

much readiness of resource, he added a pleasing address and a soft, winning manner. There seemed, however, to be something of a neutralizing quality in the moral constitution of the man. He was honest, and high-spirited, and ready to oblige ; but there was a morbid restlessness in his feelings which, languishing after excitement as its proper element, rendered him too indifferent to those ordinary concerns of life which seem so tame and little when regarded singly; but which prove of such mighty importance in the aggregate. There was, besides, an unhappy egotism in the character, which led him to regard himself as *extraordinary*, the circumstances in which he was placed as *common*, and therefore unsuited, and which, instead of exciting him to the course of legitimate exertion through which men of talent rise to their proper sphere, spent itself in making out ingenious cases of sorrow and apologies for unhappiness, from very ordinary events, and a condition of life in which thousands attain to contentment. One might almost suppose that that sense of the ludicrous — bestowed on the species undoubtedly for wise ends — which finds its proper vocation in detecting and exposing incongruities of this kind, could not be better employed than in setting such a man right. It would have failed in its object, however ; and certain it is, that geniuses of the very first order, who could have rendered us back our ridicule with fearful interest, have been of nearly the same disposition with the poor surgeon, — creatures made up of idiosyncrasies and eccentricities. A similar turn was attended with unhappiness in Byron and Rousseau ; and such is the power of true genius over the public mind, however fantastic its vagaries, that they had all Europe to sympathize with them.

The poor surgeon experienced no such sympathy. The