

a searching and analytical mind; "possessing a face and figure of striking beauty and manly grace; he had a stubborn will and was moved, upon occasion, to outbursts of appalling wrath;—in a word, a man fitted in every way to win and use the world." It seems peculiar that a man of his gifts should seek seclusion, in which he seems to have been comparatively happy. Julian Hawthorne, his biographer, has given a glowing description of his personal appearance in these words:—

"He was the handsomest young man of his day, in that part of the world. Such is the report of those who knew him. He was five feet ten and a half inches in height, broad shouldered but of light athletic build, not weighing more than one hundred and fifty pounds. His limbs were beautifully formed and the moulding of his neck and throat was as fine as anything in antique sculpture. His hair, which had a long, curving wave in it, approached blackness in color; his head was large and grandly developed; his eyebrows were dark and heavy, with a superb arch and space beneath. His nose was straight but the contour of his chin was Roman. He never wore a beard, and was without a mustache until his fifty-fifth year. His eyes were large, dark blue, brilliant and full of varied expression. Bayard Taylor used to say that they were the only eyes he had ever known flash fire. His hands were large and muscular. His voice, which was low and deep in ordinary conversation, had astonishing volume when he chose to give full vent to it; with such a voice, and such eyes and presence, he might have quelled a crew of mutinous privateersmen at least as effectively as "Bold Daniel," his grandfather; it was not a bellow, but had the searching and electrifying quality of the blast of a trumpet."

G. K. W., '00.