The Cass County Republican.

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The Republican,

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Business Directory.

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

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MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN PIPER,
Ambrotype Artist. Likenesses taken on short notice, and warranted not to fade. Children's pictures taken in one second. Operating in Baldwin's Daguerrean 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 Swamp Lands, and Taxes in all parts of the State.

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

A Woman's Question.

BY MISS A. A. PROCTOR.

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy Future give
Color and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee,
Question thy soul to-night for me.

I break all slighter bonds, nor feel
A shadow of regret;
Is there one link within the Past
That holds thy spirit yet;
Or is thy faith as clear and free
As that which I can pledge to thee?

Does there within thy dimmest dreams
A possible future shine,
Wherein thy life could henceforth breathe,
Untouched, unshared by mine?
If so, at any pain or cost,
Oh, tell me before all is lost.

Look deeper still. If thou canst feel,
Within thy inmost soul,
That thou hast kept a portion back,
While I have staked the whole,
Let no false pity spare the blow,
But in true mercy tell me so.

Is there within thy heart a need
That mine cannot fulfil?
One chord that any other hand
Could better wake or still?
Speak now—lest at some future day
My whole life wither and decay.

Lives there within thy nature hid
The demon spirit Change,
Shedding a passing glory still
On all things new and strange?
It may not be thy fault alone—
But shield my heart against thine own.

Couldst thou withdraw thy hand one day
And answer to my claim,
That Fate, and that to-day's mistake,
Not thou—had been to blame;
Some soothe their conscience thus; but thou,
O, surely, thou wilt warn me now.

Nay, answer not—I dare not hear,
The words would come too late;
Yet I would spare thee all remorse,
So, comfort thee, my Fate:
Whatever on my heart may fall—
Remember, I would risk it all.

Later from Utah---Mormon Defences---Brigham Young at Provo---His Harem---Various Particulars.

We extract from the Utah letter to the N.Y. *Times*, dated from Salt Lake City, July 3d, the following interesting particulars:—

THE MORMON LINE OF DEFENCES.

In the army the facilities of the Mormons for defence against the troops is a topic of general mirth, and especially the defences in Echo Canon, understood to have been planned by Major S. M. Blair—a brave and determined man beyond all doubt—a superior Indian fighter, but a perfect babe in military knowledge when the enemy are to be dealt with—are composed of American troops under officers famed for military science, knowledge and skill. There are in this army many officers who served in Mexico, all of whom declare that Echo Canon, even had it been crowded with Mormon militia, would have presented not a quarter of the difficulties to General Johnston's command that were so brilliantly overcome at Cerro Gordo or Molina del Rey.—The heights of the Canon and its deep dells constituted nothing more nor less than a trap for those who might attempt to dispute the passage of troops, for they would require far greater resources to defend them than to assail. Such is the universal opinion in the army, whose officers crack a fusilade of jokes over the Echo Canon bug-bear which had filled the public eye in the States and at Washington for months.

THE REFUGEES IN PROVO—BRIGHAM'S HAREM.

We found Provo overflowing with the refugees, living in all sorts of habitations,—some camping out in diminutive tents of calico or white sheet—others under the shade of roofs made of strong willow baskets or carpets stretched upon a framework of poles. With all of these comfort was out of the question,—but thousands have nevertheless submitted in silence to the order of their priestly leaders which consigned them to such a mode of life. A few of the more wealthy have erected board shanties for themselves, which in this climate, and during the summer season, are very comfortable. Governor Young has covered an entire block with this sort of provision for the accommodation of his "domestic institution." The locality which he has selected is upon the bench on the western edge of the city, directly in the shadow of the steep mountain sides. Here he has completely inclosed a block with a row of board shanties one story high, all opening to the centre, and with no windows looking out upon the street. Thus the buildings form a hollow square, with a large court-yard in the centre, which is entered by gates placed near the corners. The buildings on two sides are fitted up for the accommodation of his numerous family, and those on the other as storehouses, stables, &c. The Gentile stranger witnessed a novel scene as he walked down the inner front of the range of family "shambles," amid the din of crying children "too numerous to mention," as he passed the long row of booths standing side by side, each with a wife at its door. I should be guilty of an unpardonable sin of omission did I fail to say something in regard to the appearance of Brigham's spirituals.

I had very little opportunity, however, for observation, as I found myself within the precincts of the Prophet's home sanctuary by accident, and was not warranted, therefore, in pausing for inspection. Such glance as I obtained, however, showed me that Brigham is a man of some taste, and that his spirituals are generally fine-looking women—some of them, indeed, quite pretty, and all of them, so far as I could judge, intelligent. I suppose I saw in the shanty "quarters" some thirty women—but whether they all of them were wives of the Prophet, or whether these constituted his entire household, of course I am not informed. The general impression here seems to be that he has nearly or quite fifty wives. He only claims to have forty children living, having had forty-seven altogether. This, doubtless, is the highest figure he can claim, as the "Saints" consider a large number of children subject of pride and boast.—These wives are all their own servants, and the nurses of their own children. To see them sitting under the overhanging eaves of the shanties just at dusk, with their numerous children hanging around them, all crying, chattering or teasing at once, was certainly suggestive of a foundling hospital.

I was curious to know whether these women were happy in the strange life which they led, and a glance at their faces impressed me with the conviction that theirs was the happiness of stolid listlessness, an existence in which all the higher and holier sentiments of refinement and affection had been sacrificed upon the alter of fanaticism. They seemed to be virtuous; willing, perhaps, and resigned,—but nevertheless unhappy victims of self-inflicted tortures, by which they hoped to merit saintly reward. To a few of them, perhaps these remarks would not apply. Some of the younger females appeared thoughtless or reckless, but the elder, who were educated in circles where woman was queen rather than vassal slave, wore their chains evidently with inward murmurings.

Among the latter I fancied I could distinguish her whose name had been secretly communicated to me by a mutual friend as one whose eyes had long since been opened to the degradation of her condition, and who was looking forward with earnest anticipation to the hour when she can safely claim protection and abandon the association with polygamy. I did not attempt to converse with any of the "sisters" in Provo in regard to the institutions amid which they live, for we gentiles are watched with jealous eyes, and could not have introduced the subject without making trouble for the partnership wives as well as for ourselves. A couple of young Californians there on business the other day ventured a little of the commonest gallantry to the younger wives of an aged Bishop, who sported eight, and were suddenly brought up short by the fatherly husband with sundry significant and forcible intimations that the ladies in question were *his* wives. Our gallants took the hint and subsided, missing thereafter the refreshing bouquets which gentle hands had placed in their rooms day by day. But I digress.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

In a one story adobe building, opposite his family block, Brigham Young has his office. He is a man of business, having large possessions, numerous mills and extensive herds of horses and cattle, and employs several clerks to keep his books, &c. An hour spent in this office, satisfied us that Brigham fully understands the value of the axiom that "Order is Heaven's first law." Brigham came here a poor man, and his adherents assure us that he received not a cent from the Church as President, or in any other way. Yet he has become immensely wealthy. If the premises stated are true, he must have discovered how to "make bricks out of straw"—for his riches cannot be the product of the labor of his own hands, nor the result of speculations, nor the rise of real estate in this Valley, where no man holds title to a foot of landed property.

My first view of *Brigham* was obtained at public service on Sabbath morning. Service was held in a "Bowery," as it is called, on a public square in the centre of Provo City.—This Bowery is constructed simply of posts driven in the ground supporting a frame work some fifteen feet overhead, upon which are laid willow brush cut on the neighboring creeks. The bower thus constructed was capable of seating perhaps two thousand persons. At one end is erected a rude platform or staging for the Presidency, the preachers and elders. As the hour of meeting approached, the streets were thronged with the people of all ages and conditions flocking to the bower, each with a chair of some sort in hand as no benches had been provided under the shelter. The city Marshal superintended the seating of the crowd, manifesting quite as much energy in closing up all gaps and making the most of room as would the most indefatigable usher at the Academy of Music on Lagrange's benefit night—for room was "an object." Around the edge of the bower, within hearing distance of the stand, wagons were drawn up, their occupants maintaining their seats in the vehicles while awaiting the words of inspiration from their Prophets lips.

BRIGHAM AS AN ORATOR—HIS INFLUENCE OVER THE MORMONS—PERSONAL DESCRIPTION.

On Sabbath morning, June 27, Brigham Young delivered a sermon to the Saints in the Bowery, at Provo. As he rose, every eye was turned upon him at once, and the stillness of the grave pervaded the place. The power which Brigham holds over his people is almost incomprehensible. They hang upon his lips with reverence and awe, catching and treasuring his lightest word as though it were a treasure of inestimable value. He is a man a little above the medium height, somewhat inclined to corpulency, with a dull, bullet-looking sort of a head, sandy complexion, and an exceedingly sensual looking mouth. When walking in the wind he usually wears a great pair of green goggles. With these upon his nose we would naturally take him for a country schoolmaster, who had wielded the birch years enough to have acquired a chronic backache. Without them, he looks the wilful, unrestrained, and vulgar man of the world, who has just lost a heavy stake at a rat-fight. Far be it from me to caricature the man—I have no such intention. I do not mean to charge him with any of the vulgarities shadowed in his face, for I have not had sufficient opportunity for observation to be able to judge of his tastes in such connections; but the language employed above will give a clearer idea of his expression of countenance than any other I can employ. He is affable in his manners, exceedingly kind, but patronizing to his associates and inferiors, easily excited at times, and always aping the dignity of royalty, with a mock gravity that is ludicrous to the unawed beholder. He is evidently a man of much shrewdness in worldly matters, a good business manager, and a skillful player upon the weakness of his fellow men, knowing exactly how to touch the chords which shall produce the music he wishes.

The order of his mind, nevertheless, is low and vulgar. He is not a logician, and is easily cornered in an argument upon almost any question with which any ordinary skillful opponent is familiar. Everybody knows that he is uneducated. He is, withal, full of self-righteousness and vanity, and it would probably be difficult to find any more certain mode of giving offence than by exposing his ignorance on any point, no matter how trivial, before his subjects. Among educated men of mind and mark, stripped of the glitter with which his position of Prophet and Priest surrounded him among his deluded followers, he would sink to the level of quite an ordinary man. Elder Taylor of New York, formerly editor of the *Mormon*, is far his superior in personal appearance and in intellect.

Such is Brigham young as he appeared to your correspondent. Now for his "sermon." He has a fine, full, clear voice, which may be heard by a large audience. His speech is rather fluent than otherwise, and his attitude and gestures quite oratorical. Its effect upon his proselyted hearers is marked and decided.

In his speech above referred to he showed anything but a friendly feeling towards the United States. He spoke of the troops as "ruffians," and of Mr. Buchanan as "an old dotard whose own party allow, should have been President twenty-five years ago, when he had a little sense about him, if ever."

Editorial Emeute.

A most amusing affair has transpired in the office of the Grand Rapids *Enquirer* and *Herald*, the details of which are admirably given in the *Eagle*. The publishing firm used to be THOMPSON & GORDON, the former acting as editor. The paper was then the only Lecompton organ, pure and simple, in the State, but when the ENGLISH Bill was passed, and THOMPSON went on to Washington to look after something, "old Buck," cold hearted as a lizard, paid no attention to him, and he came home a DOUGLAS man. Who could blame him? GORDON, however, from natural sympathy and conviction, clung to Lecompton, and there was constant disagreement between the parties. Finally the partnership was dissolved and GORDON became sole proprietor, THOMPSON, however remaining as editor.

Matters now went on for a time smoothly and then became worse than ever. THOMPSON rode the DOUGLAS hobby to the distraction of his readers, and GORDON watching his chance put in a word for MR. BUCHANAN by copying Washington *Union*, Charleston *Mercury*, Chicago *Union*, and Detroit *Herald* editorials, all of which on the same or succeeding day, THOMPSON combatted in furious DOUGLAS phillipics. It was in truth a funny paper.

On Wednesday last GORDON seeing his case an extreme one, published Col. CARPENTER'S Chicago speech, denouncing DOUGLAS, but he could not get it in type so as to escape the Argus optics of THOMPSON, who loaded a column with a portentous editorial demolishing CARPENTER, and all who dared beard "the DOUGLAS." THOMPSON sat up late with the article, and saw it safely in the form, side by side with CARPENTER'S speech. GORDON, overwhelmed with the cares of business, was supposed to be snug in bed, and just as the form was to be put to press, THOMPSON went home, said his prayers as usual, and retired. Then from some mysterious corner came GORDON, wide awake as man ever was, and carefully lifting THOMPSON'S editorial out of the form, sent Col. CARPENTER'S speech out under the editorial head without objection. To say THOMPSON was astonished next morning would be drawing it very mild—to conjecture he swore would be probable, to infer that he gave GORDON a "piece of his mind" would be reasonable; but as to what he did do, we only know, that he procured the publication of the snubbed editorial in the *Eagle*, and is now like TAM O'SHANTER'S dame, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm." The end is not yet.—*Detroit Tribune.*

☞ Age giveth wisdom.

Woman's Love.

The true being and end of womankind is *love;* and from this, if I may so speak, all their sorrows, if they pervert that holy and heavenly passion, directly proceed. I reverence the principle of love in woman. It seems, indeed, the atmosphere in which she lives, and moves, and has her being. The arms and wings of her husband seems ever reaching and panting to her bosom, and brood over, some object of human affection. In the smile of her lip, in the glance of her eye, in the soft and bewitching melody of her voice, we find but the semblances and echoes of the Spirit of Love. She delights to minister to our comforts; to invest our pathway with the roses of delicate enjoyment; to lend sunshine to the hearth, and repose to the evening hour. I have never thought upon the gentle unobtrusive influence of woman without feelings of the deepest admiration. *She seldom hates.* When she is wronged, she is forgiving; when destroyed she still turns with an eye of earnest regret to the paradise of innocence from which her passions have driven her; and in solitude, by day or evening, "she waters her cheek in tears without measure."

In woman, all that is sacred and lovely seem to meet, as in its natural center. Do we look for self-denial. She the devoted wife. For resolute affection, struggling through countless trials? Behold the lover. For that overflowing fullness of fond idolatry which gives to things of earth a devotion like that which should ascend to God. Behold the mother, at the cradle of her infant, or pillowing its drowsy eye-lids on her bosom; supremely blest to see its fair cheek rise and fall upon the white and heaving orb, where it finds nourishment and rest! *This* is woman: always loving: always beloved. Well may the poet strike his lyre in her praise; well may the warrior rush to the battle field for her smile; well may the student trim his lamp to kindle her passionate heart, or warm her dainty imagination; she deserves them all. Last at the cross and earliest at the grave of the Savior, she teaches to those who have lived since His sufferings, the inestimable virtue of constant affection. I love to see her by the couch of sickness; sustaining the fainting head; offer to the parched lip its cordial, to the craving palate its simple nourishment; treading with noiseless assiduity around the solemn curtains, and complying with the wish of the invalid when he says:

"Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed;
But blooming roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brow instead:"

disposing of the sunlight upon the pale forehead, bathing the hair with ointments, and letting in upon it from the summer casement the sweet breath of Heaven! How lovely are such exhibitions of ever-during constancy and faith!—how they appeal to the soul!—like the lover in the Canticles, whose fingers when she rose to open the door to her beloved, dropped "with sweet-smelling myrrh upon the handles of the lock!"

No man of sensibility, I take it, after battling with the perplexities of the out-door world, but retires with a feeling of refreshment to his happy fireside; he hears with joy the lisp of the cherub urchin that climbs upon his knee to tell him some wonderful tale about nothing, or feels with delight the soft breath of some young daughter, whose downy, peach-like cheek is glowing close to his own. I am neither a husband nor a father; but I can easily fancy the feeling of supreme pleasure which either must experience. Let us survey the world of business; what go we "out for to see?" The reed of ambition shaken by the breath of the multitude; cold hearted traders and brokers, traffickers and over-reachers, anxious each to circumvent his fellow, and turn to his own purse the golden tide in which all would dabble. Look at the homes of most of these. The wife waits for her husband; and while she feels that anxiety for his presence which may be called the hunger of the heart, she feeds her spirit with the memory of his smile; or perhaps looks with fondness upon the pledge of his affection, as they stand like olive-branches round about his table.—*Knickerbocker.*

The Purchase of Mount Vernon.

Now that the ladies of the country, aided most materially by the eloquence of Mr. EVERETT, have made a large payment upon the estate of Mount Vernon, the grave of WASHINGTON It is rumored that the niggardly and contemptible proprietor designs to remove the remains which rest there before transferring the rest of the property to the women of the Union? Mr. Washington's speculations in walking sticks and in real estate are thought to prove him capable of even this act; but the question remains whether he can legally do it. The contract must be very loosely worded if it permit him to withdraw so large a part of the consideration. A purchase of the tomb of George Washington would probably be held to conclude the purchase of the contents of the tomb, unless they were specially excepted. Meanwhile, the Mount Vernon Association is at work in all parts of the country, and is issuing appeals for funds to enable them to complete the purchase. How the blood of WASHINGTON ever came to its corruption and dishonor through the veins of such a venal, heartless speculator in the bones of an ancestor and the patriotism of his countrymen, as the present possessor of Mount Vernon, is a peculiar mystery.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Letter of the Hon. Ira Mayhew, in answer to an invitation to attend the annual meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association.

LANSING, Mich., July 28, 1858.

GENTLEMEN:

In acceptance of your kind invitation, it would afford me great pleasure to attend the annual meeting of the New York State Teachers' Association, to be held at Lockport the 3d, 4th and 5th days of August. There are many reasons why this should be so.

New York is my native State; and in my native town, in Jefferson county, I commenced my labors as a Common School Teacher, now no more than a quarter of a century ago. I had the honor of serving that county as Superintendent of Common Schools, now fifteen years ago, the first term after that office was created. And the establishment of this office I regard as the first great aggressive movement in the wide spread *revival* of Popular Education throughout our country. The interest which was then awakened in New York and New England, has since been begotten in nearly all of the States comprising the North Western Territory.

Having been officially connected with the Department of Public Instruction more than half of the time since my removal to this State, now nearly fifteen years ago. I have had the satisfaction of participating in this great Common School *revival*, which has given such an impetus to the cause of popular education in our midst, and which has become so deeply seated in the affections of our people.

We have inaugurated a great work, which is now in the full tide of successful experiment. In cities and villages where fifteen years ago there could scarcely have been found a schoolhouse worth fifty dollars, there have since been erected imposing Union School Houses, which are indeed Temples of Science, and which constitute the free-will offerings of our people, built at costs ranging from ten to forty thousand dollars each. The wages paid the principal teachers in these localities have advanced from fifteen dollars a month, to one thousand dollars a year. And the improvement in the character of the schoolhouses, and the advance of the salaries of the teachers employed is fully equaled in the improved condition of the schools themselves. And the work of improvement in this department of the educational enterprise is still going on.

Within this period of time a State Normal School has been established, which has been eminently successful in the education of teachers for our primary schools. Our State University, previously established, has also within this time been so developed as to embrace full and extended Scientific and Literary College courses, and a Department of Medicine.

The Michigan State Agricultural College—the first State Institution of the kind in the country—has now been more than a year in successful operation, with a hundred enthusiastic students in attendance, which are all that can at present be accommodated. But in a few years, under a wise administration, its enlarged capacities will afford instruction to a thousand young men who will crowd its halls, anxious to dignify labor by associating with it that intelligence which will render Agriculture at once a source of both pleasure and profit.

The Michigan Asylums for the Deaf and Dumb, and for the Blind, are already in successful operation; and the Asylum for the Insane is in an advanced state of progress.

The House of Refuge for the Reformation of Juvenile Offenders, although but recently established, is achieving wonders as a *reformatory* institution. But its mission will be fully accomplished when the *preventive* influences of improved Primary Schools become universal among us.

As already intimated, it would afford me pleasure to attend your meeting, and to participate in its deliberations. But as pleasure should ever be subordinated to duty, and as severe office labors upon which I have been engaged for years, are still pressing upon me, I must find my pleasure in the performance of duties in my own field of labor, which will preclude the possibility of my participating in the festivities of your anniversary.

Wishing you, and the Association, joys abundant in your annual gathering, which I hope and trust may prove a source of rejoicing to the rising generation; and bidding you God-speed in your labors, with many thanks for your kind invitation,

I am, Gentlemen,
Your fellow laborer, and
Obedient Servant,
IRA MAYHEW.

To Messrs. G. L. Farnham, President, and James Cruikshank, Corresponding Secretary of the New York State Teachers' Association, Lockport, N. York.

WHAT MAKES A BUSHEL.—The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest to our readers:

Wheat, sixty pounds; corn, shelled, fifty-six pounds; corn on the cob, seventy pounds; rye, fifty-six pounds; oats, thirty-six pounds; barley, forty-six pounds; buckwheat, fifty-two pounds; Irish potatoes, sixty pounds; sweet potatoes, fifty pounds; onions, fifty-seven pounds; beans sixty pounds; bran, twenty pounds; clover seed, sixty pounds; Timothy seed, forty-five pounds; hemp seed, forty-five pounds; blue grass seed, fourteen pounds; dried peaches thirty-three pounds.

Wife for Husband.

There is an article also[illegible] pers entitled "Good Rules [illegible] which enjoins on the ladies a [illegible] subject submission to their husbands' wants and whims. But the art of living together in harmony is a very difficult art; and without confuting the positions of the authors of the aforesaid Rules, we offer the following as the substance of what a wife likes in her husband:

The first place in her husband's affections no true wife can learn to do without. When she loses that she has lost her husband, she is a widow and has to endure the pangs of bereavement intensified by the presence of what she no longer possesses. There is a living mummy in the house, reminding her of her loss in the most painful manner.

A woman likes her husband to excel in those qualities which distinguish the masculine from the feminine being, such as strength, courage, fortitude and judgment. She wants her husband to be wholly a man. She cannot entirely love one whom she cannot entirely respect, believe in, and rely on.

A wife dearly loves to have her husband stand high in regard of the community in which they reside. She likes to be thought by her own sex a fortunate woman in having such a husband. She has a taste for the respectable, desires to have a good looking front door, and to keep up a good appearance generally. Some wives, it is said, carry this too far, and some husbands, we know, are dangerously complaisant in yielding to the front door ambition of their wives. But a good husband will like to gratify his wife in this respect, so far as he can, without sacrificing more important objects.

Perfect sincerity a wife expects, or at least has a right to expect from her husband. She desires to know the real state of the case, however it may be concealed from the world. It wrings her heart and wounds her pride to discover that her husband has not wholly confided in her. A man may profitably consult his wife on any project, it is due to her that he should do so, and she is glad to be consulted.

Among most other things, a wife craves from her husband appreciation. The great majority of wives lead lives of severe and anxious toil. With unimaginable anguish and peril to their lives they become mothers. The children require incessant care. "Only the eye of God watches like a mother," says Fanny Fern in the chapter of "Ruth Hall" which depicts with such power and truth a mother's agonizing anxieties. And besides her maternal cares, a wife is the queen regent of a household kingdom. She has to think, and plan and work for everybody. If, in all her labors and cares, she feels she has her husband's sympathy and gratitude, it helps her where a man can help a woman; if he notices her efforts, applauds her skill, and allows for her deficiencies—all is well. But to endure all this, and yet meet with no appreciating word, or glance, or act from him, for whom and for whose sake she toils and bears, is very bitter.

A wife likes her husband to show her all due respect in the presence of others; she cannot bear to be reproved or criticised by him when others can hear it. Indeed, it is most wrong in a husband thus to put his wife to shame. We cannot help secretly admiring the spirit of the French woman, who, when her husband had so wronged her, refused ever again to utter a word, and for twenty years lived in the house a dumb woman. We admire her spirit, though not the mode of manifesting it. Husbands owe the most profound respect to their wives, for their wives are the mothers of their children. No man has the slightest claim to the character of a gentleman who is not scrupulously polite to his wife more than to any other woman. We refer here to the essential of politeness, not its forms, we mean kindness and justice in little things.

A wife likes her husband to be considerate. Unexpected kindness and unsolicited favors touch her heart. She appreciates the softened tread when she is sick—she enjoys the gift from a distance—and everything that proves to her that her husband thinks of her comfort and good.

Husbands reflect on these things Your wife has confided her happiness to you. You can make it unspeakably wretched, if you are ignoble and short sighted. Let the contest between husband and wife be—which shall do the most for the happiness of the other.—*Life Illustrated.*

VICTORIA.—The town of Victoria, which is the metropolis of the new gold region on Frazer River, contains about a thousand inhabitants, and is situated upon an ample plateau large enough to accommodate a first class city. It contains one church capable of seating 250 persons. The government buildings are all located there, in a quadrangular stockaded inclosure. Governor Douglas' residence is described as "a mansion about fifty feet square and two stories high, with a commodious attic, standing in the center of a large and highly cultivated garden." In this modest city the price of lots vary from $200 to $2,000. Such is Victoria to-day. What it may be in ten years from this time may exceed the wildest vision. Immigration is pouring in rapidly, but at present property holders pursue a narrow course and are taking their lots out of market.

☞ Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret.

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