

Shelley, but which seems to have been unknown to either Burns or Shakspeare. The surgeon, however, was no mere imitator — no mere copyist of unfelt and impossible sorrow. His pieces, like all the productions of the school to which they belonged, included nearly the usual amount of false thought and sentiment; but the feeling which had dictated them was not a false one. Had he lived better, he would have written more cheerfully. It is with the mind often as with the body. It is not always in the main seat of disease that the symptoms proper to the disease are exhibited; nor does it need any very extensive acquaintance with our nature to know that real remorse often forms the groundwork of an apparently fictitious sorrow.

Another poem, of somewhat the same stamp as the former, we may insert here. It is in the handwriting of the young surgeon, among a collection of his pieces, but is marked "Anonymous." We have never met with it elsewhere; and as it bears upon it the impress of this singular young man's mind, and is powerfully expressive of the gloom in which he loved to enshroud himself, and of the deep bitterness which is the only legitimate fruit of a life of sinful pleasure, we may shrewdly guess that it can be the production of no one else. It is entitled

THE MOURNER.

I do not sigh

That I catch not the glance of woman's eye:
 I am weary of woman. I know too well
 How the pleasant smiles of the love-merchant sell
 To waste one serious thought on her,
 Though I've been, like others, a worshipper.
 I do not sigh for the silken creature;
 The tinge of good in her milky blood
 Marks not her worth, but her feebler nature.