EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

NEW SERIES. EASTON MARYLAND, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1840. VOL. VII—NO. 99

THE WHIG & ADVOCATE,

IS EDITED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING

BY GEORGE 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 arrearage are settled, without the approbation of the publisher.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion—larger ones in the same proportion.

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POETRY.

From the Knickerbocker.

TO A FADED FLOWER.

Come to my heart! in beauty come!
Sleep on its pulse, my with'ring flower!
Thou'rt loveliest in thy fading bloom
And dearest in thy drooping hour.
Oh ever thus my spirit twines
Round joys that soonest pass away:
'Twas born to cling like ivy-vines
To ruin and decay!

I twined thee in my hair to night;
It was an hour of mirth and glee,
And many deemed my spirit light,
But oh, the truth I'll whisper thee!
They knew that the heart could fling
A fragance in its wounded hour,
Like the faint perfume hovering
Round thee, my dying flower!

Nor tell the world and thoughts beguile
The careless heart I'm wont to bear,
For when we know and scorn its smile,
Oh! who would ever ask its tear!
Still may this bosom hide its grief,
Still strive to veil the spirit's gloom,
Though I am but a faded leaf,
Within a world of bloom.

L'BELLE.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Lady's Book.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.—Perhaps there is scarcely an ordinary oath administered in any of the transactions of life so little regarded—so little even remembered by all classes, as that taken in the most solemn manner, and in the presence of the almighty, by the husband and wife—"Love, honor, and obey"—How many wives "love honor and obey" their lords? How many even think of doing so; and yet there is an oath recorded against them, every single woman should marry without first knowing her husband's character so well that she may *obey* him with discretion and safety. She yields herself at the altar to his disposition, from which even an attempt to fly is a crime. A wife who contradicts her husband is forsworn. No matter what manner of man he be, she must "obey" if she keep her oath. She has made no reserve on condition at the marriage ceremony. She has not said "I will honor and obey, if he shall deserve it." Her contract is unconditional. It would be better for young ladies before they yield the fatal "yes" to take this view of the subject. They have a duty to perform to their husband, whether he be kind or unreasonable, and they must remember the poet's words.

"War is no strife,
To the dark home and the detested wife."

YANKEE TRICK.—During the revolutionary war two brothers, from one of the eastern ports, were commanders of privateers; they cruised together, and were eminently successful, doing great damage to the enemy and making money for themselves. One evening, being in the latitude of the shoals of Nantucket, but many miles to the eastward of them, they espied a large British vessel, having the appearance of a merchantman, and made towards her; but to their astonishment found her to be a frigate in disguise. A very high breeze prevailing, they hauled off in different directions. One only could be pursued, and the frigate gained rapidly upon him. Finding he could not run away, the commanding officer had recourse to stratagem. On a sudden he hauled down every sail, and all hands were employed with setting poles, as if shoving a vessel off a bank!—The people on board the frigate, amazed at the supposed danger they run, and to save themselves from being grounded; immediately clawed off, and left the more knowing Yankee "to make himself scarce," as soon as night rendered it prudent for him to hoist sail in a sea two hundred fathoms deep.

☞ "Hello there! I say! Murder! Fire! Watch! Gridirons! Helloah—ah!!" "Ho, ho! What's the matter, what's the matter?" "Why, I'm out of tobacco—got any about ye?"

A GOOD 'UN.—Why are pickles like the clogs used upon cattle? D'ye give it up? 'Cause they're cow-*cumbers*.

ORIGIN OF GUNPOWDER.—The greatest improvement which the military service ever received, was in the invention of Gunpowder, which as Polydore Virgil relates, was about the year 1430 of Christ, by Bartholdus Schwartz, a learned Franciscan monk, who having applied himself to chemical investigation, happened to mix together, for some particular purpose, such ingredients as form the constituent parts of gunpowder, viz. saltpetre sulphur and charcoal. This composition, being put into a mortar, and covered with a stone, happened to take fire, and blew off the stone to a considerable distance. The monk was greatly surprised and frightened; but recovering himself, he soon discovered some of these particular uses to which it was afterwards so successfully applied. Schwartz first taught the use of it to Venetians, in the year 1430, during the war with the Genoese; and it was first employed by them in a place called Foosa Clodia, against Lawrence de Medicis; and all Italy complained of it as a manifest innovation of the rules of lawful war.

But what contradicts this account, and shows gunpowder to be of an older date, is the fact mentioned by Peter Mexia; that the Moors, being besieged in 1248 by Alphonsus XI, king of Castile, he discharged a sort of iron mortars upon them, which made a noise like thunder. And he is seconded by Don Pedro, Bishop of Leon, who relates in his Chronicle of King Alphonsus, that in a sea combat between the king of Tunis and the Moorish king of Saville, about five hundred years ago, those of Tunis had certain iron tubes or barrels with which they threw thunderbolts of fire. Du Cange adds, that there is a mention made of gunpowder in the Registers of the Chambers of Accounts in France, as early as in the year 1338.

It appears that Roger Bacon knew of the ingredients, of which gunpowder is compounded one hundred years before Schwartz was borne. That philosopher mentions the composition in express terms, in his treatise "De Nullitate Magiæ," published in 1216, about twenty four years after the author's death.—"You may," say he "raises thunder and lightning at pleasure, by only taking sulphur, nitre and charcoal; which single have no effect, but mixed together, and confined in a close place, cause a noise and explosion greater than a clap of thunder."

From the Hampden (Mass.) Post.

AGRICULTURE—THE CROPS.

The Philadelphia Ledger concludes an interesting article on the crops with the following important information—information particularly important to the agriculturist.

"To show the rapid increase of our agriculture, we offer the following aggregates of production for the last five years, including the present. In 1836, the value of the aggregate was $280 000 000; in 1837 $327,000 000; in 1838 $385,000,000; in 1839, $442 000,000; in 1840, estimated from returns thus far received, $592,000 000. During this period, the currency was continually expanding till 1839, and for this some allowance is to be made, and yet, during the present year, a period of contraction, the value, and consequently the quantity of produce, far exceed that of any former year; and that of 1836 by nearly two-thirds.—During the same period, the value of breat stuffs was in 1836, $160,000 000; in 1837, $200,000,000; in 1838, $235 000,000; in 1839, $294,000,000, in 1840, $376 000,000. This is MORE than doubling in five years. Our readers will remember that 1837 was called a year of scarcity; and we admit that the crops suffered in certain districts of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. But we then insisted that the aggregate production exceeded that of any preceding year and now offer the returns in proof of an assertion which was then denied by superficial thinkers, and the interested speculators who employed them. The produce of 1837, that year of SCARCITY, exceeded that of 1836, by $40,000,000 in value, or 25 per cent of the whole. Our country has no reason to apprehend SCARCITIES. High prices and artificial scarcities have existed, but they were the work of speculation, wielding the instrument of mischief to all real prosperity, an expansible currency.

In another article on the same subject, the Philadelphia Ledger says:—"Notwithstanding the reduction of all prices through the present contraction of our very vicious paper currency, the value of our crops far exceeds that of any former year. This is caused by increasing production; for while old lands continue to be cultivated, and to be rendered, at least in the Northern and Middle States, more productive by improvements in agriculture, large tracts of new lands are annually cleared, and brought under the plough; and while our native population increases with all the rapidity caused by abundant means of subsistence and comfort, large numbers of cultivators and other producers are continually arriving from Europe. If our country can be relieved from the nightmare of vicious legislation nothing can prevent it from being the most productive country in the world. With abundance of fertile land of which hundreds of millions of acres have never received a plough, and with an enterprising and intelligent population, entirely removed from all danger of the commotions which disturb and denace other countries, our country ought to be the great st in the world for the exportation of agricultural produce. It already furnishes employment for a large portion of European manufactures, by means of the cotton crop; and it might and OUGHT to feed a large portion of them by means of the grain crop.

The total value of the agricultural and other produce of the present year is about $592,000,000 Of this, the consumption at home will be about $492,000,000—which leaves about $100,000 000 for exportation. To this must be added the surplus of the last and former years, which is not less than $150 000,000. Here, then, we have $250 000,000 in value of agricultural and other produce, exclusive of manufactures, for the present stock of exchangeable value; and $100,000,000 of the surplus of the present, which is annually increasing."

From the Islander.

THE HARRISON CABINET.

Taking the best view of the case that we can for the Whigs, we can't see how the Harrison Cabinet will be filled up so as to work harmoniously; so conflicting are the elements of the triumphant party. The description which Edmund Burke gave, in his famous "Speech on American Taxation," of the last cabinet formed by Lord Chatham, during the earlier years of the reign of George III, will give the reader some idea of the sort of Cabinet which General Harrison will have to form, though the reader must not suppose that we are instituting a parallel between Lord Chatham and Gen Harrison! The parallel is to be found in the circumstances only. "He," (Lord Chatham,) says Burke, "made an administration, so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of jinnery, so crossly indented and whimsically dovetailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tesselated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers, king's friends and republicans; whigs and tories; treacherous friends and open enemies, that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch & insecure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards, stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, "Sir, your name?—Sir, you have the advantage of me—Mr. Such-a one—I beg a thousand pardons—." I venture to say it did so happen, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoke to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle bed.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

THE SWISS VOLUNTEER.

BY MISS E. K. WILLISON, OF ATHENS, PA.

"His only spell-word Liberty."

Greece had, at length, awakened from her slumber! The spirit which, in ages long past, had nerved her Leonidas and his heroic band to their glorious sacrifice, was now abroad over her land, moving the hearts of her children to the resolution to break the chains of bondage, or perish in the struggle. The spirit of liberty! Terrible was the suffering which that struggle had already cost, and unequal was the contest. A people long trodden to the earth, beneath the iron heel of despotism, arrayed against the might of the Ottoman empire. Deep was the sympathy awakened in her behalf, and many were the volunteers who came from many countries, individually, to her standard; but, as yet, there was not the arm of any national power raised in the cause of unhappy Greece.

The setting sun shone brightly upon one of the most beautiful valleys of Switzerland, and added beauty and glory to the lofty mountains by which it was environed. In a mansion, distinguished above all others in the valley by the elegance of its appearance, a family group was now gathered. All around them told of prosperity and happiness, yet every countenance wore the impress of deep sorrow. From the first intelligence of the efforts of the Greeks to free themselves from their oppressors, the sympathies of this family had been deeply interested in the cause; but they then little thought how precious was the offering which they would be called upon to sacrifice upon its altar. Albert Erhardt, the eldest child of this family, felt that sympathy was not all which duty called him to render in so holy a cause. His was a bold and ardent character, and nature had formed him an enthusiast. Born in a land of liberty, and ever worshipping its spirit, he felt that it would be a glorious privilege to devote himself to aid the descendants of a noble race, whose names he had ever reverenced in their efforts to free themselves from bondage—to suffer and bleed, perhaps to die with them. Ardently as he loved his family, he believed himself called upon to rend asunder the strong ties which bound him to them. Yet when he told them of this conviction, and implored his parents' permission for his departure, and blessing upon the enterprise, it was to them as stars [illegible] of the appearance of the heavens gave token of a coming storm.—The possibility of being called upon to part with a loved one from their number to aid the cause in which their feelings were so much enlisted, had never occurred to them. Their devotion was not equal to the required sacrifice, and the permission which he so much desired, was withheld. Yet when they saw that what they had believed was but a hasty impulse, gained strength with time, instead of passing away with it, and that Albert's happiness was gone, unless he could seek it in the path which his own inclination pointed out, they did, at last, yield a reluctant compliance, and the morning sun would witness his departure from his home. It is a sad thing to part from a much loved friend for a long period, even no uncommon danger is anticipated—but, oh! how much more sorrowful, when that loved one goes forth to be surrounded by death and danger on every side. There were sad hearts that night in the house of Albert Erhardt. The parents who ever had looked upon him, their eldest born, as the prop on which they were to lean in their declining years, sorrowed deeply, for they feared that they should see his face no more. And Louise, his lovely sister, to whom happiness had scarcely deserved the name, if unshared by this dear brother—how was she to bear this painful separation? And his young brother, too, just entering into manhood, who had ever looked upon him as the example to guide his own steps! Nor was he indifferent to the suffering which he was causing these loved ones, but he felt that he was called to fulfil a high purpose, and that it did not become him to falter in his course.

And now his "way was on the waters," and though the remembrance of that loved home was with him, yet ever blending with all else in his mind, was the thought Greece, redeemed, regenerated, and restored to the glory which encircled her in ages long gone by, and he felt that he could be instrumental in effecting this great purpose, he would be willing to be laid in an early grave, far from his own country and kindred. But he resolved, that should this be his fate, his name should be remembered with honor.

Missilonghi was beleagured by the Turks and Albert Erhardt was numbered with its defenders. Many and great were the dangers through which he had passed since he first trod the shore of Greece, and his name was enrolled with those of her most intrepid warriors. The devotion to her cause which was first enkindled in his heart, now glowed with a brighter and more intense flame. And he had now another tie to bind him to her interests, unknown to him when he first devoted himself to her service—an attachment to one of her loveliest daughters. If aught could have increased his efforts in the defence of Missilonghi, it would have been that she he loved was within its walls. The year previously to the commencement of the siege of Missolonghi he was dangerously wounded in an engagement with the Turks. Constantine Leondari, a brother in arms, conveyed him to his house to remain until his wounds should be healed. That home contained a light of loveliness—the only treasure left him of what had once been a numerous household band—his daughter, Irene. She was preserved almost as by a miracle, when all her family were massacred by their merciless oppressors. Leondari had left his family, supposing them safe from immediate danger, and joined his heroic countrymen in their struggle—he came again, and all was desolate. The vine was there, under which his wife and children so often gathered, but its shadow was cast upon their lifeless forms, and the earth beneath it was stained with their blood. Oh! the heart rending agony of that hour to that bereaved husband and father! Henceforth, he said, in the bitterness of his soul, I will live only for vengeance! But when he learned that Irene still survived, and he recovered her from the place of her concealment, his heart softened, and tears came to his relief. Since then they had never parted, but Irene had accompanied her father wherever his duty called him, from one post of danger to another. As Albert recovered, he became deeply interested in the gentle Irene. In the wandering and bewilderment of his illness, he had imagined her, as she glided noiselessly about him, to be a ministering angel, and again he would be transported in fancy to his native land, and think the companion of his childhood—his sister Louise—was beside him. Her watchful care aided his recovery, and he was restored to health and active service.

Irene was well worthy of the affection of Albert Erhardt, and she had a heart to return it. Her's was not the bright and joyous spirit, so common to the spring time of life. How could one, who had suffered as she had suffered, and been bereaved as she had been bereaved, be ever again joyous? Yet her's was a nature full of deep, and ardent, and holy feeling, as she was devoted to her father and her country; and the devotion and self-sacrifice of Albert in the cause of that suffering country, would alone have endeared him to her heart, even had he been otherwise less worthy of its affections. Their faith was plighted to each other, but their marriage was to be delayed until brighter days should dawn on Greece. Yet there now seemed little hope, even should those days arise, that they would survive to behold them, for the force within Missolonghi was almost hopelessly small, when compared in number to its besiegers, [illegible] gainer it to the enemy, they would perish beneath its ruins. Albert commanded at one of the most dangerous posts, and Leondari at another. Irene's apprehensions were ever on the rack for the safety of these loved ones; yet she did not wish them to shrink from the performance of their duty. Months passed, and their small garrison was constantly diminishing, yet she gave thanks to heaven that those dear ones were still spared. But *her* hour of bereavement came. Her father had but just left her, and gone forth to his duty about the walls, when his bleeding form was borne in by his comrades. He had been instantly killed by the bursting of a bomb, thrown into the town. Soon as Albert heard of her father's fall, he hastened to Irene. As he entered, she was bending over the lifeless form, and her tears were fast falling upon it. As she perceived him, she said, "he is gone, and I have no longer any ties save to thee and my country."

Irene was now alone and unprotected, and the day succeeding that of her father's funeral, she became the wife of Albert Erhardt. Their's was a sad bridal, and as they took the vows which were to bind them until death should part them, both felt that those vows might soon be riven.

Time passed on and brought no relief, and the hopes of that little garrison grew fainter, if hope still lingered in their breasts. Their numbers were now wasting from famine and sickness, the consequence of their suffering and privation, as well as from the attacks of the enemy. The earth within the town was broken and ploughed by the shells which were thrown into it, and the inhabitants were obliged to excavate subterraneous dwellings to shelter them, when they could be allowed to rest. The women had long since formed themselves into parties to aid, by nightly labors, in the repairs which the walls constantly needed, and in constructing defences against the enemy. Irene was at the head of one of those devoted bands. Toil and endurance were as nothing to her, could she but aid in the holy cause of liberty. To the wounded too, she was indeed a "sister of mercy," binding their wounds and ministering to them such comforts as were still left them, and soothing the last hours of the dying with the hopes that reached beyond the grave. It was a sublime sight to see that beautiful and fragile being enduring unshrinkingly terrors which might well unnerve the bravest heart of man. But her naturally pale cheek grew paler, and her dark eyes beamed with almost an unearthly lustre, till, at length, exhausted nature sunk under her efforts, and ere the resistance of ill-fated Missolonghi had passed, she was laid low upon a sick bed.

For more than a year had the inhabitants of Missolonghi defended themselves against the Turkish army, with but weak fortifications to aid them; but now all was over, and longer resistance was impossible, their numbers were so wasted, and the survivors were worn with toil and enfeebled by famine. There was one faint & desperate hope for those remaining, that of cutting their way through the enemy, and thus effecting their escape. Those who had not strength to make this effort, formed the fearful resolution of gathering in a magazine, and then firing it to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy.

And now the time was come in which their desperate purpose was to be executed. They had endured sufferings almost unparalleled in the annals of history, with the most devoted heroism, and though to those who still possessed strength for farther effort, the possibility of escape remained, yet to many their last day was certainly numbered. Albert Erhardt had been recently wounded, but not so severely as to be disabled from joining in the sortie, had he possessed no other tie to retain him, save his attachment to the ruins of a city which he had so long striven to defend. But to have attempted the removal of his beloved wife, would at once have extinguished her life's last glimmer. Yet worn as she was by sickness and suffering, the devotion of woman's love still dwelt in her heart, and she urged her husband to leave her to die alone, and avail himself of the last effort for preservation still remaining. There was one motive which she hoped might influence him to this—the hope, if he lived, of being of still farther service to Greece.

"One last farewell, (she entreated,) and then leave me. Your remaining here will but embitter my last moments with the thought that you are devoted to certain death. Leave me, and if you escape, and there remains no farther effort for our country's liberty, return to your native land—to those who love you—those who are so dear to me for your sake. Oh! Albert, I could rejoice to die, could my death ensure your deliverance." He implored her to desist from speaking of leaving her to die alone, assuring her that he had no wish to survive her—that her devotion to him blinded her, or she would see how base it would be for him to desert her, and seek to save his own life.

And now the priests have administered the last sacrament for the dying to all that devoted people; the last farewells were spoken, and those who were still to strive for life, prepared to go forth, and those who there awaited death were gathered to the appointed spot. The mines were charged—there was a sound as of mighty thunder, and all was over in glorious but ill-fated Missolonghi

The sun was again setting upon that lovely Swiss valley, where stood the home [illegible] group was gathered [illegible] save one. Years had passed since that one was with them—years of torturing anxiety for his safety. That anxiety was now changed for the assured desolation of bereavement, for tidings had that day reached them of the downfall of Missolonghi and the fate of their heroic Albert and his devoted wife. And they had also received his farewell, written in full expectation of his fate, and brought away by one who escaped in the sortie. It spoke of the affection with which they were all remembered in his last hours, and told that his devotion to the holy cause of liberty was still remaining, and that he rejoiced that "a Swiss, a child of William Tell, was permitted to mingle his blood with that of the heroes of Greece." But their last bereavement had not yet come to those sorrowing parents, for, ere long, "dust to dust" was said over the form of their beloved daughter. Her over burthened heart had broken.

SKETCH OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS.

We abridge the following admirable sketch from one of a series of papers in the *Britannia*, entitled "The Anatomy of Parliament."

"In all probability, the majority of my readers have never been within the walls of the House of Lords; and would rather have a circumstantial description of what it really is, than to be called upon to indulge at second hand in associations which are after all, somewhat trite. For this purpose then, we will post ourselves in the Gallery appropriated to strangers.

At the further end of the house, between the two high glassed doors which form the Peers' entrance, is the throne. It is placed under a splendid canopy, and raised two or three steps from the floor. All that is not gilded is covered with crimson cloth. Behind the throne, under the canopy, in a circular emblazonment of gold, are the royal initials, but, by a strange negligence, the "W. R." has not yet been replaced by the initial of the Queen.—The space in front of the throne, and on the steps, is occasionally occupied by gentlemen who are introduced by the Lord Chancellor's order, and the three or four aristocratic looking boys who are paying such devout attention to the proceedings, are the sons of Peers. Immediately in front of the throne is what is called the wool-sack—a large crimson mound or bank, like nothing but itself, in the centre of which sits the Lord Chancellor, in all the glories of a silk gown and full judicial wig. A less commodious seat for one who has been there many hours, after a fatigning day in the Chancery Court cannot well be conceived.—Other Peers occasionally lounge about on the wool-sack, though, as there is no back to lean against, one is at a loss to account for their taste. Immediately in front of the wool-sack are two other banks, which are also used as seats or lounging places. The princes of the Blood generally occupy them when present in the house. In front of these is the table, at which sit, with their faces to the Chancellor, two or more clerks, (barristers,) in wigs and gowns; and, occasionally, a master-in-chancery or so. The former individuals have to read petitions and other matters, to the house, when required to do so, and are chiefly distinguished by being the worst readers in the United Kingdom. In front of these is a table and between it and what is called the "bar" behind which strangers and members of the other houses are admitted, are situated the cross benches of the Duke of Richmond and others neutral noblemen—those who have not yet made up their minds; or who have no minds to make up. The great mass of peers are ranged on benches, stretching on each side of the house, from the glass doors before mentioned down to the bar. Of these the government and their supporters sit on the right of the Chancellor, and the opposition on the left. As you view them from the strangers' gallery, or stand at the bar, however, their positions, of course, appear reversed—the opposition being on your right and government on your left.

So much for the ground plan; now for the filling up. But before you begin to inquire who the individual Peers are, the first impression that strikes you is the gentlemanly aspect of the whole assembly. No buz, no creaking of boots and scraping of feet, such as you hear in the House of Commons; but all quiet, easy and well-bred. You instinctively feel that you are in an assembly of gentlemen; nor do you hear or see anything to dispel the illusion. The peers are, in one peculiar respect, distinguished from the Commons; they pay a due attention to dress. There are no dirty vulgar men in the House of Lords—no men with soiled stockings and disordered shoe-ties. They do not seem to favor the delusion that slovenliness and talent have any necessary relationship.

Now for the Peers themselves. Immediately on the right of the Lord Chancellor, and on the extreme left of the house, as viewed from the gallery is the bench of Bishops. In the front is a weak, sickly looking prelate, in a close fitting dark wig. He is the Archbishop of Canterbury, against whom not even his enemies have a word to say. He can champion the Church without provoking the ire of her foes. Near him is the less abstracted, but scarcely less respected, Bishop of London. His full, ruddy, face, offers a fine contrast to the pale visage of the Archbishop. Conspicuous Bishop of Exeter. The next seat to the Bench of Bishops, farther down the house, on the right of the chancellor, are occupied by ministers. In the midst of them sits, or rather toils, the all-potent, because all omnipotent, Melbourne. Observe the careless air with which his white hat is tilted off his forehead and the *dolce far niente* which his whole bearing expresses. He is turning hastily over the leaves of a Government bill; it is the first time he has looked at it, though the order of the day for its second reading is now being moved! The tall dandy, with a face like a Saracen's head, in acute grief is the Marquis of Normandy. An elderly gentleman next him, fresh colored, and with a staid, respectable air, is his brother Marquis, of Lansdowne. A very stout, infirm old man, with crutches, a bald head, and bearing in his face a marked resemblance to the great Charles James Fox, is his nephew, Lord Holland. He is remarkable for vociferous cheering at inconvenient times, and for making good speeches, greatly to the embarrassment of his colleagues. To the right of the Marquis of Landsdowne, you will observe a peer, with a peculiarly sheepish expression and enormous shirt collar—that is Lord Duncannon—In spite of his very silly appearance his lordship is one of the few men of business in the ministry, but the desk, not the house, is his sphere. Immediately adjoining the ministers, on their right, and at the head of a bench that is scarcely separated from theirs, sits Lord Brougham. He displayed his usual sagacity in the choice of that seat. He is as it were among the ministers, but not of them; yet the neutrality of his position is not so marked as to signify the impossibility of reunion. Behind the noble and learned lord, on the black bench, sits the Earl of Radnor. To his right sits the Marquis of Clanricarde, concerning whom, even his friends are silent; near him, also, sits Lord Denham, with that fine severe face of his—the index of so much more then his mind contains.

Let us now turn to the conservative benches, on the left of the Chancellor. First, in all points of view, let us single out the Duke of Wellington. He sits at the end of the first bench, in front. His dress is the simplest, consisting of a blue frock coat, and plain white trowsers. His attitude is singular.—With his arms folded his head sinks on his breast, his hat slouched over his eyes, and his legs stretched out their full length on the floor, he would appear to be asleep, and regardless of all that is going on.—But if you watch his mouth, you will perceive that he is engaged in deep thought, and frequently he rises and proves that he has been so, either by delivering a plain, manly, John Bull-like exposition of his views, or by answering in detail the arguments of those who have gone before. Next to the illustrious duke is his parliamentary squire, Lord Ellenborough—the peer with a full, fresh color and curling dark head of hair. One of the most clear-headed and sensible of his party, he has until lately neglected business for the