The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XIV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1876. NO. 34.

SUNSET ON THE BEARJAMP.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A gold fringe on the purpling hem
Of hills the river runs,
As down its long, green valleys falls
The last of summer's suns.
Along its tawny gravel-bed
Broad-flowing, swift and still,
As if its meadow levels felt
The hurry of the hill.
Noiseless between its banks of green
From curve to curve it slips;
The drowsy maple shadows rest
Like fingers on its lips.

A waif from Carroll's wildest hills,
Unstoried and unknown;
The ursine legend of its name
Prowls on its banks alone.
Yet flowers as fair its slopes adorn
As ever Yarrow knew,
Or, under rainy Irish skies,
By Spenser's Mulla grew;
And through the gaps of leaning trees
Its mountain cradle shows;
The gold against the amethyst,
The green against the rose.

Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung.
How changed the summits vast and old?
No longer granite-browed,
They melt in rosy mist; the rock
Is softer than the cloud;
The valley holds its breath; no leaf
Of all its elms is twirled;
The silence of eternity
Seems falling on the world.

The pause before the breaking seals
Of mystery is this;
Yon miracle-play of night and day
Makes dumb its witnesses,
What unseen altar crowns the hills
That reach up stair on stair?
What eyes look through, what white wings far
These purple veils of air?
What Presence from the heavenly heights
To those of earth stoops down?
Not vainly Pallas dreamed of gods
On Ida's snowy crown.

Slow fades the vision of the sky,
The golden water pales,
And over all the valley-land
A gray-winged vapor sails.
I go the common way of all:
The sunset fires will burn,
The flowers will blow, the river flow,
When I no more return.
No whisper from the mountain pine,
Nor lapsing stream shall tell
The stranger, treading where I tread,
Of him who loved them well.

But beauty seen is never lost,
God's colors all are fast;
The glory of this sunset heaven
Into my soul has passed—
A sense of gladness unconfined
To mortal date or clime;
As the soul liveth, it shall live
Beyond the years of time.
Beside the mystic asphodels
Shall bloom the home-born flowers,
And new horizons flush and glow
With sunset hues of ours.

Farewell! these smiling hills must wear
Too soon their wintry frown,
And snow-cold winds from off them shake
The maple's red leaves down.
But I shall see a summer sun
Still setting broad and low:
The mountain slopes shall blush and bloom
The golden water flow,
A lover's claim is mine on all
I see to have and hold—
The rose-light of perpetual hills,
And sunsets never cold.

OBEYING ORDERS.

A certain General, supposing his favorite horse dead, ordered a soldier to go and skin him.

"What! is Silvertail dead?" asked Pat.

"What's that to you?" replied the officer. "Do as I bid you and ask no questions."

Pat went about his business, and in an hour or two returned.

"Well, Pat, where have you been all this time?" asked the general.

"Skinning your horse, your honor."

"Does it take nearly two hours to perform such an operation?"

"No, your honor, but then, you see, it took about half an hour to catch him."

"Catch him! was he alive?"

"Yis; your honor, and I could not skin him alive, you know."

"Skin him alive! did you kill him?"

"To be sure I did, your honor! and sure, you know, I must obey orders without asking any questions."

☞ A noble fellow that tramp was who returned a five dollar bill he said he had found in old vest a Norwich gentleman had given him. His honesty was rewarded with a one dollar bill, and the next day the five turned out to be a counterfeit.

☞ A Detroit woman could think of but twenty-nine different ingredients to put into a mince pie, and she wept at the idea of losing her powers of memory.

A PAWNBROKER'S STORY.

As a pawnbroker in a populous suburb of London, I have had occasion to see painful and sometimes not unpleasing phases of society. Just to give an idea of what occasionall comes under the notice of persons of my profession, I shall describe a little incident and its consequences. One evening I stepped to the door for a little fresh air and to look about me for a moment. While I was gazing up and down the road, I saw a tidy-dressed young person step up to our side door. She walked like a lady—and let me tell you that in nine cases out of ten it's the walk and not the dress that distinguishes the lady—and first she looked about and then she seemed to make up her mind in a hurried sort of way, and in a moment more was standing at our counter holding out a glittering something in a little trembling hand covered by a worn kid glove.

My assistant, Isaacs, was stepping forward to take the seal, when I came in and interposed. The poor young thing was so nervous and shy and altogether so unused to this work, that I felt for her as if she had been my own daughter, almost. She could not have been above eighteen years old—so frail and gentle a creature.

'If you please, will you tell me,' she said in a very sweet, low voice, trembling with nervousness, 'what is the value of this seal?'

'Well, miss,' I said, taking the seal into my hand and looking at it; it was an oldfashioned seal, such as country gentlemen used to wear, with a coat of arms cut upon it—'that depends upon whether you want to pledge or sell it outright,' I said.

'I am married, sir,' and she said the words proudly and with dignity, though still so shy, and seeming ready to burst out crying; 'and my husband is very ill—and—' And then the tears wouldn't be kept back any longer, and she then sobbed as if her poor little heart would break.

'There, there, my dear' I said to her; 'don't cry; it will all come right in time,' and I tried to comfort her in my own rough and ready way. 'I will lend you ma'am,' I said to her at last, 'a sovereign upon this seal; and if you wish to sell it perhaps I can sell it for you to advantage. And so I gave her a pound; and she tripped away with a lighter heart and many thanks to me, and I thought no more of the matter at the time.

The very next day, the day before Christmas, there came into our place of business a very eccentric gentleman, who had called upon us pretty often before, not for the sake of pawning anything, though he was dressed shabby enough to. But he was a collector—one of those men who are mad upon old china and curiosities of all sorts.

'Anything in my way to-day, Mr. Davis?' he said, in his quick, energetic manner, with a jolly smile upon his face and putting down the cigarette he was smoking upon the edge of the counter. The The Rev. Mr. Broadman is a collector of gems, rings and seals, and, in fact, of any stones that have heads or figures upon them. And I have been in the habit of putting aside for him whatever in this way passed through our hands, for he gave us a better price than we should have got for them at our quarterly sales. 'The fact is, Davis,' he said to me, 'these things are invaluable; many of them are as beautiful, on a small scale, as the old Greek scriptures; and some are even by the same artists. And they are made no longer, for, in this busy nineteenth century of ours, time and brains, are too precious to be spent on these laborious trifles.' 'Now, although I had no stones of the kind that he wanted just then, it entered into my head that I would tell him about the seal which had come into my possession the evening before.

I told him the story somewhat as I have just told it to you. He then congratulated me upon the way in which I had acted. He asked, too, for the young lady's address, which she had given me quite correct, and then he left the shop without another word.

You must give me leave to tell the rest of the story in my own way, although it may be a very different way from that which the reverend personage employed in relating it to me afterward.

It seemed that it was a runaway match. A country baronet's son had fallen in love with the clergyman's daughter in the village where his father lived, and they had run away together and got married.—Then they came up to London, these two poor young things—for neither his father, nor her's either, for that matter, would have anything to say to the match—he, full of hopes of getting on in the literary and artistic line, and she, poor thing, full of trust in him.

The project of living by literature did not turn out what was expected. The young fellow, without experience or friends, spent much time in going about from one publisher to another, and sending his writings to various magasines—which writings. I need not say, were always 'returned with thanks.' And then he fell ill; typhus, I fancy, brought on by insufficient nourishment and disappointment.

It was just at this time that Mr. Broadman found out Mrs. Vincent: for that was the name of the lady who came to my shop with the gold seal.

They were rather shy at first of a stranger, and a little proud and haughty, perhaps. But the parson, with his pleasant ways and cheery voice, soon made it all right; and in a jiffy he and Mr. Vincent were talking about college, for they had both been at the same university. And there was even even a smile, too—a wan smile enough—upon the poor invalid's sharp, thin face, with the hollow, faraway eyes, which looked at you as if out of a cavern. He was the wreck of a fine young fellow, too; one who had been used to his hunting and shooting, and all the country sports which make broad-chested sturdy-limbed country people the envy of us poor, thin, pale townfolks.

Mr. Broadman came direct to me when he left them; I did not live far off, and he thought I might lend them a neighbor's help.

'Davis, that poor fellow is dying: I can see death in his eyes.'

'What is he dying of?'

He look at me steadfastly a moment, and I could see a moisture in his eyes as he said, slowly and solmnly, Of starvation Davis—of actual want of food.'

'A gentleman starving in London, in Islington—a baronet's son, too? Why it is incredible.'

Mr. Broadman wrote that very day to the baronet, a proud, hard man, I'm told. But the letter he wrote back was soft enough, and melting to read; it was so full of human nature, you see—the father's heart swelling up at the thought of getting back his son; and bursting throught the thick crust of pride which prevented him from making the first advance. And the parson says to me: 'Well, Mr. Davis,' he said, 'there are many people kept asunder only for want of somebody to go between them, you see, and make peace.'

And I said, partly to myself: 'Why shouldn't Christianity itself be such a generous peacemaker as that?'

'Ay,' replied Mr. Boardman, 'if people only believed in it properly.'

That very day we got the baronet's letter I was on my way in the afternoon to Cambridge terrace to pay my respects to Mrs. Vincent—and I had sent in a few bottles of good old port wine from my own wine merchant, at least as good as could be got for money or love. Well, when I got near the door I saw an old gentleman walking up and down, a little disturbed, apparently, in his mind at finding himself in such a queer locality, and as looking for something or somebody. A short, rosyfaced fellow he was, clean shaved as a pin, and very neat and old fashioned in his dress; with that sort of air about him which marks an English country gentleman wherever he may be. Well, we soon got into a talk, for I'ed spotted the old baronet in a moment, and he was anxious to find out something about his son, as soon as he heard I knew a little of the young couple.

'And do you think, sir, that my—that Mr. Vincent is dangerously?' said the old baronet; and there was a sob in his voice as he spoke, and his hand trembled as he laid it on mine.

'Here is the house,' I said, 'and you will be able to judge for yourself.'

We went in. At least the baronet went into the room, trembling in every limb with the excitement of seeing his son. But when he set eyes on him, the poor old man was so startled that he could scarcely speak His son saw him and tried to rise, but fell back feeble in his chair. 'Dear father,' he murmured, stretching out a thin, trembling hand, 'forgive—'

But the father was on his knees by the chair in a moment, clasping his son's head in his arms, and fondling him as he had done when the man was a bady.

'What have I to forgive? You must forgive me for being so hard, my dear boy, and get better soon, Wilfred, my son, my son!'

I had come into the room; I could not help it, I was so interested and excited But I saw that in the young man's face which made my heart sink in my bosom like lead.

The young wife saw it too, and gave one two, three sharp screams, as if a knife had been thrust into her side.

Mr. Broadman saw it; and quietly kneeling down, commended to God—as well as he could, for sobbing—the soul of his servant departing this life.

And I—well, why should I be ashamed to confess it?—I knelt down, too, and cried like a child; for the young man had died in his father's arms at the moment of reconciliation.—*A. U.*

JOSH BILLINGS PROVERBS.

The most retched poverty I kan think ov is to want what we are too stingy to buy.

Munny iz oftener a master than a servant.

Everyboddy seems dissatistied with their lot, but if they should swop places with the fust man that they met they would all be willing to giv sumthing to boot to trade bak to-morrow.

Civilizashun haz taught mankind to dread poverty more thau sin.

Two thirds ov the people in this world hav no karaktur outside ov their habits.

Genius is a gift, but virtew, like the alphabet, haz to be larnt.

Our vanity is so grate that we had rather be hated than not known at all.

Men shoot and wimmin stick pins into each other.

Arrows dipt in hunny are just az fatal az those dipt in gaul.

I had rather hav the stiddy hiccups than to be one of your kronick punsters.

Take the lazyness out ov this world and you would take most ov the sins with it.

There iz real solid cumfort in going into a bak lot once in a while and kiking up yure heels, playing the foot promiskus.

☞ Without danger, danger cannot be surmounted.

EDUCATION, ITS INFLUENCE IN THE HOME CIRCLE.

Read before the First Dist. Teachers' Association by Mrs. Mary E. Gilpin.

Upon education much has been said and written; it no longer has the charm of novelty to recommend it to the consideration of the public, but we rejoice to say that while it has lost this temporary auxiliary to its success it has gained an important position in the public mind, and is now exerting a saving influence over the minds and morals of thousands in our happy country. Education has too frequently been held to be a cultivation of the intellectual to the neglect of the moral powers; yet in many poor schools the physical and the moral are both sacrificed to the intellectual.

The child has but one opportunity for mental training as he can be a child but once, his success is every thing to him for time and eternity; and a mistake may be to him most ruinous. It should therefore be the study of every teacher to know what constitutes an education. Its object is not only to improve and advance the mental powers but to impart that kind and degree of knowledge which will tend to usefulness, dignity and personal enjoyment. It is generally admitted that to be useful is to be happy. If this be true, it will follow that an education can hardly claim to be consistent and appropriate that does not qualify the recipient of it to fill with befitting dignity some useful sphere.

One of the most important positions of usefulness to be found is in the family circle. There is no place so sweet as within the precincts of that delightful place, home, and if that be a well ordered and compatible place, life is rendered pleasant. The influence of a happy home sweetens the bitter cares and softens the harshest difficulties or perplexing conflicts which are so often attendant upon the more public walks of actual life. Deep and lasting is the influence which the home circle exerts over the mind, and I cannot conceive how that domestic circle is happy, how those children are entertained and delighted, how there can be any refined pleasure in that home where knowledge is excluded, the affections uncultivated, the intellect undeveloped.—Home, the home of the happy fireside, it speaks volumes. Many a mother's heart is gladdened when she sees her own little ones gathered around the fireside interesting themselves in some new school book or perhaps assisting each other in a weekly composition. The common school has helped her to furnish that haven of safety for her little ones. The good school teacher is the mother's friend. May the efforts which are being put forth in their county for the dissemination of knowledge be as seed sown for futurity, to ripen at the harvest; and may the influence which is now being exerted continue.

WOMAN ALWAYS THE SAME.

'Hannah,' pleaded a weak voice, 'don't swear agin me.'

'O, won't I tho', you brute,' responded a shrill female tongue; 'I'il learn you better'n to come abruisin' about home at two in the morning.'

'But I didn't do nothing.'

'That's it; you never no nothing: you sling your time away a-fooling about the street and wearing your pants off on barrels and goods boxes waiting for something to turn up, instead of getting around and turning something up, while I'm kept at home a washing and a mending and nursing Tommy, and he a teething.'

'Is poor Tommy teething?'

'Three a coming below and two above.'

'Poor little Tommy!'

Don't cry, John.'

'But I can't help it. Hannah. Five little white teeth a-coming and I won't be there when they come.'

'Won't be there, John!'

'No Hannah; you've had me switched up for disturbing the peace, and that is thirty days in the boose.'

'Dont take on so, John. I'll go to the boose with you and take Tommy along.'

'Say you won't swear agin me, Hannah.'

'I won't John.'

'Come to my arms, old gal! I'll buy you a new calico dress, and we'll go to the fireworks on the fourth of July. Tommy shall have a rubber ring and a bottle of syrup, and you'll—come to my arms, Hannah!'

Here the husband drew the little woman over the railing and frantically kissed her, while Tommy set up a jubilee of crying; and soon after John was discharged for want of evidence.'

The Toothache.—'My friend, said H——, 'I can cure your toothache in ten minutes.'

'How? how?' inquired I. 'Do it in fifty.'

'Instantly,' said he; 'have you any alum?'

'Yes.'

'Well, then bring it, and some common salt.'.

They were produced.' My friend pulverized them, mixed them in equal quantities, then wetted a small piece of cotton, causing the mixed powder to adhere, and placed it in my hollow tooth.

'There,' said he; 'if that does not cure you, I will forfeit my head. You tell this to every one, and publish it everywhere.'

The remedy is infallibla.

☞ An Irishman applying for license to sell whiskey, was asked if he possessed a good moral character.

"Faith, yer honor," replied Pat, "I don't see the necessity for a good moral character to sell whiskey."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.

Eli Perkins tells this characteristic story on himself and his lecture experience in his new book:

'One day,' writes he, 'as the Chicago Burlington and Quincy Railroad train neared Burlington, Iowa, I sat down by an old farmer from near Ottumwa Corn bins lined the road and millions of bushels of corn greeted us from the car windows. Sometimes the bins full of golden grain followed the track like a huge yellow serpent.

Looking up at the old Granger, I asked him where all this corn came from.—'Do you ship it from New York, sir?'

'From what,' he asked.

'From New York, sir.'

'What, corn from New York?'

'Yes, sir,' I said. Do you import it from New York or did you ship it from England?'

He looked at me from head to foot, examined my coat, looked at my ears, and then exclaimed;—Great——!

I never heard those two words sound so like darned fool before.

A moment afterward the old farmer turned his eyes pityingly upon me and asked me where I lived.

'I live in New York, sir.'

'Whar?'

'In New York, sir. I came West to lecture.'

'What, *you* lecture?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You?'

'I do.'

'You lecture, do you? Well I would give ten dollars to hear you lecture,' he said.

I never knew whether this was a great compliment, or—well, or what it was.

THE RESPONSIBILITY.

A young man had been sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination and power; but had a passion for brandy which nothing could control. Often, in his walks, a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain as often, in turn, would he in vain urge his friend to take the social glass. On the occasion the latter agreed to yield to him; and, as they walked up to the bar together, the barkeeper said:

"Well, gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine, sir.'

The glasses were filled, and the two friends stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship, when he paused, and said to his intemperate friend:

'Now, if I drink this glass, and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility.'

The drunkard looked at him with severity, and said:

'Set down that glass.'

It was set down and the two walked away without saying a word.

Oh, the drunkard knows the awful consequences of the first glass! Even in his madness for liquor, he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another becoming a drunkard.

The Coon and the Carpet-bagger.—The Baton Rouge Advacate is responsible for the following good story of coons and carpet-baggers:

'Is that coon lively?'

'Oh, yes, sir,' replied the black possessor of as wild a specimen as ever made tracks in the Comite Swamp.

'Well, I want a real lively fellow; put him on that root,' pointing to a lower knob of a very tall oak, 'and let's see if he will stir himself.'

No sooner said than done, and the coon went up the tree like a greased streak of ligtning. 'You satisfied, boss, he's lively.'

'Well, yes; but I don't want a coon in a tree-top.'

The freedman looked up the tree, whistled and scratched his head for an idea, and said:

'Well, boss, dat coon is like a carpet-bagger—werry promising when he's down, but when he's up he ain't no use to nobody.'

Effect of Ammonia on Flowers.—Professor Gabba has been examining the effects of ammonia on the color of flowers. It is well known that the smoke of tobacco will, when applied in sufficient quantity, change the tint of flowers, but Professor Gabba experiments by pouring a little ammonia liquor into a saucer and inverting a funnel over it. Placing the flowers in the tube of the latter, he finds that blue, violet and purple-colored blossoms become of a fine green, carmine and crimson become black, white become yellow, while parti-colored flowers, such as red and white, are changed to green and yellow. If the flowers are immersed in water, the natural color will return in a few hours. Professor Gabba also found that asters acquire a pleasing color when submitted to the fumes of ammonia.

☞ Mr. Temple Stanyan once borrowed some money of Joseph Addison. Before this the two had been very good friends, and had discussed matters freely, each expressing his opinion unreservedly. After the borrowing, however, Mr. Stanyan agreed implicitly to whatever the great Mr. Addison chose to say. Addison got tired of this, and one day said to his debtor, "Sir, either contradict me, or pay me my money."

☞ With the humble there is perpetual peace.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by George A. Hanson, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

Old Kent.

Notes Illustrative of the Early Records OF KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND,

BY

GEORGE A. HANSON, M. A

Section 80. At a Court houlden for Kent, July the first 1656.

Present—Capt. Joseph Wickes
Capt. John Russell
Mr. Hen. Morgan
Mr. Wm. Eliot.

(1.) Roger Baxster hath made his complaint that Jno. Deane is indebted to him five hundred pounds of tob. which by specialitie for soe much tob. and cask hee hath made to appear. Owned and acknowledged by ye defendant. The Complaint cleared.

The Court doth therefore Order that ye sd Jno. Deane shall make present payment of five hundred pounds of tob. & caske to ye sd Roger Baxster with Court Charges els Execution.

(2.) Capt. Robt. Vaughan, Attorney to Mr. Abbot, complaines agst Jno. Deane that he stands indebted to ye sd Abbot one thousand two hundred and five pounds of tob. & hath produst a bill of sixteen hundred pounds of tob & cask due to bee payd ye tenth of November next of ye which bill 1205 lbs. of tob. remain still unsatisfied. The sd Deane havinge confest a Judgment & that there remaines unsatisfied of ye sd bill one thousand two hundred and five.

The Court doth therefore Order that ye sd Deane shall make payment of one thousand two hundred & five pounds of tob. & cask to Capt. Robt. Vaughan, Attorney to ye sd Abbot, ye tenth of November next accordinge to ye tenor of ye sd bill with Court Charges els Execution.

Section 81. The deposition of Anne Gould, aged 23 years or thereabouts, taken in ye presence of Mr. Henry Carline the 30th of April 1656, sworne, examined & saith,

That ye night that Mr. Owines boat went adrifte hee came home allone, and sent his overseer to look after ye boat, soe that there was none left in ye house but Mr. Owines & your deponent, & presently after ye Overseer was gone hee pinch't & abused her, & threw her upon a bed, hee alsoe forst your deponent & had ye use of her bodie, which was much to your deponents grief, beeinge the custome of women was upon her, usinge often these expressions, what am I the better for thee, what ye plague doe I keepe thee for, & the like, & further your deponent affirmes that this disease that is upon her shee had it from Mr. Owines, & that till ye tyme shee received this abuse, shee was as well as ever in her liffe, which abuse was after hee received ye goods for her of Mr. Wickes; and further saith not.

Ibid Folio 123.

[*Note.*—The aforesaid Mr. Owines was a stranger in Kent, a Puritan, from Providence.]

Section 82. At a Court houlden for particular Occasions, at ye house of Mr. Philip Conner, Commander for the Countie, July the 5th 1656, present Mr. Philip Conner, Capt. Jo. Wickes, Mr. Tho. Hynson, Mr. Henry Morgan, Capt. Jno. Russell.

Whereas Mr. Henry Carline ye first of May last past was in open Court sworne to perform ye Office of a Sheriffe, truly & faithfully for sum present Occasion & not fully Established for want of Securitie; hee promisinge to bringe securitie for his place the next Court followinge, which was the first of July last past; Security by him then tendered, but in such manner, as could not with saftie be accepted. Securitie by ye sd Carline this day tendered, such as ye Court was pleased to accept.

The Court doth therefore Order that ye sd Henery Carline shall act & Officiate in ye place & office of a Sheriffe for this Countie of Kent, according to his Oath, and Charge, given him, ye first of May last past, beeing ye said first of May alsoe chosen & elected, & now upon his securitie, by ye Court accepted.

The Copie of the bond for securitie followeth.

Bee it Knowen unto all men by these presents that we and either of us Thomas Hawkins of Popler Island, & Thomas Coll of ye Countie of Providence doe bind & engage ourselves, our Heirs, Executors, Administrators or Assignes, Joyntly & severally in ye sume of fourtie thousand pounds of tobacco in cask, to save & keep harmless ye Court & Countie of Kent from all damadge, detriment or loss which shall any way be occasioned by Mr. Henery Carline, in ye office of a Sheriffe, without damadge to any person; And for confirmation hereof have hereunto put our hands & seales this 2d of July 1656.

THOMAS HAWKINS.
The mark Te of
THOMAS COLE.

Signed, sealed and delivered in ye presence of us.

PHILL SPRYE.
The mark I of
JOHN SALTER.

This is signed and seal'd & delivered in ye presence of Mr. Wm. Fuller.

Vera Copia Testis.

Fol. 122 THO. HILL, Clar.

Section 83. Delivered to Mr. Wm. Durand, Sec. for the Province, a Transcript of ye Courts proceedings from April 25th 1655 to ye last of February 1655; containinge all ye Court proceedings of Eleven Monthes; ye which Transcript was by ye Secretarie Received & accepted this 9th of July 1656.

Section 84. The following deposition alludes to a very early Meeting house (more probably of the Quakers than of the Puritans) if not the earliest within the Province of Maryland:

August, ye 12th 1656. The deposition of Mr. Thos. South, aged about 35 yrs. or thereabouts, taken in ye presence of Mr. Thomas Hynson (upon Kent) sworne, examined & saith,

That about March last your deponent & Ritchard Blunt bought a plantation of Mr. Thomas, at Severne, (that hee was then seated upon) as doth plainly appear, by a bill of sale, under Mr. Thomas his hand, The bounds of which land, Mr. Thomas made known to us by word of mouth, as followeth: Bounded one way with ye meetinge-house path, but he never understood that it exceeded that; And bounded like-wise to a valley, in ye way to Mr. Owines, where ye fence runs, & ye your deponent further saith, that to ye best of his knowledge, the point of land that ye Meeting-house stands upon was included in ye bargain; and further saith not. THO. SOUTH.

Section 85. At a Court houlden for Kent, September ye first 1656

Present—Mr. Tho. Ringgold
Mr. Tho. Hynson
Mr. Henery Morgan
Mr. Wm. Eliot.

(1.) William Price complaines agst Elizabeth Martin ye wife of Rob. Martin, that shee hath defamed him by callinge him Perjured Rogue: and brings his evidence.

The Deposition of Mr. Tho. Hill, aged 52 years or thereabouts, sworne, examined and saith,

That beeinge at the house of Rob. Martin a little before July Court last, Goodie Martin was enquiringe of an Oath that had lately been taken agst her by William Price & Tho. Reade & askt your deponent what it was that Price had taken his oath of agst her, & your deponent gave her this answer, His Oath was that you were in bedd with Henery Ashley; & hath this in it, you were in bedd together: she replied, Iff hee had taken such an Oath, hee was a Perjured Rogue, and *further* saith not. THO. HILL.

The deposition of Thos. South, aged 38 years or thereabouts, sworn examined & saith,

That your deponent being ye same tyme, affirmes ye same ve is exprest & deposed in ye former deposition, to the best of his knowledge, with this addition, that shee sayd Tom Reed sayes no such thinge, and further saith not. THOS. SOUTH.

The defendant doth acknowledge ye charge made by ye sd Price in his Complaint & that the twoe depositions prove that ye charge was true.

The Court doth therefore Order that the defendant shall pay to ye sd Wm. Price for ye reparation of his credit three hundred pounds of tob. in caske, or acknowledge her offence and aske ye plaintiffe forgives in open Court, & for a fine shall pay three hundred pounds of tobacco in caske for publick uses as ye Court shall think fitt, with Court charges, els execution.

(2.) John Deare doth acknowledge in Court that ye Cowe or Cattel that was his Sonne George's, hee hath received into his owne handes againe to & for ye use of his Sonne George, as it was before, ye which Cowe hee had formerly sould to George Croutch as may appear by a bill of sale, upon record, having date ye —th of —— soe that George Croutch had nothing left in his hands that beelonged to ye chible George Deare, but one bull Calfe, the which of right belongs to John Deare, beeinge a male.

Signed JOHN DEARE.
Test Nickcholus Pickard.

(3.) 7th Mo. 1. The deposition of Nicolus Pickard, aged 46 years or thereabouts, taken in ye presence of Wm. Eliot, sworne, examined & saith:

That whereas George Croutch was indebted to Mr. Nicolus Browne, foure hundred pounds of tob & cask, by bill & Mr. Browne hath appointed Capt. Vaughan to receive it, then Mr. Hynson came in ye very *Intream* & received ye hogshead of tobacco for Mr. Browne's use of ye aforesd bill of ye sd George Croutch and further saith not,

(38) NICHOLUS PICKARD.

☞ If a man be only true to himself it will be very difficult for others to overreach him.

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0011