

"ball suit." No artist would have deemed this "home-made kersey cap" unbecoming. It was worn with so much grace and satisfaction. Mr. Clayton Wright was in the "Custom House," in Baltimore, for a long time, and was the admiration of the Charles street belles, some of whom were as beautiful as the June rose-buds, just bursting into maturity.

The fashionable promenade in those times was *up Charles*, out Madison street, beyond the pretty little church that still stands in "sanctity and beauty." A vigorous, *splendid* looking gentleman could not fail to excite admiration. The perfect tranquility of his features, the happy smile that lit up his handsome face riveted the gaze of all passers-by, the sly glances of the Charles street girls, who were noted for their beauty, being returned by a graceful touch of his hat. Everyone who walked the streets of Baltimore knew Mr. Clayton Wright. He was an intimate friend of Marshal Kane, in "Know-nothing" times, when Baltimore was under "mob law," and it was dangerous for persons to walk the streets, even in day-light. Col. George P. Kane was marshal of police when the city seemed to be "at the mercy of desperadoes," calling themselves "Rip Raps," "Blood Tubs," "Ranters," "Plug Uglies," etc, etc.

Mr. Clayton Wright's grandson Clayton is a promising young business man, and, like his grandsire, is pleasant and smiling to everyone he meets. Catharine, eldest child of Mr. Clayton Wright, married Mr. Harrison. Susanna never married; Guinilda married Mr. Charles J. B. Mitchel; Marcella married Mr. Charles Dorsey Wright; Matilda M. married Mr. John Emory, of William. Mr. Clayton Wright had but one son, Bordley. Mrs. Dorsey Wright is the only surviving child, and is universally beloved. Miss Valeria Wright, eldest daughter of Col. Thomas Wright, was a lovely, amiable woman. She was called the "Parish Aunt," for her great popularity, and was a pious and exemplary member of St. Paul's Church, Centreville. The reminiscence of her faithfulness to her church is still fresh in the hearts of the older members of our congregation. Miss Valeria was a punctual attendant and raised the tunes, without the aid of an instrument, and was promptly joined by the whole congregation, simultaneous with the first note of her melodious voice. Her tenderness and love to her family never abated. Her sweet voice is tuned to "heavenly" music.