

high towers at the angles, built on a slightly elevated wooded point, after the fashion of a French *chateau*. This was the hospitable home where friends were made welcome as the day; and around are gardens and flower-beds, brilliant and fragrant, while through an adjoining park of five hundred acres in natural forest, cleared beneath, run miles of driving roads and foot-paths. Here, at this imposing abode, so perfected as his last work, with his daughter, his son and daughter-in-law, and his son-in-law, and all his grandchildren around him, and apparently in the enjoyment of his usual robust health, he was suddenly called away at near the close of his eighty-fifth year.

Accustomed to imprudent exposure in all weather, on Thursday, the 14th of September last, though troubled with a slight indisposition, he went out in dressing-gown, slippers, and bare neck, on a frosty day, to give directions to some laborers on his grounds. Chills followed soon, and congestion of the lungs set in, with oppression and difficulty of breathing. On Monday (18th) the family were collected, with a physician from the city. By this time the oppression became so great that, for five days and nights, unable to recline in bed, he sat in chairs, nearly without sleep, changing frequently from one to the other; but never was the philosopher and giant spirit more conspicuous! His mind perfectly lucid, his courage and self-possession complete, without effort, with absolute calm, he spoke of the fatal issue soon coming to mock the kindness, skill, and care of those attending. He explained minutely the intentions of his will, drawn by his own hand some years previous, and counseled his children with lessons of love, leniency, equity, and good-will in all the relations of life, to make them happy here and resigned to depart from this world when their allotted course was run, and death, the good and normal termination of our days, opened the gate to an unknown but not to be dreaded future career, prepared by the all-wise and all-good Creator of the Universe. Taking his prescribed medicine, he would say with a smile, "All this I must do to satisfy the doctor; but he knows, as well as I do, that it is of no use." Seldom taking nourishment, he preferred helping himself to asking of others; patient and kind, he thanked them smiling for every little attention, and displayed a quiet strength, without one moment of physical or moral faltering. His chair drawn to the window, he gazed upon his grounds and trees tinged with the brilliant tints of autumn, and calmly said, "Never again shall I see my garden and my flowers." His only allusion to politics was when an opiate had been administered, after six waking days. Waving his arm to the wall, he exclaimed, "There is an appeal in favor of the poor Irish!" and shortly after, "What a stupid thing