The following words from General Finnell, Adjutant-General of Kentucky during the war, are very expressive :

"His position was peculiar. Without at any time an office, civil or military, he was the trusted confidant, adviser and counselor of both the civil and military authorities of the State and nation all through the rebellion. He was a man of few words, often painfully reticent, never in a hurry, never disconcerted ; he seemed intuitively to know the right thing to do and the right time to do it. His compensation was found alone in the consciousness of duty performed. He uniformly declined to receive pay for any time or effort he was asked to give to the cause of his country."

From the close of the war until his death he devoted himself to his business, and was one of the most important citizens of Louisville.

In 1867 he purchased a beautiful tract of land near the city, being a portion of the old Farmington tract, and there built a residence and beautified the place with trees, shrubbery and flowers. There he and his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached, lived over again, amid rural scenes, the earlier years of their married life.

With his ability as a business man he united other striking qualities. He was very public-spirited and engaged in many enterprises affecting the public welfare. He was also fond of reading and a lover of good literature. The following extract from a letter to his wife gives an idea of the vein of poetic sentiment which was well known to those who knew him intimately :

"Last evening as I sat upon the porch watching the sun set, as we usually do, I thought of you and wished for you. Old Sol sank to rest in the arms of night so grandly, giving some new beauty with each expiring ray. It seemed as though the clouds had more beautiful phantasms of every shape and form, like bridesmaids and bridegrooms, waiting in graceful attendance upon the wedding of day and night, than I ever saw before. Night, like the blushing bride, was coy and shy, and gave evidence of her modesty in her blushing cheeks, while day, like a gallant knight who had won his spurs upon the bloody battle-field in the heady current of the fight, had done his duty, laid aside his helmet and his spear, and approached his bride in the rich and beautiful garb of a lover. The wedding over, the stars came out, like guests invited to the feast, and, I suppose,