

a paper which appeared to have been in readiness and presented it to the Earl.

He took it with a low courtly bow, and then beckoned Liddell to stand beside him, he requested Kate to listen to what still remained to be said, with a smile so gracious, that, although it felt like mockery of her suffering, it partly reassured her, as, with the old chaplain's assistance she arose from her knees, and, unable to stand, she buried her face in the silk cushions of a settee at some distance from her mother. The attention of every one else was bent on the Earl, who addressing the lady of the castle spoke as follows:

"In this young man, Henry Liddell, you see one who, by his integrity of heart, generosity and manliness of character, his fine abilities, his piety, his rectitude of purpose, the sweetness of his temper, the tenderness of his disposition, is, I firmly believe, well worthy of the hand of Kate Mowbray, endowed as she is with all the qualities which so justly render woman the most precious gift of heaven to mankind. Since manners, education, good breeding, the refinement of a cultivated mind, and a high tone of feeling distinguish the true gentleman, I should, madam, in your case, have thankfully given my consent to the marriage of a daughter of my own to one eminently possessing these qualifications. But your ladyship thinks differently; and I will never permit a son of mine to unite himself to any lady, however richly endowed, without her parents' consent. I trust your ladyship will no longer delay to seal the mutual happiness of the young couple now before us; when I further inform you that Henry Liddell is my own dearly-loved eldest son, and I beg leave to present him to you as the Lord Viscount Ramsay, to whom you have so kindly promised your daughter's hand."

An exclamation of astonishment burst from most present, none of whom had the least suspicion of the turn which matters were taking, while Kate, unable to bear up any longer, quitted the room before the earl had concluded his speech, though not until she had fully comprehended the identity of Henry Liddell and Lord Ramsay. But the young man had for the moment forgotten even his darling Kate the delight of finding his father in the noble individual he had so highly revered, and long loved so ardently. Kneeling down, he received the long desired blessing from a parent's lips, and could with difficulty command himself sufficiently to pay proper attention to Lady Mowbray, whose dignity, in spite of the lofty rank of father and son, felt deeply outraged by the concealment which the earl had practised; while she blamed her own stupidity in not having guessed truth, knowing as she did that Liddell was the family name of the Earls of Whitehaven. It may easily be imagined that Lord Ramsay was not long in following Miss Mowbray's example, and the grove was fated to be the scene of happiness, unmingled with worldly cares, and untroubled by anxiety, such as seldom fall to the lot of frail mortality.

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### THE TEST OF TRIPLES.

BY CLARA WALBY.

The moving springs of many minds, the component parts of many existencies, the semblances of many virtues, appearing in almost every form and under every name, how shall we distinguish trifles from the minute links of the infinite and eternal chain of consequences? Smiles, flower-gifts, tones of music, awakening some sympathetic echo, and words carelessly uttered and soon forgotten by the speaker, may assist in transforming a nature, in colouring a destiny; while a soul-engrossing thought and life-engrossing ambition may be essentially trivial and worthless. It is not the nature of the thing alone, then, but the purpose to which it is consecrated or to which it is degraded, that must assist to decide the question.

Whatever is identified exclusively with self though wealth, fame, and power be involved, must be trifling in its nature, for it is utterly opposed to the development of all that is hallowed and beautiful—the completion of all that is true and real. He whose mind responds alone to what affects his own interests and comfort, has no power to appreciate the happiness he covets, for happiness can alone result from the performance of duty and the diffusion of truth, and in thus creating their consequence, happiness in others. Whatever conduces to the real welfare of mankind generally, or of individuals particularly, must be important, though merely a word of kindness, a gentle reproof, or a truthful idea is conveyed—though merely the sacrifice of a wish, of a feeling, is laid on the altar of obedience or affection.

But worthless as they are, trifles are far from being powerless in their effects; the subtle poison that lurks within the beautiful blossom, to grasp which is most dangerous, is not more concealed by adventitious splendor than the heartlessness of trifling injuries by the brilliant polish of plausibility and assumed benevolence; and may be, from the deadly reaction caused by its discovery, equally fatal in its results. For the porteous aspects of all trifles corresponds with the attributes of the mind they influence; now, glaring beneath the eye of envy, or intenser hate; now looming like a cloud wrapt mountains, in the paths of indolence and timidity; anon, diminishing to a mere speck before the energetic progress of faith and will. Thus, judging comparatively, we may securely infer that every occurrence, thought, or desire that militates against our duty is, if we analyse it,

in reality a trifle; for that alone becomes real which is eternal, while, abstractedly considered, there is nothing trivial, as every atom, material or immaterial, must have a certain weight in either the scale of benefit or injury.

In elucidation let us examine a cursory sketch or two from the busy world around us. Here we see a delicate and interesting looking girl busily and anxiously employed in manufacturing some fairy fabric; it is, essentially of little real utility, but it is to be taken of gratitude to a kind friend who is going to some distant land, and it is all she can give; she looks fatigued, but she stays not to rest, for time is precious and affection moves her wearied hand. Turn to the next sketch: look at that beautiful countenance; the rich tresses over which the rose-wreaths twine so lovingly; the slender waist, clasped with diamonds; the splendid drapery that falls so gracefully around that erect and stately form—where has her morning been passed? In canvassing for the ensuing election, that her father may be returned to Parliament, not for the well being of her country, but that he may rise higher and higher in the scale of power and worldly wealth and honor. And now she is going to the hall of one she deems far inferior, in order that she may by the condescension secure additional votes; she is going to sacrifice her feelings at the shrine of ambition! Which, then, of the two is trifling away her time, which performing a duty preparing her mind for its mission—that mission which is universal—of sacrificing the present for the future on the altars of immortal truth?

The next view represent a hero on the field of battle, leading on his men to slaughter. The star of victory is culminating amidst the gloom of war; the proud strains of triumph are preluding, winged with groans of despair and agony; and the visioned crown of fame glitters above his brow as the savage billows of contention ebb and flow;—ebb to flow fiercer on, crimsoned with the red tide of life! Victory is his aim, that fame may bestow her mockery of glory, wealth her perishable treasures, applause her transient praise, and flattery its palling echoes. Some few, indeed, fight for their country's glory, not their own; but though such a feeling is more gracious, and therefore less condemnable, the object to be won is equally illusory. No true glory can be gained by destruction, though much may be by preventing it: and supposing a nation should be compelled to struggle for its liberties—its existence—it should be mourned as cruel necessity—not gloried in as an opportunity for the development of valor, often another name for obtuseness of nerve.

Here is one more imperfect delineation, and we close our portfolio. Observe that old gentleman seated on the bench in his garden. He has a bunch of wild flowers and herbs in his hand, the nature and uses of which he is explaining to two dark-haired, bright-eyed boys, who are sitting on either side of him. He is teaching them—not from the abstract love of the study, but they may trace each beauty of construction and adaptation, each wonderful property, to the beneficence of the All-wise Creator. A few minutes and the lesson is over; the boys are sporting joyously among the bright flowers of the garden, where the butterflies fan the rich petals with their painted wings—where the quiet hum of bees, and the sweet, low whistle of the blackbird blend with their merry laugh and rustling steps—where Nature reposes in her mutable but deathless beauty! Which was wasting his life, his allotted share in the distribution of time, and which improving his leisure hours?—the great subjugator of nations, or the simple and venerable studier of flowers and senator of peace.

### NEW WORKS.

#### ENGLISH MECHANICS AT TURKEY.

On the morning of Friday, the 21st of January, we took boat and left San Stefano for the village of Macri-keni. This place the Armenian Dadias had promised the Sultan they would convert into a Birmingham, a Sheffield, or a Manchester, or; rather, all three in one; and they had brought about fourscore men from England to manage all these works. As we landed the heavy rains recommenced, drenching us to the skin. Between the landing place and the village, we had to walk through two or three hundred yards of the usual mud and filth. This brought us to a row of new houses entirely occupied by English workmen and their families. In the course of the many visits I afterwards paid to Macri-keni, I found there were a few honorable exceptions, a few men who had brought with them, and preserved under very adverse circumstances, English neatness, comfort and order, but it struck us very forcibly that these dwellers in the 'English row,' had done nothing to set an improving example to the people of the country. The lane in which they lived was as muddy and as dirty, and as much strewn with abominations as any part of the village; their houses certainly roughly and badly built for them by the Armenians, were as dirty and disorderly as those of the natives. At last, covered with mud, and streaming with the rain, we found out old H—'s baraque, a comfortless, wooden, Turkish-built house. The old woman was rather an alarming personage, with sharp inquisitive eyes, and a very lupine expression of countenance. In a country where there are no inns one is often obliged to throw oneself in the hospitality of unknown people, without the formality of introduction or recommendation; but in this case we were furnished with a letter from Dr Davis

and the people (who, for they might be besides) were English. Never, among poor Turks or Greeks, had we found so much vulgarity, selfishness, and inhospitality, as we met with under this roof. There was no going away through that pitiless and unceasing storm; having come, I did not like wholly to lose my time and trouble; and at the moment I knew not where to look for other quarters. The old man was a few shades more civilised than the old woman. He was a respectable sort of master blacksmith, or working engineer, which had, I believe been his original calling at home. He might even have been an able man in that way, but he was old when he came to that country, five years ago, and it now appeared to me that he was not very far from his dotage, and that he was perfectly indifferent to everything, except to his pay and other emoluments. Yet this was the man that the Sultan, at the investigation of the Armenians, (to whom he was all submission,) had delighted to honor, while other Englishmen in his service, men really eminent in science and in their professions, like Mr Sang and Mr Frederick Taylor, had been left unnoticed, and with insufficient salaries that were most irregularly paid. Old H—'s salary alone was £1000 a year, English money, and he had allowances for house-rent, for provisions, for keeping of horses, &c., which did not fall short of £300 a year; and then he got more money by doing little jobs for the great pashas, and good commissions on traps and nicknacks he imported from England; and in addition to all this he had I know not how many sons and sons-in-law, idling about the place, or scampering about the country with horses, on snug salaries of from £200 to £300 a year each. I scarcely know what I said to one of those worthies when he remarked to me that Turkey was 'getting a sprinkling of manufactures.' Before he came to Turkey, old H— received from Sultan Abdul Mejid, the Nishan or Ottoman decoration, richly set in diamonds, for having done some work for the Porte; and since his settling at Macri-keni he had received from the same bountiful but blind prince, three gold snuff-boxes, richly set in diamonds. With great pride the old woman showed us these imperial gifts, and told us how the Padishah had given one of the boxes with his own hand, in presence of all the great pashas, assembled for the occasion and in order that they might see and understand what respect and honor were due to the director of these imperial fabrics.—*Turkey and its Destiny.*

#### QUALITY OF GREATNESS.

The first universal attribute of truth is its greatness; this quality it is which has mainly fascinated the hearts of those who have most devotedly pursued it. It is the more worthy of observation, since it is through this quality, amongst others, that we see the moral and intellectual worlds, which are so generally distinguished, and have been so often contrasted, mingle their nature, and pass into each other. For if greatness be an attribute of something which is sensibly or intellectually impressed, still it discloses itself as such by the mode in which our moral, as distinct from our intellectual, nature is affected by it. All greatness expands, elevates, commands, and tranquillises. We know the feelings with which we look upon the starry heavens, the silent outspread mountains, and the ocean. We are conscious how the eye fails to span them, and how the overflowing and incapable sense fixes itself to receive what it cannot contain; scanning, and again scanning, the object which at once invites and baffles, satisfies and eludes it. Such, we all know from experience, is the manifestation of greatness when approaching to the sublime, and disclosed to our bodily senses. But whether it address itself directly to our senses, or whether it be revealed at once and simply to our imagination, as in poetry, or the imagination as ministering to the intellect which compares, combines, and generalises, as in the higher departments of knowledge, the effect is in kind character the same. We confess its presence by the same mode of feeling, the same attitude of attention, absorption, submission and repose. Whether our eye be fixed upon the sublimer scenery of nature, or our fancy be filled with the first and second books of the 'Paradise Lost,' or our intellect contemplate the highest and vastest subjects of human thought, we are in all these instances affected by the same quality disclosing itself in a different way through different objects.—*Vaughan's Lectures on Modern History.*

#### HOW ILLNESS IS TO BE BORNE.

If the spirit can so far prevail as to remove the sickness wholly from itself, and banish it into the body only, an immense step is gained; and we may then bear bodily ailments not only with apparent but with real firmness and tranquility, and not only bear but draw from them much that softens and purifies the soul. I myself, indeed, though I have been often ill, and occasionally dangerously so, have never had to endure lasting sickness, or even what may be deemed a weak constitution. But I have intimately known many, both men and women, with whom this was the ordinary state, and had no hope of escaping from it but by death. To this class belonged Schiller especially. He suffered much—he suffered continually—and knew, as indeed happened afterwards, that this continual suffering would lead him step to the grave. Yet one might truly say of him that he held his illness confined to his body; for at whatever time you visited him, or under whatever circumstances you might meet him, his mind

was always calm and cheerful—ready to adapt itself to friendly intercourse, or to interesting and even philosophic conversation. He was, indeed, wont to say, that a man worked better under the influence of illness, if were not too severe; and I have seen him under circumstances which certainly afforded nothing cheering, compose both poems and prose pieces which betrayed no traces in their composition of the illness of the writer.—*Humboldt's Letters.*

#### STREETOGRAPHY.

Set down the cleverest country gentleman in any one part of London to find his way to any other part of it with the best map to be got, and he will be only able to find it in a cab; for those who have the ordering of these things in certain districts of the metropolis, believing that the names of streets ought to be known by the world at large by instinct, take little care about getting them written up. The other day a gentleman of Coblenz, by dint of several cabs and endless inquiries, found out at last the residence of a young baronet to whom he was accredited, near Portman-square. He was unusually methodical about trifles, even for a German, and had taken very good care to note down the name of the street in which he had fixed his lodging. The baronet when he was taking leave, naturally inquired where he should have the pleasure of returning the visit? The German produces his pocket book and gravely read from it, 'Number nine, Stick-no-bill-street.' 'Stick no bills' being the only words he could find written up against the houses, he of course, adopted them as his proper address. A similar mistake is recorded of an American from Fourth-street, Philadelphia. He too, was in search of the address on a letter of introduction; and when he got into the street actually disbelieved the information given to him that he had arrived at his proper destination. 'Don't I see,' he said, looking up at the corner, 'that this is F. P. Sixteen Feet-street?' and returned to his hotel without delivering his letter.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

#### MODE OF WORKING RAW COTTON

##### ON THE GAMBIA.

In my ramblings up the Gambia, I had many opportunities of observing how the people of the country worked the cotton in the raw material for their own use, and to what degree of perfection they could bring it. The article in its natural state, is first cleared and prepared for a very simple process, by which they obtain the thread in a manner similar to that practised by our old women in the use of the spinning wheel. The native weaver places himself in a hole in the ground, deep enough for him to bend his knees, so as to sit upon the edge of it. Four sticks are put up at several yards length, two at each end, about a foot apart, directly opposite to the workman and at a little distance from him. Around these sticks the cotton is worked by a quick rotatory motion, in order to be formed into the thread, which the weaver winds off on a most unartificial instrument of wood, something like a little canoe, along the inside of which runs a small polished stick, and revolves by means of passing loosely through two holes at each extremity. The cotton, when cleared was very soft and white and the thread, in its first stage of spinning, had a woolly appearance and was about the size of our English bobbin.—*Pool's Sierra Leone and the Gambia.*

#### THE TEXTILE MANUFACTURES OF CHINA.

The grass cloth is put by Dr Gutzlaff at three millions pounds sterling per annum; this should rather be called linen cloth, and which we do not think is over estimated. We are puzzled to discover the data upon which the doctor assumes the annual value of cotton manufactures to be one hundred and eighty three millions of pounds sterling per annum. As to a tael and a half to each individual—this is much under-estimated, for the use of the inhabitants in the south of China, while in the north the extensive application of cotton for padding material, for clothing, coverlets, &c., during the cold weather by all classes, induces us to say that at least ten times that quantity must be consumed. A tael and a half per each individual, assuming the population to be three hundred and sixty millions, and the average value of cotton wool at ten dollars per pecul, which if doubled in value in the process of manufacture, would not attain the figure of 7,000,000 dollars, whilst from the nature of our enquiries, we are led to believe the domestic consumption of cotton manufactures would be about a fourth of the doctor's estimate. Assuming the population as above, and the average consumption at two catties per head, the annual domestic consumption would be 7,200,000 peculs, which, if only doubled in value by the process of manufacture, will give a total value of one hundred and fifty four millions of dollars; but we are sure we are nearer the mark in stating the value, in lieu of £183,000,000 sterling, at at least £50,000,000 sterling, or about double the total value of cotton exports from Great Britain. In stating the silk trade of China at only £12,000,000 sterling per annum, Dr Gutzlaff is as absurdly below the real value, as he is above the true value in cotton. As to the estimate of one tael of silk to every tenth of the population, this is quite ridiculous. That weight is used by every respectable male or female interwined or blended in his or her tail or hair. There are parties who have given a careful consideration to this subject, who aver that the total silk trade of China mu