

sweet Alice (my sister's name), Ben Bolt?" It was agreed by the band that they would stop short in the music in the middle of the last piece before returning homeward, to ascertain how much music "Bully" was making with his *capacious* horn, *the largest* in the whole band. Big drops of perspiration gathered on his forehead from the great effort he *seemed* to make. His cheeks were inflated to their utmost capacity, yet not a "single" sound came from his horn. He was, as "*he*" thought, an important member of the church choir in Centreville, and was always at his post on Sunday. Although he had promised to take his part on Christmas day, "Bully" was not on hand. Plum-pudding, apple-toddy and egg-nog best suited his taste at Christmas time. "Bully" was not really as important in the choir as he considered himself, for "Valenilla" was the only tune he had ever learned a perfect bass to, and it was many months before this was accomplished, under my "persevering" instruction. "Valenilla" was one of Minikie's compositions, who conducted the choir for many years at old St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, and named his tunes for the prominent families in that city—Duvall, Hoffman, McKim, Dulauey, Carroll, etc. "Bully" considered himself a good partridge shot. He was "cousin" to every demoiselle in his circle of acquaintances, and to the married ladies, too. I have known him to leave "Juno," a handsome setter, pointing a fine covey of birds, in anxious expectation for him to shoot, and walk deliberately back to my house, exclaiming, "Cousin! cousin! 'I'm very dry;' 'I can't fire.' Give me the decanter and white pitcher, and I'll have you a big dish of birds for your breakfast. You must give me a pound of your sweet, fresh butter and I'll cook them according to 'Gunter.'" His persuasive manner conquered all scruples, for if ever a man needed stimulating that man was "Bully." With all of his idiosyncracies he was a refined gentleman and excellent company, kind and sympathetic, and as important in Queen Anne's County as a "Parliament Lord."

Col. Thomas Wright, of the "Church Farm," was a tall, handsome, distinguished-looking gentleman, polished in his manners and domestic in his disposition, rarely leaving home, except when duty called him away. His wise maxims have been handed down to his children. It was at this dear old home, the "Church Farm," that I heard the animated strains of a well-tuned flute, and felt almost transported with its symphonies, for they came from the