

through unregistered centuries, to when its now impenetrable mass was yielding clay, through which insects and tiny monsters roamed at will, and left their forms in enduring petrification for the study of mankind, after a millenium of ages had passed away, after the deluge had transported it to a distant land, and successive races of men had become extinct around it. In him, the poet and naturalist were so curiously blended, that the lines of both were interwoven through all his large and polished mind.

Woman, however lovely and worthy, as such, was never the object of his passion or song. But he nurtured in his lonely heart a dear and sweet ideal, unlike any woman that ever lived, but combining the virtues of all women that ever lived, and his creative fancy invested it with a thousand other graces and beauties—with odor from spring, with color from flowers, or the glowing dawn, with the warmth of summer, and with the light and life of a poet's dream. Soft traces of that angelic ideal float along his sweetest lines, and left a radiance and softness in his sunken eye. None but a poet can know the anguish that tortures a poet's heart. None but a poet can know the beauties and delights that intermit his torture—the extremes of his grief and gladness—the glimmer or the gloom in which his spirit reposes. His is the vision, the joy and the sorrow with which no stranger intermeddleth.

The most of us that knew Dr. Percival, did not know him till he came to the West. He was then far past his prime. He walked with his head bent, his eye cast downward, and with slow and uncertain step. Those of our citizens who often saw him, will not soon forget his aspect of poverty, almost of squalor—his tattered grey coat, his patched pants—the repairs the work of his own hands—and his weather-beaten glazed cap, with ear-pieces of sheepskin, the "woolly side in." The frontier inhabitants of the State knew him familiarly as "Old Stone-breaker."