

versation, and his general character was pure and spotless. Such is the testimony of those who knew him. He was a little below medium height; his weight about 170. Without the advantages of stature, he yet had such a bearing as made him attract attention, and especially when entering a company he would at once put himself at ease with every one by his friendly manner and pleasant speech.

He died at his home near Bardstown, February 20, 1842, and was buried there in the family burying ground. His wife died one year later and was buried by his side.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Dr. Joseph Speed, of Caroline, Tompkins county, N. Y., to Thomas S. Speed, son of Major Thomas Speed, when he received information of his death :

"CAROLINE, N. Y., March 12, 1842.

"MY DEAR COUSIN: I thank you for your letter. I was thinking of sending your father soon a long letter, and he has left us. I not long ago received a long letter from your father. Little did I think it was to be the last! No; I promised myself a long correspondence with him, and hoped to get many a letter from him to cheer me as I tottered down the hill; for I never got a letter of his without getting with it great pleasure and an improvement of my heart. He never wrote without communicating good to others, and he seemed altogether unconscious of his own moral worth—disposed always to debase rather than exalt himself. The last letter I got from him he appeared to think very highly of his ancestors and of their descendants who had gone before him, and grieved that being the oldest then alive he was not worthy to stand at the "headship" of such a family. When, thought I, did it ever have a more worthy member? When will it have such another? He is gone to realize the goodness of that God whom he honestly and fervently adored.

And now, my younger cousin, son of him I so much loved and respected, let me beg of you to walk in the footsteps of your father, in all his goodness; and I beg your brothers and sisters to be in all things children worthy of so good and virtuous a father, and reflect what joy it will give him if he is permitted to look down and see you walking in virtue's paths, in friendship with one another, and in love and affectionate duty to your mother who now has to look to you for that affection, protection and thousand little necessary duties and services she once looked for to him who is now no more."

In order to give specimens of the style of writing of Major