

The Cass County Republican.

VOLUME I.

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The Republican,

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At Dowagiac, Cass County, Michigan.

OFFICE—Over the Post Office.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy one year, One Dollar, in advance. If payment be delayed until the expiration of three months, \$1.50 will be exacted.

When left by the Carrier, Fifty Cents additional will be charged on regular rates.

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One Square.	50	1.00	1.50	2.50	8.00
1/2 Column.	30	60	90	1.50	5.00
1/3 Column.	20	40	60	1.00	3.00
1/4 Column.	15	30	45	75	2.00
1/5 Column.	10	20	30	50	1.50
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Business Directory.

PROFESSIONAL.

Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Dowagiac, Mich. Office at the American House, on the corner of Front and Division streets.

D. H. WAGNER,
Justice of the Peace and Collecting Agent, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

JAMES SULLIVAN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office on Front Street.

JAMES M. SPENCER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Dowagiac, Mich. Office at the American House, on the corner of Front and Division streets.

CLIFFORD SHANAHAN,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Cassopolis, Cass county, Mich.

HENRY H. COOLIDGE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Edwardsburg, Cass Co., Mich.

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Dealer in Groceries and Provisions, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, and Crockery. Front Street, Dowagiac, Mich.

H. W. RUGG,
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MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN PIPER,
Ambrotype Artist. Likenesses taken on short notice, and mounted on to fade. Children's pictures taken by one person. Operating in Bellwin's Dispensary Car, on the Railroad Square, near the Liberty pole, Dowagiac, Mich. Also, fine Boots made to order.

H. B. DENMAN,
Banking and Exchange Office, Dowagiac, Mich. Buy and sell Exchange, Gold, Bank Notes, and Land Warrants. Pay interest on School and Township Bonds, and Taxes in all parts of the State.

EXCHANGE HOTEL,
By John Letts. Directly opposite the Passenger Depot, Dowagiac, Mich.

Be a Woman.

Oh I've heard a gentle mother,
As the twilight hours began,
Pleading with a son of duty,
Urging him to be a man.
But unto her blue-eyed daughter,
Though with love's words quite as ready,
Points she out this other duty,
"Strive my dear to be a lady."

What's a lady? Is it something
Made of hoops, and silks and airs,
Used to decorate the parlor,
Like the fancy rugs and chairs?
Is it one who wastes on novels
Every feeling that is human?
If 'tis this to be a lady,
'Tis not this to be a woman.

Mother, then, unto your daughter
Speak of something higher far,
Than to be mere fashion's lady—
"Woman," is the brighter star.
If ye, in your strong affection,
Urging your son to be a true man,
Urging your daughter no less strongly,
To arise and be a woman.

Yes, a woman—brightest model
Of that high and perfect beauty,
Where the mind, and soul, and body
Blend to work out life's great duty—
Be a woman—naught is higher
On the gilded list of fame;
On the catalogue of virtue
There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman—on to duty,
Rise the world from all that's low,
Place high in the social heaven
Virtue's fair and radiant bow,
Lead by influence to each effort
That shall raise our nation's human;
Be not fashion's gilded lady,
Be a brave whole-souled, true woman.

From the Waverly Magazine.
The Fortunate Loss,
OR, THE REWARD OF HONESTY.
BY HARRY HARTLAND.

"That will do, I think," soliloquized Frank Stanley, "it will do to be so explicit; and then if it belongs to a poor person, a short advertisement will not cost them as much as a longer one," and he read—

FORN.—A small sum of money, which the owner can have by proving property, on application to Frank Stanley, 403 Palace Avenue.

Then he rang a bell and handed it to the servant, who appeared to answer his summons, with instructions to carry it to the office of the *Herald*, and have it inserted three times.

Frank Stanley had only recently come into the possession of a large property, by the death of a bachelor uncle, whose last words to his nephew were, "take the property, my boy; I've willed it all to you; live comfortably, don't spend it too freely; and above all things, never get married."

Now, committing matrimony was something that had hardly entered Frank's head; but his uncle was not in his tomb one month before he, wondering why his uncle should have made such a desire as that, had wondered if it was not better for man to be married; then he began to think that he should rather like matrimony; and, finally, he decided that he would make Mrs. Frank Stanley of the first lady whom he should like well enough—that is, if he could gain her consent.

Frank's means, until since the decease of his uncle, had been very limited; and although he was of good family, and was possessed of a good education, fine accomplishments, and pleasing manners, yet he was not considered a "good catch" by managing mammas with marriageable daughters; therefore he had received but few invitations to his *soirees*; and, at the few which he had attended, he noticed that he was by no means a great favorite with the ladies; so he became disgusted with female society, more especially that which is called fashionable; and if his wealthy uncle had advised him then to remain a bachelor, he would readily have promised to, and would have devoted his life to his books.

Frank was in no way inclined to dissipation; he detested the company of fast young men more than he did that of fashionable young ladies; and all his efforts to inveigle him into their mode of life, proved fruitless. But since he had become a man of property he found that there was something wanting to complete his happiness; what it was he was at a loss to conceive, unless it was a wife.

He had been thinking of his lonely situation in life, and of course he looked on the dark side of the matter; then he looked upon the table, at some dozen gilt-edged, perfumed, polite-worzen requests that he would favor the senders with his company; and he thought of the idler of each and every one, and wondered if there was one among the fair dozen who would contribute to making his life any happier?

He thought and wondered until he tired of thinking and wondering; then he took his hat and cane and walked out in order to change the channel of his thoughts. As he walked down the broad avenue, musing on the easiest way to relieve his mind of this troublesome subject, his eyes fell upon a purse, through the meshes of which gold coin was shining; his meditations were brought to an abrupt termination, as he picked the purse up; he immediately turned upon his heel and retraced his steps; arriving at his house, he laid the purse upon the table and beheld of the best plan to find the owner; as a matter of course he decided to advertise, which he did, as my readers have seen.

The remainder of the forenoon Frank spent with his books; but, after dinner, he began to be besieged with visitors; it was strange how many money losers there were; the advertisement had only been in the evening edition, and he had over fifty callers; some had lost

a portmanteau containing about five dollars, some wallets with from ten to thirty; others had dropped purses with three or four dollars in them; one gentleman had lost a roll of bank-bills; quite a number had dropped bills, some ten, some five, some three, some two dollars, and some one; one young girl came who hoped Mr. Stanley had found the quarter that she lost down one of the gratings on Washington street, about two weeks before; and an old man just dropped in to see if it was the half-dime that he had dropped in the omnibus that morning. All of these callers the servant had to show to the door disappointed.

The next morning Frank had dismissed some dozen applicants for the found treasure, when an Irishman was shown into the room; without removing his apology for a hat, he exclaimed, "well man, dear, let me have my dollar and a half, and I'll treat ye to whiskey for yer honesty." When told that it was more than a dollar and a half that was found, he desired to know the amount; this Frank very properly refused to tell, whereupon the visitor became saucy, calling Frank an "old cheat," and threatened to pound him if he did not give the money up, and finally vowing that he would sue him for an impostor. Frank had just rung his bell to have his servant remove the man, when the door-bell rung, and the porter showed in a young lady.

She was a very pretty young lady, and, somehow, Frank received an impression that she must be as good as she was pretty; and he almost blushed as he rose to receive her, and say, "good morning."

"I called," she said, "to see if the money which you have advertised is mine."

"Could you describe your property?" asked Stanley.

"Yes, sir, there was fifty dollars, all in gold; one eagle, three half eagles, six quarter eagles, one three dollar piece, and seven gold dollars; it was all in a faded, green silk, net purse, and my name, 'Mary Edmonds,' was on the inside, near the mouth; I dropped it yesterday morning about ten o'clock, somewhere between the residence of Mr. Ralton and No. — street."

"This, then, must be your money; I found it not a dozen rods from Mr. Ralton's house," and he handed her the purse.

"Oh I am so glad," she cried; "and so will mother be, for we never expected to find it. Mother thought it useless to call upon you, as you advertised it as a small sum; but, as I was on my way to Mr. Ralton's, I thought that there could be no harm in calling. It probably seems a larger amount to us than it does to you, as it is all we have, and I have been all winter earning it."

All winter earning it! and Frank was astonished, "are you employed at Mr. Ralton's?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir, I have been making shirts for Mr. Ralton, and doing other sewing."

Making shirts for Mr. Ralton, thought Stanley; and he was again surprised, for Rose Ralton had boasted to him, only a few days before, that she made all her father's shirts, and that she had made him two dozen during the winter, besides doing other needle-work.

"And how many shirts have you made for the Ralton's?" inquired Frank, inclined to unravel this mystery.

"A dozen pair, sir."

"No, sir."

"I presume she makes the anti-macassars and the lamp-rests."

"No, sir; I did them all, and have engaged to make another lamp-rest for a friend."

"Ah, I understand it now," said Frank, in an under tone; Miss Ralton had promised to work him a lamp-rest similar to one that he had admired in her parlor; she was trying to catch him by a pretence of industry, by claiming other's handiwork as her own.

"Have you a permanent engagement?" he inquired, abruptly.

"No, sir."

"Then I wish you to make some shirts for me."

"I should be happy to after I have fulfilled my engagement with Miss Ralton."

"But I cannot wait; what does Mr. Ralton pay you for making shirts?"

"Two dollars a pair."

"Well, I will pay you four dollars a pair, and for your work in proportion. I will give you work for a year, and you shall make this house your home. I will introduce you to my housekeeper; and he pulled the bell-cord."

"But I should prefer returning to my mother every evening, as she is an invalid."

"Where does she live?"

"At L— street."

"Tell John to bring the carriage round to the door as soon as possible, said Frank to the servant, who had answered the bell. Then turning to the astonished Mrs. Edmonds, he said, "I will go to your mother's with you, if you have no objections."

Mary had scarcely got over her surprise when the carriage drove up to the door. As she and Frank descended the broad marble steps, Miss Ralton was just passing the door.

"Ah, good morning, Frank," she said, her face all smiles. "You must not steal away my seamstress before she has finished her engagement with us;" and she laughed. "She is a very fair plain sewer, though," she added.

"Owing to a better engagement Miss Edmonds will be obliged to break her contract with you," said Frank, coolly.

"Are you her silent partner, or

Country Notes.

"He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

How many there are, that in their mourning for the flowers, altogether forget the grain. The grandest bouquet in the world was not culled by a florist's fingers in a conservatory, for it is a well-bound sheaf of ripened wheat.

Set up in the field, and gilded with such gold as lines the buttercups, what fluted column was ever so fair? What richness there is in its beaded capital; what Corinthian grace in its curved entablature; how like a gigantic flower, it seems, that quickened by some genial sun, expands its yellow disc to-day.

Rear a rural temple unto Ceres, and let the column be crowned with "counterfeit presentments" of full sheaves, and what had Greece or grace, that could be fairer to look upon?

A gentleman who honors us with his friendship, sowed a field with wheat, in front of his summer house, not for the sake of the *bushels* but the beauty. And it is a royal luxury thus to be able to sow wheat for the return it shall make to the admiring eyes; to be bereft of the perilous gift of "second sight" that looks through all that beauty, as through a veil of gossamer, at the golden garner, the plethoric bag, and the snowy wealth of flour.

Think how, earlier than the blue bird and the violet, it shows green on the dark earth, and bravely fringes the decaying drifts; remember what phases of beauty, there are, between the bright grassy field, and the rustling ranks of gold; what sunlight walks, like its Maker, on this sea and is not whelmed; what clouds drag their shadowy anklets over the bearded heads, a myriad-million strong; how it rolls its yellow surges in the wind like billows at sunrise.

And how noiselessly it puts its glory on; by what imperceptible touches, do blade and stalk and head, along the broad sweep of the prairie, and the graceful swell of the hill, break and undulate in gold!

Such a field is waiving before us now, rich and strong with promise; the tips of the spears are not yet touched with the yellow noon that lingers till reapers begin to sing, but there is nothing in all the landscape half so beautiful.

"Ruth no longer haunts the pastures,
Sole to mow amid the corn,
Follows not the dewy fields of morn,"

But Beauty is the Ruth of our modern fields, and though Boaz is gathered to his fathers, yet may

"The master loves to linger,
Looking backward o'er the plain,
Seeing there a sweeter treasure,
Than the summer-scented grain."

Why should the reaper prize the beauty less than the berry, because he toils for the one, and the other is his for nothing?

By and by, the binders will follow the cradlers, and girdle the sheaves with a yellow zone; by and by, the dumb reaper will move like a whirlwind, and leave the golden drifts in its wake; the ground squirrel will unroll its striped ribbon of a back, as it flashes along the angles of the fence, and claim a kernel from the rustling harvest; the birds will sit upon the swinging blades and take the little price for their summer's song. And as the Jewish maiden is not there, many a master of the field will say,

"Let them glean among the sheaves."

It is wonderful to think that the little grass we call wheat, is the staff that life leans upon and grows strong; that what we make of it was deemed worthy of a place in that petition of the Lord of Glory, for every best thing that is worth a prayer, and against every evil that deserves a fear; "give us, this day, our daily bread; that the least of all the grains of the earth should furnish forth the tables of more than half the world!"

A strong-box bound with iron bands, would have been man's way of securing this precious kernel from all harm; such is not Nature's plan, but a slender stem and a flimsy husk instead. It springs and ripens in a hostile world; the eager air, the tattered, beggarly winter with its keen demands, the beetle's long-nosed cousin, the weevil; "rust" that dims the grain's fine gold; rain that beats it down into a matted bed of rich, luxuriant death; with these and many more for foes, how rank and green it grows from year to year, quickens the merry play of flails, the pulses of the murmuring mill, the grateful throbbing of unnumbered hearts.

PAPER FROM BEE-ROOT.—A new material for paper is said to have been discovered in the fibre of the bee-root, which remains after sugar-making and distillation. It is twenty per cent cheaper than common paper, and has been used in cartridges at Woolwich arsenal. It is to be introduced in this country.

Tell me ye restless winds, that round my pathway roar, do ye not know some quiet spot where hoops are worn no more? some island or some cave where girls can walk three abreast, along the village pave? The loud winds hissed around my face, and sighing answered, "nary place."

Planting a Castor Oil Bean on each square rod of ground, is said to be a sure way to prevent gophers or striped prairie squirrels from digging up newly planted corn. Might not the same mode be adopted to diminish the ravages of our own squirrels?

From the Chicago Journal.

How we fall asleep, and how we wake.

Man generally, neither fall asleep, nor wake up all at once, but by instalments; the aroused senses do not obey the reveille with uniform alacrity, and they fall into the line of march like a company of militia.

A man not quite awake, is composed of *stragglers*, if we may say so, it is only when the order, "close up!" has been obeyed, that he becomes a compact integer. There are people who never wake all over; they constitute a sort of vulgar fraction of varying values; some are expressed by 2-3; others are 9-10, and a few are finished "1."

We never wonder that "He gives His beloved sleep," should have been deemed worthy of sacred record, for next to life, it is the most beautiful of gifts. There is nothing more pleasant to look at, than calm and peaceful sleep; no dreams to muddle it; no half-smouldering passions to flame up anew; the hard lines of the face all softened; the knotted muscles relaxed; the lips ajar; the life going softly to and fro; the Curfew has been rung in the soul, and the fires are covered for the night.

We have heard men pray that they might not pass from sleep to death; they would be broad awake for the journey; their faculties alert; their thoughts rallied, like soldiers at beat of drum. But this is not a universal choice; we do not know, any night of the year, precisely for whom we are disrobing; the Bothers are so much alike, that many a mother has bent over the couch, with the poet's doubt in her heart,

"We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

Sleep is the narrowest Isthmus between two worlds, and just there the transit must be brief; a Sabbath-day's journey or so, from Earth to Paradise.

There are two things that sadly mar the beauty of sleep sometimes: leaving the door open to the stomach, and snoring. We like the Belic word better—*snorken*; there is character in it, not retained in the smoother term we use. It is a grating of rusty machinery, a creaking of unlubricated hinges, a family of sneezes, a kennel of barkings. Think of repose as full of growls as a tiger-jungle!

Not every one that closes his eyes knows how to go to sleep. How often a man kindles a great fire in his heart, overturns a whole hive of busy thoughts in his brain, invokes the "sweet restorer" and retires! He beats his pillow as if it were an anvil; he turns like the nine-acre giant with mountains for counterpanes; he is spitted like a goose before a flame of his own making; he plays Macbeth, and murders sleep.

And when you meet him in the morning, he is like a sword with a scabbard; forever exposed, the hungry air has eaten its edge, and so r combustion has rusted out the world's "powza," once traced upon the blade, as no service could have done. We wish, when we look at him, that he had fancied he would be *hanged to-day*, for then, if we may believe the turn-eyes, he would have slept soundly last night. If a man heeds the injunction, "take no thought for the morrow," but once in twenty-four hours, let it be when he is about to sleep; his plough left in the furrow, as when men are summoned to battle; so may he slumber as if he were about to be hanged!

The process of going to sleep is like a pleasant lapse down a dreary river. One has no use of his head, and the muscles have a holiday; we all nod, from Homer down, like so many Mandarins. The eyes close; "there is no speculation" in them. The olfactory nerve transmits no message; we cannot tell a bouquet from a button. The palate grows dull; spices and shavings have equal savor. "The daughters of music are brought low;" they do not rise up at the clink of gold. "The unruly member" holds out the longest, but at last it dies away in a murmur, and the man is asleep all over. One after another, his vigilant sentries have yielded and sunk down at their posts; his mind has retired into its inner sanctuary, or has gone abroad arrayed in white drams. Now mark how slight the difference; if it comes back with the new day, why, it is nothing but Sleep; if it never returns, we give it the name of Death.

Your napper, who catches little winks of repose, envies him who sleeps like a log; and it is pleasant to see, in the white pillow, a little matrice just hollowed to "the golden bowl" that was laid there; a neat little nest for the head that did not toss about like a bubble in a witch's caldron, but only relied upon the pillow, like a watch upon a cushion, waiting to be wound.

Such a pillow in the morning has a sweet story of its own; it tells of quiet rest and peaceful dreams, if it does not indicate that other slumber which no clasp can ever break.

Nature will maintain the repairs in these houses of ours, if we will only keep out of the way long enough; if we clear away the litter of thought, and give her room. She does her work for men, just when she makes her dew for flowers—in the night time. There must be no breath of air stirring here, and no gust of passion there; no clouds hiding heaven in the one, and no cares lowering darkly in the other. It is a still and stary night; it is a calm, untroubled soul. And Nature will be obeyed; she will punish us as readily for not being blest, as she will for being *unblest*; to be blest, and just as the Summer, without a night of calm, would have no jewelry of dew, but a world of languishing flowers instead, so he

Who cannot surrender his rights to

"balmy sleep," will have garlands of withered fancies, and thoughts parched and shriveled with the fever of the heart.

Sancho Panza's rough benediction—"blessings on his head who invented sleep"—will be echoed by all hearts, until the last it shall be said—"and the weary are at rest."

"Night's sweet child Sleep, the flimsy-eyed,
Murmuring like a noontide bee,"
Has reversed more decisions than all the courts of the world; eked out life's poor Julian year, many a rich and ripening day, and strown its harvest fields with thoughts, and yet are binding into sheaves.

For men who fight to-morrow, Nature will play the Armorer, to-night, her noiseless hammers "close the rivets up," and fit them for the fray.

But to our sleeper who was *all asleep*, when we wish to get at him, we do as the knights did before grand castles—summon him with the sound of the trumpet; we cry aloud; we seize him as we do a rabbit, by the ears, and he "comes to"—whatever there is of him, *one after another*—a queer phase, certainly, to be written of one man, but yet if you think of it, not so queer as the Irishman's story, wherein he asserted that he "surrounded the enemy."

The tongue, whether in man or woman, always the last to be wearied, is aroused to a mutter; the taste returns; the arms and feet are projected this way and that, until he is a human letter x; the hands washed in air, like Lady Macbeth in her walking dream; the low jaw is let down, two or three times, like a calash top; the eyes open; the man has awakened by detachments, and at last, he is all alert.

Some men leap out of sleep into instant wakefulness, as if they were projected from a catapult; but such is not Nature's way, who "stands upon the order of her going," and very seldom goes "at once."

What a programme there is for dawning day: the dimmest tint of light, the faintest flush of rose, the least gleam of gold; how beautiful are the pink eyelids of Morning! Then the clouds are strown along, like mantles for the king to walk on; the woods begin to kindle; the mountains ripen like the peach's sunny side; the streams run silver; the kitchen smoke turns a pillar of glory; the kitchen window blazes in panels of gold; it is sunrise at last, and the day was worth waiting for.

Despite the old rhyme—that has trotted down to us like a dandy with its panoply of wisdom, "early to bed and early to rise"—we do not believe in a morning made of tallow; we have no fancy for a whale-oil dawn, or a camp-pen sunrise. To blunder about like beetles by candle-light, before breakfast, will put a man in a capital way to be towed about the world by a dog in leading strings; or if classically inclined, to adopt as his own, Ajax's prayer for light. It is not Nature's way, and if persisted in, will extinguish a man, after a while, as if he could be blown out like a taper.

All things share with man, the precious gift of sleep; the flower that takes but two breaths a day, wraps itself in its green mantle at night; the keen glance of the falcon is sheathed like a sword; the dove lays its head on a pillow of down, and covers it up with a wing; the shadow creeps out from the foot of the wall and lie at full length on the earth; the wooden lids close over the two speculative eyes of the village store, and the village mill falls into a dose by the drowsy stream. And thus around the world from leaf and lip, from shadow and from soul, pass the pleasant words: "GOOD NIGHT."

TRUE GENTLEMEN.—Show me a man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the Windy voice of age—who can hold cheerful communication with one whom years have deprived of all charms—show me the man who is willing to help the deformed, who stands in need of help, as if the blush of Helen mantled on his cheek; show me the man who would no sooner look rudely at the poor girl in the village, than at the well dressed lady in the salon; show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would an heiress, surrounded by the powerful protection of Frank and family; show me the man who abhors the libertine's gift—who shuns him as the blasphemous and traducer of his mother's sex—who scorns, as he would the coward, the ridiculer of a woman's reputation; show me the man who never forgets for an instant the delicacy and respect that is due to a woman in any condition or class, and you show me