

# The Oregonian

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PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JAN 5, 1908.

## FULTON AND HENEY.

Senator Fulton has made spirited reply to accusations by Mr. Francis J. Heney. Nor is it merely a reply; it is a challenge. Doubtless it would be more proper to call Mr. Heney's statements "insinuations," as Mr. Fulton calls them, than accusations. Mr. Heney, we think, has said nothing more direct than that he could show, and would show, that Senator Fulton had been a friend of wrongdoers, and that he had in his possession evidence that proves that Fulton had been guilty of corrupt acts. This, though indefinite, is sufficiently direct to engage Mr. Fulton's attention; and his open letter to Mr. Heney is a proper reply to the charges.

Now what is there, what can there be, to justify Mr. Heney's attitude of Mr. Fulton? We know of the Mitchell letter to George C. Brownell and of Mr. Fulton's concurrence in it. The letter was written in January, 1901. Brownell wanted to be United States District Attorney. John R. Hall at that time held the office, and wished to retain it. But Mitchell and Fulton were both under great obligations to Brownell for political services, and, as Mitchell stated in his letter, were anxious to see Brownell. Yet they were not unwillingly to let Brownell have, however, fallen into the meshes of the Heney dragnet, and it would not do to press him for the appointment. The interpretation that has been given to the Mitchell-Fulton letter to Brownell is that Brownell was advised to withdraw his own claims to the office, and that his "interests" were to be "protected" by the appointment of Hall. Of the genuineness of the letter there is no doubt. It is in Mr. Mitchell's well-known style throughout, and Mr. Fulton's full concurrence in it is signed in his own hand. But what does it mean? That Mr. Fulton was advising Mr. Brownell to press his own claims no further, but consent to the appointment of Mr. Hall, and the latter would shield Mr. Brownell from prosecution? This interpretation is indignantly denied by Mr. Fulton and Mr. Hall. Whether Mr. Brownell said anything or not, he was not advised. But did Heney get the letter from Brownell? Or is it a copy furnished from Mitchell's letter book?

Mr. Fulton admits the authenticity of the letter, but positively denies that it is subject to the interpretation that Heney has given it, or that there is anything in the letter, or in his approval of it, that could compromise himself. So far as the Oregonian knows, this is the issue between Senator Fulton and Mr. Heney. If there is anything else the public would like to see the evidence.

It seems to the Oregonian that it is incumbent on Mr. Heney to answer Mr. Fulton's open challenge and defiance. Inferences may be drawn from the Mitchell-Fulton letter to Brownell, but inferences, in doubtful and disputed cases, are dangerous. Mr. Fulton is a man of high character. His explanation of this incident as Mr. Heney is to his inferences from it; nay, better, for Mr. Fulton knows about it what Mr. Heney cannot. It is desirable in the first place to have a distinct statement from Mr. Heney of the charge or charges implied in his "insinuations," as Mr. Fulton calls them, and then to have Mr. Fulton's answer to them. Has a wrong construction been placed upon this letter by Mr. Heney? Or is the construction placed upon it by publications which have been favored with copies of it, that Mr. Heney or other editors? Has Mr. Heney other matters with which to support this construction? Has he other proofs? We know of no method by which these statements can be brought out except the one of the press. Mr. Fulton is a Senator of Oregon, and probably will be a candidate for re-election. He is

right in his challenge to Mr. Heney that "you publicly and specifically set forth the grounds on which you base the charge of wrong-doing on my part." Shall we hear from Mr. Heney?

## AN EDIFYING FICTION.

The howling "ululation" we have heard comes from the Chicago Inter Ocean. This is a Republican paper, devoted heart and soul to "the inter-oceanic" line, and it has been the letters from Republicans of the Middle West, who declare, one and all, that "if the rural voters can't get a candidate who will continue Roosevelt's policy, they will vote for W. J. Bryan." The Inter Ocean remarks further that "from the number of the letters and the extent of the territory from which they come, the inference seems safe that they represent about 15 or 20 per cent of those in the Middle West who voted for Mr. Roosevelt in 1904." This unhappy journal declares that what these people mean by "Roosevelt's policy" is the continuation of which they so ardently desire, is "the policy of agitation which brought on the panic."

This truly edifying fiction that robbery, rebates, excessive capitalization, footing of banks and trust funds, and organized crime, generally, are natural conditions of business that ought not to be disturbed, has a pretty firm hold in certain quarters even yet, evidently. He who disturbs this beautiful system, moreover, is a panic-maker and miscellaneous malefactor. And the people who are honored by his services, trusts and brigades and want his policy continued "have been led far astray." They are honest, no doubt, but "misguided."

But the situation is not without hope. A "campaign of education" is urged against those who have misled the people. It is generally agreed that their benefactors of the plunderbund. Some seem to think it hopeful.

There has not been much "panic" except in the strongholds of frenzied finance and high plunder. But there was sure to be a panic in these portions of the country where the people could see what was going on underneath. It was the sort of panic you discover when you kick over a fungus and note the scare and scurry of the vile little population under it.

It may, however, be set down as very certain that Bryan will be elected if the reactionary forces of the Republican party should get control and try to put things back to where they were before Roosevelt began to shake the secrets out of organized plunder and stop its work.

## MOTHERS TO THE RESCUE.

It seems that some of the mothers of New York City have at last awakened to a sense of duty to their young daughters. According to a late dispatch, they have declared a war of extermination against the Greek lecturer societies that barnacle the private and preparatory schools of that city. From the account given of the installation ceremony in a local organization known as the "Sigma Gamma Society," which aroused these mothers to action, it is clear that this interference is not only proper, but that it has been long overdue.

It is high time, indeed, that sensible, judicious mothers came to the rescue of their young daughters. While, perhaps, the majority of girls who are initiated into these premature Greek lecturer societies are able to stand the "tests" applied to candidates without physical collapse, the fact remains that such organizations are worse than useless, in that they inculcate egotism, create an undue feeling of self-importance, involve expense that not infrequently works hardship upon parents, and especially upon mothers, take young girls out of evenings unattended except by each other (which, in the estimation of the late Judge Frazer, is worse than no attendance at all), and conduce to the idea that they are able to dispense with the oversight of their elders at a period in life when such oversight is most needed.

Mrs. Barbauld's story of "Young Jehu," though not exactly a classic, is not without merit. It is called "first-year English" in our High Schools. It may, indeed, be commended to the perusal of thoughtless parents who have in mistaken kindness allowed their sons and daughters to take whip and rein from duty competent hands and drive at their own pace. It is not without merit. It is called "first-year English" in our High Schools. It may, indeed, be commended to the perusal of thoughtless parents who have in mistaken kindness allowed their sons and daughters to take whip and rein from duty competent hands and drive at their own pace.

MR. HARRIMAN AGAIN.  
The power to create and destroy railroad facilities in this part of the world lies absolutely in Mr. Harriman's hands. What are the chances of similar control of the fortunes, and, indirectly, of the lives of our population. His authority in all essential particulars surpasses that of any European sovereign over his subjects, and, like the most abject servants of a feudal monarch, the people of Oregon are compelled to approach Mr. Harriman in humble submission and beg of him that he will graciously save them from commercial ruin.

a whole state? Is there a limit beyond which the abuse of power cannot be tolerated? When a man makes such use as Mr. Harriman does of his authority over the lives and fortunes of his fellow-men, has not the time arrived for the authority to be taken from him? How long will the people of Oregon bend the knee in humble supplication to Overlord Harriman before they discover that in some cases compulsory measures far exceed the efficacy of prayers? When a great public servant utterly neglects his duties, common justice and common sense alike require that he should be replaced by somebody whose conscience is less debened to the sense of obligation. Can Mr. Harriman be deposed, or is he not only an absolute monarch, but also a perpetual one?

## A COMMON MISTAKE IN LITERATURE.

When among the new books for the holidays publication of the "Letters of Dr. John Brown" was announced, the thousands of readers who had enjoyed the little story of "Rob and His Friends" prepared for a literary feast, quaint, quaint and delightful. Edited by his son and dedicated to his grandchildren, it must be said, however, that these letters of Dr. Brown are of small value, and are not of interest to readers who they have been given. Certainly the volume adds nothing to the literary fame of the writer, though perhaps they mirror anew the sterling virtues which he inherited from his sturdy Scotch ancestry. Dr. Brown's place in literature is an honored one, and he is especially prominent one. The sketch, "Rob and His Friends," gives a taste of his quality. It has been accorded a place among the "little prose masterpieces" by some of the best judges of English literature and against this classification no dissenting voice has been raised. The story, in its simplicity of its recital and in its portrayal of the rugged, yet sublime virtues of faithfulness, endurance, serenity and self-conquest, appeals at once to the more steadfast and more gentle elements of human character, and upon this basis it reads and is read by thoughtful, sympathetic men and women the world over.

It is this class of readers who will scan with disappointment the letters of Dr. Brown, which are now published, with regret that they had not been edited by somebody who would have eliminated much that is trivial and without reason for seeking publicity and much that bears the stamp of an intolerant ancestry of Scotch Presbyterian preachers, and of the environment in which the writer was born and bred.

While it may be true, as Dr. Brown says, for example, that "George Elliot had fully as much talent as genius," he ignores the very essence of her genius when he says that "her views of life, of God, of all that is deepest and truest in man's nature, are simple and hopeless, and she seems always wishing to drag her readers down to her own level." Every sympathetic reader, who followed Tom and Maggie Tulliver through life and down to death, will dissent from this opinion and see in it only the dogmatism of self-righteousness in the writer, and not the wisdom of her husband, who he further taxes George Elliot with a "taint of sensuality, or rather of sexuality," when he adds to this an arraignment of "naughtiness" and of "womanly knowledge that she is always hinting at." It is necessary to re-read "Rob and His Friends" in order to forgive the author of this ungenerous criticism.

We can afford to smile indulgently when Dr. Brown calls Longfellow a "male Mrs. Hemans," and indeed to forgive him, since at 70 years of age he saluted Robert Louis Stevenson as "a young genius, new liquor fresh and aromatic."

The task of editing and giving to the public the private correspondence to which a name prominent in literature is attached is not an easy one. Louise M. Alcott, not having time or strength to devote to the work of segregating and editing the letters which were kept by her mother for many years, caused the entire manuscript to be burned. Mrs. Alcott was a woman of rare insight into the miracle of human life as it went on about her in the time of Emerson and Thoreau and others of a transition era in our history. Her comments upon men and affairs were copious and sometimes caustic, and her daughter declined to risk the winnowing of the wheat from the chaff of this volume of opinion to any other hand than her own. The wisdom of this decision is unquestioned, though without doubt, such that was of value in relation to the inner history of the movements of a momentous time was thereby lost.

Many persons have shared the regret that the letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle found their way into print. Even some of the letters of Queen Victoria, carefully edited as they were, would better have been consigned to the flames than to the printing press, since, while they served their purpose well as family letters, they belittle in a way the sagacity, otherwise unimpaired, of their royal author. Byron nowhere else appears so weak as in a volume of private letters that was given to the public after his death.

It is not surprising that Dr. John Brown does not appear to advantage in this volume of letters that his family has given to the world. The irresistible conclusion, after reading them, is that his letters, read in his own life, and his record as a man of sound judgment and human sympathies has not been heightened or brightened by the publication of his private correspondence.

presses one as derogatory to that dignity which the court labored to uphold. To raise 2500 men and proceed to the defense of the city was therefore accepted, but scarcely had he reached the mouth of the great river with his gallant Tennesseans when an order arrived from Washington to disband his men without pay or transportation and give up the defense of Jefferson's imperial purchase. The order was scandalous. In sheer iniquity and folly it almost equaled some of the deeds of a modern Congress under trust guidance. But, scandalous as the order was, it gave Jackson an opportunity which he was quick to seize. Instead of turning loose the Tennessee boys to make their way through the wilderness without food or money, he hired transportation at his own cost and marched them home in glory. At the same time he himself began that march which ended in the White House.

Of course, Jackson was now the hero of the West. He had stood by his men with grand fidelity and they repaid him with loyal worship. When, in the Spring of 1814, the British under Pakenham and Sir Alexander Cochrane, New Orleans, Congress could not do otherwise than appoint Jackson Major-General for the Southwest, and with his old comrades flocking to his standard, he returned to the scene of action. The Battle of New Orleans, one of those decisive actions which settle the destinies of nations, took place on January 8, 1815. Pakenham had 10,000 veterans, some of whom had fought against Napoleon on the fields of Europe. Jackson had 2000 pioneers from Tennessee and Kentucky, who knew nothing of fortification, but who understood how to shoot straight and kill an enemy without exposing themselves to his fire. Every sharpshooter made sure of at least one British soldier, and some of two. Pakenham lost 2800 men and the mouth of the Mississippi was forever secured to the United States. Jackson became the leading figure in American politics from the day of his victory and retained his prestige almost undiminished until the day of his death. One of the most significant figures in our history, his career marks the first great triumph of democratic ideas. After his retirement they lay in abeyance until Mr. Roosevelt brought them again to the front and made them fruitful in the politics of our own time.

The deficit of the Postal Department (the Government for the last fiscal year, as shown in the annual report of the Postmaster-General, was over \$5,000,000. This is a very large sum, but its great weight is lightened somewhat by comparison. Fifty years ago the deficit was 43 per cent of the receipts of the department; ten years ago it had dropped to 13 per cent; in 1906 it was but slightly in excess of 8 per cent, while in the year covered by the last report it was a little over 2 1/2 per cent. A great burden borne by the department is the free carrying of the mail matter of the various branches of the Government. This matter thus carried last year amounted to nearly 20,000,000 pounds. Proper credit for the transportation of this enormous bulk at the printed matter rate would have decreased the deficit of the department \$2,250,000.

## THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

In the opinion of the late Mrs. Mary Ramsey Wood the greatest and best among the Presidents of the United States was Andrew Jackson. Her opinion, cherished through so many years, and culled from the far-off time of her childhood, when she and Jackson and danced with him, is interesting because it brings home to us a feeling which was then almost universal throughout the West. Jackson's strong and primitive nature was entirely harmonious with the character and habits of the men of the Mississippi Valley, who he first emerged into public life and won his first victories in war and peace. What passed for peace in those days in Tennessee and Missouri would scarcely receive the name now. Early Western life must have been a more or less continuous warfare, Jackson himself suffering from a wound inflicted in a tavern scuffle when he set out to avenge the massacre at Port Meigs in 1813. One element of his popularity, in truth, was his ability to hold his own, and more, too, in this sort of adventures. He was ignorant of literature, knew no foreign languages, but he could drink, beat on horse races and make rattling speeches, while no man in Tennessee was readier with his gun. These charms endeared him to the heart of the West, which in that early day was wild if not woody.

Nicolai and Hay, in their life of Lincoln, make interesting allusions to the habits of the early pioneers in the Mississippi Valley. In their estimation we permit ourselves many self-deceptions concerning the freedom and pleasures which they enjoyed. According to these competent authorities, Lincoln, Illinois and Kentucky was one continuous round of hardship, varied by bitter feuds, cruel fights and the spiritual excitements of camp-meetings. Such a life was well enough for the men. Those who were not killed in their youth grew up into a life of hard, unrelenting labor, but the women it was almost unmitigated misery. Poetry and fiction now spread allurements over those days of pioneering hardship which would be extremely surprising to the pioneers themselves were they not all dead and gone.

Staid old Philadelphia has developed a sensation. James W. Paul, Jr., of that city, recently gave a \$100,000 ball to mark the coming out of his daughter. It has aroused a storm of public criticism chiefly because it was held at a time of depression and is compared with Mrs. Bradley Martin's fancy dress ball in 1893 following closely on the heels of the panic. Mr. Paul's party was stamped with all the vulgarly attaching to reckless throwing about of money. Among the barbaric features was the letting loose of 500 gorgeous butterflies imported from tropical countries, which fluttered about the ballroom for a while and then fell beneath the feet of the dancers.

Should Taft be the candidate, he need not worry over expenses, though he has lived too long on a Government salary to have any money of his own. His half-brother, Charles P. Taft, is reliably reported to be willing to make all the necessary contributions so that William H. may enter the high office indebted to no one. Charles is very rich on his own account, while his wife, only daughter of the late David Linton, inherited millions.

We are disposed to think, from Mr. Louis J. Wilde's contention in the press, that there are very few things in Portland really calculated to suit him. He must admit, however, that we have an occasional banker who has large and generous views as to his own capacity for absorbing wholesale quantities of telephone bonds.

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Of course Mr. Gus Lovitt has gone to stay. The mistake made by the District Attorney in letting him go away from Portland at all. But Lovitt had a most powerfully persuasive pleader in his attorney, Mr. Nate Simon, who promised to produce him when wanted. Now Mr. Lovitt refuses to make Mr. Simon's word good, which is most unkind and is besides something that that astute attorney never could have dreamed would happen. We hope, trust and even venture to think that the Simon fee will not be any smaller on account of the Lovitt delinquency. But no doubt we shall be able to trace Lovitt's whereabouts through reports of a large overdraft in some Middle Western or other bank.

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# SILHOUETTES

By Arthur A. Greene.

I really wonder if Louis J. Wilde feels as badly as he writes?  
Some scientific sharp has discovered that human beings evolve from potatoes. Most of us will retain the characteristics of jellyfish, however.  
The fellow who takes an occasional "smile" in a fair way to acquire a grin that won't come off.  
Few people who make good excuses make good friends.  
I desire at this time to call your attention to a series of almost ecstatic admiration to George L. Baker's newest fancy waistcoat. It makes Solomon look as if he had got his raiment at a fire sale.

It is announced that Nat Goodwin is writing his memoirs for an Eastern publishing house. Presumably hand-illuminated asbestos will be used for binding.  
Portland girls should pratt on by the examples of Anna Good and Alice Thaw and their disgraceful habit of marrying out-of-town men.  
Defiance.  
Said the little gray owl:  
With an ominous accent:  
To his mate on the limb by his side:  
"If that stork comes around,  
Tell him I can be found  
In the tree where the fighters abide:  
That I'm tolerably brave,  
And though not quite his size,  
I will beat him to death in one round."

The two flat fights that occurred in local banks on Friday emphasize the necessity of a larger moral squad and an earlier closing hour for such resorts.  
A notoriety-seeking college president declares that men school teachers are "slaves." That man never heard Hugh Herdman exact himself on the football field when the game wasn't going to suit him.  
Kite-flying is taken up down East as a cure for nervousness in the future when you're told to "fly your kite" you will understand that you're getting on to some one's nerves.

We Portlanders have another advantage over Nevada: We don't have to maintain a home for indigent umbrella-dealers.  
One result of a possible war between this country and Japan would be a replenished supply of colts.

A man named E. Hester Gule is credited by the dispatches as being a "dangerous" candidate for Mayor of Seattle. Can you imagine a man named E. Hester Gule being dangerous? O, feathers!  
The man with a conscience is more to be trusted than the man with a surety bond.  
A Sentiment for Today.  
A song.  
A prayer.  
A joy.  
A care.  
Come laughter.  
Come grief.  
Come pain.  
Be strong.  
In faith.  
For hope.  
Still saith:  
"Come sunshine"  
After rain.

When a man registers a vow of eternal affection for another man's wife through the mails he should always register the letter.  
Friendly tip for Governor Hughes, of New York—No man who paried his beard in the middle has ever been President of the United States.  
Women's conversations are usually light because they are, so busy talking they haven't time to weigh their thoughts.  
The moral pointed by the acquittal of Pettibone is: "Come west, young man, and become a dynamiter."

Future Battleships and Guns.  
The battleship of the future will be of great size; displacement will not be less than 20,000 tons; and this will increase so rapidly that a 20,000-ton ship will probably be afloat before the close of the next decade. The main armament will consist exclusively of heavy guns of not less than 12 inches caliber, and unless the difficulty of erosion can be overcome the 12-inch will give place to a 15-inch and possibly to a 14-inch piece.  
Future engagements will be fought at an extreme range, the extent of which will be limited only by the ability of the fire control officer to see the fall of the shots. The determination of the range at which an engagement shall be fought will be with the fleet which possesses the faster speed.

Seen Things.  
Eugene Field.  
I ain't afraid of snakes, or toads, or bugs,  
An' things 'at girls are skeered by I think are nice.  
I'm pretty brave, I guess; an' yet I hate to go to bed.  
For, when I'm tucked up warm and snug, an' when my prayers are said,  
Mother tells me "Happy dream," an' takes away the light,  
An' leaves me 'bin' all alone an' see'n' things at night!  
Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're by the door,  
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle of the floor,  
Sometimes they're a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin' around,  
So sometin' as creep-like they never make a sound!  
Sometimes they're as black as ink, an' other times they're white—  
But the color ain't no difference when you see things at night!

Once, when I had looked a feller 'at had just stepped on our street,  
An' father sent me up to bed without a bite to eat,  
I wokes in the dark, an' saw things standin' in a row  
A'lookin' at me cross-eyed, an' pintin' at me—  
Oh, my! I wuz so skeered that time I never sleep a mite—  
It's almost alius when I'm had I see things at night.  
Lucky thing I ain't a girl, or I'd be skeered to death!  
Bein' 'a boy, I duck my head an' hold my breath;  
An' I am, oh! so sorry I'm a saugity boy,  
I promise to be better, an' I say my prayers agin!

Gran'ma tells me that's the only way to make 'em go.  
When a feller has been wicked and seen things at night.  
An' so, when other naughty boys would coax me into sin,  
I try to quiet the Tempter's voice 'at urges me to sin.  
An' when they're pile for supper, or cakes 'at's big an' nice,  
I want to eat, I do not pass my plate 'er things twice!  
No, ruther 'at starvation wipe me slowly off 'er sight!  
Then I should keep a-lyin' on an' see'n' things at night.

It seems that the Title Guarantee & Trust Company never had any capital stock except its debt to Ladd & Tilton.  
Two continents, it seems, are required for an adequate field of operations to wash the dirty Thaw linen.

# STANDARD VERSE

Kubla Khan.  
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan  
A stately pleasure-dome decree  
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran  
Through caverns measureless to man,  
Down to a sunless sea.  
So twice five miles of fertile ground,  
With walls and towers were girdled round;  
And there were gardens bright with  
sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;  
And here were forests ancient as the hills,  
Infolding sunny spots of greenery.

But O, that deep romantic chasm which slanted  
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!  
A cavern that as wondrous enchanced  
A cedar-cave and a holly enchanted  
As ever beneath a waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!  
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,  
As if this earth in fast thick pants  
Were breathing, through its caverns measureless  
To man, a mighty fountain momently was forced:  
Amid whose swift, half-intermitted  
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,  
Or chaffy grain beneath the threshing floor  
Fell.  
And mid these dancing rocks at once  
And ever  
It flung up momently the sacred river.  
Five miles, meandering with a mazy maze  
Through wood and dale, the sacred  
river ran—  
Then reached the caverns measureless  
To man, and sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean.  
And mid this tumult Kubla heard  
From some unremember'd accented tongue  
Ancestral voices prophesying war.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure  
Floated midway on the waves;  
Where was the mangled measure  
From the fountain and the caves;  
It was a miracle of rare device,  
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!  
A damsel with a dulcimer  
In a vision once I saw:  
It was an Abyssinian maid,  
And her mellancholy she played,  
Singing of Mount Abora.  
Could I revive within me  
Her symphony and song,  
To such deep delight 'twould win me,  
That with music loud and long,  
I would build that dome in air—  
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!  
And all that ever lived about it  
And that ever swooned and died,  
And all should cry, Beware! beware!  
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!  
Weave a circle round that fire,  
And close your eyes when hardy dead,  
For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
And drunk the milk of Paradise.  
—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Time.  
Gather ye rosebuds as ye may,  
Old time is still a flying;  
And this same flower that smiles today  
Tomorrow will be dying.  
The glorious lamp of heaven's sun,  
The higher he's a getting;  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.  
The age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer;  
But being spent, the worse and worst  
Time will succeed the former.  
Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while ye may, go merry;  
For having lost, you once your prime,  
You may forever have it forfeit.  
—ROBERT HERRICK.

The Milkmaid.  
A milkmaid, who milked a full pail on  
her head,  
Thus told of her prospects in life,  
It is said:  
"Let me see—I should think that this  
milk will procure  
One hundred good eggs, or fouracore,  
to be sure."  
"Well, then—stop a bit—it must not be  
forgotten,  
Some of these eggs may be broken, and  
some may be rotten;  
But if twenty for accident should be  
detached,  
It will leave but sixty sound eggs to  
be hatched."  
"Well, sixty sound eggs—no, sound  
chickens, I mean;  
Of these you die—we'll suppose seven-  
teen;  
Seventeen! Not so many—say ten at  
the most,  
Which will leave fifty chickens to  
boil or to roast."  
"But then, there's the barley; how  
much will they need?  
Why, they take but one grain at a time  
as they'll eat."  
So that's a mere trifle; now, then, let  
us see,  
At a fair market price how much  
money there'll be.

"Six shillings a pair—five-four-three-and-six."  
To prevent all mistakes, that low price  
I will fix.  
Now what will that make? Fifty chickens,  
I said—  
Fifty times three-and-sixpence—I'll  
ask Brother Ned.  
"O, but stop—three-and-sixpence  
a pair I must sell 'em;  
Well, a pair is a couple—now then, let  
us tell 'em  
A couple in fifty will go (my poor  
brain)  
Why, just a score times, and five pair  
will remain.

"Twenty-five pair of fowls—now how  
diresome it is  
That I can't reckon up so much money  
as this!"  
Well, there's no use in trying, so let's  
give a guess—  
I'll say twenty pounds, and it can't be  
no less.  
"Twenty pounds, I am certain, will  
buy me a cow."  
Thirty geese, and two turkeys—eight  
pounds and a row.  
Now, if these turn out well, at the end  
of the year,  
I shall fill both my pockets with  
guineas, "his clear."

Forgetting her burden, when this she  
had said,  
The maid superciliously tossed up her  
head,  
When, alas for her prospect! her milk-pail  
fell descended,  
And so all her schemes for the future  
were ended.  
This moral, I think, may be safely at-  
tached—  
"Reckon not on your chickens before  
they are hatched."  
—JEFFREYS TAYLOR.