

In his long winter walks about our streets, he presented the counterpart, not often seen, of Scott's lines:

"The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The minstrel was infirm and old,  
His withered cheek and tresses gray  
Seemed to have known a better day."

In form he was below the medium size, his face was pale, his brow bore the marks of suffering and of thought. He became tenderly attached, and inspired a respectful affection in return. But no attentions or kindness could destroy the barriers of his timid reserve, or open the painful hesitation of his thoughts to speech.

In the pursuit of his public duties, however, his ardor was great. He devoted to them unwearied industry and zeal. He formed here a circle of admiring friends, with some of whom he became as intimate as his retiring nature would permit. Some of them were permitted, by circumstances, to attend him in his last hours, and smooth his downward path-way to the tomb. And no office could have been filled with a profounder or more melancholy pleasure to those who knew and loved him, than to have lent consolation to his shattered heart and fading mind, as they lay under the shadow of approaching doom—to have rendered lighter the burden that sat with heavy and dreary oppression upon his broken spirit, and to have softened and sweetened the languor of the bed of death—

"Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,  
And keep awhile *one poet* from the sky."

His death will be deeply lamented. If not foremost, he was among a class of men who have given to the Literature and Science of America, a character that long since took the sting from the impudent sneer of Sidney Smith, "who reads an American book?" It is also a loss to our State, which was receiving vast benefit from his researches into an important source of its wealth, and a material element of its prosperity. To us is left the congratulation, that the sum set apart