The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1876. NO. 14.

From the Courier-Journal.

CLOSING THE GATES.

BY HENRY T. STANTON.

Come up from the dusk of the quarters,
Oh! spirits unwritten of fame,
Who wait for the tide of the waters
That bringeth the tribute of Name.
Come poets, come singers in chorus
And utter a song of the States,
As out in the sun-down before us
The Century closeth her gates.

Come, Northman, and Eastman, and Westman;
Come, bard from the South to the band;
There's glory in store for the best man
Who singeth the song of the Land.
Come full in the soul with song power,
Where, maid-like, America waits
To fling from her lattice the flower
As closeth the Century gates.

Sing, North, of the crystalline ices,
Sing, East, of the ships and the shrines;
Sing, South, of the raiment and rices;
Sing, West, of the aureate wines;
Sing, *all*, of the harvests—the labors
That be in the varied estates—
Sing, *none*, of the reaping red sabres
As closeth the Century gates.

Sing low of the passion that bideth
Wolf-like, in the fen and the scar;
Sing loud of the peace that overrideth
The baser conditions of war.
Sing broad of the commerce that floweth
World-wide from the ports of the States;
Sing proud of the future that gloweth
As closeth the Century gates.

Sing full of the virtuous peoples—
The pedestaled great and the wise;
Sing free of the myriad steeples
That follow the lode of the skies;
Sing garner and cereous fallow,
And meadowy undulates;
Sing glad of a ripening yellow,
As closeth the Century gates.

The seas be asleep on the quarters;
The reefers be down from the sails;
What matter how wild were the waters,
How grandly were weathered the gales;
What matter if souls were besotten
With wines at the havocing *fetes*—
All sin be atoned and forgotten
As closeth the Century gates.

O, poet! sing grand of the nation
That, Venus-like, out of the sea
Sprang beauteous into creation,
And lived for a Century free!
Sing grand of the grace and the glory
That yet in the onward awaits—
A pean of ultimate story,
As closeth the Century gates.

Her laureate crown be the token,
Her laureate marble the goal,
For him, with a music unbroken,
That moveth America's soul.
Now peace to the nation forever,
Now bonding in truth to the States,
And glory in all to the Giver,
As closeth the Century gates.

Peggy Watts' Advice.

"You'er expecting Sam Stilts here to-night, I reckon. You need'nt color up, Sallie. I've seen the way he's been coming and going for the past six weeks; that means something, when it gets to be steady company.'

Peggy Watts paused and gave the maiden a searching look, but Sallie could not bear the scrutiny. She turned away to the window, as if to view the pretty New England landscape in the deep'ning twilight.

'Is Mr. Stilts coming to-night or not, Miss?'

"Indeed, Peggy, I can't say; perhaps he may call.'

'Perhaps; yes: and you are thinking some day to be Mrs. Stilts yourself.'

'Why, Peggy, you'r ridiculous,' she exclaimed.

'Ridiculous, am I. Well, may be, Miss. In the first place, I know Sam Stilts has asked you to be his wife, and though you have'nt given him a decided answer, you'er on the point of taking a step which you'll regret till your dying day. You are tired of the little brown house and its homely furniture. You are disgusted with the toil which soils and harden your hands; you'd like a piano like Squire Smith's to thum on instead of sweeping, dusting, and washing dishes and you think you'll get *that*, and fine clothes into the bargain, by marrying Sam Stilts, but its all a humbuggery,' replied Peggy.

Sallie had turned from the window and was standing by Peggy's side, looking down into her face.

Peggy's cold, gray eyes sought the face of the pretty little Sallie blushing and paling by turns, and she drew her to a foot-stool beside her, and brushed away the soft curls from her forehead.

'I don't mean to be hard on you, Sallie. I know you've got that within you that unfits you for the life you are now leading but in Sam Stilts company you are on the wrong road for happiness. I've two pretty good reasons to give why you shouldn't marry that man—a story to tell, and then I've done advising. Will you hear me?'

'Yes Peggy,' answered Sallie, burying her face in the lap of the faithful serving woman.

'I'm going to tell you about your mother. We were girls together, and I knew quite as much about her affairs as she did herself, and I remember as plain as if it were but yesterday, every little circumstance connected with her marriage.

'People call you good-looking, Sallie, but you'er nothing to what she was, with her hazel eyes and chestnut hair. It was my pride to twine the heavy ringlets over my finger and then let them fall carelessly over her neck and shoulders. There are no such complexions now-a-days, so I can't tell you how fair and beautiful she was. Her father was poor, like the rest of us, and his wife was an invalid, so the cares of the house came upon Letty, your mother

'As soon as the house was put to rights she would bring out her spinning-wheel, and buzz, buzz, it went from morning till night, many a day, to earn the price of a new dress or bonnet. Some way, she always contrived to look a trifle smarter than the rest of us girls, and as for the young men of the town, why Letty might have taken her pick. Aunt Laury Burtch used to say they acted like a parcel of fools around Letty; but you see she had a batch of grown-up daughters waiting for an offer, so she was excusable for being a little jealous. One day—it was when Letty was about nineteen—she had a big day's work on hand and sent for me to help her.

'But few could afford in those days to keep steady help, and as it was necessary for me to do something, I used to go out by the day. 'What's the matter Letty, says I, the first thing when I set my eyes on her, for she looked strange like to me that morning.'

'Won't you ever mention it if I'll tell you,' she asked?'

'No,' says I, and my word was as a Bible oath to her.

'You know Squire Morse's nephew Robert, that was here nigh on six weeks last spring,' she said.

'Yes,' I replied.

'Well, he wants to marry me. Here's the letter; you may read it, and then I want your advice.'

She drew a crumpled sheet of paper from her pocket. It proved to be a very long, loving letter.

He was then twenty-one, the possessor of a handsome fortune, and after telling his love in what I call hifalutin language he offered her his heart and hand.

'You'll take him, of course,' says I, handing back the letter and bringing to my mind the finely-dressed, smooth faced, meek-looking Robert Morse. Yes, Letty, you'll cut a figure in the rich silks and satins the Squire's nephew will buy for you. You'll be the handsomest woman in the country, I'll warrant!'

I don't think Letty thought as much of her good fortune as I. She looked half pleased half frightened, as she sat down to answer the letter.

Suddenly a thought struck me, and I interrupted her to ask if she hadn't told her parents.

''I gave them a hint of the contents of the letter, and of course they think it's a great thing,' she replied. Robert will get their consent without half asking; but poor Will Worthy might have hung around till dooms-day and then got a surly refusal—*poor Will!*"

With a sigh she went on with her letter—signed, sealed, directed, and gave it into my hands to post on my way home that night.

In due time Mr. Robert Morse made his appearance, and owing to his impatience, the wedding day was set full two months earlier than Letty wished. This was the first and last time that I saw him in a hurry about anything.

He gave Letty scarcely time to finish the web of linen she had commenced, insisting that it wasn't necessary.

My mother was to take Letty's place, care for the house, and wait upon her invalid mother, while I was to go as housekeeper to Letty in her new home.

Robert stayed with his uncle for a month before the wedding, and, of course we saw him every day.

One evening he left us standing on the porch watching him in the moonlight as he went down the lane.

When he was out of sight and hearing Letty said:

'You've been a friend to me Peggy, and I feel that I can trust you as I have never trusted anyone else.'

My heart began to beat very loud and fast, when I saw her take a small package from her bosom. Not noticing my surprise, she went on;

'I want you to take this parcel to Will Worthy—take it to him to-night; for I've no longer a right to the contents. Will you go?'

'I assented, threw a light shawl over my head, and ran across the orchard that separated the two houses.

'Did she love Will Worthy instead of the man she was engaged to?'

I thought of the sigh that always followed his name from her lips, and inadvertently I, too, exclaimed, 'poor Will!'

'Is it me you are calling?' said he, stepping from the shadow of a lilac.

I handed him the parcel, without uttering a word. I saw his hands shake as he opened it there in the moonlight.—Some dried rose-buds and a tiny circlet of gold I had once seen on Letty's finger fell into the deep grass and disappeared. So she prefers *diamonds to hearts* Well, so be it. God forgive her!' and with that he tore the papers in tiny bits, and walked away without another word.

'When I got back to the house Letty was sitting on the porch, her face buried in her white apron.

'Letty Dawton,' said I, seizing her by the arm, 'what ails you?'

''Poor Will! how could I throw you off?' and she sobbed like a child.

''This is a pretty to-do,' said I, comprehending the truth at last. 'That's not enough of diamonds in the mines of Golconda to make me break my word as I believe you have broken yours.'

'I never promised to marry Will,' she sobbed; but I knew he loved me and meant sometime to make me his wife; and I encouraged him, till—till Robert came and dazzled my brain with his offer. I hope poor Will does not take it to heart!'

'He is, doubtless, very grateful to escape so easily from a fickle-minded girl, whose only recommend is a pretty face,' I replied, for I was too angry to be just to the poor thing. So we went in-doors and to bed, though I'll venture to say she did not sleep a wink that night. It was a very pale bride that Mr. Robert Morse took away in his chaise next day. I followed behind in a wagon containing the luggage.

'Will Worthy was raking hay in a field by the roadside, but he never looked up or recognized us as we passed.

'It was a handsome house that your mother became mistress of, and she was surrounded with everything to make her happy. Her husband proved a quiet, easy body, without an end or aim in life save to contribute to his own and his wifes' comfort.

'Letty had been accustomed to employment, and it seemed as if there would be no end to the days of idleness.

'If she attempted to sew, Robert would take her work away. If she read, he complained of her being dull, and asked her to entertain him. If she wrote, he felt himself neglected, and would, perhaps, leave the house in a huff, thus keeping her in a state quite annoying to be borne.

'But your mother was generally sweet-tempered, and bore her husband's shiftless management of affairs with a patience I could not wonder at.

'The rich acres of which Robert Morse was the owner were neglected and allowed to run to waste, because he lacked the energy to see to their cultivation: hence, a farm which should have been a source of wealth, grew to be an incumbrance to its possessor: bills were allowed to accumulate year after year, at the groceries and dry goods stores. Horses were bought, sold and traded. In fact, five years after your mother's marriage with Robert Morse, she returned to her humble abode, poor in worldly goods, and crushed in spirit Your father died insolvent, and left a young widow and infant without provision for the future.

'He was not much missed save by sharpers and horse jockys, for I never knew him to do a deed of any kind, good, bad or indifferent, that he could shirk on some one else.

''Lord deliver me from the good-for-nothing and thriftless,' has been my prayer since the day the grave closed over your father.

'Your mother died soon after of a broken heart, bequeathing you to my care.

''Tell my little Sallie—if she lives to be a woman—my own sad experience, and see to it that she does not throw away a loving, energetic heart for wealth,' were your mother's dying words.

'This ends all I have to say of your parents: now, if you would like to hear it, I'll give you my opinion of Mr. Stilts?'

'Go on,' said Sallie, shaking the tear-drops from her lashes, and gazing at the dying embers.

'In the first place, he's married already.'

'Sallie gave a scream and sprang to her feet.

'Don't tell me that,' she cried.

'It's true as the bible, my dear. He has been lounging about here at the hotel all summer, with the exception of few weeks' time that was spent in Illinois in getting a sham divorce: his wife is from a respectable family in Connecticut, who, I am told, are only waiting a fitting opportunity to bring his rascality before the public.

'I have proofs to satisfy you if you have any doubts of the truth of my statement.

'Now, I've a question to ask you:—answer it on your honor, and then I have done.

'If that tall young man—the owner of a pair of roguish black eyes, and hands that are not afraid to hold the plow, was possessed of the wealth, that young Stilts boasts of, which would be your choice.'

''John, of course; if I must tell; said Sallie, again burying her head in Peggy's lap.

A third party, and no less a personage than John himself, had entered unobserved in the twilight, and became an accidental listener.

While Peggy was blustering around to get the candle lighted, and see who the intruder was, the intruder himself had taken forcible possession of the pretty Sallie; and so closely did he fold her in his arms, that nought but her golden curls were visible when Peggy returned with the light.

'Oh! it's you, is it, John Worthy?—What brought you over so early?' was Peggy's question.

'I thought I'd drop in before Stilts to-night, Peggy, if possible. Beg pardon, Sallie, I shant let you go till you say yes or no, with the *proviso* of 'as rich as Stilts!'

'Oh! you like me to hold you! Well I'll sit down and take it easy.'

Somehow Sallie escaped into another room, and John said, turning a serious face to Peggy:

'Uncle Will has given me a deed of the farm, provided I'll furnish a housekeeper; I started from home with a faint heart, but was fortunately in hearing when you put the test question to Sallie. As Uncle Will's farm is to-day worth twice the fortune Mr. Stilts can show, may I not hope?'

And Peggy replied, 'Eavesdroppers never ought to hear good of themselves. If you haven't heard enough in that way to satisfy you, go to Sallie. I've said my say to her, and you must settle it between you.'

It was past twelve when the click of the gate announced the departure of the young man from Peggy's brown cottage that night.

The next evening Mr. Stilts called and in place of being Sallie, was received by Mistress Peggy herself, who treated him to a sermon on the wickedness of man. She concluded the discourse by advising him to go back to Connecticut and live with the woman who still had a claim on him for support, instead of trying to secure a new victim by passing himself off as a single man.

Mr. Sam. Stilts retired from the field crest-fallen: whether he followed Peggy's advice and went back to the wife who was vastly his superior, is not known.

In due time Sallie became the wife of John Worthy. Peggy's present to the bride was a piano, purchased with the savings of many years.

Devoting her leisure hours to practice, with the help of Squire Smith's daughters, Sallie soon became a proficient in music.

Evenings there was a trio of lesteners, viz: Peggy Watts, Uncle Will, and John, who were never so happy as when listening to the clear voice of Sallie, flowing out in good old songs as well as the popular melodies of the day.

AN OLD FASHIONED TEACHER.

'Patrick do you know your letters?'

'Yis sir.'

'Say them then.'

'I know thim by sight, sir, but I don't know their names.'

'Well that is A.'

'Is that A? How are you A?'

'You must not speak in that way.'

'In what way shall I spake, thin, sir?'

'Say what I say.'

'Yis, sir.'

'This is B.

'Sure, and is that B? I thought it was an ox yoke.'

'What was the last letter I showed to you?'

'What bird is it that lays honey and stings?'

'Is it a wasp, sir?'

'No, it is a bee.'

'So it is, and looks like an ox yoke.'

'What letter is this third one on the page?'

'I don't know sir.'

'What do I do when I look at you?'

'I shouldn't like to say?'

'Tell me what I do when I look at you?

'Well, sir, you squint,'

'Can't you say C without the squint?'

'Yis, sir.'

'Say, it, then.'

'C without the squint.'

'Well, what is the name of the next letter?'

'I don't know, sir: I never saw it before.'

'It is D for dunce just like yourself; say that.'

'D, for dunce just like yourself.'

'Take your seat, and the spelling class will come and spell.'

'Spell cat!'

'C-a-t—catfish.

'Taint right. Now spell tub.'

'T-u-b—wash-tub.'

'Taint right. Now spell frog?'

'F-r-o-g—bull frog.'

'Taint right. Now go to your seats and study, and the geography class will come up and say their lessons.'

'James, where does the sun rise?'

'I don't know sir. We never get up in time to see the performance at our house.'

'Next. Where does the sun rise?'

'Down in our lot, sir.'

'Next. Where does the sun rise?'

'In the East, sir.'

'What makes the sun rise in the East?'

'Yeast will make anything rise, sir.'

'Git——.

—Smith's Book of Fashion.

☞ A demure looking chap hailed a charcoal peddler with the querry—

'Say, have you got charcoal in your wagon?'

'Yes, sir,' said the expectant driver stopping his horses.

'That's right,' observed the demure chap, with an approving nod; 'always tell the truth, and people will respect you.'

And he hurried on much to the regret of the peddler, who was getting out of the wagon to look for a brick.

☞ One of the most ingenious advertisements issued at San Francisco, during last summer, was the following:

'Ice, Ice, Ice,
If you want it pure and n
At a reasonable pr } ice.
Follow no new dev
But send to me in a tri

for I have the largest and best stock ever put up in this city.'

☞ "What is that, darling?" asked a young St. Louis husband of his Chicago bride. She turned the heaven of her deep blue eyes upon him and answered:

"That's one of my gaiters, dearest."

"Ah," he added, softly, "I thought it was a dog-kennel."

WHO STRUCK FIRST?

One of the most amusing Congressional squabbles was between two gentlemen who were never excited by strong drink—Jefferson Davis and Henry S. Foote. They were sitting in a room at Willards in 1848 and got into a discussion over a letter written by Gen. Taylor, then a candidate for the Presidency. One word brought on another, and soon the two "grave and reverend" Senators were striking from the shoulder at each other The noise of the encounter brought the neighboring inmates of the hotel into the room, the combatants were separated, and after some entreaty, shook hands and made friends.

"Really," said Mr. Foote, "I should not have thought of such a thing as striking Mr. Davis if he had not passed the first blow."

"Are you not mistaken about that?" urged Mr. Davis, apologetically.

"Indeed, I am not," retorted the impetuous Mr. Foote.

"It is my impression that you struck first," pleaded Mr. Davis.

"Oh, no! it was you!"

"No, it was you."

"But, Mr. Davis, I'll swear it was you."

"And I, Mr. Foote, would swear that it wasn't."

"You did strike first."

"I did not strike first."

"You did."

"I didn't."

"Well," exclaimed Mr. Foote, "there shan't be any dispute as to who struck first this time," and as he spoke he dealt Mr. Davis a stinging blow on the cheek. The astonished friends sprang between the two gentlemen and prevented further hostilities. Pledges were exacted from all present to deny that there had been any "unpleasantness;" but I have the above from good Southern authority, as the commencement of a feud not yet settled.

EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE.

A poor Turkish slater of Constantinople, being at work upon the roof of a house, lost his footing, and fell into the narrow street upon a man. The pedestrian was killed by the concussion, while the slater escaped without material injury. A son of the deceased caused the slater to be arrested. The Cadi listened attentively, and in the end asked the slater what he had to say in his defence. "Dispenser of justice," answered the accused, "it is even as this man says; but Allah forbid there should be evil in my heart; I am a poor man and know not how to make amends." The son of the man who had been killed, thereupon demanded that condign punishment should be inflicted upon the accused. The Cadi meditated a few moments, and finally said, "It shall be so." Then to the slater he said: "Thou shalt stand in the street where the father of this young man stood when thou did'st fall on him." And to the accused he added: "Thou shalt, if it please thee, go up on the roof and fall upon the culprit, even as he fell upon thy father. Allah be praised."

HAD A QUESTION.

In one of the union schools the other day the teacher departed for half an hour from the usual programme and asked her scholars such questions as might interest. After she had asked, What makes the wind blow? What causes rain? Who invented the locomotives? and so forth, and helped th explain them, she said:

"Now, children, any of you who so desire can ask me questions."

"No one seemed to think of anything but a freckled face boy about fourteen years old. He raised his hand and the teacher said:

"Well, Robert, have you a question?"

"Yes, mum. I'd like to know what they mean when they say to a feller: 'Oh, pull down your vest!'"

The teacher had to admit that she was behind the age.

☞ 'Why Jimmy,' said one professional beggar to another, 'are you going to knock off already? 'It's only two o'clock.'

'No, you mutton-head,' responded the other who was engaged in unbuckling his crutch; 'I'm only going to put it on the other knee. You don't suppose a fellow can beg all day long on the same leg, do you?'

☞ Mr. Higgins was six feet eight. Another gentleman of the same name, who measured six feet four, went by the title of "Little Higgins." Thackery got the first Mr. Higgins into a giant show for nothing, saying to the manager, "We are in the profession." Having had their fun, they paid as they passed out.

☞ A lady says there are more superfluous men than women, and the rest of her sex would like to know where they are.

☞ While one hymn book is good enough for lovers it takes two to supply them with music after they are married.

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.

Thomas Teackle, of Craddock, eldest son of Thomas and Elizabeth Custis Teackle, married Elizabeth Upshur, and died 15th April 1784, leaving children, viz: Sarah, born 14th August 1759, (who married Dr. John Boisnard), John, born 12th of January 1762, (who married Ann Upshur), Thomas, born 31th October 1763, (who married Catharine Stockley), Susan, born 18th March 1766, (who married Col. John Robins), Catharine, born 17th August 1768, (who married Charles Smith,) George, born 30th April 1770, (who married Frances Bowdoin, daughter of John Bowdoin, of Northampton county, Va.), Margaret, born 28th February 1771, (who married Thomas Savage and died in September 1846), Elizabeth, born 17th March 1776, and Leah Teackle, born 4th August 1780, and died in February 1851.

Mrs. Elizabeth Upshur Teackle died 24th January 1782, and Thomas Teackle died 15th August 1784.

John Teackle, of Craddock, eldest son of Thomas and Elizabeth Upshur Teackle, married, 18th December 1783, Ann Upshur, daughter of Thomas Upshur, died 18th February 1811, and had children, viz: Elizabeth, born 26th of September 1784, (who married Harrison Ball, of Richmond county, Va., and died 6th of April 1806); Thomas Upshur, born in 1786, died 3d August 1787; Ann Stockley, born 17th March 1788, (who married Isaac Smith, and died 11th of December 1862); Mary Upshur, born 29th of April 1790, (who married John Pender, of Baltimore, and died in August 1846); Lavinia Upshur, born 11th of October 1792, (who married Capt. William Graham, of Baltimore, and died 25th of March 1853); Sarah Upshur, born 7th May 1795, (who married William G. Lawson, of Baltimore); a second Thomas Upshur, born 2d November 1797, (who inherited Craddock, in a direct line from Rev. Thomas Teackle and married Emma Wilson, daughter of Thomas Wilson, of Baltimore), Susannah Brown Upshur, born 26th of April 1800, (who married Francis Hopkinson Smith); Dr. John Upshur, born 15th of October 1803, died 1st June 1851, and St. George Williamson Teackle, born 26th March 1874.

St. George Williamson Teackle, of Baltimore, Attorney at Law, youngest son of John and Ann Upshur Teackle, married, 27th October 1836, Catharine Hays, and had children, viz: Ann Upshur Teackle, Ellen Teackle, (who married, 17th Dec. 1868, William Cadwalader Schley, Attorney at Law, Baltimore, son of William and Ann Cadwalader Ringgold Schley, and a descendant from Thomas and Rebecca Wilmer Ringgold, of Kent county); John Teackle, and Doctor St. George Williamson Teackle, who married, 12th of January 1875, Ida Virginia Hodges, daughter of James Hodges, also a descendant from Thomas and Rebecca Wilmer Ringgold.

Mrs. Rebecca Wilmer Ringgold was the daughter of Simon and Rebecca Wilmer.

Simon Wilmer was one of the first Vestry of St. Paul's Parish, Kent county, in 1693, and represented Kent county in the Legislature of Maryland, in the session of 1698.

Dr. St. George W. Teackle is at present (1876) the Visiting Physician to Bay View Asylum, near Baltimore, and attending Physician at the Baltimore General Dispensary. In 1870 and 1872 he was the House Surgeon of the Charity Hospital, Blackwell's Island, New York, and Resident Surgeon of the Work House on Blackwell's Island. During the same period he was, also, Visiting Physician to the New York City Penitentiary and Resident Physician of the New York Alms House.

SECTION 108. D. Charles Tylden, the second son of the Right Honorable Marmaduke Tylden, was one of the Judges of Kent County Court, 28th October 1685, was High Sheriff of Kent in 1693, and was elected, 24th January 1693, one of the first six Vestrymen of St. Paul's organization of that Parish, in Kent county. He left two children, viz: John Tylden, and a daughter, Ann, who married Mr. Wilson.

John Tylden, son of Charles Tylden, married, 27th July 1722, Catharine Blay, daughter of Col. William and Isabella Pearce Blay, and had children, viz:—Charles, born 11th May 1723; John; Catharine, who married Gustavus Hanson, and left descendants elsewhere mentioned; Mary, born 10th of March 1728, and William Blay Tilden.

SECTION 108. E. Col. William Blay, only son of Col. Edward and Madame Ann Blay, was for many years a Vestryman of Shrewsberry and represented Kent county in the Legislature of Maryland in the sessions of 1714 and 1715. He married Isabella Pearce, daughter of William and Isabella Pearce, and had children, viz: Rachel, born 24th of October 1703; Catharine, who married John Tylden; Edward, born 31st January 1707; Isabella, who married Richard Wethered, (see Wethered) and William Blay, born 22d October 1714.

Col Edward Blay, the father of Col. William Blay, was a distinguished and zealous member of the Episcopal Church, was for many years a Vestryman of Shrewsbury Parish, and, in 1709-10, presented to that Parish two acres of land, the ground upon which the Church edifice was built and upon which the present one stands. In after years his great-grandson, Dr. William Blay Tylden, gave more land to the Parish and increased the Church Yard to its present ample dimensions. Col. Edward Blay was a Delegate from Cecil county in the Legislature of Maryland, in the sessions of 1706 and 1707, and represented Kent county, in 1713. His wife, Madame Ann Blay, was buried in Shrewsbury Parish 27th August 1712.

William Pearce, the father of Isabella Pearce, and son of William Pearce the High Sheriff of Cecil county, in 1687, represented Cecil county in the Legislature of Maryland in the sessions of 1694, 1706 and 1707, and was instrumental in having restored to Kent that portion of her territory which had been taken from her and given to Cecil in 1674. He rose to distinction in Kent county and, in 1714 and 1715, he was the presiding Judge of Kent County Court. He died in March 1720, leaving children and grand-children. His descendants are still living in old Kent, one of whom was the late Hon. James Alfred Pearce.

Rachel Blay, daughter of Col. William and Isabella Pearce Blay, married John Brown, Collector of the Pocomoke District, and had one son, Peregrine Brown. Her second husband was Edward Scott. Her third husband was —— Paca.

Peregrine Brown, son of John and Rachel Blay Brown, married —— Blake, and had children, viz: Peregrine Brown, Jr., and Sophia C. Brown, who was born 11th August 1752.

Sophia C. Brown, daughter of Peregrine Brown, married, first, —— Massy, second, Cornelius Comegys, and left one daughter, Anna Maria Comegys, who was born 27th March 1783.

Anna Maria Comegys, daughter of Cornelius and Sophia C. Brown Comegys, married, 3d of April 1804, Dr. Edward Scott, and had thirteen children. Mrs. Anna Maria Comegys Scott died 27th of January 1857, leaving ten children, seven of whom are now (February 1876) living, scattered over the Western States, except one, Cornelius J. Scott, who remains in Kent and resides at Galena; who married, 10th December 1857, Mary E. Kennard, daughter of Samuel E. Kennard, and has three children, viz: a son, Edward A. Scott, and two daughters.

SECTION 108. F. Dr. William Blay Tylden, son of John and Catharine Blay Tylden, had children, viz: William Blay, born 20th February 1764; John, born 24th December 1765; Katharine, born 26th of October 1767, died 22 April 1812; Charles, born 31st August 1769; Edward Blay and Mary Tylden, who died 19th Feb'y. 1849, aged 75 years.

Dr. William Blay Tylden died 22d of February, 1800, in the 64th year of his age.

Dr. William Blay Tylden, eldest son of Dr. William Blay Tylden and Sarah Tylden, his wife, married Mary Buchanan, daughter of Robert Buchanan, and had children, viz: Louisa, (who married, first, George W. Ringgold, son of Edward Ringgold, and second, Dr. Peregrine Wroth and died, *sine prole*), Isabella, William Blay, and Charles Tylden.

Robert Buchanan was a delegate from Kent in the Maryland Legislature in the sessions of 1765, 1766 and 1767, and was a member of the Convention which assembled at Annapolis, Friday 21st of June, 1776.

Dr. Charles Tylden, son of Dr. William Blay Tylden and Sarah Tylden, his wife, married Anna Maria Buchanan, sister of his brother, Dr. William Blay Tylden's wife, and had children, viz: Catharine; Harriet Buchanan; William; Robert; Anna Maria, and Mary Elizabeth Tylden.

Catharine Tylden, daughter of Doctor Charles and Anna Maria Buchanan Tylden, married, 27th January 1829, William Henry Page Worrell, and had children, viz: Ann Elizabeth, born 5th December 1829, died 4th June 1830; Elizabeth Ann, born 31st January 1831, died 26th June 1845; Frederick; Mary E., (who married Joseph W. Howard, of Kent), Charles Edward, born 30th September 1839, died 14th of September 1843; Maria Louisa; William Edward, and Catharine Worrell.

☞ They say that a vestryman in Hartford hangs out the tempting sign, "Pure Alderney Milk Punch."

☞ A two-foot rule—"Boots and shoes for cash, only."

©Maryland State Archives msa_sc3326_scm8204-0146