

which left me little time to cultivate Mr. Carpenter's acquaintance. I have always been pleased to meet him, when we have been accidentally thrown together; but our knowledge of each other has not been intimate. Yet the announcement of his death—so sudden, so unexpected, apparently so untimely—moved me most deeply. Since that dark winter day when it was said to me that Byron Paine must die, and then, soon after, that Byron Paine was dead, hardly any event of the kind has inflicted on me so deep a shock. The men were much unlike in their characters, in their opinions and habits of thought, in their professional careers and relations to society. But they were alike in self-reliance and hardihood of character, in largeness and activity of brain, in frankness of speech and simplicity of manners, in rapidity of acquisition, in fondness for conversation and exposition, in equal fondness for and proneness to disputation, in strong prejudices, in rapid processes of thought, leading often to hasty conclusions, and in the kindly, cordial humanity and cheerful courage and flowing vitality with which they fought the battle of life, mingled with all classes of their fellow men, and did the work assigned to them to do. Above all, they were alike in this, that they were suddenly taken away in the full bloom of their manhood, with the blood still warm in their veins, and when their work for themselves, for their families and for the world, seemed only half done. I did not mean to compare the two men except in those particulars which made the death of each so great a shock to myself. Notwithstanding these resemblances, they were far apart in many ways. At different periods in my life, I knew them both well. My own opinions, convictions, tastes and habits of thought were widely different from those of either; perhaps equally remote from each. But I respected and honored them both, as in their several ways eminently able and eminently manly men; and while my own life lasts, and memory holds its own, I shall never cease to lament their too early departure from the world, and from the work which to our short sight seemed given them to accomplish. Over the grave of each, with the immortelle must be blended the "lily of a day," the lily of May, of whose too brief bloom Ben Johnson wrote: