EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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☞ All communications to insure attention should be *post paid*.

POETRY.

FRAGMENTS.

'Tis said thou'rt very beautiful—
I own thou art, to me,
But question why my thoughts should turn
So frequently to thee;
I've gazed upon a fairer brow
Than that which fancy pictures now
Serene in loveliness;
And paused to note a sweeter tone—
An eye far lovelier than thine own,
Their eloquence express;—
But still, no single chord was stirr'd,
As now, when e'en thy whispered word,
Low-breathed, steals on my ear—
No memories lingered in my heart
Of glance, or tone, or maiden art,
Or smile, or gathering tear.

How many a weary year hath pass'd
Since stirr'd affection's string!
Or yearned my spirit fondly o'er
A single living thing!
And now, how strangely sweet the thrill
Of interest o'er my heart,—
The sense, that to my lonely way
The cynosure thou art.—
* * * *

Let your heart go back to when
Knowledge was a fountain sealed—
Oh, how happy we were then!
Grief with knowledge was concealed.

If pale Sorrow passed our way,
Through her tears would beam a smile,
Then she'd dash the tears away,!
And sport with as a little while.

Then no spirit-wounding world
Claimed of us a passing thought—
Then no lip of scorn was curled,!
Or we saw the scorner not.
* * * *

I've lived for thee—for still hope's tender flowers,
Half opened, hung within my bosom's bower;
But late, despair its chilling breath had flung
O'er its young petals—and it withering hung.
* * * *

O life! thou changing scene of hopes and fears
Which reign alternate in our number'd years,—
How we poor mortals fondly cling to thee,
And hug our burning chains of misery!
How oft the cup of gladness which we drain,
Is drugg'd with years of sorrowing and pain!
How oft, just as we fix our eager eyes
Rejoicingly upon the glittering prize;
And feel all conscious that we soon shall know
The joy of full possession—fate will throw
Its gloomy shadows o'er our hearts, and bring
Days, years, and months of gloomy sorrowing!
* * * *

Our reason scarce can hold its wonted sway,
And make the restless passions still obey,
Which, like th' impatient charger to be free,
Stretch the strong reign and pant for liberty.
* * * *

[From the American Monthly, for March.]

OUR YANKEE GIRLS.

Let greener lands and bluer skies
If such a wide earth shows—
With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes
Match us the star and rose;
The winds, that lift the Georgian's veil
Or wave Circassia's curls,
Waft to their shores the Sultan's sail,—
Who buys our Yankee girls?

The gay grisette, whose fingers touch
Love's thousand chords so well;
The dark Italian, loving much
But more than one can tell;
And England's fair-haired, blue-eyed dame,
Who binds her brow with pearls,—
Ye, who have seen them, can they shame
Our own sweet Yankee girls?

And what if court or castle vaunt
Its children loftier born,—
Who heeds the silken tassel's flaunt
Beside the golden corn?
They ask not for the courtly toil
Of jewelled knights and earls—
The daughters of the virgin soil,
Our free-born Yankee girls.

By every hill, whose stately pines
Wave their dark arms above,
The home where some fair being shines
To warm the wilds with love;
From barest rock to bleakest shore,
Where farthest sail unfurls
That stars and stripes are floating o'er—
God bless our Yankee girls!

Lord Mulgrave, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, has present a richly chased gold snuff-box to Mr. Tyrone Power, the comedian, as a token of his regard.

DIEAWAY AND HIGGENBOTTOM.

Shewing how an the course of human events when a man comes to be married, he may find himself on the wrong side of the bride.

Hast thou never, gentle reader, been harassed by some one who calls himself a man but whose claim to that title is disputed by all but himself? Yea or nay, as you may answer, with a sigh of sorrow and a tear of regret I can say that such has been my lot.

When I first began to visit I was peculiarly attentive to Miss Clara Fleming, a lady with blue eyes and auburn hair; she was rather a blue stocking—her greatest delight was in reading and reciting poetry. Well—I thought her one of the finest girls in christendom so intellectual—Oh! sighed I, had she only lived in England, when Byron was in existance, her talents would have been appreciated by him—they would have been kindred spirits.

I was wont to visit her pretty often, about seven times a week—making a stay of three, nay, four hours each time. At last one day I thought I would pop the question, and give Miss Clara Fleming an opportunity of becoming Mrs. Adolescens Dieaway. Before I left home on that eventful eve, I dressed after the best models of the *haut ton*, and looking desperate, I took my seat and began to write my proposals, so as to speak them off as extempor. I took out a sheet of extra super fine bath, gilt-edged—for, said I—the paper which contains such an important matter should be the very best that could be obtained. Important I say for so it was to myself, my care sposa that was to be—and posterity in future.

How should I address her, "*Miss Clara*?" oh pshaw! that was too cold by a great deal—"My dearest Clara?" No, no, that was too presuming, what right had I to address her as mine? I finally resolved to omit the address, rather singular this in addressing a lady,) and plunged headlong into the business. * * *

So there's an end on't—and as pretty a set speech as I ever saw in any book. Rap—rap—rap—a knock at the door—that's unfortunate—door opens—enters Mr. Leoline Higgenbottom, a man with two pocket handkerchiefs. Shook hands with the youth—handed him a seat—and wished him in the midst of the Sandwich Isles: "Fine weather is't not?" observed my visitor with a very sagacious look—"quite May like."

"Yes" replied I, "'tis delightful weather."

"And Mr Dieaway, we had been destitute of rain for so long a time, that the rain the other day was quite *apropos*—indeed it is generally useful."

To this wise sentiment, I gave my tacit consent, for I really do believe that rain is generally useful. After we had conversed for some time in this delectable strain—Mr. H. invited me to pay an evening visit with him—I was much obliged to him for his kindness—but pleaded a previous engagement—"should be happy though to pay the visit with Mr. H. at some future day." Soon after he took his leave, and carried my blessings with him for wanted me to go with him.

Once more, I conned my proposals, took a last lond look at Byron in order to quote him at the feet of my adorable. Having brushed my coat for the fiftieth time, and refixed my hair for the sixtieth, to my surprise, I found it yet wanted a half hour of visiting time. Oh! how impatiently I waited till the clock should point out to me the arrival of eight—my heart beat in unison with the time piece; tick, tick, said the mournful pendulum—pat—pat—replied my poor heart—tick pat—tick pat—they two sang in great harmony—the heart playing base—time was kept admirably. *Tempus fugel*, yea, but 'twas with the speed of a tried, worn out, jaded drudge horse—catch time by the fore lock says an old adage—rather, I thought, lay hold of his tail. *Clang, Clang*, went the clock, *hurra*! shouted I, snatched up my hat, and ran furiously towards the front door—but lack-a-day for mortal foresight! More haste less speed was verified—my rapid course received a most lamentable check from a meeting which occurred in the passage between my body and that of my landlady, Mrs. Noddy; "Heigho, who's this?" exclaimed I, recovering my lost centre of gravity.

"Oh! oh! oh! Mr. Dieaway—what shall I do—you—oh, oh" groaned the lady.

"Beg pardon, Mrs. N. hope I did not offend—you are not hurt much—are you," said I half laughing, half crying.

"No matter, Mr. D. oh! oh! no offence meant, none taken; I was first coming to see what had happened to you, oh! (suppressing a groan) I heard such a loud outcry in your room," I blushed and could stand it no longer, so I made for the door. "Sorry—very sorry indeed, have an engagement, good evening madam."

The conclusion of my imperfect sentence found me in the street,—my good natured Mrs. Noddy closing the door! 'Twas a clear night in December, and the stars were poetically bright. I looked upwards and shivered I *tried* to be romantic on the strength of the beauty of night and of my own peculiar situation, but 'twould not do—'twas too cold. To change the subject—how comfortable for one when writing to put a few stars and let the reader imagine what ought to be there—so here goes. * * * *

As my name was announced I made my entree—'tis always better so to do, as soon as possible—otherwise you give scandal a fine opportunity to edge in a word of malice, and so make your reception rather cool.

"Good evening ladies." bowing, "I hope I find you,"—I stopped short for my eye caught the *rampant* figure of Mr. Leoline Higgenbottom, a flaming red handkerchief protruding from his coat pocket, and a nice white, worked-border cambric one in his hand. By-the-bye I took a hint from this and resolved that in future the person of Mr. Adolescens Dieaway should always be furnished with two articles of the same species—one to be useful and the special occupant of my pocket—while the other should be ornamental—always in my hand so as to call for admiration from the fair sex and envy from the males. Men.—let it be far superior to Mr. H's. Pardon the digression.

I took my seat by the side of Miss Clara—Mr. Higgenbottom installed himself and his pocket handkerchiefs on the opposite side of the room, next Miss F's sister—a bashful young lady in her teens;—they two flirted the whole evening, whilst our conversation, as I thought, being restrained by their presence, was either commonplace, or inclined to the poetical; neither suiting my purpose,—the commonplace being as much too far from, as the poetical was too near the delicate subject of my thoughts. In consequence the hours passed by me heavily and tediously—on our side of the room, the talk was insipid—on the other Mr. Higgenbottom seemed to be making inroads upon the lady's tender heart. Half past eleven, still Mr. H. gave no symptoms of retiring—he flourished his cambric with great admiration and the later the hour, the more lively he—this caused me no little vexation, but when I caught the lady of my love yawning, my case I well knew was hopeless for that night, so I bade adieu. Bulwer has said that if one retires from a room leaving others behind—*people will talk*—aye—and of their best friends. I felt the truth of this, but nathelessafter Morpheus had made such sad and perceptible inroads upon Clara's politeness. I could not stay.

SCOUNDRELIZING.

Talking of old women, makes me think of young ones. I see by an article in one of the late English magazines, that the palm of superior beauty is frankly awarded to the ladies of the United States. This is just. Who can walk through the streets of any of our principal cities,—New York or Philadelphia for instance,—never to forgetting Baltimore,—without being struck and *smitten* with the rare loveliness of the damsels therein? It is like walking through a splendid gallery of animated pictures. How many fairy forms, and "wreathed smiles," and dove-like eyes! I care not if the observer of these be an elder of Methusalem,—he must be moved,—he must admire: for

——"Who can curiously behold
The smoothness and the sheen of Beauty's cheek,
Nor feel the heart can never all grow old?"

But there is a pestilent pack of fellows in New York, who are potent wine-bibbers and fortune hunters, that spend their days and nights in *scoundrelizing*, to use a term of their own. A member of this clan will pay his devoirs to a lady, giving her every reason to believe that he is serious in his intentions, and overflowing with affection, when he is only worming from her a few secrets respecting her goods and chattles, present and prospective. These varlets have a cabalistic language of their own, of which I will endeavor to give the reader an idea. I overheard a pair of them conversing not long ago in Broadway, and having previously acquired the key to their dialect, I understood it perfectly.

"Well, Bob," said one "were you at Miss ——'s *soiree* last night? It was expected to be superb."

"Yes, I was, Tom,—but my good fellow, it was scarce an object. It was hardly worth the perfume that unctuated my whiskers without. There were several sweet, virtuous young ladies;—modest,—exemplary, lovely. But they were some engaged, and the rest were "minus the *brads*,"—"paupers, all,

"But Miss Van Blank was there, was'nt she? If so, I say there was Heaven. Which improve the sunshine in Eden. There is retiring, bashful, rose-like loveliness for you."

"Granted Tom,—she *was* there,—all you say is true: but my dear boy, she has no *moral character*. Her reputation is bad. Now who do you think was the very nucleus of the company? Why, that rich and ugly Miss ——. They say she is *improving*, every year, and egad, I think so. She has persons enough in her employ, amending her face and frame, to beautify the Witch of Endor.—Look at her hand,—why it is as large as the hand of Providence. She has got a better smile than she was wont to have,—*and I know who sold it to her!* I saw that smile last year, in a glass case, at the exhibition of the American Institute. It cost her money,—and really it has done execution. That great walking porker, Frank Rumminson, has asked her hand, and won it. The money-hunters flock around her, as the fish do round a fly. Frank will have a great *prize* with her,—but the worst of it is, she is immortal. I believe she must have descended from the Wandering Jew; and I'll wager a dozen of champaigne that she will live till doomsday, and be the first to hear the angel Gabriel give his *solo obligato* on the trumpet."

"Hush Bob,—you are getting blasphemous. This won't do. Who else was there?

"Why Miss ——, the younger. You know she was thought quite rich, and the fellows scoundrelized about her very extensively, until they found their error, when they retired in shoals. I asked one of them last night what had become of her property? "Ah" said he, "my fine boy, we are misinformed.—She has no property to become *of*."

Thus they went on,—but I must explain their lingo. When these varlets wish to inquire among themselves respecting a lady's fortune, under the synonym of an inquiry as to her *moral character*. If affluent, it is "excellent;" if middling, she "has a fair reputation;" if without any funds, they call her "perfectly abandoned, with no character at all. So they go,—playing evermore the same mercenary and scoundrel game. Out upon them!—They ought to be hanged, and then pulled by the nose. The damsel of whom the young *partizan* spoke, with all her plainness, is deluged with compliments and love letters. As Frank Rumminson is the elect she burns most of these scrawls without reading.—*Knickerbocker*.

GOOD TEMPER.

If persons who desire the good opinion of those around them knew how that opinion changed into dislike or contempt upon every manifestation of ill humor—or unreasonableness of conduct arising from a whim or pique, they would be much more careful in exercising the helps and hints requisite towards the preservation of a good temper. Show me a person with a good temper, and I will show you one who is liked by friends and dependants,—on the contrary, show me the individual who suffers himself or herself to be ever grumbling and fault-finding, and you have one who, if not despised, is disliked and shunned.

This scolding and querulousness which some persons are so fond of indulging in, is however, a kind of luxury to them. It is true, they are despised; and and are said to have an unhappy disposition; but this latter conclusion is not exactly correct—for, the simple fact of their scolding is no sign at all of unhappiness,—it is in fact, the way in which they express the enjoyment and satisfaction which they experience,—to them contention is delight—and delight of the highest state of exquisite nervous excitement. Do you doubt it? A poor observer of human nature you must be indeed! Why, I believe that a scolding woman, while in the full exercise of her unruly member, with her eyes flashing and her cheek glowing, experiences a degree of pleasure of which your phlegmatic even-tempered folks have not the most distant conception!

WHY DO WOMEN SCOLD?

Why do notable housewives scold more on a Sabbath morning than through the week?—and with more bitterness and querelousness after returning from church than before going? And furthermore why do women scold more than men, nay I say?—Perhaps it is because they have a little more to do with a certain crooked and perverse generation than we have, and wear out their patience in the contest?—Oh! that women would leave to rule their tongues, if it was only in charity to me, for I get nervous whenever I hear a lady's voice grow strong in loving, or rise above the low, sweet breathings of kindness, which fall, at times, so gently and soothingly upon a crushed and bruised spirit.

WILD REVENGE.

On the shores of Mull a craig is pointed out, overhanging the sea, concerning which there is the following tradition:—Some centuries since, the chief of the district, Maclean of Lochbuy, had a grand hunting excursion. To grace the festivity, his lady attended with her only child, an infant in the nurse's arms. The deer, driven by the hounds, and hemmed in by surrounding rocks, drew to a narrow pass, the only outlet they could find: Here the chief had placed one of his men to guard the deer from passing, but the animals rushed with such impetuosity that the poor forester could not withstand them. In the rage of the moment, Maclean threatened the man with instant death, but his punishment was commuted to a whipping or scourging in the face of the clan, which, in those feudal times, was considered degrading punishment, fit only for the lowest of menials, and the worst of crimes.—The clansman burned with anger and revenge. He rushed forward, plucked the tender infant, the heir of Lochbuy, from the hands of the nurse, and bounding to the rocks, in a moment stood on a almost inaccessible cliff projecting over the water. The screams of the agonized mother and chief at the awful jeopardy in which their only child was placed may be easily conceived. Maclean implored the man to give him back his son, and expressed his deep contrition for the degradation he had, in a moment of excitement, inflicted on his clansman. The other replied, that the only condition on which he would consent to the restitution was, that Maclean himself should bare his back to the cord, and be publicly scourged as he had been! In despair the chief consented, saying he would submit to any thing if his child were but restored. To the grief and astonishment of the clan, Maclean bore this insult, and when it was completed, begged that the clansman might return from his perilous situation with the young chief.—The man regarded him with a smile of demoniac revenge, and, lifting high the child in the air, plunged with him into the abyss below. The sea closed over them, and neither, it is said, ever emerged from the tempestuous whirlpools and basaltic caverns that yawned around them, and still threaten the inexperienced navigators of the shores of Mull.

KEEP OUT OF THE KITCHEN.

"Where ignorance is bliss
'Tis folly to be wise."

In our college days, we once strolled into the kitchen of the great hall, being naturally curious to learn how cooking was managed on a scale so extensive as to meet the wants of some 200 students. It was a quarter of an hour before breakfast, and an enormous kettle filled with coffee, as it was denominated, hung gloomily over the fire. As its contents boiled and bubbled, we observed ever and anon some dark substance, evidently too large to be a grain of coffee, rising to the surface, and instantly ducking down, as if its deeds were evil. What was it? Of that very same liquid in fifteen minutes we were to partake; we were to persuade our palate that it was bona fide coffee, despite of all insinuations that it was made of poplar leaves and damaged rye. What could this mysterious black substance be? Was it a sturgeon, or a negroe's head, or a stove pipe? The question was one of great personal interest—curiosity took the alarm—our evil star had provided a cane—we plunged into the boiling ocean before us, and raised it to the fair light of the laughing morn, an *old hat*. Heavens! what a discovery; even now we tremble at the horrid recollection.

In a few minutes we were in the breakfast hall, carrying the hat on the cane's point. There were our class mates masticating, with all their might, the toughest bread in Christendom, pouring down their devoted throats cup after cup of that infernal beverage. I took my place next to my friend Frank Stanley.

"Frank, what are you drinking?"

"Coffee."

"Will you take your oath of that?"

"What the deuce do you mean?"

"I have been in the kitchen; I have made a terrible discovery; down that cup for mercy's sake!"

Here the whole table caught the alarm, "speak out, speak out," resounded on all sides.

"Fellow-Juniors, you fondly imagine that you have been drinking coffee; no such thing; you have been drinking HAT soup; here is the hat itself, holding up the still reeking and horrible mass, which had been boiled into a polygon, five minutes ago I fished this out of the coffee kettle!"

The same junior class was composed of as many reckless dare devils as were ever congregated under the roof; they cared nothing for thunder claps, or stages in the process of being capsized, they had once set at defiance all the militia of ——county; but this discovery was too much for them; every one was appalled, and they all left the room muttering execrations. That night the cook was tarred and feathered, and rode on a rail, and the keeper of the hall was burnt in effigy. I never took another cup of college coffee.

The story has its moral. Curiosity which turned Eve out of Eden, and sent Doctor Faustus to old Nicholas, familiarly called old Nick, is as total to the physical as it is to the intellectual appetite. The tree of knowledge is not the tree of life—and if we gather the fruit of the former, we lose our relish for that of the latter. Reader, if you are inclined to inquietude—if you live in an after dinner dread of apoplexy—in three weeks you will be as thin as Cassius without his "hungry look." But if you wish to enjoy the good things of life, seek not to be wise, but above all things keep out of the kitchen.

So with the stage. The time was when we hung with breathless interest on the mimic scene. But one fatal night we went behind the scenes. We took a glass of wine with Virginius, cracked a joke with Appius Claudius, and made our bow to Virginia, just after the old man had killed her in the market. The charm was broken—the golden chain of imagination was severed—it has never been united.

"YANKEE DOODLE."

An American gentleman in Paris, after giving an account of the Fourth of July celebration, in that capitol, adds—

I must not omit to tell you how much we cheered, "Yankee Doodle." At home we should have heard it with pleasure, but without cheering. Here, when it was struck up, it touched the electric chain that binds us to the pleasant land we have left, and all seemed to be inspired with one impulse, to applaud again. I know not whether the tune in the abstract be good or bad, but music, like poetry, is to be praised according to the number of associations it awakens, or the image it renews. Yankee Doodle should have with us no parallel; and Von Weber never made such a strain in his life.

"Take a Scotchman from his hill," and at the ends of the earth tickle his ears with Auld Robin Grey, or Auld Lang Syne, and it annihilates time and space. He

"Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind."

He is back in imagination (which is reality—as much as words are things,) to the friends, the heath, the broom, the red plaid, the blue bonnets, the "honest men and bonny lasses."

Or grind in the hard ears of the Swiss on the Cumberland road, his unmusical *Rondz des Vaches*, upon no sweeter organ than a cart-wheel, and he is no longer in the Alleghanies.

He is among his Alps, in some rude log cabin with one end sunk into the mountain, and perched on a cliff so steep that he must ascend it with hands and feet. Or he is beside some clear mountain-lake, a little mirror of the Alps, or some waterfall or sheet of foam from their snowy summit.

I know not what are the images raised in the minds of others by "that good old tune," of which I spoke, but to me it is a glass of Surra's magician, and presents an image of beauty. It shows me a green land of long rivers and broad lakes, a land flowing with milk and honey—a land of steady habits, white churches, red school houses, and many newspapers.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESSIONAL SYNOPSIS.

IN SENATE.

WEDNESDAY, March 16, 1836.

Mr. WEBSTER presented some memorials from Boston, and Michigan, praying for the abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia. He made some remarks on the subject, and moved a reference of the petitions to the committee on the District of Columbia.

Mr. MANGUM moved that the petitions be not received. He stated it to be his object to record his name on the question, as he had not been able to attend when that question was decided on a former petition.

On motion of Mr. RIVES, who wished for some time to consult as to the propriety of some other course of action, the motion was laid on the table.

Mr. EWING of Ohio, then presented some petitions, on the same subject, on which the same course was pursued.

Mr. EWING also presented the proceedings of a Cincinnati-Anti Slavery and Anti-Abolition meeting, which were read and laid on the table.

Mr. CRITTENDEN presented some resolutions from the Legislature of Kentucky on the subject of Slavery which were read and ordered to be laid on the table.

Mr. PRESTON moved that the Secretary of the Senate cause a list of petitions on these subjects, and of the names of the petitioners to be made out and printed.

This motion, after some consideration, was laid on the table.

Mr. WALKER, on leave, introduced two bills granting pre-emption rights, which were read twice and referred to the Committee on Public Land Claims.

Mr. BENTON laid on the table his Expunging Resolutions. [They are so long at the late hour when they were presented, it was impossible to make out a copy in time to send to you.]

Mr. KING, of Ga., gave notice, that, after progress had been made on the bill to appropriate the proceeds of the Public Lands, he should move the Senate to proceed to the consideration of Executive business.

PUBLIC LANDS.

The Land Bill was then taken up, for consideration when

Mr. EWING, of Ohio, resumed, and continued his remarks until the hour for forwarding this packet.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The House was called to order at eleven o'clock precisely pursuant to the order of yesterday.

Mr. HAWES moved that the House take a recess till 12, on the ground that there was not a quorum in attendance. The Clerk having proceeded to read the journal, Mr. EVANS objected to it on the ground that there was no quorum.

The CHAIR stated there were seventy three members present, according to his count.

Mr. ANTHONY moved a call of the House, which was ordered.

The call was concluded, and 123 members answered to their names.

The absentees were called, and the doors ordered to be closed, 159 being then present.

Mr. EVANS moved to suspend the call as the object of meeting, at an early hour, was to dispatch business though he did not vote for the motion, anticipating this result

Mr. ANTHONY said that many who voted for the motion to meet at 11 o'clock were not themselves present.

Mr. BROWN was in favor of persisting in the

NAVY APPROPRIATION BILL.

On motion of Mr. CAMBRELENG, the House went into committee of the whole on the State of the Union, (Mr. MILLER in the Chair,) for the purpose of taking up the bill making appropriations for the Naval service of the United States, for the year 1836.

The question still being on the motion of Mr. BELL, to reduce the appropriation for the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, from $67,000 to $35,500.

Mr. CHAMBERS, of Pennsylvania, spoke about two hours, in opposition to the motion, and on the general subject of the increase of the Navy, which he advocated as necessary for the protection of our sea-coast, and our extensive commerce. The United States being the second commercial nation in the World, ought he said, to be the second Naval power; but, in fact, it was only the seventh or eight Naval Power. He alluded to the losses of the country in the plunder of our commerce, by the European belligerents, during the wars growing out of the French Revolution, which sum would alone be adequate to the support of an efficient Naval force. In the late war with Great Britain, in which our little navy fought itself into some favor, our foreign commerce and coasting trade were almost entirely cut off by the enemy, for the reason that our Navy was not of sufficient force to afford it protection. England on the other hand, was able through all her wars, to carry on her commerce, with little interruption, under the bulwarks of her navy. He alluded to the vast increase of our commerce as an argument in favor of a proportionate increase of means of protecting it. In 1790 our imports were but twenty-three millions, but in 1835, they were one hundred and fifty one millions, our exports which so late as 1825, were but twenty millions, amounted in 1835, to one hundred and eighteen millions. This vast commerce in addition to the trade carried on coast-wise ought he contended to induce us to build up our naval armament.

Mr. BELL next obtained the floor, and after giving his reasons for having made the motion now pending withdrew it and moved to strike out the whole appropriation for the Portsmouth Navy Yard. After some remarks on this motion he intimated that it was his purpose to go into the consideration of the general subject presented by the bill, and the House then adjourned.

SENATE.
EXECUTIVE BUSINESS.

WEDNESDAY, March 16.

Nominations of Andrew Stevenson, John H. Eaton, General Call and Arthur Middleton.

The yeas and nays being taken on the nomination of ANDREW STEVENSON, to be Minister to England, it was decided as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Benton, Brown, Buchanan, Cuthburt, Ewing, of Illinois, Grundy, Hendricks, Hill, Hubbard, King of Alabama, King of Georgia, Linn, McKean, Moore, Morris, Nicholas, Niles, Robinson, Ruggles, Shepley, Talmadge, Tipton, Walker, Wall, Wright—26.

NAYS—Messrs. Black, Calhoun, Clay, Clayton, Crittenden, Davis, Ewing of Ohio, Goldsborough, Knight, Mangum, Naudain, Porter, Prentiss, Preston, Robbins, Southard, Swift, Tomlinson, White,—19.

The yeas and nays being taken on the nomination of JOHN H. EATON, to be minister to Spain, it was decided as follows.

YEAS—Messrs. Benton, Black, Brown, Buchanan, Crittenden, Cuthbert, Davis, Ewing of Illinois, Grundy, Hendricks, Hill, Hubbard, King, of Ala., King of Ga., Knight, Linn, Moore, Morris, Nicholas, Niles, Prentiss, Rives, Robinson, Ruggles, Shepley, Tallmadge, Tipton, Tomlinson, Walker, Wall, White, Wright—32.

NAYS—Messrs. Calhoun, Clay, Clayton, Ewing of Ohio, Goldsborough, McKean, Mangum, Naudain, Porter, Prentiss, Southard, Swift—12?

The yeas and nays being taken on the nomination of General CALL, to be Governor of Florida, it was decided as follows:

YEAS—Messrs. Benton, Black, Brown, Buchanan, Clay, Clayton, Crittenden, Cuthber, Ewing of Ill., Ewing of O., Goldsborough, Grundy, Hendricks, Hill, Hubbard, King of Ala., King of Ga., Knight, Linn, McKean, Mangum, Moore, Morris, Naudain, Nicholas, Niles, Porter, Preston, Prentiss, Rives, Robbins, Robinson, Ruggles, Shepley, Southard, Swift, Tallmadge, Tipton, Tomlinson, Walker, Wall, White, Wright—42.

NAYS—None.

The nomination of ARTHUR MIDDLETON, to be Secretary of Legation to Spain, was confirmed, without opposition.

Maryland Legislature.

ANNAPOLIS, March 17.

In the House of Delegates, Mr. McLean presented a memorial from Baltimore, praying an incorporation of the Citizens' Bank of Baltimore.

Mr. Worthington, from the committee on the subject made a report recommending the erection of an additional tobacco warehouse in Baltimore.

Mr. Hambleton, from the committee on the colored population, which had been instructed by an order of the House to inquire into the propriety and expediency of forcing the free people to leave the State by a stated period, made an unfavorable report. It was couched in very emphatic terms.

Mr. McLean reported some amendments to the bill to charter the Town Hill Mining Manufacturing and Timber Company.

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