## LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines

Frem Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. A MONSTER UNVEILED.

Poor thing! I do feel for her. Tho' she is a person I never saw, yet hers seems a case of such oppression on the one hand, and such patient suffering on the other, that one cannot

Oh, I daresay you'll see her in the morning, for she often steals out then, when the

wretch, I suppose, is in bed.'
But what could have induced a girl to tie

herself to such a man?'

Well, I don't know: the old story I suppose—false appearances; for no giri in ner seasocould have married a man with his habits, if -false appearances; for no girl in her senses she had known of them beforehand. There is sometimes a kind of infatuation about women, I allow, which seems to blind them to the rea character of the man they are in love with; but in this case I don't think she could have known how he conducted himself, or she certainly would have paused in time. Oh the wretch,

This little dialogue took place in one of those neat, bright, clean-windowed, gauzy-curtained houses, which form so many pretty districts within a walking distance of the mighty heart of the great metropolis, and between two ladies, the one the mistress of the said nice look ing cottage villa, and the other her guest, a country matren who had just arrived on a visit to her town friend; and the object of the commisseration of both was the occupant of a larger and handsomer villa, but apparently the

abode of great wretchedness The following moraing Mrs Braybrock and her guest, Mrs Clayton, were at the window of the parlor, which commanded a tull view of the dwelling of the unhappy Mrs Williams, when the door quietly epened and was as quietly closed again by the lady herself.

'There she is, poor soul,' cried Mrs Bray-brrok: 'only look how carefully and noiselesscried Mrs Brayly she draws the gate after her. She seems always afraid that the slightest noise she may m ke even in the street, may wake the fellow, who is now, I dare say, sleeping off the effects of last night's dissipation.

Mrs Clayton, with all the genial warmth of a traly womanly heart, looked over, and followed with her eyes, as far as the street allowed, this quiet-looking, broken spirited wife, investing the whole figure, from the neatly trimmed straw bonnet to the tips of the bright little boots, wish a most intense and mysterious sympathy; then fixing her anxious interested gaze on the opposite house, she said, 'And how do they live? How do people under such circumstances pass the day? It is a thing I cannot comprehend, for were Chyton to act in such a way, I am sure I could not endure it a

'It does seem scarcely intelligible,' answer-ed Mrs Braybrook; 'but I'll tell you how they appear to do. She gets up and has her break-fast by herself—for without any wish to prv, we can see straight through their house from front to back. About this time she often comes out, I suppose, to pay a visit or two in the neighborhood, or perhaps to call on her tradespeople, and you will see her by and by return, looking up, as she approaches, at the bedroom window; and if the blind be drawn up, she rushes in, thinking, I dare say, to herself, 'How angry he will be if he comes down and finds that lam not there to give him his breakfast!' Sometimes he has his breakfast at twelve-at one-at two; and I have seen him sitting down to it when she was having her dinner

'And when does he have his dinner? Oh, his dinner; I daresay that is a different sort of thing from hers—poor woman! He dines, I suppose, at a club, or with his boon companions, or anywhere is fact, but at home." And when does he come home then gene-

rally?

'At all hours. We hear him open the little gate with his key at three, four, and five in the morning Indeed our milkman told Susan that he has seen him sneading in, pale, haggard and worn out with his horrid vigils, at the hour decent people are seated at breakfast.

· I wonder if she waits up for him?' 6 Oh no, for we see he light of her solitary candle in her room alway bed; and you may be sure my heart bleeds for her-poor solitary thing! I do not know, indeed, that I was ever so interested about any stranger as I am about this young creature.

'Dear, it is terrible!' sighed the sympathising Mrs Clayton. 'But does any one visit them? Have they friends do you think?'

'I don't think he can have many friends, the heartless follow; but there are a great many people calling, stylish people too-in carriages, and there is he, the wretch, often with his halfslept look, smiling and handing the ladies out, as if he were the most exemplary husband in

· Has she children? I hope she has, as they would console her in his long absences.

No, even that comfort is denied her; she has no one to cheer her: her own thoughts must be her companions at such times. perhaps it is a blessing; for what kind of father could such a man make! Oh I should like to know her, and yet I dread any acquaintance with her husband; Braybrook you know would not know such a man.

My dear Mary, you have made me quite melanchaly: let us go out. You know I have much to see, and many people to call upon;

and ihere we are loosing the best part of the day a something not much removed from scandal.'

The ladies of course set out, saw all the · loves of bonnets' in Regent Street: all the 'sacrifices' that were being voluntarily offered up in Oxford Street, bought a great many things for dess than half the original cost;' made calls; laughed and chatted away a pleasant exciting day for a country lady, who, hap-pily for herself, forgot in the bustle, the droop-ing crestfallen bird who was fretting itself away in its pretty cage in - Read.

The next day a lady, a friend of Mrs Clayton who had been out when she left her card the day before, called, and after chatting for some time, turned to Mrs Braybrook, and compli-menting her on the situation of the house, 'I find,' she said 'you are a near neighbor of a dear friend of mine, Mrs Williams.' 'Mrs Williams!' exclaimed both her hear-

pale with excitement and curiosity; 'Mrs Williams! Williams! Oh how very singular that you should know her, poor creature! Oh do tell

Poor-miserable creature!-what can you mean? You mistake; my Mrs Williams is the happiest little woman in London.'

Oh, it cannot be the same,' said Mrs Bray-

brook. 'I mean our opposite neighbor in Hawthorn Villa; I thought it could'nt be'—
'Hawthorn Villa!—the very same house. You surely cannot have seen her, or her husband, who'

'Oh the droadtul, wretched, gambling fellow!' interrupted Mrs Braybrook. ,' I would'nt know such a man'-

'He!' in turn interrupted her friend, Mrs Eccleshall. 'He a gambler; he is the most exemplary young man in London—a pattern of every domestic virtue—kind, gentle, amizble, and passionately fond of his young wife! 'My dear Mrs Eccleshall, how can you say

all this of a man whose conduct is the common talk of the neighborhood; a man lost to every sense of shame, I should suppose; who omes home to his desolate wife at all hours; whose only estensible means of living is gamb-ling, for something equally disreputable, who'-

You have been most grievously misled, again interposed Mrs Eccleshall. Who can have have so grossly slandered my excellent friend Williams? He cannot help his late hours, peor fellow. That may safely be call-ed his misfortune, but not his fault!' and the good lady warmed as she spoke, till she to untie her bonnet and fan her glowing face with her handkerchief.

'His misfortune!' murmured Mrs Bray-breok. 'How can that be called a misfortune which a man can help any day he pleases.

But he cannot help it, poor soul! He would be too happy to spend his evenings at home with his dear little wife, but you know his business begins when other people's is

'Then what, in Heaven's name is his busi-

'Why, did'nt yon know? He's the Epr. TOR OF a MORNING NEWSPAPER.'

From the People's Journal. THE PLEASURES OF KNOW-LEDGE.

BY J. PASSMORE EDWARDS.

THE eye does not answer its appointed purpose if it be not employed in looking at the ob-jects which may be presented to it. It is beautifully adopted to the sunlight which is provided for it. The eye is made for the light and the light is made for the eye. As is light to the eye so is knowledge to the mind. The mind does not fulfil its end if it be not supplied with correct ideas. It is as capable of receiving ideas as the eye is capable of conveying them, or the impressions out of which ideas are made. All healthy minds are capable of being improved, and that perhaps to an indefinite degree. It is an error to imagine for an instant that same minds may not be enlarged and beautified. If the mind be sane, it is not only possible to nourish and expand it, but it it is easy to do so. If the senses be at all exercised, the mind must necessarily be to some extent unfolded. The eyes will receive impressions, and the ear will catch sounds and ransmit the results to the mind. This is a law of man's mental constitution as necessary as anything can be. The inevitable condition or for evil, in proportion as the senses are wrought upon by external objects. The mind itself, by any power of its own, cannot prevent this. To prevent its enlargement, when brought into contact with external nature is a circumstance which it cannot controul. always influenced wherever it may be, or by whatever company it may be surrounded. No one should think it impossible to educate the apparently dullest mind. Let two children be taken from any two families, and let these families exist in any part of the globe, and the children will be found to be alike in anatomical and physiological structure. The one has not a bone, artery or muscle which the other does not posses. They bear on their physical constitutions demonstrable proofs of their equality and fraternity. It may not be very pleaant to the contemplation of the prond monarch or the pompous aristocrat, that he is made exactly like every other man in the world, whether he be prince or peasant. Those who think so much of themselves, who boast of their birth, titles, and possessions may not exactly relish the idea that they are formed like the groom who attends their horses. But so it is, and no external or artificial distinction can make it otherwise.

The two children just alluded to would not only be found alike in physical conformation it will also be found they are alike in menta capabilities. Their heads may not be formed exactly alike; one may have larger benevolence than the other; and so it may be said of any or all the other phrenological organs. But it will be found that they both have benevelence to a greater or lesser extent. The both children closely resemble each other phy-The one may have a stronger arm, a larger head, a darker eye than the other, as he might have a stronger will, a quicker capability of perception, er a more ardent pow er of affection. But they are both eapable of willing, perceiving, and loving. They both, be no natural imperfection in their or gans of articulation, may be taught to speak the names of things, to remember the names of things, and to know the nature of things. Both can be taught to speak the word gold. can be taught to understand from whence it was obtained, how it was obtained, who obtained it, and to what purposes it may be applied. As it is with gold, so it is with other substances. So all children may be educated and made into little natural philosophers. In like manner, children can be taught to speak the word love, to understand what it is, and so to some extent be made moralists. It may not not be an easy matter to do all this. What one child would learn in an hour another might not be able to perform in two hour. All children can be educated intellectually and morally. If they be not so educated they cannot by any possibility be happy, because they do not answer their appointed purpose. Happiness can be realized only by the fulfilment of the designs of nature.

The butterfly which gambols amid the flowers of spring and summer; the lark which rises with the sun and mounts with untired wing the azure sky, as it pours forth its inspiring matin; the insect that dances on zephyr's wings at even-tide; and the sheep which crop the flew. ery herbage enjoy happiness. Man is also ca-pable of realising gratification through the senes, and to a greater and more exquisite degree than the lower animals can. He can walk by the meandering river, tread the landscape painted with beauty, climb the mountain and survey, while in a state extasy, the extended scenery; he can watch the stars as they look down upon him with their everlasting effulgence, and experience delights which other animals, lower in the scale of universal economy, cannot enjoy. He can think as well as hear, see and smell. The sheep browses on the daisy unconscious of the delicate organization and humble beauty of the flower; the horse gallops over the bed of roses with a sorrowless heart; the birds are asleep when the stars shine. Not so with thinking and refined man. Amid the most lovely scenery he is the most happy. But his happiness at such times, and and surrounded with such circumstances, is in proportion to the extent of his knowledge and the degree of his refinement.

Two men might, on some May morning, mount an elevated piece of ground—for instance the Woodbury Hills in Devonshire, Thorp Cloud in Derbyshire, or Windcliff in Monmothsbire; they might walk upwards arm in arm, while the song of birds and the breath of wild flowers rode upon the breeze; they might by and by stand on the brow of one of these hills; they might look around and see ri-vers making their way through mossy banks; kere they might see a village church with its spire pointing upward to the skies, and there a valley skirted with groves; and it is possible that one of these men would be so enraptured as to imagine for a season that he was on the borders of some heavenly region where pain was a stranger, and where beauty and pleasure reigned supreme; and the other man might look dall, and wonder what was the matter with his friend. They might descend; the one in mind just where he was previous to his ascending, and the other with higher conceptions of himself and the universe of which he was a part, and with his heart brim full of gratitude and love. The day might pass away, during which time the both individuals had been thinking while performing their respective da-ties. One perhaps had been wishing that the hours would pass more rapidly, so that dinner time might come; his existence bad been comparative burden to himself, because he had no mental resources, while the other had been tracing in his imagination the scenery he had witnessed, and dwelling with fond delight on the images, which his senses had conveyed to his understanding; he had been feeling he was a part of some great harmonious whole, that his spirit claimed a kindred relationship with all that was lovely and good, and with his hopes and aspirations soaring into infinity and eternity, he would be surprised that the hours had flown away so quickly. The evening comes, the sun is setting; the clouds streaked with rainbow hues may be catching the de parting glory of the descending luminary, and just at this time the two individuals may be ascending the hill once more. The sun has set: twilight pervades the scene; it gets darker and darker; star after star peeps out; the moon shows ber face; the heavens are clad in their garment of twinkling light; the men are again on the ings, thoughts and resolves. One of them looks at the moon as she reflects her silvery face in the unrippled stream, and the stars as they glow in their quenchless freshness; ha wonders, dreams, imagines; his spirit is drawn exalted, ennobled; all is calm and trancail within; existence flows on as placidly as the river in the valley, without a wind to roughen its surface; the soul feets itself an inhabitant of the vast universe; it is not a stran-

ger; every moonbeam is a messenger from come purer, loftier region; the voice of the nightingale sounds like an an angel's whisper; the inner man is a vital concentration of pleapartment of the heavens appears Venus, the brightest jewel in the diadem of night; and higher up are seen Mars and Jupiter. The sublime science of astronomy is contemplated, and its history is surveyed.

Far back in the dim ages of the past are seen the Egyptians, the Chaldeans, and Individuals.

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ans, who made considerable progress in this interesting science. The great spirits of Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, Erathostenes, Hippstchus; and Ptoleury pass before the vision of the tinker and the dreamer. Alphonso, king of Castile, and Purbach, are seen preparing the way fer Nicholas Copernicus, the illustri-eus Prussian. The shades of Schoner, Nonius, Appian, the Landgrave of Hesse, Tycho Brahe and Kepler, pass before his vision. which the immortal Galileo, followed by Hevelius, Hook, Cassini, Huygens, Rosmer, Flamstead, Isaac Newton, Haley, Bradley. Mayer, Herschell, De la Laude, La Place, La Grange, Arago, Adams, Mrs. Somerville, and other illustrious minds are thought on, While this mental panorama passes before the thinker, he feels he is a man like unto these celebrated men. He feels that he is formed and fashioned like unto them; that his thinking ca-pabilities are kindred to theirs; and that he is a vital particle of that vast humanity which has existed through all ages, whose nature and history bave been made so glorious, by the lives, struggles, and triamphs of this noble list of his brother mortals. While his soul was bursting with the enjoyment, his friend who accompanies him, and who for some time, had been forgotten might ask what had taken slace. been forgotten might ask what had taken place; was he ill, mad, or moon struck. "But can't you," would ask the thinker, "see anything in those stars to admire? do not these constellations transfix you with delight? do not these planets bring to your mind some of the great men who have shed imperishable lustre their ages and countries, and on universal humanity?" "No," theother might reply, "I see nothing in the stars to admire. I know nothing of the men you speak of." What made the difference in these two men? One had a cultivated intellect, and the other had One had read history and acquainted himself with some of the most interesting events which had transpired, and the other had not.

One could feel himself united with ties of meetal affaits, and the other could red.

One tal affinity, and the other could not could feel the most enrapturing pleasures; ry fibre of his mental constitution would be filled with unspeakable enjoyment, while the other remained uninspired and emotionless. That which bridged over the chasm between these two men was knowledge, and these re-finements and associations which knewledge confers. It is expanded and exalted mind which invests organic or inorganic matter with leveliness. It is mind which gives be to the rose and to the rose, and throws sublimity around the mountain or the comet. It is mind that engage lopes the cascade with beauty, and the heavens with grandeur. In proportion to the mind's breadth and depth, the stores of information it possesse, and the accumulated ideas of its experiences, so are the intensity of loftiness its enjoyments. All who are desirous of realistics sing pleasure, who wish to make life worth have ving, who wish to live for a purpose worth recording, and who wish to think thoughts, will recolves and will resolves, and perform acts worth ren bering, let them do all they can to obtain knowledge. Let no moment be misapplied, no opportunity be abused, no privilege mean propriated. Let everything within the reach and beneath the control of man be turned and interest and interest. a good account, so that their understandings may be ealightened, their wills invigorated, and their feelings polished. Knowledge is the lever to lift the meaning that to see the control of the meaning that the second control of the meaning the second control of the control of and their feelings polished. Knowledge is lever to lift the mental and moral world to a position becoming its value and dignity. Man must know his pathway before he car. it. He must occasionally wilfully loose his way, perform acts which his better judgment may condemn, or commit himself to underla-kings, the result of which may or may not be thought of or provided fer. He may torn bis back upon the sun and follow startight, or leave the startight and plungs into darkness. But in the long run such things will be the exception, and not the rule; of a mind posses exception, and not the role; of a mind posses sing knowledge. Men sometimes act control to their own convictions, because they de not pussess sufficient to sequences. Did they know more, could they see farther, or penetrate deeper; did they measure the value of their and possess sufficient knowledge to calculate on measure the value of their minds, and estimate worth of truth, and the imments responsibilities and results involved in their strict obedience to it, they would not err wilfully so trequently as they now do. fusing knowledge and creating desires for obtainment, we must also foster a leve of vir-Men must see truth, appreciate its value, perform its requirements, and submit to the consequences at all hazards. To apply think rightly, they must comprehend things right The clear apprehension of things is of bat the value without the strict and impurital application. plication of them to all the purposes of life Knowledge and Virtue are twin sisters which can bless man, and make earth a paradiss, and happiness is the end of life.

From Hogg's Instructor. COTTON.

Bur au the invention of the spinning jeans in 1787, ecarcely four millions of pounds weight of Cotton were imported into Erissis annually; now the annual import of the same