

and all the vigor of his matured powers till the last winter, when he was taken ill, while writing his Second Annual Report. From that bed of sickness he never rose. Had he lived until next September, his age would have been sixty-one years.

Dr. Percival was one of the most singular of men. His learning was vast—even enormous. He was one of the most accomplished Linguists of the age, and wrote excellent poetry in Danish, German and Italian. He was a skillful and learned Botanist. As a practical Geologist, his reports rank him with Hitchcock and Comstock, and he was a learned and able Physician. He was a pioneer in American Letters and Study. Many of his best poems were given to the world when all its corners echoed with the fame of Byron, Moore, Wordsworth and Scott. Amid the trumpet tones of their sounding verse, his pure melodies stole into life, and found their way to a nation's heart, and a nation's love. Without a genius so great, or so profound as theirs, he has yet married to immortal verse, sweet thoughts and noble emotions—patriotism, beauty, truth, affection. He was not deeply imaginative—perhaps can hardly rank with Bryant and Longfellow, nor can it be said that he combined a rich philosophy and accomplished art with lofty and erratic genius, as did Poe. His poems are chiefly devoted to the outward and apparent beauties of Nature—the grove, the sky, the stream, to gushes of patriotic and stirring sentiment; the eagle in his flight, our country's emblem; the sacred graves of our fathers and sages, the New England that gave him birth, and that he loved so well.

Strange as it may seem, when we consider the vastness of his learning, acquired by so much toil and weariness—and singularly as was blended the comparatively vulgar devotion of the student with the rare and fiery particles of his poet's mind—he was the very child of passion and of song. The disappointment of early love left a perpetual shadow on his