The Chestertown Transcript.

VOL. XIV. CHESTERTOWN, FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1876. NO. 43

From the New York Sun.

ONE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

A paragraph appeared some days ago in the Sun announcing the death of John Fitzpatrick, one of the Light Brigade, who died of starvation in England. He had received a pension of six pence a day, which, however, was withdrawn several years ago, and he endeavored to eke out a miserable existence by riding in circus pageants. Old age and disease unfitted him for this or any other work; the only refuge for the disabled soldier was the poorhouse, from which he shrank in horror. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was: "Died of starvation, and the case a disgrace to the War Office."

I.

Speed the news! Speed the news!
Speed the news onward!
"Died of starvation" one
Of the six hundred;
One who his part had played
Well in the Light Brigade,
When through the vale of death
Rode the six hundred.

II.

Food to the right of him,
Food to the left of him,
Food all around, yet
The veteran hungered;
He who through shot and shell
Fearlessly rode, and well,
And when the word was "Charge,"
Shrank not nor lingered.

III.

"Off to the workhouse, you!"
Back in dismay he drew,
Feeling he never knew
When cannon thundered.
His not to plead, or sigh,
His but to starve and die
And to a pauper's grave
Sink with a soul as brave
As through the vale of death
Rode the six hundred.

IV.

Flashed a proud spirit there,
Up through the man's despair,
Shaming the servile there;
Scaring the timid, while
Sordid souls wondered;
Then turned to face his fate
Calmly, with soul as great
As when through shot and shell
He rode with six hundred,
With high hope elate,
Laughing in face of fate—
Rode with six hundred.

V.

Hunger his mate by day,
Sunday and working day,
Winter and summer day—
Shame on the nation!
Struggling with might and main,
Smit by disease and pain,
He, in Victoria's reign,
"Died of starvation."
While yet the land with pride
Tells of the headlong ride
Of the six hundred,
While yet the welkin rings,
While yet the Laureate sings,
"Some one has blundered,"
Let us with bated breath
Tell how *one* starved to death
Of the six hundred.

VI.

What can that horror hide?
O! the dread death he died!
Well may men wonder.
One of the Light Brigade,
One who that charge had made
Died of sheer hunger!

ANOTHER CHESTER COUNTY WHAT IS IT.

Honeybrook Township, Chester county is just now enjoying a strange and peculiar sensation. In the hay mow of the barn of Clemens Buchanan has been discovered what resembled and was supposed to be a large pool of frozen blood. It had penetrated through seven feet of hay and was dropping in red spots upon the back of sheep. How the blood came in the hay mow was a mystery. There were no evidences of any source, although the hay gave the resemblance of having been trampled over.

It was at first supposed that a sheep had been killed there, but none of the flock is missing. Then it was stated that three persons got off the cars at the Junction of the Waynesburg and Wilmington & Reading Railroads, on Tuesday evening, said to have been peddlars and that none of the party have been seen in the neighborhood since that time. Other stories of grave and serious import were noised througout the neighborhood, which intensified the mystery and raised public feeling to fever heat.

A quanity of the blood was obtained in a vessel and sent to Dr. Henry Woodruff, of West Nantmeal, for analysis, who pronounces that it is not blood.—This has still further deepened the mystery.

☞ If there is anything in this world calculated to make a man forget that he's been to hear Moody and Sankey on the previous evening, it is to bounce cheerily out of bed in the morning and light on the business end of a tack.

☞ The best war—the war against one's weakness.

MEMBRANOUS CROUP.

A SKETCH BY MARK TWAIN.

Well, to go back to where I was before I digressed to explain to you how that frightful and incurable disease, membranous croup, was ravaging the town and driving all mothers mad with terror, I called Mrs. McWilliam's attention to little Penelope and said:

'Darling, I wouldn't let that child be chewing that pine stick, if I were you.'

'Precious where is the harm in it?' said she, but at the same time preparing to take away the stick—for women cannot receive even the most palpably judicious suggestion without arguing it; that is, married women.

"Love, it is notorious that pine is the least nutritious wood that a child can eat."

My wife's hand paused in the act of taking the stick, and returned itself to her lap. She bridled preceptibly, and said:

'Hubby, you know better than that.—You know you do. Doctors all say that turpentine in pine wood is good for weak back and the kidneys.'

'Ah! I was under a misapprehension. I did not know that the child's kidneys and spine were affected, and that the family physician had recommended—'

'Who said that the child's spine and kidneys were affected?'

'My love, you intimidated it.'

'The idea! I never intimated anything of the kind.'

'Why, my dear, it hasn't been two minutes since you said—'

'Bother what I said! I don't care what I did say. There isn't any harm in the child's chewing a bit of pine stick if she wants to, and you know it perfectly well, and she *shall* chew it, too! so there now!'

'Say no more, my dear. I now see the force of your reasoning, and I will go and order two or three cords of the best pine wood to-day. No child of mine shall want while I—'

'Oh, please go along to your office, and let me have some peace. A body can never make the simplest remark but you must take it up and go to arguing, and arguing, and arguing till you don't know what you are talking about, and you *never* do.'

'Very well, it shall be as you say. But there is a want of logic in your last remark which—'

However, she was gone with a flourish before I could finish, and had taken the child with her. That night at dinner she confronted me with a face as white as a sheet.

'Oh, Mortimer, there's another! Little George Gordon is taken.'

'Membranous croup?'

'Membranous croup.'

'Is there any hope for him?'

'None in the wide world. Oh, what is to become of us?'

By and by our nurse brought in our Penelope to say good night and offered the customary prayer at the mother's knee. In the midst of 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' she gave a slight cough. My wife fell back like one stricken with death. But the next moment she was up and running away with the activeness which terror inspires.

She commanded that the child's crib be removed from the nursery to our bedroom; and she went along to see the order executed. She took me with her, of course. We got matters arranged with speed. A cot bed was put up in my wife's dressing-room for the nurse. But now Mrs. McWilliams said we were too far away from the other baby, and what if he were to have the symptons in the night,—and she blanched again, poor thing.

We then restored the crib and the nurse to the nursery, and put up a bed for ourselves in a room adjoining.

Presently, however, Mrs. McWilliams said suppose the baby should catch it from Penelope? This thought struck a new panic to her heart, and the trio of us could not get the crib out of the nursery fast enough to satisfy my wife, though she assisted in her own person and well nigh pulled the crib to pieces in her frantic hurry.

We moved down stairs, but there was no place to stow the nurse, and Mrs. McWilliams said the nurse's experience would be an inestimable help. So we returned, bag and baggage, to our own bedrooms once more, and felt a great gladness, like storm-buffeted birds that have found their nest again.

Mrs. McWilliams sped to the nursery to see how things were going on there. She was back in a moment with a new dread. She said:

'What can make the baby sleep so?'

I said:

'Why, my darling, Baby always sleeps like a graven image.'

'I know, I know; but there's something peculiar about his sleep now. He seems to—he seems to breathe so regularly. Oh, this is dreadful.'

'But my dear, he always breathe regularly.'

'Oh, I know it, but there's something dreadful about it now. His nurse is too young and inexperienced. Maria shall stay there with her, and be on hand if anything happens.'

'That is a good idea; but who will help you?'

'You can help me all I want. I wouldn't allow anybody to do anything but myself, anyhow, at such a time as this.'

I said I would feel mean to lie abed and sleep, and leave her to watch and toil over our little patient all the weary night. But she reconciled me to it. So old Maria departed and took up her ancient quarters in the nursery.

Penelope coughed twice in her sleep.

'Oh, why don't the doctor come? Mortimer, this room is too warm. The room is certainly too warm. Turn off the register—quick.!'

I shut it off, glancing at the thermometer at the same time, and wondering to myself if 70 was too warm for a sick child.

The coachman arrived from down town now, with the news that our physician was ill and confined to his bed. Mrs. Williams turned a dead eye upon me, and said in a dead voice: 'There is providence in it. It is foreordained. He never was sick before. Never. We have not been living as we ought to live.—Mortimer, time and time again I have told you so. Now you see the result.—Our child will never get well. Be thankful if you can forgive yourself. I never can forgive myself.'

I said, without intent to hurt, but with heedless choice of words, that I could not see that we had been living such an abandoned life.

'Mortimer! Do you want to bring the judgment upon baby, too!'

Then she began to cry, but suddenly exclaimed:

'Well, the doctor must have sent medicines!'

I said:

'Certainly; they are here. I was only waiting for you to give me a chance.'

'Well, do give them to me! Don't you know that every moment is precious now! But what was the use in sending medicines, when he knows that the disease is incurable?'

I said that while there was life there was hope.

'Hope! Mortimer, you know no more what you are talking about than the child unborn. If you would——As I live, the directions say give one teaspoonful once an hour! Once an hour!—as if we had a whole year before us to save the child in! Mortimer, please hurry. Give the poor perishing thing a teaspoonful, and try to be quick!'

'Why, my dear, a whole tablespoonful might—'

'Don't drive me frantic! * * * * * * * There, there, there, my precious, my own; it's nasty, bitter stuff, but it's good for Nelley—good for mother's precious darling; and it will make her well. There, there, there, put the little head on mamma's breast and go to sleep, and pretty soon—Oh, I know she can't live till morning! Mortimer, a tablespoonful every half-hour will—Oh, the child needs belladonna, too; I know she does—and aconite. Get them, Mortimer. Now do let me have my way.—You know nothing about these things.'

We now went to bed, placing the crib close to my wife's pillow. All this turmoil had worn upon me, and within two minutes I was something more than half asleep. McWillams roused me:

'Darling, is that register turned on?'

'No.'

'I thought as much. Please turn it on at once. This room is cold.'

'I turned it on, and presently fell asleep. I was roused once more.

'Dearie, would you mind moving the crib to your side of the bed? It is nearer the register.'

I moved it, but had a collision with the rug and woke up the child. I dozed off once more, while wife quieted the sufferer. But in a little while these words came murmuring remotely through the fog of my drowsiness:

'Mortimer, if we only had some goose-grease—will you ring?'

I climbed drearily out, and stepped on a cat, which responded with a protest, and would have got a convincing kick for it if a chair had not got it instead.

'Now, Mortimer, why do you want to turn up the gas and wake the child again?'

'Because I want to see how much I am hurt, Caroline.'

'Well, look at the chair, too,—I have no doubt it is ruined. Poor cat, suppose you had—'

'Now, I am not going to suppose anything about a cat. It never would have occurred if Maria had been allowed to remain here and attended to these duties which are in her line, and not in mine.'

'Now, Mortimer, I should think you would be ashamed to make a remark like that. It is a pity if you cannot do the little things that I ask of you at such an awful time as this, when our child—'

'There, there, I will do anything you want. But I can't raise anybody with this bell. They'er all gone to bed.—Where is the goose-grease?'

'On the mantle-piece in the nursery. If you will step there and speak to Maria—'

I fetched the goose-grease and then went to sleep again. Once more I was called.

'Mortimer, I so hate to disturb you but the room is still too cold for me to try to apply this stuff. Would you mind lighting the fire? It is all ready to touch a match to.'

I dragged myself out and lit the fire, and then sat down disconsolate.

'Mortimer, don't sit there and catch your death of cold. Come to bed.'

'As I was stepping in she said:

'But wait a moment. Please give the child some more of the medicine.'

Which I did. It was a medicine which made a child more or less lively; so my wife made use of its waking interval to strip it and grease it all over with the goose oil I was soon asleep once more. but once more I had to get up.

'Mortimer, I feel a draft. I feel it distinctly. There is nothing so bad for this disease as a draft. Please move the crib in front of the fire.'

I did it, and collided with the rug again, which I threw into the fire. Mrs. McWilliams sprang out of the bed and rescued it and we had some words. I had another trifling interval of sleep, and then got up, by request, and constructed a flax-seed poultice. This was placed upon the child's breast and left there to do its healing work.

A wood fire is not a permanent thing. I got up every twenty minutes and renewed ours, and this gave Mrs. McWilliams an opportunity to shorten the times of giving the medicines by ten minues, which was a great satisfaction to her.—Now and then, between times, I reorganized the flaxseed poultices, and applied sinapisms and other blisters where unoccupied places could be found upon the child. Well, toward morning the wood gave out, and my wife wanted me to go down the cellar and get some more. I said:

'My dear, it is a laborious job, and the child must be nearly warm enough, with her extra clothing. Now, mightn't we put on another layer of poultices and—'

I did not finish, because I was interrupted. I lugged wood up from below for some little time, and then turned in fell to snoring as only a man can whose strength is all gone, and whose soul is worn out. At last, at broad daylight, I felt a grip on my shoulder that brought me to my senses suddenly. My wife was glaring down on me and gasping As soon as she could command her tongue, she said—

'It is all over! The child's perspiring! What shall we do?'

'Mercy, how you terrify me! I don't know what we ought to do. Maybe if we scraped her and put her in the draft again—'

'Oh, idiot! There is not a moment to lose. Go for the doctor. Go yourself.—Tell him he must come, dead or alive.'

I dragged that poor sick man from his bed and brought him. He looked at the child, and said she was not dying. This was joy unspeakable to me, but it made my wife as mad as if he had offered a personal affront. Then he said the child's cough was only caused by some trifling irritation or other in the throat. At this I thought my wife had a mind to show him the door. Now the doctor said he would make the child cough harder and dislodge the trouble. So he gave her something that sent her into a spasm of coughing, and present up came a little wood splinter or so.

'This child has no membranous croup,' said he. 'She has been chewing a bit of pine shingle or something of the kind, and got some little slivers in her throat. They won't do her any hurt.'

'No,' said I. 'I can well believe that. Indeed, the turpentine that is in them is very good for certain sorts of diseases that are peculiar to children. My wife will tell you so.'

But she did not. She turned away in disdain, and left the room; and since that time there is one episode in our life which we never refer so. Hence the tide of our days flows on in deep and untroubleed serenity.

FARMERS' ACCOUNTS.

Farmers, especially the younger ones, will find it greatly to their advantage to keep regular accounts of all their business. It will keep them informed of which part of their operations is profitable and which otherwise, from which they will be enabled to correct mistakes. Let them keep a strict debt and credit with each crop, field, animal, &c., as with the orchard and garden When he is about put in a field of corn, charge it first with interest and tax on the land, then charge it with plowing and all other labor bestowed upon it, with manure, seed, cultivating, harvesting, &c., till marketed or fed out. Then credit the crop with the value of the grain and fodder, at market prices, whether sold or consumed at home.—When the balance is stuck it will unmistakably show whether the crop is profitable or not. This careful observation and knowing the result will lead to better management, in order to secure a profit. Take the same course with other things—with the orchard, the sheep, the cows and so on. It will not be difficult, once you get into the the habit of it, but rather it will be found pleasant pastime. It will be well to let the boys or the girls do it; their educatian in writing, figures and general business knowledge will be improved and advanced full as well as at the country school; in fact, this should be one of the indispensable branches taught in all our rural and primary schools. The farmers of Maryland and Virginia are generally educated people—more so than the farming classes in most other sections—yet, with most of them, their education does not extend to this important branch. A book, ruled as a common journal, with a page or pages to each field, crop, animal, the garden, the orchard, the dairy, the poultry house, &c. with the facts plainly and carefully entered as fast as they occur, will be found interesting and profitable. A drawing or diagram of each field, numbered, will be useful and convenient, as the 'bottom lot,' 'side hill lot,' the 'west lot,' or No. 1, No. 6, and so on. We cannot, in a short article, give all the particulars, but throw out suggestions for the consideration of those interested. This practice will show the farmer, from season to season, on which of his operations he is loosing or gaining, and will keep him better acquainted with his operations.—*Maryland Farmer.*

☞ 'Homeward Bound' is the heading over obituary notices in Pomeroy's Chicago Democrat.

For the Transcript.

CLASSIC AUTHORS.

The student of the classics lives, as it were, in a past world; he becomes acquainted with men who ages ago lived upon our beautiful earth; he converses with the mighty warriors who by their deeds of noble daring astonished the whole world; he wanders through an Elysium and breathes the celestial air of those hallowed plains while engaged in the philosophy and poetry of Greece and Rome.

First we meet with Cæsar, and by him we are led, reluctantly, through all the panorama of events which mark his military career. With Xenophon we trace with delight the route of Cyrus from Sardis to Cunaxa; his defeat and death at the latter place are vividly described, and with the Greeks we share the toils of the march, the perils of the fight, and the dismay of the retreat through the wild Kurdish mountains to the sea. It is also to the loving and reverent pen of Xenophon that we owe most delightful memorials of his great master, Socrates. Long and lovingly we remain in the presence of the soul-inspiring Virgil as in his charming, graceful manner he tells us the sad, sad tale of Troy destroyed; of the wanderings and misfortunes of Æneas; of his final settlement and prosperity. With him we cross the Stygian waters; we see Minos and Rhadamanthus passing judgment on the successive spirits brought before them; the flames of Tartarus, the rocks of Sisyphus, the wheel of Ixion, the vultures gnawing at the vitals of Prometheus.

Without the least fear or reverence we rush into the presence of jolly old Horace, and soon we have him telling us of his little love affairs, or singing to us one of his beautiful Odes, but 'tis when he begins to tell of the "Art of Poetry" that he thinks he can show himself to the best advantage and then he is in his glory.

Now we find ourselves in the Greek Senate, and we listen in breathless silence to the stirring orations of Demosthenes, as, in his powerful manner, he urges his countrymen to throw aside their sloth and inactivity and rise against their enemies, as did their ancestors of old, and defend their rights and liberties to the death.

Again, we are thrilled through our whole being as we sit in the Roman Forum and listen to the fiery eloquence of the illustrious Cicero as he hurls forth his torrent of invective against the traitor Cataline; or when in the quiet of private life he discourses to us in his calm and vivid style on the delights and pleasures of old age, we feel an almost holy reverence for him which he as an orator could not command, and his words thrill us in spite of the separation of years; and the grand and noble sentences which he uttered are as applicable to our days as to his.

Ringing out from the depths of the past, are the immortal songs of the never-dying Homer; by his vivid imagination we are led even down into the darkness and despair of Pluto's dread abode, and there we see and converse with shades who were once the bravest of the brave. With feelings strongly excited we follow the steps of the renowned Ulysses; we see his bravery; his wanderings; his narrow escapes, and finally his arrival and reception at home where no one is able or willing to recognize in the poor way-worn beggar their once noble lord.

Under the kind protection of Herodotus we view the dread fight at Salamis, where the Greeks, after a bloody struggle, gain a glorious victory over their enemy.

We are led through a world of enchantment by the almost divine philosophy of Plato; and with him we enter with quiet footfall and hushed breathing into the still death-chamber of the martyr, Socrates, we behold him surrounded by friends vainly beseeching him to escape, but he firmly rejects their entreaties and in the midst of high and elevating discourse on the immortal nature of the soul, he drinks the cup of poison, and dies with the calm and composed mind of a philosopher; dying as he had lived, a noble example to all future generations of unchanging firmness in the discharge of duty.

STUDENT.

☞ A very pointed conversation was overheard on the street the other evening. A young man had just come from the theatre, and was in the act of seeing his beloved to her home. As they passed up the street, the conversation turned to the play which they had just enjoyed. Judging from the conversation, he was finding fault with the love scene between Charles D'Arbel and Hortense.

"I could do better than that myself!" the young man remarked.

"Why in Heaven's name don't you, then?" she replied.

Then there was a long pause.

☞ As George III was walking the quarter deck of one of his men-of-war with his hat on, a sailor asked his messmate who that fellow was who did not "douse his peak to the Admiral."

"Why, it's the King."

"Well, King or no King," retorted the other, "he's an unmannerly dog."

"Where should he learn manners?" replied Jack. "He was never out sight of land in his life!"

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

Hon. Richard Tilghman Earle, son of James and Mary Tilghman Earle, was a member of the Convention which met in Annapolis 22d June 1774, to oppose the tyranical proceedings of the Mother-Country and continued through the war an ardent patriot. He married Ann Chamberlaine, daughter of Samuel Chamberlaine, of Plaindealing, Talbot county, Md., and had children, viz: Samuel, James; a second James; Richard Tilghman, Henrietta Maria, Deborah, Thomas Chamberlaine, Mary, Alice, Margaret, and Susanna Earle.

Samuel Earle, son of Richard Tilghman and Ann Chamelaine Earle, born 3d of Feb. 1756, died 1790, was a Captain in the Revolutionary army and afterwards practiced law. He married Henrietta Maria Nicols and had children, viz: William Nicols, Ann, and Maria Earle, who all died and are without descendants living.

Henrietta Maria Earle, daughter of Richard Tilghman and Ann Chamberlaine Earle, was born 15th March 1761, and died in June 1828, the widow of Samuel W. Thomas. Her first husband was Solomon Clayton, Register of Wills for Queen Anne's county, and had children, viz: Richard Earle; Solomon, drowned in Corsica creek; Walter Jackson, and Juliana Clayton.

Richard Earle Clayton, son of Solomon and Henrietta Maria Earle Clayton, married twice. His first wife was Juliana Roberts, and his second her sister Sophia Roberts.

Walter Jackson Clayton, son of Solomon and Henrietta Maria Earle Clayton, married Sarah Stockett, and had children, viz: Thomas Earle, John Stockett, Juliana Maria, Anna Maria Stockett, Henrietta Maria, Ann Caroline and Sarah Elizabeth Clayton.

Thomas Earle Clayton, son of Walter Jackson and Sarah Stockett Clayton, married Ellen Douglas Baker, and had one son, Walter Thomas Clayton, who resided in Mobile, Alabama, and married Carrie Threwer.

Anna Maria Stockett Clayton, daughter of Walter Jackson and Sarah Stockett Clayton, married Clinton Wright, of Queen Anne's county, and had children, viz: Robert Theodore DeCoursey, Mary Feddeman, and Clinton Wright, who married in Tennessee, Feb'y. 1871, Frances Kirby, and has children, viz: Clinton and Nannie Wright.

Henrietta Maria Clayton, daughter of Walter Jackson and Sarah Stockett Clayton, married her brother-in-law Clinton Wright, and had a daughter, Henrietta, who married William Samuel Carroll, and had a son, James Lambert Carroll.

Ann Caroline Clayton, Daughter of Walter Jackson and Sarah Stockett Clayton, married, 16th Nov. 1848, Benjamin Blackiston Wroth, of Chestertown, Md., and had children, viz: William Frisby, Thomas Granger, Clinton Wright, Emory Sudler, and Margaret Perkins Wroth. She died October 5th, 1875, in her 49th year.

Sarah Elizabeth Clayton, daughter of Walter Jackson and Sarah Stockett Clayton, married and was the third wife of her brother-in-law Clinton Wright, and had children, viz: William Henry DeCoursey and Thomas Clayton Wright. She survived him.

James Earle, son of Richard Tilghman and Ann Chamberlaine Earle, born 26th Feb. 1764, was educated at Washington College, Kent county, Md., and died prematurely, while a student of medicine, in Aug. 1790.

Hon. Richard Tilghman Earle, son of Richard Tilghman and Ann Chamberlaine Earle, born 23d June 1767, was educated at Washington College and was graduated in May 1787. He studied law with Thomas B. Hands, of Chestertown, Md., and married, 3d Dec'r. 1801, Mary Tilghman, daughter of James Tilghman; appointed about 1790, Chief Judge of the District of Maryland, composed of the counties of Cecil, Kent, Queen Anne's and Talbot. In 1803-4 he was appointed Chief Judge of the same Judicial District and a member of the Court of Appeals of Maryland. He had children, viz: Elizabeth Ann, Mary Maria, Susanna Frisby, Henrietta Maria, James Tilghman, Richard Tilghman, Samuel Tilghman, George Earle, John Charles Earle, and Sarah Catharine Earle, all of whom lived to maturity. Besides these, three died in infancy.

Elizabeth Ann Earle, daughter of Hon. 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 Seafield, whose maiden name was Cott, and had one daughter, Annette Feddeman.

Richard Earle Feddeman, son of Philip Henry and Elizabeth Ann Earle Feddeman, married twice. His first wife was Ellen Douglas Baker Clayton, and had children, viz: Philip H., 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 E. Feddeman.

Philip H. Feddeman, son of Richard Earle and Ellen Douglass Baker Clayton Feddeman, married Mary Elizabeth Earle, daughter of Samuel T. Earle, and had children, viz: Ellen Douglass, Samuel Earle Feddeman, and an infant daughter.

Mary Maria Earle, daughter of Hon. Richard Tilghman and Mary Tilghman Earle, married Philip T. Davidson. She survived her husband, and resides at Queenstown, Md. Their children were: Philip T., who died in early manhood in Cuba; Richard E., George, Mary Tilghman, Catharine Thomas, and Susan E. Davidson.

Richard E. Davidson, son of Philip T. and Mary Maria Earle Davidson, married Anna Maria Tilghman, daughter of Capt. Samuel Ogle Tilghman, and had two sons and a daughter.

George Davidson, son of Philip T. and Mary Maria Earle Davidson, married Marcella Blunt.

Henrietta Maria Earle, daughter of Hon. Richard Tilghman and Mary Tilghman Earle, married Dr. David Steuart, now of Fort Penn, Delaware, and had children, viz: Henrietta Maria and David Steuart.

Henrietta Maria Steuart, daughter of Dr. David and Henrietta Maria Earle Steuart, married Thomas Dilsworth, and had a daughter, Henrietta Maria Dilsworth.

Hon. James Tilghman Earle, eldest son of Hon. Richard Tilghman and Mary Tilghman Earle, was educated at Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass., and was graduated in the class of 1834, and after devoting three years to the study of the law, under the direction of his father, turned his energies and attention to agricultural pursuits, in which he won marked distinction and prominence. In 1849 with Charles B. Calvert and others, he re-established the Maryland Agricultural Society, was one of its active Vice Presidents for several years, and in 1856 was elected President. In the stormy and hazardous campaign of 1864 he was nominated by the Democrats of Queen Anne's county to the Senate of Maryland, and was re-elected in 1866, and also under the New Constitution in 1867 and 1871. He was therefore a member of the Senate of Maryland during the trying sessions of 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868; 1870, 1872, and 1874, and was reputed to be among the most upright, soundest, safest, ablest, and most useful members of that honorable body. By last public services to his State he has connected his name honorably and inseparably with the Centennial exhibition of 1876.

Hon. James Tilghman Earle married, 15th of Dec. 1841, Ann Johns, daughter of Kensy Johns, Jr., Chancellor of the State of Delaware. She died 8th October 1842. He married, again, 20th of Dec'r. 1849, Ann Catharine Tilghman, daughter of Col. John Tilghman, of Queen Anne's county, and had children, viz: Elizabeth, and Ann Johns Earle.

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

Richard Tilghman Earle, son of Hon. 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 T. Earle, son of Hon. Richard Tilghman and Mary Tilghman Earle, married Mary W. Brundige, daughter of William Brundige, and had children, viz: James T., who died a gallant Confederate soldier, after suffering many hardships; William B., Richard T., Mary Elizabeth, Samuel T., Rosetta W., and Sarah Catharine Earle.

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

Mary Elizabeth Earle, daughter of Samuel T. and Mary W. Brundige Earle, married Philip H. Feddeman, and had children named elsewhere.

Dr. Samuel T. Earle, of Centreville, Md., son of Samuel T. and Mary W. Brundige Earle, married Mary Isabel Ringgold, daughter of Thomas Ringgold of Kent county, and had a daughter, Mary Isabel Earle. (44)

☞ A gentleman rode up to a public house in the country and asked:

"Who is the master of this house?"

"I am, sir," quickly replied the landlord; "my wife has been dead for three weeks."

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