

And Ælian made mine wet. The trick of Greek  
 And Latin, he had taught me, as he would  
 Have taught me wrestling or the game of fives  
 If such he had known,—most like a shipwrecked man  
 Who heaps his single platter with goat's cheese  
 And scarlet berries; or like any man  
 Who loves but one, and so gives all at once  
 Because he has it, rather than because  
 He counts it worthy. Thus, my father gave;  
 And thus as did the women formerly  
 By young Achilles, when they pinned the veil  
 Across the boy's audacious front, and swept  
 With tuneful laughs the silver fretted rocks,  
 He wrapped his little daughter in his large  
 Man's doublet, careless did it fit or no."

"At last, because the time was ripe, she chanced upon the Poets." Her masculine breadth and power of thought may have been natural, but there can be no question that such an education procured its farthest development. Her next publication, in 1833, was a translation of the *Prometheus Vincetus* of Æschylus. This she afterwards withdrew—and the *Prometheus* now published with her poems, is "an entirely new version." It was followed shortly after by her "Drama of Exile," and "the Seraphim." About this time began a close friendship with Mary Russel Mitford, in whose "Recollections of a Literary Life" we find the following portrait of Miss Barret at twenty-seven: "A slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face—large, tender eyes, fringed with dark lashes—and a smile like a sunbeam." She goes on to speak of the extreme girlishness of her appearance. In the following year began a discipline of sorrow; Miss Barret had always been delicate, and now a blood vessel in the lungs burst. After a tedious illness she was ordered to the country for milder air than that of London. With a party of friends she spent the summer at Torbay. She was regaining strength, when on the morning before they were to return to London, her favorite brother, a young man every way worthy of being the favorite, in company with two friends, all good yachtsmen, set out for a sail. She was watching them from the balcony; and while she was watching them, the little vessel upset, and her brother and his friends were drowned in her sight. Thrown back to the verge of the grave, for months her recovery was rendered doubtful by the shock her mind had sustained. At last she was slowly removed to London, and for several years she was confined to a darkened room, on an invalid's sofa. Her relief from pain and brooding memory was the study of the classical authors. Her Plato she had bound like a novel so that her physician might not banish it from her room. The Hebrew prophets in their own tongue were among her favourite authors. From this room of curtains drawn close, and hushed footsteps, she sent to publication her *Essays on the Greek Christian Poets*: and many of her own poems show internal evidence of their production at this period. In the autumn of 1846, she left