

harder matter, indeed, to unfix deeply-rooted habits than merely to polish the manners; but we are the creatures of motive; and there is no appetite, however unconquerable it may appear when opposed by only the dictates of judgment or conscience, but what yields to the influence of a passion more powerful than itself. To the young surgeon his attachment for this lady proved for a time the guiding motive and the governing passion; the effect was a temporary reform, a kind of minor conversion, which, though the work of no undying spirit, seemed to renovate his whole moral nature; and had he resided in the neighborhood of his lady-love, it is probable that, during at least the term of his courtship, all his grosser appetites would have slept. But absence, though it rather strengthens than diminishes a true attachment, frequently lessens its moral efficiency, by forming, as it were, a craving void in the heart which old habits are usually called upon to fill. The philosopher of Rosseau solaced himself with his bottle when absent from his mistress; the poor fellow whose story I attempt to relate returned in a similar way to most of his earlier indulgences when separated from his. And yet never was there lover more thoroughly attached, or whose affection had less of earth in it. His love seemed rather an abstraction of the poet than based on the passions of the man; and, colored by the taste and delicacy of his intellectual nature, it might be conceived of as a sort of religion exquisitely fervent in its worship, and abounding in gorgeous visions, the phantoms of a vigorous fancy, conjured up by a too credulous hope. Nor did it lack its dedicatory inscriptions or its hymns. Almost the only cheerful verses he ever wrote were his love ones; the others were filled with a kind of metaphysical grief—shall we call it?—common to our literature since the days of Byron and