The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XIV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, APRIL 28, 1876. NO. 50

THE LOST BABIES.

Come, my wife, put down the bible,
Lay your glasses on the book,
Both of us are bent and aged—
Backward, mother, let us look.
This is still the same old homestead
Where I brought you long ago,
When the hair was bright with sunshine
That is now like winter's snow;
Let us talk about the babies,
As we sit here all alone,
Such a merry troop of youngsters;
How we lost them one by one.

Jack, the first of all the party,
Came to us one winter's night.
Jack, you said, should be a parson,
Long before he saw the light.
Do you see that great cathedral,
Filled, the transept and the nave,
Hear the organ gradly pealing,
Watch the silken, hanging wave;
See the priest in robes of office,
With the altar to his back—
Would you think that gifted preacher
Could be our little Jack?

Then a girl, with curly tresses,
Used to climb upon my knee,
Like a little fairy princess
Ruling at the age of three;
With the years there came a wedding—
How your fond heart swelled with pride
When the lord of all the county
Chose your baby for his bride!
Watch that stately carriage coming,
And the form reclining there—
Would you think that brilliant lady
Could be our own little Clare?

Then the last, a blue-eyed youngster—
I can hear him prattling now—
Such a strong and sturdy fellow,
With his broad and honest brow.
How he used to love his mother!
Ah! I see your trembling lip!
He is far off on the water,
Captain of a royal ship.
See the bronze upon his forehead,
Hear the voice of stern command—
That the boy who clung so fondly
To his mother's gentle hand!

Ah! my wife, we've lost our babies,
Ours so long and ours alone;
What are we to these great people,
Stately men and women grown?
Seldom do we even see them;
Yes, a bitter tear-drop starts,
As we sit here in the firelight,
Lonely hearth and lonely hearts.
All their lives are full without us:
They'll stop long enough one day
Just to lay us in the churchyard,
Then they'll each go on their way.

☞ We find the following in the *Cincinnati Times*, written by the daughter of Chas. H. Wickes, Esq., aged about nine years. The production gives promise of more than ordinary literary ability:

ROSE'S ADVENTURES.

BY HOPE WICKES, AUTHOR OF "LILLY BELL AND THE FAIRIES."

PART I.

Once a little girl named Rose, was out standing by a rose bush, when all of a sudden she heard a voice saying: "Rose!" She turned around, but seeing no one, she paused for a moment then replied, "You are a fairy, are you not?" "Yes," replied the voice, "and I have a secret to tell you. There, know that at the foot of the evergreen tree there is a palace. The reason the people did not find it, a great power transported it to a remote place of the garden where no one was digging, and there stayed until the evergreen was planted. Now pay attention. The Palace is about two feet deep in the ground. You will find it at the right side of the tree where the *descent* is. A piece of plank is lying there. The other side has sparkling red grass on it. I will come with you and help you. Now for the Palace. You will not be able to see me, for I have power myself invisible. But it is high time we were off."

They went, and of course they found it. "Now," said the fairy, "I must leave you, so good bye. I live in the Palace. My name is Lillybell."

PART II.

When Lillybell said this, Rose thought she felt something in her hand. So when she looked, and there was a piece of folded paper. She opened it and found that it was a note. Of course, don't be afraid when the [illegible] will hurt you. LILLYBELL."

Rose also began to think [illegible] down so as to reach [illegible] helped out a speck, [illegible] bright on the [illegible] ground. Rose [illegible] looked grand. [illegible] bright on the pal[illegible] ground. Rose wo[illegible] How well she rem[illegible] she saw Lillybe[illegible] there as she stood [illegible] ling head. 'Lilly[illegible] a moment the fair[illegible] forgot'—began R[illegible] Lillybell, I know[illegible] shall I do?' said [illegible] want me to co[illegible] Lilly. 'What can I do?' said Rose. 'I will help you,' said the fairy. 'You don't deserve it. [illegible] you have told coldly. [illegible] she will think [illegible] Rose and [illegible] about [illegible] the sun was [illegible] looked grand. [illegible] sun had not looked [illegible] because it was and [illegible] bright on the pal[illegible] straight to Lillybell [illegible] ground. Rose wo[illegible] embered the first ti[illegible] How well she rem[illegible] and what occurr[illegible] she saw Lillybe[illegible] there now with han[illegible] there as she stood [illegible] ling head. 'Lilly[illegible] ell!' she called, an[illegible] a moment the fair[illegible] stood before her[illegible] forgot'—began R[illegible] 'Yes,' interr[illegible] Lillybell, I know[illegible] about it.' 'O, w[illegible] shall I do?' said [illegible] 'You would not [illegible] want me to co[illegible] Lilly. 'What can I [illegible] course not,' said [illegible] do?' said Rose. 'I will help you,' said the fairy. 'You don't deserve it. [illegible] you have told coldly. [illegible] she will think [illegible] Rose and [illegible] about [illegible]

The sun was just rising in the East. The sun had not looked so because it was and went straight to Lillybell [illegible] remembered the first ti[illegible], and what occurr[illegible] there now with han[illegible] there as she stood [illegible] ling head. 'Lilly[illegible] ell!' she called, an[illegible] stood before her[illegible] 'Yes,' interr[illegible] about it.' 'O, w[illegible] 'You would not [illegible] want me to co[illegible] Lilly. 'What can I [illegible] course not,' said [illegible] do?' said Rose. 'I will help you,' said the fairy. 'You don't deserve it. [illegible] you have told coldly. [illegible] she will think [illegible] Rose and [illegible] about [illegible]

still for about half an hour, until all the people were fast asleep. Then she arose and dressed herself, and went out of doors; and when she had found a spade, she went to the evergreen tree and began to dig.

When she had dug down a little way, she found a marble staircase. At the end of this she saw a palace made of rubies. It was surrounded by a magnificent garden, which was full of flowers. Rose went forward and looked about for some means to announce her arrival.

Just then she was startled by a musical voice, saying: "Who are you?" "From whence came you?" "I am a mortal, and was directed here by a fairy," replied Rose. "Follow me," said the fairy (for it was one). When Rose turned round she perceived that the fairy was dressed in gold and that she was very beautiful. Her guide led her into a spacious hall. They ascended a stair-case of gold. At the end of this was another hall. The fairy opened the door of a magnificent apartment in which sat a fairy far more beautiful than the one Rose was with. She was dressed in turquoises. "Who is that you have with you, Moonshine?" said the fairy. "It is a mortal, who says she has been directed here by a fairy, Miss Starlight," said Moonshine.

While this conversation was going on, Rose took a survey of the apartment. It had curtains of gold. A table made of gold stood in the middle of the room. The cover was made of diamonds. The chairs and sofas were made of gold, also, and they were inlaid with jewels. The walls were ornamented with pictures. The pictures were made of jewels. When the eyes in the pictures were blue they were made of turquoises.

PART IV.

'What is your name?' said Starlight, turning to Rose. Rose Denmark,' said Rose. 'What is the name of the fairy who directed you here?' said Starlight.

'Lillybell,' replied Rose.

'I thought so; I have known her for a long while,' said the fairy.

Rose thought it very strange that Lillybell had not told her of Starlight. Just then Moonshine went out.

'What shall I call you?' said Rose.

'Starlight,' said the fairy.

'It is strange that Lillybell did not tell me of you,' said Rose.

Just then they were startled by the breakfast bell. As they left the room, Rose glaced at the carpet; it was made of emeralds.

They reached the dining-room, and Starlight sat down and pointed to a seat for Rose, but Rose did not partake of their food. It was made of rose leaves cut up very fine and mixed with violets, with the juice of honeysuckles poured over them. 'Come and taste this,' said Starlight. Rose sat down and tasted the food (if food it can be called) and was surprised to find it excellent. Rose stayed many days in the Palace, and was perfectly astonished at the splendor of everything. At last she thought of home. She had never thought of home once since she entered the palace, so dazzling and splendid had been the things that surrounded her. She had slept at day in a bed of clouds. She was waked at midnight, and had danced till the sun began to rise in the East (for we must know that instead of sleeping all night that fairies sleep all day.) She had ridden in a chariot made of sunbeams; she had sailed on the starlit ocean in a boat made of pearls; she had gone horseback on the wings of the wind. She had eaten off of plates made of all sorts of precious stones. She had dressed in sunbeams and moonshines. She had worn shoes made of rubies. In short, she had lived in a splendid dream, and could hardly believe that it was reality—and had often asked Starlight if she was not dreaming. But, how! how changed it was. What would her parents think of her strange absence? What would Lillybell think of her? Any how she must leave this fairy realm and return to earth. She told Starlight that she must go back to earth. Starlight expressed her sorrow at her leaving, and asked her to tell Lillybell to visit her.—Accordingly Rose took her departure.—She went out of the garden and up the marble staircase, the ground opened at her approach, and Rose found herself on the earth once more.

PART V.

The sun was just rising in the East. The sun had not looked so because it was and went straight to Lillybell [illegible] remembered the first ti[illegible], and what occurr[illegible] there now with han[illegible] there as she stood [illegible] ling head. 'Lilly[illegible] ell!' she called, an[illegible] stood before her[illegible] 'Yes,' interr[illegible] about it.' 'O, w[illegible] 'You would not [illegible] want me to co[illegible] Lilly. 'What can I [illegible] course not,' said [illegible] do?' said Rose. 'I will help you,' said the fairy. 'You don't deserve it. [illegible] you have told coldly. [illegible] she will think [illegible] Rose and [illegible] about [illegible]

☞ Be [illegible] every a[illegible] courage [illegible] Have the [illegible] business [illegible]

☞ If you have any [illegible] do not vainly endeavor to display it: let it to called into action accidentally: it will infallibly be discovered, and much more to your advantage.

☞ The [illegible] post of the race of flint is a slab of white or gray stone standing out from that turf where there is no stone [illegible]

SYMPTOMS OF OLD-MAIDISHNESS.

When a woman begins to drink her tea without sugar—that's a symptom.

When a woman gives a sigh on hearing of a wedding—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say that she has refused many an offer—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say, what dreadful creatures men are, and that she wouldn't be bothered with one of them for all the world—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to have a little dog trotting after her—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to have a cat at her elbow at meal time, and gives it sweetened milk—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to change her shoes every time she comes into the house after a walk—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to say that a servant has no business to have a sweetheart—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to rub her fingers over the chairs and tables to see if they are dusty—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to go to bed with her stockings and flannel nightcap on—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to put her fingers before her mouth when talking to any one; for fear that they should see that she's losing her teeth—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to talk about rheumatism in her knees and elbows—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to find fault with her looking-glass, and says it does not show the features right—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins talking about cold drafts, and stops up all the crivices of the doors and windows—that's a symptom.

BUSINESS LAW.

1. Ignorance of law excuses no one.
2. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.
3. The law compels no one to do impossibilities.
4. An agreement without consideration is void.
5. Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.
6. A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.
7. The acts of one partner bind all the others.
8. Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.
9. A contract made with a minor is voidable.
10. A contract made with a lunatic is void.
11. A contract made for advertisements in a Sunday newspaper is invalid.
15. Agents are responsible to their principals for their errors.
13. Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.
14. A minor cannot make a legal obligation.
15. Notes bear interest only when so stated.
16. It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received."
17. A note drawn on Sunday is void.
18. A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, can not be collected by law.
19. If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker. He must pay it.

TAKING A SITUATION.

'Well, girls,' said Uncle Barnabas, 'and now what do you propose to do about it?'

We sat around the fire in a disconsolate semi-circle, that dreary, drizzling May night, when the rain pattered against the window panes, and the poor little daffodils in the borders shook and shivered as if they would fain hide their heads once more in the mother soil. My mother, Eleanor and I. The first, pale and pretty, and silver-haired, with the widow's cap, and her dress of black bombazine and crape; the sweetest looking old lady, I think, I ever saw. Eleanor sat beside her, looking, as she always did, like a princess, with large, dark eyes, Diana-like features, and hair twisted in a sort of coornel around her queenly head.—While I, plain, homespun Susannah—commonly called, 'for short,' Susy—crouched upon a footstool in the corner, my elbows on my knees, and my chin in my hands.

Uncle Barnabas Berkelin sat in the middle of the circle, erect, stiff and rather grim. He was stout and short, with a grizzled mustache, a little round bald spot on the crown of his head, and two little glittering black eyes that were always sending their dusky lightnings in the direction least expected. Uncle Barnabas was rich and we were poor. Uncle Barnabas was wise in the ways of the world and we were inexperienced. Uncle Barnabas was prosperous in all he did; while, if there was a bad bargain to be made, we were pretty sure to be the ones to make it. Consequently, and as a matter of course, we looked up to Uncle Barnabas, and reverenced his opinions.

'What do we propose to do about it?' Eleanor slowly repeating, lifting her beautiful, jetty brows.

'Yes, that's exactly it,' said my mother nervously; 'because, Brother Barnabas, we don't pretend to be business women, and it's certain that we cannot live comfortably on our present income. Something has got to be done.'

And then my mother leaned back in her chair.

'Yes,' said Uncle Barnabas, something has certainly got to be done. And who's to do it?'

And another dead silence succeeded.

'Well, I suppose your girls are well educated?' said Uncle Barnabas 'I know I found enough old school bills when I was looking over my brother's papers.'

'Of course,' said my mother, with evident pride; their education has been most expensive. Music, drawings, use of the globes—'

'Yes, yes, of course,' interrupted Uncle Barnabas. 'But is it practical? Can they teach?'

Eleanor looked dubious. I was quite certain that I could not. Madame Lenior, among all her list of accomplishments, had not included the art of practical tuition.

'Humph!' grunted Uncle Barnabas.—'A queer thing this modern idea of education. Well, if you can't teach, you can surely do something!—What do you say, Eleanor, to a situation?'

'A situation?'

The color fluttered in Eleanor's cheeks like pink and white apple blossoms.

'I spoke plain enough, didn't I?' said Uncle Barnabas, dryly. 'Yes, a situation!'

'What sort of a situation, Uncle Barnabas?'

'Well, I can hardly say. Part servant, part companion to an elderly lady!' explained the old gentleman.

'Oh, Uncle Barnabas, I couldn't do that.'

'Not do it. And why not?'

'It's too much—too much,' whispered Eleanor, losing her regal dignity in the pressure of the emergency, 'like going out to service.'

'And that is precisely what it is!' retorted Uncle Barnabas, nodding his head. 'Service! Why, we're all out at service, in one way or another, in this world!'

'So you won't take the situation, eh?' said Uncle Barnabas, staring up at a wishy-washy little water color drawing of Cupid and Psyche, an 'exhibition piece' of poor Eleanor's, which hung above the chimney piece.

'I couldn't, indeed, sir.'

'Wages twenty-five dollars a month,' mechanically repeated Uncle Barnabas, as if he were saying off a lesson. 'Drive out in the carriage every day with the missus, cat and canary to take care of, modern home, with all the improvements, Sunday afternoon to yourself, and two weeks, Spring and Fall, to visit your mother.'

'No, Uncle Barnabas, no,' said Eleanor, with a little shudder. 'I am a true Berkelin, and I cannot stoop to menial duties.'

Uncle Barnabas gave such a prolonged sniff as to suggest the idea of a very bad cold in the head, indeed.

'Sorry,' said he. 'Heaven helps those who help themselves, and you can't expect me to be more liberal-minded than Heaven. Sister Rachel,' to my mother, 'what do you say?'

My mother drew her pretty little figure up a [illegible] erect than usual.

'I think [illegible] daughter Eleanor is quite right,' [illegible] 'The Berkelins have always been [illegible]

I had an [illegible] still with my chin in my hands, [illegible] this family discussion; but now [illegible] and came creeping to his side.

'Well, little [illegible] the old gentleman, laying his [illegible] my wrist, 'what is it?'

'If you please, [illegible]' said I with a [illegible] like to take the situation.'

'Bravo!' cried Uncle Barnabas.

'My dear child!' exclaimed my dear mother.

'*Susannah!*' uttered Eleanor, in accents by no means laudatory.

'Yes,' said I, 'twenty-five dollars a month is a great deal of money, and I was never afraid of work. I think I will go to the old lady, Uncle Barnabas. I'm sure I could send home at least twenty dollars a month to mother and Eleanor, and then the two weeks, Spring and Fall, would be so nice. Please, Uncle Barnabas, I'll go back with you when you go. What is the old lady's mane?'

'Her name?' said Uncle Barnabas. 'Didn't I tell you? It's Prudence—Mrs. Prudence.'

'What a nice name,' said I, 'I know I shall like her.'

'Well, I think you will,' said Uncle Barnabas, looking kindly at me. 'And I think she will like you. Is it a bargain for the 9 o'clock train to-morrow morning?'

'Yes,' I answered, stoutly, taking care not to look in the direction of my mother and Eleanor.

'You're the most sensible of the lot,' said Uncle Barnabas.

But after he had gone to bed in the best chamber, where the ruffled pillow cases were, and the chintz cushioned easy chair, the full length of the family tongue broke on my devoted head.

'I can't help it,' quoth I, holding valiantly to my colors. 'We can't starve. Some of us must do something. And you can live very nicely, mother, darling, on twenty dollars a month.'

'That is true,' sighed my mother, from behind her black-bordered pocket handkerchief. 'But I never thought to see a daughter of mine going out to—to service!'

'And Uncle Barnabas isn't going to do anything for us after all,' cried out Eleanor, indignantly. 'Stingy old fellow; I should think he might at least adopt one of us! He's as rich as Crœsus, and never chick nor child.'

'He may do as he likes about that,' I answered independently. 'I prefer to earn my own money.'

So the next morning I sat out for the unknown bourn of New York life.

'Uncle Barnabas,' said I, as the train reached the city, 'how shall I find where Mrs. Prudence lives?'

'Oh, I'll go there with you?'

'Are you well acquainted with her?' I ventured to ask.

'Oh, very well indeed!' replied Uncle Barnabas, nodding his head.

We took a carriage at the depot and drove through the many streets that my head spun around and around like a tee-totum, before we stopped at a pretty, brown stone mansion—it looked like a palace, to my unaccustomed eyes—and Uncle Barabas helped me out. 'Here is where Mrs. Prudence lives,' he said with a chuckel.

A neat little maid, with frilled white apron and rose colored ribbons in her hair, opened the door with a courtesy, and I was conducted into an elegant apartment, all gilding, exotics and blue satin damask, when a plump old lady, dressed in black silk with the loveliest Valeciennes lace at her throat and wrists, came smilingly forward, like a sixty-year old sunbeam.

'So you've come back, Barnabas, have you,' said she. 'And brought one of the dear girls with you. Come and kiss me, my dear.'

'Yes, Susy, kiss your aunt,' said Uncle Barnabas, flinging his hat one side and his glove another, as he sat complacently down on the sofa.

'My aunt?' I echoed.

'Why, of course,' said the plump old lady. 'Don't you know? I'm your Aunt Prudence.'

'But I thought,' gasped I, in bewilderment, 'that I was coming to a situation!'

'Well, so you are,' retorted Uncle barnabas. 'The situation of adopted daughter in my family. Twenty-five dollars a month pocket money—the care of Aunt Prudence's cat and canary! And to make yourself generally useful!'

'Oh! uncle,' cried I, 'Eleanor would have been so glad to come if she had known it.'

'Fiddlestrings and little fishes!' illogically responded my uncle Barnabas. 'I've no patience with a girl that's too fine to work. Eleanor had the situation offered her, and she chose to decline. You decided to come, and here you stay! Ring the bell, Prue, and order tea, for I'm as hungry as a hunter, and I dare say little Susy here would relish a cup of tea!'

And this was the way I drifted into my luxurious home. Eleanor in the country cottage envies me bitterly, for she has all the tastes which wealth and a metropolitan home can gratify. But Uncle Barnabas will not hear of my exchanging with her.

'No, mam!' says he. 'The girl I've got is the girl I mean to keep. Miss Eleanor is too fine a lady to suit me.'

But he lets me send them liberal presents every month, and so I am happy.

☞ Mr. Gladstone, the distinguished English statesman, said, in a recent address, that hand labor is better paid in England than hard labor. Same thing over here, William. A prize-fighter will make more money pounding his fellowmen black and blue, than a goat can save by butting them clear across the street five or six times a day.—*Burlington Hawk Eye.*

☞ The warmest kind of a [illegible] don't get move in.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0078