The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XVI. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, AUGUST 10, 1877 NO. 14

FOREBODINGS.

WRITTEN FOR THE TRANSCRIPT.

Give me thy hand, my husband!
The day is almost done;
And from their lofty dome, the stars
Are peeping one by one.

Near—and *still* nearer—darling!
A nameless shadowy fear
Fills all the brooding air to-night—
And I can almost hear

The rustle of an angel's wings:
God grant they be not thine!
I ill could bear to miss thee, dear,—
The call had best be *mine*.

Whatever fancies each have known,
Ere our true hearts were one;
They've left less impress on our lives,
Than spots upon the sun.

And the full glory of our love,
Though shadows sometimes fall,
Steeps all the air in living light,
And makes this crumbling ball

A Paradise while life shall last.
Reach me thy hand—mine own!
I would not change thee for a king,
While thy true heart's my throne.

CINDERELLA'S SLIPPER.

BY E. G. J

'A ball, Dell! A real, fashionable ball. Ah, it is glorious! Why, we were never at a ball in all our lives,' cried Jo.

'I know it,' responded Dell, rising, on her elbow, and pushing back her abundant red gold tresses. 'Who says it is to be a ball?'

'Why, Aunt Vavasour says so? Didn't you hear her letter? Listen to what she says:'

MY DEAR GIRLS—I want you at Oaklands before the fifteenth. The sooner you come the better, and come prepared for a week's visit. Come well-dressed, too, my dears. My step-son, Arthur, is coming home, and I propose giving a grand ball.'

'Arthur,' cried Dell, her cheek flushing.

'Ah, what an elegant creature his five years abroad must have made him! I say, Jo, what a great pity it is that can't go.'

Jo stares at her sister, with two blazing black eyes.

'Can't go? Are you an idiot? Why, I wouldn't miss it for the round world! Oh of course we shall go.'

'Shall we,' laughs Dell. 'You forget. 'Come well-dressed,' says Aunt Vavasour. That settles the question. We can't go well dressed; hence we stay at home.'

Jo's blazing eyes darken; her pretty, even teeth glitter between her cherry lips, she clenches her brown, slender hand.

'I am going, Dell. I'll have the right sort of outfit, somehow. I should break my heart and die, if I missed it. Think how we've moped in this horrid old house all winter. Oh! I'm sick as death of the endless days!—the scrimping, and pinching, and economising—the hateful work that must be done! The prospect of a change is bliss. Once at Oaklands, Aunt Vavasour may have the grace to invite us to prolong our stay indefinitely. And better still, one may win the heir of Oaklands for one's husband. Oh, Jo, it will go very hard with me if we don't'

Dell yawns lazily, but a little flash lights her blue-gray eyes.

'What a simpleton you are, to be sure, Jo. Is it quite likely that Arthur Vavasour, having had his choice of European beauties, will come home to fall in love with your gipsy face?'

'Stranger things have often happened, Dell. Maybe you fancy that your milk and-water charms may hold him,' cried Jo.

'I've no fancies about it. Aunt Vavasour's ball is the subject in hand, not her step son's matrimonial prospects. I can't see how we can go to Oaklands.—There isn't a day to lose, and we haven't a shilling to spend. We shall have to give it up. Aunt Vavasour might have sent us some money, as well as an invitation. She has thousands lying idle; but the rich are always penurious. There's no help for it, as it is, but to give it up.'

'No, never!' cried Jo, excitedly.—We must manage it somehow. Let's see. We've nice cashmeres for ordinary wear, and there's that pretty, dark-blue silk of poor mamma's. I'll make that over.'

'You? Now, what would you look like in blue? I shall make it over, and trim it up with the old lace, and wear the old pearls for ornaments. I shall look like Mother Eve, but it can't be helped.'

Jo regards her fair, elder sister with indignant, tear-filled eyes.

'And what shall I do? It is like you, Dell. You always claim for yourself whatever is best, whether to wear or to eat. You are utterly selfish,' replied Jo.

'You would do the same thing yourself, if I'd let you,' laugh's Dell. 'It will be better for one of us to go, at least.'

'Oh, you cruel, heartless, selfish creature!' And poor Jo actually begins to cry: Would you leave me at home, and go off tricked out in what little finery I have is? But I won't stand it; i'll go too. Minnie will help me. I say, Min, Min, run here.'

A door opens, and from the culinary regions emerges a small, trim figure, clad in russet brown; fair, round arms, bared to the elbow; tender, brown eyes, lighting a dimpled, childish face.

'Min,' cried Jo, 'there's a letter from Aunt Vavarous, and Arthur is coming home; and there's to be a grand ball at Oaklands, and we're to go for a week's visit.'

'How nice! But I couldn't leave papa, you know, girls'

Dell laughs.

'Bless your little soul, Min! no one had though that you would go. If Jo and I get up decent, it will be a marvel. Min, little woman, can't you help us?'

'Oh, Min!' put's in Jo, 'it will break my poor heart if I can't go. Do let us have a little money, that's a dear child.

Min sits down, crosses her dimpled hands, and falls into sober meditation.—She has only her invalid father's half pay, he being a retired army officer, and all the heavy household expenses to defray.

'Indeed, girls,' she makes answer at last, 'I've barely enough to carry us through this month I'm sorry—'

'You'er always sorry, but that never does any good. I can not understand what becomes of all papa's money,' said Dell.

'Nor I,' puts in Jo. 'We live poor enough, goodness knows.

Minnie' slips quiver.

'I do the best I can, girls,' she answers, gently. 'Papa's wine and medicine are costly. I can give you a sovereign each, if that will help, but no more.'

'That won't buy our shoes and gloves. We must give it up, Jo.'.

Jo breaks forth into stormy weeping, and wishes herself dead.

'Oh, hush, sister, please! entreats Minnie infinitely distressed. 'I'm sure we can make up your old dresses. There's your po, lin, almost new—'

'I wouldn't wear it for anything. Dell is to have the blue silk, and there's nothing else. One had better be in one's grave, than deprived of every little pleasure in life. Oh, go away, Min, if you have no money for me. Don't kiss. I hate kisses.'

Min turns, and her tender eyes light suddenly. She darts from the room.—Almost instantly she is back again, a little package in her hand.

'Dear girls, I had quite forgotten it. Aunt Vavasour gave it to me, when she came last summer, to buy me a nice new dress, and I've kept it ever since. I intended to get a nice, seal-brown cashmere, for church wear, but I'll make the old one do. Take it sisters, and welcome.'

'How much is there?' gasps Jo, diving for the package, but Dell gets it.

'Six pounds and you must divide it between you—Dell three and Jo three. I must run. I am afraid my pies are burned up.'

The little housekeeper hurries back to the kitchen; and bickering and grumbling as they go, her two sisters make themselves ready, and start for the village, to lay out their money.

The short wintry days go by, and at last the fussing, and cutting, and trimming is well over, Dell and Jo pack their outfit in the old-fashioned leathern trunk, and Squire Headley's carriage comes to take them across the countrp of Oaklands.

It is high noon, of a bright December day.

'You have said good-bye to papa, girls,' asks Minnie, following them as they run down the portico steps.

'Dear me? no! I forgot. You can do it for me, Min. I can't turn back now. Good-bye; and send me a little money as soon as you draw the quarterly allownance.'

'Yes, Dell. Good-bye.'

Dell hurries on and into the waiting carriage. Jo follows. Minnie stands in the sunshine, looking after them, her wistful eyes a trifle sad.

'Good-bye, dear girls,' and here's good luck.'

And she takes a small, half-worn slipper from her well shaped foot, and sends it flying after the carriage as it rolls away.

'Minnie, Minnie!' calls a voice from within.

Her father's voice, and the girl flies, not even to replace her slipper. It lies on the edge of the country road, that runs by the old fashioned house, and a traveler, joggling slowly along on a jaded horse, having witnessed the parting scene, draws rein, and leaning over the saddle bow, lifts the little shoe on the tip of his whip-handle.

'It must be Cinderella's slipper,' he says, a smile lighting his handsome eyes. 'I think I'll keep it.'

He puts it in his breast pocket, and jogs on again; and when Min returns for her slipper it cannot be found.

Aunt Vavasour's ball is over, and to their extreme delight Dell and Jo had been invited to spend the winter at Oaklands.

'Yo
says t
her in
suppo
If to-r
to tow
are pr
way, t
chanc
well,
band

Th
actua
outbu
quarr

heir.

Jo is sure he has eyes for no one but herself, and declared herself hopelessly in love with him, and Dell laughs her to scorn in a way that would have angered a saint.

Meanwhile, one sunny morning, Arthur Vavarous orders his best horse, and canters off across the frosty country.

'I think the little shoe has bewitched me,' he says. 'And I must see the owner.'

On he goes, until the wintry sun hangs low in the West. At last he draws rein before the old, decayed mansion house, the last remnant of the once vast Leighton property.

Minnie is in the yard, a scarlet scarf wound about her brown head, feeding her poultry.

'Yes, Colonel Leighton lives here.—Will you dismount, sir?'

Arthur leaps from his saddle, and approaches her, with extended hand, and smiling face.

'You've forgotten me, I see. Yet we were friends and playmates once. I am Arthur Vavarous.'

Minnie utters a little cry of surprised delight.

'Oh, papa will be so glad. He speaks of you so often.

'And you, Minnie? Are you glad to see me?'

'Of course I am.

They go in, and up to the invalid officer's sitting room, kept bright and tasteful by Minnie's deft hands. And the three have tea together, and the master of Oaklands, hungry from the long ride, eats the crisp cakes, and brown chicken of Minnie's cooking, and watches her, as she flutters about like a graceful, busy little bird, and forthwith falls in love with her.

'She's worth a hundred of those two dressy, ill tempered sisters, at Oaklands, and if she'll agree, I'll make her my wife.'

He thinks this on the second and last night of his visit, sitting by the parlor hearth, after the Colonel has gone to bed: and putting his hand in his bosom, he draws forth the litile slipper.

'Minnie,' he says, I've got Cinderella's slipper here. Look at it.'

Minnie looks up from her needle-work and cries out;

'Why, dear me! My poor little slipper, lost so long. How did you come by it, Arthur? Did I throw it in the carriage, that day the girls went to Oaklands? It was kind of them to send it bach to me.'

'The girls didn't send it. I saw you when you threw it, Minnie, and I picked it up.'

'You?'

'Yes. I was riding along the road. I have kept it ever since. Let me have it back, Minnie. I can't part with it.'

Minnie lets him take it, gives him one swift, startled glance, and then lets her eyes drop and blushes rosy red.

Arthur takes the slipper and the little brown hand with it.

'Minnie!' he says, his voice tender and tremulous, 'you remember the dear old fairy tale. Well, this is my Cinderella's slipper! Only the woman who can wear it shall be my wife. Minnie, I love you. Can you learn to love me? One day, will you come and make my home bright?'

Minnie looks up at him, wonder in her wide, brown eyes.

'Oh! Arthur, can you mean it? I was sure you would ask Dell or Jo.'

The young man laughs as he draws her close to his side.

'Nay, little one. Neither Dell or Jo can wear the charmed slipper. I want only you.'

Minnie answers not a word; but she hides her face upon his shoulder, and sobs.

Winter goes, and the snows melts, and the hills grow green. The great oaks begin again to bud in the fitful March sunshine.

Dell and Jo have had a gay visit at Oaklands. They have dressed and danced, and flirted; but neither of them has secured a husband. Aunt Vavarous, secretly disgusted, sends them both back home.

'Back to the old life,' sighs Jo, standing at the window the next day after their return. 'I declare, I'd as soon go to my grave. I wish we had never gone to Oakland's. I say, Dell, what shall we do?'

Dell, lying on the lounge, with a book before her eyes does not answer.

'It was cruel of Aunt Vavarons to send us home. I'm sure Arthur would have spoken, if only we could have stayed a little longer. He was fond of me, I know. Surely he'll come—Oh, my goodness, he is here now.'

Dell is up, and standing at the window in a trice.

Arthur Vavarous has rode up and is fastening his horse to the post, in the yard below.

'Help me with my hair, Jo, for pity's sake! It is all in a frizzle; and one of us must go down at once. You know what a stupid Min is.'

Jo is arranging her own jetty

s, one of us must go down at once,
at will be me. You don't supplant
that way.'

ly white with anger, she makes
let, lets down all her crinkling,
d curls, and puts on her most
ing dress. Jo arrays herself quite
odily, and the two descend togeth-

sitting-room door stands open, the
March sunshine flickering in gol-
aves over the faded carpet, and fal-
e a benediction on Minnie's little
head, as she stands by her lover's side.

Dell and Jo paused at the foot of the stairs, in utter amazement.

'Min!' they both grasp out.

Min blushed like a rose. Arthur Vavarous advances, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

'How d'ye do, girls! Surprised to see me, no doubt! Well, we've kept our secret well, haven't we Minnie? Allow me to present my betrothed bride, the future mistress of Oaklands.'

'The two sisters stand dumb. Minnie breaks away from Arthur, and catches a hand of each.

'Oh! dear girls, don't be angry!' she implores. I am not to blame. I couldn't help it, indeed. It all came of my poor little slipper.'

HOW TO FIND A PERSON'S NAME.

Let the person whose name you wish to know tell you in which of the following upright columns the first letter of his name is found. If it be found in but one column it is the top letter; if it occurs in more than one column it is found by adding the alphabetical numbers of the top letters of the columns, and the sum will be the number of the letters sought.

A	B	D	H	Q
C	C	E	I	R
D	F	F	J	S
G	G	G	K	S
I	J	L	L	T
K	K	M	M	U
M	N	N	N	V
O	O	O	O	W
Q	R	T	X	X
S	S	Q	Z	Y
U	V	V	Y	Z
W	W	W		
Y	Z			

By taking one letter at a time in this way the whole number can be ascertained. For example, take the word Jane. J is found in two columns commencing with B and H, which are the second and eighth letters down the alphabet; their sum is ten, and the tenth letter down the alphabet is J, the letter sought. The next letter A, appears in but one column, where it stands at the top. N is seen in the columns headed B, D and H; these are the second, fourth and eighth letters in the alphabet, which added give the fourteenth or N, and so on. The use of this table will excite no little curiosity among those unacquainted with the foregoing explanation.

☞ Miss Corisande was born only two years earlier than her brother Tom. When Tom was ten years old she gloried because she was twelve. When Tom was known to be fourteen she confessed to sweet sixteen. When Tom proudly boasted of eighteen she timidly acknowledged herself past nineteen. When he same home from college, with a moustache and a vote, and had a party in honor of his twenty-first birthday, she said to her friends—

"What a boyish fellow he is; who would think he is only a year younger than I?"

And when Tom declared he was twenty-five, and old enough to get married, she said—

"Do you know I feel savagely jealous to think of Tom getting married. But then I suppose twins are always more attached to each other than any other brothers and sisters."

And two years later, at Tom's wedding, she said with girlish vivacity to the wedding guests—

"Dear old Tom; to see him married to-night, and then think how, when he was only five years old, they brought him in to see me, his baby sister. I wonder if he thinks of it to-night?"

HOUSEHOLD, HINTS.

TO COOK SOFT-SHELL CRABS.—They do not require dressing except to wash well in salt water; then fry in plenty of butter; season with pepper just before serving.

SPICE COOKIES.—Three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, four eggs, four teaspoonsfuls each of clove, cinnamon and nutmeg, one cup of currents sufficient flour to make it stiff enough to roll out.

CANNED BLACKBERRIES.—Fill the jars two-thirds full of berries; pour over them boiling syrup enough to fill well: screw the tops partly on, and set the jars on a grate in a pan of water, deep enough to come an inch below the cover, bring to a boil and cook for ten minutes longer; take out and fasten the tops tight—tightening them again as they cool.

SALAD CREAM.—Take the yolks of three fresh eggs, whisk them well up with ten grains of cayenne pepper. Then take one once of mustard, salt one drachm and a half, salad oil half an ounce: mix well with half a pint of the best vinegar, and then add the two lots to-gether; shake them well, and you will have an excellent mixture, which will keep for twelve months.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Peel ripe tomatoes and slice—not too thin; put a layer in the bottom of a buttered pudding dish; sprinkle well with fine bread crumbs, pepper, salt, a little sugar, and a few bits of butter, add another layer of tomatoes, then the crumbs etc., as before. Fill the dish almost full, and season the top layer of tomatoes; put bread crumbs over all and bake for an hour.—Cover the dish for half the time, then remove the cover and let brown.

A GOOD TIME TO IMPROVE.

It is a common saying that hard times make the rich richer and the poor poorer. There is much truth in the saying, though it does not apply to the rich and poor absolutely. Many rich men fail in such times as these, the effort to meet comparatively small liabilities involving great sacrifice of property at present depreciated values. But men who are out of debt and have money ahead, or what is equivalent, have a certain way of obtaining money, can grow richer from the necessities of those less fortunate.

A certain property that cost $5,500 in 1872, was sold for $3,500. The owner had paid $3,500 on it, leaving $2,000 due, and secured by mortgage. By his inability to meet his obligation he lost all he had paid. The man who bought it is able to hold it until better times, when he will realize a handsome profit on his investment.

But it is not only in buying depreciated property that money can be saved. There has been no time within the last fifteen years that money would go as far as it will now in the purchase of labor, materials, and manufactured articles, and to the man who has money saved for the purpose of improving his property, the present offers a golden opportunity. An extensive builder in this city told us recently that he would agree to put up work at about half the prices that ruled five years ago, so greatly had labor and material depreciated.

We were led to write this article by the remark a farmer made to us a short time since. He had intended to build a house this summer, but thought the future looked too "shaky," and he would delay a year longer. Any man who is ready to build now will save money by not putting it off till better times. We are evidently down near "hard pan," and the next movement will be upward. There never was a better time to invest money in permanent improvements, at least where speculation is not the object, and there is no doubt that such investments will prove good speculations, also, if men are willing to wait for better times before realizing. But values are still shrinking, and until this ceases there will be but little investment for speculative purposes. This timidity, however, need not extend to the owner of property which is not in the market, to prevent him from making improvements. Values may shrink a little more yet, but there must and will be a re-action soon, when improvements will cost more money than they will now. We are not of those who believe that we are going back permanently to the prices of long ago—before railroads and telegraphs, and steamboats and improvements of every nature. These things have enhanced the value of property so that it is intrinsically worth more than it was before. Financial prosperity and depression will, of course, affect its commercial value, but this is only temporary. However much it may rise or fall above and below its real value, on the waves of financial storms, it must eventually come back to that, and as long as improvement continues, the general movement of this real value must be upward.

There is plenty of money in the country. The banks and financial centres are full of it, and it is begging for borrowers at unprecedentedly low rates of interest, several loans of large amounts having been reported at *two per cent.* This capital is waiting eagerly for shrinkages to cease, and then it will be invested as liberally as it is now held tight.

There is one great cause of congratulation on the part of farmers—their land has not depreciated anything like other property, and what is better, it never will so long as population increases; for whatever influences affect other departments of industry, the people must be fed and clothed, the material for which must come from the soil. Under the common rule of estimating values, land should have a commercial value, now, but little below that of any previous time, for the net profits from it are nearly as great as they ever have been. The general mistrust, however, extends to all kinds of property, and depreciates to a certain extent that which is really as valuable as ever.

In times like these caution is necessary and natural, but it should not be carried to such an extent as to prevent the progress of needed improvements, where the ability exists to make them. Besides, when so many are out of employment, a moral duty rests upon every man to employ all the labor he can, even though he does not profit greatly by so doing.—*Philadelphia Practical Farmer.*

☞ A dandy of twenty-six having been called an "old bachelor," appealed to an elderly gentleman to decide whether he should be called old or not, giving his age as "twenty-six." Said the elderly gentleman: "It is owing to how you take it. Now, for a man, it is young enough; but for a goose it is rather old."

☞ Whatever is preached to us, and whatever we learn, we should still remember that it is man that gives and man that receives it; it is a mortal hand that presents it to us; it is a mortal hand that accepts it.

☞ There were two of them hanging over the front gate the other night. She was standing within the yard and he on the sidewalk outside, both leaning on the top rail, apparently as happy as two pigs in a corn field. He was saying—

"Now, my own little darling, sweet idol of my soul, whose image is ever on my heart"—when he saw the old man coming down the front walk, and continued in a different strain:

"The potato bugs haven't destroyed our crops so much since we purchased Paris green, and you will find also that cabbages can be raised better on a richer soil,"

The old gentleman heard it, and turned back, saying, as he entered the house:

"These young people take more interest in agricultural affairs than people generally suppose."

VARIOUS ITEMS.

Joys are our wings, sorrows are our spurs.

The beams of joy are made hotter by reflection.

Outward judgment often fails, inward justice never.

Fortune is the rod of the weak and the staff of the brave.

The bone-picker's motto is, "pro bono publico."

The can't-get-away's watering place is the water cooler.

Court circles—putting your arm around a girl's waist.

In going over their corns Chicago girls use a combined cutter and reaper.

Every nation must traffic in chairty and commute for pleasure.

He who can conceal his joys is greater than he who can conceal his griefs.

The green apple and the early peach are the doctors' right and left bowers.

"Not for Joe" was written by Moses and dedicated to Potiphar's wife.

Death is a friend of ours, and he that is not ready to entertain him is not at home.

Don't open your wife's letters. It has just cost a Buffalo man $500.

How would you be if He, which is at the top of judgment, should judge you as you are?

Friendship is the medium for all misfortune; but ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.

There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is but a part of virtue.

As the touchstone which tries gold, but is not itself tried by gold; such is he that has the standard of judgment.

There is a pleasure in contemplating good; but the greatest pleasure is in doing good, which comprehends the rest.

Minds capable of the greatest things can enjoy the most trivial, as the elephant's trunk can knock down a lion or pick up a pin.

Patience is good, but perseverance is better. While the former stands as a stoic under difficulties, the latter whips them out of the way.

Many judge rashly only for the pleasure of discourse, and make conjectures of other men's manners by way of exercising their wits.

Nothing is more common than to talk of a friend; nothing is more difficult than to find one; nothing more rare than to improve one as we ought.

Is it not a proper application of the law of compensation that in a case where a man is fishing, the fish don't bite and the mosquitoes do?

It is not good manners to doubt the statement of a married man who says that the singular poker-shaped dent in his head is a birth-mark.

When you have determined to cut off a dog's tail and are undecided how much to chop, let the head guide you rather than the heart.

"What's a fellow to do, doctor, when he is in company and has nothing to say?" "He should say it quietly," said the doctor.

"I never felt so frightened in my life," she said to her lover; "I turned as white as your shirt-front—no" on inspection, "very much whiter."

Women, as a rule, are tenacious of all their rights, but they don't like them to be applied in a strict sense when it comes to standing up in a street car.

There is no picture of Gail Hamilton extant. No artist can take the picture of a person whose tongue or pen keeps going all the time.

An honest Dutchman, who always paid all debts regularly every month, was heard recently to remark: "Honestly ish de best policy, but it keeps a man tam poor."

☞ Hornets cannot talk the English language, but when they tell a picnic party to leave it is as clearly understood as if uttered by the most grammatical Bostonian.

☞ The Rochester Democrat remarks: "The worst spectacle of rage, astonishment and disappointment we ever saw was a couple of dogs trying to fight with their muzzles on."

THE LAY OF THE LABORER.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what you will—
And here's a ready hand
To ply the needful tool,
And skilled enough, by lessons rough,
In labor's rugged school.

To hedge, or dig the ditch,
To lop or fell the tree,
To lay the swarthe on the sultry field,
Or plough the stubborn lea;
The harvest stack to bind,
The wheaten rick to thatch,
And never fear in my pouch to find
The tinder or the match.

To a flaming barn or farm
My fancies never roam;
The fire I yearn to kindle and burn
Is on the hearth of home;
Where children huddle and crouch
Through dark long winter days,
Where starving children huddle and crouch,
To see the cheerful rays,
A glowing on the haggard cheek,
And not in the haggard's blaze!

To Him who sends a drought
To parch the fields forlorn,
The rain to flood the meadows with mud,
The blight to blast the corn,
To Him I leave to guide
The bolt in its crooked path,
To strike the miser's rick and straw
The skies blood red with wrath.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
The corn to thrash, or the hedge to plash,
The market-team to drive,
Or mend the fence by the cover side,
And leave the game alive.

Ay, only give me work,
And then you need not fear
That I shall snare his worship's hare,
Or kill his grace's deer,
Break into his lordship's house,
To steal the plate so rich;
Or leave the yeoman that had a purse
To welter in the ditch.

Wherever Nature needs,
Wherever Labor calls,
No job I'll shirk of the hardest work,
To shun the work-house walls;
Where savage laws begrudge
The pauper babe its breath,
And doom a wife to a widow's life,
Before her partner's death.

My only claim is this,
With labor stiff and stark
By lawful turn my living to earn,
Between the light and dark;
My daily bread and nightly bed,
My bacon, and drop of beer—
But all from the hand that holds the land,
And none from the overseer!

No parish money, or loaf,
No pauper badges for me,—
A son of the soil by right of toil
Entitled to my fee.
No alms I ask, give me my task;
Here are the arm, the leg,
The strength and sinews of a man,
To work, and not to beg.

Still one of Adam's heirs,
Though doomed by chance of birth
To dress so mean, and eat the lean
Instead of the fat of earth;
To make such humble meals
As honest labor can,
A bone and a crust, with a grace to God,
And little thanks to man.

A spade! a rake! a hoe!
A pickaxe, or a bill!
A hook to reap, or a scythe to mow,
A flail, or what ye will—
Whatever the tool to ply,
Here is a willing drudge,
With muscle and limb, and woe to him
Who does their pay begrudge!

Who every weekly score
Docks labor's little mite,
Bestows on the poor at the temple door,
But robbed them over night.
The very shilling he hoped to save,
As health and morals fail,
Shall visit me in the New Bastile,
Shall visit me in the New Bastile,
The Spital, or the Goal!

SUPERB VENTILATION.—This morning we happened to remark to one of our city physicians that the concert last night was very good, to which he replied warmly, "It was, indeed, most excellent, the best thing of the kind that ever happened in San Antonio."

"But how do you know that; you were not there, were you?"

"I know I wasn't there, but I happen to know that nearly everybody that was there is under treatment for rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy or influenza. I have about fifteen cases myself, and all respectable people who pay their bills. The performance was truly excellent."

It was very chilly in that hall last nigh There is no mistake about that. 2 ventilation was superb.

Men of cold passion have [illegible]

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0368