

subscription had given him some degree of ease in his worldly circumstances ; but the truth was that beyond the house in which he lived and died, the product was very little, and when that little was exhausted, he found himself without an income. It is doubtful whether the paper he published, *The Weekly Message*, ever yielded any profit ; and he was finally compelled to abandon its publication. After this, he lived on borrowed money, obtained at usurious rates, upon the endorsement of political friends. When at last, he had to battle with despair, he ceased to desire to prolong the painful endurance of life. One day he remarked to some members of his family, that though he would not destroy the life that God had given him—that he had no right to do so—he cared not how soon it might please the Author of existence to take back the life that he had given. He died heart-broken with disappointment, as much as of brain-softening ; died because he no longer knew where to find the means of existence, and because his proud spirit forbade him to beg. From his most intimate friends, who might have helped him, he concealed the embarrassments of his pecuniary position.

Such were the causes of the death of this extraordinary man, whose powers of agitation, at one period of his life, gave him an almost absolute command over the masses in his adopted country. When he had ceased to be able to speak or write, he seemed much concerned for his family ; and placed the hand of the mother of his children in mine, as if to commend her to my protection. It seemed his last hope and his last wish.