

had made in Upper Canada, his enlightened intentions, his parting with Lord William and Lady Mary Lennox at Kingston, and other minor incidents, the writer continues:

On the 23rd August, the Duke dined with a detachment of officers stationed at Perth, and it was only on the 25th that the first symptoms of that cruel disorder presented themselves which only three days afterwards terminated in death. Early on that morning his valet found His Grace alarmed at the appearance of some trees which were near a window where he slept and which he insisted were people looking in and shortly afterwards when a basin of water was presented to him, he elicited (evinced?) evident abhorrence at the sight of it, and on several other occasions on that day and on the 26th the same symptoms were but too obvious whenever any liquid was presented and which it now appeared His Grace partook of with extreme reluctance. On this day at dinner he had requested Lieut. Col. Cockburn to take wine with him, but His Grace had no sooner lifted the liquid to his lips than unable to control the violence of his disease, he replaced the glass on the table observing "now is not this excessively ridiculous, well I will take it when I don't think of it." The same evening an assistant surgeon, the only one in the vicinity, was sent for, who bled him and His Excellency apparently found so much relief from the operation that He arose early the next morning and proposed walking thro' Richmond wood to the new settlement of that name which had recently received its appellation from its illustrious founder, who was now about to immortalize it, by the catastrophe of his death.

He had in his progress thro' the wood started off hearing a dog bark and was with difficulty overtaken and, on the party's arrival at the skirts of the wood, at the sight of some stagnant water, His Grace hastily leaped over a fence and rushed into an adjoining barn whither his dismayed companions eagerly followed him. The paroxysm of his disorder was now at its height. It was almost a miracle that His Grace did not die in the barn—he was with difficulty removed to a miserable hovel in the neighbourhood and early in the morning of the fatal 28th the Duke of Richmond expired in the arms of a faithful Swiss, who had never quitted his beloved master for a moment.

Whilst in this miserable log hut, reason occasionally resumed her empire and His Grace accordingly availed himself of those lucid intervals to address a letter to Lady Mary Lennox, in which he reminded her that a favourite dog belonging to the household being in a room at the Castle of St. Louis at a time (5 months before) when the Duke shaving cut his chin, the dog was lifted up in order to lick the wound, when the animal bit His Grace's chin.

The recollection of this circumstance gave His Grace but too sure a presentiment, the dog having subsequently been mad, of his approaching fate and His Grace therefore in his letter to Lady Mary expressed his conviction (which indeed appears an irresistible conclusion) that his disorder was hydrophobia.

His Grace recommended the line of conduct to be observed by his children in the painful situation in which they would be placed at his death and it is said requested to be buried in Quebec on the ramparts like a soldier there to remain.

His Grace's sufferings were extreme yet his mind soared above his agony. He directed Colonel Cockburn not to attend to his orders any* [more] "For you see the [state I am] reduced to" and during a paroxysm of pain he [said] "For shame Richmond! shame Charles Lennox bear your sufferings like a man." He died shortly after, on the 28th and his body arrived at Montreal on the 30th, the day on which it had been announced he would hold a levée.

In Dr. Kingsford's history, vol. ix, p. 182, is an account varying somewhat from the above, but the two narratives do not essentially differ. Other historians mention the fact of the death, but give no particulars.

* The words in brackets are supplied, part of the letter being torn.