

OBITUARY NOTICE

THE LYNCHBURG PRESS

December 7, 1821 p.3, col.4.

Departed this life on Thursday, the 22nd of November last, at his residence, in the County of Amherst, after a severe illness of 15 days, which he bore with great fortitude, Mr. George McDaniel, Sen'r aged one hundred years.

Mr. McDaniel was born in Richmond County, Virginia, from whence he removed upwards of 70 years ago; and settled in the County of Amherst, then "a howling wilderness". He was entirely without education; but possessed a remarkably strong and vigorous mind; a mind to the last entirely unimpaired by age. He commenced life with little or no property; but by a long course of care and industry, he acquired a large estate. He raised a numerous family of highly respectable children; all of whom he caused to be educated; and to all of whom, as they left him, he was able by his own industry, to make handsome advancements, in property.

This venerable old man, possessed in an uncommon degree, many of the brightest virtues, which adorn the human heart. In his dealings with the world, he was scrupulously just -- "truth and integrity marked his footsteps". He was an affectionate husband; an exemplary but indulgent parent; a kind neighbour; and a sincere friend. He was the subject of three Kings, and for upwards of 45 years a citizen of the Commonwealth of Virginia. He lived to become the centre of an extensive circle, composed of his own offsprings, and beheld the fifth generation, from his own loins, flourishing around him.

This Patriarch, like a Nester or an Ossian, after surviving many generations, has himself been "gathered unto his fathers". He sustained in death, the character which he maintained through life. When the last hour approached, he composed himself, and submitted with becoming fortitude, to the law of his nature. He died as a Christian should die, fearing God - but with an humble confidence in his mercy. "The longest life is but a walking shadow". The lot of Mr. McDaniel

was perhaps amongst the best; yet such were the vecissitudes of his life, that he might well exclaim at its close

"I have seen yon weary winter's sun  
one hundred times o'erturn,  
And every time has added proofs that  
man was made to mourn."