

Parish School, when Miss Meade was principal. He was a polished, intellectual gentleman, having been educated at Washington College, Chêstertown, and, like his father, quiet, reflective and as gentle as a female. Edward Gray Bourke, who was named for my father, and called him "Uncle Bourke," resembled him in character, being courteous, refined and dignified, and although an invalid for years, "consumption" having set its mark upon him, was cheerful to the last few days of his life. This noble man struggled long and bravely against the disease that had marked him for its victim. He married Miss Charlotte Spencer, youngest daughter of Mr. William A. Spencer, one of the most prominent lawyers at the Centreville bar. His friends thought his marriage a very unwise step, on account of his delicate health. His wedding trip to the sea-shore was of much benefit to the invalid. On their return the "happy wife" was stricken down with typhoid fever, and the sorrowing husband was left to battle against disease and mourn the loss of this lovely girl, a "bride" of but a few weeks.

"Weary looks, yet tender,
Spake a 'long farewell'"

They were reunited in a "home eternal."

Frank, fifth son of Mr. Stephen L. Wright, was a man of great vigor, affectionate and considerate, unselfish and amiable. He always observed the "Golden Rule" his father held up to him for practice, and was beloved by all of his associates. During the late civil war he *volunteered* his services to the Southern cause. Having always been accustomed to a comfortable home and the most wholesome food, the hardships he encountered in the Confederate service soon made "sad" inroads upon his health. He died very soon after he returned from the army, in the "prime" of life, like many of our promising young Maryland youths, a victim to the effects of civil strife. Those sorrowful days can never be forgotten, when so many noble men were cruelly sacrificed.

Alexander, named for his uncle, Mr. Alexander Wright, of "Reed's Creek," was a bright, beautiful boy. Having lost one child after another, my uncle seemed to cling to this lovely youth as his "last" hope. Alas! he was to be taken from him, "too." On his return from Centreville, a warm summer day, where he had ridden "Spot" for his father's mail, he was seized with a chill