The Chestertown Transcript.

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A FADED GLOVE.

My little granddaughter, who fain would know
Why, folded close in scented satin fine,
I keep a relic faded long ago—
This pearl-gray, dainty, withered glove of mine.

Listen: I'll tell you. It is fifty years
Since the fair day I laid my treasure here,
But yesterday to me the time appears:
Ages to you, I know, my dear.

Upon this palm, now withered as my cheek,
Love laid his first kiss, doubting and afraid:
Oh, swift and strong across me while I speak,
Comes memory of Love's might, my little maid.

Yet was so unconscious! 'Twas a night—
Some festal night; my sisters were above,
Not ready quite; but I, cloaked all in white,
Waited below, and, fastening my glove,

Looked up with smiling speech to him who stood
Observing me, so still and so intent,
I wondered somewhat at his quiet mood,
Till it flashed on me what the silence meant.

What sudden fire of dawn my sky o'erspread!
What low melodious thunder broke my calm!
Could I be dreaming that this glorious head
Was bending low above my girlish palm?

His majesty of mein proclaimed him king;
His lowly gesture said, "I am your slave;"
Beneath my feet the firm earth seemed to swing,
Unstable as storm-driven wind and wave.

Ah, beautiful and terrible and sweet
The matchless moment! Was it life or death,
Or day or night? For my heart ceased to beat,
And heaven and earth changed in a single breath.

And, like a harp some hand of power doth smite
To sudden harmony, my soul awoke,
And, answering, rose to match his spirit's height,
While not a word the mystic silence broke.

'Twas but an instant. Down the echoing stair
Swept voices, laughter, wafts of melody;
My sisters three, in draperies light as air;
But like a dream the whole world seemed to me,

As, steadying my whirling thoughts, I strove
To grasp a truth so wondrous, so divine,
I shut this hand, this little tinted glove,
To keep its secret mine, and only mine.

And like an empty show, the brilliant hours
Passed by, with beauty, music, pleasure thronged,
Phantasmagoria of life and flowers;
But only one delight to me belonged.

One thought, one wish, one hope, one joy, one fear,
One dizzy rapture, one star in the sky—
The solemn sky that bent to bring God near;
I would have been content that night to die.

Only a touch upon this little glove,
And, lo! the lofty marvel which it wrought!
You wonder; for as yet you know not love,
Oh, sweet my child, my lily yet unsought!

The glove is faded, but immortal joy
Lives in the skies; its memory can not fade:
And when Death's clasp this pale hand shall destroy,
The sacred glove shall in my grave be laid.

—CELIA THAXTER,
in *Harper's Magazine for April.*

LITTLE THINGS.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts the fondest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs the dearest loved. And when nature would make any thing especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dews. Agar's is a model prayer, but then it is a little one, and the burden of the petition is for but little. The sermon on the mount is little. Life is made up of littles; death is what remains of them all. Day is made up of little beams and night is glorious with little stars.

AT a collection made at a charity fair a lady offered the plate to a rich man who was well known for his stinginess. "I have nothing," was the curt reply. "Then take something, sir," said the lady, "you know I am begging for the poor."

A BOX OF DIAMONDS.

I don't mind telling the story. It's a good many years now since it happened, and sad years some of them were. I was a young man then, and had been knocking about in the Brazils and the West Indies—everywhere in South America, I may say, for I believe I made one of the first parties of Englishmen to cross the Andes from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres, no light feat in those days, I can tell you. I was a doctor by profession, and many a time, by the exercise of my professional skill, I have saved my own scalp among the savage Indians of the Pampas. I am not going, however, to tell you anything about the Indians now.

As I said before, I had been knocking around a good deal in South America, and shipped as doctor on board an old tub of a trader leaving Rio Janeiro homeward bound for Bristol, with a full cargo and a couple of cabin passengers.

The Good Hope was commanded by Captain McFarlane, a hard-headed old Scotchman. John Williamson first mate, and a crew of thirteen hands, all told, made up of Englishmen, Dutchmen, and Swedes. We sailed on the fourteenth of December, a blazing hot day, with scracely a breath of wind to fill the sails; but the captain was anxious to get away, as yellow fever was in port, and he had no mind to knocking his heels in quarantine any longer than he could help. We had however, hardly got clear of Raza island when a breeze struck up, and we were soon bowling along as fast as the old ship could be made to step along, all studding sails set, and, so far, a clean bill of health on board.

On the twenty-first, however, I was sitting for'ard, getting a breath of fresh air, and smoking my pipe, when Pete, the steward's mate, came up and summoned me aft to see one of our cabin passengers, Mr. William Grierson, who had been very unwell during the night, and began to be afraid that he was in for a touch of the fever? I went aft and saw him, but there did not appear to be any very alarming symptons just at present, so I prescribed some cooling medicine and left him.

He was, however, worse the next day, and the next, yet it was not a case of yellow fever, and there was something in the symptoms that fairly baffled me. On the twenty-fourth he was so much worse that I began to be seriously alarmed, and communicated my fears to the captain.

"It is not yellow fever, of that I am sure."

"What is it then, doctor?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I can hardly say. Nothing that I can administer seems to do him any good, and he is evidently sinking rapidly."

"Humph!" said the captain, "mysterious to say the least of it. Does he know of his condition?"

The conversation was cut short by the arrival of Pete, who informed us that Mr. Grierson had been siezed with a sudden and alarming access of pain, and was apparently dying, adding that the patient wished to see me at once and alone. In obedience to the summons I went below, and having shut the cabin door and administered the necessary remedies, asked the dying man the reason for his wishing to see me.

"I wish to see you because I feel that I am dying, and I can put off no longer what I wish to say, if it is to be said at all."

'Fetch me that box from the top of my sea-chest and listen"—

I brought it, a small, oblong, mahogany box, and laid it by his side upon the coverlet, and Mr. Grierson, laying his hand upon it and at the same time detaching the key from a string by which it was suspended round his neck, with which his fingers played nervously during his recital, continued:

'I am a murderer. Aye! you may stare, and think perhaps that my mind is wandering, but it is the truth. Twenty-five years ago—twenty-five years of misery—I committed the deed which I am now in presence of my Maker about to confess. I was a clerk in a banking house in London, and the facilities and opportunities for peculation offered me, were too much for me to withstand, but circumstances occurred which convinced me that discovery could hardly be much longer delayed, and I was costing about how to make my escape while there was yet time. Just at this time one of the senior clerks in the house had to be sent down to Bristol in charge of a very large sum of money in gold, and I was deputed to accompany him to guard the treasure.

"In those times matters mere differently conducted from what they are in the present day, and we had to take the money in a box, strongly secured and sealed, with us, by the mail coach, which started from one of the old inns in the city for the west of England. There was a sum of two thousand guineas, in the box, and the idea suggested itself to my mind that if I could become master of such a sum I could get clear away by some ship leaving Bristol for foreign parts before the bank could become aware of the fact of my escape. But how to get rid of my companion. Briefly: for I feel my strength sinking and I must hurry forward to the end of what I have to tell you. I procured poison, which I poured into a leathern bottle, which I carried on the road, and, watching my opportunity, offered it to him to drink. He sank back in a corner of the coach and in a few minutes was a corpse. Emptying the remaining contents of the bottle out of the window, and placing the dead man in such an attitude as would lead people to suppose he had died naturally in his sleep, I hailed the guard with every simulation of tripidation, and stopped the coach. The outside passengers got down, and a scene of great excitement occurred. At the next village, the local doctor, who as it happened was a man of no great skill, was sent for, and dexterously insinuating to him that I had known my companion to have suffered from heart disease of some years' standing, with many compliments to the professional acumen of the doctor himself, that worthy was not long in pronouncing it a case of sudden death from disease of the heart; and I was suffered, in view of my representations as to the urgency of my mission to Bristol, to proceed on my journey. This is the bare outline of my crime, the details would only weary you, and my time is short. I succeeded in leaving England and reaching Brazil, where I have a massed a fortune. That fortune is within the box which lies beneath my hand."

He paused, for a violent spasm came over him, and it was not for some time that I could recover him sufficiently to enable him to proceed.

Raising himself in bed with difficulty, he unlocked the box, and disclosed an array of unset diamonds, whose brilliancy dazzled me.

"Here are £50,000 worth of diamonds proceeded Mr. Grierson. "I have converted all my fortune into these gems, and these I intend to intrust to your care. Take this box at once to your own cabin and return to me for instructions as to the disposal of the contents."

I hesitated, but he was imperative.

"Not a word. I am dying fast and I implore you to accede to my last request,' he continued.

I took the box, locked it, and left the cabin.

As I opened the door I ran up against Pete.

"What are you doing here?"

"Nothing."

I passed on along the main deck toward my cabin forward, and on my way I met Captain McFarlane.

"How is your patient, doctor?"

"Dying, I fear. He cannot last long."

I passed on, and depositing the box in a place of safety, returned. Grierson was rapidly sinking, and in a few short sentences he instructed me as to the disposal of his property. Ten thousand pounds was to go to the bankers, Messrs. Holt & Wardley, of Lombard street, and the balance to the family of the murdered man, whose name was given me, and whose representative I pledged my word to do my best to discover.

Finally, binding me over not to disclose what I had been told, except to parties named by him in his dying request, Grierson relapsed into a state of partial insensibility, from which I in vain attempted to rouse him, and before half an hour had elapsed the unhappy man was no more.

Going on deck, I communicated the news to the captain, who gave the necessary directions as the funeral, which took place next day; and once more we were plowing our way through the blue water as if nothing had happened.

I was an altered man. The strange commission with which I had been intrusted weighed on my mind. Over and over again in the still of the night I opened the box of diamons, and gazed on the brilliancy of the gems. What proof was there that they were not mine; the box with its brass plate bearing the owner's name could be destroyed in a moment, and then—over and over again the devil whispered to me, but thank God, I resisted the temptation. I would fulfill the trust confided to me, and I prayed fervently for strength to resist the evil promptings of my baser self.

One day I sat alone, the box unlocked on my table, gazing with an irrepressible curiosity, which I was unable to control, on the jewels which scintillated with a devilish luster before my dazed vision. The door suddenly opened and Captain McFarlane entered.

"I beg your pardon, doctor; didn't know you were engaged." But before I could close the box or reply his eye had caught the shimmer of the brilliants.

"Halloo! what's here?"

With a firm hand he had closed the lid and read the name upon the plate. Innocent as I was, involuntarily stung by the remembrance of what my thoughts had been but a moment before, I quailed before his eye.

'I know all now—that man was poisoned—consider yourself my prisoner," exclaimed the captain.

I endeavored to explain. I told everything as it occurred, and I appealed to the captain to believe the story, or at least to await its reasonable confirmation before acting on his rash conclusion. He was incredulous. One concession I obtained, and that was that all should be kept secret till our arrival in port, and that I should not be publicly branded as a suspected murderer before the crew on board the ship.

A fortnight, passed. a very fortnight, during which I repeatedly endeavored to shake the conclusion at which Captain McFarlane had so hastily arrived. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, the captain fell sick. He was suffering from a low fever. I begged him to accept my service.

"Never; you shall not poison me, too."

Days passed, and the captain got worse and worse; he babbled in his delirium of poison, of stolen jewels; and night and day I watched at his bedside, jealously excluding everybody who might perchance overhear his ravings and rise up in judgement against me.

One day the crisis came. A few hours would determine all. If he died I was once more a free man, free from the imputation of a foul crime, free to carry out my honest intention of fulfilling the dead man's wishes, but also free from the dread of exposure which to me would be worse, as a bare suspicion, than death itself.

If the captain could but sleep, his life would be saved. How easy to make that sleep his last. The devil was at my elbow, the laudanum bottle in my hand. But at my sorest need the strength to resist was given to me. I poured out the proper dose, and advanced towards the cot in which the captain lay. A strange light was in his eyes. Rising suddenly and throwing the bedclothes off his tall, lean, sinewy form, he half leaped from the bed, and seizing the box of diamonds, which he had throughout his illness never allowed from beneath his pillow, in one hand, he shrieked:

"Never, never! Will you allow me to be poisoned like a dog. Help! some of you." The effort was too much; clasping the box to his bosom, he fell back on his pillow—a convulsive shudder passed over his frame—he wss dead.

I don't pretend to analyze my feelings at that moment. My reason well-nigh deserted me. I did not stop to think of the possible consequences. Snatching the box from the relaxing grasp of the corpse I rushed from the cabin and fell over Pete, who was outside.

"See to the captain. He is dead,' and I sped onward; but the powerful man had his hand on my hand

"Doctor not go so quick—Mr. Grierson dead, cap'n die, too—doctor got his box of jewels. Give up that box," and he siezed me in his grasp and struggled with me for the possession of the box.

At that moment the strength of a lion was in me; I wrestled with my assailant, and, freeing myself from his grasp, made for the companion stairs. I had reached the deck, with what intentions I knew not, but Pete was again with me, wrestling with the strength of a demon for the possession of the prize.

The ship was rolling heavily in a dead calm, and as we fell together, we slid across the deck toward the lee scuppers.—With a superhuman effort I freed my right arm, and, with all my force, threw the box over the quarter-deck railings. It flew open as it fell into the sea, and in the moonlight the diamonds fell like a shower of falling stars into the black water.

The man, seeing my movement, left his hold of me, and sprang forward to catch the box as it fell. A heavy lurch, and I was alone on the deck.

The rapidity with which everything had taken place seemed to have stunned me, and deprived me of the power to utter even one cry for help. When I recovered myself it was too late—Pete and the diamonds were gone forever.

I looked around—the deck was deserted, save by the man at the wheel, who, half hidden by the wheel house, had not seen the struggle.

Can I be blamed? I held my tongue. The captain was buried at dawn, and the chief officer took command of the ship.—It was clear that Pete must have fallen overboard, and no one suspected the share I had in the catastrophe. In due time we arrived at Bristol, and for my own satisfaction I instituted the necessary inquiries as to the individuals named by the man Grierson. The bank had long since ceased to exist. I traced some vague rumor of a man having died suddenly in a stage coach while passing through an obscure village in Somersetshire, but could never obtain any clew to his representatives. It was, perhaps, as well that I failed. I am still a poor man but I would rather die so than accept the possibility of becoming rich at the terrible risk which attended the unlucky bequest of the box of diamonds.

SCENE IN COURT.

"I call upon you," said the counsel for the plaintiff "to state distinctly upon what authority you are prepared to swear to the mar's age?"

"Upon what authority?" asked the ostler.

"You are to reply, and not repeat the question put to you."

"I dosen't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's time to turn it in his mind."

"Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question put. I repeat it. Upon what authority do you swear to the animal's age?"

"The best authority," responded the witness, gruffly.

"Then why such evasion? Why not state it at once?"

"Well, then, if you must have it—"

"Must! I will have it!" vociferated the counsel, interrupting the witness.

"Well, then, if you must and will have it," rejoined the ostler, with imperturbable gravity—"why, then, I had it from the mare's own mouth."

QUICK PRESCRIPTIONS.

Prof. Wilder, of Carroll University, gives the short rules for action in case of accident;

For dust in the eyes, avoid rubbing; dash cold water in them; remove cinders, etc., with the round point of a lead pencil.

Remove insects from the ear by tepid water; never put a hard instrument into the ear.

If an artery is cut, compress it above the wound: if a vein is cut, compress it below.

If choked go on all fours and cough.

For slight burns, dip the part in cold water; if the skin is destroyed, cover with varnish.

For apoplexy, raise the head and body; for fainting lay the person flat.

WOMAN'S ATTRACTIVENESS.

Personal attractions most girls possess—at any rate in a sufficient degree to render them attractive to somebody, for although there are standards of beauty, yet these do not prevail with all persons. There is something wonderful in the difference of aspect which the same face wears to different beholders. Probably the philosophical explanation of this is what is hidden from all others, becomes immediately and instinctively apparent to the eye of love. How can a moderately good-looking girl increase her attractions? By culture. She must cultivate her mind. An ignorant, illiterate woman, even if she attracts attention, cannot retain the interest of an intelligent man. She may do this by reading, by study, reflection, and by familiar conversation with the best and most highly educated persons with whom she comes in contact. But the heart must be cultivated as well as the head. "Of all things," exclaimed a most elegant and refined gentleman, after a lifetimes' familiarity with the best society—"of all things, give me a softness and gentleness in a woman." A harsh voice, a coarse laugh; trifles like these have suddenly spoiled many a favorable first impression. The cultivation of the heart must be real, not feigned. A woman who studies to appear, rather than be, good and generous, seldom succeeds in deceiving the other sex in these respects. She who in truth seeks earnestly to promote the happiness of those around her, is very apt soon to obtain admirers among men. Above all other requisites in a woman is conscientiousness. Without this one touchstone of character, no matter what her charms and acquirements, she cannot expect to command the lasting regard of any man whose love is worth having.

☞ John Quincy Adams was waited upon by a person who informed him that a pamphlet of "charges" intended for his destruction had been written and printed, but was not yet published; that the copyright was worth about five thousand dollars, and that the whole thing could be hushed up by paying the intending publisher the value of his copyright, and that no copy of it had yet gone out of the publisher's hands. Mr. Adams told his benevolent visitor that as to the last assertion, he knew it to be false, for he alseady had a copy of the pamphlet himself; that as to his receiving a nomination from the anti-Masons, he expected nothing of the kind, "but however that might be," he added, "I would not give one dollar to suppress anything that any human being can publish of me, *true or false.*" He heard no more of the matter, and the pamphlet was not published. We agree with the *Times* reviewer, who adds that "similar boldness might have saved many a public man, in politics and in literature, from great distress."

☞ A certain judge, whose pompous and officious ways tempted some of the lawyers to acts which his honor construed to mean contempt, fined them ten dollars each. When they had paid their fines, a certain dry and steady-going old attorney walked up to the bench and very gravely laid down a ten-dollar bill.

"What is that for?" said the judge.

"For contempt your honor," was the reply.

"Why, I have not fined you for contempt," answered the judge.

"I know that," said the lawyer; but I want you to understand that I cherish a hearty contempt for this court, and I am willing to pay for it."

☞ A London gentleman who was sending away his Irish butler for no exemplary conduct, but who, like most masters, was willing to make the best of him when he was going to plague somebody else, made this parting speech:

"I have said you are honest, John, with a good conscience; but I have stretched a point in saying you are sober."

"Sure, your honor, could you not stretch another point, and say I am frequently sober?"

BLARNEY.—Tall Yankee (just arrived in the Emerald Isle)—"Guess your legal fare is just sixpence"—— Dublin Carman—"Sure, me lord, we take some Chape Jacks at that—but I wouldn't disgrace a gintleman ov your lordship's quality be drivin' him at a mane pace t'rough the public sthreets; so I tuk upon myself to give your lorship a shillin's worth both of stoyle an' whip-card."

☞ The recent shower of flesh in Bath county, Ky., has provoked quite a religious revival among the colored population there. They seat themselves about in little groups, with their faces turned upward, as if the heavens were full of mutton chops, and sing:

"Kum set yere, hungray niggah,
Kum set yere on the grun',
De Lawd he am a gwine
To frow de vittals down."

Why is a young lady like a bill of exchange? Because she ought to be settled when she arrives at maturity.

☞ A little girl who wanted to be very good during Lent proposed to give up going to school.

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Old Kent.

Notes Illustrative of the Early Records

OF

KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND,

BY

GEORGE A. HANSON, M. A

Henry Hollyday, (born 11th September 1771, died 20th March 1850), of Ratcliffe, Talbot county, Md., son of Henry and Anna Maria Robins Hollyday, married, 11th October 1798, Ann Carmichael, who was born 30th June 1776, died 24th Feb. 1761, the daughter of Richard Bennet Carmichael, of Bennet's Choice, who was born 20th of January 1753, married 6th March 1774, Katharine Murray, and died 13th February 1824. He was the son of William Carmichael of Scotland, and his second wife Ann Brook Carmichael. Katharine Murray was born 27th Feb'y. 1749, died 1715, the daughter of William Murray of Barbadoes, who was born 15th July 1708, married, 22d of January 1740, Anne Smith, of Chestertown, Md., and died 13th April 1769. Anne Smith Murray was born 7th of December 1820, died, August 18th, 1807, at Bennet's Choice, Wye Neck, and was buried there.

Henry and Ann Carmichael Hollyday had children, viz: Anna Maria, born 22d March 1800, died 8th of January 1804; Catharine Ann, Henry James, born 8th April 1804, died 4th August 1820; Anna Maria, born 9th October 1805, died 5th March 1855; Sarah Elizabeth, born 21st June 1809, died 21st March 1849; Richard Carmichael, Henrietta Maria, Thomas Robins, Elizabeth Margaret, William Murray, and Rebecca Harriet Hollyday.

Anna Maria Hollyday, daughter of Henry and Ann Carmichael Hollyday, married, 18th of April 1826, Henry Hollyday of Readbourne, Queen Anne's Co., Md., who was born 15th of January 1798.

Hon. Richard Carmichael Hollyday, of Ratcliffe, Talbot county, Md., son of Henry and Ann Carmichael Hollyday, married, 24th November 1858, Marietta F. Powell of Middleburg, Loudon county Va., and had children, viz: Richard C., Ann Holmes, born Jan. 1861, died Sept. 1864, and Marietta Powell Hollyday.

Hon. Richard Carmichael Hollyday has been the able and efficient Secretary of the State of Maryland during the administrations of Governors Philip Francis Thomas, Oden Bowie, William Pinckney Whyte, James Black Groome and John Lee Carroll.

William Murray Hollyday, son of Henry and Ann Carmichael Hollyday, married in January 1862, R. Louisa Powell, sister of his brother Richard's wife, and has children, viz: Nannie, Rosalie, Powell, Virginia, Thomas and Carmichael.

Elizabeth Margarett Hollyday, daughter of Henry and Ann Carmichael Hollyday, married, 20th of Aug. 1835, Richard Bennet Carmichael, who was born 25th of December 1807, the son of William Carmichael and his wife Sarah Downs, of Queen Anne's county, Md. The said William Carmichael died in 1853, and was born 27th of January 1775, the son of Richard Bennett and Katharine Murray Carmichael before mentioned.

They had children, viz: Richard Bennet, William, Nancy Murray, Elizabeth Hollyday; Sarah Katharine, born July 1849, died August 1850; Sarah Downs, Katharine Virginia and Fannie Carmichael.

Margaret Hollyday, (born 12th of May 1774, died May 1848), youngest daughter of Henry and Anna Maria Robins Hollyday, married Lyttleton Gale, brother of George Gale, the husband of his sister Anna Maria, and had children, viz:—Henry, Robert, Levin, Anna Maria, Leah, Susanna and Elizabeth Gale.

Margaret Robins, (born 20th of April 1734), daughter of George and Henrietta Maria Tilghman Robins, married William Hayward of Bailey's Neck, Talbot county, Md., and had children, viz: George Robins and Thomas Hayward.

George Robins Hayward, son of William and Margaret Robins Hayward, of Bailey's Neck, married Margaret Smyth, daughter of Thomas Smyth, merchant, of Chestertown, Md.

Thomas Hayward, son of William and Margaret Robins Hayward, married Mary Smyth, a sister of his brother's wife, and had children, viz: William, Thomas, Margaret, Mary Ann, Elizabeth and Sarah. He married, a second time, Mary Bond, who died *sine prole.*

Henrietta Maria Robins, (born 16th of March 1736), daughter of George and Henrietta Maria Tilghman Robins, married James Lloyd Chamberlaine, and had children; which have been mentioned under his name.

Susanna Robins, (born 10th of June 1738, died 1815), daughter of George and Henrietta Maria Tilghman Robins, married Col. Thomas Chamberlaine, and had one son, Thomas, who died young. She married, a second time, Col. Robert Lloyd Nicols, and had children, viz: Lloyd, Susanna, Henrietta Maria, and Eliza Nicols.

Lloyd Nicols, son of Col. Robert Lloyd and Susanna Robins Chamberlaine Nicols, married Susanna Gulley, who died *sine prole.*

Susanna Nicols, daughter of Col. Robert Lloyd and Susanna Robins Chamberlaine Nicols, married Hon. Bond Martin, of Cambridge, Md., Chief Judge of the Fourth Judicial District of Md., and had children, viz: Bond, Robert Nicols, Henrietta Martin, Susanna and Martin. He fell in a duel, fought near Baltimore, with Mr. Carr, of Virginia. His son, Hon. Robert Nicols Martin, was Chief Justice of the Western Circuit of Maryland.

SECTION 98. E. Anna Maria Tilghman, (born 15th of November 1709, died 30th August 1763), daughter of Richard, 2d of the Hermitage, and Anna Maria Lloyd Tilghman, married twice, first William Hemsley, and had children, viz:—Philemon, William and Anna Maria Hemsley; second, Col. Robert Lloyd, and had children, viz: Richard, Deborah and Anna Maria Lloyd.

William Hemsley, son of William and Anna Maria Tilghman Hemsley, married three times. His first wife was his cousin Herietta Maria Earle, daughter of James and Mary Tilghman Earle, and had children, viz: William, Mary and Charlotte Hemsley. His second wife was Sarah Williamson, of Kent county, Md., and had children, viz: Philemon, Thomas, Alexander, James Tilghman, Sarah, Henrietta Maria and Ann Hemsley. His third wife was Anna Maria Tilghman, daughter of his Uncle James Tilghman, who left one daughter, Anna Maria Hemsley, who died at an advanced age, *sine prole.*

William Hemsley, son of William and Henrietta Maria Earle Hemsley, married Maria Lloyd, daughter of Major James Lloyd, died *sine prole.*

Mary Hemsley, daughter of William and Henrietta Maria Earle Hemsley, married Joseph Forman, and had children, viz: William, Ezekiel, Harriet Maria and Augustine Forman.

Philemon Hemsley, son of William and his second wife, Sarah Williamson Hemsley, married Elizabeth Lloyd, twin sister of his half brother William Hemsley's wife, and had children, viz: William, Maria Lloyd and Philemon Hemsley. By his second wife, Ann Hemsley, he had the following children: Martha, Richard and Philemon Hemsley.

Thomas Hemsley, son of William and his second wife, Sarah Williamson Hemsley, married his relative, Elizabeth Tilghman, daughter of James Tilghman, of Talbot county, Md., and had children viz: William, Tilghman, Thomas and Elizabeth Hemsley.

Alexander Hemsley, son of William and his second wife, Sarah Williamson Hemsley, married his relative, Henrietta Maria Tilghman, daughter of Lloyd Tilghman, and had children, viz: Lloyd Tilghman, Alexander, and Henrietta Maria Hemsley. His second wife was Elizabeth West, of Philadelphia, and had children, viz: Francis West and Alexander Hemsley.

Sarah Hemsley, daughter of William and his second wife, Sarah Williamson Hemsley, married Doctor John Irvine Troup, of Darley, near Baltimore, and had children, viz: Henry, Henrietta Maria, Margaret and Elizabeth Troup.

Henrietta Maria Hemsley, daughter of William and his second wife Sarah Williamson Hemsley, married her relative, Thomas Chamberlaine Earle, died *sine prole.*

Ann Hemsley, daughter of William and and his second wife Sarah Williamson Hemsley, married Gen. Thomas Emory of Poplar Grove, Queen Anne's county, Md., and had children, viz: Thomas A., William H., Robert, John, Albert, Frederick, Blanchard, Sarah, Ann and Henrietta Earle Emory.

Deborah Lloyd, daughter of Anna Maria Tilghman and her second husband, Col. Robert Lloyd, married her relative, Peregrine Tilghman, and had children already named.

Anna Maria Lloyd, daughter of Anna Maria Tilghman and her second husband Colonel Robert Lloyd, married William Tilghman. They resided upon the estate called the Forlorn Hope, before the White House was built.

SECTION 98. F. William Tilghman, (born 22d September 1711, died in 1782), of Groces, Talbot county, Md., son of the second Richard of the Hermitage and Anna Maria Lloyd Tilghman, married Margaret Lloyd, (daughter of James Lloyd and Ann Grundy; James was the third son of Philemon Lloyd of Wye House, Talbot Co., Md.), was at one time Deputy Commissary of Queen Anne's Co., Md., and had children, viz: Richard, James, Anna Maria, Margaret, Henrietta and Mary Tilghman.

Richard Tilghman, son of William and Margaret Lloyd Tilghman, married Mary Gibson, of Talbot county, and had children, viz: William Gibson and John Lloyd Tilghman. (40)

☞ A great lie is like a green fish on dry land, it may fret and fling, and make a frightful bother; but it cannot hurt you. You have but to keep still and it will kill itself.

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