The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1876. NO. 1

HAUNTED.

He stood by the castle door alone;
Over the moor the wind made moan;
Light from the painted oriels streamed;
Bloom and fire on the snow-drifts gleamed;
Music throbbed on the bitter air;
Triumph chorus and trumpet's blare:
Only through it all,
Like a spirit's call,
Far, sad, and low,
Crept a little voice that said—
Was it from the dead?
"None shall ever love you!
None as I have loved you
Farewell; I go."

Silk and jewels and satin sheen
Robe his bride like an Asian queen;
Gold hath no glitter like her hair;
Her sapphire eyes are past compare;
Her voice is clear as a wedding bell,
Somewhat softened her love to tell:
Only over all
Creeps the little call,
Far, sad, and low,
As if once for life it plead,
"None shall ever love you,
None as I have loved you!
Farewell; I go."

Black as midnight across the sky
A shadow clasped him silently;
Life that tempted and love that called,
All that lonely soul appalled.
Sin and grief like spectres stood
Mixing gall with his drink and food:
Bitterest of all
Sounded still the call,
Far, sad, and low;
Softly wailed above the dead,
Drearily it said,
"None shall ever love you,
None as I have loved you!
Farewell; I go."

No more stars in the purple skies;
Only tender and mournful eyes,
Long, long looks of wan despair,
Haunted his vision everywhere:
By wooded mountain or moaning sea
From voice and presence he could not flee;
In the dreams of love and the hush of prayer,
The same strain whispered every where:
"Hear above all
My forsaken call!
Once a living woman said,
Though her life was fled,
None shall ever love you,
None as I have loved you!
Farewell; I go."

Now the death-pang grasps his throat;
His eyes are blinded to beam or mote,
Hushed is speech for sigh or prayer;
Vainly fragrance loads the air;
The swift feet cannot stand or go;
The blood in his cold veins will not flow;
Yet, last of all,
Heareth he that call,
Sad, clear, and low,
No more far, but overhead,
By that dying bed:
"None shall ever love you,
Not in heaven above you,
None as I have loved you!
Farewell; I go."

CAPTURING A PRINCE.

BY E. G. STANTON.

Allie Arnold stood before the pier glass in her elegant chamber, giving the finishing touches to her afternoon toilet. The mirror reflected a bright, piquant face, with large eyes, cheeks delicately tinted with a healthy crimson, lips like twin cherries, and teeth so white and even that envious people declared they were not natural. Her hair, puffed in front, fell over her shoulders in chestnut ringlets.

"I'm almost ready. Just to think—I've not seen Frank for a week," she exclaimed, placing a jaunty little hat upon her head. "Uncle Toby is a horrid old bear, or he'd let him come here—he's as good as anybody, I guess, my handsome Frank!"

Pushing aside the satin curtain, she peeped out of the window.

"If there isn't that odious Prince coming straight for the house!" And now the pretty face was full of dismay. "What shall I do? I can't I won't see him; if I do, I shall miss Frank, and he will feel *terribly*, poor fellow! I have it—I'll send Aunt Alvira down to entertain this popinjay until I come.' And smiling significantly she ran from her room and sought the apartment of her aunt. That lady, considerably past twenty-five, and nearly as sour in disposition as she was in feature, still nourishing strong hopes of capturing a young and handsome husband and spent her leisure hours in inditing sonnets to the 'coming man,' Allie found her at her desk, with pen in mouth, and eyes rolled upward, courting inspiration.

'Pollard Prince, the millionaire, is down stairs, auntie,' said Allie, as if highly pleased at the thought. 'I wish you'd go down and chat with him a few moments, until I make myself presentable. 'Go now, there's a dear, good soul,' said Allie.

Miss Alvira Symmons placed her pen upon the desk, sighed softly, and glanced toward the mirror. The rouge upon her cheeks was still fresh, her chignon was properly poised, and her front hair was smooth. Her attire, as usual, was very [illegible]

'[illegible] till I dip my fingers in cologne [illegible]ar, and then I'll go,' she said. '[illegible]se is a very pleasant gentleman, and so pretty.'

Allie kissed her gratefully, and then danced out of the room, almost unable to repress her laughter. Five minutes later she saw her aunt descend the stairs with mincing tread, and she knew by the whiteness of her sharp chin, that the powder puff had been brought into requisition.

'May you have a delightful call, Mr. Pollard Prince!' And with these words, Allie darted down the rear staircase, vanished out of the rear entrance, and hurried on to Washington square to meet her lover.

The success of her ruse filled her with mirthful gratification, and as she entered the square, her eyes sparkled brilliantly, a deeper carmine glowed in her cheeks, and her lips fluttered with smiles.

'You have come, my darling, my beautiful!' said a deep, tender voice close to her elbow.

'O Frank, how you frightened me!' she cried.

'But her brown eyes shown with anything but terror as they met the warm glance of the blue ones, and her hands trembled only with love, as Frank Merriam clasped them within his own.

'I've lots to tell you, Allie,' he said, drawing her arms inside of his, and leading her toward a seat. 'I had a talk with your uncle to-day, or rather he had one with me.'

'Oh, what did he say?'

Frank seated himself by her side ere he answered her eager question; and when he did, it was noticeable that his voice had lost its happy ring.

'He began with asking me if I had seen you lately: and when I told him I hadn't he said I was beginning to be wise, and hoped I would continue in the same course—'

'The hateful thing!'

'For if I didn't—mark that, Allie—I might find myself in want of a situation some day—'

'That's meaner still!' she interrupted again, her eyes flashing. 'I shall detest him if he goes on in this way.'

'He means well enough, I think,' said Frank, charitably; 'he doubtless imagines he's serving you, in warning me to keep away from you—'

'But he isn't, and I thank him to mind his own business. I'm old enough to know who I like, I guess. What else did he say, dear? Don't think I'm cross;' and she dashed a tear from her pretty eyes.

'I understand your feelings, darling,' he replied, with a fond smile. 'But think of it as lightly as you can. True hearts always find some way to outwit hard heads—'

'And we will, Frank. I'll show Sir Bruin a trick worth two of his. But go on.'

'He said next that there was a great difference in our social status, and that he had great hopes for you—'

'How silly!' interposed the irrepressible Allie.

'And at this hour there was a millionaire ready to throw himself at your feet, and be your slave for life—'

'My slave he may be, my husband never. Did he mention the vassal's name?' with a rougish twinkle in her eyes

'Yes, I led him on by saying that you were above me, and perhaps I had looked too high—'

'You dear boy!'

'And then the old gentleman smiled for the first time, and informed me in confidence that the millionaire was no less a personage than Mr. Pollard Prince,' replied Frank.

'That noodle!'

'Yes, and further that you are to marry him—there was no question about that.'

'Did he dare to say that?'

'Those were his words.'

Allie's indignation was too intense for speech. Her face flushed and paled alternately, her eyes gleamed, and her little feet beat the ground vengefully.

'We'll see who is to choose my husband, I or somebody else,' she said at length, in a low, firm voice. 'Don't be discouraged, Frank. I love you better than any other mortal, and I'll marry you, or live alone till I die.'

'My precious darling!'

And if it had been other than a public place he could not have restrained himself from throwing his arms around her, and pressing her to his breast. As it was he clasped her hand and held it tightly for a moment. Then with a mutual promise to meet soon again, they separated.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Pollard Prince was not troubled with any particular brain. Good-natured to an extent that bordered on foolishness, he easily became the victim of impecunious rascals who were compelled to 'raise rocks' in some way or another, and invariably chose him as the sheep that could be fleeced with the least trouble. In this way Pollard had lost at least five thousand dollars within two years. If any one flattered him, he gulped down every word as if it were the gosple truth. Good humored to a degree that reached insipidity, he received even questionable jokes with smiles, and was often the laughing stock of his own guests, when he fondly fancied that the merriment was the result of his own wit. When Miss Symons said he was 'so pretty,' she described him with brevity and correctness. He had a white, fair face, round, black eyes, black curly hair that tumbled over his brow, and a faultless mustache and imperial. His garment were always elegant and in style; in short an illumined photograph of Pollard Prince would have made an excellent fashion plate. Being a millionaire he was voted a good fellow; had poverty been his lot, he would have been called a bore, a fool. As Pollard always tried to make himself agreeable to everybody, he smiled blandly, and lisped a few extravagant words, of greeting when he saw Miss Alvira Symons sail into the room in all the glory of silks and diamonds. He would rather have seen Allie, but as with him there was always time enough, he concluded to make friends with the aunt, and thereby smooth his pathway to the affections of her niece. So he repeated his stereotyped compliments, grinned his charming grins, talked over the latest gossip, and departed, utterly unconscious that Miss Symons's susceptible heart had received all his gallantry as a tribute to herself.

'He never once asked for Allie, thought the delighted Alvira. 'And I don't believe he even thought of her, if he did his manner toward me was full of deception, that's all. And I don't believe there's any deception in him, he don't look as if there was. It seemed once or twice as if he was on the point of proposing; dear me, I began to feel shaky all over. And how near his face came to mine when he turned the music for me at the piano; I could feel his breath on my cheek, I am sure I blushed; I hope I did, anyway; blushing is so effective! I don't believe I look so awful old as Tony says I do, Tony is so very apt to exaggerate. My hand almost aches, Pollard pressed it so hard when he went away; that must mean something. I'll astonish people or my name isn't Alvira Symons.'

At that moment Antonious Symons, stock-broker, came into the room. He was a short, thick-set man, with a square face, Roman nose, thick-lips, shaggy brows, and sharp gray eyes. His hair and whiskers were gray by nature, black by art; his cheeks were a bright pink, giving a peculiar look to his countenance.

'Grinning, eh?' he growled, darting a scornful glance at his sister. 'What's come up to make you grin?'

'I don't know that I'm so terribly ugly all the time,' she replied.

'Everybody else knows if you don't.—Where's Allie?'

'You'd better hunt round and find her, you bear.'

Antonious sank into a chair, muttering words that Alvira could not hear, but which sounded very much like 'Spiteful old cat.' After a moment's silence, he said,—

'Alvira I want your help. You needn't scowl, because you know I ain't afraid of you. Pollard Prince loves Allie—'

'How do you know he does?' queried Alvira, sharply.

'How do I know? Are you growing into a fool?' he exclaimed, irritably. 'Perhaps you think he is in love with you, a woman old enough to be his mother.'

'Perhaps I do—perhaps I don't; it's no business of yours, any way. What do you want of me?'

Antonious twisted his whiskers and glared at her savagely.

'You've found a new mood, haven't you? It's a change, at all events—a relief from your old snap and sputter. I want you to watch Allie, and not let her go out alone; I want you to know what letters come to her, and who she writes to. She don't want to marry Prince, but she shall; he owns a mint of of money. Will you do this?'

'Yes,' she replied, thinking it might serve her own purpose as well as his.

Just as Antonious came in at the front door, Allie entered the rear, and saw him ascend the stairs. Supposing that he had gone into the drawing-room, she came up softly and looked in at the rear entrance. The folding-doors were close. Wishing to hear what he might have to say, and believing every means of gaining information fair in love and war, she sat down and listened. She heard the conversation. Every word of it, and then ran away to her chamber to give vent to the wrath that caused her cheeks to tingle, her bosom to throb violently.

'Such insolence!' she ejaculated, snapping her hands fiercely. 'Such cowardly contemptible tricks. Watch me, follow me, examine my letters—I'd like to see anybody do it! Oh, I'm so mad! Frank would tell me to be calm. I will, I must.'

She reflected a moment, with her hands pressed to her head. Then seating herself at her desk, she hastily wrote the following note:

'My Dear Frank:—I fear uncle knows of our meeting this afternoon. He has not said anything to me, but he has done more—set Aunt Alvira upon me. I will not endure it. The next thing I know he will be locking me in my room. He is determined that I shall marry that ninny Prince. There is only one course left for us to pursue. To-morrow I wish you to procure a marriage license. Thursday is lodge night, and uncle never fails to go. Come on that night with a carriage at 8 o'clock. We will be married at the house of some minister. I can live no longer in this way; my burden grows heavier ever hour.

Yours, and yours only, Allie.'

Sealing this, and directing it to Frank's lodging-house, she ran out and put in the postal-box.

'Now we will see whether I was born in slavery or freedom,' she mused, tossing her head with anticipated freedom.

It happened that Frank had changed his boarding house that day, but had forgotten to aprise Allie of the fact, and so the letter found its way to Antonious Symon's desk at a late hour the next afternoon, the postal officer knowing that Merriam was in the employ of the broker. The old gentleman glanced [illegible] inscription, and then uttered a [illegible] of satisfaction. Entirely ignoring the criminal laws of the United States, he opened the letter, read it, and then banged his desk with his fist.

'I'll fix her, the cunning jade, he muttered, and shoved the letter into his pocket. Then grasping a pen he wrote:

'Friend Prince:—I have brought the affair to a successful termination by an admirable piece of strategy. You will receive a letter from Allie to-morrow.—Do exactly as she tells you, and thank me for the result, you lucky dog.

A. Symons.'

Having sealed and directed this to Pollard Prince, Esq., Continental Hotel, the wily broker started for home. Reaching the house, he hastened unobserved, to his sister's room, and set her the task of copying Allie's letter to Frank, beginning with the seventh period; 'to-morrow,' etc. and adding out of his own fertile brain: 'I shall wear a thick black veil. I desire you to wear a mask for reasons which I will explain when I see you.'

'Now Allie will fall into the trap, and marry Prince without knowing it,' chuckled Antonius, rubbing his hands with delight. 'There's not like stock-brokerage to make a man sharp. Prince and Merriam are about of a height you see. I'll call on Prince and tell him to explain the mask to her—no, I won't by Jove. I'll send a letter to Allie, purporting to be from Frank, informing her that he will wear a mask—that after-thought was duced lucky, upon my word. I've a clerk who can imitate Merriam's handwriting. If you only had a brain like mine, eh, Alvira?'

Miss Symons smiled and said nothing. Antonious wondered what that grin meant; but thinking that it came from a streak of good humor, he let it pass unnoticed. In copying the letter Alvira spoiled one sheet and threw it aside.—The task at last completed she calculated to see the affair through, and told her brother not to stay at home from the lodge. The plans were so well laid, that he felt safe in taking her advice.

Thursday night arrived—the heavens were never clearer, the stars never shone brighter. At eight o'clock a carriage dashed up to the door of the broker's mansion, and a woman closely veiled, who had been waiting eagerly on the stairs rushed down just as the door was opened. In another moment she was in the carriage, and Pollard Prince, taking her hand tenderly in his, said, ardently:

'O my angel—my dearest angel—what can I say? I never was so happy in my life—words are weak things now.'

Presently the carriage stopped; the couple alighted, entered a house, and ten minutes later came forth man and wife. Re-entering the hack they returned to the house of the broker. As they entered the drawing-room, Pollard begged Allie to remove her veil, but she ran away from him in a playful manner, and he chased her into the conservatory. Dropping on his knees before her, he covered her hand with kisses in his wild rapture, and implored her to free her face.

'I will, my sweet Prince.'

And lifting her hand, she tore the veil away, revealing the sharp countenance of Alvira Symons.

'Am I mad?' cried Prince, his eyes dilating, his face growing deathly pale. 'Have I—oh murder! Have I—oh fiends—have I married a witch?'

'A witch, you ungrateful, hardhearted man! A witch! Is this my bridal greeting? O that I had never seen your dear, deceitful face!' ejaculated Alvira, in mingled grief and anger.

Pollard Prince begged for a divorce—offered fabulous sums if she would only release him in some way or another, but in vain. Alvira had caught a husband and no power on earth should take him from her. She had kept Allie well advised of the plot, and that young lady had carried out her original intention and married Frank the same evening.

When Antonious came home, he found the two couples awaiting him. To picture accurately his mortification and rage would be impossible; he nearly went into convulsions, but became calm when the thought crossed his mind that Prince was in the family, and he could borrow money to increase his business. It was probably the best thing that ever happened to Pollard Prince; he needed a guardian, a protector, a home, and Alvira gave him all these, besides a wifely love and made him a pleasant companion, much to the surprise of everybody. Pollard Prince is now a father, and well contented. Allie and Frank are very happy now.

☞ A threadbare stranger in Detroit registered himself at one of the hotels as "The Emperor of Brazil," and then sat down on a trunk checked for New York and began whistling "No One to Love." Chief Jones was called, and bowing profoundly to the distinguished stranger, asked:

"Are you the Emperor of Brazil, sir?"

"Not I," replied the shabby man.

"Why, then," do you so register your name?"

"Because I wish to travel *incognito*."

The stranger slumbered in the station-house.

☞ "Brother, why don't you ask the stranger to pray?"

"Because," reprovingly observed a deacon, 'this ain't no place for practical jokes. That man is the president of a gas company.

☞ A vinegar-hearted old bachelor says he always looked under the head of "marriages" for the news of the week.

From the Cincinnati Times.

Bringing Up Boys.

Two Answers to the Question of the Times, "What Shall We Do With Our Boys?" after "What Shall We Do With Our Girls?"

FIRST.

Begin early and teach them humanity to man and beast, by giving them to play with somebody or something smaller and weaker than themselves.

Let them tyrannize over your own household, and the neighborhood in general.

Regard everything they do or say, how revolting soever it may be, as remarkable evidences of budding genius, and never apply to their deserving backs the paternal rod.

Encourage their fighting propensities.

Teach them that dress makes the gentleman, (of course 'twould be beneath their dignity to be simply a *man*.)

Teach them that a pleasing exterior and a vicious interior will pass through the near-sighted world more easily than *vice versa*.

Teach them that money is the soul of man, and that they had better be out of the world than out of "the needful."

Teach them to get it as easily as they can, honestly or dishonestly, it matters not—but get it!

Following your lordly example, let them smoke in the house, chew in the house, spit in the house, drink in the house.

Let them have a card and billiard table in the house, and start a dime novel library at home.

Take them with you to see the can-can.

Teach them to swear politely.

Teach them to stand around street corners, hotels, and other public buildings gracefully. If there's any sight especially repulsive to ladies of refinement, it is to see these places occupied by men in awkward attitudes.

Send them to college to empty their purses, or yours, develop their muscles, and squander their brains.

Set them an example of Christianity by attending church regularly on Sunday, and breaking the majority of the Ten Commandments to splinters on week days.

SECOND.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves. Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they can not too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

Teach them to saw wood, split it, bring it in, carry water, empty slops, make the fires, tend the baby, and make themselves otherwise generally useful around the house.

Teach them how to run a sewing machine, and properly to use a needle and thread.

Teach them by your own example that smoking in moderation, though the least of the vices to which men are heirs, is disgusting to others, and hurtful to themselves.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear a "black eye" is!

Teach them that dime novels and similar reading are an invention of Satan.

Teach them that "playing cards" may lead to gambling.

Teach them that swearing is an unnecessary evil.

Teach them that strong drink, indulged in, means disgrace and ruin.

Teach them that a true lady may be found in calico, quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education, with common sense, is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good, honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen beggarly "professions."

Teach them that "honesty is the best policy"—that 'tis better to be poor than to be rich on the profits of "crooked whisky," &c., and point your precept by examples of those who are now suffering the torments of the doomed.

Teach them that the more they save before the more comfortably they can live after marriage.

Teach them that every two-legged animal that walks the streets is not a man, even though he wears the emblems.

Teach them that to be a man, "with all that name implies," is now-a-days a phenomenon.

Teach them that God is no respecter of sex, and that when he gave the seventh commandment he meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst forms of dissipation, they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure women.

Teach them that 'tis better to be an honest man seven days in the week, than to be a Christian (?) one day and a villian six days.

Teach them that "God helps those who help themselves."

Do all this and you will have brought them up "in the way they should go"—but four to ten you will not!

☞ The principal objection to female barbers is that they're apt to turn their customers' heads.

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

At the meeting of delegates of the counties of the Province of Maryland at Annapolis, 26th of July 1775, Matthew Tilghman was chosen chairman. A Council of Safety for the Province was organized and Matthew Tilghman and Thomas Johnson were made members of it also. Again, Matthew Tilghman, Thomas Johnson, Robert Goldsborough, William Paca, Samuel Chase, Thomas Stone and John Hall were appointed deputies to the Continental Congress.

At the Convention of Delegates, chosen by the several counties of the Province of Maryland, which met at Annapolis, Thursday, 7th December 1775, the Hon. Matthew Tilghman was unanimously chosen President.

Tuesday, 21st May 1776, Hon. Matthew Tilghman, Thomas Johnson, Robert Alexander, Samuel Chase, Robert Goldsborough, William Paca, Thomas Stone and John Rogers were elected to represent Maryland in that Congress which passed and issued to the world the Declaration of Independence. Permission to vote for such a declaration was granted to the delegates, by a unanimous resolution, Friday 28th June 1776.

Thursday, the 4th of July 1776, Hon. Matthew Tilghman, Thomas Johnson, William Paca, Samuel Chase, Thomas Stone, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, and Robert Alexander were elected by ballot deputies to represent Maryland in the Continental Congress. At this time also, Matthew Tilghman was President of the Maryland Convention.

On this day it is recorded, "Thereupon "the Convention considering that the "said Thomas Johnson, Esq., cannot "discharge the duty of brigadier of the "forces to be raised in this province in "consequence of the resolves of Congress "of the third of June last, to which com-"mand the Convention, from a confidence "in his capacity and abilities to fill the "same with advantage to the public "cause, and honor to himself, had ap-"pointed him and also execute the trust "reposed in him as a deputy in Congress "for this province; and being of opinion "that it is of very great importance to "the welfare of this province, that it "should not be deprived of the advice "and assistance of the said Thomas John-"son in the public councils of the united "colonies, and that his place can be sup-"plied with less inconvenience in the mil-"itary than in the civil department,—"*Resolved*, That a brigadier-general be "elected by ballot in the room of said "Thomas Johnson."

John Dent, Esq., was elected a brigadier-general, *vice* Thomas Johnson. He afterwards resigned and Resin Beall was elected 16th August 1776.

On this same day, 4th July 1776, in the city of Philadelphia, was adopted, by the Continental Congress, the *Declaration of Independence;* which was afterwards signed, on the part of Maryland, by Samuel Chase, William Paca, Thomas Stone, and Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of whom at least, did not vote for its passage, not being a member of the Continental Congress at the time of its adoption.

Here is presented an interesting question! Why are not the names of Matthew Tilghman and Thomas Johnson affixed to the Declaration? We have seen that they were members of the Congress which passed and which signed it. We know that Matthew Tilghman was detained at Annapolis by the duties incumbent upon him as President of the Convention. His eminent abilities made his presence necessary to the State of Maryland. Thomas Johnson, it has also been seen, could not be spared from civil service in the great council of the Confederacy, and I have read, somewhere, that his presence was, also, deemed necessary, at this juncture, for the welfare of the State of Maryland. Sufficient is it to say that Matthew Tilghman and Thomas Johnson were the two foremost men, at this time in Maryland; they, more than any others, formed and moulded public opinion, guided the energies and directed the actions of the people of Maryland. They were wise and practical workers and although they did not write their names upon the conspicuous and aspiring shaft of the monument of our liberties, their marks are inwrought and indelibly imprinted upon the solid, imperishable and more enduring foundations.

Hon. Matthew Tilghman was unanimously elected President of the Constitutional Convention which assembled in Annapolis, 14th August 1776, and was also by it chosen by ballot Chairman of the committee to prepare a declaration and charter of rights and a form of government for this State. He continued in public life, until the advances of age compelled him, in 1783, to resign his seat in the Senate of Maryland, after having devoted more than forty years to the public service of his native State.

Speaking of the eventful period of the Revolution, the Historian, McMahon, observes that Matthew Tilghman "seems to have been the *patriarch* of the colony."

The following notice of his death appeared in the *Maryland Journal*, dated May 18th 1790:

"Died suddenly the 4th inst., at his seat in Talbot county, Matthew Tilghman, Esq., in the 73d year of his age. In private life he possessed and practiced those virtues which distinguish the good citizen and constitute the amiable character of a good Christian. He was truly an affectionate husband and tender parent, a kind and attentive master and a most benevolent and good neighbor.

In his public sphere, he stood high in the confidence of his country, and until age and infirmities pleaded for retirement his life might be said to have been one continued scene of labour and usefulness in its service, while he was ever considered as one of the firmest and most zealous advocates of civil and religious liberty."

Richard Tilghman, (born 28th January 1746, died 28th May 1805), son of Hon. Matthew and Ann Lloyd Tilghman, married Margaret, the second daughter of his uncle William Tilghman, of Groces, Talbot county, Md., and had children, viz: Matthew, born 20th September 1777, Anna Maria and Mary Elizabeth Tilghman. His second wife was Mary, the eldest daughter of Edward Tilghman (of Wye) and Julianna Carroll, and had children, viz: Julianna, who married John Paca; Harriet, who married Henry Brice, of Baltimore; Mary, who married John Tilghman; and Mary Tilghman, who married Charles C. Tilghman.

Matthew Tilghman, (born 20th Sept'r, 1777, died 21st of October 1828), son of Richard and his first wife, Margaret Tilghman, married twice. His first wife was Elenor Rosier, of Prince George's county, Md. His second wife was Harriet Hynson, daughter of Richard and Araminta Hynson.

Richard Hynson, the father of Harriet Hynson, died in 1801, was the son of Charles and Phoebe Carvill Hynson. The said Chas. Hynson died in 1782, was the son of Thomas Hynson, who married, 19th of October 1710, Wealthy Ann Tilden.—Thomas Hynson was the son of Charles Hynson, who married, 25th March 1687, Margarett Harris and Charles Hynson was the son of Thomas Hynson, the Clerk of Kent County Court in 1652.

Wealthy Ann Tylden was the near descendant of the Right Honorable Marmaduke Tylden of Great Oak Manor, Kent county, Md. The said Marmaduke Tylden was a cousin of Sir Richard Tylden of Marsted, who died in 1659, and a scion of that branch of the ancient and Knightly family of Tyldens, founded by Sir William Tylden, of Great Tyldens, in the Parish of Marden, Kent county, England, as will more fully and particularly, hereafter, appear in Old Kent.

Sir William Tylden, of Great Tyldens, was lineally descended from Sir Richard Tylden, who was seneschal to Hugh de Lacy, Constable of Chester, during the reign of Henry II., and afterwards accompanied Coeur de Lion to the Holy Land, and fought under him, at ye battle of Ascalon against the Sultan Saladin, in the year 1199.

Matthew Tilghman and his second wife Harriet Hynson Tilghman, had children, viz: Richard Lloyd, who was lost at sea in the United States sloop of war Hornet, which foundered off Tampico, 12th Sept. 1826; James Bowers, born 27th January 1816; William Matthew, born 12th July 1820; Tench, born 30th December 1824, died in California, August 1870; Henrietta Louisa, Anna Maria, Harriet Eliza and Catharine Araminta Eloise Tilghman.

James Bowers Tilghman, son of Matthew and Harriet Hynson Tilghman, married, 1st of July 1841, Virginia Wills of Richmond, Va., and had children, viz: James Bowers, William Bowers, Charles Carroll and Robert Lee Tilghman. They reside near Wildon, North Carolina.

William Matthew Tilghman, son of Matthew and Harriet Hynson Tilghman, emigrated West, and married, in 1846, Miss Sheppard of Keokuk, Iowa, and had children, viz: Richard Lloyd, Tench Sheppard, William Matthew, and John Tilghman.

Henrietta Louisa Tilghman, daughter of Matthew and Harriet Hynson Tilghman, married, second of November 1835, William Bowers Everett, son of Joseph, the son of Hales Everett. He died 29th April 1841. She died 18th April 1870, in the 58th year of her age, and left two children, viz: William B. and Henrietta Maria Lloyd Everett. (53)

☞ A dangerous rival to the editor of the Chicago Times has been discovered in a Rhode Island man who has been lyin in one position for nine years.—*Norwalk Bulletin.*

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