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THREE AND ONE.

They stray through the sunlit, summery weather,
Two maids and a youth 'neath skies of blue,
And each of the three, as they walk together,
Is secretly wishing there were but two.

Yet the maidens love each other dearly,
And both love the youth, if he only knew:
But he loves one as a sweet friend merely,
And the other he loves as lovers do.

She who has won his heart's best passion
Gives back a fancy, a passing whim:
She loves him only coquette fashion;
While the other maid—she would die for him.

And while they wander across the meadows,
Their three hearts brimming with love's sweet pain,
Fate is sitting within the shadows,
Weaving for them a tangled skein.

And she shall weave till the autumn weather,
When th' threads shall unravel and all come straight;
But well she loveth to knot them together
And tangle the ends for a time, doth Fate!

She at whose feet is cast that treasure,
A man's heart, strong with love's full tide,
Shall use it awhile as a thing of pleasure;
Bruise it, and break it, and cast it aside.

And she who is loved as a sweet friend only,
Shall find it bleeding upon the ground,
And being herself so sad and lonely,
Shall strive through pity to heal the wound.

And after a time, when she's hushed its grieving,
She shall take it with all its wounds and scars,
And hide it away in her breast, believing
'Tis the richest treasure under the stars.

But the three walk on o'er the sunlit meadows,
And dream all life is a summer land;
And they pass by one who sits in the shadows,
And see not the webs in her bony hand.

And so we all while the days are flitting
Plan out a future of joys and pains,
And see not Fate in the shadows sitting,
Knotting and tying the tangled skeins.

The vows we vow with a fond 'Forever,'
The pledge we deem there can naught befall,
Fate with a touch of her hand can sever,
Ah me! 'tis folly to plan at all.

Those that we love may the soorest fail us;
We may grow to worship where now we hate,
And what do our plans and our dreams avail us?
Better to leave it all with Fate.

INCIDENT OF LIBBY PRISON.

While Pickett's division was before Newbern, Gen'l. Pickett received, by flag of truce, a letter from a gentleman in Boston, accompanied by a package of money containing $2,000, in which the writer stated that he had a brother, a Federal officer in the Libby prison; that his brother was a former comrade of Pickett in the Mexican war, and appealed to him by the friendship of their old days to forward the money to his brother. The appeal touched the generous heast of the brave soldier, and he at once dispatched an orderly with the money to the officer. The orderly, tempted by the unusual sight of so many greenbacks, basely deserted to the lines and escaped with the booty. As soon as Pickett heard of the desertion he immediately went to Richmond, and, by a mortgage upon his Turkey Island property, succeeded in borrowing $2,000, which he carried to the prisoner with an explanation of and an apology for the delay. The officer, when he learned by what means the General had raised the money, declined to accept one dollar of it; but with that nice sense of honor which distinguished the true Southern gentleman, General Pickett compelled him to do so. The two soldiers then talked over the brave old days of the past, when together they fought under the same flag, and as the conversation ripened into a friendly confidence, the prisoner frankly told the General that his object was to escape, if possible, and that he intended using some of the money he had paid him in the effort. The General checked him at once by telling him that he could not receive his confidence in such a matter. That the money was his own, and that he had a right to do with it as he pleased, but it would be improper for him to become a party in his plans. He then left. The paisoner did escape. The war ended disastrously to the South, and Gen. Pickett's estate was sold to satisfy the mortgage which he had executed to pay a Federal prisoner in his hands the money which had been stolen from him by the connivance of an enemy.

MR. COMEGYS' LETTER CONCLUDED.

8th Friday. We advised this morning with Mr. Comegys as to proceeding further down to Virginia, and crossing the bay, in pursuance of the address which we had received from Mr. Moll, and our recollection, to wit, that arriving at Mr. Comegys's we should then consult him and he would give us further information. In talking the matter over with him, he said, he saw no probability of our being able to accomplish this, and advised us against it for several reasons. First, the country below there was full of creeks and their branches, more so than that we had passed over, and it was difficult to get across them, as boats were not always to be obtained, and the people were not very obliging. As to going by water, either down or across the bay, there was not much navigating at this time of year, the winter being so close at hand, and the worst of it would be to get back again. To go by sea to the South river, at New York, there was not much opportunity and it was attended with great danger and inconvenience. As to exploring the land, he assured us we had seen the best; the rest of it was poor and covered with bushes, especially in Virginia.

It would cost us much of this time, and we would have to do with a godless and very crafty people, who would be more so towards us, because we were strangers who could not speak their language, and did not understand the customs of the country, and so forth, all of which we took into consideration. After breakfast a man arrived with a letter from Mr. Miller, requesting Comegys to go with him in his boat across the bay to the ships. Comegys not wishing to go, answered the letter, and said to us in general terms something about a man who wished to cross the bay in a boat, but he did not express himself fully, and we also did not understand him well. We supposed the man was at his plantation with a boat, and after waiting awhile without perceiving anything of him, we asked him where the man was with the boat. He said he was not there, but that it was Captain Miller's boat which was going, and he lived about ten or twelve miles off. We immediately resolved to go there, which we did, about noon, after having breakfasted and dined together. Mr. Comegys was from Vienna, and had had a Dutch woman for a wife, who had taught her children to speak the Dutch language; they therefore had a kind disposition towards Hollanders.

After her death he married an English woman, and he had himself learned many of the English maxims, although it was against his feelings; for we were sensible that he dared not work for us with an open heart. He told us he would rather live at the Cape of Good Hope than here.

"How is that," said I, "When there is such good land here?"

"True," he replied, "but if you knew the people here as well as I do, you would be able to understand why."

We departed from his house over the same road by which we had come, thinking that if nothing more should result from this opportunity we would at least have advanced so far on our way back.—We arrived at about three o'clock at Mr. Hosier's, who received us kindly, and would cheerfully have kept us all night, but understanding our intention, he not only let us go and showed us the road, but went with us himself in order to facilitate our getting over the creek, there was no canoe to put us over, and he therefore took us to another, the same one where he had found the Comegys, and where we now found his son, of whom I have before spoken, who soon had his boat ready, when thanking Mr. Hosier, and taking our leave of him, we crossed over. Young Comegys showed us the road which we followed to a creek, where we found a canoe, but no person with it. We took ourselves over in it, and came to the house where we left the sick woman before spoken of. There were now some men at home whom we requested to show us the road, and the same person who brought us here over the same road, accompanied us a part of the way, and gave us directions how to proceed. We struck the creek directly opposite Mr. Miller's plantation, as it began to get dark, and on calling out were taken over. We inquired of Mr. Miller whether he intended to cross the bay in his boat when, and whether he could take us with him. He said yes, but he did not know whether he would leave the next day or not. He would start as soon as the weather would permit, as he had some casks of tobacco to carry over, with which we might help him; but he did not know how we would manage on the other side, as he had to go further up the river from there, and he saw no chance for us to go down the bay or to cross again. We finally concluded we would go with him, and remain on board the ships until he came back to take us with him, he promising not to leave there without coming for us. We also found here a person who spoke high Dutch, and of whom we have before said a word. We were able to converse with him, but my companion could do so the best. He resided on this plantation, and was a kind of proctor or advocate in the courts. We passed the evening with him. We were well entertained here, and had a good bed to sleep on, which was very agreeable.

9th, Saturday. We expected the trip would be made this morning, but no mention was made of it, and we asked him at last if it would not be proceeded with. He said the weather was not fit, and that as soon as it was suitable we would start. But about noon the wind was blowing very fresh from the west, which was straight ahead, we gave up all hope of going to-day Seeing that the same difficulty might exist on Monday and the following days, as he said he would not go over on Sunday, we determined to proceed, after we had dined, with our journey back to New Castle, which we did, excusing ourselves on the ground that we could not wait so long, and that time pressed us. So we took our leave and went to Richard Adams's as we had promised his wife when we went on, to stop on our return: but missing the way, or not knowing it we came to a plantation and house about three o'clock, where there was neither man nor beast, and no one from whom we could inquire the road. We chose the one we thought best, and walked on till evening. We came to a plantation on the point of the creek where Richard Adams lived on the opposite side, being now on the great bay about four miles below where we had to be. We were strangers here, and had no address to these people, who, nevertheless, showed us every kindness and treated us well. They told us we had lost the way at the empty house, by taking the road to the left instead of the right.

10th, Sunday. The son who went out to shoot at daylight, put us on the road which would lead us to the creek directly opposite Richard Adams's house, taking us back to the empty plantation which we now left on the right hand. We arrived at the place about eight o'clock, and were taken over the creek by Richard Adams himself. He and his wife were glad to see us, and bade us welcome. As it was Sunday, and we had promised to write a letter to Holland for his wife, we remained there this day, writing the letter after dinner, and having time also to look around a little. These people were so delighted at the service we were to do them in Holland, of posting a letter to Steenwyk, and sending an answer back to them, that they did not know what to do for us. He gave us some French brandy to drink, which he had purchased of the captains of the ships who had brought it from England; but as it was an article prohibited on pain of forfecture, it was not to be bought here, and scarcely anything else, for he had made an useless journey below, not being able to obtain shoes and stockings for his little children who were bare-legged. I have nowhere seen so many ducks together as were in the creek in front of this house. The water was so black with them that it seemed when you looked from the land below upon the water, as if it were a mass of filth or turf, and when they flew up there was a rushing and vibration of the air like a great storm coming through the trees, and even like the rumbling of distant thunder, while the sky over the whole creek was filled with them like a cloud, or like the starlings fly at harvest time in Fatherland. There was a boy about twelve years old who took aim at them from the shore, not being able to get within good shooting distance of them, but nevertheless shot loosely before they flew away, and hit only three or four, complained of his shot, as they are accustomed to shoot from six to twelve and even eighteen and more at one shot. After supper we eat some Maryland or Virginia oysters which he had brought up with him. We found them good, but the Gouanes oysters at New York are better."

I do not doubt but that you will be able to understand their line of march into Kent, and know the creek, they crossed by name.

It has been many a year since I have had the pleasure of seeing the beautiful Sassafras, and the broad, fertile lands of your county; but I can never forget the pleasure I had in my visit amongst my kindred, and the boundless welcome extended to me by every one I met.

What a land you dwell in! How easily kept in the highest condition of cultivation; and with a climate so favarable to the growth of fruits as well as grain.—The peninsula; Delaware and the Eastern Shore, has become the great garden of the great cities of the East,—indeed of the West also;—for in all of our markets are found the conserved fruits and vegetables grown on your farms.

It is only necessary, I beg to add, to keep the moral and intellectual, culture of your people in the same progressive state as your agriculture and horticulture to develop you not only into the most wealthy, but the most wise and most competent people of the nation.

I am very respectfully, yours,

CORNELIUS G. COMEGYS.

☞Old Sam B——, a carpenter of Trenton, was engaged to builed a fence, and was consulted as to the best material for posts. 'Locust, madam, locust; the darned stuff will last a life-time; I've tried um twice.'

☞An Iowa house of worship is called the "tear-down church." There is one over in Brooklyn, that by a double shuffle of speech, might be called the break-down church.

☞Mother—'Charlotte, how do you like your new teacher?'

Charlotte—'O, she's a splendid teacher. She don't care whether we know our lessons or not.'

☞Some of the French papers advise the drowning of criminals convicted of capital offenses.

☞When can a lamp be said to be in a bad temper?—When it is put out.

THE NEW BOY AT SCHOOL.

He made his appearance at one of the Union schools in Detroit the other morning, and, arriving ahead of time, he prevented any feeling of loneliness from siezing him by licking three boys and riding the gate off its hinges. He went in with the crowd when the bell rang, and, finding no empty seat, he perched himself on the wood-box. When the children repeated the "Lord's Prayer" in consert the new boy 'kept time' with his heel, and when they came to sing he argued that variety was the spice of song, and attempted to sing one of his own—one about Daniel Tucker, who dreamed that he was dead, and so forth. The teacher warned him to keep still, and he replied that he wouldn't come to that school if his musical qualities were to be overlooked. When the school finally opened the teacher secured his name and began to asking him questions in order to find out how he should be graded.

'Can you spell?' she asked.

'What kind of spelling?' he cautiously replied.

'Spell house if you please.'

'Frame or brick house?' he asked.

'Any kind of a house.'

'With a mortgage on it?'

'You may spell man if you will,' she, said, giving him a severe look.

'Man?'

'Yes.'

'I don't care much about spelling man this morning but I will this afternoon I can spell it with my eyes shut.'

'Do you know your alphabet?' she asked.

'Never had any!' was the prompt reply.

'Do you know anything about reading?' she asked.

'I read like lightning?'

She handed him a reader and said:

'Let me hear you read.'

'Read right out loud.'

'Yes.'

'I'm afraid it would disturd the children,' he whispered.

'Well, go on and let me hear you read.'

He looked carefully at the page, scowled his brow and read.

'If I was a lame boy and didn't get any peanuts in my stocking Christmas, dum my eyes! but I'd make things jump around that house next morning!'

He handed the book back, and the teacher then asked:

'Richard, how many are three and three?'

'Three and three what?'

'Anything.'

'It's a good deal according to what it is,' he replied, as he settled back. 'I know that three and three cats don't make a dog!'

'Did you ever study geography, Richard?'

'Yes, mam.'

'What is geography?'

'It's a book.'

'Is this world round or flat?'

'Hills and hollars!' he replied.

'Richard can you write?'

'Write what?'

'Can you write your name?'

'I could, I suppose; but I've got my name, without writing it.'

'Can you write a letter?'

'What to?'

'To any one.'

'Yes, I could, if I had any money to pay the postage.'

'Well, Richard,' she said in despair, 'You will have to go in the lower room if you want to come to school here.'

'I druther stay here.'

'But you can't.'

'I'll bet you this knife against ten cents I can.'

She took him by the arm to remove him he laid his hand on her shoulder and said in a warning voice:

'Don't get me mad, now, or I'll let myself loose.'

She then called the Principal down, and as he approached the boy he demanded:

'Boy what are you doing here?'

'Getting educashun!' replied Richard, with an air.

'You go right down stairs now!' continued the principal.

'Well, don't sass me, for I was never here before!' replied Richard, slowly moving his legs as if he meant to get down.

The principal took him by the collar and jerked him around, got kicked in the chin and bitten in the wrist, and finally landed the young student on the walk.

'Now you go home!' he shouted as he tried to recover his breath.

'Am I educated?' inquired Richard.

'You seem to be.'

'Gimme a diplomy, then.'

'You clear out or I'll have you arrested.'

'Hain't I a scholar in this school no more?'

'No, sir.'

'Who owns this school house?' demanded the boy.

'No matter—you clear out.'

'Will you come out in the yard here where you can't hang on to anything?' asked the boy.

'Begone, I say!'

'Don't draw no Derringer on me!' warned he boy as he backed off, 'nor don't think you can scare me with any of your bowie knives'

The principal walked in and shut the door, and after the new boy had stood there long enough to show that he wasn't afraid he turned and walked off growling to himself.

'I'll get the foreman of No. 6 to pour' that feller 'fore he's a week older.'

On the contrary—riding a mule.

WHY DID JACOB WEEP WHEN HE KISSED RACHEL?

The following are the "opinions of the English Press," upon the subject of the text which tells you that Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept:

If Rachel was a pretty girl, and kept her face clean, we can't see what Jacob had to cry about.—*Daily Telegraph.*

How do you know but she slapped his face for him.—*Ladies' Treasury.*

Weeping is not unfrequently produced by pleasure, joy and happiness! It might have been so in Jacob's case.—*Hardwick Science Gossip.*

The cause of Jacob's weeping was the refusal of Rachel to allow him to kiss her again.—*Nonconformist.*

It is our opinion that Jacob wept because he had not kissed Rachel before, and he wept for the time he had lost.—*City Press.*

The fellow wept because the girl did'nt kiss him.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Jacob wept because Rachel told him to do it twice more, and he was afraid to.—*Methodist Recorder.*

Jacob cried because Rachel threatened to tell her mother.—*Sunday Gazette.*

He wept because there was only one Rachel to kiss.—*Clerkenwell News.*

He wept for joy because it tasted so good.—*Jewish Chronicle.*

We reckon Jacob cried because Rachel had been eating onions.—*British Standard.*

Our opinion is that Jacob wept because he found after all it was not half what it was cracked up to be.—*New Zealander.*

A mistake—not his eyes but his mouth watered.—*Ladies' Chronicle.*

He thought it was a fast color, but wept to find the paint come off.—*Fine Art Gazette.*

He remembered he was her uncle, and recollected what the prayer book says.—*Church Journal.*

He was a fool, and did not know what was good for him.—*Englishman's Advertiser.*

He thought she might have a big brother.—*Sporting Chronicle.*

Our English friends ought to know by this time that Jacob wept because he had just then observed the "old man" watching him, and he feared the old man's No. 9's.—*Centreville Observer.*

Jacob wept when he kissed Rachel because she had been using snuff and he got some of it in his eyes.—*St. Michaels Comet.*

A QUAKER PRINTER'S PROVERBS.

Never send an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou shouldst not rap at the door of a printing office; for he that answereth the rap sneereth in his sleeve and loseth time.

Never do thou loaf about, nor knock down the type, or the boys will love thee as they do the shade trees—when thou leavest.

Thou shouldst not read the copy on the printer's case or the sharp and hooked container thereof, or he may knock thee down.

Never inquire of the editor for news, for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

Along about bed-time the Detroit wife says she'll go to bed, and her husband yawns and goes down the hall. After half an hour he joins her up stairs, and she sleepily inquires:

'Did you bolt that side door?'

'Yes.'

'And the back door?'

'Yes.'

'And you fastened that cellar door?'

'Yes.'

'And did you put a brace under the knob of the hall door?'

'Yes.'

'Sure that all the windows are nailed down?'

'Yes.'

'I'll bet the window in the spare bedroom is up.'

'No, it isn't.'

'Did you see if the blinds of the pantry window were fastened?'

'Yes.'

'Well, put your revolver on the chair, leave a bright light, and, if you hear a burglar in the room, for heaven's sake don't wake me up, for I know I should scream right out.'

☞This spelling school furore has been of great help to at least one swain. He had been courting a girl for three years and hadn't the courage to speak his mind. As they were seated on the sofa the other night she referred to the spelling school excitement, and added: 'Matrimony is an awful hard word to spell, isn't it.' He leaned over, grasped her hand, and all the preliminaries for the marriage were speedily arranged.

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Old Kent.

Notes Illustrative of the Early Records OF KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

BY

GEORGE A. HANSON, M. A

William Hemsley Tilghman (born 16th Dec. 1784, died in Dec. 1863), son of Col. Peregrine and Deborah Lloyd, married Maria Lloyd Hemsley, daughter of Philemon Hemsley and Elizabeth Lloyd Hemsley, and died, *sine prole*. Elizabeth Lloyd Hemsley, was the daughter of Gen. James Lloyd, of Farley, Kent county, Md., and Elizabeth Tilghman, the second daughter of James Tilghman, the fourth son of the 2d Richard Tilghman of the Hermitage.

Anna Maria Tilghman, daughter of Col. Peregrine and Deborah Lloyd Tilghman, married James Earle of Easton, Md., and had three daughters, viz: Ariana, Henrietta Maria, who married Ezekiel Forman, son of Col. Joseph Forman and Mary Hemsley, and had two sons, William H. and Ezekiel T. M. Forman, and Anna Maria Lloyd Earle.

Elizabeth Tilghman, youngest daughter of Colonel Peregrine and Deborah Lloyd Tilghman, married John Curtis Wilson, of Somerset county, and had children, viz: Henrietta Maria Wilson, who married Dr. Handy of Princess Ann, Somerset county; Peggy Curtis Wilson; Elizabeth Wilson, who married the Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Albany, N. Y., a Presbyterian clergyman; Anna Maria Wilson, who married Levin Handy, of Somerset county; and Mary Ellen Wilson, who married Gen. George Handy of Somerset county, Md.

Judge James Tilghman, (born 2d Aug 1743, died 19th of April 1809), 3d son of Richard and Susanna Frisby Tilghman, married, 29th June 1769, Susanna Steuart, daughter of Dr. George Steuart of Annapolis, and had children, viz: George, born 11th Oct. 1771, died 30th July 1797; Frisby, born 4th Aug. 1793; Susanna and Anna Maria Tilghman. Mrs. Susanna Steuart Tilghman died 24th of October 1774. Judge James Tilghman survived and married, 19th Feb'y. 1778, Elizabeth Johns, sister of the first Chancellor Johns of Delaware, and a daughter of Kinsey Johns of West River, Anne Arundel Co. Md., and had children, viz: Anna Maria, born 10th March 1779; Samuel, born 30th Aug. 1781, died 19th Aug. 1782; Mary, born 6th Feby'. 1783; John, born 8th of March 1785; Charles Carroll, born 26th Jan. 1788; Peregrine, born 31st March, 1790. Elizabeth Johns Tilghman died 22d Jan. 1809, aged 59 years.

Col. Frisby Tilghman, (born 4th Aug. 1773, died 14th April 1847), of Rockland, Washington county, Md., son of Judge James and Susanna Steuart Tilghman, married, 24th March 1795, Anna Maria Ringgold, daughter of Thomas and Mary Galloway Ringgold, who was born in Chestertown, Md., 9th March 1772, and had children, viz: Mary, born 8th Feb'y. 1796; George, born 11th of May 1797; Thomas Edward, born 15th April. 1800; Susan Ann, born 31st March 1801; Frisby, born 23d Oct. 1807; and Ann Cheston, born 20th Feb'y. 1810. Mrs. Anna Maria Ringgold Tilghman died 20th Feb. 1817. He survived and married, 23d of Sept. 1819, Louisa Lamar, who was born 30th Aug. 1789, the daughter of Colonel William Lamar of Alleghany county, Md., and had children, viz: Louisa Lamar, Margaret Ann, and Sarah Lamar Tilghman,

Mary Tilghman, daughter of Col. Frisby and Anna Maria Ringgold Tilghman, married Dr. William Hammond, and had children, viz: Ann; Richard Pindle, Mary; William; Caroline; George and Rebecca Hammond.

Ann Hammond, daughter of Dr. William and Mary Tilghman Hammond, married Buchanan Hall, formerly of Washington county, Md., now of Stockton, Calafornia, and had children, viz: William and Mary Hammond Hall.

Mary Hammond, daughter of Dr. William and Mary Tilghman Hammond, married Col. Sprague, Paymaster, U.S.A.

Dr. William Hammond, son of Doctor William and Mary Tilghman Hammond, married Eliza Mitchell, of Washington county, Md., and is now residing in California.

George Tilghman, (born 11th of May, 1797, died 25th Aug. 1831), son of Col. Frisby and Anna Maria Ringgold Tilghman, married twice. His first wife was Ann E. Lamar, daughter of Col. William Lamar, of Alleghany county, Md., and had children, viz: Anna Maria and Mary Tilghman. His second wife was Anna B. Lynn, daughter of Capt. David Lynn, of Allegbany county, Md., and had children, viz: Fanny Lynn, Susan; George, born 3d March 1830; and Frisby L. Tilghman, born 4th July 1731.

Mary Tilghman, daughter of George and his first wife, Ann E. Lamar Tilghman, married Phineas Janney, of Cumberland, Md.

Susan Tilghman, daughter of George and his second wife, Anna B. Lynn Tilghman, married Mr. Bowen, an Englishman, and left a daughter, Mary Bowen.

Thomas Edward Tilghman, (born 15th April 1800), son of Col. Frisby and Anna Maria Ringgold Tilghman, married Henrietta Maria Hemsley, daughter of Alexander and Henrietta Maria Tilghman Hemsley. Henrietta Maria Tilghman Hemsley was the daughter of Lloyd Tilghman, son of Matthew the youngest son of the second Richard Tilghman of the Hermitage.

Ann Cheston Tilghman, daughter of Col. Frisby and Anna Maria Ringgold Tilghman, married William Hollyday of Readbourne, Queen Anne's county, 31st Aug. 1830, and died 21st January 1824, She had children, viz: James Frisby, who died 1st June 1849, and Nancy Ringgold Hollyday, who died 18th Dec. 1849.

Louisa Lamar Tilghman, daughter of Col. Frisby and Louisa Lamar Tilghman, married, 12th Sept. 1837, William Hollyday, and had children mentioned elsewhere. William Holliday died 16th of February 1868, and was buried at Greenmount Cemetery.

Col. John Tilghman, (born 8th March, 1785), of Centreville, son of Judge James and Elizabeth Johns Tilghman, married twice. His first wife was Ann Catharine Tilghman, daughter of Richard Tilghman, son of Matthew the son of the second Richard Tilghman of the Hermitage, and had children, viz: John Henry, who married Octavia Hollinger, of Mobile; Mary Elizabeth and Ann Catharine. His second wife was Ann Tilghman, daughter of Lloyd Tilghman, son of the above mentioned Matthew Tilghman, and had children, viz: Matthew Ward; James, born 16th June 1820, and Lloyd Tilghman, born 15th Dec. 1821.

Ann Catharine Tilghman, daughter of Col. John and Ann Catharine Tilghman, was the second wife of Hon. James T. Earle of Queen Anne's county, Md., and had children elsewhere mentioned.

James Tilghman, son of Col. John and his second wife, Ann Tilghman, married his cousin Harriet, daughter of his uncle Peregrine Tilghman, and had children, viz: John, George, and Anna Tilghman.

Lloyd Tilghman, son of Col. John and and his second wife, Ann Tilghman, married Mary M. Johns, daughter of the second Chancellor Johns, of Delaware, and had children, viz: Henrietta and Mary Tilghman.

Charles Carroll Tilghman (born 26th of Jan. 1888) son of Judge James and Elizabeth Johns Tilghman, married Mary Lloyd Tilghman, daughter of Richard Tilghman, son of Matthew the son of the second Richard Tilghman of the Hermitage. He died in December 1863, and had children, viz: Charles Henry, born 9th of Sept. 1821; William Brice, born 3rd of June 1823; Anna Maria, and Mary Elizabeth.

Charles Henry Tilghman, son of Charles Carroll and Mary Lloyd Tilghman, married Ann Carmichael, daughter of Judge Richard B. Carmichael, of Queen Anne's county, Md.

William Brice Tilghman, son of Charles Carroll and Mary Lloyd Tilghman, married, 6th Feb. 1849, Harriet Eliza Tilghman, daughter of Matthew and Harriet Hynson Tilghman, and had children, viz: Mary Anna; Anna Maria, who died Feb. 1853; Charles Carroll, who died January 1854, William Brice, who died 1st Sept. 1861; Isabella Wyatt; Anna Maria, who died 9th Sept. 1861; Charles Carroll; and Alice Lee Tilghman, who died 26th June 1864.

Peregrine Tilghman, (born 31st March 1790, died 1874), son of Judge James and Elizabeth Johns Tilghman, married Harriet Hadaway, and had children, viz: James, born 8th of Sept. 1815; Peregrine, born 21st of September, 1822; Araminta, Sarah, Harriet, Francis, Jane, Maria and Mary Ann.

Peregrine Tilghman, (born 21st Sept'r. 1822), son of Peregrine and Harriet Haddaway, married Anna McKenney, daughter of John McKenney.

James Tilghman, (born 8th Sept. 1815), son of Peregrine and Harriet Haddaway, married Augusta Steele, of Cambridge, Md., and had children, viz: Chester; Daniel, born 30th Oct. 1851, and S. Cooke Tilghman.

Anna Maria Tilghman, daughter of Judge James and Elizabeth Johns Tilghman, married Peregrine Blake, of Queen Anne's county, and had children, viz: Peregrine Frisby, Mary Ann Catharine, and Elizabeth Eleanor Blake.

Mary Tilghman, daughter of Judge James and Elizabeth Johns Tilghman, married Judge Richard Tilghman Earle, who died, at an advanced age, in 1843. Her children are mentioned under his name. (46)

☞Natural humbugs—Bees.

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