The Chestertown Transcript.

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COOKING AND COURTING.

TIM TO NED.

Dear Ned.—no doubt you'll be surprised,
When you receive and read this letter;
I've railed against the married state,
But then, you see, I knew no better.
I've met a lovely girl out here,
Her manner is—well—very winning;
We're soon to be, well, Ned, my dear,
I'll tell you all from the beginning.

I went to ask her out to ride,
Last Wednesday—it was perfect weather—
She said she couldn't possibly,
The servants had gone off together.
(Hibernians always rush away,
At cousins' funerals to be looking,)
Pies must be made, and she must stay,
She said, to do that branch of cooking.

"Oh, let me help you," then I cried:
"I'll be a cooker too—how jolly!"
She laughed, and answered, with a smile,
"All right! but you'll repent your folly,
For I shall be a tyrant, sir,
And good hard work you'll have to grapple;
So sit down there, and don't you stir,
But take that knife and pare that apple."

She rolled her sleeves above her arm—
That lovely arm so plump and rounded;
Outside, the morning sun shone bright;
Inside, the dough she deftly pounded.
Her little fingers sprinkled flour,
And rolled the pie-crust up in masses:
I passed the most delightful hour
'Mid butter, sugar and molasses.

With deep reflection, her sweet eyes
Gazed on each pot and pan and kettle;
She sliced her apples, filled her pies,
And then the upper crust did settle.
Her rippling waves of golden hair
In one great coil were tightly twisted;
But locks would break out, here and there,
And curl about where'er they listed.

And then her sleeve came down, and I
Fastened it up—her hands were doughy;
Oh, I did take the longest time,
Her arm, Ned, was so fair and snowy!
She blushed, and trembled, and looked shy;
Somehow, that made me all the bolder;
Her arch lips looked so red that I—
Well, found her head upon my shoulder.

We're to be married, Ned, next month;
Come and tend the wedding revels,
I really think that bachelors
Are the most miserable devils!
You'd better go for some girl's hand;
And if you are uncertain whether
You dare to make a due demand,
Why, just try cooking pies together.

POLITICAL ECONOMY FOR THE LADIES.

Ladies, what is capital?—Having more money than you know what to do with?

What is labor?—Endeavoring to make your husband understand that you ought to have a new dress every week.

What is the meaning of demand?—Insisting that you must have a month at Cape May for the benefit of your health.

What is supply?—Your husband's giving you a check to cover your expenses.

What are profits?—The means of enabling you to keep up appearances.

What is division of profits?—Your husband allowing you a certain amount of his income for your own use.

What is trade?—The means whereby husbands are enabled to obtain the cash required by their wives.

What is credit?—Running up a bill at your dressmaker's.

Of what use is credit?—It enables you to get things without paying for them.

What is currency?—Saying something about somebody else, and finding everybody doing the same.

What is a bank?—A place where they cash checks.

What is a check?—That which every husband ought to give his wife when she wants it.

What is a panic?—When a wife finds that her husband has not sufficient to pay her milliner's bill.

☞ An amusing incident occurred at the recent Sydney Exhibition. An old lady who had not been in town for more than a quarter of a century was being shown the lions by an affectionate and attentive grandson. She was delighted with everything she saw except the young women.

"In my young days," she said, "when girls had been punished, they didn't glory in their shame."

"Why, what on earth do you mean, grandma?"

"Why, all those girls with their hair cropped short over their foreheads must just have come from the female penitentiary at Paramatta."

A little further explanation brought out the fact that the "coiffure" for female convicts in the good old days was the same "fringe" over the face in which so many damsels now so much delight.—*English paper.*

But the ladies in America who have adopted this custom look as if they had escaped from a madhouse or an idiot asylum, especially the latter.

JUDITH'S TEMPTATION.

How bright and cheerful the kitchen of the old Stedhurst farmhouse looked to Judith Black upon the dreary December evening when she first came there to live. How merrily the fire flickered on the walls with red fantastic reflections. How merrily the tins sparkled against the wall, and what a song of welcome the old copper tea-kettle sung upon the hearth.—And Mrs. Stedhurst's geraniums in the window, and with the green velvet leaves and spikes of vivid scarlet blossoms—to Judith they seemed fairer than any conservatory, crowded full of fan palms and camellias.

Judith Black had been very poor. She had been a dressmaker's assistant, but times were hard, and Mrs. Needleham had discharged two-thirds of her force, Judith among the number. Judith had striven to get work, but situations were few and applicants many, and the cup of starvation had been perilously close to her lips when she crept into the intelligence office where Edmund Stedhurst saw her and engaged her to help his mother about the house work.

'I shan't like her, Ned,' said Mrs Stedhurst, when the "new girl" had gone up to her own room for the night, and mother and son were together before the kitchen fire.

'Why not, mother?'

'She is too pretty; and she had such a haughty, queenly sort of way. I should as soon think of asking the President's lady to scrub the floor and feed the pigs.'

'That's nonsense, mother,' said Edmund, half vexed, half laughing. 'She can't help her face, can she? It is some of the scraggy-faced, smallpox-marked girls, who were so exacting as to the wages they should receive and the duties they were to perform, that I wouldn't have them in the house on no terms. Judith was the only one who was willing to come for any sort of work and willing to accept moderate wages.'

'She'll suit you,' said Mr. Stedhurst who had come in while the discussion was going on. 'Take my word for it, mother she'll suit you.'

Judith Black stayed a month, and then Mrs. Stedhurst engaged her for another month.

'She is neat,' said the farmer's wife, 'and she is quick to learn, and I believe her to be trustworthy.'

'If only Ned don't fall in love with her,' humorously suggested Mr. Stedhurst.

'Why shouldn't he fall in love with her if he wants to?' said Mrs. Stedhurst, valiantly.

'My dear, my dear,' remonstrated Mr. Stedhurst, 'what do we know about her.'

'What do we know about any girl, for that matter?' said Mrs. Stedhurst. 'She is certainly very pretty, and very faithful and very honest.'

'Honest,' put in Mr. Stedhurst, dryly, because she had no temptation to be otherwise.'

'Now, Phineas, you are too bad,' said Mrs. Stedhurst, impatiently. 'The currant jelly has never been disturbed in the closet, and I've left the sugar-bowl twice on the dresser with thirty-three lumps of sugar in it. And thirty-three there were, when I counted them, after she had gone to bed.'

'No very great temptations those!' said Mr. Stedhurst, smiling.

'No,' said his wife; 'but straws show which way the wind blows.'

About a month subsequently to this conversation Edmund Stedhurst came to his father.

'Father,' said he, I was twenty-two years old in October.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Stedhurst, looking hard at the end of the awl with which he was mending his Sunday harness.

'And you were a year younger than that when you were married!'

'I believe so, Ned.'

'Have you any objection to my taking a wife?'

'None in the world—if it proves that she is the right sort of a wife!' answered the old gentleman.

'Father, I have fallen in love with Judith Black,' confessed Edmund,

'Just exactly what I have feared all along,' said Mr. Stedhurst, with a shrug of his shoulders,

'Why do you use that word 'feared,' father?' questioned, Edmund.

'Because, my lad she is almost a stranger to us.'

'Father, I would stake my life on her truth and honesty,' cried the young man.

'Because you are in love with her, my son! Edmund, look here! Have you spoken to her yet?'

'Not yet, sir.'

'Will you do me a favor?'

Edmund smiled a little. 'That depends upon what it is father.'

'Will you wait one week before you ask her to be your wife? Will you wait just one week, without asking any questions?'

'If you desire it, sir.'

'At the end of that time, I will tell you what I think upon the matter.'

And Mr. Stedhurst went on with the repairing of the Sunday harness.

The next day he brought down an armful of old coats, vests and pants from the garret.

Judith,' said he, 'these things are getting moth eaten. They belonged to an old uncle of mine, who died ten years ago—an odd, miserly, old fellow who hoarded everything up, and died in a cellar at last. I want them cut up into carpet rags.'

'Yes, sir,' answered Judith Black, in the soft, low voice which was habitual to her. And when her day's routine of duty was done she went to work diligently with Mr. Stedhurst's big shining-sheep-shears.

She was all alone in the kitchen the next afternoon just as the clock was striking three. Edmund was in the barn sorting out winter apples. Mr. Stedhurst was hammering away in the tool room at a new set of shelves for the milk dairy, and Mrs. Stedhurst had gone to a neighbor's with her knitting work. And as Judith Black worked she sang softly to herself an old Scotch ballad, 'Bonnie Dundee.'

Picking up an old waistcoat of ginger colored cloth, she clipped off the buttons and mechanically turned the pockets inside out to cut them away. There was a piece of brownish paper in one of them. Sudith took it out without thinking much of it, and unfolded it.

To her surprise she perceived that it was a fifty dollar treasury note.

In her first astonishment she uttered a little cry, all alone though she was. And then she remembered what Mr. Stedhust had said about the miserly old uncle who had 'hoarded up his little gains and died in a cellar at last.' This, doubtless, was one of the old man's hiding places—and he had died and made no sign.

And this precious bit of paper! was it not her's by right of discovery?—Her eyes gleamed and her fingers trembled convulsively as they tightened their grasp upon it! she needed it so much! She was so poor—so pinched to money! And these Stedhursts, to whom it would naturally revert were rich, did not need it! They would never know. Nobody would know.

For a minute the temptation battled fiercely with her better nature. For a minute only! And then Judith rose up and went straight to the door of the tool-room—went with drooping eyelids and a scarlet stain on either cheek.

'Come in,' said Mr. Stedhurst, as Judith knocked at the door, and she entered.

'Mr. Stedhurst,' said she, in a voice that would falter a little, in spite of her resolution to control it, 'here is some money, a fifty-dollar bill. I have found it in the pocket of one of those old waist coats.'

'Ah!' said Mr. Stedhest, putting down his plane, and taking the crumpled bit of paper. 'And why didn't you keep it? Did it not occur to you that I would never know anything about it?'

'Yes,' said Judith, it did occur to me, sir'

'Then why didn't you keep it?'

'It was not mine, Judith answered, in a low voice.

'Judith,' said Phineas Stedhurst, 'come here and kiss me, my girl. I put that money there!'

'You did?'

'I did. To test you. To make sure, that the girl to whom my boy had given his heart was worthy of him.'

'Judith's face glowed a deep scarlet.—'I—I don't understand you, sir,' said she.

'No. I suppose not. But you will in a few days.'

And she did when Edmund Stedhust asked her to be his wife.

'My own love,' he said, 'the farmhouse has been like a different place since you came into it. Will you promise me to stay here always?'

And Judith's answer was 'Yes!'

REMEDY FOR CHICKEN CHOLERA

Good rules for success in the management of fowls:

1. Good. dry houses, well ventilated, avoiding draughts.

2. Keep your hen houses clean and the floor covered with ashes.

3. Whitewash inside monthly from March 1 to Oct. 1.

4. Feed regularly, never over-feed; cease feeding when the fowls cease to run for it.

5. Scatter the feed on the ground when the weather will permit.

6. Feed mixed grain, or alternate, as corn one day, oats next, wheat next, &c.

7. Allow adult fowls freedom as early in the morning as the desire.

8. Keep hens with chicks in small coops (well covered and dry) until the chicks are three weeks old.

9. Feed chicks morning, noon and late afternoon; cooked food morning and grain as broken corn, wheat, &c., noon and afternoon.

10 Mix ground black pepper with the morning food for chicks twice a week, one tablespoonful pepper for every 20 chicks.

11. Grease the hen well under the wings, breast and fluff feathers as soon as the chicks are taken off, with ointment made of lard and carbolic acids; ten drops of acid to two tablespoonfuls of lard.

12. Observe the above rules strictly, and you will have healthly fowls.

☞ The following specimen of English pure and undefiled is from the Liverpool Times: A doctor was lately summoned to a cottage at Harwood in Teasdale, and found a boy in need of his services. 'Put out your tongue,' said the doctor.—The boy stared like an owl. 'My good boy,' requested the medical man, 'let me see your tongue.' 'Talk English, doctor;' put in the mother, and then, turning to her son, she said: 'Hoppen thy gobbler and put out thy lolliker.' The boy rolled out his tongue in a moment.

☞ When two women of the same family are trying to tell the same thing at the same time, it is an auspicious opportunity for the men folks to vanish.—*Danbury News.*

BUYING A COW.

Deacon Smith's wagon stopped one morning before Widow Jones's door, and he gave the usual country sign that he wanted somebody in the house by dropping the reins and sitting double with his elbows on his knees. Out tripped the widow, lively as a cricket, with a tremendous black ribbon on her snow-white cap. 'Good morning' was said on both sides, and the widow waited for what was further to be said

'Well, Ma'am Jones, perhaps you don't want to sell one of your cows now, for nothing, any way, do you?'

'Well, there, Mister Smith, you couldn't have spoken my mind better.—A poor lone woman like me does not know what to do with so many creturs, and should be glad to trade if we can fix it.'

So they adjourned to the meadow.—Deacon Smith looked at Roan—then at the widow—at Brindle—then at the widow—at the Downing cow—then at the widow again—and so through the whole forty. The same call was made every day for a week, but the deacon could not decide which cow he wanted. At length on Saturday, when the Widow Jones was in a hurry to get through her baking for Sunday—and had 'ever so much to do in the house,' as all farmers' wives and widows have on Saturday—she was a little impatient. Deacon Smith was as irresolute as ever.

'That 'ere Downing cow is a pretty fair cretur,' said he, 'but'—he stopped to glance at the widow's face, and then walked around her—not the widow—but the cow.

'The Downing cow I knew before the late Mr. Jones bought her.' Here he sighed at the allusion to the late Mr Jones; she sighed, and both looked at each other. It was a highly interesting moment.

'Old Roan is a faithful old milch, and so is Brindle—but I have known better.' A long stare succeeded his speech—the pause was getting awkward and at last Mrs. Jones Broke out:

'Law! Mr. Smith, if *I'm* the cow you want, *do say so!*'

The intentions of the deacon and the widow were published the next day.

A NICE LITTLE HOME AMUSEMENT.

Many very pretty little chemical experiments may be made by the young people which will amuse and astonish those around them. As, for instance, with so simple an article as red cabbage, a very beautiful effect can be rendered in the following manner:

Cut three leaves of cabbage into small pieces, and after placing them in a basin, pour a pint of boiling water over them letting them stand an hour; then pour off the liquid into a decanter. It will be of a fine blue color. Then take four wine glasses; into one put six drops of strong vinegar; into another, six drops of solution of soda; into the third, the same quantity of a strong solution of alum; and let the fourth glass remain empty.

Fill up the glasses from the decanter, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will quickly become a beautiful red; that in the glass containing the soda will be a fine green; that poured into the empty one will remain unchanged.

By adding a little vinegar to the green, it will immediately change to red; and an adding a little of solution of soda to the red it will assume a fine green, thus showing the action of acids and alkalies on vegetable blues.—*Prairie Farmer*

DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT.

Child.—Mother, I want a piece of cake.

Mother.—I haven't got any—it's all gone.

C.—I know there's some up in the cupboard: I saw it when you opened the door.

M.—Well you don't need any now; cake hurts children.

C.—No, it don't; (whining.) I do want a piece; mother, mayn't I have a piece?

M.—Be still, I can't get up now, I'm busy.

C.—(Crying aloud.) I want a piece of cake, I want a piece of cake.

M.—Be still, I say; I shant give you a bit if you don't leave off crying.

C.—(Still crying.) I want a piece of cake, I want a piece of cake.

M.—(Rising hastily and reaching a piece.) There, take that, and hold your tongue! Eat it up quick, I hear Ben coming. Now don't tell him you've had any.

(Ben enters) C.—I've had a piece of cake; you can't have any.

Ben.—Yes, I will; mother, give me a piece of pie.

M.—There, take it; it seems as if I never could keep a bit of anything in the house. You see, sir, (to the child.) if you get anything next time!

(Another room.) C.—I've had a piece of cake!

Younger sister.—Oh, I want some, too.

C.—Well, you *bawl* and mother'll give you a piece; I did.

☞ Bret Harte admits that he learned the printer's trade. He says he could work six quarts of type per day on a hand press, and could correct a roller as good as anybody.

☞ The Sandwich Islands are going to adopt a new flag, but they can't decide whether to take a gray horse blanket with a hole in it, or an old vest with the back ripped out;

MARRIED LIFE.

Deceive not one another in small things nor in great. One little single lie has, before now, disturbed a whole married life.

A small cause has often great consequences. Fold not the arms together and sit idle—'Laziness is the devil's cushion.' Do not run much from home. One's own health is of more worth than gold. Many a marriage begins like the rosy morning, and then falls away like a snow-wreath. And why! Because the married pair neglect to be as well pleasing to each other after marriage as before. Endeavor always to please one another; but at the same time keep God in your thoughts. Lavish not all your love on to-day, for remember that marriage has its day-after to-morrow too! "Spare," as one may say, "fuel for the winter." Consider, my daughters, what the word "wife" expresses. The married woman is the husband's domestic faith; in her hand he must be able to intrust her with the key of his heart, as well as the key of his house. His honor and his home are under her keeping; his well being is in her hand. Think of this! And you, sons, be faithful husbands, and good fathers of families. Act so that your wives shall esteem and love you.

THE HAPPIEST SEASON OF LIFE.—A venerable man of eighty having been asked, Which is the happiest season of life? thus answered the question: When Spring comes, and, under the influence of the gentle warmth of the atmosphere, the buds commence to show themselves and to turn into flowers, I think in myself, Oh, what a beautiful season is Spring! Then when Summer comes and covers the trees with thick foliage, where the birds are so happy in singing their pretty songs, I say to myself,—Oh, Summer is a fine thing! Then when Autumn arrives, and I see the same trees laden with the finest and most tempting fruits, I cry out, Oh, how magnificent is Autumn! And, finally, when the rude and hard Winter makes its appearance, and there are neither leaves nor fruits on the trees, then, through their naked branches I look upward and perceive, better than I could ever do before, the splendid stars that glitter in the sky.—*From the French.*

☞ The Czar Nicholas, who had fine qualities, was once hardened against an act of clemency by the undaunted spirit of a prisoner. Relieff, a man of letters, had been implicated in the conspiracy of December, 1825, and sentenced to be hanged. He was actually launced from the fatal ladder, when the rope broke and he was thrown to the ground, severely bruised but conscious. He picked himself up and said, quietly:

"They can do nothing in Rassia, not even twine a cord properly."

It was formerly the custom in Russia to grant a pardon to the condemned who seemed to be saved by the special interposition of Providence. Nicholas was informed of the accident and his pleasure demanded.

"What did Ralieff say?" demanded the emperor.

"Sire," replied the messenger, "he said that they could not even twine a cord properly in Russia."

"Prove to him the contrary," rejoined Nicholas.

☞ The recent marriage of Mr. Parton to his step-daughter has brought up the following:

I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited my house very often, fell in love with my step-daughter, and married her. So my father became my son-in-law, and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time after, my wife had a son; he was my father's brother-in-law, and my uncle; for he was the brother of my step-daughter. My father's wife—i. e., my step-daughter—also had a son; he was, of course, my brother, and in the mean time my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grand-mother because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time, and as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather.

WHAT HIS VISITS WERE LIKE.—"Your visits remind me of the growth of a successful newspaper," said Uncle Jabez leaning his chin on his cane and glancing at William Henry, who was sweet on Angelica.

"Why so?" inquired William Henry.

"Well, they commenced on a weekly, grew to be a tri-weekly, and have now become daily, with a Sunday supplement."

"Yes," said William Henry, bracing up, "and after we are married we will issue an extra—"

"Sh—h," said Angelica, and then they went out for a stroll.

"That was very greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your little sister's share of cake!" "You told me, ma, I was always to take her part," said Tommy.

☞ A rush-light—a head-light on an express train.

A mountain of superior white chalk has been discovered in Idaho.

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

Catharine Ogle, daughter of Benjamin and Anna Maria Cooke Ogle, married Rev. Charles Goodrich.

Ellen Cooke Ogle, daughter of Benjamin and Anna Maria Cooke Ogle, married Richard B. Mullikin, and had children, viz: Richard, William, Walter, Arthur, Edward, Louisa, Ellen, Elizabeth, Mary, Emily, Susan and Annie Ogle Mullkin.

Sophia Cooke, daughter of William and Elizabeth Tilghman Cooke, married Robert Gilmor.

Susanna Frisby Cooke, daughter of William and Elizabeth Tilghman Cooke, married William Williams, and had children, viz: William S., Otho Holland, Henry, Elizabeth E., and Mary Smith Williams.

Anna Maria Tilghman, daughter of Richard and Susanna Frisby Tilghman, married Henry Ward Pearce, of Cecil co. Md., and died in 1834, at the advanced age of 75 years.

SECTION 98. D. Henrietta Maria Tilghman, (born 18th August 1707, died 7th of Nov. 1771), daughter of Richard, 2d of the Hermitage, and Anna Maria Lloyd Tilghman, married, 22d of April, 1731, George Robins, of Peach Blossom, Talbot county, Md, who was born in the year 1698, died 6th December 1742, the son of Thomas Robins and Susanna Vaughan. Thomas Robins was born in 1673, died 29th December 172!, the son of George Robins, of Peach Blossom, and Margaretta Howes Goldsborough. George Robins died 12th of May 1677, buried at Peach blossom, 14th May, 1677, was the son of Thomas Robins, who was born at Bloxham, 10th October 1601, married, 16th of July 1632, Mary, the eldest daughter of Thomas Halhead, of Banbury. Mary Halhed Robins was born 15th November 1612. Thomas Robins married a second time, 5th August 1650, Mary Eyre, and died 17th February 1667. He was the son of George Robins, of Banbury, Oxford county, England, who was born in 1574, died 24th August 1641. His wife died 1st of March 1618, and with him "lieth buried in Banbury, England."

George Robins and Henietta Maria Tilghman Robins, had children, viz:—Anna Maria, born 13th of March 1732; Margaret, born 20th April 1734; Henrietta Maria, born 16th March 1736; Susanna, born 10th June 1738; Thomas, born 9th August 1740, and Elizabeth Robins, born 17th October 1742.

Mrs. Henrietta Maria Tilghman Robins survived her husband and married William Goldsborough, and were both buried at Peach Blossom.

Anna Maria Robins, (born 13th March 1732, died 16th August 1804), daughter of George and Henrietta Maria Tilghman Robins, of Peach Blossom, married, 9th December 1749, Henry Hollyday, of Ratcliffe, Talbot county, Md.

Henry Hollyday, born 9th of December 1749, was the son of Hon. James Hollyday of Readbourne, Queen Anne's county, Md., who was born 18th of June 1696 and married, 3d of May 1720, Sarah Covington Lloyd, widow of Edward Lloyd, died 8th October 1747, and was buried at Readbourne.

Henry and Anna Maria Robins Hollyday, lived, died and were buried at Ratcliffe, and had children, viz: Henrietta Maria, born 5th December 1750; Sarah, born 29th of January 1753; Anna Maria, born 9th December 1756; James, born 1st November 1758; Thomas, born 2d October, died 1823; Rebecca, born 5th of December 1762, died July 1801; Elizabeth, born 7th August 1768, died 18th October 1810; Henry, born 11th of September, 1772, and Margaret Hollyday, born 12th May 1774.

Henrietta Maria Hollyday, (born 5th of December 1750), daughter of Henry and Anna Maria Robins Hollyday, married Samuel Chamberlaine, of Oxford Neck, and had children, viz: James Lloyd, Lloyd, Samuel, Henry, Ann, Maria, May, Sarah Hollyday, and Harriet Chamberlaine.

Ann Chamberlaine, daughter of Samuel and Henrietta Maria Hollyday Chamberlaine, married John Goldsborough of Easton, and had children, one of whom is Hon. Henry Hollyday Goldsborough.

Sarah Hollyday Chamberlaine, daughter of Samuel and Henrietta Maria Chamberlaine, married Hon. John Leeds Kerr, of Talbot county, Md., and had children elsewhere named.

Harriet Chamberlaine, daughter of Samuel and Henrietta Maria Hollyday Chamberlaine, married her relative, Levin Gale of Cecil county, Md.

James Lloyd Chamberlaine, son of Samuel and Henrietta Maria Hollyday Chamberlaine, married, April 1757, Henrietta Maria Robins, daughter of George and Henrietta Maria Robins, and had children, viz: Samuel, Robert, Henrietta Maria, Ann and Margaret Chamberlaine.

Robert Chamberlaine, son of James Lloyd and Henrietta Maria Robins Chamberlaine, married twice; first, Mary Cruikshanks of Baltimore, and had children, viz: James, Mary, and Henrietta Maria Chamberlaine. His second wife was Catharine Blake, daughter of Charles Blake of Queen Anne's county, who died *sine prole.*

Henrietta Maria Chamberlaine, daughter of James Lloyd and Henrietta Maria Robins Chamberlaine, married William Hayward, of Talbot county, Md., and had children, viz: James Chamberlaine, William, Henrietta Maria, and Sarah Hayward.

Margaret Chamberlaine, daughter of James Lloyd and Henrietta Maria Chamberlaine, married Capt. John Hughes of Harford county, Md., and had children, viz: Samuel, James, John, Henrietta, Eliza and Ann Hughes.

Sarah Hollyday, (born 29th of January 1753, died 14th October 1829), daughter of Henry and Anna Maria Robins Hollyday, married Henry Nicols of Darley, near Baltimore city.

Anna Maria Hollyday, (born 9th December 1756, died in 1817), daughter of Henry and Anna Maria Robins Hollyday, married George Gale, of Cecil county Md., and had children, viz: Levin, George, Ann, Leah, Sarah, Henrietta, Georgeanna and Harriett Gale.

James Hollyday, (born 1st November, 1758, died 8th of January 1807), of Readbourne, Queen Anne's county, Md., son of Henry and Anna Maria Robins Hollyday, married Susanna Tilghman, daughter of Judge James and Susanna Stewart Tilghman, and had children, viz: James, Anna Maria Chew, Henry, George Stewart, Frisby, William and Richard Tilghman Hollyday.

Anna Maria Chew Hollyday, daughter of Jas. and Susanna Tilghman Hollyday, married Arthur Tilghman Jones, of Swann Point, Kent county, Md., the only son of Richard Ireland Jones, and had children, viz: Arthur Tilghman, Ann Eloise, Maria Susanna, Richard, William and Alfred Jones.

Henry Hollyday, (born 15th of January 1798, died in 1865), of Readbourne, Queen Anne's county, Md., son of James and Susanna Tilghman Hollyday, married, 18th April 1826, Anna Maria Hollyday, daughter of Henry and Ann Carmichael Hollyday, and had nine children. His second wife, (married 1st June 1858), was Margaretta Goldsborough, daughter of Col. Nicholas Goldsborough and Elizabeth Tench Tilghman, daughter of Col. Tench Tilghman.

George Stewart Hollyday, son of James and Susanna Stewart Tilghman Hollyday, married Caroline Carvill, of Kent county, Md., and had children, viz: George, Caroline and John Hollyday.

William Hollyday, (born 19th of May 1804, died 16th February 1868), of Washington county, Md., son of James and Susanna Tilghman Hollyday, married, 31st August 1830, his cousin, Ann Chesston Tilghman, daughter of Frisby and his first wife, Anna Maria Ringgold Tilghman, and had children, viz: James Frisby, who died 1st of June 1849, and Mary Ringgold Hollyday, who died 16th of December 1849. She died 21st of January 1834, and he married, again, 12th Sept'r. 1837, Louisa Lamar Tilghman, the half sister of his first wife, daughter of Frisby and Louisa Lamar Tilghman, and had children, viz: William Henry, a gallant soldier, of the Second Maryland Infantry, C. S. A., who was slain in battle, 3d of June 1864, at Cold Harbor; Mary Tilghman, Lamar, Louisa Lamar, born 28th of December 1843, died 1st of March, 1855; George Tilghman, Floyd Spragg, Alfred, Tilghman, Margaret, born 16th January 1855, died 27th of December 1871, Susan Davis and Henrietta Frisby Hollyday, deceased. William Hollyday died 16th of February 1868, and was buried at Greenmount Cemetery.

Mary Tilghman Hollyday, daughter of William and Louisa Lamar Tilghman Hollyday, married James Steuart, and had a son, William Hollyday Steuart.

Lamar Hollyday, son of William and Louisa Lamar Tilghman Hollyday, married J. Georgie Thelin, and had children viz: Louisa, Eloise and Margaret Hollyday.

Susan Davis Hollyday, daughter of William and Louisa Lamar Tilghman Hollyday, married, 27th of January 1876, Walter Sharp, now of Baltimore, formerly of Norfolk, Va.

Richard Tilghman Hollyday, son of James and Susanna Tilghman Hollyday, married Susan Ragan, and had children, viz: Elizabeth, Henry, Amelia, Susan, Geiger and Anna Maria Hollyday.

Rebecca Hollyday, daughter of Henry and Anna Maria Robins Hollyday, married Nicholas Hammond, of Easton, Md., and had children, viz: Nicholas, Anna Maria and Rebecca Hammond. Her son, Dr. Nicholas Hammond, was a physician of reputation and left three children. She was born 5th December 1672 and died in July 1801. (46)

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