

ed about ; her conversation was delightful to listen to ; so that you almost lost the sense of her personal deformity.

It is hard to be obliged to hate oneself—an animosity that a Parisian lady seldom falls into ; but in this case it was inevitable : the mind, rendered more subtle by remorse, was like a sword consuming that frail and misshapen body, that had been the source of his doom, and her despair. The body wasted slowly in the conflict ; but it was strange, on the nights when she believed her lover would appear, with what anxious care her hair, which was beautiful and abundant, was dressed, and her richest ornaments put on her neck and bosom. Stern was the penalty she paid of her blighted attachment, and of the subtlest vanity that had led her at its chariot-wheels to misery.

Perhaps this is the most merciful form, that of lost or hopeless love, in which a partial derangement can appear : if there be jealousy and suspicion also, the effect is more pitiless. An inmate in one of the asylums was a very handsome girl from a seaport town in Normandy, a few weeks only arrived, for her malady was of recent occurrence : she dressed in gay colours, and her few yet good ornaments were always worn ; her eye was large and bright, and her temper buoyant ; she looked too happy to be here. Nineteen only, yet the fountains of the mind were rudely broken up : it was love that tore her from her parent's and only sister's side ; yet dark and cruel feelings mingled with it. Its object was a Pole, whom chance brought to her neighbourhood, an officer in the French army, a very young and attractive man, whose scanty pay was all his portion. Her home was situated on the verge of the cliff, without the town ; its rooms looked over the bay, the bare and lofty shores, and fishermen's hamlets ; in front of the house was a small garden ; the care of its flowers and plants was her chief amusement. It overlooked the beach beneath. Scarcely was he seen there than she joined him, and in their frequent walks along the wild shore she soon fell desperately in love with her companion : her parents, on discovering the intimacy, inquired into the stranger's prospects, and forbade any farther intercourse with him.

She obeyed, but was unable to contend with the blow : the sight of her lover, almost every evening, on the beach beneath, and the despairing letters which he sent, touched the brain as if a demon had touched it. She estranged herself from her sister's society, and her parents saw that her looks were changed towards them, and that there was something strange and unusual in her manner and words. Alarmed and fearful of the consequences, they now consented to the addresses of the stranger, and invited him to the house : but it was too late ; the silver cord was loosed, and every thought, taste and feeling, that moved in harmony before, were now at discord with each other. There is no expression of the human face so fearful as that cold and cruel cunning where the devil and his captive seem to be consulting within—and this look was now cast on her only sister. The idea that she had poisoned the mind of her parents against the Pole, and was herself enamoured of him, was the prevailing one :—the being she had loved from infancy to this hour, her dear and kindred companion, was now the object of her intense hatred. Again she took with the former her accustomed walks beneath the wild cliffs, along the lonely shore ; but the fancy no longer kept time with these objects. He paused in the cavern, and on the steep, where she had often made him pause before—to admire the scene : the eye looked vacantly on the waste of waters, on the storm-beat precipice, and he saw that the misery had fallen on her, “to have no thought.” Thus desolate, she regarded him with passionate attachment.

I have one love left still ; and when I've spun  
This last thread, I shall perish on the shore.

This could not last : it soon became necessary to remove her from home : her aversion to her sister was uncontrollable : even while the once happy but now wretched little circle were seated in the parlour, and every one sought to soothe her spirit, the long and wistful look fixed on her lover passed into a demon smile, and fierce and menacing words broke from her lips. She was removed to an asylum in the capital : her apartment was neatly furnished : there were a few books, but no music, no flowers : her chief amusement was in gazing on her person in the glass, arranging her dress, hair, chains and rings. Perhaps it is best that this infirmity should generally wreck the attractions of woman ; for the sight of a beautiful insane being moving about in all the pride of her charms, exquisitely dressed, her voice sweet, her laugh thrilling, is a cruel sight, even more so than that of the haggard cheek and eye, and withered frame. The Norman girl was beautiful, and well she knew it in her madness, and gloried in it. They should have put flowers and shrubs in her cell, some of her own rearing, and she would have watched and cherished them there as fondly as at home, and, perhaps, more so. How exquisitely true to female taste, even in madness, is Ophelia's love of flowers, which went with her even to death ! A few weeks after her confinement, her family went to see her, accompanied by the Pole, who had desolately pursued the sea-shore walks, sorrowing for his lost mistress. She saw from the window the approach of the party, and, running to the glass, finished a hasty toilette, and

put on the cap that was his favourite one, and that gave to her features an infantile beauty. She grasped her lover's hand, and called on his name with all her wonted fondness, smiled on her parents ; but the moment her sister, who had lingered behind, entered the room, the evil spirit was unchained, and all malice and desperate hatred broke from her lip and eye. They saw there was no hope, save in the slow influence of time, and they took a miserable leave. Time, unfelt, unheeded by the *alienee*, is yet her fiercest enemy ; it takes from her, one by one, all who felt any interest in her fate. The lover forgets her, or marries another ; the father and mother go down to the grave blessing her : she knows not of the blessing or the death : the hair is grey, the features stricken ; but no lesson of mercy, or experience, or memory, comes with the passing hour : one day is with her as a thousand.—*New Monthly*.

**EVILS OF BIGOTRY.**—While the ministers of religion have been crying aloud, and very justly, against pride, and covetousness, and sensuality, and many other evils : how is it that the great evil of bigotry has been nourished in the heart of the christian church, as though it were an innocent or an indifferent thing? By bigotry, is meant a man's obstinate attachment to an opinion, or set of opinions, which indisposes him to give a candid hearing to any thing else, and makes him unwilling that his brother should have the same liberty of judgment which he claims for himself. This is one of the deepest and most violent roots of moral evil. It is a great and seemingly insurmountable obstruction to the progress of truth and righteousness over the whole earth. It affords nourishment and defence for Infidelity, Mahometanism, Judaism, and for every other erroneous system under the sun. Its practical fruits also are abundant. It may be doubted whether covetousness, or sensuality, or the love of power, or the love of praise, have produced a more plentiful harvest of internal and external ungodliness, than this bitter enemy of all righteousness, which Zion's watchmen appear almost to have overlooked. For let it be considered that this same bigotry is the parent of almost all the evil surmisings, heart-burnings, rash judgments, hard speeches, oppressions, and persecutions that can be found in the christian world. It not only makes null and void the arguments of an opponent ; but, alas ! it boldly impeaches his motives, and assails his moral character. Not only are his talents to go for nothing—not only are his labours to be despised ; but his virtue and piety—his zeal and heavenly-mindedness, though supported by an unblameable life—all, all must be disposed of with indifference or contempt, by the high, and bitter, and sovereign dictates of bigotry ! And yet this dark and dreadful evil is not only winked at, but nourished in the hearts of all the churches in christendom ! Infidels, and Mahometans, and Heathens, and sinners of every description, may look on with astonishment, and see christians of every name through the influence of this evil principle, animated with a more constant and flaming zeal against each other, than against the spirit of hell and all the works of darkness. And yet many seem not to be aware that it is to be regarded as a moral evil. Some, perhaps, may be found making high professions of justification and sanctification, and at the same time habitually nourishing this root of bitterness in their hearts. This is a mystery of mysteries, and can only be accounted for by supposing that a thick cloud of intellectual darkness has been overspreading the christian world, especially upon this subject. For a candid and faithful examination of the matter must surely convince every intelligent mind that it is as perfectly vain for a confirmed bigot to make professions of holiness, as for a confirmed thief to make a profession of honesty.

**RURAL EMBELLISHMENTS.**—It is delightful to witness the progress of a refined taste in the increase of rural embellishments ; in the planting of trees, the training of vines, the cultivation of flowers, and the formation of ornamental gardens. Among the richest and purest pleasures, which the human mind can take in, are those drawn directly from nature. A fondness for natural scenery is a passion which we cannot cultivate to excess ; and the gratifications of such a taste multiply as the capacity of enjoyment is extended. A taste for pleasures of this kind, prevents the morbid excesses of the lower appetites ; diverts us from their indulgence ; and accustoms the mind to a purer aliment, whose only tendency is to improve and exalt our nature. The cultivation of such a taste is altogether favorable to the religious character. In proportion as our perceptions of beauty are acute and vivid, the wonders of creation spread themselves out before us in unmeasured profusion ; and we find continually gaining strength within us, a grateful reverence for that goodness which has so infinitely multiplied the forms of beauty in every part of creation ; and evidently with no other view than to afford pleasure.

We might multiply arguments and reasons, why we should cultivate this taste ; and try all that human art can do to make the world beautiful ; to adorn our yards, porticoes, fences, windows, dwellings and streets, with shrubs and flowers and trees. Such embellishments are an immense gain to a city ; we look upon the lady, who will ornament her windows in the city with a gay assemblage of geraniums, and daphnes, and hyacinths, and

myrtles, and roses, as eminently a public benefactor. The amount of pleasure thus given, if it could be measured in the aggregate, or if there were any standard by which it could be determined and compared, would be found immensely to exceed that which is given by some brilliant rout or ball ; and this at a hundredth part of the expense, and leaving nothing behind.—*N. E. Farmer*.

**ROBERT SOUTHNEY.**—Dr. Southey's powers consist in a happy conception of Nature, a considerable insight into the working of the human passions, and an habitual knowledge of rural life. From an early age he exhibited the poetic faculty, and has pursued the Muse with a perseverance which would have won a more inflexible lady. Acquainted with all that is valuable in British literature, and occupied in the perpetual exercise of the pen, he has exhibited his powers in every variety of composition, the drama excepted. He is the only man alive who has written four epics ; perhaps, the only man who ever achieved such a feat, and with the singular good fortune of finding his last epic the most popular. He has written a multiplicity of ballads, some of them spirited, some exhibiting curious invention, and all interesting. It is one of the singular circumstances of this poet's authorship, that it reflects his political changes, step by step, from his boyhood to his maturity. In early life, dazzled by the glare of the French Revolution, he was an advocate of that brilliant experiment on the ferocities of man ; but the growth of his common sense at length cleared his political eyesight, and when the film of faction was removed, the poet no longer worshipped what he saw to be an imposture. It is an odd instance of the variability of human things, that Canning, who thirty years ago lashed the Doctor for his revolutionary fervors, should himself have deserved the lash in his latter days for being a Whig, and “something more.” Thus, no man's character can be drawn until he is dead, and an anticipated epitaph is an absurdity. Southey throws off the imputation, by declaring that the change was not in himself, but in the Revolution ; that he worshipped the deity of a free people, not the idol of a populace ; that he gave his homage to the spirit, not to the flesh ; and that when he saw the altar loaded with human victims, he turned his back upon the shrine. We can meddle with no man's conscience, but the ground is justifiable, where allegiance is guilt, revolt is virtue. The fifth and sixth volumes contain Madoc, and a number of ballads from the old English, Spanish, and German. The work is well printed, and the illustrations are appropriate and pleasing.—*New Monthly*.

**EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.**—The public, unquestionably, have still to be informed of the lamentable deficiency of even the lowest rudiments of knowledge among the children of the humbler ranks. Take a single example. For the purpose of bringing the matter to proof, Mr. Horner examined the children of the Manchester factories, to the number of 2000. He took with him no other books than a New Testament and a spelling-book, and expected from them nothing beyond mere reading. The children were the returns of nineteen factories. Out of those 2000 children of thirteen and fourteen years of age—a period chosen as that when whatever education they had got might be viewed as completed, inasmuch as thenceforth they were to work twelve hours a-day—we must be astonished and pained to hear, that 1067 could not read a single sentence, that 322 could read the Testament only with difficulty, and that but 611 could read it with ease. The question of their understanding any part of what they read would have still more limited the number. The number of those who could sign their names, out of the 2000, was but 411. If this was the case in a great town where the necessity for at least the rudiments of education is fully comprehended, and where the people are generally aware of the full advantages of knowledge ; what must be the case in the obscure, poor, remote, and stagnant districts of the country? And this, too, with a population swelling up hundreds of thousands ; the actual increase of England yearly being now probably more than 300,000 souls. To educate the people to be all mathematicians, or politicians, is folly ; but to give every man the faculty of reading his Bible, of enlarging his stock of harmless pleasure by books of intelligent gratification, and of qualifying himself for usefulness by being able at least to write his name, seems a demand which the poorest are entitled to make upon their country. Difficulties will arise ; but they must be overcome : doubts will be felt ; they must be practically answered : even hazards may arise ; they must be balanced against the greatest of all possible hazards—the unlicensed power of a people awakened to their physical force and unrestrained by their moral subordination. True patriotism will take the side of true knowledge at once, and will conquer.—*New Monthly*.

**SLANDER.**—This crime is a conjugation of evils, and is productive of infinite mischiefs : it undermines peace, and saps the foundation of friendship : it destroys families, and rends in pieces the very heart and vitals of charity ; it makes an evil man party, and witness, and judge, and executioner of the innocent.—*Bishop Taylor*.