

serve to show, were any such proof needed, that gross habits and an elegant taste are by no means incompatible.

Fain would I seek in scenes more gay  
That pleasure others find,  
And strive to drown in revelry  
The anguish of the mind.

But still, where'er I go, I bear  
The marks of inward pain;  
The lines of misery and care  
Are written in my brain.

I cannot raise the cheerful song,  
Nor frolic with the free,  
Nor mingle in the dance among  
The sons of mirth and glee.

For there's a spell upon my soul,  
A secret anguish there,  
A grief which I cannot control,  
A deep, corroding care.

And do not ask me why I sigh, —  
Draw not the veil aside;  
Though dark, 'tis fairer to the eye  
Than that which it would hide.

The downward progress of the young surgeon, ere it received the ultimate check which restored him to more than the vantage-ground of his earliest years, was partially arrested by a circumstance more efficient in suspending the influence of the grosser habits than any other which occurs in the ordinary course of things. When in some of the southern ports of England, he had formed an attachment for a young and beautiful lady, of great delicacy of sentiment and a highly cultivated mind, and succeeded in inspiring her with a corresponding regard. Who is not acquainted with Dryden's story of Cymon? It may be a