

# MINERS' JOURNAL

AND POTTSVILLE GENERAL ADVERTISER.

I will teach you to pierce the bowels of the Earth and bring out from the caverns of the mountains, metals which will give strength to our hands and subject all Nature to our uses and pleasure.—DR. JOHNSON

Weekly by Benjamin Bannan, Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania.

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## Terms of Publication

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Advertisements not exceeding twelve lines will be charged \$1 for three insertions, and 50 cents for one insertion. Letters of insertion must be ordered out unless the time for which they are to be continued is specified, and will be charged accordingly.  
For advertising in the paper, with the privilege of keeping on advertisement not exceeding 2 square inches during the year, and the insertion of a smaller one on each page for three successive times.  
All letters addressed to the editor must be post paid otherwise no attention will be paid to them.  
All notices for meetings, &c. and other notices which have heretofore been inserted gratis, will be charged 25 cents each, except Marriages and Deaths.

Printed by Benjamin Bannan, Pottsville, Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania.

## PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

This elegant and commodious establishment will be open for the reception of travellers from this date. It has been completely refitted, and supplied with Furniture entirely new, and the Bedding &c. is of the first quality, and particular attention has been devoted to every arrangement that can contribute to comfort and convenience.  
The Wines and Liquors have been selected in the most careful and liberal manner, without regard to expense or labor, and will embrace the most favorite brands and stock.  
The Proprietor solicits the support of his friends and the traveling community in general. Should they think proper to visit his house, he hopes by assiduous attention to their wants, to establish for each a character, as may ensure a return of their favors.

FREDERICK DESTIMAVILLE, Proprietor.  
Pottsville, Pa. June 23, 1840.  
N. B. The Refectory in the Basement, is conducted under the superintendance of Mr. John Silver.

## RAIL ROAD IRON.

A complete assortment of Rail Road Iron from 2 1/2 to 12 1/2 inch diameter, turned & unturned.  
RAIL ROAD TIRES from 32 in. to 56 in. external diameter, turned & unturned.  
RAIL ROAD AXLES, 30 in. diameter Rail Road Axles, manufactured from the patent E. C. Cable Iron.  
RAIL ROAD FELT, for placing between the iron Chair and stone block of edge Railways.  
INDIA RUBBER ROPE, manufactured from New Zealand Flax, and intended for Indian Planes and intended for Indian Planes.  
CHAINS, just received a complete assortment of Chains, from 1/2 in. to 1 1/2 in. proved & made of the best cast iron.  
SHIP BOAT AND RAIL ROAD SPIKES, of different sizes, kept constantly on hand and for sale by A. & G. RAISTON, & CO. No. 4, South Front St. Philadelphia, January 18.

## REFINED WHALE OIL.—2000 galls. refined

Whale Oil, just received and for sale by E. A. HATHAWAY & Co. Comm. Merchants, 13 South Front Philadelphia, August, 8.

## Anthracite Pie Plates and Bread Pans.

JUST received on consignment, a supply of Anthracite Pie Plates and Bread Pans from Moore & Stewart's Foundry, Danville, made from the best iron. They are a superior article, and are calculated for baking Pies and Bread than any other articles heretofore in use.

## Chair Stuff.

THE Subscriber has constantly on hand a superior assortment of Chair Stuff which will dispose of at as low rates as can be obtained at any other establishment.  
PETER SEITZINGER, Foot of the Broad Mountain, Little Mahanoy October 3.

## Heyl's Embrication for Horses.

THIS valuable Embrication has been used with great success in the cure of the horse, of all those diseases with which the horse is affected, such as old strains, swellings, galls, strains of the shoulder, &c. It is equally useful in the cure of the horse, and is highly recommended, and should be constantly kept in the stables of all persons owning horses. Heyl's Embrication is sold by J. H. S. C. MARTIN, Drug & Chemical Store, Centre Street, Pottsville, Oct 24.

## BARON VON HUTHELER'S HERB PILLS.

THESE Pills are composed of Herbs, which exert a direct action upon the heart, give a pulse or strength to the arterial system; the blood is quickened and equalized in its circulation through all the vessels, whether the skin, the parts situated internally, or the extremities; and as all the secretions of the body are drawn from the blood, there is a consequent increase of every secretion, and a quickened action of the absorbent and exhalant, or discharging vessels. Any morbid action which may have taken place is corrected, all obstructions are removed, the blood is purified, and the body resumes a healthy state.

## BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

Caution.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of the Medicine contains a notice of its entry according to Congress. And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham street, New York, or from the REGULAR AGENT, B. BANNAN, Pottsville, Feb.

## Pills! Pills!

THE safest, the best, most efficacious and truly vegetable Pills in existence are DR. LEIDY'S BLOOD PILLS.

A component part of which is Sarsaparilla, and known to be the most efficacious and thorough purifier of the blood and the most powerful and safe of all purgatives. They are equally efficacious—while taking them no change of diet or restraint from occupation is necessary. They may be taken at all times and under all circumstances—will not reduce or weaken the system by their effect as most purgatives do—much complaint upon their virtues is unnecessary—their reputation is well established, numerous proofs of their efficacy having been published at different times. Suffice it to say, that in addition to their efficacy in diseases of the stomach, liver, intestines, &c. they are the only pills in existence that cleanse and purify the blood, and animal fluids, and remove all morbid humors therefrom, and thereby removing all eruptions from the skin, and watery pimples from the face, neck and body, itching, itching, or itching out of the skin, and all cutaneous affections whatsoever.

They are prepared from vegetable extracts, warranted free from mercury and the mineral and by a regular physician, attended by Dr. Phineas Horton, Gibson, James, Dewees, Hare, Coxe, &c. besides numerous other physicians throughout the United States, who daily employ them in their practice, and directing them to their patients in preference to all other purgatives, in consequence of their possessing the combined effects of correcting the diseased humors, and blood, and purifying the system, and removing or carrying off the same from the system, without producing the slightest inconvenience, or requiring restrictions, &c.

Numerous testimonials, certificates and recommendations of these Pills, from physicians and others, accompany the directions with each box. Dr. N. B. Leidy's signature accompanies the genuine on two sides of each box of a yellow label.

Price Twenty-five cents a Box. B. BANNAN, Sole Agent for Schuylkill County, Pottsville, Pa. For sale by Lewis & Clark, Pottsville, Pa. 19-21

## BOOK-BINDERY.

B. BANNAN has commenced a Book Bindery in connection with his Book Store, where all kinds of Books will be bound at the shortest notice at low rates.

## THE BURIAL-PLACE AT LAUREL HILL.

By WILLIS GAYLORD CLARKE.

Here the lamented dead in dust shall lie, Life's lingering languors o'er, its labours done; Where waving boughs, betwixt the earth and sky, Admit the farewell radiance of the sun.

Here the long concourse from the murmuring town, With funeral pace and slow, shall enter in; To lay the loved in tranquil silence down, No more to suffer, and no more to sin.

And in this hallow'd spot, where Nature showers Her summer smiles from fair and stainless skies, Affection's hand may strew her dewy flowers, Whose fragrant incense from the grave shall rise.

And here the impressive stone, engraved with words Which grief's sentimental gives to marble pale, Shall teach the heart; while waters, leaves, and birds, Make cheerful music in the passing gale.

Say, wherefore should we weep, and wherefore pour Scented airs the unavailing sigh— While sun-bright waves are quivering to the shore, And landscapes blooming—that the loved must die!

There is an emblem in this peaceful scene:— Sun rainbow colors on the woods will fall; And autumn gales bring the hills of green, As sinks the year to meet its cloudy pall.

Then, cold and pale, in distant visits round, Disrobed and tunic, all the woods will stand; While the chain'd streams are silent as the ground, As death had numb'd them with his icy hand.

Yet when the warm, soft winds shall rise in spring, Like struggling life beams o'er a blasted heath, The bird return'd shall peck his golden wing, And liberal Nature break the spell of death.

So, when the tomb's dull silence finds an end, The blessed dead to endless youth shall rise; And hear th' archangel's thrilling summons blend Its tones with anthems from the upper skies.

There shall the good of earth be found at last, Where dazzling streams and verdant fields expand, Where Love her crown attains—her trials past— And, fill'd with rapture, hails the "better land!"

## LECTURE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The New York Commercial Advertiser gives the following notice of this lecture:

The Lyceum made an auspicious commencement of its season of lectures, last night. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather the name of John Quincy Adams—honored and revered by all who have a reverence for a lofty intellect, profound learning and exalted patriotism—filled the spacious Tabernacle to its utmost capacity. It was an audience of great respectability, and the reception of the venerable statesman was that of high enthusiasm and deep regard. For upward of an hour and a half was the attention of the vast audience enchain'd by a discourse rich in its philosophy, & glowing with thoughts that breathe and words that burn. The following is a brief synopsis of the lecture, prepared to our hands a few days since by the Boston Transcript, where it was first delivered.

Man, he said, stands alone in the wide Universe. Of all living beings he is first-created in the image of his Maker, but endowed with diverse capacities according to his state in various ages. Primarily, man was governed by two laws—self-preservation and procreation; the first regarded his physical condition solely; the second, the perpetuity of his species.

From the earliest ages down to the present time, mankind had four modes of living. First, as hunters; secondly, as shepherds; thirdly, as tillers of the ground, and, fourthly, as the civilized inhabitants of cities. The first was totally inefficient toward the moral condition of man; the life was that of individual independence; man cares nothing for his brother man; his time passes in hunting and war; in hunting beasts, and in war with his fellow man; he knows nothing beyond the limitable forest, and its wild inhabitants; and only when the successes of the chase have depopulated one spot does he seek another. To the hunter, all nature is a thicket. He sees nothing in the aspect of nature to move him to meditate. Through the dark intersections of the forest he catches scarce a glimpse of the starry canopy or azure vault above his head. He lives for himself alone. He is the tyrant of his wife; and, in feeling as well as life, a savage.

Far different is the condition of man in the pastoral state. Besides the perils of the chase, the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea are his delight and pleasure, and even the insects basking in myriads in the sunbeams, excite his mind to contemplation. Living on plains and vast savannahs, with the cloudless heavens above him, his mind is led to reflection; he observes the courses of the planets, and is led by them to the computation of time, and thus the pastoral life may be called the father to the science of astronomy. He chooses his favorite animals, cheery bulls and sheep; and finally pitching a tent on the plain, he takes the first step toward a positive habitation.

The laws of society, by permanence of abode, are multiplied and strengthened; woman ceases to be the slave, and becomes the choicest treasure of man. The beauties and beauties of nature are now observed with love and admiration; each mountain and river, the bird of the air and the insect hum, inspire him with the idea of the beneficence of a wise Creator—and the pastoral life becomes the golden age of poetry. This is, however, an imperfect state of existence; the life is wandering, and polygamy is carried to excess among the people. Necessity, however, leads to still greater improvements, and we subsequently see man existing in the third state—as a tiller of the ground.

We find him exemplifying the beauty and unity of things; he builds him a house to dwell in; has but one wife; and acknowledges one omnipotent Creator and God of all. Here we have the unity of permanent habitation, the unity of conjugal association, and the unity of religious worship; from these proceed the laws of property and the right of inheritance, with the better feeling of patriotism, or love of country. Woman is not now as with the hunter—a slave; or as with the shepherd—a mere possession; she becomes a friend, companion, and spouse; and the comforts of life are no longer dependent, but reciprocal.

Attention is now directed to the mechanic arts, and thus arises the true principle of divided labor—woman acts in her proper place, and man in his appointed sphere. The destructive evils of polygamy are fully felt, and the grand principles of unity as essential to the designs of the supreme Creator is now carried into beautiful effect. The man is the husband of one wife, and the family is governed by the laws of love and justice.

## Civilization, or the congregation of men into cities.

is a consequence of agriculture and the arts to which it leads. Arts leads to science, and invention to discovery—while navigation and ship-building, in extended branches, are the great results. Man's life is now one of action and meditation, and these lead to the progressive improvement of himself and others, of his country and his kind. Self-love and social intercourse are preserved in their beauty and utility. Polygamy is abolished, and man and woman live in pairs, as originally designed by the all-wise Governor of the Universe.

This principle of living, as clearly traced in history through all ages, can be clearly traced in the Holy Scriptures, and worthy truth is but a cobweb of the brain compared to the truths of the Bible. If there had never been a revelation, what would man know of his true position in this life, or of his duty here, in relation to a hereafter? This world is but a great armament of moral and intellectual light, which should serve to point us toward eternal glory in the life to come.

The above is a hasty and very imperfect abstract of Mr. Adams's lecture, and it is impossible in such a sketch to do justice to the moral or biblical recondite of the learned and devout lecturer. He incited in energetic, forcible language, the virtue of chastity, and the necessity of preserving inviolate the conjugal tie—both as regards individual good and the well being of society.

The audience were transfixed by the eloquence of the venerable orator, while, with the strong rein of commanding words, he enforced the moral of his lecture; and they were gratified in observing that the vigorous powers of the speaker, mental and oral, had not only been preserved through a brilliant meridian of life, but had culminated in strength and activity toward a final close, presenting the sublime spectacle of

“the immortal mind,  
Firm as the solid base of this great world,”  
and resting safely on the Rock of Ages, as its sure foundation.

## EGYPT.

Below is an extract from a letter to the editor, of the Boston Morning Post, from a young Bostonian, which will well repay the reader for the time bestowed upon its perusal.

GRAND CAIRO, March 15, 1840.  
Friend Green—From this far-off place—the capital of the Ancient Pharaohs—the city of Saladin, the foe of Richard Cœur de Lion—within sight of and almost under the mighty walls of the Pyramids—I send you a hearty shake of the hand. You know something of my former route. The facilities afforded to me in travelling through Russia enabled me to see the country more thoroughly, perhaps, than almost any foreigner who has gone before me; but whether I make any use of the information which I have collected, I have not as yet determined. I was in Turkey and Syria during a most interesting period—just when the death of the Sultan Mahmood had occurred, and when the disaffected in all parts of the country were rife for rebellion and outrage, and also when the army of Ibrahim Pacha, triumphant over that of the Sultan, was sweeping through that part of Syria which he had subjugated, and restoring order by chopping off the heads of the disaffected!

Passing through Syria, I went to Damascus, and thence to Nizzareth, Samaria, the sea of Galilee, the river Jordan, and thence to Jerusalem. I also visited Beihlahem, Bethany, and all the places of interest mentioned in the life of Christ. I have gone through the whole length and breadth of the Holy Land—the hallowed soil where

Which eighteen hundred years ago were mailed  
For our redemption, to the cross cross.

In one of the rooms of the Latin Monastery, at Jerusalem, my heart leapt with joy at seeing three copies of the Boston Morning Post! An English traveller who had been at Jerusalem about three months before me, had brought them with him from Melis, and with most, Christian-like kindness, had left them behind at the Monastery, to gladden the eyes of some future pilgrim. In looking over these papers I observed an editorial article in which you alluded to my humble self, and return you my thanks for the flattering notice. I have also received here in Cairo a copy of the Post of 16th September, containing my letter to you from the Caucasus. And now to Egypt—here I have travelled through; I have been through its whole extent, from North to South, and leaving the Nile, have passed on beyond the frontier of Egypt into Nubia. Egypt now is certainly one of the most interesting countries that a traveller can visit; he sees before him the evidences that man of all ages has trodden upon that soil. Her mighty temples carry him back to a people from whom the knowledge and art which are now diffused all over Europe and the world originally flowed; he sees there the towers of Roman occupation—the ruins of baths and temples, built under the Emperors; he sees, again, the Saracenic architecture of the middle ages, the memorials of Saladin and his followers.

Evidence of the temporary occupation by the French are not wanting; and then again the great works of the present, which are going on under Mohamed Ali, are continually before his eyes.

At one moment you meet with an ancient temple, which for more than 3,000 years has defied all the ravages of time, and close by its side you see some modern improvement—a sugar mill or cotton fabric, placed there by the Pacha, who, by introducing the arts of civilization among a barbarous people, is doing the great thing towards making them happy. In no other place in the world do you see such a mingling of the past and the present; the monument of antiquity seems literally to be shaking hands with the works of our time. I spent many days at Thebes, and the glory of the city of the hundred gates, which Homer sang, has long since departed. The men of Thebes have gone, but they have left eternal monuments behind, and a Memorial statue which as a shrine played; still stands as firmly on its colossal pedestal as when thousands flocked out from those gates to listen to the music of its morning song—And that other statue of immense size, which was said to throw back the rays of the rising sun from its polished surface, as if it were of molten gold, and still remains, though fallen to the ground and broken in its fair proportions. One wanders through the immense temples that still remain, and hears nothing, unless it be that of his own voice or footsteps start up the echoes in the hall of a hundred columns. One of these temples has a hall alone in which are a hundred and fifty columns, many of them twelve feet in diameter and of a goodly height.

Mohamed Ali has caused two of the largest temples that were filled nearly to the roof with earth, to be entirely cleared, and they are now as clear as when services were performed in them of old. A

## decrees has recently been issued by the Pacha, prohibiting the export of antiquities from the country.

Egypt has been, in fact, for the last forty years, overrun by diggers for statues, coins, sphinxes, &c.; but the Pacha now speculates upon his stock of columns, obelisks, &c., to ingratiate himself with the European Powers. Cleopatra's Needle, which still stands upon the sea-shore near Alexandria, was given to the English, but they hesitated about the expense of bringing it away, and there it yet remains. I think we might make a good speculation by swapping our Bunker Hill Monument for it. On the 13th November, I took to my boat, over which the “star-spangled banner” had been floating for more than a month, and while

“My swan-like yacht  
Was gliding down the gleaming Nile”

I watched for the meteoric dance in the heavens. The appearance of an evening sky in Egypt, has always something peculiar, and on this night, as well as several succeeding, there were singular appearances in the Heavens, though nothing so extraordinary as has occurred with us in the United States. I was disappointed in this, because at Cairo this phenomenon of that day has been noted in former years. My Arab boatmen all looked at me with the most profound veneration whenever they saw me star-gazing. We had an eclipse since they had been with me, and Columbus himself, I fancy, hardly gained greater influence over the poor Indians than I did over these sons of Ishmael, simply by foretelling this event in the heavens. I was looked upon as an astrologer, which, throughout all the East, is looked upon as the most sacred of characters. Here let me mention that in the Military School of the Sultan, at Constantinople, astrology is still one of the sciences taught; while at Cairo, in the Pacha's school, it is dropped altogether, and in its place are studied arithmetic and European astronomy. My next destination is the Ionian Isles, from whence you shall again hear from me, as well as from Italy, Spain, France, Holland, and good old England.

## TEMPERANCE RECORD.

The New York Temperance Society now numbers 120,984 members—17,488 of whom have been obtained in the last year. It recently held its tenth anniversary, when the following Ode, written for the occasion by Grenville Mellen, and set to music by Thomas Hastings, was sung in excellent taste.

The giant men of old  
Who walk'd amid the vine,  
Saw earth's first royal age of gold,  
Ere the poet sang of wine!  
They saw no shadow on their path  
Cast from a shadow'd soul,  
Nor heard the Demon's voice of wrath,  
The Demon of the bowl!

They trod like conquerors,  
Led by the light of God—  
And champions of our noble cause  
Fam'd to their forest sod!  
Our noble cause—whose armor binds  
Our frames about with will,  
And marks for Hope and Heaven our minds  
When the shrine is bow'd, and falls!

How walk we now the earth,  
Sons of a dimmer day,  
With spirits of a madden'd mirth,  
Along this pilgrim way!  
Mid city and the mountain wood,  
From poison'd fount and cup,  
Unknown to earth's first solitude,  
The sacrifice goes up.

Men of the brighter years,  
Though not a nobler age,  
Let yours of gladness be the tears  
Along this pilgrim age!  
Tread onward like a girded band,  
For the spirit mark'd for heaven—  
Ye tread to good and great command,  
To God and glory given.

Temperance Anecdote.—A man was taken before a magistrate for being, while drunk, knocked down in the street a minister of religion. The prisoner was fully contented with the offence, but at the urgent intercession of the reverend gentleman whom he had injured, was liberated on signing a testotal pledge for a month. At the expiration of the month, he called at the house of the divine, and being introduced, expressed his gratitude for the effects of the pledge he had submitted to, and concluded with expressing the utmost sorrow at not having met and knocked down his reverence thirty years before.

The Drunkard's Fate.—The Brockville Recorder mentions the death, by drowning, of Charles Footergill, son of the late editor of the Toronto Palladium, while in a state of intoxication.

Another.—A drunkard named Greenleaf, Huskell fell into a mud hole at Augusta, Maine, a few days since, and was drowned.

## SKETCH OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF LORDS.

The following admirable sketch is abridged from one of the 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 reason it is difficult to be given by a strange stranger, than the way he has not yet been placed by the initials of the Queen.”

The House of Lords, 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 their 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 of 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 low cushioned seat for one who has been there many hours, after a fatiguing 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 being immediately in front of the wool-sack are two other banks of the same kind, stretching forward, like the House, which are also used as seats or lounging places. The Princess 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 wig and gowns) and occasionally, a master-in-chancery or so.

The former individuals have to read petitions on their 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 House are admitted 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 House are admitted to the House, when required to do so, and are chiefly distinguished by being the worst readers in the United Kingdom.

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 creaking of boots, or clanking of feet, such as you hear in the House of Commons, but 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, 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 shoes. 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 front is a weak sickly-looking prelate, in a close fitting dark wig. He is the Archbishop of Canterbury, against whom not even a common enemy has a word to say. He can champion the Church, without provoking the ire of his foes. Near him is the least abstracted, but scarcely less respected Bishop of London. His full, rufous face, offers a fine contrast to the pale visage of the Archbishop. Conspicuous among the Peers is the celebrated Bishop of Exeter. The next seats 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 throes, the all-wise and omnipotent Lord Brougham. Observe the careless air with which his white hat is tilted off his forehead and the *dolce fieri* 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 read. 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 Lansdowne. A very stout, infirm old man with a red face, bald head and beaming eyes, is the Duke of Devonshire, who resembles 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 Lansdowne you will observe a peer with peculiar sheepish expression, and enormous shirt collar—that is Lord Darnley. In spite of his very silly appearance his lordship, is one of the few men of business in the ministry, but the *clerk*, not *clerk*, is his sphere. Immediately adjoining the ministers on their right, and at the head of the bench that is scarcely separated from theirs, sits Lord Brougham. He displays 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 possibility of re-union. Behind the noble and learned lord, on the back bench, sits the Earl of Radnor. To his right sits the Marquis of Clanricarde, concerning whom over his friends are silent: near him sits Lord Denbigh, with that fine serene face of his—the index of so much more than 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 in the front of the bench, in front of the dress is the simplest, consisting of a blue frock coat and plain white trousers. His attitude is singular. With his arms folded, his head sunk on his breast he has slouched over his eyes, and his legs stretched out before him, he is in a state of repose, as if he were 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 the subject, 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 not only lately neglected his business for pleasure, but he has become a man, and seems wisely to have become a parliamentary pupil of the duke. Immediately on his right, is a dark haired, pale man, dressed in black, and with the air of a very serious clergyman of the establishment—it is the Earl of Aberdeen, who a strong clear-headed man. Lower down, is a tall old man with white hair, and supported by crutches, is Lord Winford; near him is Lord Kenyon, the peer whose cheek is ruddy with health, but whose hair and whiskers are white as snow. Behind the Earl of Aberdeen, sits the Earl of Devon, a stout ruddy-faced man with sandy hair. When does not get into a passion, there are few more sensible men in his party. On the same row, at the extreme end of the House, farthest from the Lord Chancellor, Lord Lyndhurst has chosen to post himself. He is a man of a fine figure, with a high forehead, and a pair of eyes that seem to look off from the other leaders of his party, it would seem that the inconvenience of the position is his charm. Any other man would feel embarrassed at having to address the House from such a distance: but Lord Lyndhurst's face, mainly trumpet-like, overcomes all these objections, and he makes himself heard, and felt, in any part of the House.

If the strong and characteristic contrast between the House of Commons and the Upper House be marked in the building, its decorations, and the personal appearance of the members, how much the more marked is it in their respective modes of conducting a debate! The reader is aware that scenes of riot and confusion occur sometimes in the Lower House, in comparison with which the councils of the Indian Regatta are venerable. In the House of Lords no such scenes occur. The only excitement that kind that is alluded to there, was when the late king came down to prorogue parliament after the rejection of the reform bill. But how different was the display of feeling! If any strong excitement was produced, it was on such an occasion as the vote on the reform bill, when the House of Lords, in the case of the House of Commons, and their lordships had scarcely given way to it when it was a stop to it. Almost every man who rises in that House, is more or less a statesman: He feels himself—not the representative of a mere class, but the advocate of an isolated few, but one of the guardians of the welfare of the community—a member of the high court of appeals of the nation—the constitutional moderator of the passions and prejudices of the people.

Steel Pens.—An English paper says that in one single establishment no fewer than forty-five millions of steel pens were manufactured between October, 1835, and October, 1839.

People of Iowa determined, as a late election in the Territory, not to form a State government.

## LATEST EUROPEAN NEWS.

Arrival of the *Caledonia* at Boston. FIFTEEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The Cunard steamer from Liverpool, arrived at Boston on Thursday afternoon. By Harnden's Express, via Providence, we have our despatches. The cars of the Boston and Providence Railroad were detained until 7 o'clock, last evening, for the purpose of bringing on the news, still the Narragansett was here at 10 o'clock this morning.

We have London papers of the morning of November 4th. The news is decidedly favorable on the great question of war in Europe, especially as M. Thiers, the leader of the war party in the Cabinet of France, had found it necessary to resign his position.

The Cotton market looks tolerably well. Flour had declined. Money was scarce, though the scarcity had not the appearance of long continued severity.

The packet ship *South America*, from New York, for Liverpool, was fired upon on the 23d inst, just as she was entering the Channel, by an English yacht full of men. The yacht proved to be a revenue cruiser, and the conduct of her officer in command is severely censured by the Liverpool papers.

A letter received at Boston, dated at Liverpool, Nov. 4th, states that the British Queen steamer, which left Portsmouth for New York, Nov. 2d, had put into Hasting. This may be so, but it is quite impossible, as Hasting is some sixty miles west of Pottsville, and it would be strange if the ship were unable to make a port as far east as the one she left; besides, the agents here have no advice on the subject.

The Great Western, which left New York on 10th of October, arrived at Bristol on the 24th.

There was a terrible collision on the 20th, between the *Britannia* and *Phoenix*, two steamships which ply between London and Havre. They met and struck, off Dunquerque Point, in the night. The *Britannia* struck the *Phoenix* just before the paddle-box, the weakest part of a steam vessel, cutting her down to the water's edge. She immediately began to fill, and soon sunk. The passengers and crew were taken on board of the *Britannia*.

The Queen of Spain has abdicated the throne, and the management of affairs has fallen into the hands of Gen. Espartero.

On looking over the accounts now come to hand, we first naturally consider them in their bearing on the all-important question of a war between France and the remaining powers of Europe, for such it essentially will be, should a war take place, and in this we find much to assure us, that the tranquility of the world will not be disturbed. Louis Philippe, as we were fully persuaded he eventually would, has decidedly opposed the warlike measures of M. Thiers, who has in consequence resigned, and been replaced by another minister, of which Marshal Soult is the head. If this more pacific cabinet will be able to command a majority in the Chamber of Deputies, remains yet to be seen. We have our hopes, not, however, without mingled fears on the head, but of this we feel certain, that nothing short of a revolution—of an overthrow of the present dynasty,—can produce a general war.

The success of the Turks and English in Syria, would seem to remove our great cause of complaint on the part of France. The principle was admitted by her, that it was desirable Mesurwar Axis should not retain Syria, but M. Thiers contended that the allied powers had not the ability to drive him thence. The last accounts would seem to indicate, however, that they had nearly succeeded in the attempt. We copy in confirmation of this opinion, the following article from the *London Morning Chronicle* of the 4th, the last paper received.

The French papers of Monday, 27th, testified by unusual express, publish the telegraphic dispatches announcing the complete insurrection of the Lebanon, and the flight of the Emir Bechir, which reached us yesterday by special courier.

They are decisive events, before which all the ead and passion of the French empire. Hitherto each telegraphic dispatch announced that “the Lebanon was tranquil”; another tale is now to be told, and both the French press and Government must admit that they were deceived in their calculations.