

It may be, after all, that this man, outwardly so cold and passionless, had had his life blighted and darkened at the outset by some sorrow—some crushed affection—which, jarring rudely upon his too finely strung nature, left it maimed and saddened ever after. There have been such intimations; and the lines just referred to, seem to hint of a life whose current had not flowed uninterrupted by some disappointment that had turned it violently from its native direction—turned it, perhaps, from the sun-lit domain of the affections, and the charities of domestic life, into the colder, sterner region of purely intellectual pursuits, and the companionship of books,—yet it flowed on, solitary, and somewhat sadly, it may be, but serenely and uncomplainingly, until swallowed up in the gulf of death. Let us trust that the spirit which animated this busy brain, now quiet forevermore, which had toiled so assiduously through long and lonely years of laborious study, heaping up the lore of the past, garnering up all the treasures of Science and Literature, attaining almost encyclopedian knowledge, now realizes its aspiration, and “rising proudly o’er the grave,” finds, in the gladder life that lies beyond, its “noblest course begun.”

The resolutions were then unanimously adopted, and the Society adjourned one week.