THE ERIE OBSERVER

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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Crie Weekly Observer.

B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

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S. DICKERSON, Physician and Sergeon—Office at his residence on Seventh stree opposite the Methodist Church, Eric. C. B. WRIGHT.

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BLACK French Cloth from \$2 to \$6 per yard, for sale at B. JACKSON. BLACK, Brown Green and Cades mixed Broad Cloths at a s. JACKSON. Prices for sale at

REEN, Bluck, Morain; Clarit, Brown, and Blue French Marken, fron, for sale cheap at the Store of

BLACK, Blue, Plaid, Striped and other Fancy Cassineres for sale by

som, there was a gleam in its opening eyes that seemed almost human, so earnestly it told of gratitude and con-BLACK, Blue, and mixed Satincts, Tweeds, Kentucky Joans &c. for sale chean by S. JACKSON. tent. They smoothed its ruffled white plumes caressingly, talking all the while to "Dovie," as if it knew their ADIES DRESS GOODS. The Ladies will find a good as-joinent, French Merinoes, Cashineres, De Lains, Chamilton Lustre, Mohair Lustre, Alapachas of all colors, Glighams, Call-tos, &c. just opened at GEO, SELDON & SON. meaning. They scarcely heeded the entrance of Richard till he said.

THE "MARINER'S REQUIEM."

Light on the waters gleaming,

Light from the starry skies!

in grace and beauty beaming

The Water-Spirits rise:

A maiden fair is keeping

BY MISS E. H. BULLUS, ' 🛼

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.'

Far down in the deep cold crystal waves.

Whose light is brilliant, and gentler far

Than the stars in the calm bright skies.

While the sea-flowers o'er him wave.

While they chant in voices low and sweet

Watch in her lonely bower,

For him who now is sleeping

He lies on his bed of amber,

And spar and shining coral

Adorn his lonely grave:

And tear-drops shed for him,

The "Mariner's Requiem."

Soft be thy watery pillow.

And gentle be thy rest

Beneath the foaming billow.

Branches of brighter coral

The lily and sea-laurel

Upon the ocean's breast: ,

Beneath the spreading deep,

Yet pure and penceful be the rest

To deck thy couch we'll bring;

Around thy head shall spring: .

To deck the mariner's grave.'

Light on the waters gleaming,

Light from the starry skies! In grace and beauty beaming

The Water-Spirits rise:

And the sea-weed that floats on the fleecy foam

And the shells far down in the wave,

And pure and snowy pearls, we'll bring

They softly glide o'er the silver waves,

And they chant a mournful hymn; 'Tis the dirge of one who lies beneath;

THE DOVE OF THE STORM

BY DORA M'NEILME.

Gently and quietly the night folded its wings over a

deasant home among the Green Mountains, where a

over it as if to shelter the young hearts that beat happily

sung to them through the long Summer days, dwelt the

waving grain was riponing last for them to gather.

out any protection but their own innocence, and the care

Trained as they had been to brave all storm and dan-

joyed the independence of being left to take care of them-

were reconnting all the home duties they had faithfully

performed, for the absent ones were expected home that

night, and each little heart beat happily in the conscious-

"Well," said James, "I guess father don't expect to

YNo, nor the old shed boarded up so nicely,"said Rich-

"What have you got to tell father, Annie?" said James

a little gentle creature, who looked like a white morn-

"You'll tell him we've all been good, too, won't you

cousin Marion?" asked Richard, for the reguish boy be-

gan to remember certain instances of his teazing and fun

the was so gilted u haso kind, so winning to all; and

But Marion Norville was not genteel-indeed she

vasn't; for she had vather play the romping games of the

country girls, or coast with James Graham of a moon-

light night, than dance the bowitching polks in her splen-

had holier thoughts than those of mere enjoyment, for

snelt, and all their mirth and gayety was for a few mo-

Now as sho sat on a rude low soat, with Annie's sweet,

face with the truest gladness as she answered Richard-

"Yes, coz, you've been good almost all of the time

While she was speaking, the whole group was startled

by a low distinct rapping on a window pane, and there

with its white breast pressed close against the glass was

Reantiful looked the half-frozen dove to the kind ones

find all the corn husked when he gets home."

how I helped you to feed the lumbs every day."

of Him whom they trusted.

ness of having done right.

ing glory with blue eyes.

andy and popping corn .

ments forgotten.

and—"

exclaimed.

un out and see who they are."

'Tis the Mariner's Requiem.'

Though far away from all thou tov'st

Of thy calm and dreamless sleep!

In that cold moon-light hour

Afar from those soft blue eyes,

Poetry and Miscellany. keep them over night, but I told them as father always and Richard joyfully exclaimed, "Tis father and mothand if they had stayed at home they needn't suffer."

"Who are they? how did they look? where did they ome from!" inquired all ot once. "O, they looked bad enough; there was an old man

and a girl not so big as Marion, and they came from some place down below that I never heard of before.-The old codger said he was going to see his brother up north; but I guess he made up that story."

"Why, Dick, I didn't think you'd turn off an old man James spoke he went to the window, and added, "I don't think father and mother will come, it storms so, and if they are on the way they will put up somewhere."

"The old man's, breath smelt of rum," answered, Richard, "and if he can buy that he can buy lodging. I did pity the girl, to be sure. When I told them that the tavern was two miles off, he said, "O dear, that seems a great ways;" but then father says it's only encouraging folks to drink, if you do anything for them when they wander about so."

Richard did indeed, repeat an oft-heard sentiment of his father's when he said this, for though a worthy man in most respects. Mr. Graham was one of those who "romember the poor" only so far as the sufferers are good and virtuous, and struggle hard to support themselved.

But the helier teachings of his wife had given the chil-

dren other and better feelings, and Richard's conscience smote him when little Annie quietly said, "Mother wouldn't have sent them away if the man did drink rum." "You promised us a story, cousin Marion," said Richard, glad to turn from a painful subject: "tell us one about old times; I like those best." "Tell us about a war," said James, "About Indians," said Fred. "About when you was a little girl like me," said Annie. Tell us about something you never told us before." said a quiet

If the gifted Marion had one power in perfection, it was that highly-valued but rare gift of telling stories.— There was a long, low seat in the kitchen, which they called a "settee;" it answered the purpose of a wood box and sofa in the winter evenings, and, being painted bright red and varnished, it looked like a good-natured, laughing face in front of the fire. On this the children used to sit for hours and listen to cousin Marion's enchanting storics, which were usually the thrilling realities of History dressed in her own glowing thoughts. Sometimes she recited an old fairy tale, or some willd legion of early times, but to-night the whiteplumed dove lay lovingly by her, and her eyes rested sadly on its trembling breast, as it muttered those low mouning sounds, which nothing on earth equals in plaintive sadness. Marion's heart beat time in the mearnful notes, for there were noble feelings striving against her happy circle were gathered around a blazing fire of ma- woman's fears; thoughts of the poor sufferors in ple wood. It was one of those old fashioned homesteads that wild storm; of their peril, and it might be of their

of which every one has a bright ideal; tall trees bent death. She rose resolutely and said, "I'm going to find those under that roof, and peacefully, even as the birds that beggare," and as she spoke she began to wrap a shawl around her, while her lovely face glowed with couragelittle mountaineers in their secluded home. Their pa- ous feeling.

rents had been absent a week on a visit to friends at a "Don't go," plead little Annie," "you'll be covered distance, though it was mid-Winter, and the broad evwith snow." "God will take care of me, Annie," she auswered

er-green forests were thickly covered with snow. They were not the people who spend in pleasure the leveliest aying the blue eyed dove in the child's lap. season that God gives us, for little thought could they "You shall not go alone, cousin Marion," said Richtake of journeying for amusement, when rich fruit and and, whose better feelings were awakened by a little reflection. It was the farmer's spason for flitting now; the harvest

"I'll curry the lantern," said James, for, rough as he moon had long since waned, leaving rich stores in burn was, he know the peril of such an orrand. While they were hastily wrapping coats and cloaks home, who knew right well what was needful-and the around them, we will follow the beggars on their lonely parents had not feared to leave the little band alone, with- path.

"That house looked like our old home, didn't it pa?" said the pale, sad-hearted girl, as she looked back on ger, caring lightly for either, the hardy children had en- the lighted house where shelter had been refused them. "Oh, how I wish we were back where we used to live," selves, as James Graham expressed it, and now they she added, as the old man walked on silently.

vorry about it, for we can't help it now."

"I know it," she said sadly, "we have no house anywhere." Oh, how mournfully those simple words were spoken, bearing the tale of a young heart crushed and lighted, of young hopes chilled for ever. It touched even the heart of the hardened father, and he drew his motherless child close to his side, murmuring "poor dove, poor Isabel!" Ay, the beggar girl bore that proud name, and she had graced it in happier days; when her father was an honored and trusted man: when the noblest vessel on the broad lakes was his own; before rum had ruined a god-like intellect, and wasted a princely fortune. It was now dark in those forsaken hearts even as on God's earth: and their path was lost; faster came down the blinding snow, and in their atter desolation, the wanderers at last sat down, unable to proceed, and weary with exertion. And now the perfected lashel lay folded in the osom of the father whose fallen fortunes she had so de

which he thought might not sound very well in the ac-A gay and brilliant girl was cousin Marion, who had escaped the dull restraint of a city life for a little while to enjoy the freedom she loved. Oh, it was strange how votedly shared, and hot tears fell from his eyes on her she could leave off gaiety and fushion, where she was pale face. "Isabel, darling, can you forgive me that I deprived you of love and home, everything on earth? can of applause. The decoration, the trappings, were gorgethe brightest star, to sit on the old stone hearth in the farmer kitchen, and crack butternuts, or help to pare ou forgive me for being a drunkard?" apples tall her, ha white hands looked black enough; "O, father, do not talk of those things now; I am hap-

py in dying with you dear father." then as James said, she was a first rate hand at making

Shadowy phantoms gathered dimly around the repenting man, pointing far back to a lost home and character, to the grave of a broken-hearted wife, and the fast clesing eyelids of his gentle daughter. Broken words of agony and contrition, mingled with the hollow dirge that the old trees sung over the dving.

did city home-and why should she not? for the shadows Isabel's eyes were shut: the father knew it by bending of old bending trees trembled on a frozen lake, for the his cheek down till it touched hers, and he felt almost moon shines brighter there than in a crowded room, on glad that he saw not the closing of those beautiful eyes: peauty which God did not make. Perhaps, too, Marion so many a weary day their light had cheered him, since poverty and drunkenness had driven him out to beg for every night she had gathered the children round her, and daily bread; they were clear and blue as the waters with them repeated a prayer so earnest in its few simple of their own beloved lake, and they were ever looking words, that their young eyes closed reverently as they kindly on him.—Now they were closed—the eyes of her weary spirit were opened, and she saw such whitewinged angels as had often floated dimly through her dreams. and sun-bright flowers and gushing fountains, and dwellface resting in her lap, the glowing fire-light lit up her

ings of wondrous beauty were before her. There they are perishing—though Isabel has earnest v longed to die, as she revives a little from the death sympathy-and once more she gazes round and sees the breath, ", Have you seen the Elephant?" a trembling dove picking the frost covered window, as wild storm clouds parting slowly, and one star trembling in its distant home. No, 'tis not a star, 'tis a light, and

if he plead for shelter from the driving storm. All the children ran engorly to the door; Richard laid the dove there are sounding footstops near.

The father roused himself at her hurried words, but gently and carefully in Marion's hand. The flickering ight of the candle shone far out on the lonely road, and they were too nearly exhausted to call for help. Marion heard a faint cry as of one perishing: it was just like the dimly showed two figures all wreathed with the falling moaning of a dove. "Here, Richard, this way with the lantern," she exclaimed, as she bounded over the snow-drift by which the wanderers lay.—They saw a bright face bending teaderly over them, and fall that life was snow. It was unusual in that lonely place to see strangers passing thus at night, and the ever restless Richard face bending tenderly over them, and felt that life was "You carry in the dove and warm it, and I mean to theirs. Marion seemed suddenly gifted with skill and energy to restore them, and the boys could hardly believe his breadsinfs. The rest of the ground was appropriated that they saw their wild cousin in the snow-wreathed figure before them. who had rescued it. As it nestled close to Marion's botheir coat. She smiled faintly in gratitude, and entreated him to go to her father—but he was already standing by his preserver, anxiously enquiring for his daughter. And be done in every State and county in the Union,

"Those folks were beggars, and wanted we should now the whole party heard the approach of sleigh-bells, does, that every town always took care of its own poor, er." | Though startled to see so strange a group by the roadside, the parents soon understood all, and the old man was comfortably placed in the sleigh, while the rest

followed by the track homeward. James would not give with chusin Marion's ever joyous words of hope in her ear, Isabel felt like one awaking to now life. It was late on that eventful night when the blazing fire

sought for the rescued dove; it had flown, none knew and a poor shivering girl in such a night as this; and as whither; for little Annie had fallon asleep while the of Illinois, and Col. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, were others were away.

Morning brought now bloom to be, but not so to her father. A few days he lingered, and those who watched tenderly by the dying, saw the flashing forth of a glorious intellect in decay. When the next Sabbath sun was

setting, the sun of his life went down also, not in clouds and darkness, but surrounded by a holy light; even that of hope and trust in heaven.

And what became of the orphan Isabel?—they took the sweet bird to their own nest, and she became a gen-

tle sister for the little Annie, a loved daughter to her protectors, and when five bright Summers had flown lightly by, she became the happy wife of James Graham. Nover was bridal graced by a fairer guest than the light-hearted and levely Marion, and though the white

dove nover returned to nostle in her bosom again, she always called Isabel, in the language of her own heartthe Dove of the Storm.

OUR CREED.

BY II. II. CLEMENTS,

We love religion, not the priest, We love our country and our God; We love the man who governs least, Not one who rules with iron rod. Each family should be a State. Where all domestic virtues grow,
The heart an Empire—then let fate

Attempt in valu its overthrow. We love the Farmer and his toil. The handmaid of all life are there; We treasure God's great gift of soil And his creation dright and fair.
We love bright gold that it may strew Contentment in the paths of care; We hate the man who never knew

That he could have too large a sha We love both wit and merit fine, Though poverty their grace uni The diamond in the dirty mine Shinesjust as bright as set in gold. We love the beautiful, the good-The finished work of nature's plan, For when they're fully understood.

They constitute the perfect man. We love in woman, virtue, truth, And know such gems would be less rare If pity for her tender youth Exposed the temper's ready snare. Herlife is often overcast,
And darkness clouds the future way,

But heed the lesson of the past, 'Tis darkness tells us what is day Take off thy sandal, weary time! And lay it at thy gates-go in; Search for some new and radient clime, Untainted with the blight of sin; We wish thy realm as free and wide As makes God's universe our hon That what we love might there abide.

"SEEING THE ELEPHANT."

The origin of this now common and expressive phrase s thus described in one of our exchanges:-Some thirty years since at one of the Philadelphia Theatres, a pageant was in relieursal, in which it was necessary to have an elephant. No 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 hopefess task of trying to secure one, but at last Yunkee ingenuity triumphed, as indeed it always does, and an elephant was made to order, of wood, skins, paint, and "You have forgotten, hav'nt you, that the old place they had found no means to make said combination travdon't belong to usinow," he answered harshly; "don't el. 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 "b'hoys," held the responsible station part, to the entire satisfaction of the managers and the stage for about an hour, and Ned was rather too fond of made of two porter bottles, with the nocks in, Ned concoived the brilliant idea of filling them with goodstuff.-This he fully carried out, and clated with success, wil-

ingly undertook to play fore legs again. Night came—the Theatre was crowded with den zens of the Quaker city-the music played its sweetest strains -the music whistle sounded-the curtain rose and the play began. Ned and the hind legs marched upon the stage. The elephant was greeted with round upon round ous-the prince scated upon his back, the elephant, all were loudly cheered. The play proceeded; the elephant was marched round and round upon the stage .-The fore legs got dry, withdrew one of the corks-treated the hind legs, and drank the health of the audience in a tumper of genuine elephant eye whiskey, a brandy by the way, till then unknown. On went the play, and on went Ned drinking. The concluding march was to be made—the signal was given, and the fore legs staggered towards the front of the stage.

The conductor pulled the cars of the elephant to the right-the forclegs staggered to the left. The foot-lights obstructed his way-he raised his feet and steppedplump into the orchestra. - Down went the forc legs on the leader's fiddle-over of course turned the elephant. sending the Prince and hind legs into the middle of the pit-the hind legs lay confounded—the boxes in convulsions, and the actors choking with laughterand poor Ned casting one look, 'a strange blending of drunkonness, grief and laughter, at the scene, fled hustiout of the theatre, closely followed by the leader with the wreck of his fiddle, performing various out and thrust notions in the air.—The curtain dropt on a scene behind lethargy, she nestles closer to her father's bosom, like an the scenes. No more pageant—ne more fore, legs—but innocent dove, and feels it sad to lay down a young everybody held their sides-music, actors, pit, gallery and life there in the dreary tempest, so far from all life and boxes, rushed from the theatre-shricking between ever

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 we gather the following results: One-third of an acre in corn usually produces thirty bushels of sound corn ling, besides some refuse. This quantity was sufficient for family use; and for fattening one large or per bushel, and the amount purchased his flour. that mey saw their wild cousin in the snow-wreathed figure before them. She poured warm cordials on the colorless lips of the old man, while James took the light of beets and carrots for the food of a cow. Then he had taged with grey, and his face is so ious : nd complexion figure of Isabel in his arms, and wrapped her in his own also a flower garden, raspberries, currants and gooseber-

GLANCES AT CONGRESS .- No. 1. to the North. The gentleman holding up a bundle of

From the Pennsylvanian.

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 strong Southern accent dissipated the impression. He is are either laughably unjust or riciculously flattered. Duup his rescued charge, and leaning on his strong arm, ring a session of Congress as eventful and exciting as the is a member of the Committee of Ways and Means. He present, those whose avecations prevent them from going belongs to that stern school of public men, among whom to Washington, content themselves with picturing, after this fashion, the public men who are alternately forced wont out on the hearth, and all were asleep. In vain they into notice, by the dissensions or disputes arising out of lie money. Mr. Thompson is still a young man, and is the absorbing questions of the day. When Col. Bissell, near coming to an issue about a statement of the former, of course everybody had his own idea of the appearance of these heroes-for so they are in the best sense of the term. Col. Bissell has a stern countenance, with a coalblack eye, and a calm quiet manner. He is very social in his nature, and has a heart, as the saying goes, "in the health-a person clad in a suit of glossy black-is no right place." He is of the ordinary height, and hoks like less a personage than Lewis Cass, of Michigan. He a man bred to arms. His speech on the slave quantion stops to talk with a gentleman with grey hair, who has was his first, as is this his first session. It was delivered just entered from the avenue, and who listens intently to with eminent coolness and deliberation, and with a resolution that showed he would stand by it. It placed him iel S. Dickinson, of New York; not nearly so large in at once before the country as a man of mind and of mark. stature as one would expect, considering the noise he has Col. Davis is about Bissell's age, we think-say forty; made in the country, and the ability he has exhibited .but he has been longer in public life. He still walks with There is in Dickinson's manner, an irresistible humor his cane, from the effect of his wound, and is quite mili- and a cool and placid equanimity that make him an ugly tary in all his tastes. He has the calm look of a very customer in discussion. The Senate is soon to meet; brave man, and his sunken eye is singularly brilliant .- for Governor Seward is going in. How much younger There is an expression in his countenance, as if he con- he looks than you expected to see him? He seems boystantly suffered from injuries received in battle. He is ish at a distance; but as you get nearer, you will see one of the best educated men in Congress, and one of the that time and care have done their work. What a most classical speakers. Stepping over into the popular strange face he has! On first sight it seems a little like branch of Congress, the spectator asks to see the two John Tyler's; but that soon wears off; and the craft and great rivals for the Speakership-Winthrop, of Massa- adroitness of the politician are written on every lineament. chuseets, and Cobb, of Georgia. Winthrop has the fresh Mr. Soward is an able and industrious legislator; but his complexion and the address of an English nobleman; is Senatorial cureer has thus far been a failure, owing to the always dressed in perfect taste; and is tall and graceful. extreme doctrines he has advocated. Now let us step up He rejoices in gold-spectacles. His manner of speaking to the gallery of the Senate; for it has not yet been called is finished; his articulation distinct, and clear; and his voice musical and cultivated. He lives in elegant style, head rises and falls in answer to his thoughts, as he paces and is fond of gathering about him the intellect and fash- along, and who carries under his arm a bundle of docuion constantly contered in Washington. His speech a- ments? That is Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri. It gainst Giddings, and the Free Soilers, was as fine a spot is not often that you see a more hale and hearty looking cimen of sarcastic eloquence as has been heard in the sample of sixty odd. The face is full of characters, and House for years. Mr. Cobb, his successful competitor, the form full of strength. How long do you think that is now in the Chair. Let us observe him in that posi- fragile man, with the bald head, who walks rapidly along ion. He is standig up, with "remorseless hammer", the aisle, could stand up before the blows of such bone in hand, stating a decision to the House. A near view and muscle! To speak of Benton, is to think of Foote; will impress you most favorably of Mr. Cobb. He is the and the fragile man alluded to is the Mississippi Senator. picture of good health; is heavily built; but quick in his His is a lighter frame than Robert J. Walker's. You movements. His countenance is open and frank; his will be a little surprised to see what a favorite he is, by the ove blue; his thick and curly hair, auburn. In conver- recoption every body gives him. The tall man walking action his face beams with intelligence. His voice is a- in at the side door, cane in hand, you need not be told grocable, and his manners propossessing. You will notice is Henry Clay. How familiarly he greets Foote, and how how plainly and distinctly he is heard all over the House; well he looks. He takes a pinch of snuff from the Sehow prompt his decisions; how lucid his language in cretary's dosk, and then picks up the Intelligencer, and "stating the question." Mr. Cobb is still a young man; takes a seat. Do you notice the Sonator at one of the front not quite forty; and is a gentlem in of high character and desks, on the left of the Secretary, who is franking docufaultiess habits. He has hosts of personal friends in both ments with such rapidity? There you see Generia Sam parties, and no enemies. You will notice that the House Houston, of Texas. He rises now. What a figure?is now about going into "Committee of the Whole;" and What an air! What a noble face! The pale, dark man, also, that Mr. Cobb has called up a member into the chair with broadish brimmed hat, and long, straight, black from which he gracefully retires. That is his bosom hair, is Pierre Soule, of Louisana; the Fronch Creale repfriend, Linn Boyd, the oldest member of the House, and resentative in the Sonate; and a most learned and accomyet as "straight as an arrow"-a form in which health plished gentleman. "Yonder is John P. Hale, or, as his and strength are conspicuous. Linn Boyd is one of the friends call him, "Jack Hale," of New Hampshire, the finest looking men in Congress. He is over six feet high, ab lition Senator. He has a face like a bon rivant. and well proportioned. About the only evidence of h's He looks like John M. Botts. There are few evidences age is his white-hair. He does not often take part in de- of attention to the pages of philosophy, or of consuming bate, but is one of the best and experienced members of the midnight oil, in that jolly countenance, and well-fed aisle dividing the house-the Democrats sitting on the serve, there is Daniel Webster. Did I not tell you his right, and the whigs on the left, fronting the Speaker .- form was shrunken, his walk unsteady, his eye sunken? you will observe two gentlemen in carnest conversation. and is it not so? But you will answer, that since that The contrast in their appearance is, in all respects, strik- time, he has made a speech worthy of his most flourishing ing. One is Robert Toombs, the other Alexander H. days and his riponed intellect. It was apples of gold. Stephens, both of Georgia, and both whigs. Toombs is gathered from an old and storied tree. a ferocious looking man, on account of his long black The Vice President enters the chair. A very handvarnish. Thus far the matter was all well, but, as yet. hair, and his dark complexion, and when he speaks his some man is Mr. Fillmore. We know nowhere a better vehemence gives to his countenance an angry and bitter preserved specimen of fifty-three. He looks like a statescast. His voice is harsh and unmusical; but his ability man, and though his position is of no account, so far as s far above mediocrity. He is the idel of the Georgia the chances for displaying his mind are concerned, yet if Whigs, and has great influence in the House. We nev- he had a chance, he would make himselffelt. The Sener will forget his appearance and manner shortly after the ator who has just taken his seat at the signal for "order," of fore legs, and for several nights he played that heavy Meade and Duer difficulty, in December, when he ralfied the Southern members about him, and excited them the Chaplain repeats the prayer, blesses the government, tedious one, as the elephant was obliged to be on the ject of slavery. Stephens looks like a boy of fourteen, is Stephen Arnold Douglas, of Illinois. He entered the who has grown prematurely old. His face is of a livid Scuate at thirty-four, and is now thirty-six; the youngest the bottle to remain so, long without "wetting his whis- palor, and is shrivelled as if by disease and age. His man, but Jere. Clemens, of Alabama, in the Sonate. His wee drop with him. The eyes of the elephant being with a nervous grasp. His voice is a shrill treble, but is He speaks with a readiness and enthusiasm that have not unmusical withal. The House always listens to him made him famous; while his acquirements, and his expewith profound attention; for he is accounted a capital rience in public life, give him rare advantages. The York, the Whig member who had the difficulty with R. domitable courage. He is, unquestionably, one of the

delight of the audience. The part, however was a very ulmost to frenzy by his terrific declamation upon the subtle," so he set his wits to work to find a way to carry a hand is small as a child's and he helds his sleuder cane speaker. A few seats from him sits Mr. Daer, of New Kidder Meade, of Virginia. There is great character in his face. His Roman nose and keen eve indicate inloading men of the House, and made a speech a few days ago on the President's plan of settling the slave question, quite ingenious and eloquent. His former foe, but present friend, Meade, is on the other, or Democratic side, and has a fine manly countenance, florid complexion, and good figure-his enormous watch chain and scals worn in the old fashion, and frequently twirled on his fingers, while addressing the chair. Nobedy doubts his ready courage, and his ardent sympathies for his native south are frequently exhibited. Virginia sends few better or purer representatives than Mr. Meade. A few seats from him will be seen Hon. Thomas Haynes Bayley, of the same state, his devoted friend, and the present industrious and fearless Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means. He was compared to Washington in appearance, by a correspondent; and his countenance has much in it that is dignified and agreeable. His blue coat and yellow vest become him exceedingly, and his fine head is crowned with luxuriant auburn hair. He is quite near-sighted, and wears spectacles. There is Preston King now trying to catch the Speaker's eye-a round jolly face and rolling gait, and fat and heavy figure-all indicating any thing but the malice which enters so largely into his votes and speeches. He, too, wears a blue coat. The worst investment he has made, in many years was in trying to get the House to believe Mr. Cobb guilty of forgery. A diagraceful defeat rewarded his enterprise Immediately back of him is Judgo Thompson of the E.ie district, in this State, whose good-humored countenance and frequent jokes make every body happy in his vicin ty. He has the advantage over most men in the flouse in his voice, which is very strong and sonorous, and commands attention. His speech, a few days ago, on the Cen sus bill, was one of the best of the session. On the Whia side, there er; three in mbers whom you would like to know. Elward San'y, of North Carolina; Henry Hilliard, of Alabama, and Thomas L. Clingman, of N rt | the courage, the warmth of heart, and the high honor,-Carolina. Mr. Stanly is one of the boldest debaters of all characteristic of the region laved by the Mississippi, his party in the House, and has a most penetrating voice and bordered by those pathless prairies, in which a man's He has a youthful face, and a large nose, and is below conceptions must ascend, if ever, from nature up to nafrom one-third of an acro and an onion-bed, he ob a ned the average size. Mr. Hilliard, the member he denouced ture's God. But it is now time to pass into the House, so b tter'y a few days ago; and whose peaceful character as a Corgyman prevented him from resorting to the code conclave there. And this will be the work for another of honor; is a most prepossessing person. His dark hair is day.

dark. He manner of speaking is correct and classical.

letters beckening for one of the pages on the other side of the House, is Jacob Thompson, of Mississippi. One would take him for an Irishnian from his face, until his one of the truest and best memebrs in the House, and "Father McKay," of North Carolina, was prominent; and he watches zealousy all attempts to expend the pubone of the very best speakers on the floor. But here we must stop for to-day. We shall reampe these sketches

The active but heavily-built gentleman, passing through the retunda, with rapid step, and a package of papers in hand—a face beatning with intelligence and the short quick sentence addressed to him. That is Dan-

and implores God's favor upon the Union-that Senator p'aysical stature is diminutive, but his mind is gigantic .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 fourteen 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 nowhere denied, a brave and gifted legislator. That tall, erect, and elastic figure, in young Dodge, 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 noblo specimen of a man on the wintry side of sixty. He looks as substantial as the State he represents, and is never classed among the "Joubtful" or 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 blazes 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 sess on. You will observe "the brave Gon. Shield-," 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 chivalric spirit is this excellent Senator, Bright. of Indiana! Hero he is-his broad manly countenance lighted up with enthusiasm, while listning 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 disinterestedness. Everybody is interested in Gen. Atchison, 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 he West. He votes like the West. He has the energy, and run a "glance" over the conspicuous characters in

Five Facts.-A firm faith is the best divinity, a Mr. Clagman rejoices in well trained whiskers, and a good life is the best philosophy; and a clear conscience face, in which good-humor is the most prominent feature. the best law; honesty the best policy; and temporance He is very tropical in his Southerism, and very wenter the best physic.