

THE WYANDOT PIONEER.

VOL. I, NO 37.

UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO, THURSDAY, JAN. 19, 1854.

WHOLE NO. 419.

From the N. Y. Tribune. A FEW WORDS TO A LADY, REGARDING HANDS.

And so you don't fancy my great bonny fist,
And the impress of labor, in snow and wrist,
And prefer to press one of a delicate hue,
With the pink round the nails; when you say
"how d'ye do."

O, give to my heart a hard, manly hand,
With the fingers well knit, and the joints at
command,
Too big and too heavy to ease in a glove;
That could fight for its country, its God, and its
love.

If not on the field when the battle is loud,
O'er the crimson-stained furrow, the cannon has
plowed;
Where the kite and the vulture, black birds of
the fight,
Hover over the fallen, awaiting the night;

But in the great combat, the battle of life,
With its deep clanging tumult and civilized
strife;
Or on the grand hills, with their fresh waving
grain,
Where the sounds of the mowers come sweet
from the plains;

Where the furrows are deep, that the plowman
has made,
And the engines of war are the harrow and
spade;
Where the farmer sits down in the stillness of
even,
And his children sing songs to their Father in
Heaven;

Where warm on the hill-side, the brook rings its
tune,
And the violets grow in the sunshine of June;
Where the soldiers of labor have homes on their
lands,
And great stalwart chests, and big bonny hands,
Yes, madam! the boy that you cradle to rest,
Whose brown, sunny curls wandered over your
breast,
Whose lip drains the warmth of its fountain of
life,
Must fight in the battle, bear part in this strife.

And that maiden, whose eyes have drunk deep
of the night,
Shall unfold her rich beauty, away from thy
sight,
And the rose-bud that springs for the mother
alone,
Shall give all its sweetness to a heart that's
unknown.

Reverend! and fancies like yours throw aside,
And be glad in wearing the wreath of a bride
The bridegroom she chooses besides her to
stand,
Has a great open heart, and a big bonny hand.

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THE UNYIELDING WIFE, Or, the Effects of Ill-Temper.

Baron proceeding to the subject matter of this paper, allow me, my young friends, to exhort you to pause long and strive earnestly at self-control and self-control, before taking a step, which involves your all of earthly happiness, as well as that of the individual whom, before Heaven, you promised to honor, love and cherish, during your sojourn in a state where mutual concessions are constantly demanded. My female friends, though the chosen companion of your life may not be all you had, in the ardor of your affection, painted him, he is still the man whom you are bound to "love, honor and obey," and to your keeping, in a great degree, is committed his reputation, his usefulness in life, his social tastes and fireside enjoyments. Mutual improvement is undoubtedly one of the ends of the institution of marriage; but an attempt at correction or reproof should be mingled with kindness of manner; if the contrary course is adopted, the desired effect is worse than lost and frequently the seeds of good already sown in the heart, are, by harshness and severity, stifled in the germ, and the noble feelings which had begun to expand are blasted by the heat of an unmanageable temper.

Years ago, when in the freshness and buoyancy of girlhood, I was about to be the bride of him who had ever striven to make me happy, I received a letter from my mother's eldest sister, earnestly urging me to spend a few days with her as she wished particularly to see me. Accordingly, I went, and was cordially received by Aunt Clara and the family of her son, with whom she resided. One day, during my visit, Aunt Clara told me she had heard of my intended marriage, and feeling a deep interest in my welfare, she had determined to give me a history of her married life, believing that it might convey a useful lesson. Whether she thought she discovered the same traits in my character that caused the ship wreck of her happiness, I cannot say; but let that pass. She said on account of the sad memories and unhappy feelings it would necessarily awaken, she had reduced the narrative to writing, which I might peruse at leisure.

At an early day I availed myself of her kindness—her manuscript is here copied. Being the oldest of six children, my parents had always been accustomed to rely on me for much assistance, which had I been the only child, they would scarcely have considered me able to render. My mother's time was almost wholly occupied with household affairs, so that at sixteen years of age, the care of two little sisters and three brothers devolved on me. Nature had endowed me with an indomitable will, and a passionate love of power, which required a stronger curb than the occasional reproofs which my ebullient temper called forth. Among my brothers and sisters my word was law and when I issued a command, (and that was the form in which my wishes were exercised,) exacted the strictest obedience. I do not think the children could have loved me very much, for my passionate instructions must have engendered that fear that cast out love.

At length a change came over me, a passion took possession of my heart, which for a time overpowered all baser passions—need I say that passion was love? My whole heart was devoted to an object worthy of a better disciplined one than I could bring him.

As if to prove the assertion true that every person loves his opposite, the object of my attachment was mild, with a disposition full of mildness and charity, always choosing to suffer wrong rather than contend with an antagonist. Intending to relieve my parents from providing some of the necessary articles for house-keeping, I engaged to take charge of the district school, which was managed by a board of trustees, who were authorized to employ and pay the teacher being more or less controlled by them. Their occasional interference was to a temperament like mine exceedingly irritating. One day I returned from school in a very angry mood, asserting that I would neither submit to the dictates of the trustees, or any one else, when my eldest said, with an arch smile.

"What will you do when you are married? You will then have to love, honor and obey;"

My temper was not in the least softened by the question, and I replied very emphatically, that when I was married it would be my husband's duty to make me happy, and if he did not conform to my wishes, I should endeavor to make him. Foolish, wayward girl that I was, to resolve in my own mind that I would abide by so absurd a determination. How little did I reflect how much influence, pride and obstinacy would exert in causing me to adhere to this expression of perverted will.

Joseph and I were at length married. It seemed to me that I had never been so happy before; weeks passed as days. Surrounded by an atmosphere of love and kindness, my faults were not called out, and Joseph in his mistaken fondness thought me all that his warm heart and noble nature could desire.

Soon after the marriage we commenced house-keeping in a neat pretty house, just suited to our wants. I was enabled nearly to furnish it with the avails of my last year's teaching, and the kind assistance of my mother and sisters. Neatness and order were largely developed in my habits, and for some time nothing occurred to mar the happiness of our daily walk.

One evening I had to wait longer than usual for Joseph to tea, and suffered a long suppressed feeling of impatience to betray itself in the peevish tones in which I exclaimed as soon as he entered the dining room, "The tea is all cold; why did you not come before?"

"I could not, my dear, as there was no one to stay in the store," was the mild reply which should have put the subject to rest, as I knew that Joseph's business must necessarily occupy his whole time, he being head clerk in the establishment with which he was connected, expecting in the course of two or three years to be taken into partnership, therefore it was necessary for him to be active and attentive.

All this I knew, but like too many wives, took little interest in business affairs, and would not consider that he had any claims paramount to my convenience. Small matters like these should have been borne patiently, but in the absence of any greater trouble, I suffered a thousand trifling things to annoy and irritate me to that degree that I threatened to "turn over a new leaf," which was but another way of saying, unless I can have things my own way I'll give my husband a lesson.

He bore my reiterated complaints about what appears to me now to have been trifles light as air without resentment, offering good reasons (excuses I called them) for not complying with my wishes.

One day, after I had reproached him with thinking more of his business than of his wife, he rose to go out, but as he did so, he turned to me with a look that should have sent repentance to my heart, and fixing on me those liquid grey eyes, expressive more of sorrow than of anger, "Clara," said he, "if you find it so troublesome waiting for me, do not wait any more, but take your meals as clear away the things without regard for me. When he had gone, the temper that should have been cast behind me prompted me to take him at his word. Accordingly when the time came, I prepared the evening meal and after waiting a few moments I sat down, ate alone, then cleared away the table and took up my sewing. In a few moments Joseph came in, and without raising my eyes from my work, I told him in an unconcerned manner as possible, that he need not come for his tea, I had cleared it away. Without saying a word he turned and left the house.

I know, my friend, that when you read this you will bitterly reproach me for unkindness to one, who loved me better than his life; one, too, for whom at times, I would have laid down my life, and sought else saved my will. His loss at one time would have broken my heart, but naturally impulsive, that intense love that for a time controlled infirmities of temper, I had suffered them to gain the ascendancy thus dashing from our lips the cup of happiness. I allowed myself to forget that the same guard over my conduct, and the same effort was necessary to preserve the affections of the husband that were employed to win and obtain the lover.

But to return. That night I sat up late, but my husband did not come. Ah, thought I, he thinks to frighten me into submission by staying out late, (a thing he had never done before,) but he will find his mistake. Finding that he had taken the night key, I determined to sit up no longer. I retired, but could not sleep. The mild beams of the moon came softly stealing through the window, filling the room with fantastic shapes of light and shade, bearing to my troubled mind a self-examination, so long deferred. As the night deepened and my husband came not, I wept bitter tears of self accusation, and in proportion to my fears for his safety did my repentance for the past, and resolve for the future, deepen and expand.

I knew the store had closed some hours before, and we had few friends, indeed none with whom he could be spending the evening. Where can he be, was the constantly recurring question. Just as the clock struck one, I heard the click of the night key and his step on the stairs. With my fears vanished repentance from my volatile heart, and by the time he reached the room I was prepared to pour a storm of invective on his head. He paused on the threshold, as the moon shone full in his face, I perceived that he was pale and agitated, and in the moonlight presented a ghastliness that shocked me so much that I sprang from the bed, exclaimed, "Joseph, Mr. Leland, what is the matter?" He stared at me that instant, and in an excited tone replied:—"Don't be a fool Clara. Go back to bed, and let me alone. The truth flashed on my mind, and again I pressed my pillow, where I sought to fasten the blame, rather than take any share on myself. The next day nothing was said of the occurrence of the preceding day and night. In fact, there were few words spoken on any subject; I felt injured, and a gloom seemed to have settled on the countenance and manner of my husband.

It was not until years after that I knew what I may as well mention now. When Mr. Leland left the store on the evening night, he paused a moment on the threshold, uncertain whether to direct his steps, dressing after the toiling of the day, to encounter the fretfulness of an arbitrary wife at home. Home—home no longer to his gentle and peace loving spirit. Just then an acquaintance passed, and accosting him gaily invited him to go and partake of an oyster supper at a fashionable restaurant. Unhappily his stomach prompted his mind to accept the invitation. That night the tempting wine cup held to his lips; a second and a third followed in rapid succession, and in that state he sought his chamber as we have already seen.

Following this, there came a succession of days and months frightened with the deepest misery to both of us. I will draw a veil over the recollections of this period, only mentioning that but a few months had elapsed before the hollow cheeks and bloodshot eyes told a tale that none who saw him could fail to read. My husband's conduct and appearance, instead of causing self-reproach and exciting pity, led me to look upon myself as one of the most injured of wives, and my selfish and wicked heart hardened towards him till I rarely spoke save in harshness and reproach.

We had been married about two years. One morning Mr. Leland went to the store as usual, but soon returned. On looking at him, I caught my breath in astonishment. His eyes were wild and gleamed like hot coals, and he staggered across the room, and would have fallen had he not grasped their into which he sank. He sat a moment, as if collecting his thoughts then, in a voice firm and solemn, while I almost felt his burning gaze, he said:—"Clara, this day I am a ruined man—my employers have watched my steps, have expostulated with me; finding it to no purpose, this day, on which I should have been raised to an honorable and profitable position, I am without money and without friends. Trouble and disappointment drove me to the wine cup; then, to find oblivion, for my sorrows, I neglected my business, became involved in debt, and this is the consequence."

Rules for the Young.
If you wish to cultivate your mind and succeed in the pursuit of knowledge, observe carefully the following rules:

1. Take care of leisure moments as you would of gold.

2. Do not spend more time than is necessary in sleep.

3. Withdraw from idle and silly companions.

4. Have always some good reading on hand.

5. Read not many novels, but history, biography, and works of science.

6. Always think, always observe, always seek to learn.

7. Think of the pleasure of knowledge, and the disgrace of ignorance.

8. Take as your motto "what has been done can be done."

9. If at first you don't succeed, try, try, again.

10. Remember the old maxim:—"Honesty is the best policy."

Follow these rules and there is no such word as "fail."

THE BIG TUNNEL.—The Johnstown Mountain Echo, of last Wednesday, says: "We regret to learn that there has been a large fall of rocks in the big Pennsylvania railroad tunnel on the mountain. It is supposed that one month's time will be occupied in removing it."

From the Placer Times and Transcript.
Important News from Lower California.
HEAD QRS. OF THE REPUBLIC OF LOWER CAL. NOV. 7, 1853.

On the morning of the 14th of October we sailed with the First Independent Battalion for Lower California. The command consisted of forty-five men. Our voyage was a prosperous one to Cape St. Lucas, where we landed on the 28th of October. Here we gained some little information of importance, and proceeded on our journey to La Paz. On the 3rd day of November our vessel cast anchor opposite the town. A party were ordered by Col. Walker to land, take possession of the town, and secure the person of the Governor. Lieut. Gilman commanding the party. In less than thirty minutes the town was taken, and the governor secured. We then hauled down the Mexican flag in front of the Governor's house, proclaimed the Independence of Lower California, and our flag floated triumphantly, where but a few minutes previous that of Mexico waved in supposed security. Our men, provisions and munitions for war were now landed, the town fortified, and Col. Walker entered upon his duties as president of the Republic, Lower California; issuing such decrees as were most congenial to the citizens, as well as to the comfort and security of his command.

Here we remained until Sunday the 5th; when the President determined to remove the seat of Government to St. Lucas. In accordance with this determination we re-embarked, taking with us Ex-Governor Espanosa, and the public documents. Shortly after our embarkation a vessel came into port, having on board Col. Robollo, who was sent by the government of Mexico to supersede Ex-Governor Espanosa. A small detachment was dispatched to bring Col. Robollo on board our vessel. This order was promptly executed. About an hour after this occurrence, a party was sent on shore to procure wood, and while in the act of returning to their boats, they were fired upon by a large party. Thus commenced the first action.

The party consisted of but six men, who retired to the vessel under a heavy fire of musketry without losing a man. In the mean time a fire was opened upon the town with our ordinance, which was kept up until Col. Walker landed with thirty men, when the fighting became general. From the time of landing until the close of the action, (a signal defeat of the enemy,) was about one hour and a half. The enemy's loss was six or seven killed, and several wounded. Our men did not so much as receive a wound, except from *caci* while pursuing the enemy through the chaparral, in the rear of the town.

Thus ended the battle of La Paz, crowning our efforts with victory, releasing Lower California from the tyrannous yoke of declining Mexico, and establishing a new Republic.

The commercial resources—the mineral and agricultural wealth of the Republic of Lower California, destines her to compare favorably with her sister Republics.

Our men are all in fine health and spirits, and are as noble and determined a body of men as ever were collected together.

The officers who compose the Government are as follows, viz:

Wm. Walker, President of the Republic of Lower California; Frederick Emory, Secretary of State; John M. Jernagin, Secretary of War; Howard H. Snow, Secretary of Navy; Charles H. Gilman, Capt. Battalion; John McKibbin, 1st Lt.; Timothy Crocker, 2d do.; Samuel Buland, 3d do.; Wm. P. Mann, Capt. of Navy; A. Williams, 1st Lieut. do.; John Grundall, 2d do.

Our Government has been formed upon an firm and sure basis.

We arrived at St. Lucas on Tuesday, November 8th. On the morning of the 9th, the Mexican cutter *Garrea* cruised off the Cape, our appearance was so formidable, she deemed "prudence the better part of valor," hauled too and gave us the slip. In the morning our troops again embarked for Ensenada, where the President contemplates establishing the seat of Government for the present.

Dec. 1.—Not having had an opportunity to send this report sooner, I will add, that we are now at Ensenada where the President has established Head Quarters. The country is at present quiet. The Rancheros are generally pleased with the New Government. All well and in fine spirits. I also send you copies of several important Decrees, and the Proclamation of Independence.

Yours,
INDEPENDENCE.

PROCLAMATION.
Issued on the 3rd day of November, 1853.
The Republic of Lower California is hereby declared Free, Sovereign, and Independent, and all allegiance to the Republic of Mexico is forever renounced.

DECREES.—7th inst.
All duties, whether exports or imports, are hereby abolished.

DECREES.—8th inst.
From and after this date, the Civil Code and Code of Practice of the State of Louisiana shall be the rule of decision and the Law of the land in all the Courts of the Republic to be hereafter organized.

Nothing, however, in this Decree, shall be construed so as to make it an organization of the Courts of the Republic.

WM. WALKER,
President of Lower California.
FREDERICK EMORY, Sec'y of State.

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT WALKER TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.
Nov. 3, 1853.

In declaring the republic of Lower California, free sovereign and independent I deem it proper to give the people of the United States the reason for the course I have taken. It is due to the nationality which has most jealously guarded the independence of American States, to declare why another republic is created on the immediate confines of the great Union.

The Mexican Government has for long time failed to perform its duties to the Province of Lower California. Cut off as the Territory was by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo from all direct communication with the rest of Mexico, the central authorities have manifested little or no interest in the affairs of the California Peninsula. The geographical position of the province is such as to make it entirely separate and distinct in its interests from the other portions of the Mexican Republic. But the moral and social ties which bound it to Mexico, have been weaker and more dissoluble than the physical. Hence, to develop the resources of Lower California, and to effect a proper social organization therein, it was necessary to make it independent.

The mineral and pastoral wealth of Lower California is naturally great; but to properly develop it there must be good government and sure protection to labor and property. Mexico is unable to furnish these requisites for the growth and prosperity of the Peninsula. The Territory, under Mexican rule would forever remain wild, half savage and uncivilized, covered with an indolent and uncivilized people, desirous of keeping all foreigners from entering the limits of the State. When the people of a Territory fall almost entirely to develop the resources nature has placed at their command, the interests of civilization require others to go in and possess the land. They cannot, nor should they be allowed to play the dog in the manger, and keep others from possessing what they have failed to occupy and appropriate.

Mexico has not performed any of the ordinary duties of a government towards the people of Lower California. She has established no sure and ready means of communication for the people among themselves, or with the rest of the world; nor has she ever undertaken to protect them from the wandering robbers who infest the Territory. Thus abandoning the Peninsular, and leaving it as it were, a waif on the waters. Mexico cannot complain if others take it and make it valuable.

On such considerations have I and my companions in arms acted in the course we have pursued. And for the success of our enterprise, we put our trust in Him who controls the destiny of nations, and guides them in the way of progress and improvement.

WM. WALKER, Col.
President of Lower California.

Lower California.
The peninsula of California—bounded east by the Gulf of California, which separates it from the western coast of the rest of Mexico, south and west by the Pacific, and north by a line drawn due west from the mouth of the river Gila across the Colorado to the Pacific—lies between the parallels of 33deg. and 33 deg. north, and so is nearly 700 miles long by about 160 wide. This is the real California of geographers; our own State so entitled having acquired the name only by contiguity and community of government prior to our seizure of Alta (Upper) California.

Lower California is very thinly peopled, in good part by half civilized Indians, and its industry and productions are yet inconsiderable. But among its natural products are Silver, and probably Gold, ebon, Lignum Vitae, Dye-woods, Pearl Oyster and other Fisheries, and an Island of Salt named de Carmo. Its climate is dry, but its soil is mainly good. A few inconsiderable islands line its western, and a much larger number stud its eastern coast, where its harbors must mainly be sought. Though its summer temperature is hot, and much of its surface is destitute of running water, it is very likely to be one day a population, thriving, valuable country.

And now as to Filibustering:
The First Filibustering expedition (since Fremont's) directed against Mexican California, in 1851. Its "fleet" consisted of the bark *Josephine*; its commander was one Morehead, who had belonged to Col. Stevenson's New York Regiment of California Volunteers. It departed at San Jose, situated a mile and a half from Cape San Lucas, the southern extremity of the peninsula, and containing 1,000 inhabitants, mainly unoffending Mexicans and Indians. Among them were some twenty Spaniards, of whom perhaps ten were effective, including an Alcalde, a Priest, and a Military Commandant, but no Military and no arms.

Yet the Filibusters were repulsed, through the bravery and energy of an American then at San Jose, now in this City who furnished to the Alcalde three mule-loads of arms, with which the effective were armed and Morehead beaten off. He sailed in his bark for Mazatlan, where his expedition dissolved.

The next attempt was made in the winter of 1852-3, by the same Walker

new styles himself President of the Republic of lower California. Walker spent much of the winter at Benicia, where the California Legislature was sitting, and where he labored hard to raise a force adequate to the invasion and subjugation, not of Lower California, but Sonora—a much more serious business. Men enough were ready to enlist, but there was a sad lack of funds, which defeated the enterprise. In June following, Walker landed with a single associate, a peaceable traveler or adventurer, at Guaymas, the chief port of Sonora, opposite Lower California. He was soon recognized as a plotter of revolution, and sent out of the country. At least, such was the official report made to the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Mexico.

Walker returned to San Francisco, where he soon succeeded in raising a force of forty-five men among the broken-down adventurers who there abound, procured some sort of a vessel, and with these effected the landing at San Jose, whereof the American people have been duly advised. The report that they have taken La Paz, (a place of rather more importance than San Jose, lying some miles inland,) may be true, and may not. If these banditti succeeded in shooting a few harmless Mexicans, and plundering their houses, their mission will probably have been accomplished, even without the subjugation of California to Slavery, which is the object of the backers of the raid, and was doubtless the avowed purpose which impelled those who have furnished the sinews of war for this shameful outrage. It will be observed that the Filibusters hardly waited to land, before extending the *Code of Louisiana*—that is, the Code of Slavery—over the entire Peninsula, whereof they did not possess a thousandth part at the time of making the proclamation!

Of course, nothing could be more opportune for Santa Anna, just as his conspiracy against the liberties of Mexico was ripening to its consummation. He will, doubtless, make the most of it; but we are not at all sure that Walker & Co., will await the arrival of his forces. They will probably collect what plunder they can lay hands on, and hurry back to their lair in San Francisco. But they will have succeeded in seriously embarrassing Col. Gadsdon, our Ambassador in Mexico, who has important and critical negotiations in progress, which this raid will inevitably interrupt. We have no desire to see neither Sonora, Lower California, or both, purchased by our Government; but there is a popular passion for annexation to which our present rulers are very likely to ponder, while Santa Anna needs money, and would like to raise from Ten to Thirty Millions by any means which would not expose him to unpopularity at home. The swoop of Walker will inevitably preclude his selling us any territory whatever.

—Suppose the North were perpetually hatching conspiracies, and fitting out Filibustering expeditions against the Slave Islands in the Gulf, in order to abolish Slavery therein and bring them into the Union as Free States, how would the South like it?

Steamer San Francisco.
Until the fate of this noble vessel is fully known, with her eight hundred people, the public mind will be intensely exercised. She was seen in latitude 38 degrees 20 minutes, her decks swept, all her boats lost and completely disabled. This was about 300 miles east of Cape Henlopen, and 260 E. S. E. of Sandy Hook.—The *San Francisco* was a new and staunch built vessel, and well officered—circumstances that would strengthen the hope that those on board would eventually reach their homes in safety. She was destined for San Francisco, via the Straits of Magellan, touching at Rio Janeiro, Valparaiso and Acapulco. She sailed from New York on the 21st ult., and had on board companies A, B, D, G, H, I, K and L, of the 3d regiment of U. S. Artillery. These companies, with the non-commissioned staff and band of the regiment, constituted a force of about 500 men. Among her passengers were Mr. George Aspinwall, Capt. J. W. T. Gardner, of the 1st Dragoons, who intended to join his regiment in California, and Lieut. F. K. Murry, of the Navy, who intended to join the squadron at Rio.

A steamship and four cutters started from different eastern ports to hunt her up. Hopes are entertained by the War Department that the boat may be saved, the vessel being one of the staunchest steamships ever built in this country, and quite new.—*Cin. Enq.*

ADVERTISING.—In one of the proverbs of Solomon we find the most comprehensive and satisfactory exposition of the philosophy of advertising that ever was or could be written. The business men and some of the merchants of Upper Sandusky cannot believe much in Solomon, as they do not follow his directions, viz:

"There is that scattereth and yet increaseth and there is that withholdeth more than is met, but it tendeth to poverty."

And again, here are the words of Paul so expressly given that none can mistake his meaning:

"He who soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully."

"He sows his country most, who serves the best."

John C. Calhoun.
Born in a region where the tropical sun is apt to ripen human passions into the rank luxuriance which it imparts to physical nature—was the severest dialectician and the least ornamental writer among all our distinguished men. His style, though intense, was highly intellectual, plain, direct, cogent, sinewy and unyielding. No flowers of fancy bloomed along its path; it never wandered into rich meads or leafy woodlands but arid and hot, like a way across the desert, it bore along its burden of thought without one cooling oasis or refreshing shade. The voluptuousness of life, the magnificence and pomp, the exuberant fullness and deep-toned harmonies of the southern zones, seemed not to have touched the springs of his being, never made his brain delirious, or kindled his soul into poetry. As well might he have been born in Nova Zembla, or anywhere above the line of perpetual snow, as in the south, for any effect it produced upon his imagination and fancy.

On the contrary, the *sonnet* given him of the "cast iron man," would show rather that he came out of the bowels of our own northern mountains; for, like iron, he was capable of intense heat and of slight flow, but of no brilliancy or sparkle. Stern, dignified and upright, he was at all times neither more nor less than the great Senator. A witicism proceeding from his mouth would have seemed a moral suicide; and a capricious, fantastic or cross conceit, the beginning of mental aberration. It is said, that in the bosom of his family, among his friends, neighbors, and servants, he relaxed into some lambent play of the affections; but we, who only saw him wrapped in his senatorial robes, like a stern old Roman, must record the report as a Straussian myth.—*Putnam's Month Magazine.*

Great Men in Death.
Augustus Cesar chose to die in a standing position, and was careful in arranging his person and dress for the occasion—Julius Cesar, when slain by conspirators in the Capitol, concealed his face beneath the folds of his toga, so that his enemies might not see the death pang upon his countenance. Seward, Earl of Northumberland, when at the point of death, quieted his bed and put on his armor, saying, "it became not a man to die like a beast." Maria Louisa, of Austria, who, a short time before she breathed her last, had fallen into an apparent slumber, one of the ladies in attendance remarked that her Majesty seemed to be asleep. "No," replied she, "I could sleep if I would indulge repose; but I am sensible of the near approach of death, and I would not allow myself to be surprised by him in my sleep—I wish to meet him wide awake." Lord Nelson, on receiving the fatal shot, said to Captain Hardy, "They have done for me at last, Hardy; my back bone is shot through." And yet he held the presence of mind to take out his handkerchief and cover his face, to be concealed from the gaze of his crew. And last of all, the great Bonaparte died in his Field Marshal's uniform and boots, which he ordered to be put on a short time previous to his dissolution. Such are the efforts of poor expiring mortality—still clinging to earth, still laboring for the breath of posterity, and exerting itself to fall at last, when fall it must, with dignity and grace.

FEMALE SHOEMAKERS.—It is stated that in Washington some of the most respectable and independent women, married and single, engage in the shoemaking business as an agreeable pastime, as well as from motives of economy. "The gaiters which cost us \$3 at the stores," writes a female, "cost us one day's labor and 60 cents for the best material bought at store. One of us has made five pair of ladies' gaiters in a week. Many of us make shoes for ourselves and children, without neglecting other household duties. On Capitol Hill alone, there are thirty ladies thus employed, and about two hundred in the city. We find it very easy to make two pair of children's shoes in a day, and they cost us here \$1 25 a pair."

What will women who complain about house-keeping and cooking for two or three persons, think of those Washington ladies?

IMPORTANT TO POSTMASTERS AND OTHERS.—We understand that, by recent instructions of the Post-master General, the exchange offices of New York and Boston are required to report every postmaster taking wrong rates of postage on letters to foreign countries. We also learn that from these reports it appears that, besides other errors, a great many letters for the continent of Europe, marked to go "via Liverpool," or "via England," are taken by offices in the interior at rates applicable only to the direct Bremen line. This, of course, causes confusion, and often results in loss to the sender.

Persons writing to the continent are advised to use light paper, especially if their letters are to go either through or to France, Switzerland, or Italy, where the quarter-ounce scale for letters (except by the Prussian closed mail) still prevails.

Possibly no single line in the language so conveys the idea of height, as the words quoted in these six lines of Tenyson, on "The Eagle."

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.
The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunder-bolt he falls."

"He serves his country most, who serves the best."