

life. Then Nature became his Mistress; she had for him endless charms and ravishments. To him, the earth was veiled and mantled in beauty, and, to use his own fine figure, "the walls that close the universe with crystal in," were eloquent with echoes of music and voices proclaiming beauties and powers—

"Unfading beauties and unyielding powers."

The over-bending sky, the green-vested earth, the tempest-swinging wood, the singing of birds, the sweetness of flowers, the parting day and returning dawn, were to him a passion and an appetite. He loved them with a poet's love.

With man he mingled but little. His timidity was so extreme as to embarrass his private intercourse with his most intimate friends. Into the great world of pleasure and business he never entered. For ten years he lived in the strictest seclusion; his most intimate friends could scarcely obtain access to him; he refused all social intercourse, and was pronounced insane. It was not until driven by absolute want that he emerged from his retreat, and assumed the employment that brought him to the West. Here he entered upon his duties, but his distaste for society abided with him. He prosecuted his researches alone with Nature, its eternal forms and profound mysteries. He explored them with the eye of Poetry and of Science. The one invested them with beauty, the other with utility, and in his results the loveliness and use of the world walked hand in hand. The flower on which the dew-drop shone, had for him more than poetical delight. The rock which concealed sunless treasures, had for him more than scientific interest. The petals of the blossom were to him a curious laboratory, where sunlight and shower, warmth and winds, hidden causes and skyey influences, where a beautiful and wondrous chemistry were out-vieing the dreams of the alchymist, and transmuting to color, and perfume, and sweetness, the common earth from which it grew. The thunder smitten boulder carried his mind backward