The Chestertown Transcript.

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WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

When kilngle, klangle klingle,
Way down the dusky dingle,
The cows are coming home;
How sweet and clear, how faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from the far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglelingle,
Way down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home;
(And old-time friends and twilight plays,
And starry nights and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home.)

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home;
Malvine and Pearl and Florimel,
DeKamp, Redrose and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue,
Across the fields I hear her "loo-oo"
And clang her silver bell;
Go-ling, go-long, golingledingle,
With faint, far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home;
(And mother songs of long-gone years,
And baby-joys and childish fears,
And youthful hopes and youthful tears,
When the cows come home.)

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
With twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home;
Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down,
And the maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a larger shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-rang, toringle ringle,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home;
(The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June day rest and calm,
The same sweet smell of buds and balm,
When the cows come home.)

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle
The cows are coming home;
A loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Clarine, Peachbloom and Phebe Phillis,
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream;
To link, to-lank, tolinklelinkle;
O'er banks with butter-cups a twinkle,
The cows come slowly home;
(And up through memory's deep ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver Queen,
When the cows come home.)

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
With loo-oo and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin Hill,
Hear the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,
And the dew-drops line on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill;
Ko-ling, ko-lank, kolingleclingle,
With ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home;
(Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flowers, and rain,
For dear old times come back again,
When the cows come home.)

HOW TO BECOME A MILLIONAIRE.

You must be a very able man, as nearly all the millionaires are.

You must devote your life to the getting and keeping of other men's earnings.

You must not give away money except for a material equivalent.

You must eat the bread of carefulness and must rise up early and lie down late.

You must care little or nothing about men's wants, or sufferings, or disappointments.

You must not mind it that your great wealth involves many others in poverty.

You must not give away money except for a material equivalent.

You must not go meandering about Nature, nor spend your time enjoying air, earth, sky or water, for there is no money in it.

You must never embark in any enterprise that will build up the place you live in, but wait until the public-spirited men have built railroads, etc., then buy stock at a discount.

You must never give to the widow or orphan a thought, or consider that they have any claims upon your humanity or charity.

You must make money your god; interest your faith; and large possessions the heaven you covet. And, when dying, give a few pence to heaven.

You must not distract your thoughts from the great purpose of your life with the charms of art and literature.

You must not let philosophy or religion engross you during the secular time.

You must not allow your wife or children to occupy much of your valuable time and thoughts.

You must never permit the fascinations of friendship to inveigle you into making loans, however small.

You must be prepared to sacrifice ease and all fanciful notions you may have about tastes and luxuries and enjoyments during most, if at all, of your natural life

MISS PEVERILL'S PRIDE.

'I never heard of such impertinence,' said Agnes Peverill, throwing down the letter she held, and half crying in her vexation. How *dare* he write such things to *me*?' What business has he to love me? He never would have dared write like this if—if papa were alive and we had not lost our money.'

'You may thank yourself for this,' said Grandma Peverill, looking over her spectacles with an air of concern. 'You have amused yourself considerably with Harold Helper, to my certain knowledge. When one dances, one must pay the piper.'

'I don't understand you, grandma. I certainly never gave him the shadow of encouragement. I have guessed for some time that he—that he didn't dislike me, you know; but I never dreamed that he would dare say as much. Papa's clerk! Why, I've seen him sweeping out the office, and his fingers as inky as Caddy Jellyby's.'

'Men *are* audacious creatures,' observed grandma; 'but if you knew that he didn't exactly hate you, you ought'n to have accepted him as escort, when you were learning to ride. When your papa brought him home to dine, you needn't have made yourself so attractive, need you? You needn't have talked pretty nonsence with him by the hour, while your father and I took our after-dinner naps, need you?'

'One can't help flirting a little, grandma.'

'What with one's father's clerk? And no doubt one can't help working him slippers and braiding watch chains either.'

'Why, of course, one gives birthday and Christmas gifts to all one's acquaintances, even to old Biddy, the pauper. One dosen't expect them to presume on that, however.'

'And so you think that Mr. Helper is presuming, when he offers you his heart's love and all his worldly prospects? Why so?'

I think him presuming because the Peverills are not of his order, grandmamma. They came in the Mayflower; they are descended from Lord Peverill; they have graduated at college, have enjoyed elegant accomplishments ever since the flood, and have never soiled their hands with the grime of labor; while Mr. Helper's ancestors were illiterate mechanics, who murdered the king's English. Why, his own father was a stone-cutter. I've heard papa say so.'

'And suppose that yours had been a mechanic, what objection would you have urged?'

'Why, grandmamma, it's not a supposable case—a Peverill a stone-cutter!' she exclaimed.

'But supposing you were not a Peverill?'

'My imagination is not bold enough for such a flight. You see, I have all the prejudicee of my class. I would choose unhappiness sooner than marry beneath me.'

'Then I am to understand that you consider yourself superior to Harold Helper: It is some years since he figured as your father's inky-fingered clerk, remember. Since then he has written a book, he has invented a machine, he has lectured to scientists. Wherein does your superiority consist? What have you been doing in the mean time?'

'I have been rubbing papa's gouty toe, and also accepting the attention of Miles Bond.'

'You don't mean—'

'I mean that I shall probably marry Miles Bond, some fine day if nothing happens.

'Marry Miles Bond!' repeated grandmamma, as if she had said that she was going to marry the Khan of Tartary.

'You seem to be astonished grandmamma.'

'Yes, a little. He's a born aristocrat.'

'Exactly—there's a pair of us. I shall be entitled to consideration in the *beau monde* as his wife, don't you see?' For it must be confessed that since Mr. Peverill's death and insolvency the *beau monde* had looked coldly upon his pretty daughty, in spite of the Peverill coat of arms and the luxuriance of the family tree.

'Then you do not care a fig for Mr. Helper?'

'Is it necessary for me to deny the soft impeachment, when I have *almost* made up my mind to accept another?'

'When I was a girl—' began the old lady.

'You loved brocades and brocatelles as well as your grand daughter.'

'But I did not sell myself for them.—And so you are really engaged to Miles Bond, and there's no help for it?'

'Well, not really engaged; I won't give my word—at least not quite yet.—You see, grandmamma, one hesitates to rivet the chain, as they say in novels. And then Miles says he will wait; he won't hurry me; he'd rather wait a century, in sweet suspense, so he calls it, than to be refused at once. But I suppose it will all end one way,' replied Agnes.

'And what will you answer to Harold Helper.'

'Heaven only knows. It will not do to toll a man who offers one his heart, that he ought to have known better.'

'Nor that you will not marry him because his father was a stone-cutter.

Mr. Helper accepted his refusal, however, with a good grace. He made no fuss about it; he merely assured her that her happiness would always be dearer to him than his own.

'That's the letter of a gentleman,' said grandma, 'if his father was forty times a stone-cutter.'

'Pshaw?' said Miss Agnes, tearing it into fragments; but curiously enough, gathering them together as soon as Mrs. Peverill's back was turned, as if they were sweet to her as scattered rose leaves. Perhaps she was thinking of the days when he Helper was her father's clerk, and had taught her chess of winter evenings—days when she was not so worldly-minded and more romantic, and didn't guess the worth of position and long descent. Perhaps she regretfully remembered the spring mornings when they pushed through the woods for wild flowers and ferns, when he had made a quaint album for her of pressed sea-weeds—she had hidden it away somewhere now.

'It would never do,' she said, half aloud, answering some unspoken thought. 'I should always be hankering for family and money. One *must* give up something; it may as well be love as anything. Oh, if my father had only been a stone-cutter too!'

Grandma Peverill met Mr. Helper in the street, later. 'I hope you don't mean to desert us,' said she, 'because that foolish chit of an Agnes dosen't know when her bread is well buttered. Remember it's a woman's privilege to change her mind. If you neglect us,

'You shut your life from a happier chance.'

as the poet says. Nobody knows what *may* happen.'

'But I hear that Miss Peverill has encouraged Mr. Bond, said Harold, helplessly.'

'And you'er going to stand aloof and let that little Miles Bond walk over you?' Now let me tell you that I mean to make you and Miles, executors of my will; so I'd like to keep on friendly terms with you—don't you see.

'Thank you; but aren't we friends, near or apart?'

''Tis sad that absence conquers love,' she laughed; 'and haven't you heard of the virtue that resides in propinquity? If Agnes sees Miles every day, and you once in six weeks, which do you think she will be most likely to love best?'

'It is not likely that she will ever love me, whatever happens.'

'Who said she would never love you? Aren't you worth forty Miles Bond?' said grandma.

'Oh, certainly not in Miss Peverill's regard.'

'Prithee, what do you know of her regard, Sir Faintheart?'

'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dare not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.'

'Haven't I put my fate to the touch, Mrs. Peverill, and haven't I found that my deserts are miserably small?'

'Dear me? I see that you don't know that women blow twenty ways of a morning. Who knows but she is crying her pretty eyes out this minute, and wishing with all her silly heart that she had it to do over again?'

'Miles knows,' laughed Harold.

'Come and see who knows best. An old woman's advice isn't to be sneezed at. I refused my first lover myself, because I thought he'd come back and tease me into it, but he never did. Served me right, too.'

And Harold did as he was told. He made himself intimate at the Peverill's as of old. He was there in season and out of season. He bore with the caprices of Agnes and the condescensions of his rival. He was often left to the tender mercies of Grandma Peverill while Agnes and Miles made the garden or the river echo with their songs. He came and went like a shadow. When Agnes chose to listen, he let loose his enthusiam; when she gave him the cold shoulder, he accepted it without a murmer—as if one should be grateful for any gift of hers—and fell upon the old lady's unfailing kindness. One day, however, Grandma Peverill failed him. She waked suddenly from a doze, and asked, 'Is it really love?' Glancing after the two pelting each other with roses in the garden.

'It looks like it,' gasped Harold.

'Time will prove—time that unlocks all secrets and discloses all impostures. Miles is of the earth, earthly. He loves fine society and grand-fathers and coats of arms. It is a crime in his eyes to be born without a silver spoon in one's mouth.

'But what is love made for,
If it is not the same
Through joy and though sorrow,
Through glory and shame?'

Then she fell into a doze again. The shadows draped themselves about her; a star came out and leaned to look into the window; a late bird tilted on the spray near by, and made a sudden gush of music through the place; the murmur of laughing voices came faintly toward them on the breeze. But Harold listentened alone, for Grandma Peverill was already far away.

A few weeks later Miles Bond and Mr. Helper were engaged looking over the private papers of the late Mrs. Peverill, as her executors. That modest portion of her fortune which her son's speculations had left intact, she had bequeathed to Agnes. Presently Miles raised his eyes from the paper he had been inspecting. 'A rascally piece of business,' he groaned, between his teeth. Should he quietly light his cigar with the paper, bury its contents in oblivion, and marry Agnes, and go on his way rejoicing?—No; perish the thought! A Bond, of the Bonds of Bondholder, who could trace their lineage to the Conqueror! A thousand times no! He made a desperate resolve, and passed the sheet to Harold. It was merely a letter from the late Mrs. Peverill, setting forth a certain family matter, which she had deemed it wise that they should know, not as executors, but as lovers.

Of course *this* will not affect your interest,' said Harold, filing the paper away, quite at his case.

'It might not,' sneered Miles, 'if I were not a Bond, with family credit to sustain.'

'And yet,' said the other, Shakespeare tells us that

'Love is not love, which alters
When it alterations finds!'

'Shakespeare be hanged!' quoth the quondam lover.

The following week when Mr. Helper dropped in to pay his respects to Agnes, he found her watering her beds of mignonettes and pansies.

'Oh,' said she, presently, and half shyly, 'the oddest thing has happened! I must tell somebody! How dear grandmama would laugh if she were here, and say it served me right! I received a note yesterday (you could hardly call it a *billet-douz* though it was from Miles,) and what do you think. He says in it—there, turn your eyes away, don't look at me so while I tell you—he begs me to release him from an engagement which, upon close examination of his heart—under the microscope, I suppose—he finds himself unable to fulfil! Now you must know that there never was an engagement at all between us; he just teased my soul out of me to marry him, and I promised. Only to think of it! A Peverill, a decendant of one Robert Peverill, who figured in the Crusades, jilted by Miles Bond! It must be that grandmamma's jointure disappointed the poor youth. Motto: Never appoint as your executor the man whom you mish to marry your heir.'

'You don't seem to take the affair much at heart,' he said.

'Because my heart wasn't concerned in it.'

'What under heavens were you thinking of, then?'

'I was thinking whether or ont you—you had entirely changed your mind, Sir; whether you would ever again dare—'

'I dare do all that doth become a lover,' asseverated Harold, inclining to the level of her lips 'Will you reconsider the question I asked you a year ago, darling?'

And Agnes reconsidered.

Mrs. Helper had been married a year and better, when it occurred to her, in an idle moment to overhaul Grandma Peverill's papers, now that they were her own possessions; and when she heard Harold calling her she went slowly out to meet him, with one of them crushed in her soft hands.

'What have you there, darling?' he asked.

'And you knew it all the while!' she answered, irrelevantly; You knew I was not a Peverill, descended from the Crusader; you knew that I had been adopted from a foreign foundling asylum! And yet you loved me! and yet you married me, Agnes Nobody!' and Mrs. Helper began to cry, and allowed herself to be clasped in the arms of a stone-cutter's son and found comfort in it.

'Love is not love which alters
When alterations find,'

said Harold.

'But I may be the daughter of a cobbler, or a pauper,' she sobbed.

'You are my wife,' replied Harold, 'and I love you.'

'Then I would rather be your wife than the daughter of a king,' said she smiling through her tears.

Mr. Helper had forgotten to burn the letter which Grandma Peverill had written to her executors, and so pride had a fall.

TIT FOR TAT.

Among the annoyed and drippling pedestrains who sought the aid of a street car yesterday to help shorten the way home was a man with gray locks and an old maid with beau-catchers and false teeth. They seemed to hate each other at first sight, for he was hardly seated beside her when he growled—

'If you women didn't wear bustles there'd be twice as much room in street cars.'

'If men didn't sit cross-legged there'd be three times as much room!' she snapped.

'If I was a woman I wouldn't be gadding around with the rain pouring down in this way,' he remarked.

'Yes you would. If you were a woman you'd want to go out and show those feet!'

He drew his No. 11's under the seat, flushed up a little, and growled—

'They are not false, like some folk's teeth.'

'No, and they don't turn up quite as much as some people's nose!' she answered.

He was silent for a time, but presently recovered himself and went on—

'Thirty years ago women got along without paint, powder, bustles, straps, buckles and such nonsensicle fixings.'

'Thirty year ago,' she promptly replied 'it was a rare thing to see a man come out of a saloon wiping his mouth on his thumb.'

He didn't say anything more, but he wondered if she wasn't looking out of the window when he signaled the car.

☞ An ambitious Texan, having read somewhere about the 'Pope's bull,' announces in one of the papers published in the interior of the State, that he has a three-year-old brindle steer, blind of one eye, that he will match against any bull the Pope can produce.

☞ A young clergyman, at the first wedding he ever had, thought it was a very good time to impress on the couple before him the solemnity of the act

"I hope, Dennis," he said to the man, "you have well considered this solemn step in life."

"I hope so, your riverence," answered Dennis.

"It's a very important step you're taking, Mary," said the minister.

"Yes, sir, I know it is," replied Mary, whimpering; "perhaps we had better wait a while."

"Perhaps we had, your riverence," chimed in Dennis.

The minister, hardly expecting such a personal application of his exhortation, betook himself to a more cheerful aspect of the situation, and said—

"Yes, of course its solemn and important, you know, but it's a very happy time after all, when the people truly love each other. Shall we go on now with the service?"

"Yes, your riverence," they both responded, and were soon made one in the bonds of matrimony.

And that young minister is now very careful how he introduces the solemn view of marriage to timid couples.

☞ A party met at a public table, when the conversation turned on the subject of transmigration. Mr. K. was a firm believer in the doctrine, and was expatiating largely upon its points, when he was interrupted by a gentleman who was present with—

'K., what do you suppose yourself to have been before you were K.'

'I do not know,' replied K., 'I might have been a pig, for aught I know.'

'Well,' rejoined his friends, 'you have not altered much—only got upon your hind-legs.'

☞ The following epitaph appeared in the papers a hundred and odd years ago, on the death of Frederick Louis, eldest son of George II., and describes the feeling of the public of that day in regard to the royal family:

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.
Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation:
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There is no more to be said.

☞ An American girl was playing croquet in England last summer.

"What a horrid scratch!" said she, indignantly, when her mallet once failed of its duty and she missed her shot.

"Oh, my dear!" said an English cousin, "you should not use such slang expressions."

"What should I have said?" asked the American.

"You might have said," replied the English maiden, after canvassing her vocabulary for a perfectly unexceptionable phrase—"you might have said, 'What a beastly fluke!'"

☞ An old chap, more remarkable for his coarseness than his good manners, was sitting at a country post office one day, when the vicar, a new comer, entered and asked for his letters.

Ned Swpesi asked, bluntly—

'Are you the parson just come here to preach?'

'I am,' pleasantly replied the minister.

'Well,' said Swipes, 'will you tell me how old the Evil One is?'

'Keep your own family record,' was the reply.

☞ It is a remarkable fact that every day in the week is observed by some nation for the public celebration of religious services. Sunday is devoted by the Christians, Monday by the Greeks, Tuesday by the Persians, Wednesday by the Assyrians, Thursday by the Egyptians, Friday, by the Turks, Saturday by the Jews.

☞ A minister in one of his parochial visits met a country boy and asked him what o'clock it was.

"About twelve, sir," was the reply.

"Well," quoth the minister, "I thought it had been more."

"It's never any more here," said the boy; "it just begins at one again."

☞ Giles, can you conjugate 'behaves?'

'Behaves—behooves—beehives—be—See here! You go and stand in the corner.'

☞ A hotel ghost comes under the head of inn spectres.

It has been found that in nearly every civilized country the tree that bears the most fruit for market is the axle-tree.

The average American is five feet nine inches in height and his wife five feet two.

We can better and more safely do without eating for a week than have no sleep for three or four days.

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

THE TYLDEN FAMILY.

SEC. 108. A. Charles Tilden, or more properly Charles Tylden, was the second son of the Right Honorable Marmaduke Tylden, who was seated at Great Oak Manor, in Kent county, Maryland, in or about the year 1658.

The Right Honorable Marmaduke Tylden was first cousin of Sir Richard Tylden of Milsted, who died in 1659, and a grandson of Sir William Tylden of Great Tyldens, in the Parish of Marden, Kent county, England.

(*Note.*—In Old Kent, published in book form, will be found the full lineage of the Tylden Family from the year A. D. 1190 to the present generation, carefully prepared, from papers of the late Sir John Cotgreave, Knight, &c., &c., copies of which were certified by his widow, Lady Harriet Cotgreave, from the pedigrees of the Cotgreaves, Gamul and Cowper de Elton, "compiled by William Camden in ye year 1591, from documents in ye possession of the ancient and Knightly family of ye Gamuls de Mollington, in ye Countie Palatine of Chester, and drawn out by Randal Holme 10th November 1670,"—and from memoirs collected with much care by Richard Tylden, Esq., of Milsted, and continued by his son, Sir John Maxwell Tylden."

SECTION 108. B. Right Honorable Marmaduke Tylden, of Great Oak Manor, died in September 1671 and left three sons, viz: Marmaduke, Charles, and John Tylden.

Marmakue Tylden, son of Right Honorable Marmaduke Tylden, was a very large land owner in Kent, perhaps the largest. He owned at one time, in the year 1709, thirty one thousand and three hundred and fifty acres. He married Rebecca Wilmer, daughter of Lambert and Ann Wilmer and died 20th June 1726, and had children, viz: Marmaduke, Jane, Mary (who married Thomas Ringgold), Wealthy Ann, Charles and Martha Tylden.

Marmaduke Tylden, son of Marmaduke and Rebecca Wilmer Tylden, died in 1768.

In his will, dated 29th Oct'r. 1767, he mentions his wife Sarah Tylden, and his children, viz: Marmaduke, Charles, Mary Ann, Tabitha, Martha, and Mary Tylden (who married Edward Worrell).

Mrs. Sarah Tylden died in 1774.

Marmaduke Tylden, eldest son of Marmaduke and Sarah Tylden, died in 1816, and had children, viz: Marmaduke and Mary F. Tylden, who married George D. S. Handy, and died in March 1851, leaving children, viz: Esther Ann, Susan L. and Marmaduke P. Handy.

Marmaduke Tylden, son of Marmaduke Tylden, married Sarah Bowers. He died before his father, and left children, viz: Thomas Bowers, and Anna Maria Tylden, who married Joseph W. Brice and died 6th July 1846, leaving several children.

Capt. Thomas Bowers Tylden, son of Marmaduke and Sarah Bowers Tylden, married, 8th Dec'r. 1852, Catharine R. Wing, who was born 26th Sept. 1828 and died 20th Feby. 1863. He died 23d of Oct. 1875, *sine prole.*

SECTION 108. C. Wealthy Ann Tylden, daughter of Marmaduke and Rebecca Wilmer Tylden, married, 19th Oct. 1710, Thomas Hynson, and had children, viz: Margarett, born 13th Jany 1712; Charles, born 14th January 1713; Martha Waltham, and Mary Hynson, who married —— Jones, and had a son, Thomas Jones.

Thomas Hynson was the son of Charles Hynson and Margarett Harris, who were married 26th of March 1687. The said Charles Hynson was the son of Thomas Hynson, who was Clerk of Kent county in 1652.

Charles Hynson, son of Thomas and Wealthy Ann Hynson, married, 30th of Nov'r. 1739, Phoebe Carvill, and died in 1782, and had children, viz: Charles, born 9th Oct. 1741; Charles Carvill, born 11th Dec. 1743; Mary, born 21st of May, 1746; Phebe, born 3d Dec. 1747; Richard, born 3d Feb'y. 1749, and John Carvill Hynson. (See Hynson).

Mary Hynson, daughter of Charles and Phoebe Carvill Hynson, married Hans Hanson and died 1st Feby. 1774. Hans Hanson died in 1777. They left two children, viz: Martha and William Hanson.

Hans Hanson was the son of Hans Hanson, who was the son of Frederick Hanson and Mary Lowder, who were married 14th of Feb'y. 1711. Frederick Hanson was born 22d of May 1693, the son of Col. Hans Hanson of Kimbolton, and Martha Kelto Ward, who were married 29th Sept. 1679. (See Hanson).

Martha Hanson, daughter of Hans and Mary Hynson Hanson, married Dr. William Ringgold, son of Major William Ringgold of Eastern Neck, who was the son of Thomas Ringgold, the son of Thomas Ringgold, the son of Maj. James Ringgold, of Huntingfield, Kent county, Md., who was the son of Thomas Ringgold who was one of the Justices for Kent county as early as "ye 12th Jan'y. 1651."

Dr. William and Martha Hanson Ringgold had children, viz: William, born 1794; Peregrine, born 1796; Harriet Rebecca, born 1798; James Alexander, born 1800; Frederick Gustavus, born 1801, and Mary Hanson Ringgold, born 10th of Sept. 1803.

Thomas Ringgold, the first of the name in Kent, had two sons who survived him, viz: John and James Ringgold.

Major James Ringgold, of Huntingfield, son of the first Thomas Ringgold, was married twice. By his first marriage he had one son, Thomas Ringgold. His second wife was Mary Vaughan, daughter of Capt. Robert Vaughan, the Commander of Kent, from 1647 to 1652, and had children, viz: William, John, James and Charles Ringgold.

Major James Ringgold died in 1686.

Charles Ringgold, youngest son of Major James and Mary Vaughan Ringgold, married, 17th of January 1705, Elizabeth Burke, and had children, viz: James, born 30th June 1709; Charles, born 27th April 1713, and Vincent Ringgold, born 12th August 1716.

William Ringgold, son of Maj. James and Mary Vaughan Ringgold, died in 1754, survived his wife Martha Ringgold, and had children, viz: Susanna, (who married Benjamin Wickes), John, James, Thomas and Rebecca Ringgold.

For the descendants of Susanna Ringgold, who married Benjamin Wickes, see Wickes.

Thomas Ringgold, eldest son of Major James Ringgold, of Huntingfield, and his first wife, was married three times. His first wife, Sarah Ringgold, died and was buried 20th April 1699, leaving one son, Thomas Ringgold. He married, again, 17th Sept. 1699, Mary Tylden, daughter of Marmaduke and Rebecca Wilmer Tylden, (see Tylden) who died and was buried 9th Sept. 1708, leaving children, viz: Sarah, who was baptized 29th Sept. 1700; Elias, born 6th of Sept. 1702; James and Joseph Ringgold. Thomas Ringgold died and was buried 10th of Oct. 1711, leaving his third wife, Francis Ringgold, with two small children, viz: Josias and Mary Ann Ringgold, who was baptized the 16th of April 1712.

Josias Ringgold, youngest son of Thos. and Frances Ringgold, married 11th of Aug. 1730, Sarah Smith, and had children, viz: Thomas, born 14th December, 1732; a second Thomas, born 25th March 1734; Josias, born 28th Sept. 1735; Sarah, Mary, Ann, Hannah and Rebecca Ringgold. He died in 1770.

Josias Ringgold, son of Josias and Sarah Smith Ringgold, left three children, viz.: Josias, born in 1762, who married, in 1802, Mary Groome, daughter of Chas. and Sarah Kennard Groome; Sarah, and Henrietta Ringgold, who married William Perkins, son of Col. Isaac and Ann Perkins. (See Perkins.)

The descendants of Josias Ringgold and Mary Groome have been already named.

Elias Ringgold, son of Thomas and Mary Tylden Ringgold, married, 15th of April 1725, Mary Bordley, and had a son, Thomas Ringgold, who was born 30th of October 1726, and died in August 1828. Elias Ringgold died in Nov. 1737. In his will, dated 19th Oct. 1737, he speaks of his loving wife Mary, and provides for "the child then unborn."

Thomas Ringgold, son of Thomas and his first wife, Sarah Ringgold, married, 1st May 1712, Rebecca Wilmer, daughter of Simon and Rebecca Wilmer, and had children, viz.: Thomas, born 5th of Dec. 1715; Rebecca, baptized 4th June 1727; William, and Sarah Ringgold, who married Alexander Williamson, son of Rev. Alexander Williamson, who was inducted Rector of St. Paul's Parish, Kent county 10th May, 1711, and had a son John, who married Rebecca Ringgold, daughter of Major William and Sarah Jones Ringgold, of Eastern Neck.

Thomas Ringgold died in Aug. 1733. Mrs. Rebecca Wilmer Ringgold died in 1750.

Thomas Ringgold, merchant, son of Thomas and Rebecca Wilmer Ringgold, was a member of the first Colonial Congress, in 1765, and of the Legislature of Maryland in the sessions of 1762, 1763, 1765, 1766 and 1768. He married Anna Maria Earle, daughter of James and Mary Tilghman Earle. (See Earle.) He died 1st April 1772, in the 57th year of his age. She died in July 1794, in the 70th year of her age. They had one son, Thomas Ringgold. (22)

☞ When a woman throws a brickbat, the great problem with her seems to be, not how to hit the mark, but how to avoid knocking her brains out with the elbow.

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