



Choice Poetry.

We publish the following by permission of the gentleman to whom the letter was addressed. Many of our readers are familiar with the writer, and may have seen other productions of his pen.

TO C.

"No, dear friend, I cannot cure you of despondency. I cannot help that you have found out the heartlessness of life. Oh! how much I regret that storms have fallen in your pathway; how much I like them with flowers of grief but, but, though I sweep, white you suffer in the fire of adversity. I regret, that when the flame is fiercer, you will come forth crowned with a laurel more radiant than the stars;—a mind severely tried, yet victorious;—a man, fit to live and fit to die. Persevere, and you must conquer."

Yours lovingly in your letter on the hollowness of worldly things, suggested the following lines. Not appropriate, perhaps, for a letter, yet our long acquaintance will pardon trifles."

Why art thou thus desponding, boy, With that despairing look? The bright dew drops of morning, Yet gleaming from thy brow?

Beyond the years thou art thoughtful, Sadness is in thine eye; Cause thou not to tell me dark-eyed boy, What thou art to be why?

Alas! the world is ever falling, Time wears not but breaks long; The days will not be made void now, Tomorrow will be thy song.

Alas! that thou art born so soon The world's trials of life! Alas! that thou art born so young The trials of worldly strife!

"I'm not always" "gold that glitters," Glad to be happy from thy brow! Since thou art born and live so long, Why art thou so sad and low?

Yes, break the glass—there, friend, I say; Break it in a happy way! Best counsel, Lane, "thou shalt be lame" Now mid an art by me.

And hearken Hope—do leave her star, Yet may you kiss the dart; For while we gaze upon the beam, This star, our souls with art.

And Happiness—yes, you may go, But blasphe my first proposal; Ah, happy art! Oh, happy word! Yet art thou but a name.

Yes, I'm not I would hold fast that, But as thou art not here; With thy sisters thou hast sinned, So, sister, art thou here.

Yes, all are gone—Pleasure's transient smiles, Hope is fair, and Love is sweet, Fate's Virtue and Fate's Happiness, All gone at thy feet.

Now gentle Heaven take my soul, I would not longer live; Let both be more joys for me, And I no joy can give!

Speak not those words again my boy, Thou shalt not be a slave; These words are thine, but should I say, And "thou shalt be a slave!"

God in the armor of his love, Thy destiny fulfill; Thou hast a noble work to do— Thy glorious Master's will.

If all our paths were decked with flowers— If all of life were gold— The body joy that regains above, Our souls might never fold.

Now gaze upon thy fallen crown, Thy life in the chalice sky; And say "thou art all of life to live, Nor all of death to die."

THE DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

(CONCLUDED.)

GEN. JOSEPH LANE, OF OREGON.

JOSEPH LANE, the second son of John Lane and Elizabeth Street, was born in North Carolina, on the 14th of December, 1801. In 1804, the father emigrated to Kentucky, and settled in Henderson county. He had the benefit of having sprung from Revolutionary stock, and, if he learned little else, imbibed many strong lessons of patriotism and glorious results from the elders who surrounded the hearthstone of his boyhood. At an early age he shined for himself, and entered the employ of Nathaniel Hays, Clerk of the County Court. In 1810, he went into Warwick county, Indiana, became a clerk in a mercantile house, married, in 1820, a young girl of French and Irish extraction, and settled on the banks of the Ohio, in Vanderburg county.

Young Lane soon became the man of the people among whom he had cast his lot. In 1822, then barely eligible, he was elected to the Indiana Legislature, and took his seat to the astonishment of many older worthies.

On the Ohio, Lane became extremely popular as a good neighbor and a man of enlarged hospitality. Near his dwelling the river has a bar, which never fails at low water to detain a small fleet of boats, Lane's farm-house had ever its doors open.

Mr. Lane was a fearless legislator, always acting from a conscientious belief in the truth of his views, and following them up with spirit and undeviating vigilance.

deeds rather than words—though he does not lack the power to express his views clearly and forcibly.

Never in favor of expediency, he was always for what seemed right to him.—When it was thought that Indiana, overburdened with debt, would be compelled to repudiate, the prospect of the disgrace which would thereby result to the State, aroused all his indignant energies. He would not hear of such a thing. He felt it would be a disgrace to him, as a working man with the will and the strength to labor, to repudiate a debt. What was it, then, to a State of which he was one of the representatives? He toiled untiringly to avert it, and had the satisfaction of seeing his efforts successful.

In politics General Lane has always been of the Jefferson and Jackson school. Possessing a strong intellect and a memory retentive of facts and quick to use them, he has become thoroughly acquainted with the history and politics of the country.—Mr. Yale well observes, "He has written with his plough and sword, and spoken by his deeds; and, though unused to the ornaments of rhetoric and literature, his is, nevertheless, powerful in debate, and especially well qualified in political and Presidential conflicts on the stump to overcome the opponents of Democracy." He supported Jackson in 1828, '29, and '32, gave his voice and energies for Van Buren in 1836 and '40, "as long as the latter followed in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessors," and voted for Polk in 1844. His activity and earnestness were contagious, and could not but infuse into those about him, and into the public men of the State generally, the spirit which had led him to so honorable a prominence.

In the spring of 1849, the war commenced between the United States and Mexico, and a call was made upon Indiana for volunteers. Lane, then a member of the State Senate, immediately resigned, and entered Captain Walker's company as a private.—When the regiment met at the rendezvous, —New Albany.—Joseph Lane was taken from the ranks by the unanimous voice of the men, and placed at the head as Colonel; and in a very few days afterward he received—unsought and unexpected by him—a commission from President Polk as Brigadier-General. On the 6th of July he wrote a letter of acceptance, and entered on the command of the three regiments forming his brigade. Two weeks later (24th of July) he was at the Brazos, with all his men, and concluded the report announcing his arrival to General Taylor in these words:—"The brigade I have the honor to command is generally in good health and fine spirits, anxious to engage in active service." On the 20th of August, he wrote to Major-General Butler, claiming active service.

Lane had an idea that the Indiana men were raised to do some fighting, and he was impatient of delay. The second day after his letter to Butler, he wrote again to General Taylor, complaining of the advance of troops out of their order of precedence. Without being disrespectful, he demanded for his command a share in the dangers and honors of the active service. He requested that, if the whole volunteer corps was not needed on the scene of action, a part of each State's troops be selected. Despite his anxiety to go on, he had to remain several months, in a most irksome mood, on the swampy banks of the Rio Grande, where his troops, suffering under the sweltering sun, were decimated by the pestilential disease of the climate. He was almost the only man of the brigade who was not prostrated at some time.

At length he was ordered to Saltillo, and was made civil and military commandant of that post by Major-General Butler.—Here he established a vigilant police, protecting life and property, and built a stone fortification to provide against the threatened descent by Santa Anna. It was owing to the watchful care of his confidential agents and spies secured by liberal pay out of his own pocket, that he was enabled to communicate the first intelligence of the capture of Major Gaines's command.—While in command at Saltillo, General Lane personally visited each picket guard nightly, thus presenting to his men a fruitful example of vigilance. After the battle of Monterey, Lane was ordered to join General Taylor.

The famous battle of Buena Vista was fought on the 22d and 23d of February, 1847. General Lane was third in command, and served on the left wing. From the beginning to the end he was in the hottest of the fight. On the morning of the 23d, Lane had the honor of opening the continuation of the battle, on the plain where he was attacked by a force of from

four to five thousand infantry, artillery, and lancers, under General Ampudia.—At this crisis, Lane's force was reduced to four hundred men; and with this phalanx he received the Mexican onset. "Nothing," writes an eye witness, "could exceed the imposing and fearful appearance of the torrent of assailants which at this moment swept along toward the little band of Lane. The long lines of infantry presented a continued and unbroken sheet of fire. But their opponents, though few in number, were undismayed, and defended their position with a gallantry worthy of the highest praise. Several times I observed the Mexican lines, galled by the American musketry and scattered by the fearful discharges from O'Brien's battery, break and fall back; but their successive formations beyond the ridge enabled them to force the men back to their positions and quickly replace those who were slain." All printed authorities on this great fight, as well as parties who served with the gallant brigadier from Indiana, unite in extolling his conduct in glowing terms.

As Lane commenced the fight on the 23d, so was he in "at the death." The Illinois and Kentucky regiments, suffering sorely, were falling back under a terrible charge by the collected infantry of Santa Anna, when Lane, though wounded, came up with the Indiana men, and with the Mississippi regiment, under Colonel Jefferson Davis opened a destructive fire upon the Mexicans, checking their advance, and enabled the retreating regiments to form and return to the contest. Failing to pierce the American centre, Santa Anna retired from the field.

In this battle where all were heroes, it is the more honorable to find Lane, with four or five others, particularly noticed.—Here is a picture of him:—"When the grape and musket-shot flew as thick as hail over and through the lines of our volunteers, who began to waver before the fiery storm, their brave general could be seen fifty yards in advance of the line, waving his sword with an arm almost shattered by a musket ball, streaming with blood, and mounted on a noble charger, which was gradually sinking under the loss of blood from five distinct wounds.—A brave and noble man was that!"

Major-General Wood, writing to Lane, May 23, regrets that he is about to lose his valuable services, and testifies to his readiness to do honor to his command his country, and himself. Again, July 7, Wood writes, "I have seen you in all situations—at the head of your brigade in the drill, and in the great battle of the 22d and 23d of February; and in the course of my experience I have seen few, very few, who behaved with more zeal, ability, and gallantry in the hour of danger." And General Taylor, in his report, says, "Brigadier-General Lane (slightly wounded) was active and zealous throughout the day, and displayed great coolness and gallantry before the enemy."

Having been transferred to General Scott's line of operations he reached Vera Cruz with his command on the 16th of September, 1847. On the 20th, he set out for the city of Mexico, at the head of two thousand five hundred men. At Jalapa this force was increased by Major Lally's column of one thousand men, and at Perote by a company of mounted riflemen, two of volunteer infantry, and two pieces of artillery. At this time Colonel Childs, of the regular army, was besieged in Puebla by a large force under Santa Anna. Childs, knowing the importance of the post, nobly held out; and his officers and soldiers, animated by a like spirit, exhibited the most heroic fortitude under numerous privations. They now that to gain time was to gain victory; for Lane was marching to their relief. Santa Anna, also aware of Lane's approach, used every exertion to carry the place by storm. Failing in this, he cautiously withdrew the main body of his troops toward Huamantla, intending to attack General Lane in the rear when he had passed that point, while another force would assault him from the direction of Puebla. Lane's scouts, however, were neither deaf nor blind.—He divined the Mexican's plan, and frustrated it.

Leaving his train at San Antonio Tamaris with a suitable defence, Lane marched against Huamantla with over two thousand men. On the morning of the 9th of October the people were startled by the approach of the soldiers. White flags were immediately displayed; but no sooner had the advanced guard, under Captain Walker, entered the town, than volley after volley assailed it.

A deadly combat ensued. Walker gallantly charged upon a body of five hundred

lancers and two pieces of artillery on the plaza. Gen. Lane, advancing at the head of his column, encountered the heavy reinforcement of Santa Anna, who had arrived with his full force. Soon the roar of battle resounded from street to street.—For a short time the Mexicans confronted their assailants with the energy of despair; but the terrible decision of the Americans prevailed, and their flag soon waved over the treacherous town. A large quantity of ammunition was captured, and some prisoners—one of whom was Major Durbin, son of the former Emperors of Mexico.—This was the last field on which Santa Anna appeared in arms against the United States. For this victory, Lane was brevetted Major-General.

Having rejoined his train, General Lane arrived at Puebla on the 12th of October. Compelling Gen. Rea to retire, he raised the siege. Of the besieged, Jenkins' History of the War with Mexico says:—"Their emotions can be more easily conceived than expressed, when they caught sight of the glistening sabres, the flashing bayonets, and the victorious banners of General Lane, as his columns wound through the now almost deserted streets; and when his trumpets sounded their shrill notes of defiance, every man breathed freer and deeper, and fell proud of his country, her honor, and her fame!"

On the 19th, Lane was in pursuit of Rea, under a burning sun. At Santa Isabella, about thirteen miles from Puebla, he met the Mexican advance-guard. A running fight was kept up for four miles when, discovering the enemy strongly posted on a hill within a mile and a half of Allixca, a severe fight took place. The Mexicans were driven into the town. Not wishing to enter a strange place at night, Lane commanded the approaches and opened a telling cannonade. The ayacuhtecos came out and begged that the town might be spared. Lane spared it, but took and destroyed large quantities of arms and munitions. On his return to Puebla, he set out for Guaxoajingo, and destroyed the enemy's resources there.—On the 23th he fought the first battle of Tlascala, and on the 10th of November encountered Generals Res and Torrejon at the same place, and recaptured train of thirty-six laden wagons belonging to merchants in Puebla and Mexico. In thanks for this service, the merchants presented a splendid sword to General Lane. On the 25, taking with him Colonel Hays, Capt. Lewis, and Lieutenant Field, with one hundred and fifty horse and one gun, Lane started to surprise Matamoros, where were collected a large amount of Mexican supplies, and one thousand men strongly posted in a fort mounted with artillery.—Furnishing secretly, he gives the word; the mounted men are at the base of the wall; in an instant they leap from the saddle and spring upon the fort. Being but one man, and putting the Mexicans to flight, with a loss of eighty before Lane could stay the havoc. Assuredly he did surprise Matamoros, as well the twenty-five American prisoners liberated therefrom.

On his return, (the 24th,) the enemy, emboldened by a small number of Lane's troops, being in the ratio of eight to one, made a stand at Galaxa. The Americans were faltering under the terrible fire, when Lane leaping from his horse, unlimbered a gun, turned it on the enemy, and fired it with a lighted cigar. The gun, loaded with grape checked the enemy, and, being quickly served by Lieutenants Field and McDonald, settled the affair, and our troops returned to Puebla in triumph at noon of the following day.

Lane's campaign, from the departure from Vera Cruz up to this point, was a series of brilliant movements and victories.—A surgeon attached to his command wrote home, about this period, that no writers—only the soldiers—could tell with what ingenuity and bravery Lane conducted his handful of men. "I never," he adds, "before could understand how cowards were transformed into brave men as by miracle."

Reporting himself by order, to the commanding general on the 18th of December, at the city of Mexico, General Lane was received with marked attention by General Scott. It was the intention of the latter to send Lane, at the head of a brigade, on a forward movement. Waiting impatiently for four weeks, Lane asked and obtained leave to take three hundred mounted men, with Hays, Polk, and Walker, and chase the guerrillas under the notorious Zenobia. In this expedition he almost succeeded in capturing Santa Anna at Tehuacan. All he got of him, however, was his sword. On the 23d of January, 1848, as he marched into Orizaba

—a city of twenty thousand inhabitants—at one side the enemy marched out at the other. A large quantity of Government property was confiscated for the benefit of the United States. He next took Cordova, confiscated more property and released a number of American prisoners. Recruiting his men at Puebla, he is wandering through the mountains in search of the enemy. On the third day he meets and disperses the command of Colonel Calson, and not falling in with any other detachment of Mexicans, returns to the capital on the 10th of February, having been absent but 24 days.

A few days after his return, he turns out again with the same brave and hardy comrades, to arrest and punish Jarauta, a noted robber-chief, who had been perpetrating such atrocities as not paying over much—or very little—respect to the person of the courier belonging to the British embassy, and other more really atrocious doings against Americans.—Leaving the City of Mexico on the 17th of February, he surprised Tlanancingo on the dawn of the 21st. General Paredes escaped from his bed. Jarauta, who, Lane learned, was at Tehuacapan, was a wily rogue. Lane, desiring to throw him off his guard, remained a day and a night at Tlanancingo, gave out that he was returning to Mexico, set off in that direction, but about dark changed his course, and arrived at a ranch on the road to, and eighteen miles distant from, Tehuacapan in thirty-six hours later leaving Tlanancingo. On the 24th he was at the former. There were one thousand lancers and guerilla under Colonel Montano and Jarauta; and, as the Americans entered Tehuacapan at sunrise of the 25th, the escopetaballs came whistling about their heads from every house. Jenkins, in his history, p. 490, says:—

"Headed by General Lane, Colonel Hays, and Major Polk, the rangers and dragoons dashed upon the enemy, fighting their way hand to hand into the houses, cutting down every man who refused to surrender. A portion of the Mexicans rallied and formed outside the town; but a vigorous charge, led by General Lane and Colonel Hays, quickly put them to rout. Jarauta, who was wounded in the conflict, again escaped. One hundred of the enemy were killed, however, among whom were Colonel Montano and the boson friend of Jarauta, Padre Martinez. A still greater number were wounded, and there were fifty taken prisoners. General Lane lost but one killed and four wounded. Quiet was soon restored in the town after the fighting had ceased; and the Americans returned to the capital, taking with them their prisoners, and a quantity of recovered property that had been plundered from different trains."

The letter of Tehuacapan was the last fought in Mexico. Peace was soon declared; but General Lane—who, not inappropriately, was styled by his brother officers and soldiers "the Marion of the army"—remained some months directing the movements consequent upon the return of our troops. On evacuating the conquered land, Lane remarked to a friend, "I left my plough to take the sword with a thrill of pleasure; for my country called me. I now go home to resume the plough with a sincere joy."

About the 1st of August, 1848, General Lane reached Indiana. His fellow citizens were rejoiced to see him; but he had not time to respond to the favors extended to him, for on the 18th he—without any solicitation on his part—was appointed Governor of Oregon. On the 28th his commission reached him, and on the next day he set out for his post. He reached Fort Leavenworth on the 4th of September and left it on the 10th, with twenty-two men, including guides, &c. This was the year in which Col. Fremont, who followed Gen. Lane in a few weeks, lost almost his entire party in the mountains. The journey to Oregon, at all times arduous, is of course peculiarly so in the winter season. After reaching the Rio Grande, through snow storms of eight days' continuance, and when neither grass nor timber for fuel were to be had, Lane and his guide differed as to the route that should be followed. The Governor wanted to strike south; the guide insisted on keeping the old route. They parted; Governor Lane undertook to pilot himself, and his guide returned, forbidding evil. Had the Governor followed the guide's advice, the party would have met the same fate as did that of Fremont. For more than twenty days he made southward, and finally came to the Mexican village of Santa Cruz, in Sonora, where he took the regular trail. On reaching the City of

men deserted, who killed two of the men that were sent back after them; and, shortly after, five others, with a corporal, deserted, fearful of starvation if they proceeded.

On the 2d of March, 1849, about six months after his departure from home, he arrived safely in Oregon City. This journey cost the Government nothing.—General Lane not making any charge for his expenses; besides which, he aided largely in subsisting the troops, the greater part of the time with the product of his ride, as he was both the pilot and the hunter for the party. In this connection it may also be stated that during the Mexican war he subsisted his troops with less cost than that of any others in the service. His treaties and "talks" with the Indians in Oregon were all conducted without expense to the Government.

The Indians of Oregon—of whom there were between fifty and sixty tribes—kept the whites in a constant state of jeopardy. The progress and settlement of the Territory were greatly impeded by their depredations. In 1850, a formidable outbreak took place on Rogue River, in the southern part of Oregon. Governor Lane took the field in person, collected a force of settlers, miners, a few officers and men of the regular army, attacked the Indians at Table Rock, and, after a desperate conflict, in which he was severely wounded, drove them from their position. Following this success with his accustomed vigor, he so severely chastised them that they were glad to accept any terms of peace, on several occasions, nothing but Governor Lane's force of character and coolness could have saved the handful of men which accompanied him on his Indian expeditions. He furnished the Department with a lengthy report, which, in Mr. Schoolcraft's opinion, is the only accurate account of the Oregon Indians. The Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Oregon, passed resolutions conveying the thanks of the people, and giving their fullest approbation to his "extraordinary energy" as Superintendent of Indian Affairs. "Few," says one of the resolutions, "could have accomplished so successful a what his kindness, integrity and firmness have done to secure the bonds of a lasting peace with the tribes surrounding us." The Assembly also expressed their belief that while Governor Lane acted for the best interests of the whole people; and they regretted that upon the accession of General Taylor he was superseded. The people however, in testimony of his worth, sent him to Congress as Delegate, in which position he remained until the admission of Oregon into the Union, when he took his seat as a United States Senator, having been previously elected to that office.

As Delegate from Oregon, General Lane was unremitting in his advocacy of the interests of the Territory, and unremitting in his efforts for her admission into the Union. The Oregon Bill being under debate in the House on the 10th of February, 1859, Governor Lane contended that there was a population in the Territory sufficient to entitle her to admission. On the 12th, a Massachusetts Representative having inquired whether, if Oregon should be admitted, and he, Lane had a voice in the other end of the Capitol, would he vote to relieve Kansas of the effect of the English Bill. Lane replied that he had not come there to make any bargain. He was an honest man; and, if he should be permitted to go into the Senate, he would exercise a sound judgment prompted by a strong desire to promote the general prosperity and welfare of the country. He hoped that his official action might be the guarantee that he would do in all matters what he believed to be right. He then proceeded to urge the admission of Oregon, briefly reviewing its history from the time of the first settlements to the formation of its Constitution. He contended that it was but an act of justice, and appealed to the House to vote down every amendment and let the vote be taken on the naked bill.

That day Oregon was admitted to the sisterhood of States, and that night the Federal City was alive with festivity in honor of the event. A band serenaded the President, Vice President, Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, General Lane, and others. In response to a call, Governor Stevens introduced General Lane—now Senator elect from the State of Oregon—to the people. He made a brief speech, in which he said that a bulwark had been raised that day on the shores of the Pacific against foreign invaders, and a fresh assurance given of the perpetuity of the Union.

While Governor Lane was in Oregon, Jefferson remarked that some men were by nature so constituted as to be the worshippers of power and the fit instruments in the hands of tyrants and usurpers; while others, made of sterner stuff, never found the firm advocates of liberty and the inexorable haters of tyranny and oppression. To the latter class the Senator from Oregon belongs; and if the cause of popular liberty was ever assailed, he would defend it from encroachment at all hazards.

As a consequence of the natural turn of his mind, he is not the man to be led off from the path of duty by every wind of doctrine or by plausible theories in morals, religion, or politics. For a mind so constituted the ephemeral expedients of parties of the day have no charms; and hence it is that he is emphatically and truly a National Democrat, embracing in the scope of his affection, the people of the whole Union, from the Capes of Florida to the Arctic, from the shores of the Atlantic to those of the Pacific. In no instances had he ever swerved from the principles so eloquently enunciated in the Farewell Address of the Father of his Country, or directed his affections or feelings into the mere sectional patriot. Indeflexibly just in the discharges of every social, moral and political duty, happy will it be for his country when such men are called upon, by the public, to fill its high trusts!

convention assembled at Indianapolis to revise the State Constitution of Indiana. The Democratic State Convention met February 24, 1852, formally presented his claims for the Chief Magistracy, pledging the vote of the State for him.—On his arrival in Indiana from Oregon he had a public reception, at which in the course of an address of welcome, Governor Wright has briefly reviewed the career of the guest of the day:—

"It has been the architect of his own fortunes; and, in his progress from the farmer on the banks of the Ohio and the commandant of a flat-boat to posts of honorable distinction—to a seat in the House of Representatives and in the State of Indiana—to the commandant of a brigade on the fields of Buena Vista, in a manly and able manner to the Governorship of Oregon, and thence to a seat in Congress—he has displayed the same high characteristics, perseverance and energy. The annals of our country present no parallel for these facts. You entered the army a volunteer in the ranks, looking forward only to the career of a common soldier. You left it a major general, closing your arduous and brilliant services in that memorable campaign by lighting its last battle and capturing its last enemy."

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In addition to all this, the General notwithstanding his early struggles with poverty, is one of the most unselfish men in the world in reference to money or wealth. Instead of looking upon money as an end to be accomplished and attained by the struggles of life, he has never coveted it, but as a means of doing good, for which no sacrifice of principle or duty should ever be made. This is well illustrated in his positive refusal to accept the double or constraining mileage to which, under the practice of the Government, he was entitled as Senator from Oregon. The sum was a large one, but his acquisition had no charms for the General when he reflected upon the injustice of drawing it from the Treasury to defray his expenses for the mileage and *pro dem* of a trip which he had never performed.

MANNERLY YOUNG FOLKS.

Young folks should be mannerly; but how to be so is a question. Many good boys and girls feel that they cannot behave to suit themselves in the presence of company. They are awkward, clumsy, rough. They feel timid, bashful, and self-distrustful, the moment they are dressed by a stranger, or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling, and acquire easy and graceful manners, and that is, to do the best they can all the time, at home as well as abroad. Good manners are not learned so much as acquired by habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly, and manly at home and then it will become a kind of second nature everywhere. A coarse, rough manner at home begets a habit of roughness, which we cannot lay off if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable persons we have ever known in company were those who were most agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things.