

Friends and Fellow Citizens

A sable cloud of sorrow hangs heavily upon our land. Every one of us has lost a friend nearly allied, a father deeply revered and tenderly beloved. We must all feel a void in our affections. We have lost the image the precious image of Lafayette from the repository where we have so long and so fondly preserved it — the selectest cabinet of our hearts. The private characters of great men have been said to resemble the unillumined portion of the planets dark which is imperceptible to sense but which we see supplied in the plainsphere of the philosopher. Not so with Lafayette. It is in his private life and in his relation with us his children that he shines most brightly. And here is the source of our most poignant grief. So fresh is his image in our recollections that it seems but yesterday that he was among us — now talking by the hand some smiling child, his fine old ears dilating with a father's joy over the youthful promise — now showing to the middle aged some new trait of virtue of wisdom or of