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### *THE OLD MIRROR.*

BY SARAH HELEN WHITEMAN.

Oft I see at twilight,
In the hollow gloom
Of the dim old mirror
Phantasmal faces loom.

Noble antique faces
Sad as with the weight
Of some ancient sorrow,
Some ancestral fate:

Little rose-lipped faces,
Locks of golden shine,
Laughing eyes of childhood
Looking into mine:

Sweet auroral faces,
Like the morning's bloom;
Ah! how long and long ago,
Shrouded for the tomb!

In a bridal chamber
Once the mirror hung,
Draperies of Indian looms
Over it were flung.

From its gilded sconces,
Fretted now with mould,
Waxen tapers glimmered
On carcanets of gold.

Perfumes of the summer night
Were through the lattice blown,
Scents of briar-roses
And meadows newly mown.

The mirror, then, looked eastward,
And caught the morning's bloom,
And flooded with its rosy gold
The dream-light of the room.

To-night, 'tis looking westward
Toward the sunset wall;
The wintry day is waning,
The dead leaves drift and fall.

All about the hearth-stone
The whitening ashes blow,
The wind is wailing an old song
Heard long and long ago.

Like the dead leaves drifting
Through the wintry air,
Like white ashes sifting
O'er the hearth-stone bare,—

Sad ancestral faces,
Wan as moon-lit snow,
Haunt the dim old mirror
That knew them long ago.

### ROADSIDE COLLOQUY.

"And so, 'Squire, you don't take your county paper?"

"No, Major, I get the city papers on much better terms, and so I take a couple of them."

"But, 'Squire, the home papers often prove a great convenience. The more we encourage them the better their editors can make them."

"I don't know of any convenience they are to me."

"The farm you sold last fall was advertised in one of them and thereby you obtained a customer. Did you not?"

"Very true, Major; but I paid three dollars for it."

"And you made much more than three dollars by it. Now if the neighbors had not maintained and kept it ready for use you would be without the means to advertise your property. But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in one of those papers; did that cost anything?"

"No, but—"

"And your brother's death was thus published with a long obituary notice. And the destruction of your neighbor Briggs's house by fire. You know that these things are exaggerated until the authentic accounts of the newspaper set them right."

"Oh, true, but—"

"And when you were elected, 'Squire, the printer printed your name, and afterwards kept it before the people in his official directory, for which—"

"Yes, yes, but these things are news to the reader. They cause the people to take the paper."

"No, no, 'Squire Grudge, not if all were like you. For I tell you the day will come when some one will write a very long eulogy on your life and character, and the printer will put it in type with a heavy black line over it; and with all your riches this will be done for you as a grave is given to a pauper. Your wealth, liberality and all such things will be spoken of, but the printer's boy as he spells the words in arranging the types of these sayings, will remark of you: 'Poor, mean devil, he is even sponging an obituary!' Good morning, 'Squire."

IT MAKES A DIFFERENCE.—When a husband went home the other night and handed his wife a beautiful gold locket, she reached her arms around him and exclaimed:

"O! you dear old pippin! there was never another man like you!"

Next day he went home and found her getting ready to go on an excursion, and he put his foot down and told her to remain at home. She threw her bonnet on the floor, kicked over a chair, and remarked:

"Mother always said I'd married the meanest man in Michigan!"

☞ Always open to conviction—a thief.

## ONE RIGHT OF A WIFE;

OR,

### How Sarah Got Her Money.

'John,' said I one night to my husband, as I put my basket of sewing away preparatory to retiring, 'John, as you go down to-morrow morning, I wish you would stop at Mrs. West's door and leave her $5 for me.

'Five dollars!' and my lord looked up quite astonished. 'For what?'

'Why, she is collecting money to aid that society she is secretary of, and as I always felt interested in it, I told her I would give her $5.

I said this with quite a show of assurance, though I really felt quite uneasy as to the reception of my request, for John is rather notional in some of his ways; however, I had been cogitating some matters lately in my own mind, and determined to make a bold stand.

'Well, Sarah,' at length came the reply, 'you need not count on my doing any such thing. I don't approve of that society at all.'

'I give it out of my money,' said I. 'I only asked you to leave it at her door for me.

'Your money! What do you mean?' he asked.

'I mean what I say—my money. Have I no right to spend money as well as you? I don' approve of the Masons, but that does not hinder you from spending money and time for them as much as you have a mind.'

John looked at me quite amazed at my sudden outbreak. You see, I had always been the most amiable of wives. And then he broke out quite triumphantly.

'Come, now, who earns the money that maintains this family?'

'You and I together.'

'Together! Well, I should like to see the first cent you have earned in the seven years we have been married. Together! Well, I call that pretty rich.'

My spirits were visibly declining under his ridicule, but I kept on as boldly as I could.

'When we were married you thought, or pretended to think, yourself very happy in assuming the care of board and wardrobe. I didn't ask it of you. You asked me to be your wife, knowing well all that meant.'

'As nearly as I remember,' interrupted John, 'you were mightily ready to accept me.'

'Granted—to save argument,' said I, coloring.

'Well, we stood up in church together, and you promised to love, cherish, etc., and so did I.'

'And obey, too,' said I; 'but you in return, endowed me with all your worldly goods, and the minister pronounced us man and wife; and so we have lived.'

'Yes,' said John, complacently, 'and as I look back over the time, I think I have done what I agreed, and made a pretty good husband. I really think you ought to be thankful when you see how some wives live.'

'Well,' said I, 'I think I have been a domestic, prudent wife, and I don't feel one atom more of gratitude to you than you ought to feel for me for being a decent wife. Is it any more merit that you keep your marriage promises than that I keep mine?'

'Sarah, you are positively very acrimonious to night. Don't you think we had better go to bed?'

'No, sir. Well, meantime we have laid by money to buy this house, and still have some in the bank.'

'Thanks to my hard work!' chimed in John.

'More thanks,' said I, 'to the perfect good health we have always had. We made all these promisesfor better or for worse. Now it has been better for us all the time. Had you been sick or honest misfortune befallen you, I should have managed some way to reduce our expenses so that you might feel the burden as little as might be. Had I been sick, more care would have fallen on you.—But we helped each other save, and now I claim an equal right with you in spending money.'

'Whew! Why, that is treason. But go on.'

'If we occupied the respective positions of superior and subordinate, I should do what I do for you a fixed stipend, and no questions should be asked as to the use made of it. Being equals, I will not ask compensation as a servant, but because the contract we have made is lifelong, and not easily broken, I do not therefore call it very magnanimous in a prosperous man to accept these services and render in return only my board and the least amount that will creditably clothe me.'

You see I was growing irate. John's temper, too, was evidently on the rise.

'What do you mean by services?—Housewife? I am sure a home is as much for your satisfaction as for mine; and am sure the tailor does not leave much of my sewing for you to do.'

'I don't complain of housework nor of doing your sewing; but I do think the burden of poor little Jonny has fallen on me.'

'It strikes me,' said he, with a provoking complacency of tone, 'that if you earned his living you would have less to say about the burden falling on you.'

'John,' said I, 'answer me honestly. Do you work any harder or any longer now than you did when he was born?'

'I don't know as I do,' said he; 'I always worked hard enough.'

'Well, and so do I. But now as to Johnny. I presume you will allow yourself half owner of him, as the law allows you entire control of him. How much do you do for him?'

'I maintain him. I do my part.'

'No, John, you are wrong; you don't do your part. From the first you never have. Did not weary months go by in which you bore no part whatever of the burden?'

'Well, that is curious complaining; What would you have had me do?'

'You might have got a servant, instead of letting all the housework fall on me; or you might have kept a horse so that I could ride out and enjoy the fine weather; but that is all past now.'

'I should say that it cost me enough for the doctor, nurse, etc., without talking about keeping a horse.'

'True, it cost enough; but I am talking about the division of the burden.—Was the part you bore in the payment of those bills equal to my part in the matter? Would you have taken my place for that money if it were to have been paid you instead of those who cared for you? I think not.'

'Did I not have all his clothes to buy?'

'No sir. I went without new clothes of any sort for a season, and the money saved from my wardrobe supplied all that was needed; and I might add that all his other clothes have been got in the same way.'

'Well, really, I had no idea how much of a martyr you were. Next you will be clothing me in the same way. How thankful ought I to be for so calculating a wife.'

'Now, in these two years,' said I, continuing in the face of his sneer, 'all of the care and confinement consequent on attending the child have fallen on me. I have managed some way to accomplish my housework and sewing as I used. I can hardly think how it has been done. Did it ever occur to you to think how many times I have been to church since he was born?'

'You wouldn't expect a man to take care of a baby, would you? That isn't a man's work.'

'Isn't it?' said I bitterly, 'then I wouldn't have a baby. I have been to church just four times, and then some visitor has staid with Johnny. How many times did you ever get in the night to soothe him when he has been sick and fretful?'

'How do you suppose,' said he, 'I can work by day if I didn't get my night's sleep?'

'Just the same way that I do when my night is broken exactly.'

'Well, Sarah, what is the drift of all this talk, any way? for I don't see any use in prolonging it.'

'Well then it is my original statement—that as I did my part of the family labor and took all the care of Johnny, and you are a man in prosperous circumstances, I am entitled to as much money for that as if I were employed and paid by the month for the same work and I have a right to spend money for things that don't suit you, if I please to do so; and I may add,' said I, with a sudden vehemence, 'that it is mean and contemptible in you to try to oppose or forbid my doing so."

John said no more. I saw by the look in his eyes that he was quite angry; and so was I. That was the first time in our married life that we failed to kiss each other goodnight. Indeed, I felt guilty, though I hardly know why, but it was late before I fell asleep.

The next morning all was serene. No trace remained of the evening's storm, but nothing more was said about the obnoxious subscriptions. Next day I met Mrs. West, and she thanked me very much for doubling my money.

Dear John! He did not mean to be unkind, but he never stopped to think about such things. When his next settlement came, and he slipped a $20 bill into my hand and said, 'that is your private purse' I really thought he was the best husband in the world.

### CALIFORNIA'S CENTENNIAL GRAPEVINE.

The big grapevine which is to be exhibited at the Philadelphia Exhibition has, after several weeks of labor, been dug up, divided into sections, and boxed for transportation. This famous vine is without doubt the largest in the world.—The celebrated vine at Hampton Court, England, which grew under a glass, is nine inches in diameter three feet from the ground; this vine is fourteen inches in diameter three feet from the ground, and nearer to the ground has a measurement of eighteen inches in diameter or fifty-six inches in circumference, while its foliage has long covered a space equal to ten thousand square feet. The Hampton Court vine produces annually from 1,500 to 2,000 pounds of grapes. The product of this vine has often reached the immense number of 7,500 clusters, of an average weight of 1½ pounds each, or nearly 12,000 pounds. It is of the variety known as the mission grape, and was planted by Dona Maria Marcelina de Domingues, at the birth of a child, according to the custom of the country. Its age is between fifty and sixty years.—There still remains in the same neighborhood another vine which also outranks the Hampton Court vine, being now sixteen years old and sixteen inches in diameter three feet from the ground, and making growth at the rate of an inch in diameter annually. Last year it furnished 8,000 to 10,000 pounds of grape, which were plucked and eaten by visitors from August 15th to January 26th.

☞ Before his marriage, Broughne praised the artistic manner in which his wife "banged" her hair. Now he complains of the cruel manner in which she bangs his head.

### LOVE-MAKING AMONG ARAB CONVERTS.

A band of fifteen couples were lately married from the orphanage of Ben Aknoun. The fathers informed the archbishop that they had fifteen excellent boys who were about to leave, and whom they wished to find wives for and settle in the nearest Christian village. The archbishop asked the superior of the girls' school if she could supply fifteen maidens who would go and share the humble homes of their brother orphans.

The seperior replied that she had precisely the number required—girls who must leave the shelter of the convent in a few months, and whom she was most anxious to see provided for. The grapes were ripe, and the vintage, which was close at hand, would furnish an opportunity for a meeting between the parties. So, one morning, in the cool, sweet dawn, they set out to the vineyard, the maidens conducted by a sister, the youths by one of the priests. The latter took one side and culled the grapes, while at the other side tho maidens gathered up the bunches and bound them into bundles. As they went they sang hymns and canticles to lighten their labor; and when the day's task was done they left the vineyard in two distinct bands, as they had come, and returned to their separate convents.

'Well,' said Mgr. de la Vigerie to the presiding father, next day, 'have the young men chosen each his maiden, and is the choice approved?'

'Alas! Monisgneur, they did not even look at each other.' replied the disconsolated matchmaker. 'They never raised their eyes from their work. Sister C—— and I watched them like lynxes.'

'You have brough up the children too well, my good father,' cried the archbishop in dispair. 'What is to be done with them now?'

'Have a little patience my lord, and it will come in good time.' replied the father encouragingly.

Next day the two bands of maidens and youths sallied forth again to the vineyard and so every day for a week.

Then the father came in triumph to the archbishop to announce the successful issue of the scheme. One by one the youths had plucked up courage and peeped through the tendrils of the vine, and thanks to some magnetic sympathy, two dark eyes had been simultaneously raised to meet theirs and they smiled at each other. A little further on the green leaves were fluttered by a whisper asking the fair one's name. She told it, and another whisper told her his. So the flower blossemed in the thirty young hearts, and the priest and the sister who watched the gentle growth looked on delighted.—*Catholic World.*

### THEIR REASONS.

Old Sambo Shuts, long since gone across the dark valley, was a worthy man in his way, and genial withal; but Sambo would occasionally get very drunk.—One day his employer took him to task, at the close of which he asked him if he didn't think he could do better in the future

'Don'o, mas'r,' said the darkey scratching his head.

'But what do you think?'

'Well, mas'r, I's afear'd not.'

'Sambo, what do you mean. Do you mean you will not try?'

''Twould be of no use, mas'r Fact is, 'twas born in me. Rum is my nat'ral drink. Yer see, afore I was born, my father and mother were bofe bought on de coast of Africa, an paid for in rum.'

This is about equal to the excuse of the old fellow in a New Hampshire bar-room. It was 11 o'clock in the forenoon, and a number of thirsty ones had entered the tavern for their beverage; and they all offered an excuse for thus indulging. One said he had a pain in his side; another had a touch of colic, another had a sever cold; and so on. At length a red faced old Trojan jumped up to the bar having listened to the excuses of the others, and said he:

'Say, old hoss, give us a glass of old Jamaica, stiff. My old woman's to have codfish for dinner, and salt codfish allers makes me dry!'

### FABLE OF DISCONTENTMENT.

A canary and a gold-fish had their lot thrown together in the same room. One hot day, the master of the house heard the fish complaining of his dumb condition, and envying the sweet voice of his companion overhead.

'Oh! I wish I could sing as sweetly as my friend up there!' whilst the canary was eyeing the inhabitant of the globe, 'How cool it looks! I wish my lot was there!'

'So, then, it shall be,' said the master, and forthwith placed the fish in the air, and the bird in the water; whereupon they saw their folly, and repented of their discontent. Of which the moral is sooner drawn than practised,—let every man be contented in the state in which Providence has placed him, and believe that it is what is befitted for him.

☞ 'Let us have peace,' says Grant, with his face to the South. "Hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,' says Blaine, with his face to the North. "Give us hard money,' says Conkling, with his face to the East. 'Give us the rag-baby.' says Morton, with his face to the West.

So they wheel about and whirl about,
And do just so;
Wheel about and whirl about,
And jump, Jim Crow.

☞ Women proposes and man gits up and gits, this year.

LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.—This little sentence should be written on every memory. It should be the golden rule practised not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove thorns from the pathway and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty for a fellow-creature. A helping hand, or an encouraging word, is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on your shoulder, and to hear a kind voice whispering, "Do you feel discouraged. I see you are troubled—let me help you." What strength is inspired, what hope created, what sweet gratitude is felt, and great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak and lifting the burdens off from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and he whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us, will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days," if not to us, to those we love.

### THE CREATION OF WOMAN.

What a pretty conceit this is of the creation of woman:

A prince once said to Rabbi Gamaliel: "Your God is a thief; he surpriced Adam in his sleep, and stole a rib from him."

The Rabbi's daughter overheard this speech and whispered a word or two in her father's ear, asking his permission to answer this singular opinion herself. He gave his consent.

The girl stepped forward, and feigning terror and dismay, threw her arms aloft in supplication, and cried out:—"My leige, my leige! justice! revenge!"

"What has happened?" asked the prince.

"A wicked theft has taken place," she replied. "A robber has crept secretly into our house, carried away a silver goblet, and left a golden one in its stead."

"What an upright thief!" exclaimed the prince. "Would that such robberies were of more frequent occurrence."

"Behold then, sire, the kind of thief that our Creator was; he stole a rib from Adam, and gave him a beautiful wife instead."

"Well said!" avowed the prince.

SUNSHINE.—Did you ever notice what a different aspect everything wears in the sunshine from what it does in the shadow? And did you ever think what an analogy there was between the sunlight of the cloudless skies and the sunshine that gleams into the darkened chambers of the human soul? How bright and beautiful are the golden beams that break through the riven clouds that lighten up the world again after a succession of dark and stormy days. How peaceful and happy are the blissful words of hope and cheer, that touch the heart and fill the soul with emotions of peace and joy after a long period of sorrow. There are none living who do not, in a greater or less degree, have an influence over the earthly happiness of others. The sense of contributing to the pleasure of others augments our own happiness. Unselfishness, Christian charity and loving kindness are the sunbeams of the soul.

☞ It is said of Lord Norbury that he would at any time rather lose a friend than a joke. On one occasion he began the sentence of death in this wise:

"Prisoner at the bar, you have been found guilty by a jury of your country of the crime laid to your charge, and I must say I entirely agree with the verdict, for I see 'scoundrel' written in your face."

Here the prisoner interrupted with,

"That's a strong reflection—from your Lordship."

Whereupon the judge, keenly appreciating the joke, commuted the sentence to transportation for seven years.

☞ Rev. Daniel Waldo once said: 'I am now an old man. I have seen near a century. Do you want to know how to grow old slowly and happily? Let me tell you. Always eat slowly—masticate well. Go good nature and soft-temper everywhere. Cultivate a good memory, and to do this you must be communicative; repeat what you have read; talk about it. Dr. Johnson's great memory was owing to his communicativeness.'

☞ A cubic inch of gold is worth one hundred and forty-six dollars a cubic foot, two hundred and fifty-two thousand two hundred and eighty-eight dollars; a cubic yard, six millions eight hundred and seventy-six dollars. The quanity of gold now in existence is estimated to be three thousand millions of dollars, which wedded in one mass, could be contained in a cube of twenty-three feet.

☞ TWEED has solved the problems of rapid transit, large profits, and no returns.


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## Old Kent.

### Notes Illustrative of the Early Records

OF

### KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND,

BY

GEORGE A. HANSON, M. A

SECTION 98. A. Dr. Richard Tilghman and Mary Tilghman, his widow and executrix, mentioned in the previous section came to America in the year 1660 and settled at the Hermitage, on the Chester River, in Talbot county, Md., now in Queen Anne's county. It is said that Dr. Richard Tilghman was one of the petitioners to have justice done upon Charles the first. It is undeniable that one Richard Tilghman signed the Petition, and as Dr. Richard Tilghman had been a surgeon in the British navy and was at this period a Parliamentarian, the signature in question was probably his.

Dr Richard Tilghman was descended from Richard Tilghman of Halloway Court in the Parish of Snodland, Kent county, England, who was born about the year 1344. His son, Thomas Tilghman, was born about 1377. His son, William Tilghman, was born about 1410. His son, Richard Tilghman, was born about 1443. His son, William Tilghman, was born about 1476. His son, William Tilghman, was born about 1509. His son, Edward Tilghman, was born 15th April, 1542. His son, Oswald Tilghman, of London, was born 4th of Oct. 1597. He was the father of Dr. Richard Tilghman, the emigrant.

Dr. Richard Tilghman, the emigrant, son of Oswald Tilghman of London, was born 3d Sept. 1626, married Marie Foxley and had children, viz: Samuel, born in England, 11th Dec. 1650; Maria, born in England, in February 1655; William, born in England, 16th February 1658; Deborah, born at the Hermitage, 12th March 1660; and Richard Tilghman, born at the Hermitage 23d February 1672. Doctor Richard Tilghman died 7th January 1675, leaving two children, Maria and Richard Tilghman, and his wife Mary Tilghman, who was his executrix and survived him more than twenty years.

N. B.—It will be remarked that I write Marie instead of Maria Foxley, the generally received spelling. I am emboldened to do so by a reasonable belief that when Mrs. Richard Tilghman appeared in Court she knew what was her own name. Marie was then the common mode of spelling Mary and when written by an inelegant scribe or read by a careless eye might be mistaken for Maria.

Maria Tilghman, daughter of Dr. Richard and Marie Foxley Tilghman, married Matthew Ward, of the Bay-Side, Talbot county, and had a son, Matthew Tilghman Ward, who died 25th May 1741, in the 64th year of his age, and was at that time President of the Council of the State of Maryland. His first wife was Mabel Murphey, widow of Capt. James Murphey. His second wife was Margaret Lloyd, daughter of Col. Philemon Lloyd. He had no sons and adopted his cousin Matthew, son of Richard and Anna Maria Lloyd Tilghman.

Richard Tilghman (born 23d Feb. 1672—died 23d Jan'y. 1738), of the Hermitage, son of Dr. Richard and Marie Foxley Tilghman, was one of the Lord Proprietor's Council. He married, 1700, Anna Maria Lloyd, third daughter of Col. Philemon Lloyd, and had children, viz: Mary, born 23d Aug. 1702, Philemon, born in 1704 and died young; Richard, born 28th of April 1705, died 20th of Sept. 1768; Henrietta Maria, born 18th Aug. 1707; Anna Maria, born 15th Nov. 1709; William, born 22d Sept. 1711, died in 1782; Edward, born 3d July 1713, died 9th Oct. 1785; James, born 6th Dec. 1716, died 24th Aug. 1793; and Matthew Tilghman, born 17th of Feb. 1718, died 4th of May 1790.

Anna Maria Lloyd Tilghman died in 1748; she was the grand-daughter of James Neale, who had been the Ambassador of Charles I to Spain, and Ann Neale, his wife, a former Maid of Honor to the Queen. After the execution of their King they feared to return to England and came, via. Portugal, to America, and settled on the St. Mary's river in Maryland. They brought with them their eldest daughter, who was named Henrietta Maria, after the Queen, and other children were born to them in this country.

Henrietta Maria Neale married twice. Her first husband was Mr. Bennet of Bennet's Point. Her second husband was Col. Philemon Lloyd, by whom she had several children, one of whom was Anna Maria Lloyd, the wife of Richard Tilghman.

SECTION 98 B. Mary Tilghman, daughter of Richard and Anna Maria Lloyd Tilghman, married James Earle, (who I suppose was the son of the Michael Earle that was admitted to practice law in Kent county, Md., at the January Term of Court, 1696), and had children, viz: Michael, Richard Tilghman, Joseph, James, Anna Maria, and Henrietta Maria Earle.

Michael Earle, of Swan Harbor, Ce county, Md., son of James and Mary Tilghman Earle, married Mary Carroll, sister of Juliana the wife of his uncle Edward Tilghman.

Judge Richard Tilghman Earle, son of Richard Tilghman and Ann Chamberlaine Earle, married, 3d Dec. 1801, Mary Tilghman, daughter of Hon. James Tilghman, who was appointed, about 1790, Chief Judge of the Judicial Circuit, composed of the counties of Cecil, Kent, Queen Anne's and Talbot, Maryland, and also, afterwards, a Judge of the Court of Appeals. Judge Richard Tilghman and Mary Tilghman Earle had children, viz: Elizabeth Ann, Mary Maria, Susanna Frisby, Henrietta Maria, James Tilghman, Richard Tilghman, Samuel Tilghman. George, John Charles, and Sarah Catharine Earle, all of whom lived to maturity. Three children died in infancy.

Elizabeth Ann Earle, daughter of Judge Richard Tilghman and Mary Tilghman Earle, married Philip Henry Feddeman, and had children, viz: Philip Henry, Richard E., Mary T., Margaret E., and Elizabeth Ann Feddeman.

Philip Henry Feddeman, son of Philip Henry and Elizabeth Ann Earle Feddeman, married Mrs. Lydia C. Seafield, and had one daughter, Annette Feddeman.

Richard Earle Feddeman, son of Philip Henry and Elizabeth Ann Earle Feddeman, married twice. His first wife was Mrs. Ellen Douglas Clayton, and had children, viz: Philip H. Feddeman and Charles Feddeman. His second wife was Deborah Wright, and had children, viz: Mary Nicholson, Deborah Wright, Elizabeth Ann, Richard E., Robert Wright, Margaret E., and Mabel Lee Feddeman.

Philip H. Feddeman, Jr., son of Richard Earle and his first wife, Ellen Douglass Clayton Feddeman, married Mary Elizabeth Earle, daughter of Samuel T. Earle, and had children, viz: Ellen Douglass, Samuel Earle, and another daughter.

Mary Maria Earle, daughter of Judge Richard Tilghman and Mary Tilghman Earle, married Philip T. Davidson, and had children, viz: Philip T., who died in early manhood in Cuba; Richard E., George, Mary Tilghman, Catharine Thomas, and Susan E. Davidson. She survived her husband and is now (26th January 1876) living in Queenstown, Md.

Richard E. Davidson, son of Philip T. and Mary Maria Earle Davidson, married Anna Maria Tilghman, daughter of Capt. Samuel Ogle Tilghman and his wife Mary Fairbairn Tilghman, and had several children, viz: two sons and a daughter.

George Davidson, son of Philip T. and Mary Maria Earle Davidson, married Marcella Blunt, who left children, viz: two sons.

Henrietta Maria Earle, daughter of Judge Richard Tilghman and Mary Tilghman Earle, married Dr. David Steuart, then of Baltimore, now of Port Penn, Delaware, and had children, viz: Henrietta Maria and David Steuart.

Henrietta Maria Steuart, daughter of Dr. David Steuart and Henrietta Maria Earle Steuart, married ——— Thomas, and has a daughter, Henrietta Maria.

Hon. James Tilghman Earle, son of Judge Richard Tilghman and Mary Tilghman Earle, married, 15th Dec. 1841, Ann Johns, daughter of Kensey Johns, Jr., Chancellor of the State of Delaware. She died 8th Oct. 1842. He married, again, 20th of Dec. 1849, Ann Catharine Tilghman, daughter of Col. John and Ann Catharine Tilghman, and had children, viz: Mary Elizabeth, and Ann Johns Earle.

Ann Johns Earle, daughter of Hon. James Tilghman and Ann Catharine Tilghman Earle, married, 18th June 1874, William H. Babcock, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C., and has a daughter, Rosa Earle Babcock.

Richard Tilghman Earle, son of Judge Richard Tilghman and Mary Tilghman Earle, married twice. His first wife was Catharine Spencer, daughter of Captain Isaac Spencer, of Kent county, Md., and had one son, Richard Tilghman Earle. His second wife was Elizabeth A. Spencer, sister of his first wife.

Samuel Tilghman Earle, son of Judge Richard Tilghman and Mary Tilghman Earle, married Mary W. Brundige, daughter of William Brundige of Delaware, and had children, viz: James T. Earle, who was slain in battle in the Confederate army; William B., Richard T., Mary Elizabeth, Samuel T., Rosetta W., and Sarah Catharine Earle.

William B. Earle, son of Samuel Tilghman and Mary W. Brundige Earle, married Louisa Stubbs of Norfolk, Va., and had children, viz: James T. and Fanny Shepherd Earle.

Mary Elizabeth Earle, daughter of Samuel Tilghman and Mary W. Brundige Earle, married Philip H. Feddeman, Jr., and had children already named.

Dr. Samuel T. Earle, of Centreville, Md., son of Samuel Tilghman and Mary W. Brundige Earle, married May Isabel Ringgold, daughter of Thomas Ringgold, of Kent county, Md., and had a daughter May Isabel Earle.

George Earle, son of Judge Richard Tilghman and Mary Tilghman Earle, married Mary Chamberlaine, daughter of Dr. Joseph Chamberlaine of Newark, Delaware, and had children, viz: Richard Tilghman, Elizabeth, George, Mary T., Charles Thompson, Susan F., and Catharine Chamberlaine Earle. (43)


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