

and hardly one in fifty of our citizens knew him by sight. His house in New Haven, Conn., where he spent most of his life, has but one entrance, and that in the rear; and he lived among its people but not of them, almost as secluded and cut off from human fellowship, as a hermit in the solitude of a desert. He was hardly known in his whole life to speak to a woman. He shunned society as most men would the pestilence. An account of his first and last appearance at a social gathering, was related by a correspondent of the Knickerbocker magazine some years ago. A lady, with whom he had become acquainted, in giving her instruction in French or Latin, persuaded him to attend a party on the occasion of her birthday. He got as far as the entrance hall, gazed wildly around him for a moment upon the gay assemblage, his large blue eyes dilating like a frightened fawn's, and turned and fled out of the house. He had none of the maddened play of pulse, and the frenzy of passion that have driven astray and into ruin so many men of imaginative tendencies, but represented the other extreme. Every thing about him was pure and platonic. If he indited a bacchanal song, it related to a wine more idealized than Keats' "beaker full of the warm South"—to the wine of a vintage whose purple clusters had ripened upon the sunny hill-sides of the imagination. As he advanced in years, he seemed to grow more and more a mere embodiment of intellect, and his "Platonic Drinking Song" breathes the aspiration of his later life:

"Fill high the bowl of life with thought,
 From that unfathomable well,
 Which sages long and long have sought
 To sound, but none its depths can tell—
 Fill high, from that dark stainless wave
 Which mounts and flows forever on,
 And rising proudly o'er the grave,
 THERE finds its noblest course begun.
 O! fill the bowl of life with thought,
 And I will drink the bumper up,
 And find, *whate'er my wish had sought,*
 In that the purest, sweetest cup."