

OREGON SPECTATOR.

C. L. GOODRICH, EDITOR, PROPRIETOR AND PRINTER.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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POETRY.

The Factory Girl.

BY THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER.

Here is a new style of verse, which we commend to all those students in rhythm, and we infer that there are many such, who are trying to learn how to write poetry. It is from a "poem" entitled "The Factory Girl":

"Pleasant 'tis to see,
In the factory,
With spirits light and free,
Busy as a bee."

"The girls most beautiful,
Features fair and bright,
Smiling soft and white,
From morn's early light,
To the shades of night,
Most kind and dutiful."

"What though some may say,
'Scanty seems her pay,'
Yet, without delay,
Little, every day,
Earned, and laid away,
Soon amounts to a
Considerable!

Work, as if by stealth,
Paves the way to wealth,
And to rosy lips,
And a well-filled table
Spending not a penny
Of her hard-earned money
Foolishly, for any
Worthless thing as many
Of do as heedlessly
Feeling well-rewarded,
Round her youthful mind
Virtue's wreath entwined,
Hoping to find
Useful looks to find
To improve the mind,
Hoping to find
Any woman kind,
To taste, most heedfully.

"Such a brilliant light gleams,
Such a lovely light gleams,
Such a snowy white gleams,
Such a firm uprightness,
Such a gentle softness,
Such a kind politeness,
Oh, how delectable!
Such a flying fleetness,
Such a needful neatness,
Such a true domesticness,
Such a charming sweetness,
Such a rare comeliness—
Oh, how respectable!

"Many a lovely girl,
Destined to find
Charming beauty's curl,
Whence the waters flow,
And the spindles twirl,
May see fortune whirl
Making her a wife,
Free from want and strife,
Living a happy life,
With rich blessings rife—
In great gladity!"

FROM THE STATES.

67A correspondent of the Detroit Tribune, writing from Fort Huron, Michigan, says that much trouble has ensued from the enforcement of the liquor law in that place. Those suffering from its enforcement, by way of reprisal were firing the town, and property to the amount of \$30,000 was consumed in a single week by the fire thus set. Not content with burning the buildings, they even endeavored to fasten the doors and cut off all ingress for the inmates! At one establishment, which was fastened in this way, three men barely escaped a terrible death by lowering themselves from a window, with a bed cord. Other attempts had been made, unsuccessfully, to fire portions of the town, and two men upon whom circumstances combined to fix suspicion, were arrested, with eight or ten others, and were undergoing examination at last accounts. The writer says it was the firm determination of the "law abiding" part of the community, in case sufficient evidence should not be adduced to result in depriving these men of their liberty, to go back to first principles, and for the purpose of self protection, execute them by lynch law. The excitement was very great, and it was believed that if another building should be burnt, or any other demonstrations made by the rum selling portion of the community, the prisoners would be promptly executed by the indignant townspeople.

68The N. Y. Courier & Enquirer of the 16th inst., has the following, of the Calorie Ship Ericsson:

We take pleasure in announcing, on the authority of one of the parties interested in the Calorie ship Ericsson, that they succeeded yesterday in obtaining nine and ten revolutions per minute with one only of her engines, which has been improved in important respects since the late experimental trip. This success, the same number of 10

or 10) miles an hour in motion, with only half of the power in use. The other engine will be got in order by the first week in April, and about the middle of that month, it is intended to dispatch the ship to Havre, either direct or via Liverpool. The owners now feel assured of a success surpassing the most sanguine expectations ever indulged by the inventor. If their hopes are as well founded as from this statement they appear to be, then the great nautical revolution is indeed impending.

69Castle Garden was leased yesterday to Theodore J. Allen, Esq., for five years at \$10,000 a year. The lease just expired was \$2,000 a year.—N. Y. Trib.

70A friend at North Adams, Mass., wants to know the price of gunno, and who has it for sale. We guess it is \$50 a ton, and we guess somebody who advertises it in the Daily might make \$10 by spending \$1 to advertise it in the Weekly. Several persons who have it for sale cannot afford to advertise it, as that would bring them custom, and that always brings the trouble of waiting on customers.

THE TARIFF.—The Washington correspondent of the Charleston Standard, in his letter of the 21st inst., says:

It may be taken for granted now, I think, that Congress will not attempt to disturb the Tariff at the present session. As I informed you two months ago, nearly, the Committee of Ways and Means did draw up and have printed, a new tariff act, which was referred to the Secretary of the Treasury for his consideration. But since then, circumstances have transpired that tend many of the friends of a strict revenue tariff to doubt the propriety of any modification at this time, and while nothing has been definitely determined upon, there is an evident indisposition in the House, or on the part of the Committee of Ways and Means, to move in the matter. The Gadsden Treaty, if ratified, will take at least seventeen or eighteen millions out of the treasury at once. The purchase of Cuba, which is looked upon as a by no means improbable event in the early future, would require many millions more. The passage of the Homestead Bill would reduce the revenue of the United States at least a million per annum; and the millions would necessarily flow like water, should we happen to get in any way involved in the general war now threatening to break out in Europe. These considerations lead members of the administration, as well as members of the House, to be contented with a postponement of the Tariff question at least until next winter.

FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL.—The President has nominated Horatio King as First Assistant Postmaster General, in place of Major Hobbs, deceased, and the Senate has confirmed the nomination. Mr. King is a native of Maine, and has been for many years connected with the Postoffice Department.

71We find the following important announcement in the Los Angeles Star of April 29:

DEATH OF WALKER.—A gentleman arrived in Town on Thursday, having left San Diego on Monday. He states that just previous to his leaving, a brother of Melendrez arrived and stated that Walker had retraced his steps to Ensenada, and that Melendrez, with a force of fifty men, had attacked him outside of his camp, killing Walker and thirteen of his men. It is reported that the Fillmore land is entirely broken up, and scattered in every direction. Many of them have arrived in this city. It is also reported that Smith, who was captured by Melendrez and sent to La Paz, had been killed on the road.

72The St. Louis Democrat of the 22d inst., says:

There is an immense thronging of boats going up the Missouri river. The Polar Star left yesterday with over 300 passengers, and the Timour No. 2 was perfectly jammed with them. The Aubrey had not ten berths disengaged at dark last evening, and she had been in port but a few hours. Large numbers are bound for the Platte country and many for Nebraska.

73The Washington correspondent of the Charleston Standard says:

It is tolerably certain that the Senate Nebraska Bill is effectually shelved. The friends of the measure now rely chiefly upon getting at the House bill, passing it and sending it to the Senate for concurrence, or else they will introduce a new bill. The former course will probably be adopted. Before the House bill, however, can be reached, a large number of important bills now on the calendar of the Committee of the Whole, must be passed over, and this cannot be effected without a two-thirds vote. The prospect, therefore, is that the Nebraska question will not be disposed of, for some months to come, at all events.

Millard Fillmore.

Although in some respects the arrival of ex-President Fillmore in New Orleans has not been at a moment the most auspicious for paying him those attentions or extending to him that uninterrupted public hospitality for which our city has obtained so honorable a celebrity, owing to the excitement of an election, in many of its features, the geniality of sentiment of citizens otherwise widely differing in opinion in regard to him

and the general desire to make his stay agreeable. Manifestations of this character are well calculated to soothe the retired and well-deserving public servant for his many days of painful solicitude, the misrepresentations of heated partisans, the insidious assaults of the malevolent, and the load of responsibility which those entrusted with the management and control of great matters must needs perform sustain.

Mr. Fillmore, called to the administration of affairs at a most critical period in the domestic history of the country, and to succeed a great military chieftain, whose private character and eminent military talents, alike were calculated to win the respect, and command the confidence of his countrymen, not only discharged with great fidelity his sacred trust, but extorted from candid though decided political opponents, the praise of having acted with great firmness, impartiality, independence and patriotism. In the maintenance of southern rights, by the exercise of the power the high office he held placed at his disposal, and by his well understood determination to maintain attitude of uncompromising opposition to all those who would seek to disturb the constitutional rights of any section of the Union; Mr. Fillmore encouraged the friends of compromise, and did much to allay the agitation so menacing on his accession to the Executive office. For these eminent services, for his blameless and irreproachable private life, and for the respect which every good citizen must feel for servants exalted by the people, the reception of Mr. Fillmore has been worthy of our city, which does honor to itself in its noble good-felings of party on occasions sacred to good feeling and generous recollections alone.—N. O. Delta.

74A steamer, to be 600 feet long and 12,000 tons burthen, has recently been contracted for in England.

75The Fort Smith Herald says that droves of cattle are daily driven across the Arkansas river at that place, preparatory to their long trip across the Plains to California.

76The Washington Monument, at the close of the last working season, had attained a height of 150 feet. It is proposed to carry it at least 28 feet higher during the coming season. The annual amount necessary for the steady progression of the work is \$45,000.

77Information has been received at the Department of State, from the U. S. Consul agent at Melbourne, Australia, that vessels holding foreign certificates of registry cannot, in a British port, be used as lighters or store-ships. American vessels will not, probably, be permitted, under a recent decision of the colonial collector of the port at Melbourne, to be used, as heretofore, as lighters or store-ships.

Machine Poetry.

MANUFACTURED TO ORDER.

Now, I'm, being out the "masheen," and I keep the masheen tight, for if one gets loose it will make some of the lines too long. Throw a dose: spelling looks into the paper, then—look sharp—every line is ready—go it!

I cannot learn the language, boys,
It is not so very bad, sirs,
So many curious words has,
Ind-d-d it makes me mad, sirs,
There's T and O, and U G H,
That is pronounced tuff, sirs,
But C O U G H is a cuf!

Take care, and don't call it cuf, sirs.
F L O U G H is a puf,
You mustn't call it puf, sirs,
R O U G H, it's not row,
Oh, no! they call it ruf, sirs,
A hole they make in prison dress,
They call by name of cell, sirs;
But if you go to trading goods,
They call you then a seller.

And if you sell your goods right well,
They call it a fine sale, sirs;
But a man that lives upon the sea
Is thought by him a sail-or!
The poet they hang the sail upon
Is what is called a mast, sirs;
But should you go to teaching school,
Why then you are a most-or!
Suppose a girl should jump the rope,
They say that she can skip, sirs;
But a cutter that is born in cheer,
Is certainly a skip-per.

You write a book; what is it called?
A novel or a tale, sirs;
But take the man who made your coat,
They say that he's a tail-or,
A case you pack your dry goods in
Is known by the name of box, sirs;
But a man who fights, and blacks your eyes,
Is called a first rate boxer.

The place where the boats repair,
Is what is called a dock, sirs;
And a man who kills more than he cures
Is assuredly a doctor.

A lot of boards that float along
Is nothing but a raft, sirs;
But a beam that lies across your house,
Oh! that is named a raft-or.

With coils and bells, and sails and sales,
With tails and tails, coughing, and coffee,
With tails and tails, wails and wails,
With boughs of trees, and bows of heads,
With rows of trees, and rows of heads,
With bread to eat, and bread, well bred,
With knives, and more, and shoes, and shews,
With ties, and clothes, and so and sew,
With hat, and low, and low and low!

With need, and want, and need to work,
With threes of pun, and threes, to jerk,
With lead and lead, and moon, and a moon,
With pen, to win, and one, alone,
With pen and pen, and sower and sower,
With sea and sea, and rower and rower.

I cannot learn this language, boys,
For 'tis so very bad, sirs,
So many curious words it has,
Ind-d-d it makes me mad, sirs,
—a screw loose, Jim,
Stop her, Jim, stop her,
Hill-dam-bag, waller!

New Haven, Ct., March 20th 1853.
SIR I saw an advertisement in a News Paper from you Relation to the marriage of your Daughter to one White man and I thought I would Write a few lines to you in Relation to it as I am a Native of a Merica and also a White man the age 25 years and have been Bred up on a farm till the last few years I have followed mechanical Business and I can get a Good Recommend of my self this is What I stated and if Chance of your Daughter is not engage Please to assure this if you will to a further Notice of mine Perhaps it will Be Well to state the advertisement the marriage of your Daughter and one thousand head of Horses to a White man a good farmer and of good morie and a good Recommend as I think I can assure your turn if you think so Please to write to me When you Receive this Write to all of your statements and your propoale and you shall Have full satisfaction if this meets your eye for me to com I will Com with a Good Recommend.
yours truly
Mr Haynes
Please write to me and doot fail Please direct to
JOHN G. DARLINO
new Haven Ct

The above interesting "specimen"—which the Post-master of this city found necessary to open in order to ascertain its destination, has been handed up by him, and is published *verbatim*. It is directed "To the chief of the Haynes (meant for Cayuse) tribe." It may be a source of pleasure to "Josiah G. Darling" to know that no one has, till now, been found degraded enough to accept of the offer, and that he will probably have things his own way. As Mr. Josiah G. Darling is a native of "a Merica," and a white (!) man, (the only things about the matter that we regret) we presume the chief will accept of him, as he is confident he can give "full satisfaction," and from the looks of the penmanship—to say nothing of anything else—we don't feel inclined to question the truth of the assertion, and presume it won't take long to convince Umah-lies that this is the "last chance" he will have of uniting his buckskin-covered, paint-bedaubed and salmon-scented specimen of humanity to a white man. So come along, Mr. Josiah G. Darling, and receive your "plugs."

A Sweet Memory.
Along through those soft, sunny days,
That rendered March's "first works" memorable,
A little, old man, on the corner of
Wall and Nassau-streets, was selling texts
for an "item," at a penny a piece. Think
of that—items cheap as a street song, "only
one penny!" The old man, honest soul,
was in a maze, for he had no idea what he
was selling; he called it by quite another
name. He not only sold an "item," but a
memory-provoker—a sweet mnemonic, and
he had no idea of that either. We have
heard of *motives* done up in saccharine, but
who ever thought of being up a memory
into a little round cake, christening it *maple
sugar*, and selling it for a cent!

We couldn't resist the temptation, and
so we invested the sum of one penny, good
and lawful currency, and received therefor a
cake of sugar, marvellously little larger, but
it was large enough; it has lasted until
now; we have it yet; there it lies this
minute, hard by the inkstand. "Why don't
you eat it?" Eat it! Eat a memory!
We are no ghoul—not we. We bought it
to look at, to think about, and we have got
our money's worth already, and the sugar
besides.

So, somewhere, they have had sugar
weather. Have you forgotten those bright
mornings in spring, a little snow on the hills
and in the woods, and a good deal forgotten
in the valleys? Those mornings when, after
a slight frost the night before there was a
great "telling of beads" among the ice-cakes,
and a musical trickling from the fine old
maples into the sap-troughs. Did you ever
dig out such a trough? Did you ever
"gather" sap—they used to say "gather"
in those old days—walking about under a
wooden yoke, and between two pails, like
the scales of Justice, escaped from the dome
of some court-house? And what times
you had, carrying out, in a triangle of a
house—to speak geometrically, hypothe-
nuse—three boards, rough from the saw-
mill; base, two bundles of straw, a buffalo
robe and a blanket; perpendicular, blue air.
There you lay, hour after hour, the bubble
of "the great kettle," and the crackling of
the bright fires making music, while strange
lights and shadows came and went among
the tall trees that stood grimly round, and
the volumes of smoke worked their way out
among the branches aloft, and melted into
the blue heaven. It is 8 o'clock in the eve-
ning, and you hear merry voices in the dis-
tance. How clearly they rang through the
still, and yet leafless woods. Some of those
voices have not been heard in many a year,
and you can remember whose, if you try. It
is a party of young folks coming "to cut
sugar." By and by you hear the crackling of
the fall-twigs beneath their feet; then you
see a dark group; then out they come into
the full fire-light; and you know them all at
a glance; there are Kitty, and Mary, and
Jenny, and two or three more, and only a
solitary bean in the party, but he's a favorite
—the schoolmaster; he holds sway in
the log temple down to the "Corners." Robe
and blanket are disposed upon a tall
log before the fire, and the girls are "all
in a row," like the blackbirds our grand-
mothers were forever telling of. But they
don't stay there. They are too happy to be
still. Like globules of quicksilver on a
marble stand, they are forever running
lather and tither. One peeps into your
cabin to see how you manage to keep

another is tasting and testing from this ket-
tle and that; another has bent a twig into
a loop, digs it into the slow bubbling ket-
tle, and brings it out glazed as with a bit of
mica—a little pocket mirror almost—and
proclaims it "done;" a fourth comes out of
the shadows with a pan-full of snow, another
stirs the fire to see the sparks go up, and
laughs gleefully as a child at the evanescent
emblems of this mortal life; but she's no
child; she's past eighteen, right proficient
has she become in Ovid's gentle art, under
the admirable tuition of the schoolmaster
aforesaid. Poor Jenny! Dead and gone
this many a year.

Some make *caricatures* with the golden
syrup, pouring upon the crisp snow; one
fills an egg-shell; another a little scallop
tin, while a third quietly and industriously
goes through with the spoon exercise.

So the hours pass by on wings of down.
Kitty sings a song, and it falls to you to tell
a story. By and by some chattering comes
from a distant farm-yard crows faintly in his sleep.
It startles the party like the sound of a
trumpet—away they go through the woods
by the starlight; the bubbling of the ket-
tles and the hissing of the green wood once
more becomes audible, and you are alone
with your thoughts. Perhaps that party all
meet again, and perhaps not.

Ah! merry, care-free times were there,
in the camp of the old Sugar Bush, but
sadder and wiser have the actors grown
since then. The old camp-fire was extin-
guished a score of springs ago, never to be
re-kindled; the maples have been felled, and
corn, in rustling ranks, has waved its blades
and saluted many a ripening year, where
they stood.

Alack a day! we are all growing old.
N. Y. Tribune.

Ambition and Humility.

Is there a being so depressed and humbled
as to possess some degree of ambition?
Is there one being who is so "sick in the
world's regard, wretched and low," as to
know no prompting of this sense? Hardly.
Its forms are various, as various as the char-
acters in which it is manifested. Some it
leads to de menial offices, because these indi-
rectly constitute the rounds of the ladder by
which they expect to climb. Others, more
zealous and less cunning, overlook their dar-
ling object by vanishing too high; lured on
to destruction by ambition, or self-love—two
words that are very analogous in signifi-
cation.

The truly wise will avoid the exercise of
this spirit as far as it is possible for them, for
they will realize that the wear and tear of
heart, necessary in its pursuit, are never
recompensed. Nothing can compensate for
the freshness of youth and social enjoyment
of which it robs us; for the calloused sensi-
bilities with which we must finally retire
from its worship. Alas! "the path of glory
leads but to the grave,"—a truth which
should ever be before our eyes when the
siren voice tempteth us to destruction. All
persons have before them some end, which
they pursue even unto death; but that end,
when gilded by the gloss of "the mind's
immediacy," ambition, is but a feather,
which they idly blow before them in the
path of life.

But there is a trait of human character di-
rectly opposed to that we have just de-
scribed—one, the beauty and excellence of
which renders it a jewel of great price. We
refer to "that low, sweet root" humility;
that softened shadow before the statue of
excellence; at diamond of the heart,
which outshines all other—the never-fail-
ing companion of worth. But this is a gem
which, like all else that is valuable in prin-
ciple, people are very apt to purchase by
experience; for after losses and crosses we
are ready to grow wiser and humbler.
Good sense must be set in a border of hu-
mility to render it complete; and wisdom is
not wisdom without it.

Ambition and pride are very commonly
found in the same heart; and yet how ev-
ery-day life rebukes them—the very streets
are full of lessons of humility. If the proud,
ambitious man would pause and consider
how small a vacancy his death would occa-
sion in the world, he would see his position
in its true light. The greatness, in the
world's esteem, that the ambitious man so
covets, costs too dearly for possession. Dis-
tinction is an eminence that is too often at-
tained at the expense of a fireside!

Gleason's Pictorial.

Kissing Not Actionable.

An Ontario, New York, jury have decid-
ed that damages cannot be recovered for
ravishing a kiss from a lady. The Messen-
ger relates the following "law case": Van-
vorhis vs. Haws, with intent to kiss, it
seems that the parties to the suit, with a
large number of others from the towns of
Bloomfield and Victor, went on an excursion
to Niagara Falls last summer by railroad.
On the return trip, feeling somewhat frolic-
some, as young people usually do on such
occasions, it was proposed and unanimously
adopted by the young ladies present that on
Mr. Haws, the defendant, should be imposed
the duty of kissing all the ladies of the party.
Like a true martyr, he quickly sub-
mitted to the fiat, and gallantly, it is said,
did he accomplish the feat so far as those in
the one car were concerned. He was offered
a premium if he would kiss Miss Vanvorhis,
the plaintiff, in the adjoining car, first.
He proceeded there in company with a lady
of the party, who introduced him, and he
undertook the job; but Miss resisted—she
was not to be kissed by him, and he

good-for-nothing, no how—not she, and
especially as she had on board a 1—; but
no matter. Nothing daunted, he returned
to the attack a second time, and but for the
interference of a third person, he might
have succeeded in the attempt. As it was,
he was compelled to retreat, leaving the en-
emy in possession of the field. We believe,
however, that he finally succeeded by a
coup d'état in obtaining the coveted kiss,
which so highly incensed the young lady,
that instead of giving it back to him with
interest like a sensible girl, she brought this
suit for damages. The unhappy result is,
the lawyers pocket the damages, and she is
compelled to "pocket the insult," the jury
in this case finding no cause of action.

No Printers There.

The report of the Inspectors of State
Prisons, discloses the very gratifying fact
that of the large number of convicts now in
the Prisons of N. Y., there is not a single
printer, while nearly all the other occupa-
tions are represented. This is a fact hon-
orable to the craft, and affording evidence
of the general good character of those en-
gaged in it.

No such thing, our head devil says. His
opinion is that run and morning papers kill
off all who are naturally big fools enough to
get into State Prison, and the balance of
them are entirely too smart to get stuck
with such a job as that. The craft is often
hard up, but they take care not to get so
far out of sorts as that. True, they do put
off some bad paper, but the proofs, though
dark at first, always come clear before they
get locked up, and by a token, the printer,
though hard-pressed, always comes clear in
the end. Though his form goes to jail, the
printer seldom goes to pot.—N. Y. Trib.

69They do have some smart girls in the
Buckeye State. Here is one of them. A
conductor on the road from Cincinnati to
Hamilton saw a nice little girl in the cars,
which she supposed came under the rate of
half price for children, and returned her
half the amount tendered, with a remark to
that effect.

"Half fare, h-h-h. Why, do you take
me for a girl?"

"Certainly, Miss, unless your looks belie
you very much."

"Well, then, they do. I am married;
and that ain't all—"

"Excuse me, Madam; but it strikes me
that, whatever I may be to-day, you are full
up with the time table, if not a little ahead.
I'll take full fare, and no charge for the baby."

The Old Man.

Bow low the head, boy; do reverence to
the old man. Once like you, the vicia-
lities of life have silvered the hair, and
changed the round merry face to the worn
visage before you. Once that heart beat
with aspirations co-equal to any that you
have felt; aspirations crushed by disap-
pointment, as yours are perhaps destined to
be. Once that form stalked proudly thro'
the gay scenes of pleasure, the beau ideal
of grace; now the hand of Time that withers
the flower of yesterday has warped that
figure and destroyed the noble carriage.—
Once at your age, he possessed the thousand
thoughts that pass through your brain, now
wishing to accomplish deeds worthy of a
nook in fame, anon imagining life a dream
that the sooner he awoke from, the better.—
But he has lived the dream very near thro'.
The time to awake is very near at hand;
yet his eye ever kindles at old deeds of dar-
ing, and the hand takes a firmer grasp of the
stalk. Bow low the head, boy, as you
would in your old age be revered.

THE RULE OF THREE.—There are excep-
tions to every rule, but the rule of three;
that is never changed. As your income is
to your expenditures, so will the amount
of your debts be to your cash on hand and
consequent ability to meet them. If you
allow your vanity to lead you into extrava-
gance, you must rely on something else to
take you out of it; either a rich relation or
the sheriff's writ. Your furniture may be
less showy than that of your neighbor, but
never mind. Better are come-bottomed
chairs and mahogany tables that are paid for,
than spring cushions and marble mantels on
a note of six months. Your coat may be
less fashionable than your neighbors, and
while he is driven by a liveried coachman,
you may be riding shank's horse; but re-
member there is a time for balancing the
books, and every horse has a bottom. So
economise and always remember the rule of
three.

69There was recently a violent thunder
storm in South Western Georgia, during
which, an original, small boy expressed great
fear of the house being struck by lightning,
and all it contained killed instantly. The
mother reproved him, saying that he would
go to heaven. He looked up in her face
most earnestly, and replied, "But, mamma,
God won't have me, if I'm all smashed up!"

ETIQUETTE OF INTRODUCTIONS.—In in-
troducing the lower must be introduced to
the higher in station; and as the ladies al-
ways take precedence, the gentleman must
be introduced to the lady. On entering a
room in which a party is assembled, the lady
is then introduced; the reason is obvious
—the lady is not superior to the company
collectively, although she would individually
take precedence of the gentleman.

69The man whose feelings were "work-
ing" has ordered a few samples