

taxes the attention as to render it difficult to master them, and arrive at those generalizations of science, which are alone of interest to most readers.

In person, Percival was somewhat below the medium height, and rather slight and frail. His countenance was indicative of his extreme sensitiveness and timidity; pale and almost bloodless; the eye blue, with an iris unusually large, and when kindled with animation, worthy of a poet; the nose rather prominent, slightly Roman in outline, and finely chiseled; while the forehead, high, broad and swelling out grandly at the temples, marked him as of the nobility of the intellect. You might be reminded, by his appearance, of Wordsworth's lines:

"But who is he with modest looks
And clad in homely russet-brown?
He murmurs near the running brooks
A music sweeter than their own.
He is retired as noon-tide dew,
Or fountain in a noon-day grove;
And you must love him, ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.
The outward shows of sky and earth,
Of hill and valley, he has viewed;
And impulses of deeper birth
Have come to him in solitude.
In common things that round us lie
Some random truths he can impart,
The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on his own heart."

In his dress he was eccentric. Those who but casually met him, might have mistaken him for some old farmer in low circumstances, and correspondingly clad. His usual suit was of "hard times," and often the worse for wear; his head surmounted by an old glazed linen cap, with the glazing nearly all worn off in the course of the long service it had seen. He seemed to withdraw himself as much as possible from all intercourse with his fellow men, and to surrender himself wholly to intellectual pursuits. During the winter that he spent in our city, he scarcely formed an acquaintance,