"Bloomingdale." How sad to think that these enjoyments no longer thrill their hearts, and the flowers bloom and fade year after year, beautiful reminders of the lives of those who planted and nurtured them. Ah! "they," like the flowers, will bloom again and never fade.

Mr. Stephen Lowrey Wright married three times His first wife was Miss Ann Cox Emory. Then he married Miss Ann Cox; afterwards her sister Elizabeth, and lived a life of "tender" solicitude with all of his wives. He was a man of "unparalleled" judgment and intelligence, a "remarkable" man, reserved and pure; yes, as pure as the feathery snow that falls from the overcharged clouds. He possessed a heart full of tenderness and love, and was the very *soul* of "truthfulness and honor." His moral teachings sank deep into my heart, when immersed in thought he formed the head of a family-circle at twilight around a bright, cheerful open fire, supported by beautifully-polished brass andirons. We were eleven in all, and drank in the wholesome truths and heartfelt advice that flowed from his lips Mr. Stephen L. Wright's noble sentiments are stamped in indelible letters on my mind. I shall ever miss his "tender" care. My heart yearns for his "disinterested" love and encouraging smile. A more peaceful home can never be found than when he presided at old "Peace and Plenty." Well it deserves its name, for there was neither "want" nor "turmoil" there.

The situation of this beautiful old colonial home, "Peace and Plenty," is one of the most commanding in this section of the country, just a pleasant distance from the public road that runs through the peninsula and exactly two and a-half measured miles from the beautiful and progressive town of Centreville. The old brick mansion is a spacious, well-planned, substantial one, the end of the house fronting the main road, a style *peculiar* to the times in which it was built, its first proprietor being Mr. Christopher Cox, a descendant of an English family. The lawn in front is tasty and attractive, filled with artistically-trimmed trees of every variety, affording a grateful shade in summer. No weeds or briars, no stagnant ponds or marshes are to be seen here; the air bracing and delightful. It is as quiet as the poet's dream, save the cheering notes of the birds of summer that pour forth their sweetest songs and fill the heart with rapture morning and evening. The back view is like a lovely picture, with handsome flower