The Chestertown Transc

VOL. XIV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1876.

TIME'S FICKLE TIDE.

'Twas a dreamy autumn day,
When wood and field were tinged with grey,
The world in quiet beauty lay;
A maid, in mute and mystic mood,
Had strayed into the grand old wood,
And there 'neath shadowing foliage stood.

The sun, bold, ardent, daring lover,
Had tinged her cheek with hue of clover,
And kissed to brown her fair face over.
A misty fragrance filled the air,
And now a sigh, and now a prayer,
On breath of flowers seemed wafted there.

A something, felt—not understood—
Foreshadowed ken of coming good,
Or dream of budding womanhood,
Came o'er her on that autumn day,
Perhaps was whispered by some fay
That through the woodland chanced to stray.

"Ah, me!" she sighed, "this world is fair!
I love this flower-perfumed air;
I love this forest, old and rare,
I love my home amid the trees,
With singing birds, and humming bees,
Yet, surely, life hath more than these!

"I live within this narrow sphere
With scarce a joy, or scarce a tear,
Day after day, year after year,
This great wide world I fain would see;
Oh, life, with thy deep mystery,
Reveal thy hidden paths to me."

Years came and went, the maiden's prayer
Ere grey had tinged her golden hair,
Found its fruition, full and rare.
Wealth came, on fortune's fickle tide;
She saw the world—its pomp and pride,
Its dens where want and woe abide.

She saw where vice, with hydra head,
Walks o'er the earth with giant tread,
And purity dies crushed and dead.
She moved in circles great and grand,
All love could give or wealth command
Was showered on her with lavish hand.

And yet, oft times, when all are gay,
She sighs, and weary, turns away
From all this empty, vain display.
And in her heart old memories rise;
And old-time visions dim her eyes,
Like a lost dream of Paradise.

Again she sees a forest grey,
A misty, dreamy autumn day:
And 'mid the sunlight's silver spray
A maiden stands with thoughtful air,
With nut-brown cheeks and golden hair,
Breathing, unheard, her simple prayer.

She sees, and breathes again a prayer:
"Ah me! That I once more might wear
That nut-brown cheek and golden hair!
Once more to feel the wild wind's kiss!
One hour of childhood's guileless bliss
Were worth a century of this!

Thus sail we o'er life's fitful sea,
Striving to solve its mystery;
Sighing, in vague uncertainty,
For some far-off, illumined goal,
Or some sweet ideal of the soul,
Till Time's dark waters o'er us roll.

OUR NEW SCHOOL MA'AM.

'Tell you what it is boys, we'll keep pretty civil for a day or two, and see what kind of stuff she is made of. She is a woman, you know, and we can't put her out of doors, as we did old Thompson last winter; nor can we give her such a thrashing as we did that Edwards, who came after Thompson; but as for being ruled by a woman, we will just show them trustees we won't do it.' As if to emphasize the words, handsome John Howard gave the door a fierce blow with the poker, and shook the heavy curls from the white forehead.

'That's so, John. The idea, any way, of their sending a woman to keep school for such great big boys as we are. I don't care how big she may be, I don't stand it.'

And Ed. Conger, looked as if he could do all he said.

The other boys were about agreeing to follow suit, when little Alice Bell came running in, saying that the school ma'am was coming with Mr Braddon.

'Remember, boys, be civil a day or two,' continued Howard, as a crimson dress and white apron made their appearance at the door.

Full forty pairs of eyes were bent on the new teacher, as she walk in and leisurely took off her gloves, unwound the fleecy white cloud from around he rosy face, hung her shawl on a nail, and then came to the stove; saying to Mr. Braddon, but looking at the group gathered around the stove—

'And these are the scholars then, are they?'

'Yes, Miss Tamer, and I hope that you will find them good scholars.'

'And they look as though they might be,' she said.

'Well children don't disappoint your teacher this winter. She expects great things of you,' and wishing good morning to her, he bowed himself out.

Immediately she took the school bell, and going to the door, rang it loudly, calling the scholars in and shool to order.

We had little time to say anything, but there was much head-shaking and many contradictory looks, as we went to our seats in a shuffling, disagreeable way, wondering what next would be done.

We expected an introductory lecture, such as our teachers had always opened with; but, without one word, she went to he satchel, took out a small pocket Bible (our school house did not contain such a book as that,) opened it, and began to read, in a clear, sweet voice, about the infant Jesus.

It was an unheard-of proceeding, and it kept every one of us perfectly still till the chapter was through, when to astonish us still more, she asked all of us who were willing, to fold our hands while she asked God's blessing.

In spite of ourselves, every scholar, from old to young, clasped their hands together in attitude of prayer, while our teacher, with bowed head and low, sweet voice, recited the Lord's prayer. I am afraid we forgot the purports of the words we were all so intent in watching her; but the example was the same. All day long we watched her, and did as we were bid, and when night came, the younger scholars, boys and girls, went home shouting and laughiug, tossing up their hats and baskets; for the school teacher had burned up all the sticks and rods that day, and how could she whip them hereafter!

'We will be careful and not need any whipping,' said the little peacemaker, Alice.

But we older ones got together to compare notes and resolve what should be the order of to-morrow.

'But how is any one going to do anything with such a morsel of humanity as she is?' growled Charley Simpkins in anything but good humor with himself.

'She is stouter, probably, for being small,' snapped Ed. Conger.

'Well Ed. there is one thing positive. She is a lady, and a lady has got to be respected.' Honest Barney Warwick's face glowed with admiration.

'You'er a fool Ben, and lose your heart for every pretty face,' returned Ed. Conger, crossly.

'Hush, boys, wait a day or two longer,' urged John Howard, 'We can't tell anything about Miss Tamer yet.'

And so, as John was the leader in all this, everything went on quietly for a week or two, when one day one of the boys wanting some question answered stepped up to the teacher, when she was near the stove, and calling her attention to what he wanted, dropped a handful of red pepper on the stove.

Some of the scholars knew what was coming, and anxiously watched her. I think she grew a shade paler for a moment for she was well aware of the school; then conquering her fears, she said cheerfully.

'Edward, I think you must have intentionally dropped this pepper on the stove just now.'

'No, I didn't,' he exclaimed angerly.

'Pardon me, Edward,' she answered 'I ought to have known that *you* would never have done such a thing.' It was said so kindly; and then she took the broom and brushed it all away before any of us began to sneeze. Shame was written on many a countenance, and many a scholar took up Miss Tamer's cause from that day. Only two or three held back, and they meant mischief; but she went on quietly, patiently waiting for what would happen next.

A week after this, there was a very stormy day. Only a few were at school, and all day long, John Howard and Ed. Conger whispered when the teacher was not looking, made noises with their feet, recited poor lessons; and all of this in such a way that she could not reprove them with seeming justice, had she any desire to so; but when she dismissed school at night, she requested them to remain a few moments.

They gave each other the wink, and smiled knowingly at the rest as they went out. And when the door closed, Miss Tamer came to them with her gentle, serious way, and laying a hand on theirs, said kindly:

'My dear young friends, do not think I came here to scold you and to treat you like children. You are old enough to be gentlemen, and your actions mark whether you are or not. I came here to try and teach all those that are willing to learn, and you, who are a whole head taller than I, know how futile would be an attempt to punish you, had I a desire to do so, which I have not, and I cannot think that you mean to do wrong, when I thought the first day of school, what good friends we would be before winter was gone. You don't know what need I have of you—what example you set before the younger scholars, and how much you help make a good or bad school, and—

'Miss Tamar, I will help you in the future; I will be good, I will;' and with tears in his eyes, handsome John Howard was conquered at last.

Honestly, too, John owned to his teacher, who he was beginning to love so much that he had never thought of it in that light before. He did not mean to be bad or wicked, he said; he did not want to be ruled or ordered around by anybody, he never had been.

'And I don't want to order or rule you,' she said, kindly; 'I only want you to do right, and your own good sense, with God's help, will teach you that, every day of your life. By and by you will hear people speak of your school in high terms, feeling that you help to make it so and that being one step upward, you can steadily go higher.

'I never had a father or mother to help me, Miss Tamer, and Uncle John is always so busy; but if you will forgive me all the trouble I have caused you this winter, I will be a man in the future!' The boy that had spoken before, was gone now and in his place stood this man of seventeen years, with the light of manhood stamped on his bright eyes and outstretched hand, clasping closely the small white fingers of his teacher in a bond a friendship and respect that never on earth would be broken. Ed. felt this, too, and the good in his nature was struggling with the evil. John seemed above and beyond him now—a being he was separated from. He looked at the small delicate woman before him, and remembered the red pepper. He could never forget how, before the school, she beg his pardon for accusing him of so ungentlemanly an action, when the scholars all knew he had done it; and a great lump in his throat kept choking him, as he thought how he had troubled and annoyed her in a thousand different ways, and, now as she turned from John to him, and looked with those great, loving eyes, now full of tears, into his face, his head bent over the desk, and his chin quivered with emotion.

He had not John's frank way to command him but his heart was in the right place, after all and the good triumphed at last.

He was thoroughly humbled, and when his teacher held out her hand to him, he grasped it firmly, and in a low, penitent voice, said:

'I am sorry for what I have done, but if you will forgive me, I shall try hard to be good.'

'God bless you in trying, dear Edward; may you and John live to be men that the world will be proud of.'

A new feeling, a sense of nobility in having a higher aim, prevaded their whole being, as they quickly and quietly covered the fire, put up the windows, that had been lowered during the day for ventilation, emptied the water pails, and waited for their teached to accompany them.

The scholars who had waited for the result of this interview with the ring-leaders of all the mischief, were astonished to see the trio come out together, Ed. locking the door and john carrying Miss Tamer's satchel, all of them smiling and apparently happy, the two boys being careful to go ahead and make a path through the light snow for their teacher to walk in.

The people said it was astonishing that their school was so nice and orderly, and all looked on with wonder that their children loved their teacher so. The parents began to see how it was accomplished, and the committee came with great dignity and complimented her on the good discipline, and the scholars on their good behavior, while every one showed how great was their reward for being good.—And now the great man of the place, Dr. John Reinett, John Howard's uncle, whom Miss Tamer had never seen, though she had often heard of him as the doctor the kind, efficient doctor that every one, both rich and poor, had a good word for, began to think he must find time to visit his nephew; and one noon John came heralding in his uncle, and in his own frank way presented him to his teacher, Miss Tamer.

For one moment the doctor looked at her in glad surprise, while her cheeks grew very pale. He then said, forgetting the eager faces around him:

'Anna, Anna Tamer, is it you who has been near me so long, and I have not known it, my poor darling.'

And he took the little hand in his own broad palm, and looked tenderly into the upturned wondering face.

'O, Henry is it you at last?' she asked faintly.

'Yes, Anna, and we have much to say to each other.'

The scholars stoutly maintained that the doctor himself kissed their teacher then. At all events the school was dismissed until the next morning and, before all the Mrs. Grundys in town, the Dr. Reinett walked home with Miss Tamar in broad daylight, leaving John filled with amazement, wondering what all the world was coming to.

After this, there was a happier light in Miss Tamer's eyes as she moved around the school-room, and little by little, the wondering people discovered that years ago, some four or five years before Anna Tamer was an orphan; she had known and been betrothed to Henry Reinett, who, to further pursue his study of medicine, went to London, and while he was there, Anna's parents moved West and died; and then the old story of lost letters, but never a thought that the other was not true. Some people say it was chance, but Anna says it was a kind overruling Providence that brought them together at last.

In the Spring, when Nature was donning her most beautiful robes, and blossoms were putting forth on the trees and shrubs, and scholars vied with each other in adorning with evergreens and flowers, the little white church under the hill where Anna Tamer early the next morning would come to go out no more. Over the altar was arrange, in white flowers and evergreens, the motto, 'God bless our beloved teacher.' Before the door and half way down the walk, was an evergreen arch, on the top of which, arranged in white flowers, were these words, 'Our beloved Anna,' while as they come out of church, they read, 'Our happy Docter and his wife.'

Anna's heart was full to overflowing. She had been very sad and lonely since four years ago, when her parents died, and she had waited long for him she loved, but she had waited patiently, for she knew God would make all things right, and her faith never faltered.

Now, as the looked into the manly face of her lover, and saw his glances of tenderness, his countenance beaming with happiness, looked around her and saw the testimonials of her scholar's love, she felt that she had received an exceedingly great reward.

Years have passed since that day when Anna Tamer became Anna Reinett, and in a city where her husband and herself are known and honored, she sits in a cozy room in one of those cheerful little villas that we all admire so much, and reads to her husband, who, in dressing-gown and slippers, lounges in an easy chair near her, with his feet on the fender, of the admiration and honor that the Hon. John Howard receives from the people of his State.

'Yes, Anna, and I am proud of my namesake, but you found his incentive for him.'

'I don't know, Henry; Edward Conger as well as John, was born with a fortune in store for him; only Edward chose to win his greatness in treading the path of the meek and lowly Jesus. I hear that he has become known for his eloquence in the pulpit, and his single-heartedness in every day life.'

'They are different men from what their boyhood promised,' replied the doctor.

'The seed of goodness was in their hearts from the first. I shall always think of that winter in Clinton as one of the happiest in my life.'

'Mine too, dear Anna, for had it not been for you, Dr. J. H. Reinett's sign would never have been seen out of Clinton, and I should have missed the loving little face that is my sunshine and blessing always.'

A Pair of Misers.—Guy, the founder of the noble hospital in London which bears his name, was a bookseller. He was so complete a pattern of parsimony that the famous miser, Vulture Hopkins, once called upon him to crave a lesson on the art of saving. Being introduced into the parlor, Guy, as it was in the evening, and dark, lighted a candle. Hopkins said:

'Sir, I always thought myself perfect in the art of getting and husbanding money. But as I am informed you far exceed me, I have taken the liberty of waiting upon you, to be satisfied upon that subject.'

'Oh, sir,' said Guy, 'if that be all your business, we can as well talk it over in the dark.' Having thus said, he put out the candle. This was enough for the Vulture. He took his leave at once.

A Felonious Goat.—She testified before the magistrats that 'dot pilly goats shoost was a s-vell, I vas vashing by some clodings of a pig tub, und dem goats coom up behind und—vell, shoge, I dont ken told you dot vas. I feel someding pehind my pack, und shumped over der tub und sthand me on my head up mit dot tub's pottom up, und der clodings exhilt shoost like me, und dem gotes vink at me mit von eyes und vag his tails of mine face, und vaik out by his pehind legs like a man, und I can't sit me down cood any more already.'

The goat was fined one (s)cent which he left Behind

Charm of Flowers.—Flowers seem intended for the solace of ordinary humanity. Children love them; quiet, tender, contented, ordinary people love them as they grow; luxurious and disorderly people rejoice in them gathered. They are the cottager's treasure; and in the crowded town, mark, as with a little broken fragment of rainbow, the windows of the workers, in whose hearts rest the covenant of peace. To the child and the girl, to the peasant and manufacturing operative, to the grisette and the nun, the lover and monk, they are precious always.

☞ Roger M. Sherman was arguing a case, and made a point which the Judge did not at once see.

"Mr. Sherman," said he, "I would thank you to state the point so that I can understand you."

Bowing politely, Sherman replied in his blandest manner:

"Your honor is not probably aware of the task you are imposing on me.'

Sugar Cured Hams.—A good recipe is to rub the hams with fine salt and sugar and lay them in a dry place. After five or six days tub again, putting on some new salt, as the old becomes dry and does not penetrate. At the end of eight or nine days apply the salt again. Use sugar only at the first rubbing. Keep the salt on them until the shanks look white and the skin draws down tight; when this is the appearance the hams are ready to smoke.

Lemon Pies.—Two cups of sugar, the juice and grated rind of two lemons, four tablespoonfuls of flour stirred in a little cold water, then pour on one and a half cups of boiling water, add two well beaten eggs, and butter the size of an English walnut. Bake with or without an upper crust, according to fancy. They are nice spread with frosting.

☞ A witness in a late divoice suit kept saying that the wife had a very retaliating disposition; that she retaliated for every little thing.

'Did you ever see her husband kiss her?' asked the wife's counsel.

'Yes, sir, often!'

'Well, what did she do on such occasions?'

'She always retaliated, sir.'

MARRYING AN EDITOR.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Peter Snow, an editor's wife. I well remember the day when Mr. Snow asked me to become his wife. I confess I liked Mr. Snow, and, thinking it would be a very fine thing to be the wife of an editor, said yes, as pretty as I knew how, and became Mrs. Snow. I have seen ten years of married life, and find my husband to be an amiablo, good natured man. He always spends his evenings at home, and is in that respect a model man; but he always brings a pile of exchanges, which is only limited by the length of his arms, and reads, while I patch the knees and elbows of pantaloons and coat. After we have had a Quaker meeting of about an hour's length, I break the silence by asking:

"Mr. Snow, did you order that coal I spoke to you about?"

"What did you say, my dear?" he asks after a few moments' silence.

"Did you order that coal I spoke to you about?"

"Indeed, my dear, I'm sorry, but I forgot all about it. It shall come to-morrow."

Another's hour's silence, which is relieved by the baby's crying, and rather liking to hear a noise of some sort, I make no effort to quiet him.

"My dear," says Mr. Snow, after he had cried a minute or so, "you had better give the baby some catnip tea to quiet him, he troubles me."

The baby is still; another hour passes without a breath of noise. Becoming tired of silence I take a lamp and retire for the night, leaving Mr. Snow so engaged with his paper that he does not see me leave the room. Towards midnight he comes to bed, and just as he has fallen to sleep the baby takes a notion to cry again. I rise as quietly as possible, and try to still him. While I am walking the room with a Snow in my arms, our next—a boy of three years—begins to scream at the top of his lungs. There is no other course but to call Mr. S., so I call out:

"Mr. Snow! Mr. Snow!"

"The third time he starts up, and replies:

"What! Tim, more copy?"

As though I was Tim, that little imp running about the office, I reply, rather tartly:

"No I don't want any more copy; have had enough of that to last me my lifetime; I want you to see what Tommy is crying about."

Mr. Snow makes a desperate effort to rouse himself; as Tommy stops to take a breath, he falls asleep again, leaving me to pace the room in as much vexation as I can comfortably contain. The next morning at breakfast when I give Mr. Snow an account of last night's adventure, he replies:

"Indeed, my dear, I am very sorry the children troubled you."

This is always the way. If I complain it is "indeed, my dear, I am very sorry."

But should the very same thing occur the subsequent night, directly before his eyes, very likely he would not see or know anything about it, unless it happened to interrupt his train of ideas. Then he would propose catnip tea; but before I can get it into the infant's stomach, he will be far away into the realm of thought, leaving me not a little vexed at his stupidity.

Mr. Snow knows the nature of every paper published in England and the United States, but he cannot, for the life of him, tell the name of his children. He knows precisely the years of every American journal, but he does not know the age of his own baby. He knows how every contributor looks, but I do not believe he can tell whether my eyes are black or blue.

They say Mr. Snow is getting rich. All I know is, he gives me money to clothe our boys, and that, too, without a complaint of poverty. I hope the world is right in opinion, and when I am satisfied it is, I shall advise him to resign his editorial honors, and spend a few months in becoming acquainted with his wife and children. The little ones will feel much flattered in making the acquaintance of so literary a man.

☞ A Frenchman, having heard the phrase, 'I've got other fish to fry,' very readily learned its application. One evening, after escorting a young lady home, and being invited to walk in, he thought of the above expression, and excused himself by saying, 'I tank you—I must go cook some other fish.'

☞ The fashion of throwing an old slipper after the carriage of a newly-married couple is supposed to mean that the chances of matrimony are very slippery.

☞ Always save the earliest and best seeds for your own use, by so doing for years, the quality may be greatly improved and early ripening will be hastened.

☞ The gardener who hung an old coat out to frighten birds away, and afterward found a young brood in one of the pockets, writes asking another remedy.

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Old Kent.

Notes Illustrative of the Early Records

OF

KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND,

BY

GEORGE A. HANSON, M. A

7th Mo. first 1656. The deposition of Mr. Thomas Hynson, aged 35 years or thereabouts, taken in ye presence of Mr. Wm. Eliot, sworne, examined and saith,

That ye deponent beeinge appointed by Mr. Nicholus Browne to goe to George Croutch to remove a hogshead of Tob, (which Croutch owed him) if Captain Vaughan had not received it before, & when your deponent came there, hee found ye sd Croutch paying ye tob. to Capt. Vaughan, but your deponent havinge Order from Mr. Browne to receive it, Capt. Vaughan & George Croutch were both very willinge that your deponent should receive it; & soe he did, George Croutch then demanded his bill of your deponent, & certified him, that hee had not ye bill but said thus to ye sd . . . if you will goe with mee to Mr. Browne you shall have in your bill, or Mr. Browne shall acknowledge so much received as ye hogshead containes; And shortly after wee went to Mr. Browne & Nicolus Pichord with us, & Mr. Browne did before us all three acknowledge ye receipt of a hogshead of tob in part of ye aforesd bill, & said there was a part behind & that ye bill was not wholly satisfied & that what was behind was but a small parcell & further saith not.

THOS. HINSON.

(4) 7th Mo. 9th 1656. The deposition of Wm. Price, taken in ye presense of Mr. Thos. Hynson, aged 30 years or thereabouts, sworne, examined & saith:

That your deponent in June last or thereabouts, went to Mr. Hatton's at Siverne (& had in his companye John Salter, Jno. Ringold & Thos. Hinson) to lay out a hogshead or twoe of tob. to buye necessaries, for his use; & he asked for soape & women's shoes & there beeinge none to be had, your deponent, & ye rest that were in his company, went to Mr. Utie's store, & Mr. Utie went into ye store house door, & your deponent saw Jno. Salter handlinge & cheaperinge of a hat, & ye hats lay upon a box that was halfe open, & about halfe full of soap, & as one hand was upon ye hats hee slid ye other downe, into ye box, which made your deponent suspect hee might take sume soap out of ye box, & commit ge out of ye store your deponent look upon his pocket, & saw it moist, & your deponent askt him what hee had got in his pocket, & hee answered "I tould Mr. Utie my wife was at great want of soap & hee verie kindly gave me a piece," & pulled it out of his pocket & showed it him & it it was a small cake of soap & further saith not.

Signed WM. PRICE.

7th Mo. 9th 1656. The deposition of Jno. Ringold, taken in ye presence of Mr. Thos. Hynson, aged 20 years or thereabouts, sworne, examined & saith:

That your deponent beeinge in ye company of Jno. Salter, Wm. Price & Thos. Hinson; Price had occasion to goe to Mr. Hatton's store to lay out a hogshead or twoe of tob. but Mr. Hatton not having such necessaries as Price wanted, wee went to Mr. Utie's store to gett some soap & your deponent spoke to Mr. Utie for soape, & his answer was that his brother had denied divers gentlewomen in that place of soape, & there was little possibilitie of having any. Salter also made a great complaint for soap to Mr. Utye & tould him his "wife had none to wash his linnen," & Mr. Utie goinge into ye store brought forth a pair of shoes, that were spoke for, & Salter seeinge ye store door open went in & went to a parcell of hattes, that lay upon a soap-chest, & was cheapeninge one, Mr. Utie & mee beeinge come to him into the store; & your deponent seeinge ye out side of his pocket & saw a cake of soape, at that present, in his pocket, beefore they went out of ye store-house, & further saith not.

Folio 124. JOHN RINGGOLD.

Section —. Know all People that I Thomas Hawkins of nomeny, in the county of Westmoreland, for certain consideration me thereunto moving and also a considerable value in hand received before the assigning hereof have sold and by these presents do bargain and sell unto Seath Foster, his heirs, executors, administrators or assigns the one half of Poplies Island and also the one half of my land upon the Isle of Kent unto him & his heirs, forever, with all the right and title that I my heirs or assignes have there for the one half of the Premises, for the more security and content that the Patent or Patents bee made in both our names, the said Seath Foster paying for the one half of the Surveying or Patents or what charges shall be disbursed for the securing of the said Land, and moreover We

(1.) plaines ... in an ... Ward ... one ... was ... with ... sd Ward, Ward, ... thereof to ... men to ... denied, ... not only ... market.

The ... aged 36 ... presence ... saith:

That ... course ... that ... his house, ye ... ent, that ... should not ...

The deposition ... aged 24 years ... presence of ye Court, ... saith:

That ye ... which is ... former taken ... & further saith ...

Signed ...

Mr. Ward ... Court, which ye ...

(2.) Mr. Tho. ... Calloway, in an Action ... sd Calloway condition ... last yeare; but failinge ... of his conditions; the ... broadnox ... his Action for a yeare's ... good ... next ye ...

The deffendant ... his defence as followe ...

The deposition of ... aged 36 years or thereabo ... presence of ye Court, swo ... & saith,

That being at ye house of M ... nox about January last, Mr. B ... desired y'r deponent to write a Co ... between Anthony Calloway and hi ... tyme, but had spoke to ye depo ... divers ... before to ye same purpo ... And of writ ... reof your deponent ... Arrest ye sd Calloway ... Deane for ye performan ... ye suit of J ... service which hee had made ... fore, and ye said Anthony being ... put his hand to ye condition ... twixt Mr. Broadnox and himself formerly mentioned; after hee was arrested, the sd Anthony desired he might speak with Jno. Deane first; Mr. Broadnox replied again, hee might put his hand to it without any questions, for if Deane have you by order of Court then I cannot have you.

Liber A. Folio 125.

SECTION 36. A.

State of Maryland,

Kent County, set:

I hereby certify that the aforegoing extracts, contained in Old Kent, written by Col. George A. Hanson, of Radcliffe Hall, Kent Co., Md., and embraced within the following sections, viz: Section I., section 3 A., section 5 B., section 8. section 36 B., section 36 C., section 36 D., and within all the *unlettered* sections, from section 59 to section 86, both included, are true and correct extracts from the Court Proceedings and the Land Record Books of Kent County aforesaid.

SEAL. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affix the seal of the Circuit Court for Kent County, on this sixteenth day of August, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and seventy-five.

D. C. BLACKISTON, Clerk.

SECTION 36. B.

State of Maryland,

Kent County, set:

I, William Stevens, Register of Wills in and for said county, do hereby certify that the extracts contained in Old Kent, written by Col. George A. Hanson, of Radcliffe Hall, Kent Co., Md., and embraced within the following sections, viz: section 36 F., and section 59 G., and correct extracts from the ... my office.

In testimony ... unto set my ... seal of my ... day of August, A. D. ...

WILLIA ...

(39)

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