hideous,—my limbs a mockery, my countenance a horror, myself a blackness on the surface of creation,—a discord in the harmony of nature, a living misery, an animated curse? I am shut out from the aims and objects of my race; with the deepest source of affection in my heart, I am doomed to find no living thing on which to pour them. Love!—out upon the word—I am its very loathing and abhorrence; friendship turns from me in disgust; pity beholds me and withers to aversion. Wheresoever I wander I am encompassed with hatred as with an atmosphere. Whatever I attempt, I am in the impassable circle of a dreadful and accursed doom. Ambition, pleasure, philanthropy, fame, the common blessing of social intercourse, are all as other circles, which mine can touch but in one point, and that point is torture. I have knowledge to which the wisdom of ordinary sages is as dust to gold; I have energies to which relaxation is pain; I have benevolence which sheds itself in charity and love over a worm! For what—merciful God!—for what are these blessings of nature or of learning? The instant I employ them I must enter among men; the moment I enter among men, my being blackens into an agony. Laughter grins upon me—terror dogs my steps; I exist upon poison, and my nourishment is scorn! At my birth the nurse refused me suck; my mother saw me and became delirious; my father ordered that I should be stifled as a monster. The physicians saved my life accursed be they for the act! One woman she was old and childless—took compassion upon me; she reared and fed me. I grew up. I asked for something to love; I loved everything—the common earth, the fresh grass, the living insect, the household brute; from the dead stone I trod on, to the sublime countenance of man, made to behold the stars and scorn me; from the noblest thing to the prettiest, the fairest to the foulest, I love them all! I knelt to my mother, and besought her to love me; she shuddered. I fled to my father, and he spurned me! The lowest minion of the human race that had its limbs shapen and its countenance formed, refused to consort with me;—the very dog (I only dared to seek out one that seemed more rugged and hideous than its fellows), the very dog dreaded me, and shrank away! I grew up lonely and wretched; I was the reptile whose prison is the stone's heart,—immured in the eternal penthouse of a solitude to which the breath of fellowship never came; girded with a wall of barrenness and flint, and doomed to vegetate on my own suffocating and poisoned meditations. But while this was my heart's dungeon, they could not take from the external senses the sweet face of the Universal Nature; they could not bar me from commune with the voices of the mighty dead. Earth opened to me her marvels, and the volumes of the wise their stores. I read,—I mused,—I examined; I descended into the deep wells of Truth, and mirrored in my soul the holiness of her divine beauty. The past lay before me like a scroll; the mysteries of this breathing world rose from the present like clouds. Even of the dark future, experience shadowed forth something of a token and a sign; and over the wonders of the world I hung the intoxicating and mingled spells of poesy and of knowledge. But I could not without a struggle live in a world of love and be the only thing doomed to hatred. "I will travel," said I, "to other quarters of the globe. All earth's have not the proud stamp of angels and of gods, and among its infinite variety I may find a being who will not sicken at myself." I took leave of the only one who had not loathed me—the woman who had given me food, and reared me up to life. She had now become imbecile, and doting, and blind; so she did not disdain to lay her hand upon my distorted head and to bless me. "But better," she said, even as she blessed me, and in despite of her dotage,—"better that you had died at your birth!" And I laughed with a loud laugh when I heard her, and rushed from the house.

One evening in my wanderings, as I issued from a wood, I came abruptly upon the house of a village priest. Around it, from a thick and lofty fence of shrubs which the twilight of summer bathed in dew, the honeysuckle, the sweet-