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From the New York Observer.

SAFE.

My bright and beautiful boy has gone—
Is this the end of a life so fair?
Shall I hear no more his loving tone?
Shall I watch no more his talents rare?

Nearly a year has passed away,
Each moment marked by bitterest pain?
Week after week, and day after day,
Do I wearily long for my darling again.

Let me think of him just as he looked to me,
With his soft brown eyes and waving hair,
Hair that I dearly loved to tend,
Brushing it back from his forehead fair.

I cannot think that his twelve short years,
Happily passed on earth with me,
Have finished the life so pure and true,
So full of promise, so glad and free.

In my Father's house, by my Saviour's side,
Shall his genius blossom rich and rare,
And my beautiful gifted, sainted child
Shall become more pure and sweet and fair.

Safe in a home of perfect love,
More tenderly cared for than when with me,
His music now blending with that above—
I am glad that my treasure is safe with Thee.

Safe from earth's sorrows and pains and tears,
Safe from the grief that is rending my heart,
Safe from ambition and strivings and fears:
My boy has surely the better part.

KNOWLEDGE.

READ BEFORE THE TEACHERS' COUNTY ASSOCIATION IN NOVEMBER LAST, BY MISS HELEN POWER.

Looking back over the past centuries of the world's history to the dark ages, before the light of Christianity had dispersed the mists of superstition and ignorance, is like wandering down a long avenue such as might have belonged to some stately baronial castle of olden times.

Near us the sunlight lies bright upon the turf, the birds sing merrily, and there is a faint murmer as the summer breezes wander amid the branches of the grand old trees, sweet as the chords of an Æolian harp; while beyond the sunlight fades, shadows gather and deepen, and the long vista grows narrower in the distance, until crooked and gnarled arms of primeval forest trees meet over the narrow pathway.

And there, where the grass grows wild and rank, where the yellow water lily lies motionless on the bottom of some sunless pool, and snakes and other noisome reptiles creep in and out, there the mists gather, twilight fades, and we grope amid the shadows of night. If this be a true comparison, if this picture gives any idea of the world's progress, and the march of intellect down the avenue of Time; if the 19th, century is to be likened to the brightness of noonday, and bygone ages to the shadows of night; if we are so much better and more enlightened than our forefathers, and have excelled in arts and science of which they knew comparatively nothing, why all this doubt and cavilling? Why do so many ridicule the idea of the world's being better or wiser than it was three thousand years ago? Why do some say it has degenerated in morals, and often reading the details of some shocking murder in the daily papers, sigh to think that there is so much more vice and wickedness now than there was even fifty years ago? They talk too of divisions in the church as if it were a new evil forgetting that even in St. Paul's day, dissensions had crept in unawares.

When we speak of our modern improvements, they remind us of the wonderful road of the Andes, of the Appian way, and of ancient aqueducts that will remain when our modern reservoirs have crumbled into dust. When we speak of our beautiful cities with their magnificent churches and public edifices, and pride ourselves that we have carried architecture almost to perfection, they point back to ancient Rome and Athens, or farther still through the past to Thebes and Babylon, and bid us contrast our style of architecture with theirs if we dare.

All these cities have lost their former splendor; Rome with her ruined palaces, and Athens with her Pantheon and Acropolis, bereft of power, stand to-day mere monuments of departed grandeur. Of the others, little remains save here and there a broken column of exquisite workmanship over which the sand has drifted for ages, or the remains of solid masonry on which vegetation has grown and the weather stains of untold centuries have gathered; but enough still remains, we *well know*, to make them a source of wonder and admiration to all beholders. If we boast of our sculptors and painters they remind us of the old masters, and bid us compare Raphael, Michael Angelo and Titian with our modern artists; or digging down amid the ruins of some ancient temple, bring to the light of day a faultless face and form sculptured in marble, which has been lost to the world perhaps two thousand years. When we speak of our mathematicians, they recall the fact that we owe to the ancient Arabians the fundamental principles of mathematics, and if recovering from these repeated shocks to our wounded pride, we venture to assert that our historians and scientific men are at least superior to any of ancient celebrity we are confronted with Plato, Aristotle, Socrates, Josephus, Pliny and others until we are afraid even to *whisper* the names of Webster, Pitt, or Clay lest we should hear of the eloquence of Demosthens and Cicero: and really we begin to think that we must be degenerating instead of rising in the pale of civilization, that we are merely imitators, not inventors, and we are ready to exclaim in the words of the wise king, "The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be, and that which is done, is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the sun."—But reviewing the history of the past I find there was a time when navigators were afraid to venture out on the broad ocean; although they were not without ships, or even without the mariner's compass; for *it* was improved by Flavio Gioia at Naples as early as the beginning of the 14th century, and had been known to the Chinese and Arabians much earlier. Tradition even says that the ancient Egyptians were expert navigators, and some historians not knowing how to account for the aborigines of Mexico and Peru, think it possible, they may have made voyages to America at a very early date, but although it is said that a party of explorers from Egypt once sailed entirely around Africa from the isthmus of Suez to the point opposite on the Mediterraneau, we have no proof that they ever did more than carry on a coasting trade with other nations; and there is no doubt that ships even in the time of Columbus were far inferior to those of the present day, and in no way fitted for long sea voyages even had the art of navigation been fully understood. Once it required twelve months to make a voyage to and from Australia, which can now be performed in one third of the time; and even crossing the Atlantic, which is now a matter of little moment on an ocean steamer, was a perilous voyage of many weary weeks not fifty years ago. Once, different sections of the same country were as widely separated for want of means of communication as if oceans rolled between, where now may be heard the steamboat's whistle, and the shriek of the locomotive. Once official messages were sent in sealed packets by special messengers who were often obliged to take long and perilous journeys for this purpose; now Queen Victoria may converse with Bismark by telegraph, or send a message to the President of the United States by the ocean cable, and receive an answer in less than half an hour. And there was a time too when books were but dingy parchment few in number and sacredly kept from the public gaze, while *now* in every enlightened country, they are the intellectual food of the nation.

Thus we see that three great inventions, the application of steam, the electric telegraph, and the art of printing, all of which have been introduced within the last five hundred years, have revolutionized the world by bringing all nations, and people, and tongues into contact, and diffusing knowledge to almost every part of the habitable globe. We find too by a careful review of the past that arts, science, and inventions, which originated in thought only with one generation, were wrought out crudely in a second, and perfected perhaps in a third, and that we owe many of the comforts and luxuries we now enjoy, as well as our religious privileges to the labors and sacrifices of our forefathers. As the sun of science declined in the East it began to rise in the West, and the Crusades in which nearly every Christian nation of Europe joined, although productive of much bloodshed in the vain attempt to wrest the holy sepulchre from the infidels, were the means of introducing into Europe many sciences which had been hitherto unknown. To the Saracens for instance, Europe is indebted for her first knowledge of Algebra, Astronomy, and Geometry, and they probably obtained them from the Arabians or some other people of the East.

Nations may rise to the zenith of power, and then gradually sink into obscurity; governments may be overthrown, cities may lose their splendor and fall to decay; individuals may retrograde; and of all these things we have numerous illustrations in history—but the world at large moves on.

Countries in the East which once possessed unlimited power, have lost their place among nations; but the day of civilization which began to dawn for Western Europe about the time of the fall of the Roman Empire, has reached its noonday splendor, and where the mighty rivers of the New World once flowed amid trackless forests and prairies, cities have sprung up, and a busy people who rank high among the enlightened nations of the earth, have come to possess the land. But of the word's progress in a moral aspect I would not forget to speak. Christianity has been the great elevator of mankind; light, liberty, and immortality have been brought to light through the gospel, and whether Christians or not, we all to a certain degree reap its benefits if we live in a Christian land. Wherever Christianity has spread, woman has been elevated to her proper sphere; wherever it has not found its way, she remains what she was in remote ages, a being created merely for man's pleasure, his plaything, or his slave. Compare the lot of our American women with the Hindoo wife burning herself on the husband's funeral pyre, with the closely veiled female of the East whose highest ambition is to rule a queen in some Turkish harem, with the beautiful women of Circassia so often sold by their own parents, or even with the Armenian maiden who is never allowed to speak above a whisper after she is married.

It is said, by the way, that there is never any quarrelling in Armenian households, although a father and four or five married sons may be living under one roof in true patriarchal style as is the custom in Armenia, and I suppose this arises from the fact that no woman was ever known to quarrel in a whisper. American women, however, have enjoyed their liberty so long that it is doubtful whether such a law could be enforced here now at the point of the bayonet. And not only is the condition of the female sex improved, but there is a marked improvement in the condition of the masses.—Once the king's will was the law of the land, and the people were mere tools in the hands of unscrupulous rulers, while *now*, the working classes have a wide influence, and a voice in all things pertaining to their own peace and prosperity.—There is want, and sin, and oppression enough in the world in our day, but we have no Coliseum in our modern cities, no gladiatorial combats, no Spanish Inquisitions, and among our sovereigns no Herods, or Neros, or Caligulas. Such a monster as Nero in the 19th century would be treated as a madman, but in those days cruelty seemed to be the prerogative of kings, even though some of their rulers were good and humane men, and wicked kings were allowed to exercise it with impunity. Knowledge! the very name fills me with odd fancies, and I find myself thinking of that fabled drink the elixir vitae, and of long bearded seers who once held midnight vigils in lonely castles, and wore away the last years of life in a fruitless search for it; until they lost all need of companionship, all love for their fellow creatures, all capacity for enjoyment, until vast patrimonies were wasted, erect figures bent and steps once firm became feeble and slow, and nothing was left of life but solitary, decrepid age. But, strange as it may seem, as some men seeking power, or gold, or adventure have made discoveries which were of incalculable value to mankind, even so chemical experiments made by scientific men while trying to find the elixir of life, led to many important discoveries which have been improved by succeeding generations, and used so generally that few remember their origin now, or care to inquire it.—Many inventions have been transmitted from one age to another while even the name of the inventor is forgotten; and this is not surprising when we remember that the names of many modern inventors remain in obscurity although their inventions are in general use, and add much to our happiness and comfort. In rainy weather we walk about through mud and water dry-shod without one thought of gratitude towards poor Charles Goodyear, who baked and boiled and stewed India-rubber so many years, until his own means and all that his friends and patrons would advance were exhausted, and he was called a lunatic for his pains, in the vain attempt to find out how to harden this valuable gum so that it would not melt or grow sticky in warm weather. The discovery was made at last, but even then his prospects were but little improved, and he died, leaving his family unprovided for.

We have all heard much of the patience of Job, but who was ever known to say a word in commendation of Mrs. Charles Goodyear, who besides the care of a husband and a large family of children, had to struggle with poverty and the fumes of India-rubber from year to year while the baking, boiling and stewing process went on. It *is* well that "tis not in this world Heaven's justice ends."

How familiar we are with the well known maxim "knowledge is power," and yet how little do we realize its truth, or the stupendous meaning of these simple words.

What a land ours might be if the boys of America would make this motto their watchword, provided they did not forget that knowledge, no matter how great, without principles of justice and honor will never bring lasting happiness or fame. Knowledge *is* power, but power is a dangerous thing whether vested in an individual or a nation, because so few know how to wield it well: still, it is essential in a measure to all progress, and therefore greatly to be desired.

Some lives are like a sluggish pool lying deep in the shadow of a primeval forest where the water is never ruffled by even a passing zephyr, and the sunlight seldom finds its way, which lies quiet and content while the days come and go, the seasons change, and years go by, without thinking or caring, or knowing aught of the outside world with its merry brooks, its rapid rivers, or the great restless ocean beyond; and thus some men pass through life without an aim, without a high or noble aspiration, content to remain just where Providence has placed them without *one* effort towards elevation or improvement.

Ambition whose sole aim is self aggrandizement is not only dangerous to the possessor, but injurious to all who come within its influence, but there is a noble ambition which should animate us all, a desire to be good and useful, honorable and true in the highest and best position in life attainable by honest means and patient, untiring effort; and America is the land where heaven-born talent unsupported by high birth and influence may find its true sphere of action. All cannot rise to eminence, nor is eminence always to be desired, but there is at least an honorable and useful career opened to every boy in America, and to the female sex, new fields of usefulness are being opened yearly. It is a well known fact that most of our great men have risen from the humblest walks of life, and their example should be an incentive to others, but let those endowed with energy, with intellect, with eloquence, with inventive genius, beware into what channels they turn their talents. Let them beware to what end they apply such gifts; for that which in the hands of some is a blessing to humanity, in the hands of others, blasts like a deadly upas tree; and by contrasting the inventions of Morse, Fulton and Stephenson with that of Guillot the French physician who invented the guillotine, we have a good illustration of this. Fulton was not the first to attempt to propel a boat by steam, and Morse and Stephenson were not the originators of the electric telegraph and the steam engine, but they were the *first* to bring them into practical use as a means of communication and travel. The guillotine is the oldest of these four inventions, having been introduced into Paris during the French Revolution with terrible results; indeed, there are so many horrible events connected with its introduction that the mind revolts instinctively from the use of it, even when capital punishment is necessary, so that although there are criminals in every land, it remains to *this* day purely a French institution, while locomotives, steamboats and telegraph wires are used all over Europe, as well as America, and France herself is said to have the finest railway system in the world.—The lives of such men as Voltaire, Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold convey a solemn warning to the young as being instances of talent misapplied, and brilliant career blighted by the want of honor and rectitude of character. But there are other lives of heroic men and noble women which teach as the beauty of truth honor, and virtue; of heroism and self sacrifice, though they themselves may have slept in the dust for centuries. I might speak of Martin Luther, but the name of the great reformer alone, recalls so much we have heard and read of his life that further words are useless; or I might tell you of a man who never wore a coronet, who was not an inventor, a writer, an orator, or a poet, but simply a quiet unassuming gentleman who by divesting himself of enormous wealth during his lifetime for the sake of suffering humanity; wealth which he had gained himself by earnest persevering efforts, and reducing himself to comparative poverty, gained an influence unawares over the hearts and minds of men greater than wealth can bestow. Examples might be multiplied; but I will refer to only one more, a man too noble for sordid ambition whose great aim was the good of the nation, who casting aside more than kingly power, left the proudest station a grateful nation could bestow, and withdrew to private life. *His* name I need not add, it is familiar in every household, and the world will not let it die.

There is something in goodness, in heroism and self sacrifice which is felt by the most thoughtless if not the most depraved, and which is remembered when mere abstract learning, bravery, or power is forgotten; but when we see power, wisdom, and goodness all combined, we pause to wonder and admire, and after mature reflection, we can see, just how the lives of some men have been moulded by a controlling influence, which proceeds from a knowledge of God, the great Ruler of the universe as always exercising love and care for his creatures, and of themselves as accountable to Him for every action; which is the only knowledge that can teach men to conquer *self*, and to rise superior to the evil influences abounding on every side. So when we try to impress upon the young that *knowledge is power*, we should urge them first to seek that wisdom which alone can enable them to walk safely over the quicksands of life; and *then* all knowledge of temporal things will add to their well-being for *time* and for *eternity;* for as the sun sinks behind the wooded hills of our Western continent at the close of a short winter day, leaving a mellow radiance in the evening sky, only to rise again in morning splendor over the lovely isles of the Pacific where the spices grow, and flowers bloom in a land of perpetual summer, even so, the close of a well spent life here, is but the beginning of a new existence in an eternal world, more beautiful than the brightness of the morning.

☞ A hundred years ago four newspapers were published in New York, the *Royal Gazetteer*, organ of the British authorities, the *Mercury*, the *Constitutional Gazette*, and the *New York Journal*, the organ of the Sons of Liberty, published by John Holt, who at one time was compelled to take groceries and other goods in exchange for his paper.

☞ As old Mr. —— heaved the last scuttle of four tons of coal into his cellar, he was heard to remark: "If they had been boys instead of girls, it wouldn't have been thus. One ton would last all Winter.

☞ A correspondent wants to know the best way to become a literary man. Well, the quickest way is for him to make a short voyage to sea. He will very likely become a contributor to the Atlantic.

Barbers are well informed on coming events.

☞ Common sense—Pennies.

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

At the November Court, 1671, John Ringgold was appointed Overseer of the High-ways for Chester Hundred and Philip Thomas for the Lower Hundred.

From the short Register of Burials upon Folio 57. it appears that Robert Dunn "dyed on ye 12th of May 1676," and that Alice, daughter of Joan Dunn, dyed the 9th day of August 1678.

1674.

SECTION 96. Liber C. skips over the period between the Court's session of November 1671 and that of August 1675. In 1865 I made a note of the following extract from Liber E., which will show who were the Commissioners in 1674, and at the same time illustrate the manners of the times.

Liber E. is now lost.

At a Court houlden for ye County of Kent, September ye 28th, 1674,

Present—Mr. Thomas South
Mr. Joseph Wickes
Mr. James Ringold
Mr. John Hinson
Mr. William Lawrence
Commissioners.

The Complaint of William Drake, servant to Mr. John Wells.

To the worshipfull Justices of ye peace, Commissioners for said County, or to any or either of them. The humble petition of William Drake, sorvant to Mr. John Wells, showeth yt the sd John Wells your petitioner's master, have severall times abused by giving of me unlawfull correction, by tying my two handwrists together, hanging me up to ye gunne racks, and whipped me without mercy giving me at least one hundred blowes upon my bare skin. And let me hang so long, by the handwrists upon ye sd Gunn Racks, yt ye blood started through and out of my fingers and all my hands pealed, and his chiefest ayme was to strike me upon my members, when he was whipping of me. After he commanded me to goe with him into ye wood along with him; which I did, accordingly, to his desire, and when he had me there he was so unmercifull in beating of me, that, he broke a hycory stick all in pieces—severall other matters I could alege, but loath to be tedious, wherefore your humble petitioner desires yt your worshs. will take it into youer wise consideration and think upon my misery, I doe endure, and your poor servant will pray for you, &c.

A true copy.

CHARLES BANKES, Clk.

Hance Hanson, aged 28 yeares, sworne in open Court, saith yt John Wells stript his servant, William Drake, about ye spring of ye yeare & bound him crosshanded & so hung him on ye Gunn Racks, & he was hung up so high yt his toes touched ye ground, & there the said Wells gave his sd servant fifty lashes upon his naked body, and furthermore your deponent spoke to James Curlew to speak to Mr. Robert Wells to take away ye whipp out of his hands for he thought he had enough, & yt sd. Mr. Wells tould me your deponent, with his own mouth, that he had basted him, afterwards, in the wood, & further saith not.

HANNCE HANSON.

1675.

SECTION 97. Now I return to Liber C.

At a Court holden for ye County of Kent, December ye 7th 1675, and adjourned untill ye 9th day of December.

Present—Mr. Joseph Wickes
Mr. James Ringgold
Mr. Jno. Hynson
Mr. Henry Hosier,
Commissioners.

Mr. Cornelius Comegys was appointed "Overseer for ye highways of Langford's Bay Hundred and yt he make cleare a road from Richard Joanes his house to Swan Creeke road according to Act of Assembly, which road is to bee tenn (10) foot wide, & yt sufficient bridges be made in ye sd Roade, passable for horse & foot, if need require."

Jno. Dabb was appointed Overseer of the High-ways for the Upper Hundred, Isaac Winchester for the Lower Hundred, and ordered "yt ye old roads, yt were repaired ye last yeare be all cleared & made good from Mr. Joseph Wickes house to Swan Creek roade,"

James Stoup recordeth his mark of Cattle and Hoggs w'ch is a Cropp & a slitt on ye right eare, & a Cropp & an under-keile on ye Left.

Charles Banckes recordeth his marke of Cattle & Hoggs, w'ch is a swallow forke on ye left eare & an under-kield & an over-kield on ye right eare.

Dec. ye 8th 1675.

Hance Hanson recordeth his mark, a swallow forke on ye left eare & a Croppe & two slitts on ye Right.

SECTION 96. A. Cornelius Comegys came to Kent county, Maryland, about the year 1670. By the Act of Assembly of 1672, chapter xxix, he and his whole family were naturalized. The title of the Act is, "The humble petition of Hans Hanson, Cornelius Comegys, the elder, Millimenty Comegys, his Wife, Cornelius Comegys the younger, Elizabeth Comegys, William Comegys, and Hannah Comegys their children." (See Bacon's Laws of Maryland.)

They settled on the Chester River and the old homestead remained in the family until within a few years past. Cornelius Comegys, the elder son of the emigrant, inherited the home farm, and from him is descended the Quaker Neck family.

William Comegys, younger son of Cornelius and Millementy Comegys, went to Crumpton, then known as McAllister's Ferry. He had one son William Comegys, who married 28th of Nov. 1734, Ann Cosden, and died 29th of March, 1764. He had children, viz: John, born 4th of Feb'y. 1736; Alethea, born 9th of June, 1737; Alphonso, born 15th of Dec. 1738; Edward, born 13th of Jan. 1741; Nathaniel, born 23d of Feb. 1745; Ann, born 28th of June 1747; Jesse, born 30th of Oct. 1749; Edward William, born 2d of April 1752; Jonathan, Elizabeth, born 7th of Feb. 1757; and Cornelius Comegys, born 4th of July 1758.

John Comegys, son of William and Ann Cosden Comegys, married, 15th of Oct. 1757, Sarah Spencer, and had children, viz: Samuel, born 29th of Aug. 1758; John, Ann, born 4th of Sept. 1763; Isaac, born 9th of June 1765; William, Sarah, and Nathaniel Comegys, born 16th of Dec. 1771.

Samuel Comegys, son of John and Sarah Spencer Comegys, married, 15th of Jan. 1780, Mary Gleaves, and had children, viz: John Gleaves, Sarah, George, Margaret, and Samuel Comegys. He married a second time, 14th of Feb. 1791, Mary Preeman, and had children, viz: Freeman, Mary, Nathaniel, Samuel, Edward F., born 13th of April, 1797, (still living at this date, 16th Sept. 1875, in Alabama), William, Milliminta, and Washington Comegys.

Edward F. Comegys, son of Samuel and Mary Freeman Comegys, married Miss Ely of Alabama, and had children, viz: George, John, Kate, and Ella Comegys. He married a second time, and had sons, viz: William and Edward Comegys.

Milliminta Comegys, daughter of Samuel and Mary Freeman Comegys, married Thomas J. Mann, and had children, viz: Mary Ann, Joseph Comegys, and Samuel Mann.

Washington Comegys, son of Samuel and Mary Freeman Comegys, married Miss Palmer, and had children, viz: Samuel William, George W., and John E. Comegys. He married a second time Miss Leonora Newnam, and had children, viz: Washington, Mary, and Henry Comegys.

Samuel William Comegys, son of Washington Comegys, married, 26th of June, 1848, Miss G. A. C. Massey, and had children, viz: Annie M. and Charles E. Comegys.

Nathaniel Comegys, son of John and Sarah Spencer Comegys, married Miss Hannah Myers, and had children, viz: John Myers and Samuel Comegys, both of whom are now (23d Nov'r. 1876,) living, worthy descendants of their pious ancestry.

John Myers Comegys, son of Nathaniel and Hannah Myers Comegys, married, 26th Nov. 1824, Mrs. Anna W. Comegys Ringgold, daughter of Nathaniel and Francina Worrell Comegys, and widow of James Ringgold, and had children, viz: Nathaniel W., Hannah, and Anna Comegys.

Nathaniel W. Comegys, son of John Myers and Anna W. C. Ringgold Comegys, married 15th of Jan. 1850, Miss Helen Spencer, daughter of George Wilson and Margaretta Ringgold Spencer (see section 67 S.), and had children, viz: George Spencer and John M. Comegys.

Hannah Comegys, daughter of John Myers and Anna W. C. Ringgold Comegys, married, 27th of Nov. 1849, John F. Newnam, and had children, viz: John F., Emma, Ella, Bessie, and Robert Lee Newnam.

Anna Comegys, daughter of John Myers and Anna W. C. Ringgold Comegys, married, 15th of Dec. 1853, Stuart R. Emory and had children, viz: Kate Anna Comegys, Stuart R., John M. C., and William N. Emory.

Samuel Comegys, son of Nathaniel and Hannah Myers Comegys, married, 26th of Nov. 1832, Miss Ann Rebecca Ringgold, and had children, viz: Sarah Williamson, Mary Rebecca, Anna Elizabeth, John Myers, Samuel, William, Alexander, Millimenta, Hannah Myers, Richard Williamson, and Edward Thomas Comegys.

Sarah Williamson Comegys, daughter of Samuel and Ann Rebecca Ringgold Comegys, married William Emory, and had children, viz: William Comegys, Mary, Anna, Alice, and Samuel Comegys Emory.

Mary Rebecca Comegys, daughter of Samuel and Ann Rebecca Ringgold Comegys, married John W. Ireland, and had children, viz: Emma, Eugenia, William, Herman, Louisa, Mary, and Hannah Ireland.

Nathaniel Comegys, son of Samuel and Ann Rebecca Ringgold Comegys, married Miss Kate Rose, of Talbot county, Md., and had children, viz: Sophia Rose, Walter, Charles, Edward and Clarence Comegys.

Alexander Comegys, son of Samuel and Ann Rebecca Ringgold Comegys, married Miss Fannie Cochran, of Delaware, and had one son, Robert Comegys. (41)

EXPLAINING THE FINANCES.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Jake and Pete were met by Dan, a sort of negro sharper, at the Capitol building yesterday, when a general conversation took place about the hard times.

"Dar now," said Pete, holding up a half-dollar note, "dar is fifty cents, and dat fifty cents didn't git near 'nuff fur me to reach him until I'd put in half ob a good squar day's work!"

"Dat's de fect ob de dismanidzment ob de financhil condition ob de country," said Dan, wisely.

"How's dat?" asked Jake; "what's de financikal condition got ter do wid a nigger's work? Tell me dat!"

"It's de con-trackshun ob de money question, ye see! 'Sposen we jis redooses de matter down to de argymint!" urged Dan.

"Lemme hear you argy dat pint," said Jake, earnestly attentive.

"Well, now, dar is fifty cents in Pete's hands, yer see!"

"Yas!" said both the listeners.

"Den Pete lends dat to me dis way, yer see?" taking the note.

"Yas!" they answered.

"Now I puts dat down in my flank dat way, yer see!" pocketing the money.

"Yas!" said Jake. Pete is silent.

"Next, Pete wants his money back in his own hand, yer see, an' I doesn't gib it to him."

"What's de reason yer don't?" demanded Pete.

"Kase de finances am con-tracketed by de proceedin' operashun, yer see!" explained Dan.

"Well, den, how does I git my money back agin?" persisted Pete.

"Dar's whar de argymint comes in!" replied Dan, as he began to "circulate" around the corner in a suspiciously lively way. A few minutes after he told the police it was only a joke, but Pete now has the heel of the "argymint."

AN OBSTINATE MOTHER.

Day before yesterday Mrs. Bliss, of Mullet street, found a euchre deck in her boy's pocket, and when she took him by the hair he calmly said:

"Hold on mother—it isn't your play."

"I'll play you," she hissed, tightening her grip. "How came you by these here cards?"

"Mother, you shoulda't trump me this way!" he exclaimed.

"Trumps! trumps! What do you know about trumps?"

"Why, mother, any fool knows that the right bower will take an ace every time."

"It will, eh?" she hissed as she walked him around.

"Of course it will, if diamonds are trumps, for instance, and I hold the left bow—"

"Bowers! bowers! I'll bower you to death young man!" she said as she walked him the other way.

"Or, suppose that spades were trumps, you held the nine spot and king and turned up the ace, and what would you do?" he earnestly inquired.

"Oh, I'll show you what I'd do!" she growled, as she got a fist-hander on his ear, "I'll teach you a lesson you'll never forget!"

"That wouldn't be Hoyle, mother; you could pick up the ace and make a point every—"

But she threw him over her knee and played a lone hand.

☞ "Did you know that Charles Hedges has just started?" inquired one Hoboken man of another.

"No," said the one addressed, "where has he started for, California?"

"No."

"For the Sandwich Islands?" inquired the other excitedly.

"No."

"Well, *what* has he started for?"

"For a fortune in the oyster busines," replied the informer, and then they strolled *away to take a drink.*

☞ There is a married woman with four legs in Connecticut, and because she wont have two of them sawed off, her husband is obliged to work sixteen hours a day in order to keep her in striped stockings.—*Brooklyn Argus.*

☞ "Mamie," said a mother to a little six-year old, "If I was a little girl like you I would pick up all those chips."—"Well, mamma," said the little one, ain't you glad you are not a little girl?"

☞ A regular border is one who pays his his bills weekly.

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