

all faces, by gushing tears, by sorrow, thoughtful, brooding, silent, the sense of desolateness, as if renown and grace were dead — as if the hunter's path, and the sailor's in the great solitude of wilderness or sea, henceforward were more lonely and less safe than before — had this prediction been whispered, how calmly had that perfect sobriety of mind put it all aside as a pernicious or idle dream! Yet, in the fulfilment of that prediction is told the remaining story of his life.

It does not come within the plan which I have marked out for this discourse to repeat the incidents of that subsequent history. The more conspicuous are known to you and the whole American world. Minuter details the time does not permit, nor the occasion require. Some quite general views of what he became and achieved; some attempt to appreciate that intellectual power, and force of will, and elaborate culture, and that power of eloquence, so splendid and remarkable, by which he wrought his work; some tribute to the endearing and noble parts of his character; and some attempt to vindicate the political morality by which his public life was guided, even to its last great act, are all that I propose, and much more than I can hope worthily to accomplish.

In coming, then, to consider what he became and achieved, I have always thought it was not easy to lay too much stress, in the first place, on that realization of what might have been regarded incompatible forms of superiority, and that exemplification of what might have been regarded incompatible gifts or acquirements — "rare in their separate excellence, wonderful in their special combination" — which meet us in him everywhere. Remark, first, that eminence, rare, if not unprecedented, of the first rate, in the two substantially dis-