

weather into Aberdeen. From this place the surgeon first wrote to his friend. His epistolary style, like his poetry, was characterized by an easy elegance; and there was no incident which he related, however trifling in itself, which did not borrow some degree of interest from his pen. He relates, in one of his earlier letters, that, in a solitary ramble in the neighborhood of Aberdeen, he came to a picturesque little bridge on the river Don. He had rarely seen a prettier spot. There were rocks and trees, and a deep, dark stream; and he stood-admiring it till there passed a poor old beggar, of whom he inquired the name of the bridge. "It is called," said the mendicant, "the brig of Don; but in my young days it was better known as the brig of Balgownie; and if you be a Scotchman perhaps you have heard of it, for there are many prophecies about it by Thomas the Rhymer." "Ah," exclaimed the surgeon, "'Balgownie brig's black wa!' And so I have been admiring, for its own sake, the far-famed scene of Byron's boyhood. I cannot tell you," he adds, "what I felt on the occasion. It was perhaps lucky for me that I had not much money in my pocket, but the little that I had made the old man happy."

Our story hastens abruptly to its conclusion. During the following winter and the early part of spring, the little tender was employed in cruising in the English Channel and the neighborhood of Jersey; and from the latter place most of the surgeon's letters to his friends were addressed. They relate the progress of an interesting and highly-important change in a mind of no ordinary character. There was an alteration effected in the very tone of his intellect; it seemed, if I may so express myself, as if strung less sharply than before, and more in accordance with the realities of life. Even his love appeared as if changed into a