

ant of them. They may be numbered by hundreds, and include a wide range of subjects. One of his last acts was to send to the writer of this obituary, who realizing that death would soon close one of the most delightful friendships that he has ever known, and had therefore requested the favor, copies of such of his published works as were then available. These, classified into seven groups, each with the General's book-plate presentation inscription and autograph, and with the numerous letters received from him during the past seven years, constitute an interesting and valuable memoir of one who, while a great physical sufferer, ever took a keen interest in the literary aspirations of his friends.

General de Peyster was in the habit of using a variety of stamped or printed letter-heads, sometimes the coat-of-arms of one branch of the family, sometimes another. Towards the end nearly all his letters bear the following quotation from one of the works of a very well-known writer of fiction:

"Well, It is *not* a good world—nobody can say that it is save those who wilfully blind themselves to facts. How can a world be good in which money is the moving power, and self interest the guiding star? The wonder is not that it is so bad, but that there should be any good left in it.

"Still, now that my life is over, I am glad to have lived, glad to have known the dear breath of woman's love, and that true friendship that can even surpass the love of woman;
* * * * *But I should not wish to live again!*

"Everything is changing to me. The darkness draws near, and the light departs. And yet it seems to me that through the darkness I can already see the shining welcome of many a long-lost face * * * One above all, to my mind the sweetest and most perfect woman that ever gladdened this gray earth (my mother). Why speak of her after this long silence, now that she is again so near to me?"

A letter from the General's secretary, Mr. J. A. Maillard, thus describes his last hours:

Yes! we were all astounded at the suddenness of the General's decease. He was out in a cab on Sunday 28th of