The Chestertown Transcript.

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WE ARE SEVEN.

I met a little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick, with many a curl,
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? seven in all," she said,
And wondering, looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us in Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the church-yard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven; I pray you tell,
Sweet maid; how this may be?"

Then did the little maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the church-yard lie;
Beneath the church-yard tree."

"You run about, my little maid,
Your limbs, they are alive;
If two are in the church-yard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more, from mother's door,
And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
My 'kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit;
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her from her pain;
And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid;
And all the summer dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"If they are two in heaven?"
The little maid did reply,
"O master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away: for still
The little maid would have her will,
And say, "Nay, we are seven."

WORDSWORTH.

HE HAS A CASE.

A man with a bad-looking nose, and a melancholy appearance generally, entered Justice Potter's office the other day, and slamming a paper down on the desk he exclaimed:

"I submit the docs and demand a divorce!"

The court looked at him in a puzzled way, and the stranger continued:

"Hump the papers together mighty quick, for she's out after a dray to move the furniture?"

"I can't give you a divorce," his Honor answered.

"Here's the cash down, mister," said the stranger, pulling out a small tin box full of shin-plasters, "and here's charges that will make your blood run cold!"

He was instructed as to what steps he must take, and in his excitement and confusion he went away leaving the "docs" on the desk. The charges read as follows:

1. Pulling hair, jawing and kicked me.
2. More pulling hair.
3. Kicked me Christmas Day, and I can prove it.
4. Tried to pizen me, and then jawed around.
5. Sitting down cellar and reading dime novels, and then striking me when I talked to her like a father.
6. Teasing me to take her to a circus, and then getting mad and ruining a mighty good dish-pan.
7. Jawing, kicking, fighting, cussing, threatening, making up faces, and demanding money to buy ice cream and candy for her darned old relashuns. And so forth, to wit, and a good many other things which I can prove straighter'n a string. Gentlemen, grant me this divorce and I will vote for you if ever you run for aldermen.—*Detroit Free Press.*

☞A recent marriage notice ends with the singular expression, probably added by a waggish friend: 'May their troubles be little ones.'

☞A coat of mail—An Ulster.

THE WIFE'S MISTAKE.

Mrs. Hopgood prided herself on being the best of housekeepers. She was one of those rapid housewives who pursue an atom of dust as a hunter might pursue a stag. No bold-natured fly ever dared to buzz within her dainty walls. No cat purred upon her hearthstone. Plants were tr booed because their leaflets would fall. Canary-birds were ruthlessly excluded lest they should scatter seed. Sunshine was regarded as an arch enemy.—'It brings flies, and fades the carpets,' said Mrs. Hopgood. As for Mr. Hopgood and the children, they lived mostly in the kitchen.

'I can't have the boys' muddy boots tramping over the carpets, and the girls' sewing in the parlor,' said Mrs. Hopgood. 'As for Hopgood, he don't care where he sits. One place is as good as another where he is concerned.'

The Hopgood family also took their meals in the kitchen.

'I've had a dining-room as nice as anybody's,' said Mrs. Hopgood, 'with a real carved oak side-board, with a marble top and silver, polished till it's better than any looking-glass; but where's the use of turning things all upside down, just for one's own family? Common crockery ware and good bone-handled knives are just as good for every day use.'

'Mamma,' said Elsie Hopgood, a cherry-cheeked girl of sixteen, 'I should like to sit in the parlor sometimes Mrs. Montfort and her daughter use theirs every evening, and it looks so pretty and pleasant there.'

'Stuff and nonsense!' said Mrs. Hopgood, sharply. 'I keep house myself after my own fashion, and give others leave to do the same.'

'But mother,' pleaded Elsie, 'I was thinking how I should like to invite all the girls here some evening, and have tea, and afterward a little dance. I've been asked out so many times, without ever responding, that I'm really ashamed to go.'

'Then you had better stay at home,' said Mrs. Hopgood, polishing vigorously away at the stem of her silver curd-receiver. 'I think I see myself, with all the young folks in town dancing on my Brussels carpet, and cake crumbs, and melted cream daubed over everything.'

Elsie made no answer, but her countenance quickly fell.

'I wish mamma was like any one else,' she said to herself, the tears obscuring her eyes. 'I wish she was like Kate Prickett's mother, who lets her have company every Thursday evening. John wants me to marry him. If I was married I could have a house of my own, and do just as I pleased.

'Mother,' said Mr. Hopgood, a week or two afterward, with a troubled face, 'is it true that our Elsie is out walking with John Elton, evening after evening? He He is a worthless, dissipated fellow, and no fit associate for any girl.'

'Mercy upon us! I don't know,' said Mrs. Hopgood, with a pertured face. 'I supposed she was with Kate Prickett or Clara Montfort. I'm a great deal too busy with pickling and housekeeping to run at a giddy girl's heels the whole time. But I'm going to commance cleaning to-morrow, and then I'll warrant I'll give her enough to do to keep her out of mischief.'

'Mother,' said Isaac Hopgood, gravely, 'Sometimes I think that if we made home a little more attractive to our children—'

'Oh, nonsense!' quickly interrupted his wife. 'I suppose you'd like us to have tableaux, like Mrs. Montfort, or a magic lantern, like the little Mickfords. Our children haven t been brought up that way.'

Mr. Hopgood said no more. Mrs. Hopgood was, to use her own expression, 'in the thick of the house-cleaning' the next day with the carpets rolled into heaps, the floors spattered with soapsuds, and her head tied up in a pocket-handkerchief, when the front door suddenly opened.

'Take care of my pails of soapsuds and soda!' cried she, shrilly. 'Oh, it's you is it Ally?'

'Yes, mother, it's me,' said Alexander, her eldest son, who had just gone into business as junior partner to his father. 'I say—do leave off washing a minute, and attend to me! Ryerson's in town—my old chum, you know—only for one day, and I've asked him to dinner.'

'To dinner!' almost screamed Mrs. Hopgood, dropping her brush in her consternation; 'Alexander Hopgood, are you crazy? Of course I can't have him to dinner. Just look at the confusion the house is in.'

'Oh, he won't mind that, mother.—Ryerson is a thoroughly good fellow.—Just let him sit down to pot-luck with the rest of us any—'

'I shall do nothing of the sort, Alexander,' said Mrs. Hopgood, severely compressing her lips. 'You know I do not approve of your inviting company at any time, still less at such a period as this. If you have been fool enough to ask him, you may get out of the scrape the best way you can!'

'But, mother—'

'I don't want any more discussion on the subject,' said Mrs Hopgood, dabbling away with the brush.

Alexander went out, slamming the door.

'By George!' quoth Alexander Hopgood, to himself, 'if I can't ask a friend to my home, there's at least the alternanutive of inviting him to the hotel. I never did such a thing before, but I don't see how else I can manage.

So Alexander Hopgood entertained Mr. Ryerson at the hotel, and gave an unlimited order for iced champagne and dessert. And the upshot of all was that Alexander Hopgood was brought in at eleven o'clock at night by one of the waiters, hopelessly intoxicated.

'Don't be 'f-f-fraid, mother,' stuttered he, brandishing an empty bottle, as he became dimly conscious of her white, scared face bending over him. 'Go on with your washing! It's a deal jollier at the hotel than it is at home. Freedom forever; Hoo-oo-ray!'

'Oh, what shall I do?' sobbed Mrs. Hopgood, when the waiters were once more out of the house, and the roll of the cab wheels had died away. 'To think—only to think that a son of mine should ever disgrace himself thus!'

'It's your own fault, mother,' said Benny the second son. You wouldn't let Ally bring his friend here.'

'Hold your tongue,' sharply retorted Mrs. Hopgood, wincing beneath the prick of this home truth. Call Elsie, I need her help.'

'Oh, mother!' piped Fanny, the younger girl, running down stairs in frantic haste, 'Elsie ain't here.'

'Not here!'

'No, mother, she hasn't been to bed at all—and there's a note on her table directed to you.'

'Open it, mother,' said Isaac Hopgood, huskily. This is a doomed night for our household. My God! has our home became so distasteful to our children that they fly from it like rats from a falling house?'

Elsie's note was short enough. It read thus:

DEAR MOTHER:—I am tired of living in the kitchen. I have run away with John Elton, and before you see me again I shall have entered upon a new future.

ELSIE.

Mrs. Hopgood broke out into wild, hysterical sobbings. Mr. Hopgood read the hurriedly scrawled paper with a face cold and set like steel.

'Run away with John Elton?' he repeated slowly. 'Poor Elsie then God help her For he is as great a villian and scoundrel as ever lived; and she has sealed her own doom. Mother! mother! this comes of your housekeeping.'

'It wasn't my fault, Isaac,' sobbed Mrs. Hopgood, rocking herself backward and forward on a chair into which she had dropped.

'It was your fault,' retorted her husband almost savagely. 'You made the very name of home a mockery to your children; and shut your soul inside of a scrubbing pail; and now you are reaping the bitter harvest.'

Of course poor Alexander Hopgood was unable to lift his throbbing head from the pillow the next day, and his mother never left him until afternoon.

When at last she came down stairs, the parlor blinds were thrown wide open, a flood of sunshine streaming in, the table neatly set in the pretty dining-room with flowers on the table, and new books, games and puzzles scattered around.

Mrs. Hopgood gazed around with a bewildered air. She hardly knew her own home.

'This is the way we must live henceforward, mother,' said her husband, cheerily. 'Let in the light and sunshine; teach Ben and Fanny that 'home' is something more than an empty name, and try, in so far as we can, to retrieve the errows of our past life.'

Mrs. Hopgood mutely bowed her head, and answered:

'I will try, husband.'

THE STATESMAN'S VISION.

That was a most remarkable incident in the House of Representatives last week—probably it had never before been witnessed in a legislative body—when Gen. Garfield read the eulogy prepared by the Hon. H. H. Starkweather, upon Senator Perry, who had preceded *Mr* Starkweather some months to the grave. *Mr.* Garfield said it was the most sad and sacred duty he had ever performed, as no doubt it was. The eulogy concluded with the following lines from Bonar applied to the dead Senator, but which now seem like a prophecy of the sad fate of *Mr.* Starkweather himself:

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's beating
I shall be soon.
'Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chin and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

To which *Mr.* Starkweather added, with still greater poetic vision: 'Aye, the sweeter words of inspiration, in the volume of the Book is written; 'Lo, I come quickly. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.'' And he came.

☞*Mary had a little lamb—*
We'er heard it o'er and o'er,
Until that little lamb becomes
A perfect little bore.

So I propose to make a grave,
And dig it deep and wide;
That *Mary's* lamb and all its bards
Be buried side by side.

☞The St. Louis Republican says that Grant's friends are true as steel.

A SUDDEN CURE.

HON. JOHN RANDOLPH'S REMEDY FOR LAZINESS.

It is known that Mr. Randolph owned more than 300 slaves, and was exceedingly lenient toward them; he would not allow his overseers to treat them with any degree of harshness; they were eye servants, and would only work when closely watched or when Mr. Randolph was at home, for their love for him and fear of his anger.

Once when his public duties kept him from home the most of his time for several years, his negroes became idle and worthless, and not half crops were raised, the carts and wagons and farming utensils were left in the fields, and without shelter went to ruin; the fences were down or dilapidated, and the cattle and stock of every kind were crippled by the negroes in the efforts to chase them out of the fields. More than half the negroes were "playing possum," that is, pretended to be sick in order to avoid work.

While things were in this condition, Mr. Randolph came home from Washington to spend the Christmas holidays.—Looking over his plantation accounts with his overseer, he discovered that his plantation was not only self-sustaining, but was actually bringing him in debt. After a thorough examination of everything on the plantation, he saw at once what was the matter, and that his rigid instructions to his overseer to be lenient to the negroes had been the cause of the trouble, and they would not work under fear of punishment, and he determined upon a plan for their correction.

The slaves of old Virginia, and all the South, had always a week's holiday from Christmas to New Year, and these days were of general jubilee and jollification. Egg-nogg was kept at the big house or mansion for everybody and all hands; there was a great slaughter among the negroes, great pigs and fat poultry, and many a possum caught weeks before and fattened in boxes or barrels, and "coons" smoked in the big cabin chimney, were served up with pound cake, puddings, chicken pie "store tea," and locust and persimmon beer, at the holiday feasts night and day. It was then that the fiddle, the tambourine, and the clevis pin kept up a perpectual music for the never ceasing dance.

Mr. Randolph waited for the termination of these Christmas holidays, and promptly on the 1st day of January he ordered his overseer to have all the farming utensils brought to the barnyard. It took all day to search for them and get them together from where they had been lying about in the fields, far and near. The next morning there was a great inspection of the plows, harrows, hoes and rakes, and all that were broken or seriously injured were thrown into a pile.—Mr. Randolph then said in his shrill voice:

"Set them on fire, Mr. Chumley, and burn them up." The overseer remonstrated, and urged that many of them might be repaired.

"No, sir! No, sir! I want them burned up. They would always be old, rickety, and good for nothing. I want no good-for-nothing articles on this place,' he replied.

And burned they were. Orders were then given to have all the wagons, carts, slides, lizards, scythes, cradles, harness and gears brought up, and after due inspection the next morning, a large bonfire was made of all those rejected, and immediate orders issued to have all the sheep, goats and hogs gathered together. On the ensuing morning these were inspected, and many were found feeble with age and want of food; others were crippled and injured; and all such, in spite of the overseer's pleadings, were remorselessly knocked on the head and buried.

All the horses, mules and horned stock were brought up for the fourth day, and under Mr. Randolph's rigid inspection, many were declared worthless, and Chumley begged that some of them might be spared, as they could be fattend and put to a good use. Mr. Randolph was unrelenting, and all the condemned, including the blind, lame spavined, fistulated and wind broken, were mercilessly shot and buried.

As the weather had been quite cold during these days of inspection, many of the negroes, and especially the old, had continued to "play possum," and had never turned out of their cabins to aid in getting together the live stock or farming utensils. Mr. Randolps now gave orders that all the negroes, old or young, should be brought to the house for inspection, and in the meantime he had a good many plain coffins of all sizes made, and suitable graves dug near the chapel.

The news of these fearful preparations soon penetrated every cabin in the negro quarter, and things began to look serious in the mind of Mr. Coffee Black. The negroes knew that Mr. Randolph was a member of Congress, and a big man in the country; they knew he was accustomed to have his way, and that nobody attempted to interfere with him, and they fully believed that he had full power bf life and death over them. They knew he was a good kind masser, man and neighbor, but they said he had "such quare ways" that there was no telling what he would do if the notion took him. They had seen how he had burned up all the farming implements; had caused all the worthless sheep, goats and horses to be knocked on the head, and how he had shot all the broken-down stock without any pity, and now what did he mean to do with them, and with all these coffins and graves? This was exactly the train of comment and reflection that Mr. Randolph had calculated upon, and accordingly, on his arrival at the ground, he found an anxious, terrified crowd of negroes, and not one missing—all were there. He entered and took his seat beside the overseer, at a table. Juba, his servant, placed on the table before him his dueling-case, open, and containing a pair of pistols and plenty of ammunition.

"Are they all here?" asked Mr. Randolph of the overseer.

Up spoke a hundred voices: "Oh, yes, Marst John, we's all here." Chumley was ordered to call the list containing the names of all those who had been old enough to work during the year, but had not worked. They were placed in a row in which soon stood more than half of all the grown negroes.

The old shirks and sinners were not slow to see how the list had been made up, and long before the roll call was ended, many of them were on their knees beseechingly looking from the stern face of their master towards the pistols and the open graves; and many a "Lord a mercy on me, Marst John," went up from the line; but Randolph ordered them to be silent.

When the last man had been called he yelled out: "You say, Chumley these niggers won't work: they are old, worthless and good for nothing; that they cannot make enough to eat; and I must buy bread and meat to feed them."

Handing Chumley a pair of pistols he said:

"Chumley, begin at the other end of the line; I'll begin at this, and we'll shoot these worthless negroes."

A universal shriek went up, and all the negroes rushed up to Randolph and begged him in the most pitiful terms for their lives; all declaring that they could work and that they never would play possum and lie again.

Randolph finally relented, and agreed to spare them, provided the could give security among the other negroes that they would work well in the future. No one could have effected such a genuine scare as Randolph did. The negroes knew that he was a strange, eccentric man; that the white people of Charlotte all but worshipped him; and they believed implicitly that he would do what he said he would do. He did not allow any severe punishment upon his slaves, but this lesson was sufficient. The empty graves were without occupants, and the negroes went to work with a will.

SHOOST VAIT!

The other day, says the Chicago Tribune, a simple-minded German called on a grocer to pay a bill, giving him a $10.00 note. The grocer examined it closely and said—

"Hallo, where did you get this note?"

"Vot is de reasons mit dose note?" replied the honest Teuton; "don't she vas goot, hein?"

"Good!" answered the grocer, "why, you're a lucky man—that note is worth $10.50."

"Ish dot so? Why for?"

"You see the signature over here, don't you?"

"Dose tings like a corkscrew mit de worms? Yah."

"Well, that's Spinner's signature."

"Vell."

"Well, Mr. New is now treasurer of the United States."

"You don't tole me so; vell."

"Well, notes signed by Spinner are getting scarce, and people pay five per ct more for them than for the new issue."

"By shimminy, ish dot so?"

"Yes. Lemme see your bills. Why, every one of them is a Spinner! Man alive, your fortune is made."

In pursuance of the grocer's advice Mr. Schneider called at the sub-treasury on Saturday afternoon to get the premium on his bills. What success he had it is impossible to state, but he was seen later in the evening lurking round the street by which the grocer must go home, and on being accosted by an acquaintance, the following conversation took place:

"Der preble von Sharmany fights well hein?"

"Oh, yes; the Germans are unquestionably a military nation of the first class."

"Some big fights, hein? Leipsic?"

"Yes."

"Und Sadowa?"

"Yes."

"Und Kounnigratz?"

"Certainly."

"Und Woerth und Mars-la-Tour, und Gravelotte, Sedan?"

"Of course."

"Dose vos all big battles, und der Dutch licked?"

"Yes."

"Vell you shoost vaits till dot crocery sthore shuts himself, und den you saw a Dutch victory vot makes you forget dem leetle vones."

☞One day last week some negro children were playing near a creek in Quitman county, when an aligator crawled out and swallowed one of the children. Next day a party caught the alligator, cut him open, and took the little out alive. This is no newspaper lie, but was reported to us by a lawyer (and they never lie) who substantiates the statement by two negroes who saw the child.—*Cuthbert (Ga.) Messenger.*

☞A patient lot of men—the Job printers.

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

William Tilghman (born 11th of March 1742, died Dec. 1800) of the White House, Queen Anne's county, fourth son of the 3rd Richard of the Hermitage and Susanna Frisby Tilghman, married three times. His first wife was Ann Kent. His second wife was Anna Maria Lloyd, daughter of Col. Robert Lloyd, of Hope. His third wife was Mrs. Eleanor Hall Rosier, widow of Thomas Whetenhall Rosier and daughter of Francis Hall, and had a daughter, Anna Maria Tilghman, who married Edward Tilghman, grandson of Edward Tilghman of Wye, the third son of the second Richard Tilghman of the Hermitage.

Elizabeth Tilghman, (born 24th April 1749, died in 1836), daughter of the 3rd Richard, of the Hermitage, and Susanna Frisby Tilghman, married William Cooke of Annapolis, and had children, viz:—Richard Cooke (who added Tilghman to his name in compliance with the testamentary injunction of his uncle, the 4th Richard Tilghman of the Hermitage), William, Francis, George, Catharine, Anna Maria, Elizabeth, Sophia, Fanny Van Wick, and Susanna Frisby Cooke.

Richard Cooke Tilghman of the Hermitage, son of William and Elizabeth Tilghman Cooke, married, first, Elizabeth Van Wick, of Baltimore, and had children, viz; William Cooke, Richard Cooke, Henry Cooke, John Charles Cooke, Steadman Cooke, Elizabeth Cooke, Sophia Cooke and James Cooke Tilghman. His second wife was Frances Van Wicke, a sister of his first wife.

William Cooke Tilghman, son of Richard Cooke and Elizabeth Van Wick Tilghman, married, first, S. Worrell, daughter of Judge Thomas Worrell, of Kent county, Md., and had one child, Anna Maria Tilghman. His second wife was Sally Emory, daughter of General Thomas Emory, of Poplar Grove, Queen Anne's county, and had children, viz:—Elizabeth, William, Richard, Sally, and Fanny Tilghman.

Anna Maria Tilghman; daughter of William Cooke Tilghman and his first wife S. Worrell Tilghman, married, in 1848, Hon. Joseph A. Wickes, one of the Judges of the Second Judicial Circuit of Maryland, a son of the late Col. Joseph and Caroline Chambers Wickes, of Chestertown, Md.

Col. Joseph Wickes died in 1864, was the son of Joseph and Mary Piner Wickes. Joseph Wickes died in 1822, and was the son of Joseph Wickes and Miss Dunn, of Poplar Neck. The last named Joseph Wickes died in 1876, was the son of Benjamin and Susanna Ringgold Wickes. Benjamin Wickes was the son of Samuel and Frances Wilmer Wickes. Samuel Wickes, died in 1732, was the son of Joseph, who was the son of Major Joseph Wickes, who came to Kent county, Md., in the year 1650.

Susannah Ringgold Wickes, wife of Benjamin Wickes, was the daughter of William Ringgold, who was the son of James and Mary Vaughan Ringgold. Mary Vaughan Ringgold, wife of James Ringgold of Huntingfield, was the daughter of Capt. Robert Vaughan, the Commander of Kent from 1647 to 1652.

Judge Joseph A. and Anna Maria Tilghman Wickes, had children, viz:—Anna Maria Tilghman Wickes, who married, 10th June 1874, Dr. William Houston, U. S. N., son of Dr. Benjamin F. and Anne Louise Houston, of Chestertown; Benjamin Chambers Wickes, who married, 7th May 1875, Elizabeth Houston, a sister of Dr. William Houston, U. S. N., Hester Van Bibber, Steadman Tilghman and Carrie Barney Wickes.

Col. Richard Cooke Tilghman, of the Hermitage, son of Richard Cooke and Elizabeth Van Wick Tilghman, married his cousin Blizabeth Williams.

Henry Cooke Tilghman, son of Richard Cooke and Elizabeth Van Wick Tilghman, married Milcah Skinner, daughter of Andrew Skinner of Fair View, Talbot county, Md., and had children, viz:—Richard Cooke, Elizabeth, Louisa, Fanny, Susan, Sally and Milcah Tilghman.

Richard Cooke Tilghman, son of Henry Cooke and Milcah Skinnner Tilghman, married Agnes Owen, daughter of Col. Kennedy R. Owen and his wife Anna Maria, daughter of William Gibson Tilghman of Groces, Talbot county, Md. He died in 1873, and had a son, Richard Tilghman.

Louisa Tilghman, daughter of Henry Cooke and Milcah Skinner Tilghman married William Carroll, of Baltimore county, Md.

Fanny Tilghman, daughter of Henry Cooke and Milcah Skinner Tilghman, married Richard Hough[illegible] Tilghman, of Baltimore.

John Charles Tilghman, son of Richard Cooke and Elizabeth Van Wick Tilghman, married E. B. Willmans, and had children, viz: Steadman, C. Herman, Mary, Susan, and Elizabeth Ellen Tilghman.

James Cooke Tilghman, son of Richard Cooke and Elizabeth Van Wick Tilghman, married Anna M. Browne of Queen Anne's county, a great-grand-daughter of James Tilghman, the fourth son of the second Richard Tilghman of the Hermitage.

Elizabeth Cooke Tilghman, daughter of Richard Cooke and Elizabeth Van Wick Tilghman, married Mr. Purnell, of Caroline county, Md., and had children, viz: Isaac and Fanny Purnell.

Fanny Van Wick Tilghman, daughter of Richard Cooke and Elizabeth Van Wick Tilghman, married Mr. Fernandes, of Harf[illegible]unty, Md.

William Cooke, son of William and Elizabeth Tilghman Cooke, married Elizabeth Tilghman, daughter of Edward and Elizabeth Chew Tilghman, of Philadelphia, and had children, viz: George, Francis, James, Mary, Sophia, Anna Maria, Elizabeth, William, and Edward Cooke.

George Cooke, son of William and Elizabeth Tilghman Cooke, married Ellen Dall, of Baltimore, and had children, viz: Ellen Dall, James Dall, Elizabeth Catharine, Georgiana, Anna Maria, William, Meliora, Mary Clapham, Julia, Emily Louisa and George Addison Cooke.

Catharine Cook, daughter of William and Elizabeth Tilghman Cooke, married James Clapham, of Baltimore, Md., and had children, viz: Elizabeth Ann, Sophia, Mary, Henrietta, Rebecca, William and John Clapham.

Anna Maria Cooke, daughter of William and Elizabeth Tilghman Cooke, married Benjamin Ogle, son of Hon. Benjamin Ogle, who was Governor of Maryland, 1798-1801; who was the son of Hon. Samuel Ogle who was three times, in 1732, from 1735 to 1742, and from 1747 to 1752, Proprietary Governor of the Province of Maryland. Hon. Samuel Ogle was eldest son of Samuel Ogle, Esquire, of Northumberland county, England, who died in the year 1718. Gov. Samuel Ogle died the third of May, 1752, aged 58 years.

Benjamin Ogle and Anna Maria Cooke Ogle, had children, viz: Benjamin, William Cooke, George Cooke, Richard Lowndes, Elizabeth, Henrietta, Anna, Sophia, Mary, Susan, Louisa, Catharine, Ellen and Rosalie Ogle.

Dr. George Cooke Ogle, son of Benjamin and Anna Maria Cooke Ogle, married 12th Oct. 1853, his first cousin, Anna Maria Cooke, daughter of George and Ellen Dall Cooke, and had children, viz: Benjamin and George Cooke Ogle.

Richard Lowndes Cooke, son of Benjamin and Anna Maria Cooke Ogle, married first Priscilla, daughter of Robert W. Bowie, and had children, viz: Catharine, Fanny, Caroline, Louisa, Susan and Richard Lowndes Ogle. His second wife was Fanny Knight of Vermont, and had children, viz: Mary, Rosalie, Randolph and Henry Ogle.

Elizabeth Ogle, daughter of Benjamin and Anna Maria Cooke Ogle, married William Woodville of Baltimore, and had children, viz: Richard Caton, William, Middleton, Ann and Elizabeth Woodville.

Henrietta Ogle, daughter of Benjamin and Anna Maria Cooke Ogle, married William H. Tayloe, of Va., and had children, viz: Henry A., Sophia, and Emma Tayloe.

Anna Ogle, daughter of Benjamin and Anna Maria Cooke Ogle, married Robert Neilson of Baltimore, and had one daughter, Emily Neilson, who married Dr Blackburn of Virginia.

Sophia Ogle, daughter of Benjamin and Anna Maria Cooke Ogle, married, first, Julius Forrest, and had children, viz:—Anna Maria and David Crawford Forrest. Her second husband was Rev. Alexander Marbury, and had children, viz: William, Benjamin Ogle, Melville, Sophia, Annie and Ada Marbury.

Mary Ogle, daughter of Benjamin and Anna Maria Cooke Ogle, married Edward T. Tayloe, of King George's county, Va., and had children, viz: Edward, Poinsett, Bladen, William Ogle, George Ogle, Julia, Mary, Imogen and Catharine Tayloe.

Susan Ogle, daughter of Benjamin and Anna Maria Cooke Ogle, married John Hodges, of Prince George's county, Md., and had children, viz: John, Richard, Lewis, Upton, Maria, Caroline, Mary, Susan, Anna and Ellen Hodges.

Louisa Ogle, daughter of Benjamin [illegible] Anna Maria Cooke Ogle, married [illegible] Upton Beall, of the Protestant [illegible] Rev. Church, and had children, viz: Episcopal Sinclair, Brooke, Ellen [illegible]z: Edward lia Beall. [illegible] Louisa and Amelia

Catharine Ogle, [illegible] and Anna Maria [illegible] daughter of Benjamin Rev. Charles [illegible]ia Cooke Ogle, married [illegible] Goodrich. (47)

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

☞Common cents—pennies.

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