

convinced that his intermittent fears were groundless. The golden vein of self-sacrifice that runs through the pure passion and distinguishes it from the counterfeit, he felt nothing of; but he did feel that he was resisted, and he suffered from a craving to subdue!

This craving is very common in the world, and has its hecatomb of victims; for in matters of the heart, there is everywhere much license for wrong. The work of injury is often studied as a science, made a boast of, and success in it gladly laid to the account of personal graces! The Indian has a passion for scalps, and hangs them about his wigwam that his brother braves may applaud and imitate. A similar ambition animates some civilised creatures, who, after making the world hideous with the spectacle of fallen and degraded Beauty, boast of their achievements in ribald jests, perhaps written recollections, that help to nurture and direct rising Don Juans!