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MEMORY.

BY E. HYDE.

Why, O memory! dost thou picture
To my heart the past,
With its wild, wild dreams of pleasure,
Dreams which could not last?

Ay! to-night come long gone voices,
Of the loved of earth;
Like the ripple of soft music,
When the soul hath dearth.

But the mockery of gladness
O'er my soul doth swell,
Making only bitter sadness
In my heart to dwell.

Memory brings to heart so weary
Words of hope and love,
And of fond, false vows too dearly
Trusted—but to prove ——

False! O memory, hush thy pleadings!
Lest I once more clasp
Form best loved of earth,
And wildly break the spell at last.

Is it not enough we parted,
And another claims
All the love I dreamed mine only?
'Twas not only dreams.

Do not shrink, I will but chide
For thy false words given,
When in thee I fondly trusted—
Hark! that trust was riven.

Once for me the days were glorious,
Nights were moonlight ever,
And the future pictured joyous,
What is sadness ever.

Memory, torture me no longer,
Hush that mocking voice;
In the gloom which settled o'er me
Bid me not rejoice.

Back, sad tears, I will not shed them—
Drink of Lethe's deep river
And forget, no grief should win thee
To her side forever.

See yon cloud is lined with silver,
And a pale bright star above
Softly whispers—in that Heaven
All is perfect love.

Perfect love, there comes no shadows
Marring sunlight's gleam,
Weary ones forget their sadness
Drinking of that stream.

Those that bear a cross too heavy
Wear the lightest crown,
And it may be they sit nearer
Round the shining throne.

JEFF. DAVIS ON BLAINE.

HIS EFFORTS IN BEHALF OF AN EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS—THE MORTALITY IN FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE PRISONS CONTRASTED.

Mr. James Lyons, of Richmond, Va., having addressed a letter to Mr. Jefferson Davis begging him to answer the recent speech of ex-Speaker Blaine, in the House on the amnesty bill, Mr. Davis has responded in a letter denying the alleged cruelties at Andersonville prison, and reviewing the leading facts in regard to the efforts made for an exchange of prisoners. He also contrasts the mortality lists in Northern and Southern prisons, claiming that there was a larger percentage of deaths in the former, and alluding to the vindictiveness which has pursued him in some quarters, says: "The brave are generous and gentle; it is the skulkers of the fight, the Blaines, who display their flag on an untented field." We give Mr. Davis's letter in full:

NEW ORLEANS, January 27, 1876.

Hon. James Lyons—My Dear Friend: Your very kind letter of the 14th instant was forwarded from Memphis, and has been received at this place.

I have been so long the object of malignant slander and the subject of unscrupulous falsehood by partisans of the class of Mr. Blaine, that though I cannot say it has become to me matter of indifference, it has ceased to excite my surprise even in this instance, when it reaches the extremity of accusing me of cruelty to prisoners. What matters it to one whose object is personal and party advantage, that the records, both Federal and Confederate, disprove the charge; that the country is full of witnesses who bear oral testimony against it, and that the effort to revive the bitter animosities of the war obstructs the progress towards the reconciliation of the sections? It is enough for him if his self-seeking purpose be promoted.

It would, however, seem probable that such expectations must be disappointed, for only those who are willfully blind can fail to see in the circumstances of the case the fallacy of Mr. Blaine's statements. The published fact of an attempt to suborn Wirtz, when under sentence of death, by promising him a pardon if he would criminate me in regard to the Andersonville prisoners, is conclusive as to the wish of the government to make such charge against me, and the failure to do so shows that nothing could be found to sustain it. May we not say the evidence of my innocence was such that Holt and Conover, with their trained band of suborned witnesses, dared not make against me this charge—the same which Wirtz for his life would not make, but which Blaine for the Presidential nomination has made?

Now let us review the leading facts of this case. The report of the Confederate commissioner for exchange of prisoners shows how persistent and liberal were our efforts to secure the relief of captives. Failing in those attempts, I instructed Gen. R. E. Lee to [illegible]ander flag of truce and seek an interview with Gen. Grant, to represent to him the suffering and death of Federal prisoners held by us, to explain the causes which were beyond our control, and to urge in the name of humanity the observance of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners. To this, as to all previous appeals, a deaf ear was turned. I will not attempt, from memory, to write the report made to me of the incidents of this mission. Lee no longer lives to defend the cause and country he loved so well and served so efficiently; but General Grant cannot fail to remember so extraordinary a visit, and his objections to executing the cartel are well known to the public. But whoever else may choose to forget my efforts in this regard, the prisoners at Andersonville, and the delegates I permitted them to send to President Lincoln to plead for the resumption of exchange of prisoners, cannot fail to remember how willing I was to restore them to their homes, and to the comforts of which they were in need, provided the imprisoned soldiers of the Confederacy should be in like manner released and returned to us.

This foul accusation, though directed specially against me, was no doubt intended, and naturally must be, the arraignment of the South, by whose authority and in whose behalf my deeds were done. It may be presumed that the feelings and the habits of the Southern soldiers were understood by me, and in that connection any fair mind would perceive in my congratulatory orders to the army after a victory, in which the troops were most commended for their tenderness and generosity to the wounded and other captives, as well the instincts of the person who issued the order, as the knightly temper of the soldiers to whom it was addressed. It is admitted that the prisoners in our hands were not as well provided for as we would; but it is claimed that we did as well for them as we could. Can the other side say as much?

To the bold allegations of ill-treatment of prisoners by our side, and humane treatment and adequate supplies by our opponents, it is only necessary to offer two facts: First, it appears from the reports of the United States War Department that though we had sixty thousand more Federal prisoners than they had of Confederates, six thousand more of Confederates died in Northern prisons than died of Federals in Southern prisons; second, the want and suffering of men in Northern prisons caused me to ask for permission to send out cotton and buy supplies for them. The request was granted, but only on condition that the cotton should be sent to New York and the supplies be bought there. General Beale, now of St. Louis, was authorized to purchase and distribute the needful supplies.

Our sympathy rose with the occasion and responded to its demands—not waiting for ten years, then to vaunt itself when it could serve no good purpose to the sufferers.

Under the mellowing influence of time and occasional demonstrations at the North of a desire for a restoration of peace and good will, the Southern people have forgotten much—have forgiven much of the wrongs they bore; if it be less so among their invaders, it is but another example of the rule that the wrongdoer is less able to forgive than he who has suffered causeless wrong. It is not, however, generally among those who braved the hazards of the battle that unrelenting vindictiveness is to be found. The brave are generous and gentle; it is the skulkers of the fight, the Blaines, who display their flag on an untented field. They made no sacrifice to prevent the separation of the States—why should they be expected to promote the confidence and good-will essential to their union?

When closely confined at Fortress Monroe I was solicited to add my name to those of many esteemed gentlemen who had signed a petition for my pardon, and an assurance was given that on my doing so the President would order my liberation. Confident of the justice of our cause and the rectitude of my own conduct, I declined to sign the petition, and remained subject to the inexcusable privations and tortures which Dr. Craven has but faintly described. When, after two years of close confinement, I was admitted to bail, as often as required I appeared for trial under the indictment found against me, but in which Mr. Blaine's fictions do not appear. The indictment was finally quashed on no application of mine; nor have I ever evaded or avoided a trial upon any charge the general government might choose to bring against me, and have no view of the future which makes it desirable to me to be included in an amnesty bill.

Viewed in the abstract or as a general question, I would be glad to see the repeal of all laws inflicting the penalty of political disabilities on classes of the people, that it might, as prescribed by the constitution, be left to the courts to hear and decide causes, and to affix penalties according to pre-existing legislation. The discrimination made against our people is unjust and impolitic, if the fact be equality and the purpose be fraternity among the citizens of the United States. Conviction and sentence without a hearing, without jurisdiction, and affixing penalties by *ex post facto legislation*, are part of the proceeding which had its appropriate end in the assumption by Congress of the executive function of granting pardons to remove political disabilities which there was not legal power to impose, was not an act of so much grace as to form a plausible pretext for the reckless diatribe of Mr. Blaine.

The papers preserved by Dr. Stevenson happily furnish full proof of the causes of disease and death at Andersonville. They are now, I believe, in Richmond, and it is to be hoped 'their publication will not be much longer delayed. I have no taste for recrimination, though the sad recitals made by our soldiers returned from Northern prisons can never be forgotten. And you will remember the excitement those produced, and the censorious publications which were uttered against me because I would not visit on the helpless prisoners in our hands such barbarities as, according to reports, had been inflicted upon our men.

Imprisonment is a hard lot at the best, and prisoners are prone to exaggerate their sufferings, and such was probably the case on both sides. But we did not seek by reports of committees, with photographic illustrations, to inflame the passions of our people. How was it with our enemy? Let one example suffice. You may remember a published report of a committee of the United States Congress which was sent to Annapolis to visit some exchanged prisoners, and which had appended to it the photographs of some emaciated subjects which were offered as samples of prisoners returned from the South.

When a copy of that report was received I sent it to Colonel Ould, commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, and learned, as I anticipated, that the photographs, as far as they could be identified, had been taken from men who were in our hospital when they were liberated for exchange, and whom the hospital surgeon regarded as convalescent, but too weak to be removed with safety to themselves. The anxiety of the prisoners to be sent to their homes had prevailed over the objections of the surgeon. But this is not all; for I have recently learned from a priest who was then at Annapolis, that the most wretched looking of these photographs was taken from a man who had never been a prisoner, but who had been left on the "sick list" at Annapolis when the command to which he was attached had passed that place on its Southward march.

Whatever may be said in extenuation of such imposture because of the exigencies of war, there can be no such excuse now for the attempts of Mr. Blaine, by gross misrepresentation and slanderous accusation, to revive the worst passions of the war, and it is to be hoped that, much as the event is to be regretted, it will have the good effect of evoking truthful statements in regard to this little understood subject from men who would have preferred to leave their sorrowful story untold if the subject could have been allowed peacefully to sink into oblivion.

Mutual respect is needed for the common interest, is essential to a friendly union, and when slander is promulgated from high places the public welfare demands that truth should strip falsehood of its power for evil.

I am, respectfully and truly,
Your friend,
JEFFERSON DAVIS.

ETTA'S MANOEUVRE.—A friend of the writer, residing on a farm in Illinois, has a four-year-old daughter named Etta, who frequently amuses herself by placing the chairs in a row and calling them a train of cars. One evening, while thus engaged, Mr. B——, a friend of the family, called, and unthinkingly occupied one of the "cars." Miss Etta, not wishing to have her play disturbed, stepped up and said,

"Mister, dis is a train of tars."

"Oh!" said Mr. B——, "then I'll be a passenger, and take a ride."

Little Etta was not at all satisfied. After hesitating a moment, she said, "Where do 'ou want to dit off?"

Mr. B—— replied, "Ill get off at Bloomington."

"Well," said Etta, demurely, "dis is de place."—*Harper.*

EASY ARITHMETIC.—In Lady Wood's new novel, *Below the Salt*, one of the characters gives a definition in arithmetic that will be quite acceptable to our young lady readers. Edgar is speaking to Pleasance:

"Now I kiss you three times on one cheek, and four times on your mouth. How many did that make altogether?"

"Seven," whispered the girl, disengaging herself to breathe more freely.

"That is arithmetic," said the youth, triumphantly.

"Dear me," said Pleasance, "I should not have thought it."

TORTURING THE LITTLE ONES.

Two kinds of cruelty to children are so common, that to speak of one and not the other, would leave the subject half handled. You have children perhaps. If not, your neighbors have. And this matter of caring for children is becoming so much a matter of business, that we have a Society in this city to prevent them from being cruelly treated. It is an excellent Society. Good men, and all sorts of good men, favor it. None but bad men and very bad men, would hinder its usefulness.

And the two kinds of cruelty to children will be brought to your notice by the fact that there is a treatment of children never complained of by the Society, that makes more misery to children and parents than beatings or hunger.

I know a prominent member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. He is the father of one little girl now about four years old. He doubtless loves her dearly. He thinks that loving her is shown be letting the child have her own way. She has it. She is never restrained, never governed, never crossed, always petted, indulged, and *obeyed*. The child rules the house. Father, mother, servants are all her slaves. What comes of it? Is the child happy because she lords it over the whole family. So far from it, she *cries* with passion or pain a large part of the time. She is never contented. She goes from one thing to another in a constant series of searches for something to do that she ought not to do. And when she wants what it is impracticable to get,—as the boy who cried for the moon,—then she goes into tantrums and screams loud enough to split the ears of the neighbors. Thus the family are annoyed: the neighbors are annoyed: the child is wretched, peevish, fretful, impatient, passionate, dissatisfied with everything, and generally miserable.

And she is very disagreeable. It was an ill-natured remark of Jerrold to a mother who apologized for her child crying in the parlor: "O," said he, "I like to have children cry in company, for then they are taken right out of the room." And whenever I visit my friend, and his child sets up a roar, I think of Jerrold, and wish that his observation were in accord with my experience, which it is not.

But it is a most mistaken idea that indulgence is kindness. Often is it the greatest cruelty. To impress upon a child the duty of obedience is the first of all lessons. It may be taught before the child is a year old; and without a blow, or the infliction of any physical pain. It must be taught in very early life, or it will never be learned. To neglect it, and to put off *government*, until the child is old enough to be reasoned with, is cruel wicked and silly. This neglect makes infancy and childhood a season of suffering, sows seeds of misery in after life, and perhaps of ruin here and hereafter.

Dr. Adams said on the platform, the other night, that parental government is the corner-stone of civil government.—And when I see the streets of a great city thronged at night with wrecks of young men and young women, whose steps already take hold of hell, I know that most of them are the victims of parental indulgence. They come from households where the parents let them have their own way, when they should have been governed. You read the story of Eli and his sons, and tremble as you read.

If we must have a Society for everything,—and we heve a new one every year—let it be an "Anti-little-children-always-have-their-own-way-Society." It will be a mercy to the children. Many will be saved from tears and groans and cries, by being "made to mind," and some will be kept from that place of torment where weeping and wailing have no end. Indulgence in wrong is the gravest cruelty to a child. I wish the new Society would go for its own members who ruin their children as Eli did. He fell over and broke his neck when he heard that his boys were killed, for he knew that their sad end was his fault. So it will be your own fault, if your children perish through your neglect to govern them when they are in tender years.

That is one kind of cruelty. Now for the other.

A few days ago, a teacher in a public school, to punish a child, lifted him by the ears, dropped him, lifted him again and again and dropped him, till the child was seriously, perhaps fatally, injured. I have seen a lady lifting a child by the ears, and carrying it out of a room to punish it for some trifling offence. We are shocked and disgusted by the recital of brutalities inflicted on children by their drunken parents or infuriated teachers; but it is quite probable that the *amount* cruelty by injudicious and respectable parents, under a mistaken sense of duty, far exceeds the crimes of the ignorant and intemperate. Many parents box the ears of children,—striking them a square blow on the side of the head. A dangerous and wicked punishment. The sudden compression of the air within the ear is very apt to be injurious, and the shock to the brain is perilous to the intellect.—The injury may not be perceived at the time, but the foundation of future and unspeakable suffering and sorrow may be laid by one inconsiderate blow on the temple of a child. More common than this, and equally cruel, is the practice of pulling the ears of children, the most common mode, with some parents, of punishing their own children. Teachers sometimes hold a child's ear while he is reading, and pinch or pull it at every blunder, thus hoping to keep the child's attention fixed for fear of the pain. A worse mode could not be adopted, for the child's mind is diverted to the danger and from the lesson, and so he stumbles. Such parents and teachers deserve corporal punishment themselves. The delicate organism of the human ear requires the most gentle handling, and to treat it as a mere cartilage to be pulled for the purpose of punishing, is a piece of inhumanity that reason forbids and religion condemns. Some parents send their children into a dark closet where they are in terror of imaginary goblins. Perhaps this is not as common as it was fifty years ago, but it is not of use. It is not unfrequently the cause of idiocy or insanity, and no judicious parent will permit it to be practiced in his house. Nurses often frighten children with tales of terror, threats of bears and big men, to carry them off. A nurse detected in such crimes should be discharged before night. She cannot be cured. And she must not be endured.

Cruel and unusual punishments are forbidden by human law. It is wonderful that parental instincts and human love are not strong enough to restrain the hand of fathers and mothers from hasty, passionate and intemperate violence on their own flesh and flood. A father vents his impatience on the son of his affections. A mother worn with care, wanting to read her novel or go to sleep, beats her babe to make it quiet. But a parent or teacher should never punish a child, in heat or with sudden violence. Such punishment has no moral force in it. The calm, judicial, righteous judgement is as needful in the infliction of pain upon an erring child, as in the sentence of a prisoner at the bar. If you cannot govern yourself, you are quite unfit to govern children, and if you strike a child in haste or under excitement, you deserve to be whipped yourself.

Is the rod to be abolished, and would we condemn the punishment of children when they do wrong at home or school? So far from it, the wisdom of Solomon is wisdom yet. To deny the right and duty of punishing disobedient children, is logically to overturn the government of man and of God. And as obedience in society is in order to the highest happiness of the community, so in the family those children are the happiest who are taught and required to obey. Scolding will not make them obedient. Fretting makes them worse. Harshness, severity, cruel pains, loud words and hasty blows are all wrong. But an even temper, inflexible purpose, unyielding to the entreaties of the child who wishes to do wrong these are virtues that dwell in every right mind, and will regulate the government of every well-ordered house. —IRENÆUS *in N. Y. Observer.*

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DARED.

"Ho! you don't dare to cross the river on that broken plank," said one boy to another as they stood on the shore.

"Yes, I do," foolishly answered the other boy; "I dars do anything." So he ran on the board, and was just rescued from drowning.

Hearing this story of reckless courage reminded me of a boy whose daring was heroic.

A woman, bent and worn, and pale, sunken cheek, and weary, faded eyes, is sitting in an attic-room of a tenement house in one of our large manufacturing towns. Her work has dropped a moment in her lap, and her hands are clasped together. She is looking out from her narrow window on some children coming from school; and she has not noticed that her own boy has entered the room, so busy is she in thinking and trying in vain to solve that unanswered question of nothing producing something.

"I cannot have a warm shawl. Charlie must have a decent jacket to wear to school. He says all the boys call him "Patchwork." It is hard. No; I will give up going to the mission church, and will stay in the house. Never mind; Charlie must have his jacket. Poor boy! Who would have thought I could ever come to this?" And, overburdened with care, she hid her face in her hands, and wept; and the unfinished work drifted slowly to the floor.

A rough sleeve, a gentle hand on her shoulder, and a boy's trembling voice, "Mother dear, please don't! I don't need the jacket."

The woman started in surprise.—"Why Charlie boy! I didn't hear you come in."

"No, mother; I know you didn't; but I am glad that I know now that my new jacket was to be instead of a shawl for you. I don't mind their calling me 'Patchwork' now mother; I've got use to it. And you must buy your shawl this afternoon."

Ah, poor, sad-faced woman! there is a little sunlight in the dark world for you. The Lord has given you a boy in whom you may well rejoice. And, the shawl was bought.

☞ As a train was approaching Cleveland, it parted in the middle, and the bell-rope snapped off like a thread, the end of it striking an old lady on her bonnet.

"What is the matter?" she angerly exclaimed.

"O! the train's broke in two," replied a gentleman who sat in the next seat.

"I should say so," the old lady said, looking at the broken bell-cord. "Did they s'pose a trifling little string like that would hold the train together?"

☞ As though there were not Smiths enough already, they have started a "Smith Manufacturing Company" in Connecticut.

A NEW WITNESS ON THE STAND.

The New York Sun has an editorial article on the late letter of Jefferson Davis to Mr. Lyons, of Richmond, which coming from one who was Assistant Secretary of War under Mr. Stanton, ought to command attention. It is the opinion of this enlightened authority that the Confederate government, and especially Mr. Davis, ought not to be held responsible for the terrible privations and sufferings which our men had to endure while they were kept in the Confederate military prisions. The Sun, whose editor, as Assistant Secreary of War, was in a position to know, says that the fact is unquestionable that while the Confederate desired to exchange prisoners, to send back our men and get back their own, General Grant steadily and strenuously resisted such an exchange. "While in his opinion," says the Sun, "the prisoners in our hands were well fed and were in better condition than when they were captured, our prisoners in the South were ill fed and would be restored to us too much exhausted by famine and disease to form a fair set off against the comparatively vigorous men who would be given in exchange. 'It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons,' said Grant in an official communication, 'not to exchange them; but it is humane to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. If we commence a system of exchanges which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they count for no more than dead men.' 'I did not,' said he, on another occasion, 'deem it advisable or just to re-enforce the enemy; and an immediate resumption of exchanges would have had that effect without any corresponding benefit."

This seems conclusive evidence that it was not the Confederate authorities who insisted on keeping Federal prisoners in distress, want and disease, but the commander of the Federal armies. The Sun adds:

"We do not say that his reason for this course was not valid; that is not now the question; but it was not Jefferson Davis or any subordinate or associate of his who should now be condemned for it.—We were responsible ourselves for the continued detention of our captives in misery, starvation and sickness in the South.

"Moreover, there is no evidence whatever that it was practicable for the Confederate authorities to feed our prisoners any better than they were fed, or to give them better care and attention than they received. The food was insufficient; the care and attention were insufficient, no doubt; and yet the condition of our prisoners was not worse than that of the Confederate soldiers in the field, except in so far as the condition of those in prison must, of necessity, be worse than that of men who are free and active outside.

"Again, in reference to those cases of extreme suffering and disease, the photographs of whose victims were so extensively circulated among us toward the end of the war, Mr. Davis makes, it seems to us, a good answer. Those very unfortunate men were not taken from prisons, but from Confederate hospitals, where they had received the same medical treatment as was given to sick and wounded Confederate soldiers."

These admissions from a gentleman who was Assistant Secretary of War under Mr. Stanton are important. They are also, beyond all doubt, supported by history. As Mr. Davis in his late letter pertinently says, the published fact of an attempt to suborn Wirtz, when under sentence of death, by promising him a pardon if he would criminate Mr. Davis in regard to the Andersonville prisoners, shows that it was the wish of some in connection with the government to make such a charge against him, and its failure to do so shows that nothing could be found to sustain it. Wirtz, with noble conscientiousness, would not, to save his life make a charge "which Blaine for the presidential nomination has made." The Sun adds: "We are bound, however, to say that in elevation of spirit, in a sincere desire for the total restoration of fraternal feeling and unity between the once warring parts of the republic, Mr. Davis's letter is infinitely superior and infinitely more creditable to him, both as a statesman and a man, than anything that has recently fallen from such antagonists and critics of his as Mr. Blaine."

☞ An English paper, the Coventry Standard states that in the spring of the present year one pound each of the Snowflake and Eureka potatoes, two new American varieties, were planted in the gardens at Capesthorne, the seat of Mr Bromley-Davenport, M. P. On the 13th of last month the Snowflake was lifted, when it was found that the one pound had produced the surprising weight of 638 lbs. A week later the Eureka was lifted and it was ascertained that the pound of seed potatoes had produced 1,082¼ lbs., the largest yield on record. Three hundred of the tubes weighed 369½ lbs.

☞ Why should the beehive be taken as a symbol of industry? Not a bee is to be seen all the Winter long, while the cockroach is up at five o'clock in the morning, and never goes to bed till midnight. Let's change this thing.

☞ "What will you have?" asked a waiter of one of the Indiana editors, at the dinner in Philadelphia, as he handed him a bill of fare. And the Hoosier with the high forehead leaned back in his chair, wiped his forehead thoughtfully with a napkin, and ejaculated sternly, "Gimme all!"

WHAT IS LIFE?

A little crib beside the bed,
A little face above the spread,
A little frock behind the door,
A little shoe upon the floor.

A little lad with dark brown hair,
A little blue-eyed face and fair;
A little lane that leads to school,
A little pencil, slate and rule.

A little blithesome, winsome maid,
A little hand within is laid;
A little cottage, acres four,
A little old-time household store.

A little family gathered round
A little turf-heaped, tear dewed mound;
A little added to the soil,
A little rest from hardest toil.

A little silver in his hair,
A little stool and easy chair,
A little night of earth-lit gloom,
A little cortege to the tomb.

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 98. At the December Term of Court, 1675, the following proceeding was had:

To the Worsh'll Commissioners of Kent County.

The humble petition of Richard Tilghman sheweth,

That whereas yr petitioner about two months since did take Mr. George Hayes to Cure ye bones of his Cubit, being lacerated and torne, by an Accident, in your County, whereby he is like to lose ye use of his Right Cubit forever, as by the patient may plainly appear; And whereas William Smith of your county, in ye presence of Mr. James Ringgold & others, did promise assume to pay for one halfe of ye Cure, the said George Hayes not being in any capacity to make satisfaction for ye other halfe, & indeed incapable to subsist of himself: your petitioner humbly craves your Care and Assistance to see him satisfied for his full Cure & like wise Order yt ye poore man may be maintained; And yr petitioner as in duty bound shall ever pray, &c.

Vera copia test
CHAS. BANCKES, Clk.

Upon ye delivery of this petition ye Court ordered yt William Smith should be summoned to make his personal appearance ye next Court, which was accordingly done, and then ye abovesd petition was read over in open Court, whereupon ye sd William Smith declared yt Doctor Tilghman had not made a Cure of George Hayes his arme, yet Nevertheless ye sd William Smith Ingaged in Open Court yt he would satisfie Doctor Tilghman himselfe for ye full Cure of George Hayes his arme according as ye provinciall Court should Order him *satisfaccon:* And yt ye County should not be damnified for ye sd George Hayes Cure, nor for his Maintainance, for he ye sd Smith Ingaged in open Court to provide a sufficient Maintenance for ye sd Hayes, so yt he should not be burdensome to any within ye County; whereupon ye Court ordered yt should be recorded.

At a Court houlden for ye County of Kent, March 25th 1676,

Present—Mr. Joseph Wickes
Mr. James Ringgold
Mr. John Hinson
Mr. Henry Hosier.

Whereas Mr. Henry Hosier was summoned . . . . , to show cause wherefore Mrs. Mary Tilghman, Executrix of Richard Tighman, might not have Execution upon an order of Court, obtained against him in March Court 167 4-5 for two thousand one hundred pounds of Tob. with Costs of Suit ye sd Mr. Hosier having satisfied neither debt nor costs of suit, as is made apparent;

This Court doth order Execution to ye sd Tilghman for ye sd Debt with Costs of Suite.

☞ A Down-Easter while travelling through the West, happened on one of its representative tavern-keepers, of whom he asked what could be furnished for dinner?

"Anything from a snipe to an elephant," was the reply. "I will take a piece of elephant," said the Down-Easter. "You will have to take a whole one," was the rejoinder; "we never cut them."

☞ "Suppose," said a lawyer to a witness he was trying to badger, "suppose I should tell you that I could bring a dozen men of your town to this court-room who would say they would not believe you on your oath, what would you say?" And calmly the witness made his reply: "I would say you lied." A gentle smile diffused itself all over the court-room, and the unruffled witness stepped down.

☞ Woman proposes and man gits up and gits, this year.

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