

It is truly sad to feel that we shall never hear his voice again. The white servants who were brought over from England made a great deal of furniture in the "Reed's Creek" house. Mrs. R. Alexander Wright has now in her possession a handsome dining-table that has feasted many of her friends, which was made by English servants. It is beautifully inlaid with satin work, and is a very "valuable heir-loom."

The trig little rowboat, waiting for "Vin" to take hold of the oars, was kept in perfect order, and tied to strong stakes until needed by the young belles and beaux, who strolled along this picturesque and interesting shore, Mr. Wright bringing up the rear, singing, in his clear voice, apropos to the occasion :

"Oh! have you not heard of Kate Kearney,  
She lived on the banks of Killarney."

Or—

"Swiftly glides my bonny boat,  
Just parted from the shore,  
And to the fisher's chorus note,  
Soft moves the dipping oar."

This gentleman's guests were always treated with the most charming courtesy and generosity. How often have I drank in the light of his expressive dark eyes, as he sang in low, tender tones the old song I can never forget :

"Oh! Molly Bawn, why leave me pining,  
All lonely waiting here for you,  
While the stars above are brightly shining  
Because they've nothing else to do."

How I love yet to think of the old days of unalloyed happiness passed at dear old "Reed's Creek," the card table, the piano, the comfortable, "clean kitchen," as it was called, where a highly-perfumed white rose threw its fragrance into the front windows, had a charm for me. In back, a wild sweet-briar grew in beauty and seclusion, where a dear, trusting little garden sparrow roosted and built its cozy nest, and was "never disturbed." Here she brooded, twittered and hopped about all day long.

"This dear little bird of the feathered race,  
That looks unscared on the human face,  
That God has given a wing to flee,  
But prefers with man in his haunts to be."