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Poetry and Miscellany.

THE "MARINER'S REQUIEM."

Light on the waters gleaming, Light from the starry skies, In grace and beauty beaming, The Water-Spirits rise: They softly glide o'er the glittering waves, And they chant a mournful hymn: 'Tis the dirge of one who sleeps below— 'Tis the "Mariner's Requiem."

THE DOVE OF THE STORM.

Gently and quietly the night folded its wings over a pleasant home among the Green Mountains, where a happy covey were gathered around a blazing fire of maple wood. It was one of those old-fashioned homesteads of which every one has a bright ideal; tall trees loomed over it as if to shelter the young birds that beat happily under that roof, and peacefully, even as the birds that sang to them through the long Summer days, dwelt the little mountaineers in their secluded home.

GLANCES AT CONGRESS.—No. 1.

It is common to all to form an idea of the appearance of the object, or the locality of which they are spoken, or read; and in nearly every case these portraits of the mind are either laughably unjust or ridiculously flattered. During a session of Congress as eventful and exciting as the present, those whose avocations prevent them from going to Washington, content themselves with picturing, after this fashion, the public men who are alternately forced into notice, by the dissensions or disputes arising out of the absorbing questions of the day.

OUR CREED.

We love religion, not the priest, We love our country, not the God, We love the man who governs best, Not one who rules with iron rod. Each family should be a State, Where all domestic virtues grow, Thee, our Republic, we adore, And strive to live thy laws.

"SEEING THE ELEPHANT."

The origin of this now common and expressive phrase, is thus described in one of our exchanges:—Some thirty years since of one of the Philadelphia Theatres, a pageant was in rehearsal, in which it was necessary to have an elephant. An elephant was to be had! The "wild beasts" were all traveling, and the property man, stage director, and managers almost had fits when they thought of it. Days passed in the hopeless task of trying to secure one, but at last Yankee ingenuity triumphed, as indeed it always does, and an elephant was made to order, of wood, skins, paint, and varnish. Thus far the matter was all well, but, as yet they had found no means to make said combination travel. Here again the genius of the manager, stage director, and property man stuck out, and two of the "broths" were duly installed as legs. Ned C—, one of the true and genuine "boys," held the responsible station of fore legs, and for several nights he played that heavy part, to the entire satisfaction of the managers and the delight of the audience. The part, however, was a very tedious one, as the elephant was obliged to be on the stage for about an hour, and Ned was rather too fond of the bottle to remain so long without "votting his white," so he set his wits to work to find a way to carry a wedge with him. The eyes of the elephant being made of two porter bottles, with the necks in, Ned conceived the brilliant idea of filling them with good stuff.— This he fully carried out, and elated with success, willingly undertook to play fore legs again.

What Can be done on one Acre of Ground.

The editor of the Maine Cultivator published a few days ago, his management of one acre of ground, from which he gathered the following results: One-third of an acre in corn usually produces thirty bushels of sound corn for grinding, besides some refuse. This quantity was sufficient for family use; and for fattening one large or two small hogs. From the same ground he obtained two or three hundred pumpkins, and his family supply of beans. From a bed of six rods square, he usually obtained six bushels of onions; these he had sold at one dollar per bushel, at the amount purchased his flour. Thus from one-third of an acre and an onion-bed, he obtained all sorts of vegetables, for summer and winter use; potatoes, beans, pumpkins, cabbages, green corn, peas, beans, chery, peaches and quince trees. If a family can be supported from one acre of ground in Maine, the same can be done in every State and county in the Union.

GLANCES AT CONGRESS.—No. 2.

The active but heavy-built gentleman, passing through the rotunda, with rapid step, and a package of papers in hand—a face beaming with intelligence and health—a person clad in a suit of glossy black—is no less a personage than Lewis Cass, of Michigan. He stops to talk with a gentleman with grey hair, who has just entered from the avenue, and who listens intently to the short quick sentence addressed to him. This is Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York; not nearly so large in stature as one would expect, considering the noise he has made in the country, and the ability he has exhibited.— There is in Dickinson's manner, an irrepressible humor and a cool and placid equanimity that make him an ugly customer in discussion. The Senate is soon to meet; for Governor Seward is going in. How much younger he looks than you expected to see him? He seems boyish at a distance; but as you get nearer, you will see that time and care have done their work. What a strange face he has! On first sight it seems a little like John Tyler's; but that soon wears off, and the craft and adroitness of the politician are written on every lineament. Mr. Seward is an able and industrious legislator; but his general career has thus far been a failure, owing to the extreme doctrines he has advocated. Now let us step up to the gallery of the Senate; for he has not yet been called to order. Do you know the slow moving man, whose head rises and falls in answer to his thoughts, as he paces along, and who carries under his arm a bundle of documents? That is Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri. It is not often that you see a more hale and hearty looking man of sixty odd. The face is full of character, and the form full of strength. How long do you think that fragile man, with the bald head, who walks rapidly along the aisle, could stand up before the blows of such bones and muscles! To speak of Benton, is to think of Foot; and the fragile man alluded to is the Mississippi Senator. He is a lighter frame than Robert J. Walker's. You will be a little surprised to see what a favorite he is, by the reception every body gives him. The tall man walking in at the side door, came in hand, you need not be told is Henry Clay. How familiarly he greets Foot, and how well he looks. He takes a pinch of snuff from the Secretary's desk, and then picks up the Intelligence, and takes a seat. Do you notice the Senator on one of the front desks, on the left of the Secretary, who is Frankland Sam Houston, of Texas. He rises now. What a figure!—What an air! What a noble face! The pale, dark man, with broadish brimmed hat, and long, straight, black hair, is Pierre Soulé, of Louisiana; the French Creole representative in the Senate; and a most learned and accomplished gentleman. Yonder is John P. Hale, or, as his friends call him, "Jack Hale," of New Hampshire, the able Union Senator. He has a face like a lion rampant.— He looks like John M. B. Davis. There are few evidences of attention to the pages of philosophy, or of consulting the midnight oil, in that jolly countenance, and well-fed figure. Hale is a bold, amusing, and ready debater. Observe, there is Daniel Webster. Did I not tell you his form was shrunken, his walk awkward, his eyes sunken, and it is not so? But you will answer, that since that time, he has made a speech worthy of his most flourishing days and his inspired intellect. It was aptly of gold, gathered from an old and storied tree. The Vice President enters the chair. A very handsome man is Mr. Fillmore. We know nowhere a better preserved specimen of fifty-three. He looks like a statesman, and though his position is no account, so far as the chances for displaying his mind are concerned, yet if he had a chance, he would make himself felt. The Senator who stands in reverential attitude by the side, while the Chaplain repeats the prayer, blends the government, and implores God's favor upon the Union—this Senator is Stephen Douglas, of Illinois. He entered the Senate at thirty-four, and is now thirty-six; the youngest man, at Jerry, of Alabama, in the Senate. His physical stature is diminutive, but his mind is gigantic.— He speaks with a readiness and enthusiasm that have made him famous; give his acquirements, and his experience in public life, while his rare advantages. The discussion he had with John Quincy Adams, 1846, was a remarkable display of promptitude in debate and accuracy of memory. On the Democratic side, to the right of the Speaker, and on one of the seats next the lobby, is Col. W. R. King, of Alabama, who is a senatorial evergreen. Age has not withered him; for he looks as well now as he did twelve or fifteen years ago. He returned to the Senate after his mission to France was over, and will always be found true to the country, and to his beloved Alabama. On the same side you will notice Judge Butler, of South Carolina. He looks like a patriarch, with his long white hair. A kind and warm-hearted friend he is; and what is not wonderful, a brave and ready legislator. That tall, erect, and elastic figure, is young Judge, of Iowa. He has the straight form of the Indian, and the resolute and open countenance of a true northwestern man. He is a Senator without guile or reproach. In point of personal advantages, Dr. Sturgeon, one of our Senators, is a noble specimen of a man on the wintery side of sixty. He looks so substantial as the State he represents, and is never classed among the "Joubahs" of any question. You ask for Tom Corwin, of Ohio. There he is, a dark good-looking man, with a stout frame; and an eye that glazes with intellect. He is unquestionably one of the most practiced orators in the country; but he troubles the Senate very rarely. He has not spoken during the present session. You will observe "the brave Gen. Shields," talking to a friend at the window. He looks thinner than usual, as if his wound was wasting him; but his complexion is healthy, and his eye clear. A most chivalrous spirit is this excellent Senator, Bright, of Indiana. Here he is—his broad, manly countenance lighted up with enthusiasm, while listening to something that Cass is telling him. Bright is one of the boldest and best to be found in the whole range of public men. If he has an error, it is in his frankness and indiscreetness. Everybody is interested in Gen. Aitchison, of Missouri, whom you will notice in his seat on the right of the Vice President. He has the mark and bearing of the West. He personifies in his character the West. He talks like the West. He votes like the West. He has the energy, the courage, the warmth of heart, and the high honor—all characteristic of the region he represents by the Mississippi, and bordered by those pathless prairies, in which a man's convictions must ascend, if ever, from nature up to nature's God. But it is now time to pass into the House, and run a "glance" over the conspicuous characters in conference there. And this will be the work for another day.

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