'First Lord of the Treasury' always is head of the Ministry. Sometimes the Premier is also Chancellor of the Exchequer, as were Pitt, Canning and Peel Lord Melbourne is now in his 61st year, having been born in 1779. He was well known in the world of letters as William Lamb, and yet better known in the world of fashion, before he succeeded to his father's title in 1828. His wife was the notorious Lady Caroline Lamb—known to the lovers of *scan. mag.* as one of Byron's old flames But ere this, she and her husband had parted, and lived seperately until her death in 1823. I think Lord Melbourne himself had been known as a *roue* and had figured as defendant in two cases of *crim. con.* One, in 1821, was at the suit of Lord Brandon, and the other in 1836, was the famous Norton case Lord Melbourne was Irish Secretary, under the Tories, and was Home Secretary under Lord Grey, whom he succeed in 1837. He is a bad speaker, even a stammerer. He rarely uses hard language, and his manners are easy and very gentlemanlike. He is a fashionable looking man, with large whiskers, a ruddy colour, and stout make. No one thinks him *remarkably* clever. His salary is $30,000 a year.

LORD CHANCELLOR COTTENHAM.

This nobleman, the official 'Keeper of the Queen's Conscience,' was made Chancellor in 1836. Before this he was Master of the Rolls, known as Sir Chas. Pepys. Before that he was Solicitor General. He is a good Chancery Judge, but was never much of a politician He has not a large private fortune, but the Chancellorship is worth $100,000 a year, and the retiring pension—even if he were only one day in office—is $25,000 a year, It was only $20,000 until Brougham, being then on the woolsack, had it raised. Lord Cottenham rarely speaks in Parliament, and seldom spoke in the Lower House. He is a stout, well built man, with his face much wrinkled but his cheeks quite ruddy. He has always been a Liberal.

LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL.

The Marquis of Lansdowne fills this post.—His salary is $20,000 a year His private fortune is very large. He was in the House of Commons, left it in 1809, on coming to the Marquisate. He was one of 'All the Talents' Administration in 1808, and his Budget was a funny failure. His wife is first lady of the Bedchamber to the Queen. Lord Landsdowne is in his 59th year. He was the second son of the celebrated Earl of Shelbourne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne. He succeeded Pitt in 1806, as Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1826, he became *Home* Secretary under Canning, and the same year when Canning died, became Foreign Secretary, under Lord Goderich. In 1830, under Lord Grey, he became Lord President of the Council. He has always been a moderate whig,—he speaks well, but is rather too fond of polishing his sentences. *He* is a clever man—not a man of genius. He avoids sarcasm, and aims at a gentlemanly demeanor towards his opponents. He has long been known as the friend and patron of Moore the poet, to whom he has given a beautiful place called Slopenton College, on his estate in Wiltshire.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

Thomas Spring Rice fills this post, salary $25,000 a year. He is an active, chattering little fellow. Luck, rather than talent has pushed him on. He is in his 50th year—entered Parliament when he was 30—was an under Secretary in Canning's ministry—Secretary to the Treasury under Lord Grey—Foreign Secretary under Melbourne, until the smash in November 1834—and since April, 1835, has been Chancellor of the Exchequer. He talks fluently, but often comes to the Commons in a condition which shows that he is not a Temperance man. Then, he will talk, and amuses the *House* very much. As a financier, he is nothing but *one moving blunder*.

LORD PRIVY SEAL.

Lord Duncannon, who is Lord Privy Seal and Chief Commissioner of Woods and Forests is in his 50th year. He sat in the Commons for many years, and was called to the Upper as an English Baron in 1834 *His* father, the Earl of Besborough, is an Irish Peer. Lord Duncannon was *Home* Secretary, but from sheer incapacity (as a speaker, being about the worst I ever heard,) was moved into the Lords. His private character is excellent. His annual salary is $20,000 a year.

CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER.

Lord Holland, nephew of the late Charles Fox and father of the British Minister now at Washington, is now in his 67th year. He was born in 1773, and succeeded to the title, on the death of his father, before he was a year old. Educated at Eton, he took his degree in 1790, at Oxford. He went ahead during the French Revolution, and there had an intrigue with Lady Webster, wife of Sir Godfrey Webster. A *crim con.* case was the consequence, and Lord H. had to pay a verdict of $30,000—The lady was divorced, Lord H. married her, and even took her maiden name, (she was a Miss Vassall) & now signs 'Vassall Holland.' He is a vassal, as Lady H is undoubtedly master and mistress. "In 'all the Talents' administration Lord H. was Lord Privy Seal. *He* has been a most consistent whig all his life. *He* is a pretty good speaker. *He* looks older than he is, as the gout has plagued him a great deal. *He* is fond of letters, edited his uncle's *Historical* Fragment, and wrote the lives of Guillen de Castro and Lopez de Vega. *His* annual salary is $25,000 a year.

FOREIGN SECRETARY.

Lord Palmerston (better known by the *soubriquot* "Cupid,") is in his 55th year—rather a ripe age to sacrifice to the Graces He is an Irish Peer, and therefore has no seat in the Lords. He sits in the Commons for the borough of Tiverton. Indeed, he has sat for different seats. In 1806 he was elected for Newport; and became a Lord of the Admiralty; in 1811 was returned for Cambridge, which he represented until 1831. He then sat for Bletchinly. In 1832 he sat for South Hants. In 1834 he was defeated. In June 1835, he was returned for Tiverton, buying out Kennedy, the then member, by a Colonial Judgeship of 4000*l.* a year. Under Lord Grenville he was a Lord of the Admiralty, and Secretary of War under Percival, Liverpool, Canning, and Goderich He was Foreign Secretary from November 1820 until now, with the exception of from November 1834 until April 1835, when Peel was Premier. In other words whoever was in office, whig or tory, had Lord Palmerston's support, if they gave him a place! He is unmarried, speaks well, and has a salary of $25,000 a year.

COLONIAL SECRETARY

The Marquis of Normandy fills this office. The salary is $25,000 a year. He is in his 43d year. His wife (daughter of Lord Ravensworth) is a lady of the Queen's Bedchamber. He sat in the Commons until 1731, when his father died. He has been Lord Privy Seal, Governor of Jamaica, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He is said now to be fishing for the Premiership or the Governorship of India. He resided at Florence for many years, and there used to figure as an amateur actor. At *his* theatre Charles Matthews first came out. He has published some novels, "Matilda," "Yes and No." He has a great taste for letters, and speaks very well. He has a worn and faded look, and has the name of being fonder of pleasure than of business. He was Lord Mulgrave till last year when the Queen gave him the Marquisate. He is in very embarrassed circumstances

HOME SECRETARY.

Lord John Russell is the holder of the Home Secretaryship. The salary is $25,000 a year, and must be an object to a man who is the ill-provided-for younger son of a Duke. He is in his 48th year. He entered Parliament early, sat for Tavistock from 1818 till 1831 (Tavistock being his father's rotten borough,) with the exception of one session for Bandon, and another for Huntingdonshire. From 1831 to 1835 he sat for South Devon, and was rejected. He has since sat for Stroud: From November, 1830 to November, 1834, he was Paymaster of the Forces. From April, 1835, he has been Home Secretary After opposing Parliamentary Reform, and writing a book in defence of rotten boroughs, he was the person to introduce the Reform Bill, in 1831. He has written several works, and is undoubtedly a very clever man. In 1835 he married Lady Ribblesdale, whose death, last year, plunged him into deep sorrow. He is a very small man; indeed, very insignificant in appearance, although what is called "Leader of the House of Commons," he is a very middling speaker.—He stammers—and to this Moore alludes in his well known poem to Lord John:

"With an eloquence—not like those from a height,
Which sparkle and foam, and in vapour are o'er;
But a current that works out its way into light,
Through the flittering recess of thought and of lore."

FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

The Earl of Minto fills this post. All that is known of him is that he has been Ambassador to Berlin, that he draws $25,000 a year for his management of the Admiralty—and that, like Lord Grey, wherever he could provide for his relations or connections out of the public money he has done so. His brother and his eldest son have seats in the lower house.

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF CONTROL.

Sir John Cam Hobhouse has a salary of $25,000 a year. His department is connected with the Indian government, and he does not kill himself by hard work His private fortune is considerable, and he is also one of the partners in the house of Whitbread & Co. the London brewers. He is now in his 53d year. He will be best remembered as the friend of Byron, who travelled with him in Greece and Italy, and who dedicated Childe Harold to him. Their friendship commenced at Cambridge, where Hobhouse founded a Whig Club. In 1809 they went abroad together, and Hobhouse published his travels in Greece with Lord Byron. Some twenty years ago he was a Radi-