

The death of such a man, whose living thoughts have been thus subtly interwoven into the minds of a generation, silently developing sentiments and moulding affections—appealing only to the purer and nobler instincts of our nature, and wielding an influence in this manner, more deep and lasting perhaps than we may dream of—may well give rise to profound emotions, and solemn and earnest thoughts. It is fitting for us, as an association, proud to reckon among its members one so eminent in letters, and of a mental culture so rich and varied, to render to his memory, on this sad occasion, all proper testimonials of respect. I would that I were better qualified for such an argument, and that it were in my power to pay him the meed of a worthier and more melodious tear. We are proud to remember the interest he felt in this Society; that, when among us, this room was one of his favorite haunts; one of the few places that he visited; where, more than any where else, he laid aside that icy mantle of reserve in which he wrapped himself up when compelled to mingle with the world; and that here, with the one or two persons with whom he became intimate, that frosty-seeming nature sometimes warmed into geniality, and unfolded its riches, its manifold treasures of thought and converse, and the graces of social feeling.

The outward life of such men, that of which the mere biographer can gather up the details, seldom furnishes material for a lengthy or stirring narrative. The outlines and landmarks of his life, what he wrought at and what he accomplished, are already familiar to you. He was approximating to old age, being nearly sixty-one at the time of his death, and had, therefore, passed the active period of existence. His career, then, may be regarded as complete—he had probably accomplished what, with his powers, and with the obstacles that accident and the inherent weaknesses of character that are, in a greater or less measure, the common lot of man, he could have accomplished, and the remembrance of this