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THE

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POET'S CORNER.

Lovely Contradictions.

BY S. J. BURR.

Love is a phantom—who says it is not?
Love is a dream and is easily forgot,
Love is a fancy, a vision, a cloud,
That changes the moment 'tis spoken aloud.

Love is a spell—who can sever its power,
Or tear off in years the regrets of an hour?
Love is all falsehood—who'll venture its test?
Love is all truth, as a husband knows best.

Love is all gratitude—who can deny it?
Love is ungrateful—who doubt it may try it.
Love is all feeling—its power attempt,
Love is unfeeling from fondness exempt!

Love is all goodness—love is all wo—
Love is all groundless that's grounded below;
Love is all sweetness—love is all evil,
Love is a god and love is—the devil.

☞THE following beautiful lines were written by Mr. JAMES, the novelist, while on board the steamer Washington, during her late voyage to New York:

The Washington, the Washington!
How gallantly she goes,
Green fields she finds before her steps,
She leaves them clad in snows.

The green field of the ocean,
The snow flake of the foam,
Receive and follow, as she treads
Her pathway to her home.

God speed the noble Washington,
Across the mighty main,
And give thee wings to traverse it,
A thousand times again!

Not wrongly hast thou taken,
The glorious chieftain's name,
Who won his country's liberty,
Amidst the battle's flame.

No sordid triumph was the chief's,
No sordid triumph thine,
Though war, unwilling, was his task,
And thine aim, peace divine.

The links his good sword severed,
When heavy grew the chain,
Even of England's brotherhood;
Thou shalt unite again.

But links of love the bond shall form,
To bind the east and west,
While child and mother, long estranged,
Fly to each other's breast.

And may'st thou, as thou tread'st the sea,
Till thy long wand'rings cease,
Be, like the patriarchal dove,
The messenger of peace.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Glances at Congress—No. 9.

One of the most interesting delegations in the House is that of Virginia. Thirteen democrats and two Whigs is rather an uncommon division of political power. Among the Democrats—we have already spoken of McDowell, Bayley, and Meade, Parker and Millson, there is great harmony and good feeling. J. A. Seddon is the representative from Richmond, and is seated on one of the seats on the back range on the right of the Speaker. He has a pale intellectual face, long black hair, and flashing eyes. His ability is unquestionable. Mr. Seddon belongs to the extreme Southern party in Congress, and is one of the steadiest members. James M. H. Beale is the member with the old-style queu and deportment, of the same range with Mr. Seddon, near the main aisle. He is the moderate man of the Virginia delegation on the slave question, and recently issued an address that was harshly criticised upon by the ultras. He is not easily alarmed, however and it would now appear as if his view was about to win. T. H. Averett is another member of the same delegation, whose appearance is also old-fashioned and original. You will see him with his queu, directly next to Linn Boyd and F. P. Stanton. He is always carrying with him a port folio, and looks like one of those who take notes and "prent'em." A. T. Holliday, also of Virginia, is the fine portly member that has many excellent qualities as a legislator. T. S. Bossock, a well known and highly-esteemed representative from the same State, is four or five seats further on—a worky in committees, and a steady and gallant friend. He is the gentleman with black whiskers and pleasing appearance, whose desk is in the neighborhood of Davis S. Kaufman's. Paulus Powell and F. McMullen, two more of the Old Dominion's representatives, are in the circle next to the last row of seats—the first is very youthful in his appearance—the other a peculiar Irish face. He is every inch a gentleman, however, and one of the best specimens in the Hall. Let us not forget an excellent friend, H. A. Edmondson, in the third range, on the right of the Speaker—a tall, good-looking, and universally esteemed representative. T. S. Haymond is the Whig member, elected from the Wheeling District after the death of Mr. Newton, Democrat, and is on the left side of the Speaker, three seats from the area in front of the Clerk's desk, between Charles S. Morehead, (a splendid Kentuckian,) and Jer. Morton, who was the "Whig" lone star from Virginia till Haymond's first appearance in Washington, after his election, was made formidable by a great hat, looking more like a furred barrel than a cover for the head. It towered over the crowd like Saul of old, and seemed a vast load to carry. There is firmness, energy and cunning in Haymonds face; but his last speech was a poor affair, and disappointed every body.

The delegates from Oregon & Minnesota are both seated on the right or Democratic side of the House, a quiet tribute to the progressive principles of the Democratic faith. Mr. Thurston, who represents the first, is seated at the side of Dr. Averett, and is very good looking. He watches the progress of legistion with eagle eyes, and has already done much for Oregon. On the floor he is bold and expert, and everywhere he is esteemed. He is a Yankee born, and not long ago drove team in either Wisconsin or Iowa. He left for Oregon, intent upon political advancement, and he has achieved it. We shall hear more of Mr. Thurston. H. B. Sibley is the delegate from that glorious young territory, Minnesota, and is seated next to Cullen Sawtelle, of Maine, near the main passage, and next to the range of desks. He rejoices in black hair, olive complexion, and a most intelligent countenance. Directly in his vicinity you will see Hugh N. Smith, the delegate for New Mexico, not yet admitted, we are sorry to add, to a seat—another of the men of action and nerve. He has the air and appearance of an intelligent and persevering man, and, like his friends from Oregon and Minnesota, is what the ladies would call a handsome delegate. The new States generally send men of energy to the National Councils. Take D. Doty, of Wisconsin, the tall, well-proportioned man standing at his desk immediately at the door of the main entrance, on the last range of seats, and on a straight line with the Speaker. His life has been one struggle with fortune; now up—now down—and yet meeting all vissitudes with unbroken spirit. He is still a young looking man, to have passed through so much—he must be over fifty. Let us now look out into the spacious Rotunda, in the centre of the glorious pile, and select the characters most entitled to notice.

The gentleman with the long frock coat, white vest, humorous, or rather a comic face, and queu, is Ex-Senator J. D. Westcott, of Florida, of whom every body has heard. He is standing with his hands in his pocket, among a group, and you may see by the glancing of his half-closed eyes that he is criticising somebody's speech. He is a man of surprising talent, and possesses a fund of valuable information. In the same circle you will see Col. Knox Walker, the private secretary of Mr. Polk, quite a young man, with black hair, pale face, and gentlemanly address. Col. Walker is a lawyer, one of the ablest of his age in the country, and is now doing a capital business in Washington, where he is permanently located. The person now passing into the Senate rotunda, a fine, portly, well-dressed figure, and broad, intelligent face, is Mr. Aspinwall, of the great New York firm of Howland & Aspinwall, whose lines of steamers between New York and San Francisco, and between New York and New Orleans, are making such prodigious fortunes for all concerned. The gentleman walking arm-in-arm in close converse with Mr. Gales, of the *National Intelligencer*, is Jacob Collamer, the present Postmaster General—a grey head, a friendly face, and altogether a man of good presence. He escapes most of the blows levelled at some of his colleagues. There is George Bancroft, historian, ex-minister to London, ex-Secretary of the Navy, &c., looking at the last new picture in the eastern pannel—a tall figure dressed in black; rapid movements, quick, searching eye, hair cut close, and the expression of thought that cannot be expelled, no matter how animated the conversation. He is one of the ablest men of this continent. If he had never written anything but his enlogy on Jackson, he would be famous enough; but his history will make him one of the household words of the country for centuries to come. He is now addressed by a gentleman who looks like a statesman, if his grave, stern face is any indication. That is Corcoran, the great banker in Washington, who lives in so much style at the other end of the Avenue. Look at him well. He was quite poor, not long ago, and is now a millionaire. You need not be reminded that that is Winfield Scott—the gigantic figure, unbent by war and wounds—unshaken by age and ambition. His face is stern, his manner is formal, his words measured and pompous. A fearless soldier is illustrious Scott but his services and his reputation did not keep him from realising the adage: "the pen is mightier than the sword; so often realised in the experience of men, of great and controlling intellects.—*Pennsylvanian.*

SELECT MISCELLANY.

The Trials of Married Life.

We have a friend—an excellent husband and doating father—who came into our office the other day, looking rather sleepy.

"What is the matter with you?" we inquired.

"Oh—nothing—that is to say," he replied in a hesitating voice—"the babies are *some* trouble after all, ain't they?"

Of course we nodded in an affirmative assent, but could not help asking "how?"

"Why the fact is," said our friend, "that little fellow of ours is getting to be very knowing, & will be humored now and then—so I get up occasionally and walk him to sleep—but last night both wife and myself had to carry him alternately, and—"

"Surely two are not required—"

"Hear me out. You see the child wanted novelty, so I lighted a candle, and as my wife carried him up and down the room, I walked after her, making all sorts of queer manœvres with the light."

"Well, did that pacify him?"

"Why, yes; after a fashion. It stopped his crying, but we consumed a whole candle and the best portion of the night, before he fell asleep, and the consequence is, I feel most wretchedly stale this morning."

Now, old bachelor, laugh if you feel like it, and let this be a warning to you.

A Word to the Ladies.

We hold this truth to be self-evident, that even ladies' legs were made for walking; yet it must be confessed that, beyond the necessities of shopping and the fascinating pastime of house-hunting, our city belles and matrons of the upper decimal class, are averse to use them for that purpose. They have an objection to *amble* along Broadway at the butterfly hour; but place them in the country and ask them to breast with you the mountain side, and they decline, with a delicate shudder, considering you a sort of Caliban for having made such an indelicate proposition. The notion that it is not "pretty" for ladies to be vigorous and healthy is a bad one, and the sooner it is eradicated the better. Everybody with a good constitution should be able to walk comfortably fifteen miles a day, and twenty, or a little more, at a pinch; and if they were all trained to do so, we should have fewer puling babies and less consumption. The physical education of women is sadly neglected in this country. From early girlhood they lounge in rocking chairs and sprawl on sofas, (excuse the broadness of expression for the sake of the honest intention), and thus their systems become enervated and relaxed. It may be said that the climate for more than half the year predisposes to lassitude, but this is only a reason why its influence should be struggled against. The fact is, that a slight and fragile physique which characterises American ladies as a body, is the result, not of laziness exactly, but of an idea that ethereal slightness is the *beau ideal* of female beauty. Ladies, you are mistaken. Plumpness finds more favor than leanness in a lover's eye. Believe what we tell you, and don't be afraid to use your legs.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

☞A young lady of my acquaintance, says a friend in a recent note to the editor of the "Knickerbocker," married recently, and the mother of her husband being in very poor health, she was taken immediately home by her liege lord to nurse and take care of the old folks. In the course of a few months the mother was removed by death. The dutiful and sympathizing daughter-in-law thus expressed her grief at this event, to a company of her neighbors, who called in to take tea with her on an afternoon soon after her sad bereavement: "Oh, dear!" said she, "how much I miss my poor, dear mother! Why, seems to me I can see her now, just as she used to sit at the breakfast table, *reaching out her fork for the best potato!*" This reminds us of "a man without a tear," a Missouri husband at the grave of his wife: "I have lost cows," he said to a neighbor, as the coffin was lowered into the grave, "I've lost sheep; I've lost hosses, and I've lost caaves; but this is the wust of the whole lot!"

PETER THE GREAT.—One day as the Czar was returning from hunting, he happened to loiter behind the rest of the company to enjoy the cool air, when, looking around, he observed a boy standing on the top bar of a style, looking earnestly about him, upon which he rode briskly up and accosted him with "Well, my boy, what are you looking for?" "Please your honor," said the boy, "I am looking out for the King." "Oh," said the emperor, "if you will get up behind me I'll show him to you." The boy then mounted, and as they were riding, along the Czar said, "you will know which is the emperor by seeing the rest take off their hats to him." Soon after the emperor came up to the party; who, much surprised at seeing him so attended, immediately saluted him, when the Czar, turning round his head, said, "now do you see who is the king?" "Why," replied the boy archly, "it is one of us two, but I am sure I do not know which for we've both got our hats on."

HE WORE A FLASHY WAISTCOAT.—He wore a flashy waistcoat, on the night when first we met—with a famous pair of whiskers, and imperial of jet. His air had all the haughtiness, his voice the manly tone, of a gentleman of eighty thousand dollars all of his own. I saw him but a moment, and methinks I see him now, with very flashy waistcoat, and a beaver on his brow. And once again I saw that brow—no neat Behee was there, but a shocking bad 'un was his hat, and matted was his hair. He wore a brick within that hat, the change was all complete, and he was flanked by constables, who marched him up the street. I saw him but a moment, yet methinks I see him now, charged by these worthy officers, with kicking up a row.'

UNWISE MEN.—The following are a few of characters coming under this head:

The jealous man: who poisons his own banquet and then eats it.

The miser: that starves himself to death that his heirs may feast.

The mean man: who bites off his own nose to despite his neighbor.

The angry man: who sets his own house on fire, that he may burn up another's.

The slanderer: who tells tales, and gives his enemy a chance to prove him a liar.

☞'John! why didn't ye lay inter the roast beef and plum pudding, like me, eh?'

'Like you! why, because I have some regard for my health.'

'Health? Look at me; don't I weigh onto two hundred? and ain't my cheeks red? and only look at my corporation.

"Yes, Bill I see, it's appoplexy against the field with *you*, but I prefer dieting to die-eating.'

☞A sick man who had not slept for many nights was asked if he did not wish to have a clergyman attend him and whether he wished any particular one. He replied, "Yes, send Mr. D." He came. The sick man requested a sermon. Mr. D. started with surprise, and desired to know the reason why. The sick man answered, "I never heard you preach but three or four times, and then invariably I fell asleep; so I thought that a short discourse might enable me to take a nap, which I much need, not having slept for several nights."

ASCENDING ON HORSEBACK IN A BALLOON—All Paris was agog on the 7th inst., to see a man ascend in a balloon on *horseback*. The horse, a fine and spirited young white horse, was suspended beneath the balloon, in the place usually occupied by the car. Bands passed beneath the belly and well secured, left the animal in an easy position, with the legs free. M. Poitevin, clothed as a jockey, mounted the horse, which was saddled and bridled in the ordinary manner, and gave orders to *cut loose!* The horse seemed loth to quit his mother earth, and remonstrated a little when he found that he was being taken off his feet. But once in air he became as motionless as though he had been struck with paralysis.

DAGUERREOTYPE OF A STAR.—Mr. Bond, of the Cambridge Mass., University has Daguerreotyped the star Lyra. This is believed to be the first instance in which an attempt to Daguerreotype a star has succeded. The picture of the star the Boston Traveller says, is quite distinct, and of the size of a common pin head, and was obtained in about 30 seconds, the great refracting telescope of the Observatory being used without the eye glass. Scientific men will regard this experiment with great interest, as the possible prelude to important astronomical developments.

GOOD TOASTS.—The following excellent toast was given at Worcester, Mass., on the 4th:

The Farmer.—His quiet sleep, his manly step, and his glorious appetite, demonstrate that nature's favorite child is the one who clings most closely to his mother.

This is one given at Ogdensburg, N. Y.:

Our Commerce—The *oldest son* of Agriculture; whom she employs to transact all her business abroad.

THE LAHORE DIAMOND, known as the Koh-i-noor, or "Mountain of Light," one of the prizes of the Sikh war, has been brought to England, and presented to the Queen. Before it was cut it weighed nearly 300 carats; but the unskilful lapidary cut it down to 279, which leaves it still the largest diamond ever known. The Pitt Diamond weighs 130 carats, and the great Russian diamond about 200. The value of Koh-i-noor is unknown, but two millions sterling is mentioned as approximating to it.—*Exchange.*

JENNY LIND.—Jenny Lind is to sing at Liverpool on Friday the 16th, and Monday the 19th of August; and on the following Wednesday she is to leave that town, to delight the American audiences. For the three nights in Liverpool the songstress is to receive the sum of $1000.

☞Say Cuffy, how you do?—why don't you never come and see body? If I lived as near to you as you do to me I'd come and see you ebery day almost.

Wal, Sambo, my wife patches my trousreloons so all to pieces, I em shamed to go nowhars.

☞In Culpepper county, Va., on Wednesday last, a negro man who had been twice tried and convicted of murder, and to whom a new trial had been granted in each case by the General Court, was forcibly taken from the jail by a mob and hung upon a neighboring tree.

POLITICAL.

DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES.

The Democratic State Central Committee, composed of gentlemen from all parts of the State, appointed by the Convention which nominated our candidate for Governor,—in the discharge of their duty,—thus, (among other things) instruct their friends:

Among the Reform measures which we, speaking for ourselves, consider as prominent, are the following:

"Judiciary Reform, involving the abolition of the life tenure, and the periodical appointment of the Judges by the people or the Governor, as may be determined by the Convention. The reduction of the number of judges, and the cost of suits. The reduction of the overgrown salaries of many of our Clerks and Registers, as well as their election by the people. The more rapid and thorough administration of justice in the Courts of Law and Equity, so that litigation may no longer by its delays and costs involve men in years of anxiety, trouble and expense, but in the words of our Bill of Rights, that justice may be administered "freely without sale, fully without denial, and speedily without delay." And lastly, the general promotion of Retrenchment and Reform by such measures as may be the fruits of the collective wisdom and patriotism of the best men of our state assembled in Convention, actuated by the single desire of lightening the burdens of taxation, whilst preserving state faith—of retrenching useless and oppressive expenses—of securing and maintaining all rights of persons and property untouched and inviolate, and of promoting the general welfare of all our citizens."

MR. LOWE AT CUMBERLAND.

A correspondent of the Richmond Examiner, writing from Cumberland, gives us the following, which we advise the Herald and Civilian to put in their pipe and smoke:

Last evening, I had the pleasure of hearing a speech from Mr. Lowe, the democratic candidate for Governor of the State. Mr. L. was favored with the presence of a very large number of the voters of Alleghany, who listened to him throughout with evident satisfaction. There is no great difference in the strength of the two parties in the county, but from the indications here at present I should think the chance very good for a considerable democratic majority in October.

Mr. Lowe has to contend against the odds of a Federal majority of three thousand, but then he has over his competitor the advantages of superior talents and of a more favorable position on the absorbing question of State Reform. The Whig candidate, W. B. Clarke, declines taking the rounds of the State with the champion of the Democracy. He is afraid to expose himself to the raking fire of Lowe's battery! On the subject of reform—now the most popular word in the State—Mr. Clarke is an eleventh hour convert, and this fact will be used with some effect against him.

Mr. Lowe proves from the record that Mr. Clarke resisted all changes in the constitution until he found resistance hopeless; or rather till he found that a change imposition was necessary to make him an available candidate for Governor of Maryland! His convertion was about as sudden as St. Paul's, but it is apprehended not quite so *thorough.*

Something for Ewing to chew.

A letter-writer in the New York Herald, writing from Washington, says: That on last Sunday morning, Thomas Ewing, the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, visited a church, where an eloquent divine was preaching, and sat immediately in front of the minister, whose text was emphatically read looking him directly in the eyes, "*Give an account of thy stewardship.*" It is said all eyes were directed to the Secretary, whose brow was knit and countenance seemed to be disturbed by the inward workings of a spirit terribly harrassed with the thoughts and reflections of having turned so many faithful men out of office. The text *was* appropriate, as he was just about to retire from office. He could not "*fill-more*" of the office.—*Md. Ref.*

Can't Fill-more.

The late Cabinet at Washington, having *galvanised* (Galphinised) the country, and given very bad counsel to the lamented President, Taylor, no doubt extremely regret his death, as by that act their functions cease, and they must retire into privacy. They have however, if report be true, done well, and no wonder they regret his death. Having done the thing up so agreeably, as report says they have, though not to the extent of satiety, they must regret, that they cannot *Fill-more*, and be permitted to remain in the Cabinet Councils.—*Md. Reformer.*

DEMOCRATIC ELOQUENCE.—E. Louis Lowe, Esq., our popular Democratic standard bearer in the approaching Gubernatorial contest, addressed a large and enthusiastic meeting of the citizens of Charles county, at Port Tobacco.—His address is spoken of in the highest terms and must have impressed upon the minds of his large audience a full conviction of the truthfulness of democratic principles. R. J. Brent, Esq., one of our Reform candidates, was also present on the occasion and delivered an able address.

SECRETARIES OF WAR AND NAVY.—Maj. Gen. Winfield Scott has been appointed Secretary of War, and Commodore Lewis Warrington, Secrerary of the Navy, until the arrival of the new Secretaries of those respective Departments.

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