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FATHER JOHN.

BY PELEG ARKWRIGHT.

He preached but little, argued less;
But if a girl was in distress,
Or if a kinchen came to grief,
Or trouble tackled rogue or thief,
There Father John was sure to be
To blunt the edge of misery;
And somehow managed every time
To ease despair or lessen crime.

That corner house was allus known
Around these parts as Podger's Own,
Till two pals in a drunken fight
Set the whole thing afire one night;
And where it stood they hypered round
And blasted rocks and shovyled ground
To build the factory over there—
The one you see—and that is where
Poor Father John—God give him rest!—
Preached his last sermon and his best.

One summer's day the thing was done;
The workmen set a blast and run.
They ain't so keerful here, I guess,
Where lives ain't worth a cent apiece,
As in the wards where things are dear,
And nothink ain't so cheap as here:
Leastwise, the first they seed or knowed
A little chick had crossed the road.

He seemed to be just out o'bed,
Bare-legged, with nothink on his head a
Chubby and cunnin', with his hair
Blown criss-cross by the mornin' air;
Draggin' a tin horse by a string,
Without much care for anything,
A-talking to himself for joy—
A toddlin', keerless, baby boy.

Right for the crawlin' fuse he went,
As though to find out what it meant;
Trudgin' toward the fatal spot,
Till less'n three feet off he got
From where the murderin' thing lay still,
Just waitin' for to spring and kill;
Marching along toward his grave,
And not a soul dared go to save.

They hollered—all they durst to do:
He turned and laughed, and then bent low,
To set the horsey on his feet,
And went right on a crowin' sweet.
And then a death-like silence grew
On all the tremblin', coward crew,
As each swift second seemed the last
Before the roaring of the blast.

Just then some chance or purpose brought
The priest; he saw, and quick as thought
He ran and caught the child and turned
Just as the slumberin' powder burned,
And shot the shattered rocks around,
And with its thunder shook the ground.

The child was sheltered; Father John
Was hurt to death; without a groan
He set the baby down, then went
A step or two, but life was spent;
He tottered, looked up to the skies
With ashen face but strange, glad eyes.
"My love, I come!" was all he said,
Sank slowly down and so was dead.

Stranger, he left a memory here
That will be felt for many a year,
And since that day this ward has been
More human in its dens of sin.

—*Rochester Express.*

The old, old Story.

'Just ten years ago, on this very spot, almost at this self-same hour, we parted,' exclaimed Mrs. Trevellyn to herself, as she sat on the little moss covered seat beneath the shade of an old oak. 'Just ten years, yet so long, long ago! Why do men say that life is short, and time flies? For me, nothing has flown, but my dreams.' As she spoke, she shaded her still youthful and lovely face from the bright sunlight, and fell into a revery so deep as to be quite unconscious of approaching footsteps.

The intruder was a tall, handsome man as yet scarce in his prime, who, catching a glimpse of the lady, stepped quickly forward. But before he could speak, Mrs. Trevellyn became suddenly aware of the presence of some one, and glancing at the figure of the stranger, she arose as if to move away.

With a half audible apology, the gentleman raised his hat, and in a moment was lost in the thick shrubbery, while she sank back again upon the seat, as she said:

'Tis he!' and he does not know me! Only ten years, and I—forgotten.

Yes, only ten years, when these two had parted, he a gentleman twenty-one, she the beautiful girl of seventeen summers.

Clive Lee was just out of college; and before settling down to the study of his profession, he was to spend two years in Europe. Jessie Trevellyn was still in school. But the 16th had now come, and with it a child's love deepened into something tender and enduring enough for the contract of life's journey.

'Yes I shall write to-day,' he said, as they stood on the deck of the steamer, and gave many parting charges to Jessie. 'Dear Jessie there should be no secrets between man and wife. May I see the note which so strangely affects you?'

'You cannot!' was the brief, measured reply, as she rose from her chair, no longer the timid, suffering girl, but a wronged and outraged woman. 'You cannot read it though I tell you from whose pen it came. Dearly I loved this man from whom your perfidy has forever separated me. My answer you shall hear, for I am your wife, and it shall be my care that it safely reaches Mr. Lee.

A night of tears and agony for Jessie, of mingled remorse and rage for her husband, and she stood before him in the morning light an open letter in her hand.

'Mr. Trevellyn, will you hear what I have written my friend;

"MY DEAR MR. LEE:—After a long, sad winter, passed in the South, at the bedside of my father, I have returned to my own home an orphan, but—a wife. In the presence of my dying father, I married his nephew, John Trevellyn.—This brief note must be my reply to your letter written a fortnight since. God bless you forever.

JESSIE T——."

Years rolled on. John Trevellyn, in the excitement of political life, sought to forget the past. Jessie's beauty and grace were everywhere acknowledged; but it was the perfection of the statue which no loving heart and head warmed into happy life.

Within a few months after nine years of married life, John Trevellyn had died, but not before he had confessed to Jessie, in bitter, penitent humiliation, the deception practiced toward Clive Lee and herself. Freely, even lovingly, she had forgiven him.

But the old wound was not healed, and the remembrance of her old lover—now a diplomat at a foreign court—was ever one of mingled pleasure and pain.

On the morning of which we write, Mrs. Trevellyn had been in the daily paper the announcement that Mr. Lee, after an absence of ten years, had returned to his native land for a brief visit.

With a world of memories stirring her heart to its very depth, she had almost involuntarily wandered out to the old trysting place.

"How strange!" she said as she slowly started toward her home, an hour later, "how strange that Clive should not know me! If he but knew the truth! But I cannot tell him; the honor of the dead forbids it!"

As Mrs. Trevellyn stepped toward the little stile which divided the woody upland from the meadow beyond, she saw Clive Lee quietly sitting on its lower step, like one who waits for another. As she came slowly forward, he sprang from his seat, and with outstretched arms barred her way, as he said:

"Jessie, I have come for you! I demand my own—that for which I have so long and patiently waited."

There were no "whispering boughs" among the silent green trees, to tell us what the lovers said.

Enough for us to know that three months later there was a quiet, but very happy wedding at the old country seat, and after that Clive Lee and Jessie went over the ocean to their new Eden, leaving behind them all the sorrowful past.

IS YOUR NOTE GOOD?

A Boston lawyer was called on a short time ago by a boy, who enquired if he had any waste paper to sell. The lawyer had a crisp, keen way of asking questions, and is, moreover, a methodical man. So pulling out a large drawer, he exhibited his stock of waste paper.

"Will you give me two shillings for that?"

The boy looked at the paper doubtingly a moment, and offered fifteen pence.

"Done," said the lawyer, and the paper was quickly transferred to the bag by the boy, whose eyes sparkled as he lifted the weighty mass.

Not till it was safely stowed away did he announce that he had no money.

"No money! How do you expect to buy paper without money?"

Not prepared to state exactly his plan of operations, the boy made no reply.

"Do you consider your note good?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; if you say your note's good, I'd just as soon have it as the money; but if it isn't good I don't want it."

The boy affirmed that he considered it good; whereupon the lawyer wrote a note for fifteen pence, which the boy signed lightly, and lifting the bag of papers, trudged off.

Some time about the first of September, perhaps, and, perchance, the present time which some of my kind readers may be spending at the sea-side, or in the mountains, or at the springs, or in the country, or in the city, or somewhere else, or nowhere, I noticed some [illegible] of peacocks. I noticed some [illegible] with many beautiful feathers [illegible] which would deck a [illegible]

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION.

From our Special Correspondent.

PHILADA., Aug. 14, 1876.

Mr. Editor:—The recent visit of the Emperor of Brazil to this country for the purpose of not only seeing the Exposition but studying our customs manners and resources, has done more to make us acquainted with our South American neighbor than anything that has ever heretofore taken place; it has attracted our attention to his history socially, politically and physically, and we have been surprised, after referring to the statistics, to find the rapid progress she has made within a comparatively short period under the administration of her present liberal and sagacious ruler; and yet it does not amaze us as much as it would if we did not know as much as we do, by personal knowledge, of the excellence and common sense of Dom Pedro II.—He is a plain but dignified gentleman in appearance, liberal and broad in his views, public spirited, learned, enlightened, and unostentatious in manner, desiring rather to travel incognito than to be feted, interviewed and received with pomp and ceremony by the officials of every town or city he chances to visit.

The last time I saw him, just prior to his departure for Europe, was in the Main Exposition Building, in company with the English Commissioner, Prof. Archer. He wore a full black suit and a large brown slouch hat, and looked more like a well-to-do farmer than a descendant of the royal house of Braganza and the Monarch of a State second only in extent of territory to the Empires of China and Russia.

Brazil owes all she has gained to this excellent man. He is a patriot in the broadest sense of the term, just and wise as a ruler, and without the shadow of illiberality or bigotry in his nature. His wisdom, prudence and many sterling qualities, have gained for him not only the love of his people but the regard and esteem of the whole world. Brazil was discovered in 1500 by Vincento Yanez Pincon, one of the companions of Columbus; in the same year Emanuel, King of Portugal, sent out Pietro Alvarez Cabral, who took possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, and called it Pierra de Santa Cruz. The English, French and Dutch subsequently effected settlements, but in 1640 the latter were expelled and the land from that date remained alone in the possession of the Portuguese. In 1807 Napoleon deposed the House of Braganza, and in 1808 the royal family left Portugal and sailed for Brazil, where in 1822 John VI was crowned Emperor. In 1826 the Brazilians declared their independence, which was recognized by the mother country, and Dom Pedro I. ascended the throne. In 1831 he was compelled to abdicate in favor of his son, the present Dom Pedro II., who at that time was but six years old; a regency was appointed and at fifteen he was declared of age. The most recent events of importance in the history of Brazil are the passage of an act by the legislature in 1871 abolishing negro slavery on the royal and ecclesiastical estates, and the War with Paraguay in 1870 which resulted in the defeat and death of the dictator Lopez, a ferocious, brutal tyrant whose rule was preeminently a "Reign of Terror," and whose conduct in reference to his mistress Madame Lynch, and his bevy of bastards, has consigned his name to social infamy, while the cruelties and indignities inflicted upon his mother have passed him down to history as a second Nero. He debased his people and desolated his country, for it is said he found "Paraguay a paradise and left it a desert;" a mean despot, whose counterpart can hardly be found in the world's annals, for there was not a redeeming trait in his character.

The Brasilian Department joins the 'Court' of the Netherlands. The space is enclosed by frame work, tastefully painted, having four wide entrances; there is nothing gaudy about it, neither is it as imposing as many others, but it can truthfully be said to be as pretty and as pleasing as any other department in the entire building. The exhibits are very well arranged, and consist principally of the natural products of the vegetable kingdom of that luxuriant land, and specimens of birds, insects, flowers and precious stones. In my last letter I promised to give a description of Brasil's Feathers, Flowers and Flies; and I shall at once set about the task. In a large case to the left as we enter the Eastern entrance, is a collection of what is called insect jewelry, consisting of sleeve buttons, shirt studs, ear rings, breast and hair pins, made of beetle insects, that are native only in tropical climes; they are of all colors and shapes and most exquisitely made; even the tentacles are utilized and under a particular process the wings and body are polished and they are worn in the hair as ornaments; and although I have never seen them so worn I think they must look very pretty. In the same case are specimens of flowers, several birds of different varieties, all of brilliant plumage and many beautiful feathered insects [illegible]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, 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.

THE TYLDEN FAMILY.

William Henry Page Worrell was the son of Dr. Edward and Elizabeth Hanson Fisby Worrell. Dr. Edward Worrell was the son of William Worrell, of Fairy Meadow, who was the son of Edward and Mary Tylden Worrell. The last named Edward Worrell was born in 1712, the son of Edward Worrell who was elected a Vestryman of St. Paul's Parish on the 27th of February 1716, whose wife's name was Mary Worrell.

Mary Tylden Worrell was the daughter of Marmaduke and Sarah Tylden.

Anna Maria Tylden, daughter of Dr. Charles and Anna Maria Buchanan Tylden, married, 17th October 1843, and was the second wife of George Bergen Westcott, and had one son, Charles Tylden Westcott. The first wife of George B. Westcott was Mary Ann Hynson. They were married 14th June 1831 and she died 16th of May 1841, aged 39 years. (See Hynson.)

Charles Tylden Westcott, son of George Bergen and Anna Maria Tylden Westcott, married, 17th September 1873, Mary S. Guion, daughter of Dr. John A. and Susan S. Roberts Guion, of New Berne, North Carolina, and has a son, Tylden Westcott.

Mary Elizabeth Tylden, daughter of Dr. Charles and Anna Maria Buchanan Tylden, married, 25th November 1845, Nicholas Godfrey Westcott, and had children, viz: Harriet Tylden, Samuel Buck, Charlotte, George Bergen, William Henry, Mary Louisa, and Alice Westcott.

Harriet Tylden Westcott, daughter of Nicholas Godfrey and Mary Elizabeth Tylden Westcott; married, 20th October 1875, the Reverend Stephen C. Roberts, from North Carolina, at present the much beloved Rector of Chester Parish, Kent county, Md., who is a brother of Mrs. Susan S. Roberts Guion, before mentioned.

SECTION 108. G. Mary Tylden, daughter of Dr. William Blay and Sarah Tylden, married twice. Her first husband was Cornelius Hurtt. Her second husband was John Ireland, and had children, viz: Tylden, Charles Tylden, Catharine Tylden, Mary and Aletha Ireland.

Mrs. Mary Tylden Ireland, died 10th of February 1849, aged 75 years.

John Ireland was the son of Joseph Ireland, who was born 17th of June 1727, near Halifax, Yorkshire, England, and was married, by the Rev. Mr. Sterling, 10th July 1761, to Alethea Comegys, daughter of William Comegys and Ann Cosden, and had children, viz: William, born 28th June 1762; Joseph, born 8th of March 1765; John, born 9th of March 1767, who married Mary Tylden; Jesse Comegys and Alphonsa Cosden Ireland.

William Comegys was the son of William, the son of Cornelius and Millimenty Comegys, who came from Holland to New Sweden, on the Delaware, afterwards settled in Kent, and were naturalized by the Act of 1672, chapter xxix. (See Comegys.)

Catherine Tylden Ireland, daughter of John and Mary Tylden Ireland, was born 23d of November 1804; married 27th of November 1821, Daniel Jones, and died 20th September 1858. Daniel Jones was born 10th October 1798, and died 23d of April 1865. They had ten children. Two died in infancy, viz: William Ireland and William Blay Tylden Jones, who died 11th of June 1831, in the 11th year of his age.

The following survived, viz: Mary Elizabeth, Jacob Alfred, Sarah Catherine, John Wesley, George Washington, Anna Alethea, Jane Louisa, and Daniel Jones.

Mary Elizabeth Jones, daughter of Daniel and Catharine Tylden Ireland Jones, married, 16th of October 1840, George Washington Mears, and had children, viz: Lelia Ann Catharine; Mary Elizabeth; George Washington, who died 31st July 1856; Sarah Maly Tylden; Edward Clarence, who died 23d July 1860; Daniel Henry, and Edward Blay Tylden Mears.

George Washington Mears was born 20th of November 1827, the son of Henry Hallet Mears and Ann Barbara Birkinhead, who was born 18th of October 1800, and married 23d September 1824. Henry Hallet Mears was born 31st of July 1797, died 30th December 1870, the son of William Mears (the elected in April 1793, Illinois), who was born 24th of March 1761, and died in 1838. William Mears was born 6th March 1761; died 11th June 1838, the son of Edward Mears, who was born 1st November 1727, and died in 1817. Edward Mears was born 4th June 1736, and died in 1813, the son of William Mears who married, at Overton, England, Elizabeth Gilbert, who was born 19th of December 1715, and died 14th of September 1796. William Mears was born in England, in 1710, came to America with General Oglethorpe's expedition and was lost at sea.

Jacob Alfred Jones, son of Daniel and Catharine Tylden Ireland Jones, married 30th of December 1856, Martha A. Price, daughter of Perry and Elizabeth Price, and had children, viz: William Alfred, who died 12th June 1866; Hyland Tylden; Lizzie Howard, who died 11th of November 1867; Daniel Bayard, and Howard Price Jones, who died 22d September 1874.

Sarah Catharine Jones, daughter of Daniel and Catherine Tylden Ireland Jones, married, 7th October 1852, Thomas Marshall, son of James and Mary B. Marshall, and had children, viz: Catherine Tylden, who died in July 1854; Mary Tylden; Lallie Virginia; Anna Lelia; Carrie Louisa; Ida Kate, who died 1st of August 1865; Charles Tylden; George Washington, and Clarence Linnard Marshall.

John Wesley Jones, First Vice President of the Philadelphia and Reading Rail Road Company, son of Daniel and Catharine Tylden Ireland Jones, married, 22d October, 1857, Mary Billmeyer Murphy, daughter of John A. and Mary Murphy, and had children, viz: Helen Blay, Florence Tylden, and Charles Tylden Jones.

John Wesley Jones in 1862 received the appointment of Clerk to the President of the Philadelphia and Reading Rail Road Company, a confidential position of much responsibility, in which he displayed unusual aptitude and qualification for business. He was afterwards made General Freight Clerk, then promoted to be Auditor, Secretary, Secretary and Comptroller of the Company, and again in 1873, was deservedly promoted and elected First Vice President, the post he now (1876) holds and fills with marked ability.

George Washington Jones, son of Daniel and Catherine Tylden Ireland Jones, married, 15th of December 1863, Anna Amelia Howard, daughter of Joseph and Susanna K. Howard, and had children, viz: Daniel Howard, who died 20th July 1865; Mary Catharine; Susanna Wesley; George Washington, who died 12th September 1872; Anna Elizabeth, who died 22d November 1874, and Ida Josephine Jones.

Anna Alethea Jones, daughter of Daniel and Catherine Tylden Ireland Jones, married, 11th April 1865, Rev. William Henry Hopkins, son of William Henry and Mary J. Hopkins, and had children, viz: William Glenmore; Nettie Lee; Harry Tylden; John Edward, deceased; and Howard Blay Hopkins, deceased.

Jane Louisa Jones, daughter of Daniel and Catherine Tylden Ireland Jones, married, 11th May, 1869, Henry Churchill Cutler, son of Leudel and Elizabeth Cutler, and had one son, Henry Churchill Cutler, who died in infancy.

Daniel Jones, son of Daniel and Catherine Tylden Ireland Jones, married, 23d October 1873, Hannah Elizabeth Rush, daughter of Stephen P. and Elizabeth Ketchum Rush, and had one son, William Rush Jones.

☞ The other day, when a red-faced man, waiting at one of the depots for a train, blew his nose ten or fifteen times with a great echo, a newsboy ran out on the street and yelled:

"Do come yere, Jim—here's Ginerul Grant!"

Jim took a long look at the man and replied:

"He's no Ginerul Grant."

"He ain't, eh?" shouted the first; "well, you just wait and hear him blow his nose again, and see if he isn't some big gun or other!"

☞ The other day a Marcy street boy entered the house with a sob in his throat and a bloody nose, and when his mother demanded to know the cause he thus explained:

"Us boys were playing Revolutionary war out there."

"Yes."

"And we got up the battle of Bunnington."

"Yes."

"And we went in."

"Yes whipped the British, of course?" said the mother.

"Yes—yes," sobbed the boy; "I had hang 'em I they wouldn't stay licked!"

☞ "How early should the education of a child begin?" was the question asked of a learned physician.

"Twenty years before he is born," was the reply. "good mothers make good children."

☞ "My young colored friend," said an army chaplain to a young negro, "can you read?"

"Yes, sah."

"Glad to hear it," said the chaplain; "shall I give you a paper?"

"Sartin, sah, if you please."

"Very good," continued the chaplain; "what paper would you choose now?"

"Well, massa," said the meditating negro, "if you shows, I'll take a paper o' terbacker."

☞ A farmer once hired a Vermonter to assist in drawing logs. The Yankee, whose theory was a lazy, to life, generally contrived to secure the small end, for which the farmer rebuked him, and told him to take the butt-end. Dinner came, and with it a sugar-loaf Indian pudding. Jonathan helped off a goodly portion of the largest end, and quietly the farmer's eyes [illegible] saying, "Guess I'll take the butt end."

☞ [illegible] K——, a law student, was [illegible] by a committee of the Moot Court, to [illegible] questions propounded by [illegible] as to his qualifications [illegible] Court. The committee [illegible] was a [illegible] and [illegible] Court. [illegible] was a book.