

He understood the Greek and Latin languages grammatically, and drank at their fountains with the feelings of a Poet. He wrote French elegantly, and conversed in it with fluency and grace. In Mathematics he did not excel. The Rev. Charles Dade, his preceptor in that department of learning, though he commends his attention to his studies, does not say that he excelled in them; and Mr. Fitzgerald remarks that "he seemed to prefer the graceful walks of classical study to the austere and ponderous learning of the sciences." Though not a poet, so far as composition is concerned, his mind was essentially poetical. He possessed the happy and divine faculty of shedding the bright hues of his own thoughts on every object around him,—to him was visible both "splendour in the grass, and glory in the flower." Whenever his modesty would permit him, and he found himself in the society of a kindred spirit, he could descant at large on the might, the majesty, and the beauty of those many immortal bards, who have reared the goodly fabric of our English Poetry, and on such occasions his intellectual gifts shone with their most brilliant and attractive light.

To his abhorrence of low and profane language was added an habitual respect for Religion, and reverence for the Sabbath. By a pious mother the seeds of infant piety were first implanted in him, and their growth was perpetually fostered by the succession of clerical instructors, under whom it was his fortune to be placed. His dearest and most constant companion at sea on his homeward voyage—his silent support and stay when wrestling with the preliminary assaults of death—