The Chestertown Transcript.

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THE BALLAD OF JOSEPHUS BROWN.

It was a nice young stranger man,
Had just arrived in town,
Of age, nigh unto thirty;
His name, Josephus Brown.

His garb was cut in fashion,
His hair was dressed precise;
He wore a lustrous diamond,
And chain of massive size.

A light switch cane he flourished,
With gold and ivory tipped,
Played skillful games of euchre;
Port was the wine he sipp'd.

Not long had this man tarried,
Before the word was rife,
That he was rich as Crœsus,
And looking for a wife.

Then straight each foolish mother,
Unto her daughter spake;
Arise, and quick bestir thyself;
Thy prettiest toilet make!

A chance like this is seldom seen,
In these times in our town;
A handsome beau and rich withal;
A princely dower down!

'Twas Mr. Brown, how are you, sir?
For smiling pas and mas,
And old time beaux were jealous,
When they divined the cause.

At all the balls and parties,
This stranger did excel;
In winning arts and manners,
None played their part so well.

He danced so like a Frenchman;
His bows so graceful all;
What wonder that the darlings,
In love with him should fall!

Their heads were so bewilder'd,
They dreamed of naught beside
A life within a palace;
A home of wealth and pride.

But ah! sometimes alluring
Are hopes but to beguile,
And pictures change and vanish,
That cheered the heart erewhile.

One day behold; this gay gallant,
Had left for parts unknown,
With some three hundred dollars
Of money not his own!

And now, these love lorn maidens,
Bewailed them every one,
As did their foolish pas and mas,
What they so late had done.

But they were ever after,
The wiser that they'd known
The man of style and fashion;
The gay Josephus Brown!

And when young men of merit,
Tho' plain, seek favor's smile,
They do not turn with proud disdain,
To welcome fops the while.

MORAL TRAINING.

BY MISS A. E LEAVERTON.

Read before the Fourth District Teachers' Association.

There is no subject of more importance to us than this, yet it is one which is too often utterly neglected or but indifferently remembered. Many teachers seem to think that they have simply to train the mind and when they have succeeded in bringing about a fair mental development, congratulate themselves that their work is done. But every wide-awake teacher, fully alive to the duties devolved upon him, will seek to develop, not only the mental but the *moral* faculties of every nature intrusted to his care.

Moral training is a responsibility from which no teacher can be excused as it necessarily belongs to a teacher's work. There are few places more adapted to this work than the school-room. There, rare opportunities are presented which cannot occur elsewhere. The teacher has to deal with mind and spirit—both so subtle, so susceptible to impressions, as to require in their training men and women of the greatest minds, highest culture, and the most noble Christian purpose.—The mind of the child receives more impressions while he is at school than he afterwards takes in, in his whole after life. Then how important that these impressions be of the right kind and how careful we should be of every word, act or deed, for each will—must produce impressions, either for good or evil on the mind and heart of each one intrusted to our care—exert a silent influence which will live in their after lives—age will not stop here but will live on and on through endless eternity. When we think of these things we almost shrink from the task before us. Yet we can meet it. Nothing was ever given us to do—no work to perform—no duty to accomplish, but that courage, strength and ability was given to carry it out to its full purpose. And, we can meet this if we go to work with a mind fully awake to the important duties before us and a heart burning with zeal for the work, succeed not only in enlightening the mind but in purifying the heart, ennobling the nature and moulding character of high moral excellence and beauty. Many say that parents, ministers and sunday-school teachers are intrusted with this care. It is true they each have much to do in this work. Yet we as day-school teachers have a work of morality to perform which no one else can do for us.

The parent's influence for good is most potent as the child is nearer the parent and is most with him. The minister of course, has much moral responsiblity and does not neglect the lambs of his fold.—The sunday-school teacher is doing a grand and noble work, yet she cannot impart enough moral instruction to last from Sunday to Sunday. This must be a daily work—indeed, morals and manners should systematically be inculcated with each hour's work and much of this responsibility belongs to the day-school teacher. We must seek and take advantage of rare apportunities to impress lasting and sublime truths. This may be done without detracting the least from the mental training. The mind and heart are so closely connected that they should be educated together. And how easily this may be done in school and what splendid opportunities are offered for this joint work! In teaching Geography we should point out to our pupils the great ecouomy of the Creator in the distribution of land and water and the natural laws which govern the earth and its motions. In botany show them the infinite loveliness existing in the little leaf or flower; in Geology the great wisdom displayed in forming the different strata of the earth and the great design in allowing period to succeed period to result in the best good to mankind. In Physiology we might stop to show them the great unity of purpose existing in the infinite mind when He formed our bodies with so much nicety and such wonderful adaptation of parts to form one perfect whole. In philosophy, astronomy and all the sciences much mental and moral good may be accomplished.

In the instruction of history we might infuse into their hearts feelings of patriotism, freedom and bravery. We can teach them to imitate the courage and nobleness of Washington, the self-denial of Lafayette—to avoid the treachery of Arnold, the heartlessness of Burr. Even in grammar and rhetoric many noble principles may be implanted. In their daily exercises examples and quotations are often brought to their notice which contain noble and enduring sentiment.—Stop a moment to impress it upon their attention, for is it not our duty to teach life lessons as well? In the reading books, almost every lesson contains some useful moral. Let us also make use of pictures to bring about this good result of heart training. The privilege of reading the bible in school is one we should be thankful for. Without stopping to say whether it is right or wrong, we know very well that it may be productive of much good. How often the gentle "Let not your hearts be troubled" or "Come unto me all ye that labor" produce soothing impressions when preparing for the duties and cares of the day—and the loving "Do unto others" may soften the resentment against a playmate engendered on the play-ground by some wrong, fancied or real. And may not the "Suffer little children" lead the tender child mind, for a moment at least, to long for the love of one whose every word breathes love. Even in the administering of punishment, much moral good may be accomplished, even though it is not the much loved "moral suasion" plan. The object of punishment is to secure voluntary obedience to right and this when strengthened into habit, forms excellence of character. We must not teach by precept alone, example has more influence than all else. We must teach punctuality by always being in time ourselves, neatness by our own habits, industry by always being employed in something useful, sympathy by showing them our hearts are in accord with theirs—in short we must teach by living pure and holy lives. The discipline of our schools wherein punctuality and reularity are enforced and the pupils are continually taught to suppress mere self-will and inclination, is the very best school of morality. Self control is the very basis of all moral virtue and industrious and studious habits are the highest qualities we can form in our pupils—obtain these and the crowning graces will be sure to follow.

Seeing then the great work before us let us not shrink from it as a heavy task but accept it as a high privilege and go on consciously building up character without looking for reward, for no thanks, no wages, no returns can ever rise as high as these grand and ever enduring benefits which it is our privilege, as teachers, to confer.

AN ELEPHANT AS NURSE.

A large elephant showed, by constant flagellation of his person, that he was much annoyed by his persecutors. the mosquitoes, and just at that time the keeper brought a little neaked black thing, as round as a ball, which in India I believe they call a child, laid it down before the animal with two words in Hindustance, "Watch it," and then walked away in the town. The elephant immediately broke off the larger part of the bough, so as to make a smaller and more convenient whisk, and directed his whole attention to the child, gently fanning the little lump of Indian ink, and driving away every mosquito which came near it. This he continued for upward of two hours, regardless of himself, until the keeper returned. It was really a beautiful sight, causing much reflection. Here was a monster, whose weight exceeded that of the infant by at least ten thousand times, acknowledging that the image of his Maker, even in the lowest degree of perfection, was divine; silently proving the truth of the sacred announcement, that God hath "given to man dominion over the beast of the field." And here, too, was a brute animal setting an example of devotion and self-denial that but few Christians, none indeed but a mother, could have practised.

☞ Pluck will carry a man where a palace car will not.

ONLY A FLIRTATION.

'Look yonder, Jim.'

'What?'

'Don't you see old Brown?'

'Yes, and talking to one of the prettiest girls I ever saw,' replied his friend Jim.

'Who in the world can she be?'

'I can't imagine.'

'Why, Brown is thirty-five if he's a day; black, burly and rough as a stage-driver.'

'To be sure he is.'

'No girl can like him.'

'Of course not.'

'I must have an introduction to that girl,' said Jim.

'And I must too.'

'Then let us both walk past, as if by accident, you know, and perhaps Brown will introduce us.'

'A brilliant idea.'

'Come.'

And the two friends locked arms and sauntered lazily along over the sands, close to Brown and his young lady companion.

Suddenly stopping, Jim extended his hand, as if overjoyed.

'Mr. Brown, as I'm alive!'

'Why, how do you do, Zenor?'

'Brown! is it possible?' said Jim, with enthusiasm. 'I am surprised to meet you.'

'And you, Howard.'

And then the two young men began to move off.

'Before you go, gentlemen, let me introduce you to Miss Williamson,' said Brown. 'Miss Williamson; Mr. Zenor—Mr. Howard;'—and the young gentlemen bowed with tremendous and superabundant politeness.

After a few words Brown settled his hat on his head, and remarked:

'I am going back on the 4 o'clock train and must be off.'

'Good evening, Brown.'

'Good evening gentlemen.'

And Miss Williamson tucked her hand under Brown's arm, and the two walked slowly away:

'A stunning girl,' said Zenor.

'A regular queen of hearts,' said his friend Howard.

Now, Howard and Zenor were clerks in a wholesale dry-goods store, of which Brown was chief clerk. They were dressy, good-looking young men of average abilities, and were now out on a four weeks' vacation.

Brown, as we have said, was chief clerk in the same establishment. He was a tall, long-bearded fine, sober-looking man of about thirty. He was just leaving the watering place as Zenor and Howard spied him; while they were just beginning their season.

Miss Williamson was indeed a beauty, being a regular belle. She was enjoying the delights of the little watering-place for a short season with her old grandfather, whose heiress she was, provided he did not disinherit her.

That evening they all met on the piazza, and she was very gracious to both of them. She danced and promenaded and chatted until she turned the heads of both the silly moths.

The next day she drove with Howard, but immediately after went sailing with Zenor.

Howard did not know what to make of it, but when they met again she smiled so sweetly that he forgave her.

* * * * * * *

Their little season was over, and they were both on the train bound for the city and for eleven months more of hard work; but there was an indescribable look that only the victor wears on each of their faces; and each one was thinking of his happy hours with Miss Williamson.

'What the deuce are you grinning about, Zenor?' after a while asked Howard.

'Nothing,' replied that individual, with a sudden look of wisdom.

'What are you grinning about, yourself?' he in turn demanded.

'Nothing.'

'Strange that we both should be grinning at nothing,' suggested Zenor.

'Yes.'

In a short time the two young clerks were diving into their ledgers again, still with that indescribable look of wisdom on their youthful brows.

Their fellow clerks observed it.

'Something pleasant must have happened to you fellows,' ventured one of the clerks.

'Why?'

'Oh! you look so deuced pleasant,' was the reply, and the busy hands were scratching at the dreary columns of figures.

'One day, shortly after the above chronicled conversation, Zenor observed Ella written all over a scrap of paper, and held it up to Howard with the query:

'Who did this?'

'I did.'

'What Ella did you mean?'

'Ella Williamson,' replied Howard, still scratching away in his ledger.

'Ella Williamson!'

'Yes.'

'What Ella Williamson?'

'The Ella we met at the seaside last season.'

'How dare you write the name of my intended on every scrap of paper in this manner?'

'Your intended?'

'Yes, mine.'

'She's mine.'

'We are engaged!' yelled Zenor.

'So are we—I and she!' screached Howard.

Two delicate hands clutched two delicate throats in a moment, and the two heroes rolled under a desk, pummeling each other heroically.

'What does this mean?' yelled Brown in a voice of thunder, as he tore the young gentlemen apart and closed the door of his office.

'He said he was engaged to Miss Williamson; and he is a liar, for she is engaged to me,' said Zenor.

'You are another one!' yelled Howard; she is engaged to me!'

'What did you say to her, Howard?' queried Brown.

'Why when I asked her if I might consult with her grandfather, she said she had no objections.'

'Is that all?'

'Yes.'

'That's no engagement.'

'Well, it soon will be one.'

'I think not,' said Brown. 'And what did she say to you, Zenor?'

'When I asked her if I might speak to her grandfather, she said yes, if I would only wait until we got back to town.'

'And that too, is no engagement,' said Brown.

'Well, I mean to see about it next week,' said Zenor.

'The deuce you did,' said Brown, with one of his peculiar looks.

'Yes, I did.'

'Well, please defer it, as Miss Williamson and myself are to be marred to-night.'

'Miss Williamson?'

'Ye-.'

'Miss Ella Williamson?'

'Exactly.'

'Howard, old boy, how is that?' said Zenor, with a comical twinkle in his merry blue eyes.

'Rich,' was the answer.

'Give me your hand, old boy. You can strike harder than I thought you could.'

'And you do well for a boy,' admitted Zenor.

'Don't call me a boy. Call me a child, an infant, an unborn babe.'

'Don't mention this, Brown, and I will dance on your grave some day,' said Howard.

'All right, boys, go to work.'

Brown was married.

A MODEL DEDICATION.

A new addition to the theological literature of the day is shortly to appear from the pen of Rev. Petroteum V. Nasby. He is preparing a volume entitled, "The Morals of Abou Ben Adhem"—the same whose tribe increased. It is always something in a man's favor to like his mother-in-law and it is the acme of human praise when a man's mother-in-law likes him. The happy relation between the Rev. P. V. N. and his semi-demi-parent seems to be mutual, ecstatic and heavenly. Let the whole earth listen and applaud:

To my
MOTHER-IN-LAW,
whose
DISINTERESTED SERVICES
in caring for
MY WIFE
during
Seven Critical Periods
and likewise for
During Teething, Measles, Mumps, Scarlatina and other
Diseases incidental to childhood,
Receiving therefor only what she ate,
merit not only praise but adoration;
and whose leaving my house—umbrella and all—always at the
precise time when there was
no more hard work
to do, was
Consideration Itself
I DEDICATED THIS VOLUME
As the least that I can do in
acknowledgement;
swearing, however, never to forget
her
while catnip blooms, soothing syrup is
made, and
REASON HOLDS ITS THRONE.

A GREAT POET IN ECSTACY.

From the Brooklyn Argus.

A gentleman who called upon George W. Childs after the Exhibition, found the great elegaic poet with his coat and boots off, rolling around on the floor in a state of ecstasy. "'Sh! 'Sh!" whispered the English hall servant, "you might disturb him. The Hemperor 'as been a shaking 'ands of 'im to-day, and he feels too good for anythink."

☞ An elderly female, on being examined before magistrates as to her place of legal settlement, was asked what reason she had for supposing that her deceased husband's settlement was at St. Andrews. The old lady, looking at the bench said, "He was born and married there, and they buried him there, and if that isn't settling him there, I don't know what is.'

☞ Old Baron Rothschild gave a louis to a charity fund, and the person receiving it said, "Ah, Monsieur Baron, you only gave a louis, and your son gave five.' "And reason enough," said the baron: "his father is a millionaire and I'm only a poor orphan."

☞ An indignant country editor wants to know on what grounds the Centennial managers propose to keep the show closed on Sundays. That's easy. The Exhibition grounds, of course.—*New York Commercial Advertiser.*

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

For years the language of flowers has been in use. It is certainly appropriate that those forms of expression, constantly employed in the communication of the thoughts and feelings which emanate from love, the most beautiful sentiment, should be committed to the keeping of flowers, the most beautiful objects in nature. For the especial benefit of those who may have occasion for them, we give some of the definitions most commonly in use:

Blue Bell—I wish to lead a single life.

Boxwood—Tell me that you love me truly.

Columbine—You are most too foolish.

Clover Blossoms, Red—I have a secret to tell you.

Clover Blossoms, White—I love another better than you.

Dandelion—You are a smiling little flirt.

Daisy—I will share your delightful sentiments.

Dahlia—Your charms I cannot resist.

Fuchia—I am true to you.

Flags—Cold and dreary is my heart.

Flowery Locust—I love you but I love another.

Geranium—I am lonely without you.

Grass—Useful but not very handsome.

Hollyhock—You are most too ambitious.

Honey-suckle—I will make you happy.

Hyacinth—Have you good faith.

Ice-plant—You look cold.

Ivy—I can only be your friend; nothing more.

Lily—I am patient.

Lilac—You are my first and only true love.

Lady slipper—You are too fickle.

Locust Blossom—I have loved you long and well.

Marigold—Be very cautious.

Mulberry—I shall not survive you.

Mignonette—I love you more for not being more handsome.

Myrtle—I love you truly.

Morning Glory—Love, love me.

Magnolia—I have none on earth better than you.

Mock Orange—Can you keep a secret.

Narcissus—Your love for yourself is better than for me.

Orange Flowers—Charity; a virtue all should have.

Oleander—Be careful, my dear.

Peach Blossoms—I shall never love another as I have loved you.

Peppermint—Warmth of feeling.

Peony, Red—I love to be with my dear.

Pink—I am happy in your presence.

Rose Geranium—I prefer light hair and blue eyes.

Rose, Damask—I love you, but am too bashful to tell you.

Rose, Withered—Departed beauty.

Sunflower—You are made of deceit.

Sycamore—I am anxious to know your secrets.

Spruce—I love you, but you love another.

Snow Ball—Believe me that I love you.

Shrub—You are too fancy.

Straw Flowers—You are too bold.

Tulips—You have my devoted affections.

Violet, Blue—I will be faithful until death.

Wild Tansy—I declare war against you.

White Violet—I am innocent.

White Rose—I have great preference of married state.

Wild Daisy—Farewell, I leave you forever.

White Rosebud—I am too young to marry.

Wax Plant—What makes you look so sad, my dear?

Yellow Pink—I scorn your rich offering.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE STEEL PENS.

A correspondent of the Scientific American says:

When at the works of Messrs. Thomas Jessop & Sons, in Sheffield, England, I was informed that six hundred and thirty-one tons of sheet steel was manufactured and sold in 1868, to be manufactured into steel pens. I was about writing home, and dared not give the quantity, fearing that I was misinformed. Next day I returned to the office, and the clerk turned to the books and showed me the exact figure, which was something over six hundred and thirty-one tons. This is from one establishment, others making steel for pens also. Each ton of steel averages about 1,000,000 pens, making a total of 631,000,000. What becomes of all the steel pens? Is it not reasonable to presume that the most of them are thrown away? How common it is to pick up a steel pen, the nibs of which are stuck together, to pull it out of the holder and throw it into the stove, and put in a new one! Then this one is too soft, or too stiff, too fine, or too coarse, or does not make a fine hair-line. For the least trifling fault, it shares a similar fate; and a trifling vexation often empties a whole box into the waste basket. Nobody considers the cost of a steel pen. Well, that's where the most of them go.

☞ "What is the next thing to a hen stealing?" Why, a cock robin, to be sure.

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

Rev. William B. Everett, M. D., son of William Bowers and Henrietta Louisa Tilghman Everett, married, January 19, 1865, Ellen S. Whilten, daughter of Edward and Mary Ellen Whilten, of Va., and had children, viz: Mary Ellen, Henrietta Louisa, William Bowers, Lellie, Lelia Creme, and Lloyd Tilghman Everett.

Anna Maria Tilghman, daughter of Matthew and Harriet Hynson Tilghman, married and was the first wife of Dr. Benjamin F. Houston, of Chestertown, Md.

Harriet Eliza Tilghman, daughter of Matthew and Harriet Hynson Tilghman, married, 6th of February 1849, William Brice Tilghman, son of Charles Carroll and Mary Lloyd Tilghman, and had children, which have been mentioned.

Catharine Araminta Eloise Tilghman, daughter of Matthew and Harriet Hynson Tilghman, married, 19th June 1850, James Lambert Davis, and had children, viz: Harriet Alethea, Anna Catharine, James Tilghman, Mary Virginia, Henrietta Louisa and David Padget Davis.

Harriet Alethea Davis, daughter of James Lambert and Catharine Araminta Eloise Tilghman Davis, married, 10th of June 1875, William Emory Perkins, son of Benjamin Bond and Margaret H. Emory Perkins.

Benjamin Bond Perkins was the son of Ebenezer and Sarah Perkins. Ebenezer Perkins was the son of Thomas and Mary Malden Perkins. Thomas Perkins was the son of Daniel and Susannah Perkins. Daniel Perkins was the son of Daniel Perkins who settled in Kent county, Md., about the year 1700, and, in the month of May 1715, married Susannah Starton, and died in 1744.

Anna Maria Tilghman, daughter of Richard and his first wife Margaret Tilghman, married Judge Nicholas Brice, of Baltimore, and had children, viz: Tilghman, Henry, George, Charles, Eliza and Anna Maria Brice.

Henry Brice, son of Judge Nicholas and Anna Maria Tilghman Brice, married Miss Howard of Baltimore, and had children, viz: Nicholas and William Brice.

Mary Elizabeth Tilghman, daughter of Richard and his first wife Margaret Tilghman, married George Hoffman, of Baltimore, and died *sine prole*.

Lloyd Tilghman, son of Hon. Matthew and Anna Lloyd Tilghman, married Henrietta Maria Tilghman, daughter of James and Anna Francis Tilghman, and had children, viz: Anne, Henrietta Maria, Mary, Matthew, James, Elizabeth and Lloyd Tilghman.

Ann Tilghman, daughter of Lloyd and Henrietta Maria Tilghman, married John Tilghman of Queen Anne's county, Md.

Henrietta Maria Tilghman, daughter of Lloyd and Henrietta Maria Tilghman, married Alexander Hemsley, and had children, viz: Henrietta Maria, who married Dr. Frisby Tilghman, son of Colonel Frisby Tilghman; Lloyd, and Alexander Hemsley.

James Tilghman, son of Lloyd and Henrietta Maria Tilghman, married Ann C. Shoemaker, of Philadelphia, and had children, viz: Lloyd, Caroline, Henrietta Maria, and Ann (or Nina) Tilghman.

Lloyd Tilghman, (born 30th January, 1816, died in battle 16th May 1863), son of James and Ann C. Shoemaker Tilghman, was a graduate of West Point (of 1836) and after several years services resigned his commission, but re-entered the United States during the Mexican war and served with distinction. At the close of the war he again resigned. Subsequently he entered the army of the Confederate States, was captured at Fort Henry in Tennessee and confined, as prisoner of war in Fort Warren, was exchanged, then promoted to a Major General, and slain in battle at Vicksburgh, Miss., a cannon ball passing through his body, the 16th of May 1863.

He married, in 1842, Augusta Boyd, of Maine, and had children, viz: Lloyd, killed by a kick from his horse while in the Confederate army; Frederick Boyd, Southgate, Siddell, Charles and Maria Tilghman; also a daughter, who died in infancy.

Caroline Tilghman, daughter of James and Ann C. Shoemaker Tilghman, married Philip W. Lowery, and had children, viz: Robert, Philip, (an officer U. S. N.) Sophia and Minnie Lowery.

Nina Tilghman, daughter of James and Ann C. Shoemaker Tilghman, married Mr. Montgomery of Philadelphia.

Margaret Tilghman, daughter of Hon. Matthew and Anna Lloyd Tilghman, married Charles Carroll, of Mount Clare, near Baltimore, and had one child, who died in infancy.

Anna Maria Tilghman, daughter of Hon. Matthew and Anna Lloyd Tilghman, married Col. Tench Tilghman, of the Revolutionary army, and had children who have been named.

Tilghman Arms:—Per fesse sable and argent, a lion rampant, regardant, tail forked, countercharged, crowned or.

Crest: A demi-lion sejant sable, crowned or.

Motto:—*Spes alit agricolum.*

N. B.—It is proper for me to state that in drawing out the lineage, pedigree and descent of the Tilghman Family, I discarded in a great measure any original investigation of my own and relied upon members of the family and chiefly upon Mr. Robert Lloyd Tilghman, of Easton, Md., and Mr. George Tilghman Hollyday of Baltimore, to both of whom I now, with great pleasure, tender my grateful thanks. G. A. H.

1675-'76.

SECTION 99. At a Court holden for ye County of Kent, January ye 25th 1675.

Present—Mr. Joseph Wickes,
Mr. James Ringold,
Mr. John Hynson,
Mr. Henry Hosier,
Mr. Tobias Coes, Comrs.

It is ordered by this Court yt Thomas Warren, Junior; Christopher Andrews, Henry Carter and Thomas Brite be summoned to ye next Court to take ye oath of Constables. Afterwards, Christopher Andrews was sworn Constable for Chester hundred;

Thomas Warren, Jun., for Langsord's Bay;

Henry Carter, for ye Upper hundred for Kent; and

Thomas Brite for ye Lower hundred for Kent.

SECTION 100. At a Court holden for ye County of Kent, March ye 25th 1676, and adjourned untill ye 20th April 1676.

Present—Mr. Joseph Wickes,
Mr. James Ringold,
Mr. John Hinson,
Mr. Henry Hosier,
Mr. William Lawrence,
Commissioners,

Mr. Joseph Wickes brought a woman servant to Court yt came in without Indentures, named Christian Gordan who doth declare in open Court yt she is nineteen years old. This Court doth order yt ye sd servant doe serve according to Act of Assembly wch. is six years from her first Arrivall.

SECTION 101. At a Court holden for ye County of Kent, June ye 27th 1676,

Present—Mr. Joseph Wickes,
Mr. John Hinson,
Mr. Thomas Hosier,
Mr. William Lawrence,
Mr. Nathaniell Evatts,
Mr. Samuell Tovy,
Mr. Cornelius Comegys,
Mr. Desboro Bennett,
Commissioners.

Whereas Patrick Gordon hath made it appeare to ye Court yt there is due unto him out of ye estate of Edward Joanes the sum of Eighty pounds of Tob., this Court doth order yt present payment be made out of ye Estate by ye Administrator, els execution.

Gave Patrick Gordon a copy o this Order ye 27th of Sept. 1677.

SECTION 102. At a Court holden for ye County of Kent, August ye 22d, 1676.

Present—Mr. Joseph Wickes,
Mr. John Hinson,
Mr. Henry Hosier,
Mr. Samuell Tovy,
Mr. Cornelius Comegys,
Mr. Desboro Bennett,
Commissioners.

Whereas Mr. Joseph Wickes one of ye Commissioners of ye Court hath complained to ye Court against John Bowles for divers slanderous words yt said Bowles hath spoken agst ye sd Mr. Wickes. Whereas it is ordered by ye Court yt ye Sheriff of ye County doe take John Bowles into his custody himself untill he finds sufficient security, such as ye Court shall approve for his good behaviour for a twelvemonth and yt sd Bowles appeare at Every Court, or in default of his good behaviour to forfeit twenty pounds sterling to ye Lord Proprietor.

Thomas Warren, Jun., became bound, for John Bowles, in Tenn pounds sterling unto ye Lord Proprietor.

SECTION 103. The following extracts are taken from Liber J. Court Proceedings from 3rd of January 1676 O. S. to 29th of June 1698:

At a Court holden for ye County of Kent, the 6th of April 1676—

Present—Mr. Joseph Wickes,
Mr. James Ringgold,
Mr. Henry Hosier,
Mr. John Hinson,
Mr. Nath. Ewett,
Mr. Cornelius Comegys,
Commissioners.

Ordered that ye present Clarke (Benjamin Randall) do make a list of all the Records and papers received from Charles Bancke, Late Clarke. (54)

An imp-roving sight—Sergeant Bates.

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