

spot was laid 'a heart once preguant with celestial fire'; 'hands' that the 'rod of empire' might have swayed."

Mr. Stephen L. Wright appreciated and loved the beautiful "gifts of God." For the "last time" he looked out of the window of his "dying chamber" to view again the trees he had planted with his own hands and listen to the sweet songs of the happy birds around his cherished happy home, where he had enjoyed "peace and plenty" for many, many years, when he quietly folded his hands across his bosom and gave his "last" sigh. He has left the impress of his "generous" hand behind. His beautiful teachings have taken root in the character of his posterity.

This name, Stephen Lowrey, has been retained in the family for four generations, and is not likely to die out. But one son of this large and interesting family of "nine" children remains (Mr. Stephen Lowrey Wright), who is also the father of a large family, and a general favorite in this community, pleasant and gentle under all circumstances. Mr. Stephen L. Wright's children—two daughters and seven sons—were happy and harmonious, for they had an exemplary father, who trained them as he had been reared by "his" father, Col. Thomas Wright, of "Reed's Creek," to scorn a falsehood and to follow the dictates of "conscience." Valeria, named for "Aunt Valfie," the eldest child of her father, was a pure and lovely character. Everyone respected her for her sweet manners and amiable disposition. She was never known to make an "uncharitable" remark of anyone, and always took a "bright" view of life.

Mr. Stephen Lowrey Wright, the eldest son, married his cousin, Miss Sarah "Spencer" Wright, who was a very talented girl, had a remarkable memory, and was educated by her discreet and "intelligent mother," the late Mrs. Margaret Wright. Her father, Mr. Thomas Wright III, assisted in selecting "proper" books for her perusal. Her mind was well trained with moral and valuable reading, from choicest prose writings and the most approved poets—"ancient and modern." Had she lived, the literary world would doubtless have been illumined by productions from her pen. She was devoted to Charles Dickens' works and named her home "Bleak House." James Cox, the second son, called for my grandfather's brother; Dr. Cox, fell a victim to consumption in early life. He never complained. His death was a "peaceful," but a "sad" one. Charles Dorsey, third son, was