

placed, his ponderous brain, overworked with long years of mental toil, wore out the bodily frame. Nor did the brain itself escape the penalty of over-exertion. Loss of memory was the first symptom of the brain-softening thus superinduced. Violent pains in the head, accompanied by the refusal of the stomach to perform its accustomed functions, followed. For the last two years of his life, he failed more rapidly than his most intimate friends were able to realize. In his declining health, pecuniary embarrassments threw a gloom over the latter days of his existence. Whether he was himself aware of the extent to which his health had failed, that the iron frame was so far shaken and debilitated as it was, it is impossible to say. His tenacity of life would probably prevent him from admitting to himself the true state of the case; and though he often spoke of the decline of his strength, he generally did so by way of inquiry and with a view of eliciting the opinion of others on the subject. It was a point on which he was morbidly sensitive; and the last time he was out, before being confined to his death-bed, he inquired anxiously of one of his daughters whether people remarked that he was failing. When he did so, he drew himself up in a more erect posture and walked with a show of unwonted firmness, as if desirous to disprove an impression that he dreaded. Relying on the extraordinary strength of his constitution, he promised himself, in his moments of flickering hope, many years of life. But at length he became weary of battling the world, and was anxious to lie down to rest.

The public probably fancied that the Homestead