OREGON SPECTATOR.

C. L. GOODRICH, EDITOR, PROPRIETOR AND PRINTER.] "FREEDOM FROM ALL FOREIGN INFLUENCE, IN THIS OUR OWN DEAR NATIVE LAND!!" [TERMS, FIVE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—IN ADVANCE.

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The Oregon Spectator;

[The first paper ever printed on the Pacific Coast.]

OREGON CITY, O. T.

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,

DEVOTED TO THE AMERICAN, MORAL, SOCIAL, LITERARY AND AGRICULTURAL INTERESTS OF THE PEOPLE OF OREGON.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY C. L. GOODRICH, EDITOR, PROPRIETOR AND PRINTER.

The Spectator will ever be open to the free discussion of all subjects of sufficient interest to the people of this Territory. It will particularly strive to advance the interests of all American freemen, and will not oppose any Church or denomination, until it becomes apparent that their object is the taking of the government into their own hands, as a body, or, as a Church of having our law making and office-holding at their disposal.

A *moral tone* will ever be a leading feature of the Spectator, and while its columns may be filled with useful, literary and social instruction, a strict regard for truth and morality will be observed.

Agriculture, as shall best advance the interests of Oregonians, will be a feature never neglected.

The *fair* and *youth* of our land, shall ever receive, to the former due respect, and to the latter all the assistance we can render in advancing their useful and moral education, and to instill into the minds the true American principles of our glorious Union.

Special care taken to note Territoral news, for the benefit of people in the United States and other countries.

TERMS: INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

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LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.

"Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.

If subscribers order the discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the post office or other place to which they are sent, they are held responsible until they settle all arrearages, should there be any.

If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are holden responsible

Dissolution of Copartnership!!!

THE copartnership existing between Jno. B. Preston, James O'Neill, and Dan O'Neill, under the firm of Preston, O'Neill & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

James O'Neill having purchased the stock of goods of the firm, in Oregon City and Champoeg, will continue to sell at their usual low prices.

All persons having demands against Preston, O'Neill & Co. are requested to present them for adjustment. All persons indebted to the same are particularly requested to settle their accounts or notes before the 15th of January 1855. After that date all demands unsettled will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection, as our Mr. Preston will soon leave for the States, and we desire to have our business settled immediately.

JNO. B. PRESTON.
JAMES O'NEILL.
DAN. O'NEILL.

Oregon City, Dec. 16, 1854.

Fall Trade.

NOW receiving Ex Bark C. Devans, a large addition to our stock, which is offered at the lowest market rate:

50 bbls N. O. Sugar	43,000 yds Prints
50 kgs Stuart's Syrup	14,000 " Brown Sheeting
35 " Saleratus	11,000 yds Bleached Muslin
50 boxes Soap	13,000 yds Linsey
20 " Pepper	4,500 " Flannel
10 " Pimento	11,000 " Sattinetts
10 bbls Dried Apples	8,000 " Jeans
5 kgs Cream Tartar	4,000 " Hickory
25 dz Sands' Sarsaparila	3,200 " Ticking
10 boxes Starch	200 yds Table Damask
10 " Pipes	300 Table Cloths
5 kgs Epsom Salts	30 doz Women's Hose
5 " Sulphur	100 " Men's Socks
50 lbs Gum Camphor	50 pr Silk Hk'fs
15 doz Quinine	1,000 yds Black Silk
15 doz Ague Pills	500 " Salisbury Flan'l
24 " Jaynes Expecterant	50 White Quilts
12 " " Alterative	500 doz Spool Thread
24 " " San Pills	100 lbs Linen "
5 kgs Sal Soda	100 " Cotton "
5 " Super Carbonate Soda	

3,000 yds Colored Cambrics

Together with a large number of other articles, to all of which the attention of merchants is solicited. GEO. ABERNETHY & CO.

Oregon City, Oct. 28, 1854y

49 boxes sperm candles, by ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.

46 cases tobacco—grap duck'n, by ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.

40 tons iron, by ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.

40 cases Collins' chopping and broad axes, by ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.

GRINDSTONES and mountings, by ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.

41 cases window glass, by ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.

62 boxes firm runscatil raisins, by ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.

ONE hundred horse collars, by ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.

MILL saws, 7 feet. Cross cut saws, 6 and 7 feet, by ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.

BLACKSMITH'S bellows and tools, and carpenters' tools also, by ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.

LARGE lot of men's and boys' clothing, by ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.

LARGE assortment of blankets, flannels, lindseys and prints, by ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.

RICE, 20 bbls, an excellent article, by ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.

LARGE assortment women's fine shoes, by ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.

MEN'S boots and shoes, by ALLAN, M'KINLAY & CO.

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

This is an interesting game for our young friends, and one, too, in which their older brothers and sisters and parents may join with them. Now those of you who have solved the "Enigma for the Holidays," and learn what is our greeting, may engage in this new game when we have told you how to play it.

One of the company must leave the room, while those who remain choose some word of double or treble meaning, such as *bank*, *box*, or *right*, as *write*, *wright*, *rite* are all pronounced the same. When the word has been decided upon, the person who went out may be recalled, and it is his duty to ascertain what word has been selected by the answers given to the three following questions: First, he must ask each person in succession, "How do you like it?" If he is not able to then guess the word, he must go around again, asking each, "When do you like it?"—and if he does not then find out the word he must go around the third time, asking, "Where will you put it?" And, finally, if unable to guess the word at the third round, he is to be crowned with a dunce-cap, and required to re-compence his questions, proceeding as before.

When he hits upon the right word, the person whose answer led him to conjecture it, must take his place, and leave the room while another word is chosen.

That you may not fail in understanding this game, we will tell you some of the answers that were given once where we saw a company of young persons playing it. The word *Bank* had been selected for this occasion, while *Thomas* was sent out. On being called in he commenced by addressing *Anna*.

Thomas—How do you like it, Anna?

Anna—I like it with a large capital.

Thomas—You do? Then it may be a word, pillar, a state, or some business. But how do you like it, Alice?"

Alice—I like it shady, and covered with moss.

Thomas—And you, Edward?

Edward—With secure vaults, well filled.

Thomas—What say you, Mary?

Mary—I like it covered with violets.

Thomas—How do you like it, Charley?

Charley—With a good board of directors.

Thomas—And how do you like it, Geo?

George—I like it high and picturesque.

Thomas—What say you, John?

John—Of freestone or white marble.

Thomas—Well, Lucy, how do you like it?

Lucy—Very green, and dry.

Thomas—How contradictory—green and dry of marble, covered with violets, with secure and wellfilled vaults, shady, high and picturesque; well, Lemuel, how do you like it?

Lemuel—I like it warranted not to break.

Thomas—I shall be obliged to go round again. Come, Anna. *When* do you like it?

Anna—When I have money to keep safely.

Thomas—When do you like it, Alice?

Alice—When I am in the country, and feel weary.

Thomas—And you, Edward?

Edward—When I hold a check.

Thomas—And when do you like it, Mary?

Mary—In the spring of the year when I feel languid.

Thomas—When do you like it, Charles?

Charles—When I am a stockholder.

Thomas—So I should think, if it paid a good dividend. I shall be saved the trouble of going round the third time, for I should be dull indeed if I did not guess it to be a *Bank*. You, Edward, may go out while we choose another word; for your "well-filled vaults," and "check" first gave me the clue to the word.

TO MORROW

To morrow is a day that never comes. It is the rainbow, albeit we think we see its base resting on the hills directly in our path, is still, no matter how far we may advance, just as far removed as when we first commenced pursuit. To-morrow is written by angels among the stars, and comes not here, save in the dreams that hope whispers to our heart.

What we most prize, and cherish, and long for, lies often in the morrow. Our ideas, our holiest affections, our sympathies, our soul's highest soarings center there; and wealth, and fame, and all that man believes his being, beam out of the to-morrow, as the pursuit diamonds in the dark, and light us towards their pursuit. Therefore it is that we honor, and love, and worship to-morrow; we could not live nor enjoy ourselves without it. It never comes, it is true, more than the *ignis fatuus* comes to those who rashly follow it—but it brings pleasant dreams, and fills our slumbering ears with sweetest music, and binds up our weak hearts with resolutions; and for such noble offices it has our hearty benison.

To day is full of darkness and of wounds, but to-morrow is approaching, and the sun and moon and healing balms will be with it. Ay, will they, though, when to-morrow touches the earth, it is to-day once again, and to-morrow lies as far off as before, peradventure, beyond the reach of mortal ken.

Faith and hope walk with to-morrow in the unseen realm, and the angels sprinkle their path with flowers. Doubt and anxiety are the companions of to-day, and there are few garlands in their way. What wonder, then, that we choose to look unto to-morrow, whose bright mantle, drifting evermore towards us, scatters, when we least expect it, light upon our hearts.

☞Weather cool and clear.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

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

FANNY FERN.

The publication of "Ruth Hall" has stimulated public curiosity with regard to the name and character of its autheress, and given occasion for a number of articles purporting to describe her person or narrate her history. Some of these articles contain statements which we know to be groundless, and even calumnisus; and no one of them, that we have seen, is calculated to give the public a correct idea of her character. We embrace the opportunity to tell our readers something about a lady of whom they have heard a great deal more than they ought to believe.

Fanny Fern is the most retiring and unobtrusive of human beings. More than any other celebriety we have ever known, she shrinks from personal display and public observation. During her residence in this city she has lived in the most perfect privacy, never going to parties or soirees, never giving such herself, refusing to enlarge her circle of friends, and finding full employment as well as satisfaction in her domestic and literary duties. She has probably received more invitations to private and public assemblies, and her acquaintance has been more frequently sought by distingutshed persons, during the period of her residence here, than any other individual. To all solicitations of this kind she returns a mild but decided negative. In the hotels at which she has resided, no one, neither landlord nor guest, has ever known her as Fanny Fern. Indeed, she has an abhorance of personal publicity, and can not be persuaded to sacrifice any part of the comfort of an absolute *incog.* We can not but approve her resolution.

Fanny Fern is a sincerely religious woman, the member of an evengelical denomination, and a regular attendant at church. We never knew any one who believed in a belief more strongly than she in hers, or who was more deeply grieved when that belief was treated with disrespect. No one stands less in awe of conventionalities, no one is more strict on a point of honor and principle than she. She is a person who is able to do all that she is convinced she ought, and to refrain from doing all that she is sure she ought not. In strength of purpose, we know not her equal among women.

The word which best describes Fanny Fern is the word Lady. All her ways and tastes are feminine and refined. Every thing she wears, every article of furniture in her rooms, all the details of her table, must be clean, elegant, tasteful. Her attire, which is generally simple and inexpensive, is always exquisitely nice and becoming. In the stormiest days, when no visitor could be expected, she is as carefully dressed and adorned as though she was going to court. We say as carefully, though, in fact, she has a quick instict for the becoming, and makes herself attractive without bestowing much time or thought upon the matter. Her voice is singularly musical; her manner varies with her humor; but it is always that of a lady. One who knows Fanny Fern has an idea what kind of women they must have been for whom knightserrant did battle in the Middle Ages.

With all her strength, Fanny Fern is extremely sensitive. She can enjoy more, suffer more, love more, hate more, admire more, and detest more, than any one whom we have known. With all her gentleness of manner, there is not a drop of milk and water in her veins. She believes in having justice done. Seventy times seven she could forgive a repentant brother; but not once, unless he repented.

Fanny Fern writes rapidly, in a large, bold hand; but she sends no article away without very careful revision; and her manuscript is puzzling to printers from its numberless erasures and insertions. She writes from her heart and her eye; she has little aptitude or taste for abstract thought. She never talks of her writings, and cares little for criticism, however severe. She is no more capable of writing an intentional *double intendre*, than the gross-minded man who have accused her of doing so are capable of appreciating the worth of pure womanhood.

Such are some of our impressions of Fanny Fern, to which we may add, that she was the finest form of any woman in New York, and that no one of the names recently assigned her in the papers is her true name. In ordinary circumstances, we should not have thought it right thus to describe the characteristics of a lady; our sole and, we think, sufficient justification is, the publication of statements respecting her, only less vulgar than calumnious.

SCENE IN COURT.

Not long since there occured in Baltimore a murder trial, in which case the prisoner at the bar was honorably acquitted:

The scene will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The faithful, affectionate wife of the prisoner, who throughout the trial has never for a moment absented herself, stood weeping by the side of her husband to hear the result to her, as to him an announcement of fearful importance. A breathless silence, broken only by the sobs of the poor woman, reigned throughout the court, as the clerk, in a clear and solemn voice, said, "Frederick Loebig, stand and hold up your right hand." The prisoner, pale and agitated, but sustained by his wife, did as he was directed. The clerk continued, addressing the jury, "How say you is the prisoner guilty of the murder whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?" NOT GUILTY. No sooner was the result known than the man, overpowered by his feelings sunk down into the arms of his affectionate wife. She, scarcely knowing what to do, almost beside herself with joy, kissed him over and over again; and, as if this were not enough, rushed forward, and seizing the hands of the counsel who had defended him, bathed them with her tears.—Many of the by-standers—among whom were stern, rough men, whose cheeks, perchance, had not been wet with tears since childhood—poured forth nature's sinless tribute, and as the released prisoner and his wife left the court-house, surrounded by their friends, honored their affection by a silent prayer for their future happiness.—We do not think there was one present who did not feel the inestimable value of woman's undying love.—*Balt. Sun.*

☞We think the character of a lady is made up, in a great measure, of little things. Little acts, performed in right spirit, sweeten and gladden life. We love most those who make us the most happy. No one will deny that true politeness is essential in the character of a lady, and Dr. Watts says, true politeness "is love manifested in an easy and graceful manner." We do not judge a person's character by a few great acts, whether good or bad, but by their habitual course of conduct. A pleasant look, a smile, the tear of sympathy, a kind word, fitly spoken, indicate the true lady.

A writer in the Farmer and Planter says: "When I lived among the Choctaw Indians, I held a consultation with one of their principal chiefs respectiong the successive stages of their progress in the arts and virtues of civilized life, and, among other things, he informed me at their first start they fell into a mistake—they only sent their boys to school. They became intelligent men, but they married uneducated and uncivilized wives; and the result was that the children were all like the mother, and soon the father lost his interest in both wife and children. 'And now,' said he, 'if we could educate only one class of our children, we would choose the girls; for when they become mothers, they would educate their sons.'"

WALK OUT.

Punch says: "At no period of the year is a healthy young woman, of whatever station, obliged to exchange out-of-door recreation for in-door amusement, except when it hails, or rains, or snows, or thunders and lightens, or blows a hurricane. Are there not furs? never mind the expense; the war with Europe has not made them dearer than the attendance of a simpering doctor. Are there not muffs, and boas, and all sorts of water-proof armor? Young ladys, take the advice of your elders, and as the old woman say, "Get out!"—in all tolerable weather.

WOMAN'S MISSION.

A distinguished preacher thus sums up the history of a woman who had been called to her long home:

"She ate, she drank, she slept, she dressed, she danced, she died."

The "Lily" says that this is the history of the mass of women; but we think some important chapters are left out. The mass of women are born, go to a boarding school, get married, go to church, bring up a family, and die after that; and our opinion is, that any one who eats well, drinks well, and dies well, has done more for the world than many distinguished people succeed in doing. If, in addition to this, she is born well, goes to school well, and brings up a family well, she has been a public benefactor of no ordinary kind.

A woman who is well born—who has received from her parents a healthy mental and physical organization, and who conducts herself well in the ordinary relations of life, is a very great woman. To know how to eat, and drink, and sleep, and dress and dance and die, is the sum of knowledge; and he or she who does all these things well is wise and prudent above the common order of Christians and Philosophers.

Let no one speak lightly of eating, drinking, sleeping, dressing, dancing and dying, for the catalogue embraces more than half the important business of life, and she who does these well, will do more, and is an honor and blessing to the race.

☞When Philip Henry, the father of the celebrated commentator, sought the hand of the only daughter and heiress of Mathews in marriage, an objection was made by her father, who admitted that he was a gentleman, a scholar, and an excellent preacher, but he was a stranger, and "they did not even know where he came from!" "True," said the daughter, who had well weighed the excellent qualities and graces of the stranger, "but I know where he is going, and I should like to go with him;" and they traveled life's journey together.

☞Men protect us—they provide for our wants—fight our battles—buy our books, music, newspapers—pay all our bills, and now for a moment just imagine what a world this would be if it were full of women, and contained no men! Then let us try to render them as near perfect as possible. Let us cherish their society—cultivate and enlighten their minds—and above all, wife, let love be your monitor, and let it be often expressed.—*Mrs. Talmidge.*

☞It is the peculiar misfortune of women, resulting from the relative position which they occupy in society, that they cannot always see both sides of a man's character. Of course the fair side is always presented towards them, and all the darker traits and wilder extravagances are sedulously concealed on the reverse. This makes it doubly dangerous for a girl to consult only her own preferences, and her own will in making her choice for life; and this proves the expediency, on all occasions, of taking the advice of some experienced counsellor. Many a man may shine by his wit, taste, elegance, and address, or good breeding; and yet when he quits society, and revolves on his own axis, the darker half of his day may be passed in the brothel, game-house or counterfeiter's cave.

☞Which will you do, my lady—smile and make your household happy, or pout, and thus render the good-natured ones sad, and the ill-natured ones worse? The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable if you but show a smiling face, a kind heart and speak pleasant words. Do wear a pleasant countenance; let joy beam in your eyes and love glow on your forehead. There is no joy like that which springs from a kind act or a pleasant deed, and you will feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and during your daily avocation.

☞Girls who have been accustomed to devour a multitude of frivolous books, will converse and write with a far greater appearance of skill, as to style and sentiment, at twelve or fourteen years old, than those of a more advanced age who are under the discipline of severe studies; but the former, having attained to that low standard which had been held out to them, become stationary, while the latter are quickly progressing to a higher strain of mind, and those who too early commence thinking and writing like women, commonly end with talking and acting like children.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"I'M AN AMERICAN.

Who doesn't feel proud to say, "*I'm an American!*" Who doesn't feel his heart expand, and his greatness grow greater, and the dignity of his nature rise to new heights at the thought and conviction that he is such? Other countries may be dear to other people. We hope they are. We hope they feel as much inspiration when they look upon and feel with and for it. *We* had rather to say, "I'm an American," than anything else. It takes us right. It is to our mind. It fits our case.

To be an American—one of our true sort—is a good deal. We had just leave boast of it as not. Why not? It is a great title—greater than Kings or Emperors wear.

A SENSATION.

"RUTH HALL," Fanny Fern's new book, is making a sensation. The following is an extract from a private letter from a gentleman, himself one of our most successful authors, in regard to it:

"I had been travelling two successive nights when I received the book ('RUTH HALL'), having had now sleep but such as I could catch in the cars. I reached this place, and was prepareing to make up my loss by a long night's rest, but woe was me! Just before I was ready to jump into bed, I thought I would take a peep at the book to see how it 'started off.' Soon I found myself laughing; again crying. Then I felt a sensation of cold, and discovered that I was but half-dressed; and with pocket-handkerchief in hand, I went to bed, but not to sleep. Lighting again my candle, I recommenced and read; read until the candle flickered, went out. Up I got, and fumbled around for clothes; groping about for them I sudeenly 'saw numerous stars,' for my head had como in contact with a sharp-pointed bed-post. With one hand to my head, and the other outstretched to ward off bed-posts, I pursued my search, and was succesful. Then, wending my way through the dark avenues of a country tavern, succeeded at last in finding 'down stairs;' obtaided another candle and resumed reading. The town-clock seemed to strike every fifteen minutes, until in the morning I found myself at the end of the book, and minus three successive nights' sleep. There, that's my opinion of 'RUTH HALL.'"—*New-York National Democrat.*

THE PRINTER.

The following life-like picture from the Buffalo Express will give some people cause perhaps to investigate, in a spare moment, the compositor's routine in large cities. It gives us, however, no cause of sadness to occasionally review the days and dreary nights gone by, when we were accustomed, in common with all who work on morning papers, to lay our weary limbs away in the "small hours" of the morn, to awaken long after nature had donned her sun-lit morning robes:

"The night grows late—the streets are hushed—the moonbeams deck the deserted pavement—and sleep strews its slumberous poppies over the inhabitants of the silent city. All are at rest, save the printer, busy at his case.

Dreams, lovely as the winged cherubs hover about the repose of man and maiden; vision pure as first lilies, and beautiful as the sunset of early summer, haunt the couches of the matron and the child—but to the printer all is reality, toil, and weariness.

How nimbly and cheerfully does he abjust the faithful types, as if he took "no note of time"—as if the duties were wearing out his life were more a diversion than a laborious avocation. But amid their monotonous discharge, believe us, the printer thinks of home, and sweet rest, and sighs within himself for the better lot of which others are possessed. And yet there is no repose for him—though the night tramps on, and the jocund dawn will soon appear.

Why do his motions grow less rapid—why move his fingers in so deliberate and mechanical a way? Whence is the smile that lingers on his lip, like the first sunbeam of early morning? There is a gentle presence at his side—an eye blue as violets, glancing into his own—an accent, sweet as music, entrancing his ear, and reaching his heart. It is but a moment—it was only a reverie—it did not even win him from his occupation—it only caused his hand to falter, not to cease—the printer awakens to busy toil again.

Ye who receive our sunrise favor, and wander perhaps, listlessly over its pages, remember that it is the fruit of toil, which was active and untiring, while you were quietly sleeping—that life is imprinted in its columns—that your convenience and comfort is bought with the price of weariness.

There is an electric "chord" which, being charged with sympathy, will carry the gentle burden even unto distant hearts. We bespeak its agency in behalf of the faithful printer."

OF ALL THE DEVILS AVOID THE BLUES.

Remember this is a comical world, given to calculation—therefore, if you would thrive and have "tallow covered kidneys," you must tickle the community and cut melancholy. Nobody wants to listen to distress if he can possibly avoid it.—in a word, misery is a "dem bore" and won't be tolerated. A comedian can extract his hundred dollars a night, from almost any community—a begger is doing a duced good business if he raises two loaves of bread. For children to complain is all very well, Mr. Ferguson, but for a man with good sense to go about like a dog with a scorbutic craniam—is a ridiculous waste of good grunting, that might better be kept for the cholic. Even the character of Cicero is lessened by the complaints he suffered to escape him; and who can read the sad things written by the banished Ovid, without despising the man whose misfortunes debased, whereas they should have exalted his mind. Men who have experienced evils which are really of a trival nature, should be in haste to forget them. These things are important to themselves; but why should they suppose them sufficiently interesting to engage the attention of others? Again we say, if you have trouble, just keep it to yourself; a jolly fellow can raise a half eagle at any time, a dismal individual could not effect a loan of one and ninepence if his soul depended on it. Be cheerful' therefore, for your own interest. Or, to condense the whol sermon into one line, "laugh and grow fat." "Everybody does it," who has any expectation of rising in the world.—*Albany Knick.*

MRS. PARTINGTON ON MATRIMONY.

"If ever I'm married," said Ike, looking up from the book he was reading and kicking the stove door to energetically—"If ever I'm married"—Don't speak of marriage, Isaac, till you are old enough to understand the bond that binds congealing souls. People musn't speak of marriage with impurity. It is the first thing that children think of now-a-days, and young boys in pinafores, and young girls with their heads fricaseed into spitoon curls, and full of love-sick stories, are talking of marriage before they get into their teens. Think of such ones getting married! Yes there's Mr. Spaid, when heaven took his wife away, went right to a young lady's cemetry and got another no more fit to be the head of a family than I am to be the board of mayor and alderman."

EXTREME MODESTY.

"Doctor," said a young miss of the high-heeled modesty school, "ma has sent me to tell you that sister Marie Ephemia Dulcy Minerva Rhody Jane has got a small ulcerated pimple just above the wrist of her left lower extremity which demands immediate medical prescription.

SISTER VS. COUSIN.

Beautiful is the love and sweet the kiss of a sister; but if you havn't a sister handy, try your cousin; it isn't much worse. N. B.—If you havn't a cousin of your own, try somebody else's; there is no difference.

BEAUTIFUL.

We find the following beautiful anecdote in the editor's table of the January number of *Graham*:

"We know a beautiful little blue-eyed girl, of some three years old, who was nestled in her mother's arms, at twilight, looking out at the stars.

Mother, said she, it is getting dark.

And what makes it dark, Caroline? said her mother.

Because God shuts his eyes, replied the little poet."

☞Michael says a woman is a "certain trouble, but an uncertain pleasure."