

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The world was sad!—the garden was a wild! And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled.

Woman.

What is she? Where is she? Where is her sphere? What position does she occupy? What is her mission?

Who pretends to say that woman, as we now know her, occupies a position that she should not? Nobody who has any judgment. Some person asks us why we do not speculate on the position woman should occupy, and not about her present situation. Ah! yes, and why do you allow yourself to be laboring under this strange hallucination? Do you suppose we are going to take issue with every common-sense view of the question, and say that woman is out of her sphere, or that she is not where she wishes to be? Not far from it.

Every body knows that there are exceptions to all rules, and while the majority of our American ladies know what they ought to do, and act accordingly, there are some who aspire to some imaginary lofty heights, such as are far beyond their reach. They fawn, and flutter, and cackie like wild birds imprisoned. They assume the character of those who hardly know what they do wish to attain, and pluckily "swim" in the dim hope of gaining some bright object, which, however distant, seems to them to be just within their almost certain grasp.

We venture, at least, to assert that we men hold a twofold position, which is really advancing the objects of the mission to the useful and the beautiful. We are, in fact, the leaders in the cause of woman.

There is no greater proof of our manhood than the female hand, with the delicate fingers, were formed. Then, as ornamental, how clearly it is shown not for peculiar capability, of touching the vase for instance, is owing partly to the model of the hand. The piano was made for woman, but ages subsequent to the time when woman was formed for the like of it.

For the present let us sum up the mission of woman by a quotation from the pen of an eminent lady:—"Make yourself useful and agreeable to man." By doing this you will have accomplished your mission. As you accomplish your mission and you will be happy. Ask not where is the utility; nor yet where lies the secret of this beauty. You cannot fail to know.

There are many requisites necessary to prepare the female for her life as an ornament; and the greatest of these is virtue, which is the great moral strength of the mind, the brightest gem. Other requisites are numerous to this attainment but well understood. They consist in part of kindness, benevolence, sympathy and mental refinement. She who possesses most is a brightest star. She will err less frequent, and be easier reclaimed.

Among the "beautiful" qualities in women, which men most desire to inculcate, is, a susceptibility to delicate attention, a fine sense of the lesser important requisites of polite wisdom, and an exquisite tenderness of thought, manner and action, which constitute in them the attributes of being treasured by genuine affection.

We have little time to devote to the subject now, and are obliged to lay down the pen for the present. More hereafter.

We have received the "part-pride" of one or two fair contributors to write for this department of our paper. Hop to hear from them soon.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—We clip the following from Arthur's Home Gazette:

He went right ahead. Much may be in store for Oregonian feminities who fail not to take the hint.

Margaret Fuller somewhat beautifully says:

It is a marvel whence the perfect flower (water lily) derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where the slimy eel and speckled frog and the mud turtle with continual washing cannot clean. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sniffs its obscene life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only to what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial powers—to the daily life of others?

Jeremy Taylor says, in his book for pleasure, matry—*to you give us thy matry, and even thy money to your old, matry*. A good wife is heaven's best gift to man. His hand and minister of grace immeasurable—he is one of many virtues—his basket of jewels—her voice, the sweetest music; her smile, his brightest day—her kiss, the gauntlet of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his sweet wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful remittances—her bosom, the soft pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on his head.

24-444

It is a marvel whence the perfect flower (water lily) derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where the slimy eel and speckled frog and the mud turtle with continual washing cannot clean. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sniffs its obscene life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only to what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial powers—to the daily life of others?

Every body knows that there are exceptions to all rules, and while the majority of our American ladies know what they ought to do, and act accordingly, there

are some who aspire to some imaginary lofty heights, such as are far beyond their reach. They fawn, and flutter, and cackie like wild birds imprisoned. They assume the character of those who hardly know what they do wish to attain, and pluckily "swim" in the dim hope of gaining some bright object, which, however distant, seems to them to be just within their almost certain grasp.

We venture, at least, to assert that we men hold a twofold position, which is really advancing the objects of the mission to the useful and the beautiful. We are, in fact, the leaders in the cause of woman.

There is no greater proof of our manhood than the female hand, with the delicate fingers, were formed. Then, as ornamental, how clearly it is shown not for peculiar capability, of touching the vase for instance, is owing partly to the model of the hand. The piano was made for woman, but ages subsequent to the time when woman was formed for the like of it.

For the present let us sum up the mission of woman by a quotation from the pen of an eminent lady:—"Make yourself useful and agreeable to man." By doing this you will have accomplished your mission. As you accomplish your mission and you will be happy. Ask not where is the utility; nor yet where lies the secret of this beauty. You cannot fail to know.

There are many requisites necessary to prepare the female for her life as an ornament; and the greatest of these is virtue, which is the great moral strength of the mind, the brightest gem. Other requisites are numerous to this attainment but well understood. They consist in part of kindness, benevolence, sympathy and mental refinement. She who possesses most is a brightest star. She will err less frequent, and be easier reclaimed.

Among the "beautiful" qualities in women, which men most desire to inculcate, is, a susceptibility to delicate attention, a fine sense of the lesser important requisites of polite wisdom, and an exquisite tenderness of thought, manner and action, which constitute in them the attributes of being treasured by genuine affection.

We have little time to devote to the subject now, and are obliged to lay down the pen for the present. More hereafter.

We have received the "part-pride" of one or two fair contributors to write for this department of our paper. Hop to hear from them soon.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—We clip the following from Arthur's Home Gazette:

He went right ahead. Much may be in store for Oregonian feminities who fail not to take the hint.

Margaret Fuller somewhat beautifully says:

It is a marvel whence the perfect flower (water lily) derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where the slimy eel and speckled frog and the mud turtle with continual washing cannot clean. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sniffs its obscene life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only to what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial powers—to the daily life of others?

Jeremy Taylor says, in his book for pleasure, matry—*to you give us thy matry, and even thy money to your old, matry*. A good wife is heaven's best gift to man. His hand and minister of grace immeasurable—he is one of many virtues—his basket of jewels—her voice, the sweetest music; her smile, his brightest day—her kiss, the gauntlet of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his sweet wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful remittances—her bosom, the soft pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on his head.

24-444

It is a marvel whence the perfect flower (water lily) derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where the slimy eel and speckled frog and the mud turtle with continual washing cannot clean. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sniffs its obscene life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only to what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial powers—to the daily life of others?

Every body knows that there are exceptions to all rules, and while the majority of our American ladies know what they ought to do, and act accordingly, there

are some who aspire to some imaginary lofty heights, such as are far beyond their reach. They fawn, and flutter, and cackie like wild birds imprisoned. They assume the character of those who hardly know what they do wish to attain, and pluckily "swim" in the dim hope of gaining some bright object, which, however distant, seems to them to be just within their almost certain grasp.

We venture, at least, to assert that we men hold a twofold position, which is really advancing the objects of the mission to the useful and the beautiful. We are, in fact, the leaders in the cause of woman.

There is no greater proof of our manhood than the female hand, with the delicate fingers, were formed. Then, as ornamental, how clearly it is shown not for peculiar capability, of touching the vase for instance, is owing partly to the model of the hand. The piano was made for woman, but ages subsequent to the time when woman was formed for the like of it.

For the present let us sum up the mission of woman by a quotation from the pen of an eminent lady:—"Make yourself useful and agreeable to man." By doing this you will have accomplished your mission. As you accomplish your mission and you will be happy. Ask not where is the utility; nor yet where lies the secret of this beauty. You cannot fail to know.

There are many requisites necessary to prepare the female for her life as an ornament; and the greatest of these is virtue, which is the great moral strength of the mind, the brightest gem. Other requisites are numerous to this attainment but well understood. They consist in part of kindness, benevolence, sympathy and mental refinement. She who possesses most is a brightest star. She will err less frequent, and be easier reclaimed.

Among the "beautiful" qualities in women, which men most desire to inculcate, is, a susceptibility to delicate attention, a fine sense of the lesser important requisites of polite wisdom, and an exquisite tenderness of thought, manner and action, which constitute in them the attributes of being treasured by genuine affection.

We have little time to devote to the subject now, and are obliged to lay down the pen for the present. More hereafter.

We have received the "part-pride" of one or two fair contributors to write for this department of our paper. Hop to hear from them soon.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—We clip the following from Arthur's Home Gazette:

He went right ahead. Much may be in store for Oregonian feminities who fail not to take the hint.

Margaret Fuller somewhat beautifully says:

It is a marvel whence the perfect flower (water lily) derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where the slimy eel and speckled frog and the mud turtle with continual washing cannot clean. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sniffs its obscene life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only to what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial powers—to the daily life of others?

Jeremy Taylor says, in his book for pleasure, matry—*to you give us thy matry, and even thy money to your old, matry*. A good wife is heaven's best gift to man. His hand and minister of grace immeasurable—he is one of many virtues—his basket of jewels—her voice, the sweetest music; her smile, his brightest day—her kiss, the gauntlet of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his sweet wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful remittances—her bosom, the soft pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on his head.

24-444

It is a marvel whence the perfect flower (water lily) derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where the slimy eel and speckled frog and the mud turtle with continual washing cannot clean. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sniffs its obscene life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only to what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial powers—to the daily life of others?

Every body knows that there are exceptions to all rules, and while the majority of our American ladies know what they ought to do, and act accordingly, there

are some who aspire to some imaginary lofty heights, such as are far beyond their reach. They fawn, and flutter, and cackie like wild birds imprisoned. They assume the character of those who hardly know what they do wish to attain, and pluckily "swim" in the dim hope of gaining some bright object, which, however distant, seems to them to be just within their almost certain grasp.

We venture, at least, to assert that we men hold a twofold position, which is really advancing the objects of the mission to the useful and the beautiful. We are, in fact, the leaders in the cause of woman.

There is no greater proof of our manhood than the female hand, with the delicate fingers, were formed. Then, as ornamental, how clearly it is shown not for peculiar capability, of touching the vase for instance, is owing partly to the model of the hand. The piano was made for woman, but ages subsequent to the time when woman was formed for the like of it.

For the present let us sum up the mission of woman by a quotation from the pen of an eminent lady:—"Make yourself useful and agreeable to man." By doing this you will have accomplished your mission. As you accomplish your mission and you will be happy. Ask not where is the utility; nor yet where lies the secret of this beauty. You cannot fail to know.

There are many requisites necessary to prepare the female for her life as an ornament; and the greatest of these is virtue, which is the great moral strength of the mind, the brightest gem. Other requisites are numerous to this attainment but well understood. They consist in part of kindness, benevolence, sympathy and mental refinement. She who possesses most is a brightest star. She will err less frequent, and be easier reclaimed.

Among the "beautiful" qualities in women, which men most desire to inculcate, is, a susceptibility to delicate attention, a fine sense of the lesser important requisites of polite wisdom, and an exquisite tenderness of thought, manner and action, which constitute in them the attributes of being treasured by genuine affection.

We have little time to devote to the subject now, and are obliged to lay down the pen for the present. More hereafter.

We have received the "part-pride" of one or two fair contributors to write for this department of our paper. Hop to hear from them soon.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—We clip the following from Arthur's Home Gazette:

He went right ahead. Much may be in store for Oregonian feminities who fail not to take the hint.

Margaret Fuller somewhat beautifully says:

It is a marvel whence the perfect flower (water lily) derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where the slimy eel and speckled frog and the mud turtle with continual washing cannot clean. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sniffs its obscene life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only to what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial powers—to the daily life of others?

Jeremy Taylor says, in his book for pleasure, matry—*to you give us thy matry, and even thy money to your old, matry*. A good wife is heaven's best gift to man. His hand and minister of grace immeasurable—he is one of many virtues—his basket of jewels—her voice, the sweetest music; her smile, his brightest day—her kiss, the gauntlet of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his sweet wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful remittances—her bosom, the soft pillow of his cares—and her prayers, the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on his head.

24-444

It is a marvel whence the perfect flower (water lily) derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where the slimy eel and speckled frog and the mud turtle with continual washing cannot clean. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sniffs its obscene life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only to what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial powers—to the daily life of others?

Every body knows that there are exceptions to all rules, and while the majority of our American ladies know what they ought to do, and act accordingly, there

are some who aspire to some imaginary lofty heights, such as are far beyond their reach. They fawn, and flutter, and cackie like wild birds imprisoned. They assume the character of those who hardly know what they do wish to attain, and pluckily "swim" in the dim hope of gaining some bright object, which, however distant, seems to them to be just within their almost certain grasp.

We venture, at least, to assert that we men hold a twofold position, which is really advancing the objects of the mission to the useful and the beautiful. We are, in fact, the leaders in the cause of woman.

There is no greater proof of our manhood than the female hand, with the delicate fingers, were formed. Then, as ornamental, how clearly it is shown not for peculiar capability, of touching the vase for instance, is owing partly to the model of the hand. The piano was made for woman, but ages subsequent to the time when woman was formed for the like of it.

For the present let us sum up the mission of woman by a quotation from the pen of an eminent lady:—"Make yourself useful and agreeable to man." By doing this you will have accomplished your mission. As you accomplish your mission and you will be happy. Ask not where is the utility; nor yet where lies the secret of this beauty. You cannot fail to know.

There are many requisites necessary to prepare the female for her life as an ornament; and the greatest of these is virtue, which is the great moral strength of the mind, the brightest gem. Other requisites are numerous to this attainment but well understood. They consist in part of kindness, benevolence, sympathy and mental refinement. She who possesses most is a brightest star. She will err less frequent, and be easier reclaimed.

Among the "beautiful" qualities in women, which men most desire to inculcate, is, a susceptibility to delicate attention, a fine sense of the lesser important requisites of polite wisdom, and an exquisite tenderness of thought, manner and action, which constitute in them the attributes of being treasured by genuine affection.

We have little time to devote to the subject now, and are obliged to lay down the pen for the present. More hereafter.

We have received the "part-pride" of one or two fair contributors to write for this department of our paper. Hop to hear from them soon.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.—We clip the following from Arthur's Home Gazette:

He went right ahead. Much may be in store for Oregonian feminities who fail not to take the hint.

Margaret Fuller somewhat beautifully says:

It is a marvel whence the perfect flower (water lily) derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where the slimy eel and speckled frog and the mud turtle with continual washing cannot clean. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sniffs its obscene life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only to what is ugly and evil from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial powers—to the daily life of others?

Jeremy Taylor says, in his book for pleasure, matry—*to you give us thy matry, and even thy money to your old, matry*. A good wife is heaven's best gift to man. His hand and minister of grace immeasurable—he is one of many virtues—his basket of jewels—her voice, the sweetest music; her smile, his brightest day—her kiss, the gauntlet of his innocence—her arms, the pale of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry, his sweet wealth—her economy, his safest steward—her lips, his faithful remittances—her bosom, the soft pillow of his cares—and her prayers,