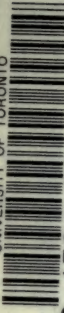


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Maids of Honour

A. J. Green-Armytage

6563

BERTRAND SMITH
ACRES OF BOOKS
240 Long Beach Blvd.
Long Beach 2, Calif.

Thomas C. Nunn

30th January 1960



Maids of Honour



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HANNAH MORE.

From a miniature in the Bristol Museum.

Maids of Honour

Twelve Descriptive Sketches of
Single Women who have distinguished themselves

IN

PHILANTHROPY

TRAVEL

NURSING

SCIENCE

POETRY

PROSE

BY

A. J. GREEN-ARMYTAGE

WITH PORTRAITS

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

EDINBURGH AND LONDON

MCMVI



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3234
G74

TO
THE DEAR MEMORY OF
MY FATHER,
WHO FIRST TAUGHT ME TO LOVE WHAT IS
BEAUTIFUL IN LIFE AND LITERATURE.



PREFATORY NOTE.

WITH grateful thanks I beg to acknowledge the kindness of Mrs J. Addington Symonds, Messrs Macmillan, and Messrs Sampson, Low, Marston, & Co., in allowing me to make use of 'Recollections of a Happy Life,' 'West African Studies,' 'Poems of Christina Rossetti,' and 'Life of Louisa Alcott,' respectively,—also to the Chairman of the Bristol Museum Committee, Professor J. Estlin Carpenter, Sir William Herschel and Miss Herschel, Mr Kirby, Mr Charles Kingsley, Madame Belloc, Mrs W. W. Vaughan, Mr F. B. Sanborn, Mr W. M. Rossetti, Mr W. G. Strickland, and Mr C. Elkin Mathews, for their kindly readiness in lending me the originals from which the portraits in this volume are reproduced—most of them for the first time,—also to "Delicia" for her clever delineation of Hannah More's handwriting.

For a detailed list of the illustrations and an interesting "note" respecting Agnes Strickland,

together with her authentic pedigree, the Appendix may be consulted.

What shall I more say? Space would fail were I to tell of all the evidences of interest and encouragement received,—always from the most unexpected quarters,—but I sincerely wish to acknowledge my indebtedness. Nothing truer has been said as to the making of a book than that “there is scarcely any limit to the improvements which might be suggested, scarcely any point at which an author would acknowledge that he could effect no more.” Of this I am most humbly conscious, and, in submitting these “Sketches” to the Public, I would fain claim sympathy rather than challenge criticism, knowing only too well wherein I have failed, but knowing also, even better than It, the difficulties of portraying, satisfyingly, the rare and beautiful lives of these honourable women.

A. G.-A.

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INTRODUCTORY

WEES EEN ZEGEN.

INTRODUCTORY.

IN matrimony "a woman ventures most." Yes, indeed, Jeremy Taylor was right, and that is probably the reason why many of the most venturesome women in all lines of life, and in various countries, have "refused the leap."

In these days, happily or unhappily, women are more a law to themselves than formerly—more self-sufficing, possibly at times more self-sufficient. But the slur upon "Old Maids," as a race, has been quite effaced by those womanly women who, in the splendid motherliness of a self-chosen celibacy, have not kept within the limits of four walls the charms which have characterised their sex from the first, nor narrowed within the barriers of a selfish domesticity the talents which were "meant for mankind."

It is of such women that we propose to write in these papers—a "chosen few," perhaps, but, none the less, fair samples of what women can be and do, under circumstances as varied as are their dispositions. If it be true that, to every woman, at some

time or other, comes that offer of marriage which is the highest compliment, surely, that any man can make to any woman, then we cannot be too thankful that these "old maids" resisted all blandishments, and, planting themselves in the very front of the world's battle, bore the brunt of a war with prejudice and misunderstanding which, from Eden to Armageddon, has been, and will be, waged against those whom it took the Devil himself to tempt successfully.

"The third sex," we are told, "is increasing, and the competitor who meets man at every turn is a creature like the working-bee, whose desire to be a wife or mother has been atrophied, and the driving force of that desire is converted into a feverish hunger for work."

Whether or not this be the case it is unnecessary for our present purpose seriously to consider; but surely there can be no question as to the superiority of even such mortals—so pathetically deprecated by Signor Ferrero—to the "sea-anemone women" with their proneness to hysterics and bursts of amorous sentimentalism, with descriptions of whom the novels of the early part of the nineteenth century abound. All honour be to those who have made the world realise that "woman is the lesser man"—his fellow-worker, though *not* his rival, in all good things.

Where the physical conditions are so diverse, no equality or rivalry is possible, but let each "grow together" and "the time shall declare it"—whether

or not the "new woman" (so called) is not to be preferred to the worsted-working, wing-clipped spinster of former days, of whom it might have been written, her "delight is to sit still." "Nous avons changé tout cela!" Bicycling has been one of the epoch-making agencies, and the Miss Mores of the eighteenth century, whose Sundays were "as laborious as those of a colonial clergyman of to-day," would have revelled in the liberty of the twentieth.

The rapid development of women is one of those phenomena to which, in this era of surprises, we have been obliged quickly to accommodate ourselves.

From shadowy beings who lived lives of passive usefulness, or uselessness, they have materialised into a contingent of active workers, whose influence knows no circumscription.

Thousands have already benefited by the ardent yet tactful sympathy, the intuitive knowledge of the world's needs, and the patient fertility of resource, which make the services of a devoted woman so valuable in all schemes either of philanthropy, discovery, or research.

To say that human beings leave "footprints on the sands of time" is altogether to underestimate our own importance. We do vastly more than that. Say rather—*fragments*, imperishable bits of ourselves, which may be stepping-stones or stumbling-blocks to the generations that follow.

No word of ours can fruitless fall ; but how many think of it ? The world is but one huge phonograph, and, borne on waves of sound, far out beyond the reach of mortal hearing, our words go echoing on, either for the blessing or cursing of others.

It is a grim thought that we are responsible to our grandchildren, but the fact remains all the same ; and perhaps that is why some of the finest specimens of womanhood have contented themselves with the handling of other people's posterity, and can therefore claim to be numbered among our "Maids of Honour."

.
In an old magazine, long since extinguished, dovetailed in among minute instructions for making bead mats and pomade, fashion-plates of garments as worn by our grandmothers, and quaint recipes for pickling and preserving, is the following short article by Charlotte Brontë ; full, so it seems to us, of the tense bitterness of an almost breaking heart—an exceeding bitter cry for the "more life and fuller" that is wanted by every mortal under the sun :—

"Where is my place in the world ? That is the question which most old maids are puzzled to solve ; other people solve it for them by saying, 'Your place is to do good to others, to be helpful whenever help is wanted.' That is right in some measure, and a very convenient doctrine for the people who

hold it; but I perceive that certain sets of human beings are very apt to maintain that other sets should give up their lives to them and their service, and then they requite them by praise: they call them devoted and virtuous. Is this enough? Is it to live? Is there not a terrible hollowness, mockery, want, craving, in that existence which is given away to others, for want of something of your own to bestow it on? I suspect there is. Does virtue lie in abnegation of self? I do not believe it. Undue humility makes tyranny; weak concession creates selfishness. Each human being has his share of rights. I suspect it would conduce to the happiness and welfare of all, if each knew his allotment, and held to it as tenaciously as the martyr to his creed. Queer thoughts these, that surge in my mind; are they right thoughts? I am not certain.

“Well, life is short at the best: seventy years, they say, pass like a vapour, like a dream when one awaketh; and every path trod by human feet terminates in one bourne—the grave: the little chink in the surface of this great globe—the furrow where the mighty husbandman with the scythe deposits the seed he has shaken from the ripe stem; and there it falls, decays, and thence it springs again, when the world has rolled round a few times more.”

Probably, in spite of its incorporation in ‘Shirley,’ this was originally one of the “bits of mosaic” described by Mrs Gaskell—pencilled on scraps of

paper and afterwards copied into the finished manuscripts—and, as probably, written before that memorable *Hegira*, in 1848, which first opened up to Charlotte Brontë the delights of literary London, and revealed to the astonished publisher her identity with the mysterious *Currer Bell*.

Deliberately disintegrated from its place in the book, it was evidently intended by the proprietors of the magazine to voice the growing discontent of single women in those days—to plead, with all the effectiveness of a successful author, for a wider outlook and a larger sphere of work than had hitherto been possible to them.

It is hard to realise in this unfettered age the real tragedy of “old maidism” in the days that are past, but if anything would make us do so, it is this bit of flotsam tossed up on an old bookstall; for Charlotte Brontë was no weak neurotic, but a woman whose literary style men have tried in vain to imitate, and whose domestic virtues and accomplishments were as varied as those which amazed the world in 1847. Compare with this the cheery optimism of Frances Power Cobbe, whose life was a fine example of what spinsterhood can be:—

“There must needs be a purpose for the lives of single women in the social order of Providence—a definite share in the general system which they are intended to carry on; not selfishness—gross to a proverb—but self-sacrifice, more entire than belongs

to the double life of marriage, is the true law of celibacy.

“Until lately the condition of an unmarried woman of the upper classes was so shackled by social prejudices that it was inevitably dreary and monotonous; but now the old maid’s life may be as rich, as blessed, as that of the proudest of mothers with her crown of clustering babes; nay, she feels that, in the power of devoting her whole time and energies to some benevolent task, she is enabled to effect perhaps some greater good than would otherwise have been possible.

“‘On n’enfante les grandes œuvres que dans la virginité.’

“The hospital of Scutari was the cradle of a new life for the women of England, and (marvellous to relate) the hospital of Sebastopol served the same noble purpose for the women of Russia.

“Till the cry of agony from the Crimea came to call forth Miss Nightingale’s band and their sister nurses in the hospital camp, ‘the public function of woman’ was still to be sought. A thousand prejudices did that gallant little army break down for ever.

“All faithful work—be it in the fields of art and science or disinterested labour of any kind—is as truly work for God as the toil of the most devoted of philanthropists.”

Disinterested public work is not necessarily good work, but inasmuch as a woman has always to take

the initiative, deliberately and from a sheer love of it, unbiassed by the hereditary brow-sweating instinct that distinguishes a man, she is at any rate *likely* to succeed in what she undertakes, while the personal benefit to herself is indisputable.

We wonder what fate would have befallen those of whom these chapters narrate had they not yielded to the overmastering impulse to write and to act as they did.

We are not advocating "single blessedness." This thing be far from us! It is, at best, but as the made lightnings of Excalibur contrasted with the full radiance of the moon. Not to be compared in relative value of possibility with the "perfect round" of womanhood so nobly planned as to be a fit instrument for the manifestation to mankind of the mystery of the Incarnation. But we would fain demonstrate in these pages that spinsterhood *has* a "place in the world," a place which is as "honourable" as, nay more honourable than, many a marriage; where life both within and without can be made beautiful with interests philanthropic, literary, and divine.

If by the reading of this volume any inspiration be afforded, or any aspiration encouraged, towards the betterment of this our world, then its purpose will be fulfilled, and the pleasure which the writing of it has given will be more than justified.

HANNAH MORE

Born at Stapleton, Gloucestershire, February 2, 1745.

Died at Clifton, September 7, 1833.

HANNAH MORE.

MR JACOB MORE, the village schoolmaster of Lord Bottelourt's foundation-school at Stapleton, near Bristol, probably felt no little disappointment when his wife presented him with a fourth daughter on the 2nd of February 1745; but this same daughter was destined to become world-famous, and to bring countless visitors into the neighbourhood of Bristol, both during her life and after her death. At eight years old we see little Hannah the happy possessor of a long-coveted "whole quire of writing-paper," which it had not needed much coaxing for her to obtain from her observant mother. Mrs Jacob More was one of Nature's gentlewomen, and though only a farmer's daughter, she was a person of vigorous intellect, who fully appreciated the value of education, and had made the most of her own rather narrow possibilities. Bearing in mind the efforts of her later years, it is interesting to notice that Hannah More's first attempts in religious literature were letters to

imaginary people of depraved character and their replies thereto, full of contrition and promises of amendment!

Probably none of these documents are now in existence, or the reproduction of the square writing, with its quaint childish phraseology and spelling, would make us realise, as nothing else could do, what were her early tastes and principles.

The evangelical piety of Hannah More is rather remarkable, when one considers that her father was a staunch Tory and High Churchman. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it *seems* remarkable at first sight; for it has been noticed that a Nonconformist strain is frequently productive of conspicuous piety in the families of High Church religionists. Three generations had passed since the time when Jacob More's ancestors had fought bravely as captains in Cromwell's army, and it is probable that the precocious child heard many stirring stories of their doings in the time of the Commonwealth, which intensified the personal and fiery interest with which she afterwards watched the Revolution of 1793. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and the nursery floor was often the stage whereon, in carriages made of their high-backed chairs, the child played at excursions to London, and drove with her sisters "to see Bishops and Booksellers"—a curious combination, when one remembers the happy experiences which

she subsequently enjoyed with Porteous and Cadell.

The following quaint advertisement occurs in the Bristol newspapers of March 11, 1758 :—

“At No. 6 in Trinity St. near the College Green. On Monday after Easter will be opened a School for young Ladies, by Mary More and Sisters, where will be carefully taught French, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and Needlework. Young Ladies boarded on reasonable terms.”

A few weeks later an additional line appears—

“A dancing master will properly attend.”

At this time Hannah More was only thirteen, so that the statements as to her having been a chief promoter of the school are altogether incorrect and absurd. Mary More, then barely twenty-one, seems to have been one of those thoroughly unselfish women of whom there are but too few; and she delighted in developing the taste for languages and literature which her more gifted younger sister very early evinced. The school prospered from the first,—and no wonder, for the mistresses were no ordinary women; and from their wise teaching scores of girls went out, strengthened in principle as well as richer in knowledge, into a world where “it was the fashion to be irreligious.”

Hannah took her share in the school duties when she was old enough to do so; but at

twenty-two years of age a wealthy but elderly admirer appeared upon the scene, and her engagement, to Mr Turner of Wraxall, was doubtless a source of much satisfaction to the little circle, who in 1762 had moved to a large house in Park Street.

It is difficult now to realise the original condition of Park Street—described in the ‘Annals of Bristol’ as “certain land 40 feet wide in Bullocks Park.” This “Park” has long since disappeared; but the street still remains, and the house now known as “Hannah More Hall” is a standing memorial of those old-world days. That house was probably the scene of many lovers’ meetings, and for six years the curious courtship continued; but at the last moment the gentleman decided that he did not feel equal to the responsibilities of matrimony, and, after compensating his Amaryllis for her “blighted hopes” with an annuity variously computed at £200 and £400 per annum, he died a bachelor. To the last this quaint pair entertained a “cordial respect” for each other, and by his will she found herself the possessor of a legacy of £1000. The annuity enabled her to feel independent and to devote herself to the study of literature, for which she was really far more suited than to the consideration of the “varying moods” of a middle-aged landowner. The literary world is distinctly the richer, so

that we are able honestly to rejoice at the capricious conduct of the vacillating lover.

Her first work, 'The Search after Happiness,' published in 1773, was an immediate success, and at once secured her a footing among the distinguished writers of that day. At twenty-eight the obscure schoolmaster's daughter awoke to find herself famous. It was a far cry from Bristol to London in those days. George Stephenson was still unborn, and the natural terrors of the journey were increased by the hordes of highwaymen with which the roads were infested.

In 1763 the "Flying Machine" promised to do the distance from Bristol to London in the amazingly short space of twenty-four hours; but the addition of the words "if God permit" in the advertisements leads us to believe that this unusual speed was considered a plain tempting of Providence, and the additional charge of 3s. per head beyond that of the more steady-going three-day coach points to the same conclusion.

It is a red-letter day when, in 1773, Hannah More starts on her first pilgrimage to London. Every step of the way is fraught with interest to the young traveller, whose ideal, Johnson, looms in elephantine grandeur as at the farther side of a great gulf. She has heard of him, read of him, dreamed of him, and now she is to see her hero—the scarred, uncouth scholar whose brilliant intellect

could make even his enemies admire and tremble, and who has had the solitary glory of *creating* a faithful biographer. For Boswell was that and more—a friend whose fidelity through good and evil report was as touching as it was rare. His Scottish foresight may have seen bawbees in the Biography which for twenty-one years he collated with such ardent hero-worship, but the worship was not less sincere on that account. And *we have the book*—of which Carlyle, sternest of critics, says, “Out of the fifteen millions that then lived and had bed and board in the British Islands, this man [Boswell] has provided us a greater pleasure than any other individual at whose cost we now enjoy ourselves.”

Starting at two o'clock in the morning, we can imagine the stir occasioned in the simple Park Street household. The young ladies “boarded on reasonable terms” are almost as much excited as the More sisters; but when the last Good-bye is said, the drowsy coach goes lumbering forward, through perils of waters and perils of robbers, as steadily as the exigencies of the way will allow, to the perils of the great city.

“There are only two bad things in this world—sin and bile,” so Hannah More once declared, and this conclusion she probably arrived at during that monotonous journey, when the two evils waged a war with each other all night, all day and again all

night, on the narrow battlefield of that Bristol coach !

Her interview with Sir Joshua Reynolds was also an event of enormous interest during this visit to London, and as she stood for the first time at the door of his house in Leicester Square she probably felt far more diffident than would many a *débutante* of to-day at Her Majesty's Drawing-room.

Under the careful training of her parents and sisters she probably was—like Charlotte Brontë—“nourrit de la Bible,” and there is no fear of her having betrayed such ignorance as did one visitor to Sir Joshua's studio, who, on being told the title of one of his famous pictures, exclaimed, “But who *was* Samuel ?”

In April 1775 much excitement was caused in the west of England by the announcement that John Weeks, of the Bush Inn, would run the “original Bristol Diligence or Flying Post - chaise” from Bristol to London in sixteen hours ; and as the Miss Mores were very “up to date,” we may feel pretty sure that this would be the “machine” chosen by them for the next visit to town—though its alarming speed was much deprecated by old-fashioned travellers, and filled them with mingled terror and dismay.

Arrived in London, she is the cynosure of all eyes ; and as if to prove that Barabbas was *not* a publisher, T. Cadell of the Strand made her the

handsome offer of the same remuneration for 'Sir Eldred of the Bower' and the 'Bleeding Well' as Goldsmith had received for the 'Deserted Village'—"be it what it might." This now "unconsidered trifle" was then much praised—and, what is still more remarkable, and certainly not in the very least a matter of sequence, it was also much read.

Hannah More among the prophets and Hannah More as a humorist are, possibly, characterisations under which she has not appeared upon any stage within the last fifty years. But this is a generation that knows not Hannah! and certainly, whoever else knows anything about her, Mr Augustine Birrell does *not*. He may have read her Life and Works from cover to cover, but a man only gets out of a book that which he himself is capable of assimilating, and Mr Birrell is evidently not *en rapport* with his subject, and had better have left his unworthy Essay¹ unwritten.

It has a spurious smartness about it which makes its misstatements all the more distasteful to an earnest student of her time, especially when coupled with a condescending air of patronage and superiority which sits ill upon a man who has not done, and could not do, one tithe of the work that was done by this delicate woman.

As Charles Lamb whimsically said, "She is not Hany More," and Mr Birrell can therefore criticise

¹ Collected Essays.

as harshly as he thinks fit; but with men like Johnson, Garrick, Pitt, Wesley, and Macaulay as counsel for the defence, even her greatest admirers of to-day can afford to smile. In his self-evident desire to be smart, he has forgotten alike the "scrupulous justice which belongs to critics and the delicacy towards the sex which belongs to gentlemen," with which the 'British Review' wrote of her in 1811. To speak of an old woman and a dead woman as a "huge conger-eel floundering in a sea of dingy morality" *may* be smart writing, but its taste is questionable, to say the least. The careless condescension with which, in later years, he acknowledges her lineaments to be "very pleasant" is almost comical, when one looks at the strong sweet old face with its halo of silver curls, to which Time has but added the beautiful serenity of a well-spent life.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like—*hers!*

The Bristol election of 1774 was very hotly contested, and the intelligent and tactful sisters did their utmost to secure the return of the Whig candidates, Cruger and Burke, who were triumphantly declared successful by a large majority. This election, "the most interesting that ever took place in Bristol," must have been a time of unwonted excitement for the quiet sisterhood. Burke's own personality was singularly prepossessing, and his

marvellous oratory was of a power and beauty which has passed almost into a proverb. The keynote of his electioneering addresses on this occasion is contained in the well-known words now inscribed upon the bronze statue erected to his memory in the town of Bristol, "I wish to be a member of Parliament to have my share in doing good and resisting evil." Goldsmith's 'Retaliation' gives a fair idea of his reputation, but the present generation can realise but little the witchery of his style. He was a frequent visitor at the Park Street house, and during the progress of the election a party of Whigs assembled outside and gave "Three cheers for Sappho," whom some of the crowd imagined to be a new candidate, and the cheers for the lady alternated with the cheers for Burke and Cruger.

The tea-services produced by Richard Champion, the head of the Bristol China Works, for presentation to Burke's hostess, Mrs Joseph Smith, and for Mrs Burke respectively, are triumphs of art, and have never been surpassed in beauty. In 1876 one cup and saucer sold for £91, which was more than three times the value of their weight in gold. One wonders whether Hannah More ever drank her tea out of one of these wonderful cups,—if so, it must have been a dubious joy, for the thought of a possible accident would embitter the most fragrant Bohea that was ever brewed.

From 1775 her time was largely spent in the very heart of London life, and amid all the social and intellectual gaieties which the best society afforded. Her account of the trial of Elizabeth, Countess of Bristol, is full of humour, and her letters are brimming with vivacity and observant shrewdness, verifying her own declaration in her seventy-first year, “My temper is naturally gay. This gayety even time and sickness have not much impaired. I have carried too much sail. Nothing but the grace of God and frequent attacks of very severe sickness could have kept me in tolerable order. If I am no better with all these visitations, what should I have been without them?”

As the trial of Elizabeth Chudleigh is historically and legally noteworthy, it may not be without interest to give her description of the High Court as it appeared to an intelligent outsider:—

“Garrick would make me take his ticket to go to the trial of the Duchess of Kingston, a sight which, for beauty and magnificence, exceeded anything which those who were never present at a coronation or a trial by peers can have the least notion of. Mrs Garrick and I were in full dress by seven. At eight we went to the Duke of Newcastle’s, whose house adjoins Westminster Hall, in which he has a large gallery communicating with the apartments in his house. You will imagine the bustle of 5000 people getting into one hall! When they were all

seated and the King-at-Arms had commanded silence on pain of imprisonment (which, however, was very ill observed), the gentleman of the Black Rod was commanded to bring in his prisoner. Elizabeth, calling herself Duchess Dowager of Kingston, walked in, led by Black Rod and Mr La Roche, curtseying profoundly to her judges. When she bent, the Lord Steward called out, 'Madam, you may rise,' which I think was literally taking her up before she was down. The prisoner was dressed in deep mourning, a black hood on her head, her hair modestly dressed and powdered, a black silk sacque with crape trimmings, black gauze, deep ruffles, and black gloves. The counsel spoke about an hour and a quarter each. Dunning's manner is insufferably bad, coughing and spitting at every three words, but his sense and his expression pointed to the last degree; he made her Grace shed bitter tears. She imitated her great predecessor, Mrs Rudd,¹ and affected to write very often, though I plainly perceived she only wrote as they do their love-epistles on the stage—without forming a letter. The Duchess has but small remains of that beauty of which kings and princes were once so enamoured: she is large and ill-shaped; there

¹ A remarkably beautiful woman who, in 1775, was associated with the twin brothers Robert and Daniel Perreau in the forgery of bonds to the extent of £70,000. The brothers were hanged, but Mrs Rudd got off, by reason of her good looks, though all were believed to be equally guilty.

was nothing white but her face, and, had it not been for that, she would have looked like a bale of bombazine. There was a great deal of ceremony, a great deal of splendour, and a great deal of nonsense—they adjourned upon the most foolish pretences imaginable and did NOTHING, with such an air of business as was truly ridiculous. I forgot to tell you that the Duchess was taken ill, but performed it badly. . . . Elizabeth was undignified and unduchessed, and very narrowly escaped burning in the hand. All the peers but two or three (who chose to withdraw) exclaimed with great emphasis, ‘Guilty, upon my honour!’ except the Duke of Newcastle, who said ‘Guilty erroneously, but not intentionally.’ Great nonsense, by the bye—but peers are privileged!”

This “notorious evil-liver,” Elizabeth, Countess of Bristol—self-styled Duchess of Kingston—shared with the American War the attention of England in 1776. Her secret marriage with John Hervey, grandson of the first Earl of Bristol, is a long story, alternately romantic and sordid; but her subsequent marriage with the Duke of Kingston was absolutely invalid, her first husband being still alive, and no divorce proceedings having been instituted. Her fascinations seem to have been irresistible; and even when, by incontrovertible evidence, she was proved “guilty,” her judges allowed to her the privilege of exemption from corporal punishment—*i.e.*, of burn-

ing in the hand, which was the old punishment for bigamy—by straining a point and allowing her to claim her right still to be classed as a member of the peerage.

Hannah More's account also of Burke's impeachment of Warren Hastings is worthy of record, if only for the interest attaching to the orator and his victim. So vividly was the guilt of Hastings portrayed in the burning eloquence of his accuser, that for awhile he believed himself as guilty as Burke had painted him, and only when the spell of that marvellous oratory had passed away did he again believe in his own integrity. Surely no higher tribute was ever paid to the magic of the "silver tongue." The trial continued from 1788 to 1795, and for four days at the beginning and for nine days at the close that scathing arraignment went on. Of one speech in 1788 she says, "Such a splendid and powerful oration I never heard. Poor Hastings sitting by and looking so meek, to hear himself called 'villain' and 'cut-throat,' &c. ! The recapitulation of the dreadful cruelties in India was worked up to the highest pitch of eloquence and passion, so that the orator was seized with a spasm which made him incapable of speaking another word, and I did not know whether he might not have died in the exercise of his powers, like Chatham. I think I never felt such indignation as when Burke, *with Sheridan standing on one side and Fox on the*

other, said, 'Vice incapacitates a man from all public duty,—it withers the power of his understanding and makes his mind paralytic.' I looked at his neighbours, and saw that they were quite free from any symptoms of palsy!"

Of this world-famous trial Macaulay writes, "The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus. Neither military nor civil pomp was wanting. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law. Near a hundred and seventy lords walked in solemn order from their usual place of assembling to the tribunal. The grey old walls were hung with scarlet. There were gathered together, from all parts of a great, free, enlightened, and prosperous empire, grace and female loveliness, wit and learning, the representatives of every science and of every art."

The Queen and the Princesses, the Prince of Wales, and ambassadors of great kings and Commonwealths, the stern and hostile Chancellor and the high-souled Wyndham, Sarah Siddons in her majestic beauty, side by side with the dainty grace of the Duchess of Devonshire, Reynolds the greatest painter and Parr the greatest scholar of the age, were some of those who listened enraptured to the "sublime and beautiful" Burke; and among the noblest in the land sat the daughter of the Stapleton schoolmaster, and watched with breathless in-

terest a display of colour, intellect, beauty, and rank which has perhaps been rarely, if ever, equalled.

Her tragedy of "Percy" was produced at Covent Garden Theatre in 1777. Four thousand copies of the "book o' the words" were sold in a fortnight, and the play itself had an unusually long run, Garrick taking the principal character, and enriching the performance by a prologue and epilogue of his own.

This tragedy seems to have made the greatest success of any of her plays, and excited the emotions alike of rich and poor. Johnson, Garrick, and Pitt united in praising it, and the author's place in the literary world was definitely secured. For several years she lived a life of adulation, but throughout it all she held tight on to her Sundays, and maintained a degree of real simpleness which could only be regarded as remarkable, were not her early influences taken into account. The Jesuits have a saying, "Give us a child to train until he be nine years old, and you may do what you like with him afterwards," and of the truth of this Hannah More is an example. The purity of her life remained untouched, and if to our modern notions she sometimes appears almost "priggish," it must be remembered that the line between faith and unfaith was more sharply defined in her day than it is now, and she was bold to avow that "Propriety is to a woman what the great Roman

critic said that action is to an orator, — it is the first, the second, and the third requisite.”

The strange millinery of the upper classes did not escape her observant eye, and both she and Garrick succeeded, by ridiculing the prevailing fashion, in putting a stop to the kitchen-gardens and flower-plots which ladies then wore upon their heads. “The old order changeth, yielding place to new,” but there are cycles in head-gear, as in other less mundane matters, and we are again threatened with abnormal-sized currants, grapes, and cherries, &c., as well as every sort of possible and impossible insect and shrub, as parts of our toilet decoration. The appearance of Garrick with his head disfigured by bunches of carrots and turnips was enough to startle into common-sense all but the most thick-skinned of his audience, but, alas! in these days we have no Garrick, and the stage, in spite of all that culture can do, becomes less and less of an object-lesson in decency and propriety. Her utopian schemes of reforming the character of theatrical representations seems to have died with Garrick, and the sight of his coffin in the same room where she had but lately witnessed him performing as Macbeth, made her resolve definitely to devote her talents to higher uses. David Garrick was buried in 1779, amid great mourning and splendid pomp, in the great Abbey of Westminster, but on the very night of his funeral the play-houses were as

crowded as if no such thing had occurred, and the mourners of the day shared in all the revelries of the night. Such a satire upon "the fashion of this world" helped no doubt to intensify the sadness of his sudden death, and from that time the brilliant life of London, with all its triumphs and successes, seems to have palled upon her. With a woman of her nature this was no mere "phase," resulting from the painful emotions of the time, but a gradual deepening of an innate piety, for which thousands have had reason to be thankful. Never again did she enter a theatre, even when Sarah Siddons was taking a prominent part in "Percy," and we cannot but admire the consistent striving after the "highest," which is the keynote of all her subsequent career.

In 1785 we see her installed as mistress of a tiny house called "Cowslip Green," about ten miles from Cheddar; and when in 1789 her sisters gave up the Park Street school and settled in Pulteney Street, Bath, she spent part of every winter with them, and part with Mrs Garrick, for whom she retained the greatest affection and respect. John Wesley much deprecated her retirement to the country, and sent her a message more emphatic than grammatical, which runs thus—

"Tell her," said he, "to live in the world. *There* is her sphere of usefulness. They will not let *us* come near them."

But retreat did not mean idleness, and, from the quiet village of Wrington, year by year issued pamphlets and tracts, which circulated in millions, and were instrumental in counteracting the torrent of infidel and licentious literature which threatened to inundate and undermine England—her religion and her government. Realising the enormous influence wielded by those in the van of society, she published an anonymous pamphlet on ‘The Religion of the Fashionable World,’ and, in spite of the absence of “original thought and happy phrases” which Mr Birrell deplures, its authorship was speedily discovered by Dr Porteous, Bishop of London, who at once declared “Aut Morus, aut angelus!”

Her ‘Village Politics’ by “Will Chip” was published by Rivington, instead of by Cadell, in order to divert suspicion from its writer, and, to her amusement and gratification, it was sent to her by every post with laudatory reviews recommending its propagation in her own neighbourhood. It sold by thousands, and the following letter from her staunch friend Dr Porteous speaks for itself:—

“FULHAM, 1792.

“MY DEAR MRS CHIP,—I have this moment received your husband’s dialogue, and it is supremely excellent. I look upon Mr Chip as one of the finest writers of the age: this work alone will immortalise him, and, what is

better still, I trust it will help to immortalise the Constitution. If the sale is as rapid as the book is good, Mr Chip will get an immense income and completely destroy all equality at once. How Jack Anvil and Tom Hod will *bear* this I know not, but I shall rejoice at Mr Chip's elevation, and should be extremely glad at this moment to shake him by the hand and ask him to take a family dinner with me. He is really a very fine fellow. I have kept your secret most religiously.

“Your very sincere and faithful

“B. LONDON.”

In these days when “Quo Vadis” and “The Sign of the Cross” are fashionable plays, it is strange to think of Mrs More's ‘Sacred Dramas’ having been debarred from the stage by a strong outcry of Propriety. There must have been a sterner sense of Propriety (with a very big P.) in those “irreligious” days than there is to-day, when even a halfpenny daily can say of the former, “The tawdry and irreverent could no further go,” and *yet* —“the audience cheered itself hoarse in praise of play, playwright, and players.”

Comment here is superfluous.

It was in 1789 that William Wilberforce visited the sisters at Cowslip Green, and during his visit an immense impulse was given to their work among

the poor of the neighbourhood. After visiting the magnificent gorge known as "Cheddar Cliffs" he was observed to be unusually silent, but in the evening he exclaimed, *à propos* of the amazing ignorance of the people there, "Miss Hannah, *something must be done*—if you will be at the trouble, I will be at the expense." This was practically another turning-point in the life of Miss, or, as she now styled herself, *Mrs* Hannah More; and her familiarity with the cottagers, her own tireless energy and abounding sympathy, enabled her to write as powerfully of "Tom White the Postilion" and "Black Giles the Poacher," as she had written before in 'Hints to a Princess' and 'The Manners of the Great.'

But the schemes of Wilberforce and the More sisters for benefiting the population met with no response from the people of that benighted region. The very poor lived in a world of their own—less than half-civilised; and even among the farmers, the only argument for the better education of the children that had any effect was that "while they were at Sunday-school they could not be robbing orchards."

But these women worked on undauntedly—through evil and good report—with the energy of the Old and the sweetness of the New Dispensation, until schools and scholars were alike established, and out of a seeming Chaos order and discipline were evolved.

“Something must be done,” Wilberforce had said, and “Miss Hannah” *did it*. She aimed at the highest, but protested most strongly against making the poor into philosophers. Her desire to keep them in their proper place is now out of fashion, and the School Boards of 1906 would scoff at the short and simple lessons of 1799. Her theory was, “suitable education for each and Christian education for all,” and the wedding-present for a girl who was married from Hannah More’s schools was “a pair of white stockings knitted by herself, five shillings, and a Bible.”

The world that now is and that which is to come were thus fairly represented, and many a Society bride goes out into her new life less well equipped than did those old-fashioned maidens of the Cheddar Valley. Truth and honesty are out of fashion too. A “smart boy” generally means a young scamp who has not been found out; a “smart man” is the polite synonym for a clever rogue. Education and knavery keep well in step nowadays. There is not much Bible knowledge in offices, but there is plenty of cheap literature; and boys and girls alike can gloat over it, and leave the “Old Story” until eyes and heart are weary and seared.

From 1799 to 1802 she was subjected to every kind of malicious calumny at the hands of the curate of Blagdon, who succeeded in making her life a burden. From his gratuitous scandal-

mongering she was at last delivered by the efforts of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, to whom she had appealed for redress,—having been, in her own words, “battered, hacked, scalped, and tomahawked for three years.”

After the petted life which she had led in London, the change must have been doubly trying, and it is no wonder that a serious illness at last laid her low. But her zealous attempts to make her bit of the world better were by no ordinary illness to be thwarted, and after her removal from Cowslip Green they were renewed with fresh vigour.

In 1802 the house now known as Barley Wood was finished, and thither the five sisters repaired, living happily together as they had done in the old days, to the admiring surprise of Dr Johnson—“Abyssinia’s Johnson, Dictionary Johnson, the Rambler’s, Idler’s, Irene’s Johnson,”—whose acquaintance she had so coveted nearly thirty years before.

The state of the villages round Bristol at that date seems almost incredible.

“Thirteen adjoining parishes without so much as a resident curate. Mr G——, incumbent of Axbridge, intoxicated about six times a-week, and frequently prevented from preaching by two black eyes—honestly earned by fighting.”

Bristol itself was stigmatised by Horace Walpole

as "the dirtiest great shop I ever saw"; and the merchant princes of Bristol batted on the unholy traffic in slaves, which was not altogether abolished until 1833. Men of colour were then declared *free*, and £20,000,000 of compensation money was flung forth by the English nation; but the worse slavery of ignorance and vice still continues, in spite of all the heroic efforts that have been made, and are being made, to promote the "lordlier chivalry" that would reclaim the boor, the drunkard, and the libertine.

To Barley Wood often resorted many leaders of the "Clapham sect." Henry Thornton, Zachary Macaulay, Wilberforce, and others were gladly welcomed to its old-fashioned hospitalities by the five ladies, now no longer young, who had permanently fixed their abode within its walls.

Thence issued the series of "Cheap Repository Tracts" published by the S.P.C.K., which had an enormous circulation, and which show that "Patty" also had a sprightly fancy and a ready pen. This sister we may fairly suppose to have been the most akin to "Miss Hannah," as hers is the name which occurs most frequently in connection with the social and literary interests of the latter; but all the five, in their devotion to one another, are perhaps unique in domestic annals. Of these tracts the most popular was 'The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain,' the hero of

which was modelled on a man whom she herself had met. The extraordinary sale of 1,000,000 copies shows its admirable suitability to, and popularity with, the class for whom it, as well as the other tracts, was written.

The atmosphere of Barley Wood was often enlivened by visits from Zachary Macaulay's son, little Thomas Babington, afterwards Lord Macaulay, and on one occasion he was accompanied by Henry Sykes Thornton, his juvenile friend. The latter, when revisiting the house in his old age, pointed out with considerable amusement the respective corners to which he and "Tom" had been consigned for conspiring to tell a lie to their gentle entertainers. What the lie was he did not proclaim, but the facile wit of Tom Macaulay was probably more than half responsible for its inception. He told many less innocent lies afterwards; and Mr Birrell's criticism this time is just when he says, "Macaulay's style—his much-praised style—is ineffectual for telling the truth about anything. It is splendid, but *splendide mendax!*"

Another reminiscence of H. S. T. is amusing. On one occasion the two boys were again staying at Barley Wood, and, having regard to their probable tastes, an apple-tart was prepared for them. Hot pastry was Thornton's special delight, and, boylike, he set it aside as a *bonne bouche*

to be enjoyed at leisure when the fruit was devoured. His discomfiture was complete when Mistress Hannah said to her sister, "See, Patty, what a good boy Henry is. He knows that his parents would not wish him to eat hot pastry."

Oh, the misery of being misunderstood! "Disappointed, unanneal'd," the soul of Henry Thornton could but submit to fate, and the coveted morsel found its way either to the maw of the scullery-maid or the dust-bin. Sixty years later its ghost confronted him in the old dining-room at Barley Wood!

This same Henry Sykes Thornton, son of the leader of the "Clapham sect," had a quaint habit, in his later years, which will commend itself to all our younger readers and to some impecunious children of a larger growth.

Every Sunday after the midday dinner it was the custom for the footman to bring in a tray, upon which were two piles of coin—one of shillings, the other of half-crowns. Each person dining at the table was requested to repeat either a psalm or a hymn, and after its repetition every member of the household received a shilling and every visitor half-a-crown. Some children who had a visit to Battersea looming before them, learned Psalm cvii., which they duly repeated in parts, to the great delight of their host. When they had finished, he said to their teacher with much

approval, "I see that you agree with my friend Mistress Hannah More. She used to say, 'Henry, if ever you commit the Psalms to memory, be sure it is the Prayer-Book version.'"

When it came to the turn of the children's father he could remember nothing but two verses of the "Old Hundredth," but he also received half-a-crown, Henry Thornton saying with his beaming smile—

"Never mind, Samuel, you have done your best!" which seems a sort of paraphrase on the parable of the punctual and unpunctual husbandmen.

It was Hannah More who first started Lord Macaulay's library, writing to advise him, when only six years old, to "lay a little tiny cornerstone" for the same. Trevelyan says that she had the rare gift of knowing how to live with both young and old, and she often kept Macaulay with her for weeks together, the youthful prodigy meanwhile declaiming poetry and reading prose by the hour; and it is probable that the Stanleys in 'Coelebs,' who gave up childish books at eight years of age, are drawn from the precocious Thomas, who devoured good literature wholesale, and assimilated it as readily. His subsequent appreciation of moral goodness and his persevering energy in acquiring knowledge may be fairly traced to the influences of his childhood; but his

“negativism” on religious subjects is a matter of surprise and regret, and his old friend of Barley Wood so deeply felt his defection “from the party of the saints to the party of the Whigs,” as Mr Maurice significantly says, that she changed her intention of leaving him her own valuable library, as a testimony of her disapproval.

In 1852, when Macaulay revisited the spot where he had spent so many happy hours, the shrubs, which, when he was eleven, were not as tall as himself, had become masses of foliage, shutting out the prospect beyond; and the “root house,” which was his favourite haunt, and where probably many a botany lesson was surreptitiously instilled, had altogether disappeared.

With little outward eventfulness flowed on those next few years, save for the inevitable visits of death, until in 1819 the last blow was struck in the passing away of Patty, whose loving co-operation and care had cheered every step of her career from the time when the little sisters had sung themselves to sleep in the nursery bed at Stapleton.

It was in the autumn of that year that Mr and Mrs Wilberforce were staying with them at Barley Wood, and Hannah, whose health had never been strong, had left her sister to entertain their visitors.

Until nearly midnight they sat chatting, and almost Patty’s last words were of her beloved

sister's achievements—her early days in London, their united struggles against ignorance and sin in the Cheddar Valley.

But "in the flush before the dawning, between the night and morning," the summons came, and it was Hannah who was left, for fourteen years to live alone.

Unfitted by ill-health, temperament, and training to cope with the deceitfulness of servants, she was for many years the dupe of her employées; but when the facts of the case were made clear to her, her course of action was soon taken, albeit reluctantly. At first she so blamed herself for her own lack of perspicacity that she was inclined to remain as she was, and to submit to their wastefulness and ingratitude, as a punishment for her own incompetent housekeeping; but when it was represented to her that she would be condoning sins against which all her lifelong energies had been consistently directed, she determined to move into Clifton, and in a smaller house, with a fresh staff of servants, to begin another chapter of her life. One can imagine that at eighty-three years of age the wrench must have been most painful, but when once the step was taken she never regretted it. Her many friends never allowed her to be dull, and the views on either side of the Windsor Terrace house were compensation in part for the country beauty of Wrington.

Three days a-week, from twelve to three o'clock, were set apart for the reception of visitors, and when remonstrated with for thus fatiguing herself, the unselfish old lady had always four reasons ready, which she considered unanswerable—If old, she saw them “out of respect; if young, hoping to do them good; if from a distance, because they had come from far; if from near home, because neighbours would be naturally aggrieved at being excluded when she was open to receiving strangers.”

As her strength for earthly journeyings declined, her thoughts centred more and more on the “land of far distances,” and she realised fully that the time of her departure was at hand. Her final illness lasted for eleven months—long enough for a whole treasury of dying sayings; but the “gayety” of which she spoke in her seventy-first year never forsook her, and is not one of the least charming traits in the character of this quiet reformer.

On the 7th of September the end came, and after lying in a semi-delirious state for many hours, she passed away, murmuring as her last conscious words, “Patty—joy.”

There is a deep pathos in the association of the words. One could almost believe that a glimpse of that beloved sister who had shared in so much of her earthly happiness was vouchsafed to her,

waiting perhaps to welcome her within the golden gates of that beautiful country wherein is "fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore."

On the 13th of September 1833, every church in Bristol rang a muffled peal, and the tired body of Hannah More was laid to rest in Wrington churchyard, amid every manifestation of respectful mourning.

There lie the five More sisters, of whom Johnson had said, "I love you all!" and of her, the last of the devoted band, it might be said, as of her friend Wilberforce, though in a less degree, that it was her portion to "go down to the grave amid the benedictions of the poor."

Judged by the present pyrotechnic style of literary composition, the success of her work seems phenomenal; but in her day books were not so much a matter of daily outputting as now, and for a publisher to be delivered into the hands of a woman was a welcome novelty.

Phrases, too, which to us seem "stilted" almost to absurdity, were then only the courtesies of everyday life—so much is the standard of politeness in its decadence.

But it is not too much to say that Hannah More will always be remembered with respectful admiration, even by men of more literary culture than William Wilberforce, who said that he would "rather appear in Heaven as the author of 'The

Shepherd of Salisbury Plain' than as the author of 'Peveril of the Peak.'"

Such men as the shepherd doubtless still exist, though their conditions may be different; and among the many new editions that are continually cropping up, perhaps "Cœlebs" and "Will Chip" may yet appear with their wholesome influences, to the displacement of some of our modern writers and the benefit of the next generation.

The facsimile letter here given has no literary value, but as the study of handwriting is so old as to be almost new, it seemed likely that the opinion of an expert thereon might be interesting.

The name and address of the writer were carefully obscured, and for more than an hour the writing was submitted to a searching analysis absolutely unbiassed by any knowledge of the writer's identity.

"A mass of contradictions" was the final verdict, "with Enthusiasm, Philanthropy, and Straight-forwardness as its predominant features; especially conspicuous in the Capital letters.

"Probably written by a man not extraordinarily original or intellectual, but with a marked individuality, combining cultured and refined tastes with an artistic sympathetic sensitiveness which would make literary society and pursuits a delight.

"Intuitive continuity of thought combined with a certain prompt deductiveness are shown respect-

To the Gentlemen
Committee of the
Bristol Journey

Gentlemen

Mrs Hannah More
begs leave to recommend
Mr James Bentley as
a Candidate for the
vacancy of Apprentice
to the Bristol Journey

Barley Wood

April 30 - 1827



ively in the joining together of some of the words and the division of some of the letters.

“Determined and quick-tempered, but too affectionate and large-hearted to be easily offended.

“Rapid in thought and action, there is a lack of dogged determination evidenced in the general ‘attitude’ of the letter, which begins with much flow and smoothness, but gradually droops to the signature.

“A certain tenacity, however, shows itself in the strong downward strokes of some of the final endings; and while aggressiveness is also apparent, the writer is not naturally critical, and, if given at all, the criticisms would be conscientious and kindly.

“Invariably successful, because all undertakings would be carried through, and other people carried along, by the hopeful energy and enthusiasm of their originator, rather than by any real intellectual superiority.

“Not careful or troubled about little things,” says our graphologist, “as shown by the undotted i’s and entire lack of punctuation—the details of a scheme would invariably be left to others.

“Ambitious, but with too much self-respect to have any false pride.

“Innate simplicity of character, combined with a keen observation and much versatility,—shown clearly by the varied formation of the same letters,—would make a delightful conversationalist.

“In any circle the presence of the writer would speedily make itself felt, by an almost unconscious self-assertiveness and a lively sagacity.

“Generous to a fault, but not extravagant, because common-sense would generally govern generosity and prevent squandering; though an impulsive kindness would always turn the scale when a question arose between mere business and a higher and broader outlook.

“The dominance of some of the characteristics has been subdued by years of experience, as the writing is evidently that of an old person.”

So much for graphology! The veracity of this delineation the preceding pages will either demonstrate or impugn.

It is Carlyle who says, “Curious to consider the institution of the Right Hand among universal mankind, probably the very oldest human institution that exists”; and again, “Of all priest-hoods, aristocracies, and governing classes in the world at present, there is no class comparable for its importance to the priesthood of the writers of books.”

Of Hannah More it may safely be asserted, that during the strenuous years of her long life that right hand of hers wielded the pen unceasingly in the cause of all that goes towards making the righteousness which exalteth a nation, and never through all those years did it lose its cunning.

I fancy that the left hand knew very well what

its fellow was doing, and felt a sort of wifely pride in the same; but, after all, is that so very unusual that we can afford to cavil at it?

The ideal helpmate's special function is to be a loyal admirer, even if the only one!

Anyhow, she was fortunate enough to possess a heart so big that the world itself could never fill it, and neither the flatteries of a "miscellaneous society," nor the intellectual pleasures which she so thoroughly appreciated in London, were able to undermine or supersede the innate piety which always distinguished her.

She "saw life steadily and saw it whole," and appraising at their proper values the glories of this world and the next, the lesson is driven home—to the hilt, as it were—by Garrick's sudden death in 1779, shortly before the production of "The Fatal Falsehood," which he had been revising for the stage.

Her large-heartedness is conspicuously evidenced in her life-long friendship with Mrs Garrick—*née* Eva Veigel—"La Violetta" of the Viennese ballet. The fact of a staunch Evangelical and a loyal Romanist being able to spend twenty winters together on terms of closest intimacy speaks for itself, though it is quite likely that in these days when the Italian Mission is becoming more and more realised as a proselytising agency, such an unfettered intercourse would be almost impossible, or at any rate impracticable.

Hannah More says candidly, "We dispute like a couple of Jesuits"; but it is clear that the love on either side was in no way affected, nor the possibility of compromise entertained.

Mrs Garrick's death ante-dated that of her friend by eleven years, and the little old lady with her gold-headed cane, who for forty-three years wore deep widow's mourning, and at ninety-seven talked continually of her "dear Davy," now lies by his side, buried in their wedding sheets, within the sheltering walls of Westminster Abbey. Strange to think of!

The versatility which shows itself in Hannah More's handwriting is manifested by the readiness with which she devoted the ambitions, which had been fostered under Garrick's guidance, to other interests; and what dramatic powers she possessed were quickly overshadowed by the characteristic enthusiasm with which she threw herself into religious and philanthropic reforms.

This divine enthusiasm, however, never waned, as her last book on 'The Spirit of Prayer' clearly shows. It proclaims, in tones as distinct, though less forcible, Carlyle's solemn message to the world—

"No prayer, no *religion*, or at least only a *dumb* and lamed one! Prayer is and remains always a native and deepest impulse of the soul of man; and, correctly gone about, is of the very highest benefit (nay, one might say indispens-

ability) to every man aiming morally high in this world. Prayer is a turning of one's soul in heroic reverence, in infinite desire and *endeavour*, towards the Highest, the All Excellent, Omnipotent, Supreme."

The "sanctified common-sense" which would prevent generosity from bursting into extravagance would inevitably be able to weigh well the *advantages* of discriminating charity, and to assess deliberately the *pros* and *cons* of a sound judgment.

She was not infallible, however, and suffered much from the ingratitude of Anne Yearsley, the Bristol Milkwoman, whose poems she edited in 1784, and on whose behalf she wrote hundreds of letters and collected hundreds of pounds.

This woman was hardworking and deserving until notoriety overtook her and it became the fashion to patronise Hannah More's *protégée*—"Lactilla."

To rise from scavenging and milk-selling—a curious combination, by the way—to the dignity of a Poetess must have been most upsetting; and Mrs Yearsley, being a very ordinary human being inflated with Success, forgot or ignored everything and everybody except *it* and herself.

That her "Poems" had probably less to do with it than anything, would, of course, never occur to her; but we can see here a verification of the graphologist's dictum that Mrs More's energetic enthusiasm would carry success into every undertaking.

In Birrell's latest essay¹ on Hannah More he still cannot refrain from the rudeness which he deplures with manifest insincerity and disingenuousness.

But her views on Education are so diametrically opposed to those enunciated in the so-called "Education Bill,"—then, perhaps (1905), already simmering in his brain,—that the reason of his inherent antipathy is not far to seek.

"Hannah More is incapable of a literary resurrection," says the Minister of Education.

It may be so, but when the struggle of 1906 is only remembered as one more illustration of the extraordinary bias which early training can give to the mind of a man learned in the Law and the Scriptures, the Church shall be quietly extending her boundaries throughout the world, and educating generations of children whose Imperial instincts shall march side by side with the principles and practices for which Hannah More pleaded more than a hundred years ago.

"Practical Piety" is going out of fashion quite fast enough: we do not want to ignore its Principles also.

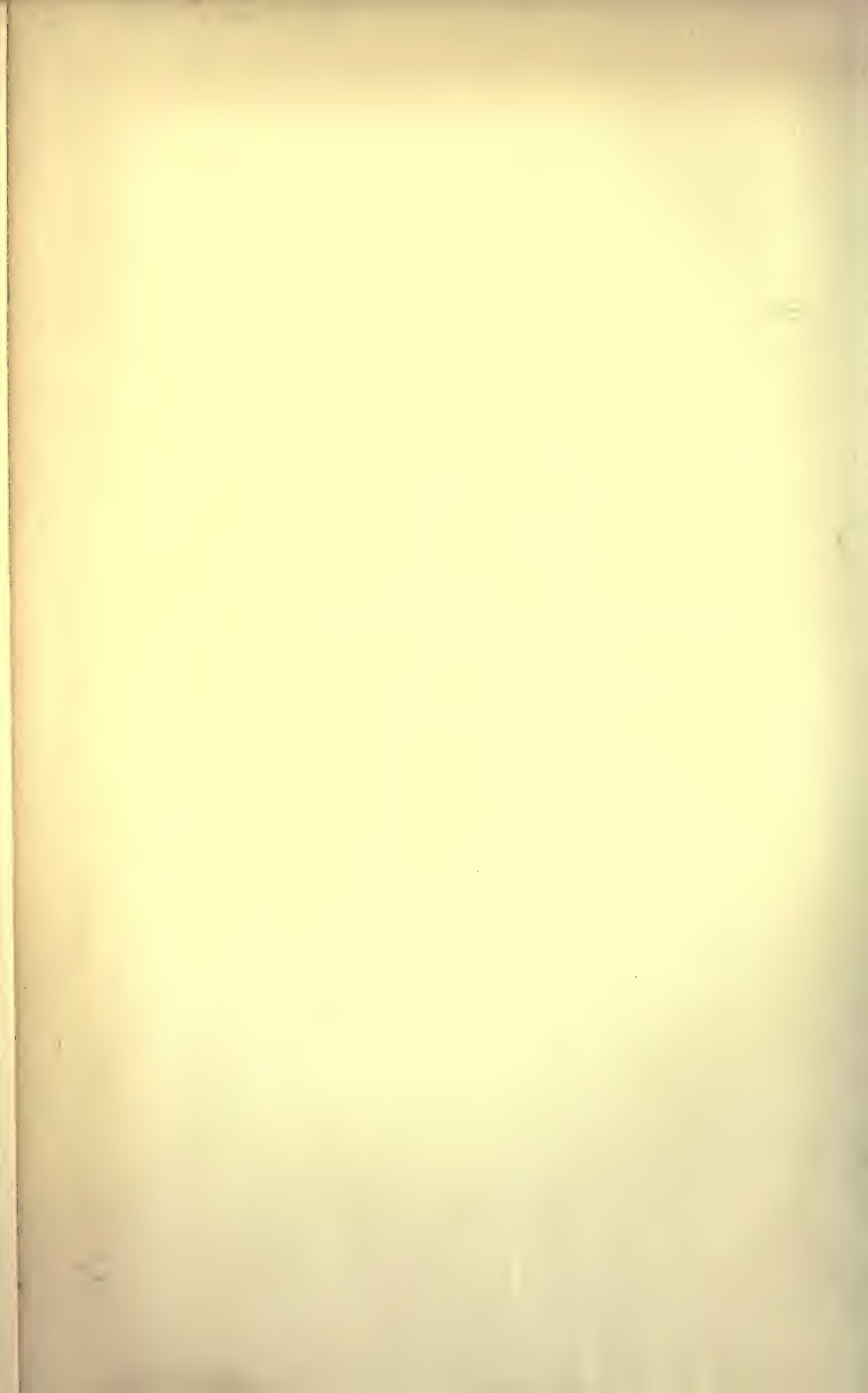
Who knows but that the "ever-rolling waves" of Time may once again bear upon their crests the quaint old text-books of God-fearing Faith and Morality which were written—and acted upon—by the little lady of Barley Wood!

¹ "In the Name of the Bodleian," 1905.

MARY CARPENTER

Born at Exeter, 1807.

Died at Bristol, 1877.





MARY CARPENTER.

From a photograph, by C. Voss Bark, in the possession of Professor J. Estlin Carpenter.

MARY CARPENTER.

THE clever sketches of Phil May have rendered the tricks and manners of "gutter-snipes" familiar to most of us, but comparatively few are old enough, or willing to confess themselves old enough, to remember the time when the streets teemed with scores of such urchins, who prowled about at their own sweet will, and were under the control or surveillance of no one more humane than the primitive policeman of those days.

It is to Mary Carpenter that the honour belongs of having been the pioneer of a movement which resulted in the establishment of Industrial and Reformatory Schools in every large town in the country.

She was born in Exeter on the 3rd of April 1807, but as the ministerial labours of her father were transferred in 1817 to Bristol, where he definitely settled himself and his family, she may fairly be claimed as a Bristolian.

When quite a child she showed a diversity

and yet a definiteness of gifts which are seldom combined.

As a verse-maker her attempts were unusually melodious, but it was for perseverance in difficult subjects and a "patient waiting for" of opportunity that her life from start to finish was chiefly remarkable.

"Something craggy to break my head upon," was Lord Byron's impatient aspiration, and it might have been Miss Carpenter's also; for when duty called, no obstacle was too great for her to attempt the mastering of it, and difficulties seemed only to brace her energetic mind into putting her ideas into action.

We reap with joy where she sowed with many tears; but it is a matter of thankfulness that she lived long enough to see many of her schemes carried into effect, and, while giving God the glory, to realise that the world was better because she had lived in it for seventy years of unsparing work and sacrifice. At first it seemed as if her high-born dreams were to be merged in genteel governessing and the uneventful routine of a first-class school, but she was only possessing her soul in patience, and when the fulness of time was come she was quick to seize her opportunity and to devote herself to more active and arduous duties.

Life to her was always a most earnest business

—no mere game of chance to be carelessly enjoyed, but a solemn trusteeship to be sacredly discharged.

How she discharged it this chapter shall strive to tell.

Although, from her earliest years, there was an innate purpose and religiousness underlying the varied gifts and accomplishments of Mary Carpenter, perhaps the two great moving factors of her life were the Bristol Riots in 1831, and the visit to England, two years later, of Rammohun Roy.

These two events, diverse as they appear, stirred her to an intensity of earnestness and a realisation of personal responsibility which had previously only smouldered unseen, and the solemn vows then registered by her were to be performed in after days with corresponding solemnity.

Mary Carpenter was at no time a handsome woman, but her "great grey eyes, so slow and wise," gave to her face a look of far-seeing intelligence which was accentuated by a broad brow and a determined but humorous mouth. Though loving beauty in all things, with a keen eye to nature's glories and a brain and hand which loved to portray and to write of them, she was singularly careless of her own personal appearance, and the first impression which she created was apt to be one of disappointment, on account of an indescribable lack of attention to feminine details which are

supposed to be among a woman's charms. Tall and angular always, she certainly owed nothing to her "fixings," but all was forgotten when once her interest was aroused or her sympathies honestly awakened; while her intelligent criticisms on science, art, and literature are enough to reassure us as to the charm of her conversation, and to testify to her busy and assimilative brain.

History, German literature, Poetry, Geology, and General Science were each and all a delight to her, and, while loving mystical and metaphysical subjects, nothing ever diverted her from her self-chosen task of bettering the masses.

Scientific methods characterised all her philanthropic work, and the zeal and skill with which she had classified geological and botanical specimens in early years were not wanting when subsequently applied to the classification of the poor little mortals who swarmed in the streets of Bristol.

It was on the evening of Sunday, October 30, 1831, that all England was startled by an outbreak of brutish passions and insane destructiveness which to this day has left its traces on the old metropolis of the West. It is difficult in times of peace to realise the fury of war and the danger of a false security, but as long as the world lasts a substratum of crime and violence will always exist under the vaneer of a superficial civilisation. This fact was painfully brought home to the sensitive spirit of

Mary Carpenter by the horrors of that autumn Sunday. From her sheltered home in Great George Street she could hear the clamour of the infuriated mob, the roar of the burning buildings, and the tramp of the soldiery. Against the glare of the conflagrations the many spires of "the city of churches" stood out like stern fingers of judgment; but all unheeding the rioters sped on, until the streets ran red with mingled wine and blood.

A stultified etiquette and a mistaken forbearance entailed the death of many, and the destruction of much that was of priceless value to the city; and while the "storm and stress" of life was brought home to her in such vivid colouring, we can imagine how all that was best in such a nature as hers would yearn, with a divine discontent, for the redemption and betterment of men. Not until then had she given much earnest thought to the wretched condition of the poor and friendless, though for many years she had devoted part of every Sunday and some hours of every week to teaching and visiting her Sunday-school scholars and their families.

But the Bristol Riots gave a fresh purpose to her life, and her real "soul's awakening" may justly be dated from the shock of that awful Sunday. The suicide of Colonel Brereton was not the least sad of the many sad results of that fatal day, for it could not have been personal cowardice

that induced that unfortunate officer to send away the troops and to behave in a manner so contrary to all the traditions of the English army. A certain "iron-sidedness" is *necessary* sometimes, and summary retribution for rebellion is often the truest kindness in the end, even to the rebels themselves.

To the vow made by her, five months later, is directly traceable the work which eventually became alike her goal and her monument. What she determined upon almost in desperation became the real love-story of her life, the motive power of all her subsequent career.

On the 1st of January 1832 she wrote, "How awful the state of public affairs in which we have entered this New Year! I feel deeply moved that I can do no more towards alleviating the distress of the poor, but I hope that I shall be enabled to do so"; and the following is the entry in her Diary on the Fast Day appointed in view of the first advent of cholera, on the 21st of March in the same year: "I wish on this day appointed for public humiliation before God to record my earnest desire to become more useful to my fellow-creatures, and my prayer to our Heavenly Father is, to guide me by His light into the way of discovering the means and of rightly employing them. The first and most obvious way is by myself giving to others such as may glorify their Father in

Heaven, and I must do this by simply and humbly, but zealously and constantly, working the work of Him who placed us here. I must be careful never to neglect any *certain* duties, for others which only appear to me useful and desirable; but when the hand of Providence does point out any way of doing good more extensively, I must engage in it with thankfulness and ardour but with humility, caring not at all for my own comfort or labour. These things I have written to be a witness against me if ever I should forget what ought to be the object of all my *active* exertions in this life.”

This is not the emotional utterance of a “kid-glove philanthropist,” but the deliberate resolution of one who “saw life steadily,” and in the seeing of it was stimulated to a great desire to devote herself to the improvement of her fellow-creatures.

But the time was not yet.

Home duties, pressing and various—“the daily round, the common task”—involving as much real concentration and unselfishness, but without any of the “kudos” of public work, were all-absorbing for the time being, though the visits of Dr Tuckermann and Rammohun Roy alike re-inspired her ardent longings for a larger life and a more apparent self-surrender.

But the inner life of Mary Carpenter was too sincerely religious for her to dream of neglecting the duties of home.

“Do the duty which lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty! Thy second duty will already have become clearer.”

Carlyle's grand words might have been her motto throughout the seventy years of her manifold toil.

“The next thing” was with her always *the* thing to be done,—the rest could wait for His good pleasure.

Never forgetting it, never for one moment really setting it aside, she just *waited*—which is the hardest thing of all to do well—until the opportunity developed itself, and then, strengthened by years of patient preparation, she came forward as one of the world's champions against the powers of evil, with a ripened experience and a vigour tenfold intensified.

“First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.”

Between 1831 and 1840 there were times of “gloomy sorrow,” of exceeding depression, of “fightings and fears without, within,” of physical and mental weariness, of disappointment and personal self-depreciation such as nearly all noble souls have endured, culminating in the death of that revered father whom most she loved on earth.

On the first Sunday of the year 1840 she “formed a resolution to give up all desires and hopes to God.” “I feel from experience,” she wrote on April

3rd, "that the more I can do this, the more my mind will be at peace."

A few days later her faith was tested to its foundations, for just as the very shadow of the Cross was falling upon Christendom, the tidings came that Dr Carpenter had been drowned while on the way from Leghorn to Marseilles. In search of renewed health, he had gone abroad full of bright hopes of future usefulness, but "God took him," and henceforth only his memory remained as an incentive and a benediction. There were times when she sorrowed under the realisation that none of his best-beloved had been with him at the last, but gradually it grew to be a comforting thought that he had been spared the long physical pain of dying, and had just been taken up by God's own hand from this world into *that*.

Life was never quite the same to her again. Tenacity of purpose almost involves tenacity of memory and of affection, but as earthly ties loosened, her purposes strengthened, and at last, in August 1846, the first Ragged School was opened in Bristol, with an attendance of seven boys, who brought with them a dozen more in the afternoon.

The scene must have been a strange one—discouraging and unpromising in the extreme. No boy present had any shoes, stockings, or shirt, and, what was far worse, none of them had any home or the most elementary ideas of order or discipline.

Their novel surroundings held them in check for a few minutes, and then a voice was heard, friendly yet defiant, "Let's have a fight!"

The motion was carried unanimously, and in an instant a battle-royal was in full swing. One can imagine that on that sultry summer day those poor waifs found the confinement within four walls insupportably irksome, and longed for the freedom of the gutter.

All of them, however, in spite of their scanty clothing, seemed better fed than the children of the respectable poor, for the former had no misgivings as to the rights of property, and promptly annexed anything eatable that came in their way. To be hungry was natural, to satisfy hunger was equally so in their estimation, and they recognised no barriers save the law, which punished but did not prevent either the hunger or the theft. The animal instinct of self-preservation was their only guide, and to all intents and purposes they were as guiltless as any other animal that refuses to die when the means for living are within its grasp.

This, however, was only the beginning of things, and four months later the experiment had proved so successful that new premises were opened in St James's Back, where for twenty-five years this small but important work was steadily carried on.

The knowledge which she had gained of the art of teaching was now an incalculable benefit. She

was called to work upon the raw material, and all her tact and method were needed to keep order and educe intelligence. But her efforts were ultimately crowned with success, and not only were her scholars a credit to herself and to the schoolmaster, but the spirit of chivalry, which, paradoxical as it may appear, can and does exist even in the lowest stratum of society, prompted the worst denizens of Bristol slumland to receive her visits with friendly recognition, and enabled her to go alone, and at night, into courts and alleys which a policeman did not dare to enter save in the company of another. They appreciated her services loyally, and this brave woman was to many of them the only person whom they held sacred—the incarnation of all that they recognised as good and true.

The influence which she had over her scholars was a practical one, because she realised their temptations so fully. It was to her no surprise that they should sink—rather that they should possess any power of rising. Their failures in honesty, their frequent relapses into vice, only stirred her into more active sympathy and more urgent work. The life of Mary Carpenter was one incessant mission.

Trained as she had been, mentally and spiritually, every fibre of her being thrilled to the beauty of the Gospel story, and the children felt and acknowledged it also.

“This Jesus” of whom she spoke so lovingly was *worthy* of their service at any rate, and even in their short experience they had sifted the elements of life pretty thoroughly, and had early found that “the way of transgressors is hard.”

“Within that rugged block is an angel!” said Michael Angelo the sculptor, and often must Mary Carpenter, and workers such as she, have thought of his words when from beneath some scarred surface gleamed out the face divine.

On one occasion she held a *levée* of ragged school children at Druid Stoke (then tenanted by Mr D. Sykes). They were all drawn up in the avenue leading to the house, and sang several of their favourite school-songs, finally, and at her special request, singing with touching fervour—

“Here we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again—
In heaven we part no more!” &c.

The appearance of the children was most pathetic, many of them being almost indecently ragged. One tiny girl whose mother was evidently more at home in making bargains than in readapting them, was garbed in a long dress which trailed upon the ground with most ludicrous effect. But the entire absence of anything save pride and pleasure in her new frock sustained the poor mite even in these trying circumstances, and her enjoyment was complete.

A conference of workers, on her initiative, now appointed a committee to urge upon the Government, and the country generally, the desirability of establishing reformatory schools for convicted children, instead of sending them to prison; and in order to demonstrate that such a plan was practicable, she started one on her own account at Kingswood, four miles from Bristol, in premises most generously given by a Mr Scott.

Sufficient interest and sympathy having been excited throughout the country, she was relieved from any anxiety as to pecuniary matters, and on September 4, 1852, these premises were opened.

In 1852 there was no "Clifton Extension Railway"—electric tramways were all undreamed of—and the physical fatigue involved by such an undertaking is easy to be imagined. Her brother-in-law, Mr Herbert Thomas, travelled for his firm (Christopher Thomas Brothers, soap manufacturers) in those days, and, as his journeys had to be done regularly, he depended almost entirely upon the carriage which was placed at his service. He was sometimes, therefore, able to drive Mary Carpenter from Bristol to Kingswood, but the distance more frequently had to be done on foot, and often the indefatigable woman would return between nine and ten o'clock at night "ready to drop"—only able to fall asleep in the chair by the fireside. So great, however, were her recuperative powers,

that in the morning she would be quite ready to start off again on her self-imposed duty. No weather was allowed to interfere, no womanly weakness was taken into account, and work which would tax the strongest was undertaken, and performed, with cheerful willingness and unswerving purpose. The story of her struggles with these juvenile offenders is deeply interesting, and amid much discouragement she had frequent evidences as to the good resulting from her efforts, while letters from boys and girls in the after days testified to the permanence of the teaching received and the love which she inspired among these poor waifs.

Of one John Shawny (Shaughnessy?), an incorrigible young thief with whom she had much influence, we know that the last thing heard of him after his enlistment was that, during the Indian Mutiny of 1858, he was told off to take care of the English ladies.

He was never heard of again, and there is every likelihood that, in the horrors of that awful time, he lost his life for their sakes. During the night-watches, under those star-lit skies, he would often doubtless recall some seemingly chance word of counsel given in the Kingswood Reformatory School; and it may well be that he who had cost her so many hours of painful anxiety will have been among the first to welcome her on the other

side. Not in vain were kindness and sympathy lavished on that poor friendless Irish boy.

“He saw his Duty—a dead sure thing—
And *went for it* there and then,
And God isn't going to be too hard
On a man who died for men.”

But the time came at last when she was to be “set aside for stillness,” and for many weeks Mary Carpenter lay upon a sick-bed; the vitality that was in her fighting fiercely against the torturing ravages of rheumatic fever. Through all that time the tender inquiries of her scholars and of a far-reaching circle of admiring friends were a touching evidence to the value of her life and work; and when again she was able to take an active share in the organisations which she had promoted, it was with a deepened sympathy in human suffering and a wider outlook upon heavenly things.

Not until she had personally tested the working of the Reformatory at Kingswood did she undertake the formation of another, for *girls only*, at the Red Lodge, and of this she took the entire management, Lady Noel Byron assisting in the purchase of the property and giving invaluable help both in money and encouragement.

The name of Lady Byron carries us back to the days when the passionate poetry of her husband was flooding the world. At this time, 1857, she

had been a legal widow for more than thirty years, but in reality she was widowed from the day of her marriage in 1815. No more disastrous union could have been made. "Fire is a good servant, but a bad master," and poor Byron was *all* fire, as the quiet and simple-minded Miss Milbanke very soon discovered. The reformation of a rake is an ungracious task at best, and no one less fitted for such an office could well be imagined. Whether this was her day-dream we know not, but the awakening came only too soon.

On the anniversary of their wedding-day in 1821 Lord Byron wrote :—

"This day of all our days has done
The worst for me and you :
'Tis just six years since we were *one*,
And five since we were *two*."

But we know that there could never have been any true union between this most ill-assorted pair, though they did not separate until 1816.

Henceforward Lady Byron devoted herself to their child Ada, and to the furtherance of beneficent schemes among the poor. Because her own life had been spoiled she seemed to long all the more intensely for the happiness of others, and this Red Lodge Home was only one among many good agencies with which she was associated.

The "sanctified common-sense" and enthusiastic but practical Christianity of Mary Carpenter were

very attractive to one whose calm, quiet goodness was conspicuous. It had never varied even in the subtle agony of an unrequited affection, the hysterical accusations of her husband's admirers and the unhomeliness of her own home; but the stronger individuality of the Bristol philanthropist gained her loving confidence, which was warmly reciprocated, and of her three literary executors Mary Carpenter was one.

Her death in 1860 was an unspeakable sorrow to the surviving friend, and a few verses composed by the latter at this time may not be out of place here.

“ Long tried and faithful servant ! thou didst run
 A weary race.
 The distant goal is reached ! thy crown is won !
 Thy resting-place.

'Midst blighted joys thou trod'st thy path of youth—
 'Midst griefs thy prime—
 But thou didst glean from all, eternal truth,
 Vanquishing time.

Thy Lord well knew in weakness thou wast strong,
 And on thee laid
 A burden of rich gifts, to use them long,
 E'en as He bade.

How thou didst strive to spend the treasures well
 So largely given—
 How constant toil—no mortal tongue can tell,—
 'Tis known in heaven.

Yet, friend beloved, our tears must warmly flow
 That thou art gone.
 An awful void is nigh us here below ;
 We feel alone.

Be near us yet, because thou art with God ;
Be with us still ;
And help us on to do, on life's rough road,
Our Father's will."

The Red Lodge stands at the top of Lodge Street on the foundation of an ancient Carmelite abbey dating back to 1590. Its history has much in it that appeals to the imagination, for which we must refer our readers to books on the subject, but there is a striking contrast, which the least imaginative mind can readily grasp, between the past and present inmates of that historic house.

After forty years of varied experiences Mary Carpenter left Great George Street, and, in 1858, took up her abode in the Red Lodge, where she laboured with ever-increasing zeal for six years.

As an instance of her perspicuity and ready wit we may relate the following anecdote :—

A girl at the Red Lodge had a rooted objection to laundry-work, and the weekly washing-day was invariably the signal for a seizure of the most alarming kind. She became absolutely rigid, foaming at the mouth, and altogether in a most abnormal condition. Miss Carpenter's observant mind took cognisance of these regularly recurrent fits, and in her own practical fashion she formed her conclusions and determined on the remedy required. Having sent for the doctor she saw him alone, and requested him to notice the

symptoms and to corroborate her proposed method of treatment.

"I have been strictly investigating the nature of these fits, doctor," she said quietly, as they stood together by the bedside of the apparently unconscious girl, "and I find that the most efficacious cure is the application of hot iron to the soles of the feet."

The doctor acquiesced with a professional gravity that did him infinite credit. Turning to the nurse Miss Carpenter said sharply, "Heat me that poker red-hot immediately."

The *prescription alone* was instantaneously effective!

The maiden sat up and began to speak. There were no more fits on washing-days!

We stated at the beginning of this chapter that the two great moving factors in her life were (1) the Bristol Riots, and (2) the visit of Rammohun Roy. The manifold results of the former having been imperfectly sketched, we must now touch briefly upon the influence which the memory of the latter exerted upon the last ten years of her eventful life.

In 1864 the subject of Female Education in India was strongly brought home to her by a visit from Mr Tagore and Mr Ghose, two Hindu gentlemen from Bengal who were studying in London; and having once been imbued with the

idea that she was to be the pioneer of that movement, she waited patiently until once more her way should be made clear.

Two years later that time came. It was in 1866 that she sailed for India, and on arriving she at once set to work to establish a free school for "the poorest of the poor" at Calcutta.

After six months of glorious work she returned to England, feeling that the establishment of Female Normal Training Schools in India was *en train*; and Lord Dufferin, than whom none can speak more weightily, lays much stress upon this first visit.

The interest shown by the Queen was most inspiring, and Miss Carpenter's interview with Her Majesty at Windsor, in 1868, gave a prestige to this fresh undertaking which would otherwise have been lacking. On this, as on all occasions, her personal feelings were absorbed in the *object of her visit*. She characteristically says, "I was not in the least nervous. I was not going for myself, but for the Women of India."

The two womanly women saw all that was best in each other,—the Queen-mother and the motherly old maid,—met and conversed and parted, mutually gratified.

Later in that year she went out again, but was obliged to hurry back on account of illness, returning in 1869 to see how the good seed was

fructifying. Her satisfaction on this occasion was extreme; and when she returned to England in 1870 she exclaimed, "The work *will* go on. In faith and hope I can say, 'India, farewell!'"

But she paid one more last visit in 1875, returning the following year with the two eldest boys of a Bombay Babu, who were to be brought up in England under her care. The appearance of these boys was most quaint.

The dusky figures, surmounted by small peaked caps, with black tunics belted over loose white trousers, looked as if they had just stepped out of one of Mrs Trimmer's illustrated story-books. They were objects of much interest in Clifton, and thoroughly enjoyed their position; but after her death they were recalled to India by their parents, and were soon safely deposited upon their native shore. After the inevitable fêting which resulted from their close association with Mary Carpenter, and the personal interest shown in themselves, one of the boys found Indian life very flat and unprofitable, and determined to make his way back to England. This he succeeded in doing, but found his reception very different from that which he had experienced on the former occasion. No welcome was accorded him, but only reproaches; and within a few days of landing he was once more on his way to India—Mr Estlin Carpenter having secured a free passage for him

on condition that he performed the duties of a steward's assistant! There is something tragicomic in the whole proceeding, but it is satisfactory to know that he subsequently filled a good position in an Indian Government Office.

The visits of Mary Carpenter to India which we have so briefly summarised were productive of enormous good. Jails were visited, schools were established, and the emancipation of Indian women was advanced in every direction.

The discipline of prisons also received her special attention, and, at the request of the Indian Government, she made many suggestions relative to the treatment of prisoners and the non-imprisonment of children.

These suggestions have for the most part been carried out, and the influences first started by her are still rippling on. The phonograph of life is re-issuing in varying tones the words that she uttered years ago, and she, though dead, "yet speaketh."

It is not a hundred years since the children of the streets were regarded only as a part of that huge social problem roughly tabulated as "the lower classes," and it was left to Mary Carpenter to disintegrate them.

By her they were divided into three distinct sets of scholars:—

1. *Habitually depraved children*, for whom a Reformatory only was suitable;

2. *Lesser delinquents and vagrants*, who were worthy of training in a Certified Industrial School; and

3. *Neglected waifs*, whose worst feature was ignorance, and who might be early weaned from an atmosphere of vice to one of pure living and hopefulness by a Day-feeding Industrial School.

All these institutions she secured to the nation by unremitting hard work and heroic self-sacrifice; while in India to-day much is still going on which may be indirectly traced to her efforts and her example. As one of England's living thinkers¹ strikingly puts it: "Force is never lost or destroyed, but only changed from one form to another. As in the material world every physical action produces an effect and thereby leaves a record, so in the moral world does every act, whether good or bad. There must be a conservation of moral as well as of physical energy. The effects of every thought and of every action are immortal, and cannot be lost."

Within a month of her death she delivered the last of her six lectures on India; and so clear was her diction, so accurate her phraseology, that no waste of time was involved, and for an hour and a quarter she was able to rivet the attention of a cultivated and critical audience.

Not least among the gifts of this remarkable

¹ Rev. H. N. Hutchinson.

woman was that of knowing exactly what she wanted to say and how to say it, so that at the end of her longest addresses the reporters had no need to make any emendations in their short-hand notes.

There was no appearance of impaired vitality, no falling off of energetic sympathy, when, on the 6th of June, she delivered her last message on "The Religious Aspect of India."

The extraordinary strain which she had put upon herself all her life, and the frequent rheumatic attacks from which she had suffered, lessened somewhat the shock of her death, though the end was nearer than any mortal could foresee.

Only a few days before, she went to visit an old gardener, and he subsequently declared, "I never in my life saw any one *so* tired,—she just sat down in that chair as if she would have gone through it."

It was on Thursday the 14th of June 1877 that God's hand "beckoned unawares."

After a longer time at her desk than was usual to her at this date, she lay down to rest after her last day's work, and so—*resting*—they found her.

Four days later a long procession filed past the stately burial-place in Arno's Vale Cemetery of Rammohun Roy, whose influence had so permeated her life; and side by side, near the open grave, stood the two Hindu boys who represented his race,

and some of the ragged boys and girls of Bristol for whom the cry of her life had been, “Save the children!”

Truly are there many “mothers in Israel” who have never known the anguish of bringing another life into the world, or the rapture of a child’s first kiss.

Such an one is Mary Carpenter—the children’s friend—the saviour of many a broken life,—whose influence in slumland will be felt for generations to come. Servant of God—well done!



CAROLINE LUCRETIA HERSCHEL

Born in Hanover, 1750.

Died in Hanover, 1848.





CAROLINE HERSCHEL.

*From an original oil-painting, by M. G. Tielemann, now in the possession of
Sir William Herschel, Bart.*

CAROLINE LUCRETIA HERSCHEL.

SISTERS have played an important part in the world's history.

Though eclipsed by their more brilliant brothers, there were none more ready to acknowledge their indebtedness than William Wordsworth, William Herschel, Charles Lamb, and others, whose names stand out prominently in the literary roll-call of England.

And of these sisters, perhaps the one whose personal history is the most interesting is Caroline Herschel, without whose invaluable aid the success of her brother would have been hindered, if not prevented.

In the early part of the seventeenth century the Protestants of Moravia fled from the persecutions which were rife in that part of the Continent, and took up their abode in other less conservative quarters.

Among these refugees were three brothers, Herschel by name, who settled in Saxony. One

of these—Hans—was a brewer at Pirnau, near Dresden, and the great-grandfather of William and Caroline. Their grandfather was Abraham Herschel, landscape-gardener to the King of Saxony, and his youngest son Isaac, born in 1707, was their father.

Abraham was most anxious that Isaac should succeed him in the same honourable and probably lucrative calling, but the young man early developed a passion for music, and his father's persuasions were of no avail. Devoting himself to the study of the hautboy (oboe), he speedily—in 1731—was installed as player of that instrument in the Royal Hanoverian Band. This was no slight honour for a young man of twenty-four, as no ordinary performer, even on a drum, was admitted; and a year later he felt justified in marrying.

The woman of his choice was Anna Ilse Moritzen, a typical "hausfrau," who doubtless took a vague pride in her husband's achievements, but had very strong views as to the mission of women. Their large family was mostly born before the battle of Dettingen in 1743, which was destined to affect the after-life of all the family, and during these ten years Isaac Herschel was the acknowledged leader of the musical circle in Hanover.

The Hanoverian line having been established on the English throne, the Germans naturally joined with the English in fighting for Maria Theresa,

who, as the only daughter of the Emperor Charles II., claimed the Austrian throne.

George II. in person conducted the advance of his 30,000 men, assisted by his son the Duke of Cumberland, but on the 27th of June 1743 they found themselves face to face with a French army of 60,000 under the Duc de Noailles, who were encamped on the opposite side of the river Maine.

Feeling the inadequacy of his numbers, the king thought it best to retreat, but the van of the French army outmarched him, and when he reached the village of Dettingen he saw that they were rapidly coming up on his flank. It was a clear case of "Hobson's choice," for a retreat would have been no less hazardous than an advance. Fortunately, however, a narrow pass lay between the opposing armies, down which the French, relying on their superior numbers, rushed with characteristic impetuosity. English stability now rose to the occasion, and with dogged bravery we, with the assistance of the Hanoverians, were able to withstand even the onset of such a vast force.

Up and down the lines rode George II., amid the roar of cannon and the snapping of musketry, encouraging and commanding, and by his own personal valour inciting his army to fresh effort and redoubled resistance. The result was a decisive victory for the Allies, after a short but desperate fight. The loss of life was enormous, the French

sacrificing 6000 men and the Allies about half that number. This signal victory—of which it is said that “the conduct of George deserves the highest praise; and it was undoubtedly through him, and through his son far more than through any of his generals, that the day was won”—is notable in the annals of our national history as being the last occasion on which a King of England exposed himself under fire. Many a time since have royal personages distinguished themselves on the battlefield, but at present George II. enjoys the distinction of being the last English monarch who personally conducted a campaign.

So ended, from an historic point of view, the famous battle of Dettingen, but the result to the poor leader of the Guards Band, who was present throughout, was most disastrous. From the effects of lying all night in a wet furrow Isaac Herschel never recovered, and, though he kept his position in the army for seventeen years afterwards, he was never again as he had been, and suffered incessantly from acute rheumatism, which ultimately caused his death.

Shortly after Dettingen he was ordered to England with the Regiment of the Guards, but his absence from Hanover was not of long duration, and there, two years later (1745), Caroline was born.

In 1755 Lisbon was decimated by one of the

most awful earthquakes that have ever convulsed the face of nature. Even as far north as Hanover the shock was severely felt, and it is not surprising that to the end of her life Caroline still remembered the look of utter helplessness and awe depicted on the faces of her father and mother as the ground quivered with horrible distinctness, and each one wondered what the next moment might bring. Thus far and no farther did the phenomenon go—then all again was still.

All the children, except the eldest daughter Sophia Elizabeth, very early exhibited distinct musical talent, but Caroline's gifts in that direction were almost entirely neglected,—writing and reading being, in her mother's estimation, the only necessary accomplishments for a woman. During her father's lifetime he supplied her with occasional lessons on the violin, and to him may be traced the musical and scientific tastes which distinguished his children. When asthma and rheumatism finally necessitated his retirement from the army in 1760, it was his great delight to discuss musical and scientific matters with them; but after his death in 1762 Caroline was entirely relegated to the kitchen, and to the manifold duties which accrue to a servantless household.

But Caroline Herschel never thought of herself; she had a "royal instinct for serving others," and to be useful in the narrow sphere of a modest Ger-

man home was as much a religion to her as was afterwards the loving service which she devoted to her brother in England.

Entirely devoid of self-consciousness, with an hereditary spirit of discipline running in her veins, united with an instinctive love of self-sacrifice for the sake of duty, there is a nobility and a "divine enthusiasm" about Caroline Herschel which invests all her deeds with an enduring grandeur which she herself would have sincerely deprecated.

For many years the daily routine of cleaning and cooking and knitting went on, but at last the relief came, in the shape of a request that was almost a command, from her beloved brother William, that she should go back with him to England, where he had been promoted from Halifax parish church to the post of Organist to the Octagon Chapel at Bath, then recently consecrated.

Travelling in those days was a very dismal process, and for six days and nights the "little lady," then aged twenty-seven, rumbled along in the old post-wagon from Hanover to Hellevoetsluis, and, after a disastrous sea passage, was literally tossed upon English shores at Harwich in August 1772.

But before leaving Hanover she busied her nimble fingers in behalf of the family at home, and made stockings enough for her mother and "little Dietrich" to last them for two years. This at an average computation of human wants would mean

a work of considerable length and labour, and it is rather pathetic to read, in an earlier account, that the first stocking she made for the elder boy Alexander reached from the floor to her chin, so diminutive was her stature. Eighty years later she was known as the "little old lady." The wages of a servant to take her place were defrayed by William, to whom her loving devotion was now to be wholly dedicated. "Little Dietrich," as she called him, was of all her family the one least able to appreciate his sister, and the one next to William to whom, by a strange perversity, she gave most of the love with which her nature overflowed. Even when in Bath, the labours of her brother and herself were disturbed for several weeks by frantic tidings from Hanover that Dietrich and "another young idler" had run away from home. The strong family love which distinguished William induced him to forego his own pursuits and to start off immediately for London, where after much anxiety, in a disreputable corner of Wapping, he found the runaway, dangerously ill. He was thence brought to Bath and nursed back to health on roast apples and barley-water. On a later occasion (1809) he again gave them great trouble, and for four years the devoted sister had not a day free from secret anxiety on his account. Of this time her only remark is, full of pathetic self-distrust, "I hope that I have acquitted myself

to everybody's satisfaction, for I have never neglected my eldest brother's business; and the time I devoted to Dietrich was taken entirely from my sleep, or from what is generally allowed for meals, which were mostly taken running, or sometimes forgotten entirely."

At the time of her arrival in England (1772) she could only read and write, so we may well believe that it was with mingled delight and diffidence that she entered upon her new life at Bath. From being a maid-of-all-work in Hanover to being the coadjutor of a man like William Herschel was indeed a change which our imagination "boggles at"; and had she been a woman of less heroic mould, she might have given herself up to alternate moods of exaltation and despair, without our feeling any reasonable wonder.

But Caroline was made of true Teutonic stuff, and this was soon made manifest in her everyday life with the "Hanoverian fiddler" whose scientific discoveries and deductions subsequently electrified the whole civilised world. Seven years his junior, disliking publicity, and a "hausfrau" bred if not born, it is simply amazing to watch the loyalty and devotion with which she followed and smoothed every step of the path which her brother elected to pursue.

Strait was the gate and narrow was the way, but no stumbling-block was allowed to interfere, no

difficulties discouraged. An innate spirit of obedience enabled her to perform what seem almost like miracles; and the young woman whose acquirements would now be sneered at by many a girl in her teens, was thereby made capable of carrying through schemes, both musical and scientific, which at first sight must have seemed well-nigh impossible, had such a word ever occurred to her in connection with any of her brother's desires or designs.

Housekeeping in England was a very different thing from housekeeping in Germany, even in 1772, and the frugal and simple-minded Caroline was often disturbed by what seemed to her the unwarrantable extravagance of an ordinary English household. Her account of the hot-tempered old Welshwoman who was her aide-de-camp in the kitchen is as pathetic as Mrs Carlyle's experiences of dishonest and incorrigible Betties; and no doubt she often thought, as did Mrs Carlyle, with a "chastened vanity," of the superiority of her own management. In her case the difficulties were at first increased by her partial ignorance of the English language, which, however, her musical ear soon enabled her to conquer, as regarded conversation, though never was she able to write and spell it correctly. However, as some one quaintly puts it, a woman who discovered eight comets may surely spell a word as she likes!

On Sundays she received her weekly housekeeping money, accompanied in early days with due directions as to "debit" and "credit"; and, after six weeks in England, she was trusted to go marketing alone, though her brother Alexander generally hovered at no great distance, in case she should find any insuperable difficulty in making known her requirements.

William was now making a considerable income by concerts, compositions, teaching, and organ-playing, and for a time her attention was principally devoted to making herself of service to him in the musical world.

By diligent practising, she made herself equal to performing in oratorios and concerts with no inconsiderable success, the only stipulation which she ventured to make being that, *only* when William was conducting should she be asked to do so. The marvellous activity of those first ten years may be guessed from the fact that William Herschel was giving from thirty-five to thirty-eight music lessons every week, and that during this time Caroline persevered in her novel duties—practising, performing, and copying scores, just as directed by the beloved brother. She saw and heard nothing save *through him*; but it is evident that, had self-aggrandisement been ever in her thoughts, she might have made for herself a permanent position in the musical world. For, incredible as it may

appear, she was soon counted worthy, even by such stern critics as her own brothers, to take the part of leading treble in oratorios; and the fashionable leaders of Bath society were loud in their praises of her voice and manner. This admiration, however, was not reciprocated, and, in her blunt German fashion, she denounced the ordinary young ladies as "very little better than idiots."

But the poor little prima-donna housekeeper had by no means exhausted her duties when she returned weary and jaded from a long evening of responsibility and exertion in the crowded concert-rooms of Bristol or Bath. Music to William was but a means to an end, and that end was Astronomy. Unconscious of fatigue himself, he seems to have lost all count of time when bent upon solving some of the mighty mysteries of infinite space; and his sister's aid was found invaluable. He had tested his brothers, but had found them wanting; and her obedient zeal in helping forward all his schemes made him realise that here, at last, was one upon whose deftness, adaptability, and strenuous help he could confidently depend. Night after night for eight years they worked together—calculating, measuring, mirror-grinding, examining, writing memoranda,—and not until daylight had chased away the stars did she allow herself to be tired.

Never was a man of science so favoured in his

assistant. Alexander, though both musical and mechanical, had no perseverance; and, while his 'cello solos were "divine," he lacked the steady fixedness of purpose which would have raised him to the first rank of public performers. It was Caroline, therefore, on whom William relied for help in the construction of tools, for grinding and polishing. "Logarithms made easy" is a book which has yet to be written; but with these also Caroline had to be conversant, as well as with mathematical problems of which her ready brain had to assimilate the working, while her tiny hands dispensed the frugal meals. Sometimes William used laughingly to make her forego part of her dinner if she could not describe the angle of the piece of pudding which she was cutting. She it was who fashioned the pasteboard model of the tube to hold the first large telescope, and her dexterous fingers and eager longing to be of service made her—as, with a touchingly proud modesty, she herself expresses it—"almost as useful as a boy."

At one stage of fashioning a reflector it is necessary for the workman to remain for many hours with his hands on the mirror. On one occasion William never stirred for sixteen hours, his sister meanwhile feeding him and reading to him, ready at any minute to obey his slightest wish. At such times as these she read aloud the novels of Sterne and

Fielding, and the gorgeous stories of 'The Arabian Nights'; but the fairy tales of science were all their own, and we can fancy that silence would often fall between them as they speculated upon the wonder-lands of the moon with its flame-breathing craters, the mazy labyrinths of the "Milky Way," or the faithful satellites of Saturn.

And she *never failed him*. In all his work she was his veritable "alter ego." In winter nights, when the ink froze upon her pen, she still was by his side—in garden or in garret—helping him to do work which, without her, would have been well-nigh impossible. As in music so in astronomy—her one idea was, "All I am, all I know, I owe to him. I did nothing for my brother but what a well-trained puppy-dog would have done: that is to say, I did what he commanded me. I was a mere tool, which *he had the trouble of sharpening.*" The italics are our own, and in them, between the lines, we can read the faint, underlying bitterness with which she looked back upon her neglected education. In a note to her nephew (afterwards Sir John Herschel) she says, "My only reason for saying so much of myself is to show with what miserable assistance your father made shift to obtaining the means of exploring the heavens." This was her own self-estimate; ours is far different, and so we are convinced was his also. He might have discovered scores of planets; but, had he not appreciated her

skilful help, he would nevertheless have been a contemptible cur.

For some years they lived at 7 New King Street, but for the sake of better accommodation they subsequently (in 1779) removed to No. 19, where, on the 13th of March 1781, a planet of the third magnitude, with a diameter of 35,000 miles, was discovered by William Herschel. This vast planet was called by him *Georgium Sidus*—the Star of George—in honour of George II. ; but the name of *Uranus* was subsequently given to it, as being more in harmony with those of the other planets. Not much imagination is needed to reproduce that important occasion before our eyes.

It is evening, in the early spring; the sky is clear and all is quiet, save when at intervals the watchman can be heard chanting the hours. Only too quickly to the busy students do they pass, for when dawn breaks upon the world their self-imposed labours must be discontinued. The telescope has been fixed for the nightly “sweeping”—star by star is carefully examined—but a new object in the silver-spangled sky arrests his attention. Caroline, who is taking rapid notes beside him, is called hurriedly to the instrument, lest perchance he should have been deceived; and not until her quick eye and ready intelligence have ratified it, does he feel for the first time the thrill resulting from a great discovery. Never again can they have felt quite the

same proud delight, for never again had they the same obstacles to overcome; and though the marvellous 40-foot telescope subsequently enabled them to make many and valuable discoveries, it was not quite the same, we may be sure, to either of them as the home-made instruments which, almost unaided, this wonderful pair had constructed and set up in the little garden behind 19 King Street, Bath.

A hundred years ago Bath was a small provincial town. The population was a varying one—never numbering more than 31,000—and there was not a single optician in the place. Every lens and piece of mechanism had to be sent from London, thus increasing their difficulties enormously, as waste of time, trouble, and money were thereby entailed. In spite of the most careful frugality, they still found it impossible to give up the earnings derived from music.

The “heavenly maid” had helped them consistently hitherto, but the time was nigh, even at the door, when organ and oboe should be put aside, and when science, the first love of William Herschel’s life, should reign pre-eminent over the lives of both brother and sister. They made their last public appearance together, on the Whit-Sunday of 1782 at St Margaret’s Chapel, Bath,—the anthem, in which Caroline sang, being composed and conducted by William himself.

Henceforward, astronomy was their only care and

study; though, when her allotted threescore years and ten were long past, Caroline was constantly to be seen at the concerts in Hanover, and the "little old lady" was a familiar figure in the stalls of the opera-house.

It was in August 1782 that, through the influence of His Majesty, George II., the Herschels left Bath for Datchet, William having been created Astronomer-Royal, with a salary of £200 per annum. It was a post that brought with it more honour than honoraria; but money with the Herschels had never been plentiful, and the deceitfulness of riches was to them an unknown danger. They cheerfully determined to live upon eggs and bacon, and set to work upon the construction of that wonderful 40-foot telescope which swept the heavens with such unthought-of results. Recognising her share in its construction with gratitude and astonishment, we see in it a monument of unremitting industry and endurance, such as dwarfs all other astronomical instruments into insignificance, and her woman's wit doubtless supplied suggestions as to ways and means, and expedients which would not have occurred to the less practical mind of her brother. Hers is not a solitary instance of deliberate self-effacement, but the world will never know how much more than the mere discovery of eight comets was due to the tireless energy and unselfish adaptability of Caroline Herschel. It is beautiful to think that

she lived to enjoy the fruits of their joint labours, and to see her brother recognised as one of the most celebrated men of the day. The house at Datchet was in a state of great dilapidation, but at any rate it was large, and the stables and laundry were speedily glorified by them into workshops and observatories.

One winter's night, when the snow lay a foot deep upon the ground, they were examining stars outside the house. She was hurrying to a little distance from the telescope to make some special observation when she fell heavily upon an unseen butcher's hook, which penetrated deeply into her leg. "Make haste, Caroline," came his voice across the dark whiteness. "I can't, William, I'm hooked," was the feeble answer; and when, with much difficulty, the bleeding limb was extricated, nearly two ounces of flesh had to be left behind. Even then her only thought was of him, and her only comfort amid the pain was that, as clouds were coming up rapidly, she had not materially hindered his night's work.

Such fortitude as this reminds us of the well-known "carriage incident" of which Mrs Disraeli, to whom the great Prime Minister was so justly devoted, was the heroine. On an anxious House of Commons night in the early 'Fifties she drove down with him to Palace Yard. Her finger was caught and crushed in the door on entering the

carriage; but she bore the agony unflinchingly for fear of disturbing his thoughts, and not until he had left her for the House of Commons was she released from her torture.

The Datchet landlady proved herself a failure, and Clay Hill, Windsor, their next abode, was insufferably damp, so that in April 1786 they again had to move themselves and their weighty belongings,—no slight consideration,—and at last got comfortably settled in Slough. The king now gave to William Herschel a further grant, in order to enable him to prosecute his scientific labours unhampered by pecuniary anxiety, and, as Astronomer - Royal, he was frequently summoned to London. Many of Caroline's observations were now made in solitude. Alone, in the cold star-lit nights, the sweeping of the heavens was not an unmixed pleasure, though the discovery of "the first lady's comet," which so much interested Fanny Burney, must have been a really delightful experience. When she found herself invested with the dignity of a discoverer she surely must have realised, if only for the first time, that she was neither a tool nor a fool. In reply to her modest announcement, we find the famous scientist Alexander Aubert writing—

"You have immortalised your name, and you deserve such a reward from the Being who has ordered all these things to move as we find them,

for your assiduity in the business of Astronomy, and for your love for so celebrated and so deserving a brother."

A salary of £50 per annum was now granted her as "assistant" to the Astronomer-Royal, and in 1787 she received "the first money that ever in all my life I thought I could spend as I liked."

We find from another entry in her Diary that she had been accustomed to put down her little personal expenses in her brother's account-book as "for Car.;" but that, since leaving Bath, they had never exceeded £8 per annum. Such a statement is too touching in its simple honesty to need comment; but in these days, when the papers think it worth while to discuss the question as to whether £100 per annum is a niggardly dress allowance, we can but admire, and wonder, and adore!

It was to Slough that there came one day the Princesse de Lamballe and her suite to see *the* telescope, and to make the acquaintance of the astronomers. Little did any of the party think what a few weeks would bring to that dainty and beautiful lady. In Carlyle's matchless history the last scene of her life is thus described:—

"Princesse de Lamballe has laid down on bed.

"Madame, you are to be removed to the Abbaye.'

“‘I do not wish to remove; I am well enough here.’

“There is a need-be for removing. She will arrange her dress a little then. Rude voices answer, ‘You have not got far to go.’ She too is led to the hell-gate—a manifest Queen’s Friend. She shivers back at the sight of bloody sabres; but there is no return! Onwards! That fair hind head is cleft with the axe, the neck is severed. That fair body is cut in fragments, with indignities and obscene horrors of moustachio *grands lèvres* which human nature would fain find incredible,—which shall be read in the original language only. She was beautiful, she was good, she had known no happiness. Young hearts, generation after generation, will think with themselves, ‘O worthy of worship, thou king-descended, God-descended, and poor sister woman! Why was not I there, and some Sword Balmung or Thor’s Hammer in my hand?’ Her head is fixed on a pike, paraded under the windows of the Temple, that a still more hated, a Marie Antoinette, may see.”

Luridly realistic as this description reads in 1906, the effect of the news upon the household at Slough in 1792 must have been startlingly intensified by the so recent visit of the unfortunate victim—one bit of special personal interest and regret in the tragedies of great seething Paris,

which had its army of martyrs in the Revolution as surely as had, and has, and will have, the Church militant here on earth.

Another aristocratic visitor who may be mentioned was the Prince of Orange, who, not finding any one at home, left a quaint note to inquire whether it were true that Mr Herschel had discovered a new star whose light was not as that of common stars, but with swallow-tails! The reply may be guessed, as also the amusement caused in the scientific *ménage* by the ingenuous inquiry.

But the happy days of *solitude à deux*, as the French prettily call it, were now drawing to a close, and it was another woman's hand that was destined for many a long day to darken the happiness of the devoted little sister.

On the 8th of May 1788 William Herschel married Mary, only child of James Baldwin, and widow of Mr John Pitt.

For sixteen years Caroline had devoted herself to him with an identity of interest and a supreme self-sacrifice, unique even among the histories of unselfish women; and we can almost see the tear-dimmed eyes and quivering fingers with which she made the last entry in her Journal of that year, "I gave up my place as housekeeper."

We cannot doubt that expostulations ensued, and that propositions were made that she should

continue to live at Collingwood ; but she was no longer *needed*,—there lay the sting. Through evil report and good report she had never thought but of him, and now another was to enter into her kingdom. That the bride was gentle and amiable, and that she brought with her a jointure which enabled her husband to experiment still more unfetteredly, did not make the blow any less hard for Caroline to bear ; and, in the destruction of all her personal papers from 1788 to 1798, we can see plainly that she thought it best to destroy what in the very anguish of her soul she had written. In after years she learned to love and esteem her sister-in-law, for her own sake as well as for the sake of him whom both loved so dearly.

As we read of the lonely vigils of Caroline Herschel in the poor cottage of Spratt, the workman, and the unwritten story of her aching heart, we think irresistibly of Mrs Carlyle and her less reasonable, but somewhat similar, sorrow. As Mrs Ireland touchingly says, “She had clung to her husband through long weary years of obscurity and struggle, having given lavishly of her own health and strength to make his path smooth for him, and now she began to feel as if, after all, it were not she who reaped the golden harvest of his rapidly-growing success, but this other lady, whom she could not feel to be her intellectual superior, and who knew none of the dark, terrible, sunless hours spent in

the Chelsea home. Poverty had been hard, loneliness had been hard; but these she could bear—the other she could *not* bear.”

“Get up and work,” said Mazzini to Mrs Carlyle, in answer to her letter on the subject; but this she was unable to do with any real buoyancy of interest, while to Caroline Herschel these sad years were some of the busiest in her busy life. In hard work she tried to live down the soreness—natural, but which she felt to be unworthy—caused by her brother’s marriage, and *succeeded*.

But Caroline had a more sunny nature than had the noble but passionate Jane Welsh Carlyle, and the masculine elements in both tragedies were totally different, so that it does not do to follow the analogy too closely, for the differences are as striking as the similarities. Both women lived down their sorrow, though the scars of it were never effaced; but one rose triumphantly above it, while the other only “crushed down her own dissatisfaction” with a stoicism that was quite foreign, and proportionately painful, to her proud and independent spirit.

“I gave up my place as housekeeper”—the sorrowful undertone is in every word of the brief entry—but she reserved to herself the right of access at all times to the roof of her brother’s house, the observatory, and the workroom. Hither she came daily, returning for her meals to the

Spratt *ménage*. When the family were away she used to go and stay in the house, looking after the interests of him whom she loved so well; but there is a profound melancholy in an entry in her Journal made on one of these occasions, "All came home; and I went to my solitude again."

Her "Book of work done" shows no decrease of mental or physical activity, but the contrast between her own small lodging and the happy home-life so near, from which, rightly or wrongly, she felt herself debarred, must often have been very bitter. Within a stone's-throw was all that she most cared for, brother and nephew—the little John Herschel, born in 1792, who in after years inherited the love which she had lavished upon his father, and the genius which enabled him to sweep the southern hemisphere, from his observatory at Feldhausen, with the same earnest assiduity which had characterised his father and his aunt in their northern surveys.

Of this South African Expedition she exclaimed in her vigorous Anglo-German, "Ja, if I was thirty or forty years younger and could go too! In Gottes Namen!"

"Bills and receipts for my Comets" is the quaint way in which she docketed her memoranda relative to these erratic phenomena, for five of which, at least, she could claim undisputed priority of discovery. The most laborious of her undertakings,

however, was a catalogue of all the star-clusters and nebulae observed by her brother, and it was for this that the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society was voted to her in 1828, followed by the extraordinary distinction of an honorary membership. This catalogue was the outcome of many years of labour, but it was a labour of love, as being the corner-stone in the temple of his fame.

Her nephew's career was a source of infinite interest to her, and, in 1813, when he obtained the Senior Wranglership, her pride in his success may be imagined.

The Royal Family showed much attention to the clever Herschels, and there are several entries in her Diary as to days at Frogmore and dinners with the Queen.

She was under some anxiety at this time as to her eyes, but the oculist having reassured her, she continued her work with unabated interest. Her constitution must have been extraordinarily good, for though the strain upon it for many years must have been excessive, she never spent a day in bed from 1761 to 1821. She is but another illustration of the truth of Bacon's aphorism—"One of the rewards of philosophy is long life." That her brother should die before her does not seem to have entered into her calculations, and, with a view to her death, she made all arrangements for simplifying matters for her survivors; but the love of living

was still strong in Caroline when, in 1822, the tie of more than fifty years was for ever broken, and William Herschel, full of age, wisdom and honour, saw the sun set for the last time on earth, and woke to find himself beyond the stars. It was when stupefied with grief that Caroline took the fatal step of making over herself and all her little capital to the care of Dietrich. What was at the root of her action we can only guess. Possibly she had some sort of craving to take up once more a place in the home of her childhood, and hoped to bury her sorrow in associations that would be both old and new.

“Distance lends enchantment,” and she forgot that she had been steadily moving and progressing, while Hanover had been comparatively standing still. At seventy-two the “knitting up” of old friendships was an impossibility, and there was nothing to compensate for, nothing to reconcile her to, the dull commonplaceness of the life to which she had condemned herself.

“A few books and my sweeper” is the pathetically brief inventory of her possessions at this time; and her only capital, £500—the savings of fifty years of toil—she transferred to Dietrich, thus giving herself no possibility of retracting her determination of leaving England for ever and settling in Hanover with him. Little did she expect that twenty-five years more of life would

be given her, in which to chafe against the narrow interests of that small German town. After the width and wisdom which she had enjoyed in "happy England" the monotonous flatness of her life was almost unbearable. Her nephew's advice had been all against her going, and deeply did she regret her hasty action, as the long years passed uneventfully by. But she had "burned her boats," and retreat was impossible. Dietrich, who knew his own inferiority, despised the sister whose perspicacity had not been equal to seeing it also. She made up her mind to endure, thinking that she must soon die; but Death—who claims so many unwilling followers—seemed to have forgotten her, and home-sick, lonely, and sad, she rusted there for another quarter of a century. Her books and telescope she sent back to England shortly after her arrival in Hanover, as she soon had reason to fear that Dietrich's extravagant habits might induce him to sell them after her death. She found it very difficult even to remain mistress of her own actions and opinions,—and this must have been especially galling to one who, for so many years, had been in constant sympathy and fellowship with such men as William and John Herschel, of whom it might have been said, literally, that their conversation was in the heavens.

Till 1827 she lived with, and nursed, this fractious and ill-conditioned mortal—of whom she says,

"I hardly ever knew a man of his age labouring under more infirmities, nor bearing them with less patience." Then her patience and his impatience alike ended, and he went to his own place.

That Caroline Herschel was merry as well as wise, we have ample proofs in her quaint observations upon men and things.

After Dietrich's death she removed to 376 Braunschweiger Strasse, where, with her confidential servant Betty, she lived for fifteen years in an eventide that had in it some faint after-glow of the days that were gone.

The sparseness of her belongings seems to have been a source of amusement to her rather than of chagrin, as witness the following items in her household inventory:—

"Plate. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

"Requisites for self and servant, mostly bought at fairs.

"Cane-bottomed chairs, each valued at eighteen-pence" (of which she says proudly, "after seven years' use, *like new*").

"About fifty books, and a few tea-things."

Little tea-parties would seem sometimes to have ensnared her in their giddy vortex, for we observe that she had twelve tea-spoons; but pudding, vegetables, and salt must have been "unconsidered trifles," for each of which she had but one spoon.

On her nephew's forty-first birthday, she being

then eighty-eight, she and Betty jingled their glasses together, and the old astronomer and the faithful Abigail together cried in quaint German custom, "Es lebe Sir John! Hoch!"

At this age, in one of her merry moods, she put her foot behind her back, and scratched her ear with it! This astounding acrobatic feat beats the record as far as we are aware! But apparently it created no great surprise, for Sir John Herschel says of her only a year or two earlier, "In the morning she is dull and weary, but as the day advances she gains life, and is quite fresh and funny at 10 P.M., and sings hymns, nay, even dances, to the great delight of all who see her."

This is really most discouraging to female scientists. Glycero-phosphate of sodium may have splendid rejuvenating properties, but, so far, nothing short of discovering eight comets has enabled an octogenarian to scratch her ear with her foot!

It is evident that the not unnatural and not wholly unworthy pride which the rest of his family took in Sir William Herschel, Astronomer-Royal to his Majesty George III., was very repugnant to her, because it was a *selfish* pride, and partook in no sense of the reverent and loving identification with his life and work which she herself had always felt.

Her sister's husband — Griesbach — had never

been more than a "poor musician" in every sense of the word, and that his children should aspire to the honour of military and naval distinctions, *solely* through the reflected interest which they possessed through their uncle and aunt, seems to have ruffled her considerably. She says plainly, "The lot of the children of a poor musician, and descendants of a menial servant, is not to look too high but to trust to their own good behaviour, and serving faithfully those who can employ them."

Herein speaks a very royalty of pride,—the nobility of Work has its *cachet* put upon it, by one of the best-worked women of this or any other age.

In 1796, only a few months before her death, Alexander von Humboldt conveyed to her the Science Gold Medal. It was a tardy recognition from the King of Prussia, but we can fancy that it gave enormous pleasure both to the envoy and the recipient, for Humboldt and Brewster were not the least admiring of her many admirers.

Within four days of her death, in reply to General Halkett's message that he hoped soon to come and give her a kiss, as he had done on her ninety-seventh birthday, the dear old lady looked up quite saucily and said, "Tell the General that I have not tasted anything since that I liked so well."

Her characteristic fortitude never forsook her,

but at last she “fell asleep,” and on the 9th of January 1848 she joined her brother in that land where no sun, no moon appeareth, where no shadow ever falls.

In the old garrison church where she had been baptised ninety-seven years before, the burial service was read over the body of Caroline Lucretia Herschel. Garlands of laurel and cypress covered the coffin, and within it, at her express desire, were buried with her a lock of her brother William’s hair, and an old almanac which had belonged to her father.

“ Earth had attained to heaven, there was no more near nor far.

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.”



SISTER DORA

Born at Hauxwell, near Richmond, Yorkshire, January 16, 1832.

Died at Walsall, December 24, 1878.





DOROTHY WYNDLOW PATTISON.

("SISTER DORA.")

From a photograph by F. Brown, in the possession of Mr Kirby.

SISTER DORA.

FIVE years before the beginning of the Victorian era, in a far village in the north of Yorkshire, Dorothy Wyndlow Pattison was born.

Times have changed since then,—railways and penny postage, steamships and bicycles, have brought English people very much nearer together than was possible in those days; but the little village of Hauxwell is almost as unknown now as it was then, except for the interest attaching to it as the birthplace of Sister Dora. And even that fact is comparatively little known, as compared with the world-wide notoriety of Walsall, where she lived and laboured and died. Life in the 'Thirties was a very different thing even in a country rectory, and the delicate child had largely to make amusements for herself, as she was not strong enough to enter fully into the frolics of her brothers and sisters. There were no less than twelve little Pattisons—two boys and ten girls,—and of these Dorothy was the youngest but one.

A bright and happy party they were, full of energy and fun, and all devoted to the youngest girl, whose frequent illnesses seemed but to endear her to the sturdier members of the family.

In spite of much petting, little Dorothy was never spoiled, for she was innately unselfish and grateful, and her judicious parents early instilled habits of strict obedience and self-discipline, which were of incalculable value to her in later life.

Very early, however, she exhibited much force of character and a determination to obtain, in some way or other, whatever she had set her mind upon. This characteristic is apparent all through her life, but fortunately it was tempered in most cases by an equally characteristic justice and common-sense, so that even those who at first most resented her "domineering ways" gradually came round to her view, and surrendered gracefully to what seemed as inevitable as the income-tax.

Possibly, too, her fascinating personality had a good deal to do with the power that she almost unconsciously wielded over all with whom she came in contact, for the crisp curly hair, twinkling brown eyes, beautiful teeth, and dainty colouring must have made her very fair to look upon, apart from the charm of manner and unusual mental qualities which made her almost irresistible when she meant to be so.

The loving care which had been lavished upon her in childhood brought her safely through attacks of illness which were serious and prolonged, and at twenty years of age few more beautiful or more healthy girls could have been found. For nine years more she apparently sat at ease in the quiet country home, but all the time she was inwardly chafing at the monotonous comfort of her daily life. To spend and be spent for others was second nature to her, and in the restricted life of a lonely village there was no sufficient outlet for her active mind and energetic body. Riding and driving were delightful, as amusements, and the poor people of the parish were a great source of interest to all the sisters; but even the greatest pleasures pall when they are matters of routine, and to a restless spirit they gradually become insufferable, as still "the days go on."

We had mentally bracketed Sister Dora with Saint Theresa long before the publication of Baring-Gould's delightful book, 'Virgin Saints and Martyrs,' and probably they will often be thought of together. The same dominating will and cheerful obstinacy characterised each, but, luckily for Walsall, Sister Dora had not the iron rules of the Roman communion to retard her errands of mercy or her schemes of charity. It may well be that her father, who was a Low Churchman of the old school, yet knew enough of the 'Lives of the

Saints' to feel some alarm lest his "Sunshine" should gradually merge her winning individuality in the hard-and-fast uniformity and the mild terrorisms of a Sisterhood. It was a needless fear, for Dorothy Pattison was too practical a Christian ever to have taken any vows which would permanently have hampered her free will; but after her mother's death, in 1861, the quiet respectability of Hauxwell, with its population of two or three hundred people, became almost unbearable, and, in spite of all that her father could say, she compromised matters for the time being by taking charge of the village school at Little Woolston, in Buckinghamshire.

One wonders at this point whether his ideas of parental guardianship and filial duty were not rather overstrained.

In the twentieth century it is such an everyday occurrence for the girls of a family to earn their own living when they are hardly out of their teens, that Mr Pattison's objections seem groundless and almost unreasonable, especially when we remember that she was now twenty-nine years of age, and had no special home duties to need fulfilment by her. Be that as it may, it is pretty certain that affection for his winsome daughter was at the bottom of his opposition; and on her deathbed, when speaking of this time, she said most earnestly, "I was very

wilful, I did very wrong; let no one take me for an example.”

Duty is one of the hardest things in the world to define, but to do that which “lay nearest” seemed to her, who had a positive distaste for an easy everyday life, too luxurious a course to be justifiable when there was within her the insatiable longing to be up and doing. In America the first thing asked of any one professing conversion is, “And now what are you going to *do*?” but there is a hymn, the authorship of which is unknown to us, which has in it a verse beginning—

“Cast thy deadly doing down—
Down at Jesus’ feet.”

Such a sentiment is surely strangely subversive of all Biblical teaching, which insists with almost ceaseless reiteration upon the faithful stewardship of such gifts as the great Giver of all has bestowed. Love and Service generally go together, and as St James has it, “Faith without works is dead”; and again, with a sort of veiled satire, “Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works.”

Granted that it is often easier to do than to suffer, there is still human nature to be taken into account. There are times when it is almost a matter of self-preservation to use those energies which would otherwise atrophy and dwindle, for,

as Drummond says, "If the stimulus to the exercise of all the innumerable faculties concerned in nutrition be withdrawn, by the conditions and circumstances of life becoming, or being made to become, too easy, there is first an arrest of development and finally a loss of the parts themselves."

Anyhow, in the autumn of 1861, she left the sheltered boredom of Hauxwell for the independent, arduous, and useful life of a village schoolmistress. Her love of children made teaching a real pleasure, and she very quickly made her influence felt among the pupils and their parents. Her early training as a country parson's daughter now proved very useful, and her natural love for the poor and needy made her visits a delight to those who received them. There was no air of patronage about her,—spontaneous goodwill to all, made her sympathy a very real thing; and although the small salary attaching to her position, and the same allowance from her father which had been given to her when at home, must have made extensive or promiscuous charity impossible, she was soon recognised as a "real lady," whose help and interest could be relied upon in all times of anxiety or trouble. The loneliness inevitable to her life was less felt than would superficially appear, by reason of her independence. Her time was her own, or rather she had no ties within the four walls of her tiny

cottage which rendered her accountable to any one else for the arrangement of her leisure hours. Her meals probably were very sketchy affairs, and she soon learned how much she could do without. It was not so hard for her as it would have been to some people, and she never speaks of any backward looking. Faithfully did she fulfil her self-imposed labours, and when, at the end of three years, she left Little Woolston, she left behind her a record of untiring service and carried with her many happy and abiding memories.

A severe attack of pleurisy, arising from a neglected cold, ended in her being sent to Redcar to recover, and the old longing for the discipline of a Sisterhood reasserted itself so strongly, that on her recovery she resolved to attach herself to the "Good Samaritans," who had a community at that place. Her early experiences here were sufficiently arduous and distasteful to have quenched all enthusiasm in any one less in earnest than was Sister Dora, for her manual duties were heavier than she had expected, and her will had to be submitted entirely to that of the Mother Superior. Her first efforts at real nursing were made at a Cottage Hospital near Middlesborough, soon interrupted, however, by an attack of scarlet fever. She was, indeed, specially subject to infection of all sorts, and said of herself, "I always catch everything that's going."

It was in June 1863 that she was sent to Walsall, which was henceforward to be her headquarters, though she little knew what the years had in store for her there. At first she only went to fill the place of another Sister who had fallen ill from overwork in the accident hospital, but her own labours were again arrested by smallpox caught from one of the out-patients. From this, however, she safely recovered, and once more was established in her position as nurse—sometimes alone, sometimes with the assistance of other members of the “Good Samaritan” community.

Early in 1865 she was recalled to Redcar to act as nurse to an insane old lady who was one of Sir James Simpson’s patients, but in November of the same year she was again sent to Walsall.

At first she only occupied a subordinate position, but when those in authority saw her capacity for work, and her determination to achieve success as a nurse, they in their turn helped her to develop that genius for surgery which she undoubtedly possessed.

The in-patients at Walsall Hospital were mostly of the male sex, and her influence with them was wonderful. She had also the knack of inspiring confidence, and the poor, half-civilised, mutilated sufferers who were brought in from the coal districts were charmed into patience by her skilful

handling and cheery sympathy. Of experience she soon had plenty, and at last she was thoroughly happy; having found work—real and absorbing—for which all her life she had longed.

Before leaving Redcar she was strongly urged to marry, but, though of a very affectionate nature, she felt that her love for the gentleman in question was not sufficiently real to draw away her heart from the plan of action which she had mapped out for herself.

To do good and to distribute had always been part of her life, and, like the Jebusite of old, she found no pleasure in giving to God that which cost her nothing. She seems to have weighed the comfortable usefulness of the average married woman against the larger activities for which she felt herself so capable, and the latter finally turned the scale. In grappling with the diseases, both physical and spiritual, of others, she hoped also to obtain some "clear shining" for herself upon the intellectual difficulties which assailed her with regard to the authenticity and inspiration of the Bible, and she was not disappointed. A complete surrender of her intellect to historical Christianity resulted in a complete surrender of her personal devotion to the Saviour of men. Henceforward her life was consecrated to Him in whose service there is perfect freedom.

A good doubter, like a good hater, is at any rate

no fossil. There must be some *thinking* in a man who has "honest doubts," and there is far more chance, as Bunyan so quaintly puts it, for pilgrims who stray into grounds the owner whereof is "Giant Despair" than for the vainglorious fools like "By-ends" and "Vain-confidence," who cared so little for the hope set before them that they never even emerged from "By-path meadow." The curse of the church to-day is not doubt, not infidelity, but indifferentism,—the respectable religiosity that has never crystallised the creed which it professes, and thinks that Christianity is either a safety-valve for emotional women, or a sort of moral deterrent for men who are not cultured enough to be philosophical.

People who were too low down in the social scale to come to the hospital were attended to by her in their filthy dens and reeking alleys, and the out-patients increased in number and in faith after her final settlement in Walsall.

These out-patients, however, were nearly the death of her, for, after coming in, drenched with rain, she constantly allowed her clothes to dry upon her while attending to their needs, and at last nature took its revenge. For weeks she lay in an almost dying state, and then, for the first time, it was fully realised what a power she had become in the town. Anxious inquirers besieged the doors of the hospital, and those who had before known but little

of her, became on her recovery some of her warmest friends.

In 1867 it was determined to build a new hospital, and, as funds rapidly flowed in, it was opened in 1868. The entire management now devolved upon Sister Dora, and with almost superhuman fortitude she not only attended to all her multifarious indoor duties, but nursed numbers of small-pox patients in their own homes during an epidemic of that disease which broke out in Walsall just at this time. One striking instance of her innate perspicacity in diagnosis may be given here. A fine young fellow, full of health and strength, was brought to the hospital with his arm terribly mangled by a machine. The doctor prepared to amputate it at once, but Sister Dora, in answer to the man's imploring cry, "Oh Sister, save my arm!" turned to him and said, "I believe I can save it if you will let me try." The doctor was angrily doubtful as to the possibility of doing so, and left all the responsibility upon her, saying, "Are you mad? Mortification will set in, and nothing but amputation can save his life. If you choose to have his death on your conscience, I shall not interfere, but I wash my hands of him."

Day and night for three weeks she watched and tended and prayed over that young fellow's arm. "*How* I prayed!" she said afterwards. At the end of that time she was able to show to the doctor

a straight and healthy-looking arm, which for many years made life worth living to the young workman. The surgeon's magnanimous pride in her achievement was the last drop in her cup of happiness, and she simply cried for joy.

This was not a solitary instance of her skill and perseverance. "Conservative surgery" was not so much practised then as it is now, and it was her delight, whenever she was allowed to do so, to spare no trouble or time in doing her very utmost to save not only the lives but the limbs of those who entered the hospital. Her patience and sympathy with children was quite remarkable to one so impetuous. Though she had put aside the idea of having children of her own, she was a mother indeed to all the dirty, sickly little things who were constantly admitted to the hospital; and the sense of being loved calmed many a frightened child, while a story told by Sister Dora was a treat in which both they and her older patients delighted.

She had many quaint devices for coaxing the men into good behaviour, and one man who swore hard on every possible opportunity, she condemned to say "Poker and tongs, poker and tongs" at intervals, instead of the profane oaths with which he had previously polluted the whole ward.

Many a night she was aroused from her brief and hardy earned rest to attend to sufferers from drunken brawls, or to men who were brought in from some accident in pit or engine-room. When

the little bell at the head of her bed rang, she used to say to herself, “The Master is come, and calleth for thee,” and straightway hurry down to do her Master’s work in His own way, first dressing their wounds, and then giving a word of reproof or warning or sympathy, as the case might require. As one of her poor friends said after her death, “Sister Dora was as like the Lord Jesus Christ as any one could be.”

But she never “rubbed in” her religion. It was all about her; as one of her friends told us, “It shone in her face.”

Spurgeon says truly, “It is too often taken for granted that wit is wicked and humour sinful, while dulness is holy and solemn stupidity full of grace; but we have our doubts about both propositions, for if dulness were a divine power the world would have been converted by now, for the pulpit has never been without a superabundant supply of it.”

“Make you laugh!” said a big Irishman—“she’d make you laugh if you were dying.”

Full of spirits, dauntlessly cheerful in the most uncongenial surroundings, she was yet recognised as “real tender-hearted,” and her patients found in her a never-failing friend who could always be reckoned upon in every phase of suffering or disease.

¹ Motto of John Hacket, Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. Died 1670, aged 78.

It was while at Walsall that her affections really became engaged. Her life, though lived as it were in the midst of a crowd, was singularly lonely. There was no one with whom she could associate on terms of friendly equality as regarded intellectual matters, nor indeed had she much time for things outside the wards of the hospital. Just when least prepared for the temptation, and perhaps, too, when most ready to succumb, she met a gentleman who was her equal in all ways but one, and, like Christina Rossetti, she had to choose between all that this world could give of happiness and fellowship without God, and a life which must often have been very wanting in social communion. It may be that half unconsciously the independence which she had snatched so eagerly had begun to pall, and that a womanly longing for nearer and dearer ties asserted itself all the more strongly because of the self-abnegation which she had practised for so long. Passionately attached to each other, she doubtless hoped that to her might be given the joy of bringing over this man to her own way of thinking.

Be that as it may, after a brief delay she surrendered herself utterly, and for the first time, to the joy of loving, and for a short time they were engaged. She was very human in spite of all her saintliness, and this new happiness was for a while all-sufficing. The best and wisest part of

her nature, however, came to her rescue, and the friend who had before helped her in her intellectual difficulties now urged upon her the alternatives of suffering, which she would probably be called upon to bear did she deliberately marry a man whose highest aspirations ended at the grave. He pointed out that either her own faith would be overthrown, or else that she would have the misery of differing with the one she loved best upon those subjects which she knew to be all-important.

His arguments, and her own sense of their justice, determined her to break off the engagement; but the trial was tremendous, and the mental and spiritual strain almost unbearable.

No wonder that a severe illness ensued. Weakened by the conflict between love and duty, and the sense of injury inflicted on the man she loved by her own temporary failure in principle, her physical health naturally suffered. An attack of blood-poisoning supervened, from which it seemed likely that she would never rally. The doctor feared that her leg would have to be amputated, and when she declared that she would sooner die than submit to such an operation, the poor old surgeon left the hospital in tears, saying, "If Sister Dora dies, I'll never enter these doors again."

Her strong will, no doubt, helped her to recover, and without any period of convalescence she rose

from bed to attend an important case which needed the best nursing available.

But the "luminous steps of Duty," as Farrar puts it, were not as yet lighted for her, and once more she had, as it were, to begin the ascent of the hill Difficulty burdened with a redoubled sense of loneliness and renunciation.

Sister Dora was specially skilful in her treatment of burns, owing to her extensive experience in this particular line, and in the case of children she had a plan of her own which proved eminently successful. To soothe their nerves was her first solicitude even before dressing their injuries, from which, however, she carefully excluded the air. After a few hours of sleep the little ones generally allowed her to do as she liked, for her magnetic motherliness fascinated them into obedience, and sometimes she even lay down to rest with a burnt baby on each arm.

The one rule of the hospital was Love,—first for God and then for Work; and even the servants were taught to understand that service was a privilege.

Eye practice was another of her specialities. The frequency and severity of accidents to the eyes rendered it necessary that prompt treatment should be available, and as there was no resident surgeon in the hospital, the "first aid," at any rate, generally devolved upon Sister Dora.

To help others, unconsciously as well as consciously, was one of her special gifts, and even the clergy acknowledged the influence of her unhesitating, unrelenting enthusiasm and her infectious cheerfulness.

It was in 1875, however, that her faith and service were tried to the utmost, for in that year an epidemic of smallpox again broke out with terrific severity. The poor people, with that ignorant fatalism which distinguishes them as a class, would not send their invalids to the hospital which was prepared for them, but preferred to conceal their condition, saying by way of excuse that "they would far rather nurse them and let them die at home, and were not afraid for themselves."

Things were getting desperate when Sister Dora came to the rescue, offering to leave her own general work to nurse the patients at the Epidemic Hospital. Such an offer could not be refused, for the authorities knew well that nothing would have such an effect upon the masses as the spell of Sister Dora's name.

And they were right in their conjecture, for no sooner was it known that she was the nurse in charge, than the people were as desirous of being sent there as they had before dreaded going. All the king's army and all the king's men would never have persuaded them to take this reasonable measure for checking the epidemic; but the

mere fact of her presence was sufficient to inspire them with confidence, and almost unaided she fought hand to hand with the fell disease. One or two of her former patients at the cottage hospital persisted in coming over to see her, but otherwise she was often quite alone, and her behaviour during those months of horror and isolation was in many cases heroic beyond description.

She did not expect to leave the Epidemic Hospital alive, thinking it almost certain that she would succumb to a second attack of smallpox. But, wonderful to relate, she did not take it again, though many times did she bring back the life into patients who were sinking into a state of fatal collapse, by putting her mouth to theirs and breathing into them until they could once more breathe for themselves.

Another instance of her fearlessness of infection—to which, as we have said, she was peculiarly susceptible—was evidenced in the case of a child in the last stage of diphtheria. After the doctor had made an incision in the trachea, she deliberately sucked the poisonous mucus from the little one's throat and saved it from choking to death. In all these things prayer sanctified her work, and, like Elisha of old, she in effect “shut the door upon them twain”—herself and her patient—“and prayed unto the Lord.”

The English Church truly can boast of many

uncanonised saints, and on that golden roll the name of Sister Dora is writ large in ineffaceable characters. “*For His sake*” was her lifelong motto. The more loathsome the patient, the more pitiful and compassionate did she become. Only infinite love can fully gauge the pathos of human life and suffering; but the spirit of the Great Healer was meted out in fullest measure to this intrepid woman, who gave up her life, not grudgingly but gladly, to the tendance of sickness and of sorrow.

To her was given to realise the poet’s dream which, we are told, held James Russell Lowell in a sort of ecstasy for forty-eight hours—that exquisite paraphrase on the words, “Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me.”

The gruesome leper at Sir Launfal’s gate who begged an alms for “Christ’s sweet sake” was transformed when, in the name of “mild Mary’s Son,” the alms was bestowed.

“The leper no longer crouched at his side,
 But stood before Him glorified,
 Shining and tall and fair and straight
 As the pillar that stood by the Beautiful Gate,—
 Himself the Gate whereby men can
 Enter the temple of God in man;
 And the voice that was calmer than silence said,
 ‘Lo, it is I, be not afraid!’”

Full of vigour and vitality, she counted time lost that was not devoted to the Master’s service; and

if sometimes we almost wonder at the apparent lack of affection which she showed to her family, we must remember that she dreaded above all things any looking backward, and with single-eyed devotion kept straight on the path which she believed to have been made plain for her feet to walk in.

Had it been in any way possible for her to have discussed such a subject, she would doubtless have vindicated her absorbedness in hospital work by contrasting the comfort of her relatives with the need of her patients. These last so depended upon her, that even when the end was within measurable distance when she should be parted from them, they could not believe it, and the general conviction among the poor of Walsall was, "Her never can be going to die!" For more than twelve years she had laboured among them, and they could not believe that the capable fingers would soon be still for ever, and the warm heart cease to beat in the form which to them was associated with nothing but life and strength and beauty.

Of her mortal disease nothing was known, for with almost unreasonable wilfulness she concealed the fact that cancer was fast eating away her life. Until the weakness which it induced became too overpowering she dressed her own wound, and only the doctor was aware of the incurable nature of her malady, he being pledged by her to strictest

secrecy. It was early in the year 1876 that she first became conscious of some loss of her usual ease in lifting heavy weights, and her own medical knowledge doubtless conveyed to her the fact, which the doctor's opinion only confirmed, that, for her, life was nearly over.

“The night cometh when no man can work” was not to her as the message of a death-knell, but rather a trumpet-call to added service, to more loving discipleship. As the days slipped by she grudged herself even the moments spent in sleep, and for many months of suffering she carried herself undauntedly, egged on by the knowledge that the time was short wherein she could work for the Master.

No better description of those later days could be given than that which Charlotte Brontë gives of her sister Emily; and indeed the two natures have much in common, though their lives and aspirations were so strikingly different. “While physically she perished, mentally she grew stronger than we had yet known her. Day by day, when I saw with what a front she met suffering, I looked on her with an anguish of wonder and love. Stronger than a man, simpler than a child, her nature stood alone. The awful part was that, while full of ruth for others, on herself she had no pity; the spirit was inexorable to the flesh; from the trembling hand, the unnerved limbs, the faded eyes, the same

service was exacted as they had rendered in health."

The same inflexible will and tireless energy characterised both; the same magnanimity and warm high-spiritedness are, in each, distinguishing traits; but while Emily Brontë languished when away from the moors, and only knew happiness in the midst of their bleak solitudes, Sister Dora found her delight in work—the harder the better,—and the beauties of nature were to her more of a luxury than a necessity.

Hopeless as was their recovery, they each kept their independence almost to the last, and it was the watchers perhaps who suffered most, at the sight of weakness and pain which they could not alleviate and of physical effort which they were not permitted to help or share. The conduct of both in this respect, and in this respect only, was prompted less by the resignation of a meek and quiet spirit that bears all with a sort of passive saintliness, than by a relentless stoicism and self-control such as nerved the pagans of old—the spirit of Epictetus rather than that of the Christ.

But the time came at last to Sister Dora when concealment was no longer possible, and when, one by one, the daily duties had to be laid aside. From October 1878 she never left her bed, and the sufferings which she endured were terrible—even opiates finally failing to take any effect. But at intervals

her old spirit reasserted itself, and when able to see her friends, she was sometimes "that cheerful and jolly" that they, not knowing of her incurable disease, came away from her deathbed quite hopeful of her recovery. Outward forms had but little attraction for her; it was on a personal Saviour that she wholly relied, and His Cross and Passion were to her such a very real thing that at times she could not look at the crucifix which hung upon the wall opposite her bed, saying, "I cannot bear the sight of His sufferings; my own sink into nothing by the side of them, and yet I am so impatient." Hymns had been a great comfort to her at many crises of her life, and when at last she had to give in, she often begged that they might be read or repeated to her.

The rumour of Sister Dora's secession to the Roman Church was altogether unfounded, and her simple faith and trust in our Father's gracious keeping was well known to all those who were connected with her either in friendship or work. But Faber's hymns were a continual refreshment to her, second only to the Bible. No wonder that she whose life had been one long "Entsagung" should sigh for the rest of which he sings, and that, in realising the welcome to the weary which Heaven's morning will bring, she could find consolation and joy even in her saddest hours. The "huge tenderness" of the Good Shepherd was her strong rock

in times when physical and spiritual weakness lay most heavily upon her, and knowing in Whom she believed, she knew also that

“There is no place where earth’s sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven ;
There is no place where earth’s failings
Have such kindly judgment given.”

Next to the Bible there is no branch of literature so remarkable for its catholicity as hymnology. Almost every sect is represented in the most ordinary hymn - book. Roman and Methodist, Ritualist and Evangelical, vie with one another in their singing, and all their differences are merged in the one great chord of love and praise with which the whole creation rings.

Vainly was it hoped that Sister Dora would be able to open in person the new hospital which she had been instrumental in raising, but not until six weeks before her death was the ceremony possible, and her last earthly anxiety was that some one thoroughly competent to undertake its management might be found before she herself passed away.

The opening was naturally a very simple and sad one, for all hearts were full of sorrowful regret for that “dear lady” who could never bless it with her presence. The little silver key, presented to her by the Hospital Committee, was one of the last things which gave her any real pleasure, and this she was

able to give into the hands of the Mayor, asking him to open the doors in her name. Although every day showed increasing weakness, she lingered on through weeks of intensest suffering, aggravated by paroxysms of coughing in one of which it seemed inevitable that the end would come.

But not until the 24th of December did she hear the last call from the Master, and then, very gladly, she rose up and followed Him—through the gates, into the City.

All pain had left her some hours before, and alone with Him whom she had so loved to serve, she met and conquered the last enemy.

Some people know little of solitude. Life for them is made up of society, and until death sets them apart in the solemn mystery that can come to every one but once, they appear, at any rate, as if only in association with their fellows was life worth living.

Sister Dora had never been one of these—her work, though carried on in the midst of appreciative surroundings, was singularly solitary. The greatest fault that could be laid to her charge was the monopoly of labour which she claimed, which made it so difficult to find an adequate successor to take her place. Doubtless she herself realised this fact when, with the clearer vision and wisdom of her deathbed, she looked upon the back-

ward way, which she had trodden with a pathetic loneliness not altogether unmixed with a very human pride in her own self-reliance and powers of resource.

“I have lived alone—let me die alone—let me die alone,” was her cry as the watchers stood beside her, and once more her strong will prevailed, and in the silent room they left her. Her prayer was granted, and ere Christmas morning broke she sank into the arms of God and fell asleep in an unclouded calm.

Four days later almost the whole of the Walsall population followed her body to the cemetery. By her express wish the funeral itself was of the simplest character, but the long procession of mourners was rendered doubly impressive by the personal love and sorrow which had brought together such masses of people, many of them maimed and poor and miserable, to whom she had ministered.

For more than a mile they followed her to her last resting-place, and she, the silent centre of that silent crowd, was borne upon the shoulders of eighteen railway-men whom she had nursed back to health and strength.

Not even in death was she divided from the poor, whom she had so loved and served, for the funeral service was read simultaneously over her coffin and those of four paupers—“Just as Sister Dora would have wished,” as one of her nurses said.

The years have come and gone since then, but still working-men are often seen standing by Sister Dora's statue at Walsall, talking of the accidents which are sculptured round its base. For many years it had the unique honour of being the only uncrowned woman's statue in England, and it is likely that for many more it will stand alone as a memorial of what can be done, not in the vast fields of literature and art but, in a sphere where the mere right to live is challenged.

It is here that a woman's hand and a woman's heart are more to be desired than even the highest efforts of medical science and surgical skill, for without good nursing the wisdom of the physician is practically nullified.

As Florence Nightingale, the grandest of nurses and of our living "old maids," truly says, "Nursing is an art, and requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work."

Her touching words relative to Agnes Jones, the pioneer of workhouse nursing, in 1868, are no less applicable to Sister Dora. "She lived the life and died the death of the saints and martyrs, though the greatest sinner would not have been more surprised than she to have heard this said of herself. All, of all shades of religious creed, seemed to have merged their differences in her, seeing in her the one true essential thing, compared with which they

acknowledged their differences to be as nothing. She was always filled with the thought that she must be about her 'Father's business.' To follow Him she spent herself in activity; she overworked because others underwork.

"Shall we let her have died in vain?"

MARY KINGSLEY

Born at Islington, 1862.

Died at Simonstown, S. Africa, Whit-Sunday, June 3, 1900.





MARY KINGSLEY.

From a photograph by H. Edmunds Hull, in the possession of Mr Charles Kingsley.

MARY KINGSLEY.

“I WAS born in Islington—let alone it being highly ridiculous for it to matter where,” was Mary Kingsley’s quaint answer to a person of inquiring mind who was anxious to locate her birthplace.

The answer is very characteristic. She couldn’t imagine that any one would be interested enough in her for the question to be worth asking; and to find herself suddenly famous was a revelation which appealed more to her sense of humour than to any personal feeling of vanity or ambition. This absence of self-consciousness was one of Mary Kingsley’s greatest charms throughout a life that was all too short. In her earlier days it took the form of selflessness, and father, mother, and brother were always the first to be considered by her.

Her father, Dr George Henry Kingsley, was the third son of the Rev. Charles Kingsley, who was successively rector of Barnack, Clovelly, and Chelsea. His four sons all distinguished themselves, but while the Canon of Westminster was the greatest of the

brothers, George appears to have been a man of almost limitless capabilities, though without the fixity of purpose the possession of which would have made him really famous.

Everything by turns and nothing long, he graduated at Edinburgh University in 1847, when only twenty years of age; and two years later, during the outbreak of cholera in Flintshire, he devoted himself, with the practical compassion of his nature, to the poor non-paying villagers who needed his services.

We have his daughter's authority for saying that Charles Kingsley, when writing 'Two Years Ago,' drew "Tom Thurnall" from his recollections of the life which George Henry led at that time.

"He just thought nothing about death and danger at all — always smiling, always cheerful, always busy yet never in a hurry, he went up and down seemingly ubiquitous. Sleep he got when he could, and food as often as he could — the only person in the town who seemed to grow healthier and actually happier as the work went on."

From this time till 1862 he did much good work both in literature and science, and in 1856 was elected a Fellow of the Linnæan Society, for his valuable investigations into the structure of some of the lower forms of animal life.

His marriage with Miss Mary Bailey was one of

affection on both sides; but, strangely enough, no sooner had he established himself as a "family man" than the fever of travel seems to have taken possession of him. With a wife whom he tenderly loved, and two children to whom both were devoted, it would have seemed quite natural had he settled down to literary and scientific pursuits in London, and reserved for holiday intervals the more active delights of fishing and shooting. But it is always the unexpected that happens, and his cruise on the Mediterranean with Admiral Egerton, in H.M.S. *St George*, in 1863, was but the first of a series of journeys which continued almost to his life's end. The systematic study of medicine was forsworn for the more fascinating pleasures of scientific travel, and his home was decorated with queer weapons, skins and trophies, which he was constantly accumulating during his wanderings.

His parents were alike remarkable, Charles Kingsley, senior — so his son says — "possessing every talent except that of using them"; while the mother, "on the contrary, had a quite extraordinary practical and administrative power, my father's passion for knowledge, and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl." This grandmother of Mary Kingsley was the daughter of Mr Lucas, a judge in Barbadoes, who was also a great traveller; and it was probably from association with him that the young Kingsleys imbibed that passion for trav-

elling which showed itself so strikingly in them all. Their early boyhood was spent at Clovelly, and the many memories of storm and tragedy and charm connected with that seaboard parish were doubtless an element in the subsequent development of their characters. Though the study of "fresh-water fishes" was afterwards one of George Kingsley's great hobbies, there may have been some subtle connection between them and their salt-water brethren that we wot not of. That his first love, however, was by no means forsaken, we can see plainly in an extract from one of his notebooks which his daughter transcribes. "You can have no idea of what a glorious pleasure there is in fishing in a new sea, in ignorance of what you are going to catch, more particularly if you have the slightest interest in ichthyology. Shall I ever forget the moment when I saw my first *Chimæra australis* handed into the boat! A fish which I had marvelled at from my boyhood upwards, and almost fancied to be the dream of some mad naturalist, so wild and weird was his delineation, —not half so wild and weird, however, as his reality."

The Kingsleys were all born travellers, and the terrible havoc wrought by the sea seems rather to have stirred the boys into a wild longing to brave its dangers than to have had any deterrent effect upon their imaginations.

We cannot resist quoting a few sentences from Charles Kingsley's 'Prose Idylls,' which give in his uniquely vigorous language an account of what one storm had wrought:—

“The old bay lay darkened with the grey columns of the water-spouts stalking across the waves before the northern gale, and the tiny herring-boats fleeing from the nets right for the breakers, hoping more mercy from those iron walls of rock than from the pitiless howling waste of spray behind them; and that merry beach beside the town covered with shrieking women and old men, casting themselves upon the pebbles in fruitless agonies of prayer, as corpse after corpse swept up at the feet of wife and child; till, in one case alone, a single dawn saw upwards of sixty widows and orphans of men who had gone out the night before in the fulness of strength and courage.”

Tales like these would be told to Mary and her brother by their father, and the children would dream over them in the town-girt homes of Highgate and Bexley, and long for a sight of that

“Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water round it curled,
And cities and gardens and cliffs and isles,
And people upon it for thousands of miles.”

No wonder that the brother and sister were devoted to each other. Fine times they must have had when their father came home, brimming over with

yarns of travel, which he loved to relate with all the glowing fancy and enthusiasm which characterised the Kingsleys.

We can almost see the children, talking together of what the future might bring, little recking of the long Between, little dreaming of the fame which would come to the demure-looking little maiden, and the imperial interests which she was destined to speak of and to promote.

It is noticeable that the influence of the sea was upon him all through his life. "No landscape," he said, "seems perfect to my eyes unless they can see therein a bit of the blue water; therefore I love an island. I love the sigh and the sough of the wind in the black pine-forests of Germany; I love the swish of the Northern birch-trees in the fresh, odorous early morning, when the gale has just gone by and the wet is sweeping in little glittering showers off their lissom branches; I love the creak and groan and roar of the great oaks in a storm, and I love the lazy whispering murmur of the light green limes in the lazy golden summer afternoons; but, above all the sounds of nature, I love the voices of the sea, for they speak to me in more varied tones, and I know that they tell me more, though I know not what they tell me, than the voices of a million sibilant leaves,—therefore I love an island."

Beautiful writing this, in its terse descriptiveness,

worthy, surely, of being set alongside of one of his brother's Idylls: but we quote it only for its striking contrast to his daughter's predilection for large tracts of country, born, perhaps, of her inland upbringing. This is expressed with much of the same graphic word-painting, though, as it seems to us, with less poetic grace, and with an almost masculine forcefulness. "I greatly prefer a tropical continental land mass, with thousands of square miles of dark forest, swamps, and mountain-ranges—not mere peaks which have got adrift and anchored out at sea,—a land with great rivers which come from a thousand miles away, and swing past you in a cavalry charge over rapids, mark time in dangerous muddy estuaries, bound seawards ever, whatever their pace may be when you see them—things that mean business,—a spacious land you have no fear of falling over the edge of into the ocean, when either a pack of misguided heathen or an isolated big-game lunatic makes rapid action advisable, whether you have a boat ready on the beach or no."

Of school-life Mary Kingsley knew nothing; but the object-lessons which surrounded her on every hand were sufficient incentives to study, and in helping her father and brother she was unconsciously educating herself. Home duties were always paramount; and, as Dr Kingsley had a perfect horror of "blue-stockings," she rose early,

and late took rest, in order to make time for those intellectual pleasures in which she soon found a delight that was hers by inheritance. Science had a special charm for her, and in order the better to understand it, she learned German, though leave was not given her to do so until she had satisfied her father that she was able to starch and iron a shirt both properly and well.

For sixteen years—1863 to 1879—the family lived at Highgate, and on sunny days Henry Kingsley, ex-stockrider, miner, and mounted policeman, might often be seen basking on the little lawn in a haze of tobacco smoke, telling hair-raising tales of bush-life in Australia, and thinking of the “hot grey plains and the great wooded ranges” of the Antipodes, rather than of the fame which he had achieved as the author of ‘Geoffrey Hamlyn’ and ‘Ravenshoe.’

In 1879 they removed to Bexley Heath, where, upon drier soil, it was hoped that Mrs Kingsley might have better health than she had hitherto experienced. Here the friendship of Mr Varley, an electrical engineer of no small repute, was a great advantage to Mary Kingsley, and for five years she worked steadily at her home duties and mathematics. She was then what is colloquially known as a “slip of a girl”—thin and colourless, with straight pale hair, high forehead, and large, splendid blue eyes, of quiet habits, and well

accustomed to the decorous domesticities of an unpretentious and frugal English household.

These domestic habits proved of great use to her in after-life, but do not quite fit in with the "slap-dash" roving disposition which we generally presuppose—though often erroneously—in a lady explorer.

All the same, it seems to us that to one who, as 'The Times' says, "had an hereditary love of living in the byways rather than in the highways of civilisation," the conventionalities of life must sometimes have appeared not only irksome but absurd.

"I was my mother's chief officer from the day I could first carry a duster, and I had to do the tidying up—that is to say, I became responsible for everything lost in the establishment."

This is her brief epitome of her life at this time, and between the lines we can read plainly that such an office was no sinecure. George Kingsley's "awful temper" was as harmless a factor in the household as sheet-lightning in a summer sky, but to be responsible for everything, in a house which was nothing less than a miniature museum, was, to say the least of it, "no joke." She seems, however, to have discharged her duties with the cheery whole-heartedness which was natural to her, and a book thrown at her head occasionally was merely something to be "dodged," as we dodge an April

shower, and to be reckoned with philosophically as a mere incident in the day's work.

Her account of the fighting-cocks, that seemed always and only to burst into full crow when "the master" came home, is full of humour, and reminds us of Carlyle's description of the "demon fowls" which caused him and his faithful Goody such infinite discomfiture. But the vagaries of "Ki-ki," and "Chickums," and "Attila the Ostrogoth," were a great amusement to Dr Kingsley when he happened to be in the mood; and like fathers who alternately spoil and spurn their children, it was difficult for the "chief officer" to foresee what the course of events might be.

All the members of the little household were on their best behaviour when the master was at home, and the loving welcome of his reception was only equalled by the regretful "speeding" with which, after two or three months—often less—he once more started on his travels, to the Rocky Mountains, or Africa, or the South Sea Islands.

His love for his wife and family was true and faithful, and it was warmly reciprocated. When on his most delightful cruises he longed with a very real longing for their sympathy and companionship, but unfortunately he loved the "bright eyes of danger" better than aught else.

Some chapters in 'South Sea Bubbles' (published by Bentley in 1872), recording a trip to the South

Seas with the Earl of Pembroke, a few magazine articles and his letters home, are the only writings extant of this many-sided man, who might have made a name in the literary world. In these few specimens, which he deemed most unworthy, we can see the same sparkling vivacity and "straight from the shoulder" style of writing which characterises every page of his daughter's light-hearted log-books, and the earnest thoroughness in *doing* which we loved in Parson Lot.

Mary Kingsley says that "the Kingsleys were all fishers," but, equally, they were all fighters. By hereditary instinct and by natural development they all loved fighting—victory if possible, but at any rate the bracingness of struggle.

In 1884 they removed to Cambridge, and there she had fuller scope for mental activities, though never did she allow the fascinations of learning to allure her from those filial duties which it was her delight to render to her father and mother. It has been said truly that "Duty can be either a bracelet or a handcuff, according to the light in which it is regarded," and to Mary Kingsley it was an adornment only, never depreciated or cast aside until Death, in a few short weeks, deprived her of the parents whom she had served so faithfully and well.

In the watches of the night, which her mother's long illness rendered necessary, she kept herself awake by the study of oriental languages, and her

mental grip grew stronger and more self-reliant from intercourse with such men as Darwin, Lubbock, and Huxley. Her health, too, improved astonishingly at Cambridge; and, though never robust-looking, it was difficult to identify in the alert, resolute, and wiry figure whom we afterwards knew as the West African traveller, the delicate girl of Bexley Heath. This dual life of mental effort and physical fatigue, combined with the responsibilities which attached to her position as nurse and housekeeper, early made her a woman; and, had it not been for her wonderful faculty for looking on the bright side of things, it would have made an *old* woman of her. But we cannot think of age and Mary Kingsley together. She must always have been young in heart, had she been spared to live among us for twice the length of time allotted to her. Bubbling over with vitality and enthusiasm, interested in everything, and with a keen sense of humour that exalted every discomfort into a source of amusement, she is one of those people who seem to stand apart—a *rara avis* whose like we may not expect often to look upon.

She had need of all her inherent tact and hopefulness during Dr Kingsley's absences; for, she says of her mother, "no amount of experience in her husband's habit of surviving ever made her feel he was safe," and all Mary Kingsley's loving ingenuity was needed, to in any way lessen or brighten the

anxious hours of the delicate woman while he was facing death and danger in every quarter of the globe. For months at a time she lived in a constant state of nervous anxiety, and those long silences, during which she suffered so acutely, were indirectly the cause of her serious illness.

But "man is immortal till his work is done," and not by shark or grizzly bear, not by massacre or shipwreck, was George Kingsley to meet his end. In February 1892, when only sixty-six years of age, while quietly sleeping in his own hired house, all unawares the pulses of his human life grew still; and six weeks later his wife followed him into that pleasant land whence there is no returning.

Of Mary Kingsley's mother we know but little, but the devotion of her daughter almost speaks for itself; and when we read that "the only thing that ever tempted her to go about among her neighbours was to assist them in mind, body, or estate," and that, so strongly marked a characteristic was this of the home life, that it seemed to the daughter as if she too had no right to associate with people unless there was something the matter with them, we feel sure that she was one of those gentle saintly folks whose quiet influence is not fully realised until it is taken away.

"I had been sitting up all night with mother *as usual*," says Mary Kingsley in her brief account of

her father's death, and the two words which we have italicised give us a hint of the faithful service which she had rendered so unswervingly to the patient invalid. The continual strain of her life at home was far more trying to her than the worst adventures which she subsequently experienced in Africa, and we do not wonder at her outspoken contempt for those who, on the score of sex alone, were amazed at her exciting exploits and hair-breadth escapes.

She was not one of those who are for ever

“ Seeking for some great thing to do,
Some secret thing to know.”

Not until she had done all her duty to those dependent upon her did she feel free to indulge her innate love of travel, and then, worn out as she was with sorrow and nervous exhaustion, she determined to recruit her health in the Canary Islands. She was now thirty years of age, and, as far as we are aware, had never been farther afield than Guernsey. Hitherto we have spoken more of the influences which surrounded her than of herself. It was necessary to do so in order rightly to understand the woman whose ‘Travels in West Africa’ so astonished us all in 1897.

While visiting the Canary Islands in 1892 she heard much about West Africa, and was stirred into a sort of defiant curiosity and determination to see

and judge for herself as to that country, its products and its inhabitants.

During her first visit in 1893 she gleaned a great deal of miscellaneous information, and evidently enjoyed herself thoroughly, though not on such strictly scientific lines as she afterwards pursued. The "fine hearse and plumes" which had been promised her on behalf of the Wesleyan Mission, by a friend who wanted to discourage her from visiting that part of the "Dark Continent," was not required; and, had she been spared, it was her intention to spend the next few years in studying on the spot the fishes and the fetishes, and above all the tribal differences which must for so long make the Imperial riddle so hard to read.

Miss Kingsley had more than a "slight interest in ichthyology," and the officials of the British Museum, who are always ready to make choice of fit persons to serve in the ministry of Science, enlisted her services to collect fishes and insects on their behalf. The combination strikes us as being curious, so little kinship does there appear between the cold-blooded denizens of the water and the airy fairy flutterers in the summer sun, or the business-like insects that do their work in the world with such silent deftness.

Through bush and swamp, undaunted by danger, inspired by difficulties, she made her way, and returned to England with a number of specimens of

rare fishes which she had collected principally in the Ogowé, a river north of the Congo. Of fatigue and privation she had plenty; but while she says that the treadmill life of a society woman in London would soon kill her, she speaks of her adventures—of which so much “fuss” was made—with the indulgent satire with which, in England, we describe the self-sought discomforts of a picnic.

It was not, however, until after her second visit that Mr George Macmillan induced her to write of her experiences, the result of which was one of the most wonderful records of womanly pluck and endurance which has ever been published. In this somewhat ponderous volume of seven hundred and thirty pages there is not a dry paragraph. Every chapter is full of incident, related with the bubbling vivacity which characterises her writings—always perspicuous; racy and pathetic by turns.

It was in December 1894 that she once more started for West Africa—and this time she set to work earnestly to study not only insects and fishes but the “animistic-minded inhabitants,” of whose virtues and failings we know so little. Ethnologically we fancy that we know a good deal; but is it not a fact that, as regards the natives of vast continents, we are too apt to generalise?

Robert Louis Stevenson and Mary Kingsley would have been the first to disclaim their right to be entitled ethnologists, and yet their practical know-

ledge is probably more dependable than the theoretic and systematic classification of Samoan and West African tribes upon which we are wont to rely.

To some of our readers we commend "Animism" as a subject for study. It opens up a vast field of inquiry as to the "making of religions," which in a paper such as this we could not dare to touch upon, save in the most tentative and superficial way. Mr Harland, the ex-President of the Folklore Society, says truly of this religious evolution that "its attraction is perennial." Animism may be defined as the "universal attribution of souls to all things"; and that, we take it, involves a sort of "real presence" in inanimate objects. Close upon this conception follows the belief in "the awful," as Mr Marett calls it—namely, the existence of spirits, ghosts, witches, gods, and, by easy sequence, a belief in the transmigration of souls from one object to another.

To an "animistic-minded" tribe the terrors of what we call death are minimised on the one side and magnified on the other. The possibilities are certainly awful and infinite, but *there is no death*. As Miss Kingsley puts it, "You never get the strange idea of the differences between time and eternity—the idea, I mean, that they are different things—in the African, that one frequently gets in cultured Europeans; and as for the human soul, the African always believes that 'still the spirit

is whole, and life and death but shadows of the soul.’”

Apropos of this subject, Dr Nassau (the pioneer and explorer of the Ogowé regions) and Miss Kingsley were both agreed that “dead black men go white when soaked in water”; and it has occurred to us that this may have accounted for the fact that, when entering a village near Lake N’Covi, each child as soon as it saw her face fled headlong into the nearest hut; while she herself considered that her colour, or rather her want of it, was some protection even among the most savage tribes. Possibly they may have invested her with some ghostly attributes which rendered her an unfit subject for the omnivorous stew-pot.

Mary Kingsley had no sympathy for ordinary Christian missions, but she gives unqualified praise to the Mission Évangélique, which she considered the perfection of what may be called purely spiritual work, and the influence of which upon the natives was altogether for good.

An ‘Academy’ critic tells us that it will probably be found by-and-by that she “lacked the time to co-ordinate her facts”; but, on the other hand, may it not be found, with equal probability, that she understated those facts, and that could she, *and we*, revisit these glimpses of the moon hereafter, the “co-ordination,” of which he rather patronisingly speaks, would have resolved itself into a scientific

certainty? Her intellect was not of the spasmodic order, either by heredity or development. Quick in observation, resolute in action, with a mental grasp rare in both sexes, and the intuitive insight and perception which is peculiar to a woman, it seems unlikely that she should have been mistaken in her estimate as to things African.

We have read somewhere that "literature is broader than sex," and this may be said most emphatically of Mary Kingsley's West African literature. It is "exceeding broad." No trace of femininity lurks in it, though, equally, there is no unwomanliness. It stands alone in its wide far-seeing intelligence. Keen common-sense prompts every theory that she initiates. For emotionalism that only "means well" her contempt is as sincere as it is good-natured, and she would have all men to "learn things *as they are*, and to keep their given word."

She spoke only of what she had known, and testified as to what she had seen, and we receive her testimony with hopefulness—nothing doubting, save of the slowly moving policy that takes years to realise that, at the back of all so-called heathenism, there is something that can be dealt with by common-sense methods, and not by the wholesale substitution of a lucrative cant for a sincere if mistaken superstition.

To adapt rather than to abolish is the keynote

of Mary Kingsley's message. To tell of a "more excellent way" is one thing, but to rub in the Gospel story with the point of the sword, or to dispense the balm of Gilead alternately with fire-water, is quite another.

Far be it from us to depreciate the work of the heroic missionaries who, taking their lives in their hands, have gone forth with the divine commission. But too often "sanctified common-sense" has been lacking; and heathens, like children, are quicker to see the weaknesses of their teachers than the value of the lessons which they fain would teach.

She insists most urgently on a detailed knowledge of tribal characteristics, and warns us, as a nation, of the danger of dealing *en masse* with West African races, the mental, physical, and moral capabilities of which are so numerous and so varied.

Lord Lawrence, in his celebrated despatch, speaks most strikingly on this point when alluding to the awful tragedies of the Indian Mutiny. He says: "Christian things done in a Christian way will never alienate the heathen. About such things there are qualities which do not provoke, nor excite distrust, nor harden to resistance. It is when Christian things are done in an *un-Christian* way that mischief and danger are occasioned. The difficulty is amid the political

complications, the conflicting social considerations, the fears and hopes of self-interest, which are so apt to mislead human judgment, to discern clearly what is imposed upon us by Christian duty and what is not. Having done this, we have but to put it into practice."

To this high-souled dictum Mary Kingsley would unreservedly agree, adding, after her own experiences, "England has an excellent idea regarding her duty to native races in West Africa. She has an excellent actual in the West African nature to superimpose her idea upon. All that is wanted is the proper method; and this method, I assure you, that Science, true knowledge (which Spinoza termed the 'inward aid of God'), can give."

It is rather singular that, while Miss Kingsley continually exalts the *Erdgeist* and deprecates the claim of superior interest in human nature, she still is sufficiently under the influence of the latter to speak more fully of man than of matter. The aborigines clearly interested her more than their haunts, and she tells us that "unless you live alone among the natives you never get to know them. If you do this you gradually get a light into the true state of their mind-forest. At first you see nothing but a confused stupidity and crime, but when you get to see—well, as in the other forest—you see things worth seeing"; and again, while on Lambarene Island, she says, "Ah

me! if the aim of life were happiness and pleasure, Africa should send us missionaries instead of our sending them to her."

English women would do well to lay to heart her quaint remarks as to the garments sent out for the use of the natives by the charitable ladies of Europe. "Evidently, part of their opinion of the African figure is that it is very like a tub." Some remarkable specimens that she exhumed from a mission-box were supposed by her to be "frills for palm-oil puncheons," and she at once suggested in her funny way that "a few stuffed negroes should be sent home for distribution in the working-party centres, and then the ladies could try the things on." As the figures of the Lambarene females are in reality quite charming, it is likely that these garments are not as much appreciated as the industry of their creators deserves.

To clothe a woman solely in a cloak consisting of a long flounce depended from a yoke at the shoulders, and dependent on the reliability of chain-stitch machinery, is also an experiment to be avoided. One day in church a child pulled at an end of white cotton which was sticking out from the yoke of a woman garbed in this fashion who was solemnly saying her prayers in front of her, and, naturally, it came out by the yard. You foresee the result: "When the unconscious victim rose from her devotions the whole of what might

be called the practical part of her attire subsided on to the floor."

No wonder that, as she says in another place, "half the African ingratitude is really not so very bad, for half the time you have been asking him to be grateful to you for doing to, or giving, him things he does not care a row of pins about."

Her ascent of the peak of the Cameroons was a marvellous business, and, though the beautiful view which she had hoped to get was blotted out by the mist and the rain, she had the satisfaction of feeling that she was only the "third Englishman" to surmount all the difficulties of the way, and the twenty-eighth ascender all told.

After adding a few stones to the cairn at the top, and leaving her visiting-card upon the "King of the Mountain," Mungo Ma Lobeh, she made her way down through a raging hurricane, and two days later arrived safely at Victoria, "looking even more lovely than ever in the dying light of the crimson sunset, with all its dark shadows among the hills begemmed with countless fireflies; heard the soft rush of the Lukola river, and the sound of the sea-surf on the rocks, and the tomtomming and singing of the natives all matching and mingling together. 'Why did I come to Africa?' thought I. Why! Who would not come to its twin-brother hell itself for all the beauty and the charm of it?"

Even of the equatorial climate she has something good to say, in spite of hosts of red ants, mosquitoes as the sand of the sea for multitude, crocodiles, wild beasts, and "wet seasons," which recurred with most unseasonable frequency.

It must have been a treat to have heard a discussion between Mary Kingsley and Dr Nansen as to the respective delights of the Poles and the Tropics. The beauty of the Arctic night had no charms for her, in spite of all that he could say in its favour. A place where "the temperature was goodness knows what below zero, no soap, no wood for fire," seemed to her a place of horror indeed; while the gallant Swede, in his turn, regarded her as "a sort of devoted martyr for going to the Equator, and adopted a sympathetic kind of tone about fever, &c., to my extreme amazement. It was positively comic to see how we both regarded our own individual region as a kind of almshouse, but each held the other's region in an awesome respect."

Yet she was not blindly indifferent to the climatic perils of which she spoke so light-heartedly. One of the last, if not the last, of her public appearances was at the Livingstone Exhibition held at St Martin's Town Hall, Charing Cross, in January 1900, when, in an address full of wit and humour, she took the opportunity of pleading most earnestly for the establishing of a Hospital Ship on the deadly

West African coast, where malarial fever works its wicked will almost unhindered.

Shortly afterwards she left England again, *en route* for the great forests and mighty rivers which for her had such an absorbing fascination. "I wander always, and wander I always will, as long as there is a fresh bit of the world to see," Dr Kingsley had said; and the hereditary instinct of travelling was strong in his daughter as she started once more "to learn the tropics."

Not as an amateur nurse did she "break the journey" at Simonstown, but with just an unselfish longing to *do something* in aid of the wounded. Very gladly was her offer of service accepted, and very helpful must have been her powers of organisation and human sympathy. Originally she had thought of being a doctor, and her long training in a sick-room ensured her a warm welcome from the overworked officials at the hospital—though she had no credentials as to fitness, no certificate to present upon arriving.

She worked hard, we may be sure—it was not possible to her to work otherwise,—but only, as it were, for a day. By a strange irony of fate, she who had lived triumphantly through the worst dangers of the West Coast—climatic and cannibalistic—succumbed to the effects of an operation, incidental to an attack of typhoid fever, on the 3rd of June 1900. In the healthy

South, whither so many have gone to regain the vigour which they had lost at home, she who had done and suffered so much for others laid down the life of which she had made such valuable use, and suffered the crowning tragedy of so many gracious lives, in dying with her work unaccomplished.

Mary Kingsley had all the modesty which belongs to real worth. She owed all her infinite charm to her expression and manner, for her face in repose was not even pleasing. But then it was hardly ever in repose, so that such a criticism goes for nothing. Though somewhat reticent in her public utterances, she was a brilliant and delightful conversationalist. Everything interested her, and to be dull when she was in the room was impossible. She had all the humour and many-sidedness of her father's nature, mingled with the overflowing kindness and sympathy that characterised her mother.

When speaking or smiling she was irresistibly attractive, and though her curious inability to sound the letter *h* was at first rather disconcerting, it was soon forgotten. The omission failed to jar, and became at last almost a distinctive peculiarity rather than a grammatical error.

"I simply can't pronounce the letter *h*," was her own quaint explanation; but, notwithstanding this strange defect, she was "a lady to

her finger-tips," as a dainty friend of ours expressed it.

Her conversation was brimming over with fun—an endless stream of anecdote and humour, like her books. In fact, her books give an excellent idea of her mental characteristics: wit and wisdom, the graceful and the grotesque, are constantly to be found side by side, and we rise from reading them full of admiring wonder and a secret longing to have had some share in the experiences which she describes.

The "stinging and bitterly cheerful irony" on which one of her reviewers comments was due more to her brilliantly incisive manner of speaking than to any real misanthropy or lack of feeling. Originality of expression is often mistaken for affectation; but did the Palace of Truth exist as an English dwelling-house and not only as a "castle in Spain," it would be found that people really have some ideas of their own, occasionally, which they consistently stultify; lest, forsooth, they should be accused of being "eccentric" or peculiar. Any such cowardly attitude was impossible to the daughter of a man like George Kingsley, of whom her verdict is that "he never did a mean act or thought a mean thought, and never felt a fear."

The little sealskin cap was the invariable centre of every gathering, simply because of its wearer's

vivid personality, her sparkling and racy way of describing things, and her unusual adaptability. All those who knew her best would endorse the words of the 'Morning Post,' which calls her "a woman at once learned and humorous, adventurous and wise."

One more scene yet remains for us to describe, and then our brief study of Mary Kingsley must close. By her own express wish she was buried at sea; and on the day following Whit-Sunday, June 4, the sad procession moved down the main street of Simonstown, headed by the band of the West Yorkshire Regiment. Arrived at the town pier, the body was placed on Torpedo Boat No. 29, and then slowly they steamed out beyond Cape Point and committed it to the deep—the rector of Simonstown, as military chaplain, officiating.

No better description of the scene could be given than that which her father gives of a burial at sea; and there seems a strange fitness that he should, as it were, finish her life-story for us.

"All hats off; a dead silence; even the ship hardly making a sound; a gentle cheeping of blocks and gurgling of water, more like a hush than a noise; all quiet except the ship's bell jarring on the silence once a minute. Bright glorious sun. The voice of the chaplain sounding strangely distinct in the stillness."

As the deeply impressive words, "We therefore

commit her body to the deep, to be turned into corruption, looking for the resurrection of the body (when the sea shall give up her dead) and the life of the world to come," were uttered, the body was reverently lowered—one light splash, and then in the mystery of those dark-blue waves they left her—alone!

Mr Harland's testimony in 'Folk-Lore' is as eloquent as it is sincere: "All phrases seem cold when we think of her. Her insight into the mind of the West African native, and her bold and humorous advocacy of careful study of, and rational treatment for, him had hardly begun to impress the powers that be in the political and religious worlds. A band of friends are seeking to fulfil that task. To do so will be to perpetuate in the worthiest way, the way she herself would have wished, the memory and the aims of one of the noblest among women."

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

Born in London, October 30, 1825.

Died in London, February 2, 1864.





ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

From a photograph in the possession of Madame Belloc.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

“MY life might be put into an epigram,” said Charles Lamb, and the same might be said of Adelaide Anne Procter, so uneventful was her short and saintly life.

Her father, W. P. Procter, under the pseudonym of “Barry Cornwall,” was well known as a writer, when in 1825 his “well-beloved firstborn” was born. His legal training accentuated an instinctive dislike for “hazy horizons,” and probably narrowed his mental outlook; but his personality was full of charm, as is evinced by the troops of friends who rejoiced continually in his company.

Carlyle, in his ‘Reminiscences,’ gives us one of his word-pictures of Barry Cornwall at this time: “A decidedly rather pretty little fellow, Procter, bodily and spiritually; manners prepossessing, slightly London elegant, not unpleasant; clear judgment in him, though of narrow field; a sound honourable morality, and airy friendly ways; of slight neat figure, vigorous for his size; fine,

genially rugged little face; fine head; something curiously dreamy in the eyes of him,—had something of real fun, and was always good and kind.”

After his marriage in 1824 with Anne Skepper, the only child of Mrs Basil Montagu by her first husband, the young couple returned to her stepfather's house in Bedford Square, and there in the following year the little Adelaide was born.

Fanny Kemble mentions that in 1832, at one of the delightful receptions that formed part of the daily life in the Montagu *ménage*, she had enjoyed a chat with Mrs Procter, “one of the kindest-hearted people possible.” She talked a great deal about Adelaide, who, says Miss Kemble, “must be a most wonderful creature.” So it is clear that the beautiful little girl, who looked “as if she knew that she was a poet's child,” must have displayed her unusual gifts at a very early age. In this year Barry Cornwall made his farewell to poetry, in a volume of songs, and was made Commissioner in Lunacy,—an office which he held with extraordinary success until 1861, when the witchery of Writing seems once more to have asserted its sway, and betaking himself to the study of Shakespeare, Lamb, and others, he published several prose works with more or less success.

Few have enjoyed the friendship of so many men whose names are still of world-wide notoriety.

Scarcely a man could be mentioned among those who distinguished themselves in the early literature of the nineteenth century who had not the entrée of his hospitable home.

Byron and Peel were Harrovian schoolfellows, while Lamb and Coleridge, Lytton, Campbell, De Quincey, Macaulay, Macready, Scott, Landor, Edward Irving, Hood, Hunt, Rossetti, Arnold, Browning, and Tennyson are only a few of the many eminent men whom Barry Cornwall could number among his friends.

Though the father and mother of Adelaide Anne Procter were Protestants, it is somewhat remarkable that three of their four daughters became Roman Catholics, and it is no less remarkable that the happiness of the family does not seem to have been impaired thereby. It is probable that to the gentle dignity of the mother, whose love never wavered, was largely due the harmony of the household,—for it is certain that sympathy must be difficult between those who are, respectively, staunch adherents to sects opposed to each other in so many doctrines which each considers fundamental.

Where the chiefest interest of Time and of Eternity is not one in which members of a family are at union, there must of necessity be a certain restraint; and it speaks well for the loving tactfulness of all, that nothing was allowed to disturb the

family loyalty or to mar the daily comfort of its home life.

No doubt religious questions must have been often discussed in a circle where men and women of such various views met in friendly intercourse, and it is probable that the young people felt many unspoken difficulties in realising the elastic nature of Anglicanism, and in reconciling points of doctrine which have always been stumbling-blocks, and upon which even theologians have agreed to differ.

Not a few have been induced by the unfortunate dissensions within the English Church to settle the matter, as they think, by joining the only Church which claims infallibility. The "ever generous, loving, and noble" Edward Irving would think it his duty to declaim upon "the gift of tongues"; such strict "one Goddites" as Coleridge and Lamb, Hazlitt and Hunt, would fain have won recruits for their "reasonable" unorthodoxy; and the various religious opinions of the many interesting visitors must surely have been a fruitful source of conversation, while the musical and artistic temperaments of the sisters would no doubt insensibly incline them towards a Church in which the Poetry of religion is conspicuously apparent.

"Of all priesthoods, there is no class comparable for its importance to the priesthood of the writers of books," says Carlyle, and of this class of priests Adelaide Anne Procter and her sisters must have

seen many of the best specimens; but the delights of literature were not sufficing enough for hearts that longed restlessly for "more light," and one by one they flung their weakness into the strength of the Roman Church, where, like Mary Howitt, whose Quaker upbringing renders her secession the more remarkable, they found all that they had longed for in their youthful dreams. We are told, however, that the one thing never mentioned by Miss Procter was her own change of views; and with a nature like hers, it did indeed matter but little to what creed her intellect subscribed, for her heart was right with God, and her life-work speaks for itself.

Before she was able to write, Charles Dickens tells us, in his touching sketch of her life, prefacing the second volume of 'Legends and Lyrics,' that she had her favourite poems copied into a tiny album by her mother, and was accustomed to carry them about with the devotion which at that age is generally given to dolls only.

And this devotion to poetry never decreased, though for many years her own compositions seem to have been a delight to herself only and to some of her most intimate friends. In the early 'Fifties typewriters and duplicating machines were unknown, and her sweet verses were copied from hand to hand—a laborious but loving testimony to their charm and adaptability. In 1843 she contributed some verses to 'The Book of Beauty,' but

not until 1853 did she think of appealing to the suffrages of a larger audience, and it was as an anonymous contributor that she then offered a "short poem" to the editor of 'Household Words.' Although the name of Dickens is connected in the minds of most people with such creations as Pickwick, Pecksniff, and Sarah Gamp, there was in the great novelist that intense capacity for pathos which invariably accompanies a strong sense of humour, and without which, indeed, humour at its best is wellnigh impossible.

Editing in those days was not so onerous a business as it is now, when every one who can, or cannot, turn a sentence or be happy enough to fix up a rhyme, would fain rush into print, and when every post brings with it shoals of manuscripts to the offices of even the least important papers.

"Miss Berwick's" poem at once appealed to Dickens, and he recognised that here at last was something "very different," and possessing much more merit than the average contributions of would-be poets. A continuous correspondence passed between them, but "Miss Berwick" was as much of a personal mystery to the editor of 'Household Words' as "Curren Bell" had been to her publishers in 1847.

For eighteen months this went on, until in the winter of 1854 the truth came out.

Charles Dickens was an old friend of W. P. Procter,

and, when dining with him just before Christmas, the two naturally began talking about 'Household Words,' which was then at the zenith of its popularity. Incidentally Dickens mentioned that the current number contained some very pretty verses by a Miss Berwick.

Nothing further was said at the time, but on the following day he received a letter containing a statement which caused him no little surprise, to the effect that the name had been adopted by Barry Cornwall's eldest daughter, in order that she might obtain an honest opinion as to the merit of her writings. Wire-pulling was an impossibility to her, and "a friend at court" almost a treachery to the public, from her high-minded point of view; so she had determined to conceal her identity, and to stand or fall as an "unknown volunteer." This is by no means a solitary instance of literary independence; but in these days there is too often a tendency to apportion praise or blame according to the status of the man rather than according to the value of the matter, and much that would be better left unpublished is palmed off upon the public by virtue of a previous success, or the weight of some unseen but powerful influence.

It was against such a possibility that Miss Procter so effectively guarded herself, and we cannot but admire the self-reliance and honesty of purpose which actuated her little scheme.

When in 1858 her collected poems were published under the title of 'Legends and Lyrics,' there was an immediate rush for the book, and so great was its popularity that she was soon the best-read poet in England, with the exception of Alfred Tennyson. No less than twelve editions followed one another, and her success was complete. Miss Procter had joined the Roman communion in 1851, but there is no tinge of what has been called a "persecuting and privileged orthodoxy" in her poems. They have penetrated into many schools and families without raising any alarm in the most ultra-Protestant parent or guardian, for doctrine is never dragged into them; and though here and there in the Legends we can trace the influence of Romish teachings and traditions, they are so beautifully told, and the lesson of them all is so definitely to "do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly," that they appeal to the most puritanical. We are told by Dickens and by Madame Belloc (both intimate friends) that Adelaide Anne Procter "bubbled over" with wit and irony, but there are no signs of either characteristic in her writings. They are full of sympathy and tenderness, and there is no morbid or maudlin sentiment about them, but equally they are destitute of all mirthfulness, and her muse is at its best when singing of Home and Heaven and Love. The tide of her poetry "sets ever towards Eternity."

Clifford Harrison incorporated several of her longer poems into his *répertoire*, and no one who heard him recite "The Story of a Faithful Soul" will forget the chilling effect with which he rendered the dramatic verses which precede the triumphant finale.

The Legends have a special charm of their own, but it is upon her Lyrics that her popularity will abidingly rest. The works of many greater writers will stand upon the bookshelves, almost unread save for selfish motives—

"Calculating profits; so much help
By so much reading"—

but a goodly company will for many years plunge "soul-forward" into her volumes, and find therein a spell for relieving heartache, and a reflection of their moods as in a looking-glass.

Her keen knowledge of human nature is not the result of morbid self-dissection, but inspired by a wide sympathy and an innately loving fellowship that has gauged sorrow, and knows that in "some far bright to-morrow" our treasures are living yet—saved from sin's pollution—held in faithful keeping until the day break.

"Nothing is our own: we hold our pleasures
Just a little while ere they are fled;
One by one life robs us of our treasures;
Nothing is our own except our dead.

Only the dead hearts forsake us never ;
 Death's last kiss has been the mystic sign
 Consecrating Love our own for ever,
 Crowning it eternal and divine.

So when Fate would fain besiege our city,
 Dim our gold or make our flowers fall,
 Death, the Angel, comes in love and pity,
 And to save our treasures claims them all."

We have the same thought, expressed as perhaps Christina Rossetti alone could express it, in the beautiful 28th Sonnet of 'Later Life.'

" In life our absent friend is far away :
 But death may bring our friend exceeding near,
 Show him familiar faces long so dear,
 And lead him back in reach of words we say.
 He only cannot utter yea or nay
 In any voice accustomed to our ear ;
 He only cannot make his face appear,
 And turn the sun back on our shadowed day.
 The dead may be around us, dear and dead ;
 The unforgotten dearest dead may be
 Watching us with unslumbering eyes and heart
 Brimful of words which cannot yet be said,
 Brimful of knowledge they may not impart,
 Brimful of love for you, and love for me."

For selfish exclusive love she can find no excuse, but hers is the very *ideal* of loving. Summer and stars and noble souls, all come within the radius of her enfolding affection, and in nearly all her poems the keynote still sounds clearly, dominating all their music—bringing back every discord into melody—Love.

"Transfigured in the light of God, and giving glory to the skies ;
 That which makes this life so sweet, shall render heaven's joy complete."

The land of far distances was very near to her at all times, and she seems to have caught something of its spirit. We all know the undefinable atmosphere that surrounds certain personalities—it is indescribable, but *it is there*. A subtle influence emanates from them, and harsh voices grow sweeter, earth's vexations more bearable in their presence. That is just the spell which the poetry of Adelaide Anne Procter possesses. There is no profundity of expression, no varied imagery, no catching refrains, but the common-places of life gleam into beauty, and every theme is burnished as with a touch of sunlight.

Of the legends, perhaps the most perfect in construction and musical thought is the "Legend of Provence"—the story of a novice who, during one of the French wars, was given the charge of a knight whose "wounds were painful, but whose danger slight." The beautiful convent-bred girl is fascinated by his stories of the world outside, and when the knight leaves the convent he does not go alone. Poor Angela, who has given up all for love, soon finds herself forsaken amid the dangers of a cruel city, and the glories which he had painted fade into the misery of a cold bleak world which knows no pity for an outcast. After long years, when her face had lost all trace of the pure happy girl who was known as the novice Angela, she determines to make her way back to the white

convent in the hawthorn wood. She rang the bell, and laid her weary head against the iron bars until the pitying portress should open the gate,—

“But what soft voice was that which sounded near,
 And stirred strange trouble at her heart to hear?
 She raised her head; she saw—she seemed to know—
 A face that came from long, long years ago:
 Herself; yet not as when she fled away
 The young and blooming novice, fair and gay,
 But a grave woman, gentle and serene.
 The outcast knew it—*what she might have been.*
 But as she gazed and gazed, a radiance bright
 Filled all the place with strange and sudden light;
 The Nun was there no longer, but instead,
 A figure with a circle round its head,
 A ring of glory; and a face so meek,
 So soft and tender. . . . Angela strove to speak,
 And stretched her hands out, crying, ‘Mary mild,
 Mother of mercy, help me!—help your child.’
 And Mary answered, ‘From thy bitter past,
 Welcome, my child! oh, welcome home at last!
 I filled thy place. Thy flight is known to none,
 For all thy daily duties I have done—
 Gathered thy flowers, and prayed, and sung, and slept;
 Didst thou not know, poor child, *thy place was kept?*
 Kind hearts are here; yet would the tenderest one
 Have limits to its mercy: God has none.
 And man’s forgiveness may be true and sweet,
 But yet he stoops to give it. More complete
 Is Love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,
 And pleads with thee to raise it. Only Heaven
 Means *crowned*, not *vanquished*, when it says “Forgiven!”’
 Back hurried Sister Monica; but where
 Was the poor beggar she left lying there?
 Gone; and she searched in vain, and sought the place
 For that wan woman with the piteous face;
 But only Angela at the gateway stood,
 Laden with hawthorn blossoms from the wood.”

When on her deathbed she told them all her tale—

“Then clear, low and calm,
 ‘Praise God for me, my sisters,’ and the psalm
 Rang up to Heaven, far and clear and wide,
 Again and yet again, then sank and died ;
 While her white face had such a smile of peace,
 They saw she never heard the music cease.
 And weeping sisters laid her in her tomb,
 Crowned with a wreath of perfumed hawthorn bloom.”

And thus the legend ends,—the sweet epilogue rounding it—

“*Our place is kept*, and it will wait,
 Ready for us to fill it, soon or late :
 No star is ever lost we once have seen,—
 We always may be what we might have been.”

Such poetry as this is always sure of a welcome. The simplest can read its lesson, the most cultivated can feel its charm.

In 1853, Fanny Kemble in her ‘Recollections’ mentions that she was on the eve of escorting Miss Procter to Italy, where the latter was going on a visit to her aunt, Madame de Viry. Between the two travellers there would seem to have been little or no sympathy, for, as Fanny Kemble naïvely says, “I do not think that she will like me any better when she knows me better.”

They were a strangely dissimilar pair truly, but the affection of the actress for Mr and Mrs Procter, and Adelaide’s own sweetness of character, made a pleasant journey possible for them both.

This year in Italy must have been full of enchantment for the gentle poet, and her letters home are full of vivid word-pictures, while many of her poems were doubtless written at this time.

Every womanly woman is at heart a philanthropist, and Adelaide Anne Procter was no exception to the rule. She was too innately good and unselfish to be regardless of the manifold sufferings of humanity. The Association for the Promotion of Social Science had been but recently established when she was elected a member of its Committee, with a view to providing employment for the women of the metropolis. Into this scheme she threw herself with all the ready sympathy of her warm heart, and, with her co-workers, she did her utmost to stem the tide of unemployed women that was flooding the London streets with misery and sin.

The Committee was composed of an equal number of ladies and gentlemen who were chosen on account of their practical knowledge of, and interest in, the scheme :—

The Earl of Shaftesbury.
 Hon. Arthur Kinnaid.
 Mr Edward Ackroyd.
 Mr G. W. Hastings.
 Mr Horace Mann.
 Mr Strickland Cookson.

Mrs Jameson.
 Miss A. A. Procter.
 Miss Boucherett.
 Miss Isa Craig.
 Miss Bessie Parkes.
 Miss Emily Faithfull.

Under their auspices the "Victoria Press" was opened in 1860—printing having been chosen as an employment singularly suitable for women,—and in the following year it was suggested that a special volume should be published as a specimen of the choice work which they were able to execute. This suggestion resulted in the production in 1861 of 'Victoria Regia,' which was dedicated by "special permission" to the Queen, who from the first had taken much interest in the undertaking. It was published by Emily Faithfull & Co., and to Miss Procter was deputed the task of its editing. To this volume no less than fifty-five other distinguished writers in prose and verse contributed; but one of the most beautiful poems therein contained is her own "Links with Heaven," which we here insert.

I.

"Our God in Heaven, from that holy place
 To each of us an Angel-guide has given;
 But Mothers of dead children have more grace—
 For they give Angels to their God and Heaven.

II.

How can a Mother's heart feel cold or weary,
 Knowing her dearer self safe, happy, warm?
 How can she feel her road too dark or dreary
 Who knows her treasure sheltered from the storm?

III.

How can she sin? Our hearts may be unheeding—
 Our God forgot—our holy Saints defied—
 But can a Mother hear her dead child pleading
 And thrust those little angel hands aside?

IV.

Those little hands stretched down to draw her ever
 Nearer to God by mother love : we all
 Are blind and weak,—yet surely She can never,
 With such a stake in Heaven, fail or fall.

V.

She knows that when the mighty Angels raise
 Chorus in Heaven, one little silver tone
 Is hers for ever—that one little praise,
 One little happy voice is all her own.

VI.

We may not see her sacred crown of honour,
 But all the angels flitting to and fro
 Pause smiling as they pass—they look upon her
 As Mother of an angel whom they know,

VII.

One whom they left nestled at Mary's feet—
 The children's place in Heaven—who softly sings
 A little chant to please them, slow and sweet,
 And smiling strokes their little folded wings.

VIII.

Or gives them her white lilies or her beads
 To play with :—yet in spite of flower or song
 They often lift a wistful look that pleads,
 And asks her why their Mother stays so long.

IX.

Then our dear Queen makes answer—they may call
 Her very soon : meanwhile they are beguiled
 To wait and listen while She tells them all
 A story of her Jesus as a child.

X.

Ah ! Saints in Heaven may pray with earnest will
 And pity for their weak and erring brothers !
 Yet there is prayer in Heaven more mighty still—
 The little Children pleading for their Mothers."

With the feverish energy that so often characterises consumptive patients, she spared herself no fatigue in prosecuting her charitable schemes. The expostulations of friends were all in vain. As if knowing that the time was short, she heeded no warnings, but worked on at her self-imposed duties until nature took its last revenge, and she was laid aside for ever.

For fifteen months she never left her room, though she only took to her bed a few days before the end. Her great delight was to be talked to. Conversation would often have been far too tiring, but for hours she could listen unweariedly, and partially forget her pain. Like her mother and grandmother, she was scrupulously dainty in all her personal habits; and, with her pretty fluffy hair tastefully arranged under a little cap, and a pale blue bed-jacket, the sick-chamber was bereft of half its terrors, while her cheerfulness was a source of wondering admiration to those who witnessed it.

Such a pathetically short life! Only a few years in which to reap the fame that was universally accorded to her, and then the daily increasing weariness of consumption, the hacking cough, the long months of patient suffering, and the triumphant yet peaceful passing into the Silent Land.

It was on Candlemas Day, Feb. 2, 1864, that the struggle for life ended, and the laboured

breathing ceased. Just before the end, she looked up at her mother and said, "Mamma, has it come?" "Yes, my dear," was the heart-broken reply, as the loving arms clasped the poor fragile body in a last embrace, and the gentle spirit of Adelaide Anne Procter passed away into "joy so pure, so mighty, so eternal," as human understanding cannot even imagine.

The Love of which she had sung so sweetly was with her to the end; and, amid masses of snowdrops, she lay as if lulled to sleep by the "beautiful Angel Death," until the snowy morning when her sorrowing friends followed her to the quiet grave in Kensal Green Cemetery. There the ivy planted by her mother's hands still grows thickly, and in "the far-off skies" father, mother, sisters, brother, have met once more.

M A R I A N N E N O R T H

Born at Hastings, 1830.

Died at Alderley, Gloucestershire, 1890.





MARIANNE NORTH.

From a photograph by Mrs Julia Cameron, in the possession of Mrs T. Adaington Symonds.

MARIANNE NORTH.

It is difficult to know from which standpoint to view the subject of our present paper.

The versatility of her talents is somewhat remarkable, and whether as traveller, artist, botanist, or singer, she was equally conspicuous for her strong individuality and thorough knowledge of the subject in hand.

And there was so much of her, too, in every way! Not only mentally but physically, she could give points to nearly every member of a large gathering, and her tall, commanding, yet graceful figure seemed to dominate both the minds and bodies of those with whom she was brought in contact.

Mr North was member for Hastings for many years, and the house was a rendezvous for people of culture and varied interests.

In those days Hastings was only a fishing village, and though one of the Cinque Ports, scarcely seems to have merited the dignity of a

member all to itself. It is strange to read of an "Election" which was settled by the ten "Free-men" of the place, and it must surely have been difficult to get up much excitement under such conditions. For thirty-nine years her father represented that borough almost continuously, and was indefatigable in his efforts to promote the passing of the Reform Bill and to bring about any change which appeared to be for the good of the country at large.

From a village, Hastings has now developed into a fashionable watering-place, and has to pay the usual penalty of popularity by yearly visitations of trippers, and their accompaniments of negro minstrels and weird noises. Musical glasses and banjo solos now mingle with the song of the wild waves; but in 1830 there was more personal acquaintance between the rich and poor than is possible to-day, and "Muster North and his little gal" were viewed with friendly interest by the fisher folk, as they passed along the beach or stood to watch the unloading of the glittering freights when the fishing-boats came in.

Those were happy days, for the father and daughter were everything to each other. He was her "one idol and friend from first to last," and the "little gal" was so brightly observant that she derived fullest benefit from the constant changes with which fortune supplied her.

Of the routine of education she knew little ; but the lack of it was more than compensated for by the constant intercourse with her father, who lost no opportunity of improving a mind so ready and willing to improve itself.

A few months at a Norwich boarding-school seemed very long to a girl who had been accustomed to the freedom of home life, and we can well believe that when, in 1847, it was decided that the family should go abroad for three years, the prospect was eagerly welcomed.

Marianne North was seventeen when the whole party—consisting of the parents, the two daughters, an old governess, and the servants—migrated to Heidelberg. Her account of that Christmas in Germany is most fascinating ; and though France was in a state of turmoil, and all Europe was vibrating with the shock of Revolution, the happy English family were but little troubled by outside matters, and thoroughly enjoyed the variety which their Continental life daily afforded.

An attack of typhoid at Munich in the following year induced Mr North to move on to Starnberg for a short time, in order that Marianne might recover her strength, and in the country life of that idyllic spot she soon threw off the effects of what might have been a most serious illness.

Starnberg is a sweet village lying at the entrance of the Starnberger (or Würm) See. In 1848 it

would be even more beautiful than it is now, because more primitive and less easy of access. In these days it is within two hours' railway journey of Munich, and about half-way between that town and the picturesque valley where the "World's Tragedy" is represented every ten years by the poetic peasants of Ober-Ammergau.

It was in this lovely little lake that Ludwig—the mad King of Bavaria—drowned himself in 1886, and to his memory a "Votif Kapelle" was consecrated on its shores, on the fourteenth anniversary of his "Sterbe Tag" in 1900. Every corner of this dainty lakelet is full of interest, and peak above peak in the near distance rise the Bavarian Alps, with the Zug Spitze and the Ettaler Berge lifting their snow-caps above the rest—even in midsummer.

To-day there are steamers constantly plying from village to village on its banks; but, in 1848, there would seem to have been only little rowing-boats, in which the convalescent could just rest and be thankful, with nothing more exciting than occasional fishing and driving expeditions to break the health-giving monotony of the glorious summer days.

Mr and Mrs North had intended to winter at Vienna, but the Revolution had spread with great rapidity, and it was found impossible to fulfil that part of their programme. At Dresden it was not

much better, but there Miss North had the opportunity of cultivating her beautiful voice under the tuition of Ceccarelli, the chief singer of the King's chapel.

The charm of music would seem to have been the only thing in which father and daughter could not sympathise—all music being to him “a horrid noise which must be submitted to for the sake of those who like it.” It is curious to notice that the father's hatred for music was in the daughter transmuted into a hatred for poetry, which she considered to be “sense worried, and often worrit without the sense.”

Miss North was able to take every advantage that came in her way, and on her return to England she developed a contralto voice which was beautiful enough to win the rare praise of Miss Sainton, afterwards Madame Sainton-Dolby. It was in England, too, that she gained that knowledge of flower-painting which was to be such a real joy to her in the lonely after-days.

In 1855 Mrs North died, and the old home at Hastings was again for a time broken up. As Mr North quaintly and pathetically expressed it in his diary, “The leader is cut off from the main trunk of our home. No branches, no summer shoots, can take its place, and I feel myself just an old pollard tree.”

But the “tree” bore transplanting to West-

minster, and there, in the haunts of busy London, plans were made for extended journeys. Several of these came to pass; and in Miss North's autobiography there are hints of delightful visits to Hungary, Switzerland, Egypt, and Spain, which the two daughters and their now venerable father enjoyed to the full. It was at Mürren that the love-story of John Addington Symonds and Catherine North began, which came to its happy conclusion on the 10th of November 1864, when they were married in St Clement's Church, Hastings.

In thirty years the constituents of Hastings had largely increased, and in the election of 1865 Mr North lost his seat by nine votes, which afforded him—albeit unwillingly—a leisure time. During many months the devoted father and daughter travelled about—in Europe, Syria, and Egypt,—returning to Hastings in 1867.

They then gave all their attention to the improvement of the "Weedery," which, by their combined efforts, was soon made to blossom as the rose. Loving flowers as she did, it was no wonder that they grew well, and it was her great delight to make colour pictures in unexpected corners, and to watch the gradual development of a quaint old-world garden, where shady nooks were hidden away behind the great bay-trees, and rare orchids bloomed—a careful joy—in the glass-house which her father built for their reception.

In 1869 came the last journey which they were to make together; and then, on the 29th of October, for him began another and a fairer experience, and for her the twenty years of lonely pilgrimage which ended at Alderley in 1890.

To visit the Tropics had often been the desire of both father and daughter; and, though that desire was not able to be realised, we can well imagine that, when invited to the States in the summer of 1871, Miss North gladly availed herself of the opportunity thus afforded.

To paint tropical vegetation in the tropics had been a day-dream of long standing, but the precious legacy of her father's constant companionship, left to her by her dying mother, had been too lovingly and loyally guarded for her ever to have thought of accepting any invitation, however tempting, while that dear presence was with her upon earth. But all was changed when he was gone; and, though she had "schooled herself into cheerfulness" for the sake of others, there was now no binding tie to England.

To Canada, therefore, she bent her steps, and after a delightful visit and many experiences, she set sail for the West Indies, where the mango-trees, giant ferns, bignonias, and the tangle of flowers in all their beautiful colourings, filled her with ecstasy. She says in her charming, naïve way, "I hardly knew what to paint first." The rich grouping of

the palms, and the extraordinary greenery of Jamaica, where Nature has done everything and man nothing, delighted her inexpressibly, and many beautiful sketches were the result of her six months' sojourn in that garden island.

But the fever of travel was upon her, and after two months in London, she started in August 1872 for Brazil, where the variety of scenery was an hourly revelation; and the trees "draped in bougainvillea," the orange-flowered cassia, and the lovely blue of the marica, were each and all an inspiration for her brush.

"Every bit of the way was interesting—beautiful. Every day's ramble showed me fresh wonders. Did I not paint, and wander, and wonder at everything?"

After spending two winters in the tropics, Miss North found the English climate most trying, and though she weathered the November fogs, she determined to visit Teneriffe, for which she started on New Year's Day, 1875, returning only in time to start for Japan in August of the same year, *viâ* California, the Yosemite Valley, Borneo, and Java, and home again, *viâ* Ceylon and Europe, to London, where she arrived in February 1877. Here the Emperor of Brazil paid her a visit, and showed much interest in the curiosities collected and the paintings made, during her stay in his kingdom.

More than five hundred studies were the result

of her labours during these six years, and this large number shows with what zeal she must have painted, when we take into account the inevitable delays caused by journeys and social duties.

These paintings were subsequently borrowed for the Kensington Museum by The M'Leod and Mr Thompson, who were much surprised at their variety and talent, having expected only to see the mediocre productions of a lady amateur.

Six months of English life again proved enough for our traveller, and in September she left for India.

Here, as elsewhere, nothing escaped her observation. The Hindu and Moslem costumes, customs, and ceremonies, the elaborate carvings and gorgeous colourings, have all a place in her pictures; but in reading a full account of her 'Happy Life' we are especially struck by her interest in *everything*. To paint trees and flowers may have been the primary object of her incessant journeyings, but no instance either of intelligence or ignorance on the part of the people among whom she temporarily sojourned was unnoticed: every beast, bird, and insect left its image imprinted upon her mental retina. The forest-studies among the hills were an endless delight, while the cream-coloured balsams, the lovely pale-blue poppies, with their golden centres, growing upon

brown velvet stems, the giant rhododendrons, hydrangeas, and orchids, and maidenhair ferns growing as freely as does grass in England, were a daily revelation of beauty and colour. To read of heliotrope hedges six feet in height, and of gorgeous creepers of many kinds covering the tree-stems and framing the houses in beauty, makes us sigh for the scents and sights of Keenur; but, unfortunately, it was too near the jungle to be healthy, and she found it advisable to go westward. She tells us that Lord Lytton knew more about the plants and trees than any one whom she met in India, and it is interesting to hear that he was never too busy, even when Viceroy of India, to enjoy talking and walking with the gifted traveller during her visit to Simla.

As in England so in India, it is the busiest people who always have the most time, and he never spared himself either trouble or strength, emulating in that respect Sir Richard Temple, the Governor of Bombay, who did everything that he had to do "with all his might."

She reached England again in March 1879, and finding the business of incessantly describing her sketches very wearisome, she hired a room in Conduit Street, where they were on view during the summer months. This little exhibition excited general interest, and saved her from much boredom and fatigue. When it was over Miss North made

a short trip to Italy, stopping *en route* to pay a visit to the Symonds at Davos am Platz, where the talented author of 'The Renaissance' had settled with his family three years before, hoping to recover the health which had become so seriously impaired. For many years that valuable life was prolonged, and Davos has since that time become the resort of thousands, who were encouraged by his experiences to try the effects of the wonderful air.

The exhibition in Conduit Street resulted in a suggestion from a contributor to 'The Pall Mall Gazette' that these valuable additions to botanical knowledge should be secured to the nation by giving them a permanent home at Kew. This suggestion at once commended itself to Miss North, who, with characteristic large-heartedness, not only offered to build a gallery for their reception, but a rest-house where refreshments could be obtained, and also a small studio where she and any other flower-artist could paint quietly, undisturbed by the constant traffic of visitors. These generous offers were gladly accepted by Sir Joseph Hooker, with the exception of the refreshment saloon, which he considered impracticable owing to the vast number of holiday-makers who visit the Kew Gardens, and for whom such great preparations would necessarily have to be made.

The choice of the site and of the designs for the building was a great interest to her, and was indirectly the beginning of her friendship with Charles Darwin, who had long been an object of hero-worship to one who was so well able to appreciate his genius. After seeing her collection of sketches, he recommended her to defer their arrangement until she had painted from the absolutely unique vegetation of Australia, and acting on his advice she started for that continent in the spring of 1880.

On arriving at Brisbane she was struck by the unattractiveness of the town and the hospitality of the townsfolk. But away in the hills the scenery was magnificent, and bush-life appealed strongly to the free and independent woman who roamed so fearlessly amid the wilds of Chili and Borneo.

The eucalyptus with its aromatic fragrance, the grass-trees in their spherical beauty, the clumps of bottle- and gum-trees, and the gardens teeming with oranges and peaches, were each and all subjects for her pencil and brush; while the multi-coloured parrots and cockatoos vied with each other in welcoming her to their native haunts. The waratah, gorgeous in colour, bloomed luxuriously in forests "full of wonders," and the giant fig-trees and white gums—the latter often more than 300 feet high—seemed stupendous, even

to one who had seen Nature in all its grandeur in nearly every continent.

She describes Western Australia as "a natural flower-garden," and to our insular ideas it seems almost incredible that it could be possible to pluck twenty-five different flowers without moving from one spot.

New Zealand appeared to her somewhat bare and savage for some miles after reaching Queens-town; but the todeas and "vegetable sheep" (*Raoulia*), and the wonderful colourings of the small-leaved dracæna, filled her with admiration as she penetrated into the interior of the islands. *Viâ* Honolulu and America she slowly made her way back to England, making fresh friends at every stopping-place, and being everywhere greeted as an artistic "lion."

Every one who knew her loved her, and while she threw herself and all her energies into the delights of travel and of research, those with whom she came in contact fell under the spell of her nature—as noble and kindly as it was enthusiastic.

After eighteen months in the Antipodes she reached London again in 1881, and her first thought, of course, was of the Kew Gallery. She now devoted a year to sorting and arranging her pictures, with the result that in June of 1882 the beautiful little museum was opened to the public.

This same "public" found it most difficult to believe that all the paintings upon the walls had been done by one hand, and that hand a woman's! "It is lucky for you," said one admiring visitor, "that you did not live two hundred years ago, or you would have been burned as a witch."

It was on the occasion of this her sixth home-coming that she first met Miss Gordon Cumming and Mrs Bishop (*née* Bird), both artists and travellers of no inconsiderable fame; and the meeting of these three intrepid women must have been a great pleasure to them all.

The former has since that date started a crusade in aid of the "Caxton of China"; and as she too is one of the goodly fellowship of "old maids," a few words with regard to her mission may be allowable here, especially as she is most anxious to interest all sorts and conditions of men in the noble work of Mr W. H. Murray.

She met him "by chance," as we say, in a Chinese compound, where he was engaged as colporteur to the Bible Society. Having, after great difficulties, reduced the 4000 complicated Chinese characters into 420 distinct sounds, he at first set to work to represent these sounds by embossed dots, each group of dots differently placed representing numerals, by which means a blind untaught Chinaman can read his own language in three months. A sighted Chinaman of

average intelligence generally takes six years to master the art of reading; and when Mr Murray found that a blind man was by the new system put at an advantage, he never rested until, by connecting these dots by black lines into a series of simple geometric forms also representing numerals, a sighted Chinaman was likewise enabled to read easily in that short time. It may not unnaturally be asked why this man was led to invent, what is practically an alphabet, for the blind *first* and for the sighted *afterwards*. But one of the first things which every traveller must notice on entering China is the extraordinary number of blind people. This is mostly due to one or other of four causes — leprosy, smallpox, ophthalmia, and dirt; but so superstitious is the “heathen Chinese” that many a child is purposely blinded by its parents in order that it may earn money by fortune-telling, as the Chinese believe that the blind can see into the hearts of others, and are thus enabled to reveal secrets.

To excite the interest of all Englishmen in the Chinese Reading Reform, and to gain friends for its support and its extension, is Miss Gordon Cumming’s latest object in life. So we doubt not that throughout the United Kingdom the “yellow book” which she has compiled relative to this great movement will be sown and sold broadcast by her energetic efforts. To help in the evangelisation of China is

a grand work, and one in which the noblest might be proud to have a share, and it is to this end that her present labours are entirely devoted. "My sketches are all very well; interesting—yes, very—to me, and to everybody here, I daresay. But *this* is what I have come for—to tell people about Mr Murray and his numeral type,—about the blind and the sighted Chinese, who can read and sing by his methods. Wonderful! Extraordinary! Mustn't talk to you any more now; must save up my voice a bit. Come and hear me talk in half an hour."

And whatever she does she puts her whole heart into. There is nothing lukewarm about her. The twinkling honest eyes, the firm resolute step, the hearty grasp of her large capable hand, are all but the outward and visible signs of the strong, independent, yet sweet nature dwelling within that massive frame. Thus did Miss Gordon Cumming strike us as we lately met her in a crowded Exhibition Room—brimming over with missionary zeal for the millions of Chinamen who, without education, can never rise above their present miserable standards of morality and religion.

And we are told by Mrs Symonds that the qualities which distinguish Miss Gordon Cumming belonged pre-eminently to Miss North. Her large yet simple manner made friends for her every-

where. Even when travelling absolutely alone she inspired all whom she met with chivalry and respect; while she was so "infinitely kind," that respect soon merged itself into friendships that were loving and lifelong.

She had visited nearly every part of the world except South Africa, and she now determined that the Dark Continent must be represented in the picture-gallery which will henceforward immortalise her name.

In August 1882 she left England in the Grandtully Castle, and in less than three weeks was safely landed at the Cape. The variety and beauty of the flowers in this wonderful land filled her with delight. The "silver tree" gleaming in the sunlight, the gorgeous proteas, the wattles covered with golden blossoms, the aloes and pelargoniums, the red leafless lilies, and the hedges hung with rare and fragrant creepers, arrested her attention at every turn; while, anon, the miles of veldt, the bare kopjes, and the fantastically shaped rocks, made contrasts which were not wholly unbeautiful. The birds and insects of South Africa proved most interesting; but the baboons (or "black people," as they are colloquially called) made it dangerous for her to visit some of the mountain-passes alone.

Her experiences of Transvaal life are interesting to read of, but do not give us an elevated

idea of the tastes or manners of our "brother" Boers at home. Ignorant shrewdness and callous indifference to the sufferings of the lower creation are not amiable characteristics; while a self-complacent pietism, combined with a distinct lack of courtesy and cleanliness, did not, and does not, commend them, as a nation, to English ideas.

The ostriches, however, set a most excellent example of conjugal affection. "If one of a pair dies, the survivor seldom marries again."

Nine months in South Africa enabled her to make many valuable studies; but she was getting very tired and home-sick, when in May 1883 she left that country for England.

In September, however, she started off again—this time for the Seychelles Islands, where she found an endless variety of trees and ferns, glorious scenery and marvellous colouring. For several months she revelled in the wonderful foliage of primeval forests and the festooning grace of pitcher-plants and nepenthes, returning home in breaking health, but with her brave spirit still dominating all physical weakness, to arrange her new pictures in the gallery at Kew.

During the few months which she now decided to spend in England, that womanly Queen, whose tactful sympathy in every scheme for the benefit of her people, and personal interest in all workers, whether artistic, literary, or scientific, has so en-

deared her to the nation, caused the following letter to be sent:—

“OSBORNE, 28th August 1884.

“MADAM,—The Queen has been informed of your generous conduct in presenting to the nation, at Kew, your valuable collection of botanical paintings, in a gallery erected by yourself for the purpose of containing them.

“The Queen regrets to learn from her Ministers that her Majesty’s Government have no power of recommending to the Queen any mode of publicly recognising your liberality.

“Her Majesty is desirous of marking in a personal manner her sense of your generosity; and, in commanding me to convey the Queen’s thanks to you, I am to ask your acceptance of the accompanying photograph of her Majesty, to which the Queen has appended her signature.

“I have the honour to be, madam, your obedient servant,

“HENRY F. PONSONBY.

“MISS MARIANNE NORTH.”

Such a letter as this needs no comment. It is an honour both to the heart that indited it and the hand that received it. Its keynote is the *personal interest* of “our late Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, of blessed and glorious memory.”

It will ever be a priceless heirloom in Miss North's family, and we can easily imagine the pleasure and encouragement which it gave to its recipient.

Only once more did she cross the Atlantic—in November 1884—to paint on the spot from the forest growths of Chili. It was the last journey involved by the task which she had set herself, of painting all the biggest trees in the world, each in its respective habitat.

The *Araucaria imbricata* (or "puzzle monkey tree," as we inconsequently call it—there being no monkeys in Chili) was the primary object of her expedition; but the tangles of lapageria, with their trumpet-shaped flowers of brilliant scarlet, the great groups of *Puya chilensis*, of which there are three varieties, and the noble white cacti that abound, were not overlooked in her rambles. People did their best to persuade her from attempting to penetrate the Araucaria Forests, prophesying every sort of danger and difficulty; but no amount of discouragement availed, and, as is often the case under similar circumstances, the difficulties dwindled as they drew near. She succeeded in doing what she had set out to do, though not with such satisfactory results as she had hoped.

Returning *viâ* Jamaica, which appeared to her even more lovely than it had done on her visit thirteen years before, she reached England in 1885. Her last journey, alas! had indeed been taken.

After a year's labour in the Kew Gallery, where every painting had to be re-numbered, and the geographical arrangement of the plants definitely fixed, she finally, in 1886, settled down for a real "rest," in the pretty home which she had chosen at Alderley, in Gloucestershire. Every yard of her little domain was full of interest to her, and she hoped to spend many happy years in the quaint old-fashioned village.

Botanical treasures from every part of the world were constantly arriving—every day saw fresh developments in her unique garden. Stumps of trees were made into marvels of beauty, as she coaxed the honeysuckles and roses to drape them with blossom,—every bulb and plant had just the corner which best suited it. Long before the workmen arrived in the morning the artist-gardener was at work among her flowers, planting, watering, training, with all the freshness of a youthful enthusiasm.

Truly age cannot be measured by years, and of all that is popularly considered to belong to middle life—ennui and blaséness (we can think of no better word)—Miss North knew nothing. At fifty-six her heart was as young, her interests as varied and vivid, as when she sought for the wild valley-lilies that grow in the neighbourhood of the Starnberger See.

The long toilsome journeys and incessant strain

and exposure had insidiously undermined her naturally strong physique, and in the autumn of 1888 a deep-seated disease developed itself, from which for many months it seemed impossible that she could even temporarily recover. But her splendid constitution kept it in partial abeyance for eighteen months, and in all her weakness she managed now and again to visit the garden in which she had taken so much pride and pleasure. The flowers were blooming in all the rich luxuriance of August, when she was called to leave them for ever—“transplanted” from Earth to Heaven.

J E A N I N G E L O W

Born at Boston, 1820.

Died in London 1897.





Elliot & Fry.

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JEAN INGELOW.

JEAN INGELOW.

To have succeeded in the realms both of Poetry and Prose is a lot which has fallen to few, even in these latter days when "of making books there is no end"; and in this hurrying life it is almost equally remarkable that a woman who possessed the double gift should have refrained her soul and kept it low until she had attained the maturity of forty-three years.

Even then it seemed almost by accident that the public was admitted into the confidence of Jean Ingelow, for it was only through the brothers' pride in her prolific writings that they were ever printed.

To write poetry on the inside of a shutter is an original mode of procedure, but poets are a law unto themselves, and it is possible that somewhere or other some future poet-laureate is even now immortalising himself in some such droll fashion.

Every one knows Napoleon's famous words about mothers; and Mrs Ingelow, being a very clever woman herself, was well able to understand and

to encourage the talents of her clever family, and to recognise their literary abilities.

Their father was originally a banker in Boston, Lincolnshire, where Jean was born; but subsequently he removed to Ipswich, where they remained for many years. He was a staunch Evangelical, and consistently upheld the traditions of that section of the English Church. We wonder why Banking and Evangelicalism so often go together. For they do. Baring, Bosanquet, Coutts, are all pillars of the Church. Not "flying buttresses," as some one has wittily called those who are more ornamental than useful, but staunch supporters, by words and works, of all that is now so unworthily sneered at as "Protestantism." Possibly there is a *realness* about both, which may account for the association; for there is no romance about either the one or the other. Both are, or should be, "upright and downright and true to the backbone." No ambiguities can be tolerated; no hair-splitting sophistries can hold a place in either; and the straightforward, perpendicular character of both has helped to make England what she is, whether from a religious or a financial point of view.

All the young Ingelows must have had a natural gift for versifying and for writing generally, or the production of a little home-periodical would have been impossible. Probably, however, it was Jean

whose contributions were the mainstay of the paper; for, as she naïvely expressed it in the after-days, "I could not help writing."

There is a striking contrast here between this happy group of bright, clever children, growing up in healthy surroundings amid merry friends, and the little pale-faced, motherless trio in the bleak Haworth parsonage, who wrote their "secret plays" and vivid word-pictures in the long lonely evenings, with only the blaze of the kitchen fire and their own glowing fancies to distract them from the dreary monotony of their daily lives.

What a contrast!

And the pathos that surrounds the childhood of the Brontës does but deepen as the years go on.

This gift for writing poetry was with Jean Ingelow not merely a passing inspiration, of which, as "Aurora Leigh" declares,

"Near all the birds will sing at dawn,"

and

"Many tender souls have strung their losses on a rhyming
thread

As children cowslips—the more pains they take
The work more withers."

Rather did she strive against it, feeling, as so many have felt, that the capacity for writing in some sort set her apart from other people. Some natures have as much horror of eccentricity as they have of crime, and in their falsely conceived interpretation

of the word have strangely perverted it from its real meaning. To be "eccentric," after all, is but to be out of the one orbit which conventionality has prescribed.

"There is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon, another glory of the stars, and one star differeth from another star in glory."

To every man his own orbit, would be a safer axiom, with more interesting results, than that every man should have the same orbit, in which to revolve at greater or less velocity.

"It's the way of the world." "Everybody says so." Then, in God's name, do not go that way,—say something else; and there are nine chances to one that the world itself will end by blessing you.

Her reluctant diffidence, however, having been overcome, the next step was to take the "Poems" to a publisher, and the one selected by her brother and mother was Mr Longman, who at once recognised their unusual merit, and did his utmost to promote the sale of the modest volume. He had no cause to regret its publication, for edition after edition has been called for; and in America even more than in England the music of her style has been sincerely appreciated. In the first year, 1863, four editions of a thousand each were sold, and since that time nearly thirty thousand copies have circulated throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The second edition of her Poems came out, however, under somewhat unusual circumstances, which are worthy of notice. In spite of the fact that the first edition was exhausted, the cautious publisher did not seem inclined to issue a second. Mrs and Miss Ingelow called to propose it, but left his office somewhat crestfallen. In the passage they met a man with a slip of paper in his hand, and two or three minutes later a messenger hurried after them to say that this man had come with an order for five hundred copies, so that another edition would have to be printed immediately.

Henceforward, success—embodied in the persons of publishers—waited upon her. Book after book was eagerly caught up, and her name and fame spread steadily not only in England but in America.

It is possible that, had her poems appeared fifty years later, their success would not have been so immediate or so great, for the public taste of 1906 is very different from that of even a few years ago. It is less demurely simple—more sensational, more dramatic. Nowadays there is a continual cry for “strong” work—less landscape painting and sunshine, more dash and flare and lime-light.

But the touch of nature would perhaps have redeemed them, even in the eyes of the most “up-to-date” critics; for there is a healthy humaneness about her simplest verses which must surely

appeal to most men, and many of her poems are gems of their kind.

Rumour in those days would seem to have been as unreliable as now ; for in a letter, dated December 31, 1863, Christina Rossetti speaks of the "wonderful poet—aged twenty-one," who had just risen upon the literary horizon. This rumour of extreme youth may have had something to do with the extraordinary interest and success with which Jean Ingelow's first volume was greeted ; but, as the truth leaked out, there was no diminution of the popularity which she so justly deserved. Jean Ingelow was in reality Miss Rossetti's senior by ten years, but the latter had made for herself a permanent place in the literary world before the former had published a line.

It is safe to say that 'Barrack-Room Ballads' would have found in her no admirer, and the "Absent-minded Beggar" would have been Anathema Maranatha—as it probably is to Kipling himself by this time. War was to her only a huge blunder, an unfathomable "woe," for which she could find no justification, and of which no word of praise or sympathy is to be found throughout her writings.

Her love of children is evinced in many a tender line, but she never left the shelter of her own home save for cosy expeditions on the Continent with some of her family.

A curious feature in her poems is the absence of all allusions to her foreign experiences. Nearly all poets have drawn inspiration from foreign sources, but Jean Ingelow is essentially English throughout. In spite of many winters spent abroad, and exhaustive visits to every cathedral in France in the company of her brother, who was an "ecclesiastical architect" — whatever that term may comprehend — we find scarcely any mention of things outside England. To Longfellow and many others travelling was an inspiration; but possibly her brother's architectural interests may have dominated the trend of her thoughts. At any rate, nothing less than the "dread purity of Alpine snows" seems to have lifted itself above the stern outside influences of stone and structure, even when glorified into immortal monuments, in the time when "Art was still Religion." She has sung of "the nobility of labour—the long pedigree of toil," but on English soil only: and it is probably as the fisherman's poet that she will be longest remembered. Many of her poems seem to "smell of the sea," and she is at her best when writing about it.

The 'Athenæum' gives rather an amusing account of a needlework competition which was proposed between Dora Greenwell, Christina Rossetti, and Jean Ingelow in the year 1863, in which year the latter first signalled herself as a poet. Each of these ladies determined to show the others that she could

work with the needle as well as with the pen, but there is no record of Christina Rossetti's "Meisterstück," though Dora Greenwell presented her with a well-made reticule of her own handiwork. The pattern of the bag which Jean Ingelow gave to Dora Greenwell was designed by herself, and seems to have given as much pleasure to the donor as to the recipient; while Jean Ingelow was much gratified by the gift of a very superior kettle-holder worked by Dora Greenwell's adaptable fingers.

A letter of hers with regard to children's books, published about this time, gives us a clue as to her own ideas of literary work. "Mystical fancies," she says, "are a mere luxury. They never do us any good."

On the principle of the meeting of extremes, Jean Ingelow and Christina Rossetti should have been great friends, but, as far as we are aware, nothing but a "very slight acquaintance" and a mutual admiration existed between them. Jean Ingelow's poems are full of a "detailed knowledge of nature," and the hopefulness of spring permeates most of her works; and this quality no doubt greatly commended her to Miss Rossetti, whose life was dominated by the Cross rather than by the Anchor.

Tennyson and Ruskin were among her earliest and kindest critics; but away in the Fen country, where first she saw the light, many a man has hung

over her pages as he seemed to see the eddying waters of the high tide at Enderby, and to hear the song of the Northern Sea as it chanted its long dirge for the dead fishermen.

All the characters in her more dramatic poems were very real to her, many of them being probably drawn from the life.

Her poor people are never written of as a class. They are just units of the world's big family who happened to be born poor; and there is no tinge of patronage in her tones, only the frank friendliness which characterised her whole nature. She knew but little of the world's great sorrows from personal experience, but that did not prevent her from entering with wide sympathy into the sorrows of others, and her advice and counsel were eagerly sought by many whose faces she had never seen. The following sweet lines epitomise in some measure her beliefs in this respect :—

“ And even I, who know
But little of earth's woe,
Can take from other hearts into my own
Reflected griefs that bring,
With every tear they wring,
Knowledge that love must seek for peace in heaven alone.”

Set as they were to most harmonious music, her songs will long be remembered, when perhaps her more ambitious efforts are forgotten. “When Sparrows build” is full of an indefinable pathos, and one wonders how a woman who apparently

led such a sheltered and emotionless life could write such lines. Many a desolate soul has craved for *just one* glimpse through the gates into the City, and has thrilled to the yearning of Tennyson's passionate aspiration—

“Oh God, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The forms we love, that we might know
How and where they be!”

But there is almost a more subtle knowledge of human nature in those two lines of Jean Ingelow—

“Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?”

They just express the natural repulsion of us poor mortals to the belief that those who have crossed the bar are so absorbed in their own bliss as to be wholly oblivious of all that is befalling their best beloved on earth. The stillness may be unbroken betwixt us and them, but to be justified in believing that we are not forgotten and unheeded, would be some pale sort of consolation, even to the most spiritually minded mourner. The great undertow of life must surely have been dragging at her heart, and she could hear the minor, which is present in all nature's music, even amid the joyous harmony of her own peaceful existence. But she was still strong to say—

“No man can be always sad,
Unless he wills to have it so,”—

and we can trace here the cheery optimism of her frequent visitor and faithful friend, Robert Browning.

Of all her poems, perhaps the most scholarly is "Honours," which, however, suffers from being unduly spun out. In this poem, geologists are supposed to say that they are "sorry for what they find" in the Book of Nature. From this statement we most emphatically beg to differ, for scientists, more than most men, are always pleased at any new discovery. If religious men, they *find no difficulties*, as was the case with Owen, Lyell, Drummond, and many others; if otherwise, they leave the matter, knowing full well, as Huxley, Tyndall, and Darwin were not ashamed to own, that there is a point beyond which no finite mind can go.

Napoleon the Great was distinctly no saint, yet even he did not hesitate to rebuke his scoffing courtiers on a starlit night, saying as he pointed upwards, "It's all very fine, gentlemen, but *who made all that?*"

The poem ends with this noble poetic peroration :—

"Far better in its place the lowliest bird
Should sing aright to Him the lowliest song,
Than that a seraph strayed should take the word
And sing His glory wrong."

Cardinal Bellarmine meant no disrespect to the Bible when he likened it to "a nose of wax that

can be pulled any way." This statement, made in the heat of controversy, is only another tribute to its grand catholicity. The "Higher Critics" may twist and turn it as much as they like; the Roman Church may evolve Mariolatry and Sacerdotalism; and Evangelical and Nonconformist may respectively deduce Baptismal Regeneration and Predestination from its pages; and yet the old Book lives on, untouched in its majestic vitality. It stands like the Apocalyptic City, "four-square," and its marvellous adaptabilities do but harmonise with the twelve gates of the Holy Jerusalem, through which Papist and Pagan, Anglican and Salvationist, can enter in, and so entering, go not out henceforth, at all, for ever.

It is in no way meant to depreciate her ability when we say that there is a strange irony about the success of some books.

The success for which Jean Ingelow cared so little, and which from a pecuniary point of view was of no account to her, would to many a man be a real godsend. There have been many singers who have *died* singing, for lack of the encouragement which came to her so easily; died sobbing, unrecognised and unknown — "marvellous boys" who have not had even the posthumous fame of a Chatterton.

Of writing for money she knew nothing; the driving-wheel of a stern necessity had no place in

her life. Her message was delivered at leisure, and in ease that almost approached to luxury. There were no anxious watchings for the postman, no dear ones dependent on her daily toil. One of the chief pleasures connected with her books was the friendship which they ensured to her of such men as Sir Arthur Helps, John Ruskin, and Robert Browning. Tennyson also she knew well, and they were proud of each other as being worthy representatives of the Fen country — of the comparatively little-known regions of the sobbing, throbbing river, where the reeds and rushes quiver on the sandy lonesome shore, of

“The meads where melick groweth,
Where the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.”

Of these most deeply valued friends, only John Ruskin survived her; and he too has now passed over, to find in Heaven's completeness the solution for all the riddles which he strove so hard to read.

For womanhood, as such, she had a great respect, not unmingled with awe, holding that a woman to a woman is either her best friend or her worst foe. She viewed “woman's rights” with dispassionate eyes, knowing and feeling strongly the claim which *all* women have to the highest consideration, but finding in their weaknesses the strongest argument against any possible equality with man. She recognised the fact, which most women are so loth to

acknowledge, that they themselves have forged their own fetters, and that they alone could break the chain which bound them to mediocrity.

Amiable and charitable in character, she yet hated all artificiality; and once in London, when a reciter began to play elocutionary tricks with her "High Tide on the Lincolnshire coast," she quietly, but hurriedly, left the room.

Strictly evangelical, but large-hearted, single-minded, and high-principled, purity and simplicity were among her most distinguishing traits.

Her life in the main was a thoroughly happy one, and she was content to try no experiments upon herself. Her parents had disapproved of the theatre; and though she was spared the pain of losing them until she herself was past middle age, she so maintained the true spirit of loyalty to their memory that she never even tried the effect of one theatrical performance. Such allegiance is rare indeed nowadays; but probably Jean Ingelow was deeply imbued with the doctrines of Ruskin, her greatest teacher-friend, who wrote, "*This thing I know, and which, if you labour faithfully, you shall know also, that in Reverence is the chief joy and power of life.*"

Living, she had submitted to them as to the incarnation of God's message to her, and the old ties were but strengthened by reverent remembrance when they "whom we call dead" had

passed to the Beyond. There was nothing of intolerance in her creed, and though her interests may not have been wide, they were high enough to reach the stars. Music and literature seem to have been her chief enjoyments. Not only was she a great reader, but an admirable performer upon harp, violin, and piano; while, in earlier years, her beautiful voice was a proud delight to all the members of that happy and united family.

Jean Ingelow may have seen, though she never experienced, the misery needlessly and unintentionally caused by the cruel undemonstrativeness of some English households, and we find her saying in one of her books—

“Love me, and *tell me so.*”

We have no clue to the meaning of those few words, but it may be that they were the outcome of some unspoken pain. As far as we know, her life was like that of some nations, happy because of its uneventfulness, and the words may have had no special meaning beyond that which an individual reader may put into them.

But the simple exclamation carries us far away from Jean Ingelow to the lonely old man in the desolate home in Cheyne Row, “broken and solitary, the lamp of my life, which ‘covered everything with gold,’ as it were gone out—gone out. . . . Blind and deaf that we are! Oh think, if

thou yet love anybody living, wait not till death sweeps down the paltry little dust-clouds and idle dissonances of the moment, and all be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful, when it is *too late!*”

George Eliot reiterates this same thought in ‘Adam Bede,’ where she says, “When Death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of.”

An instance of Jean Ingelow’s ready kindness may be given here. A child of our acquaintance, who much admired her poetry, wrote a simple ingenuous letter telling her so, and asking for her autograph. Many a less famous writer would have taken no notice of such a letter; but, though the business of literature just then was specially arduous, and the request doubtless only one of many, she lost no time in replying; and with gracious tact, guessing truly how much it would be valued, she enclosed a signed copy of the following stanza from her “Contrasted Songs.” Why she chose these particular lines we cannot surmise, as they are scarcely typical of her usual style, but it may be that they were special favourites of her own.

“Sorrow was a ship, I found,
Wrecked with them that in her are,
On an island richer far
Than the port where they were bound.
Fear was but the awful boom
Of the old great bell of doom,

Tolling, far from earthly air,
For all worlds to go to prayer.
Pain, that to us mortals clings,
But the pushing of our wings
That we have no use for yet,
And the uprooting of our feet
From the soil where they are set,
And the land we reckon sweet."

In writing to young aspirants after literary fame she never discouraged or patronised, but consistently urged them to attend to the structure of language itself, giving, as the best of all reasons, the irrefragable one that if they did not succeed in winning an audience they would at any rate have enriched their own minds.

Her prose writings will never be as well read as her poetry, though some of them ran through several editions: and a collection of short tales, written in her early years under the pseudonym of "Orris," and republished under the title of 'Stories told to a Child,' was illustrated by Millais and other distinguished artists. Her standard of excellence for a child's book was that it should be "simple and straightforward," and to this standard she faithfully adhered. While their construction is simple, the style is delightful; and there is no one, whether young or old, who would not be the better for reading such a book as 'Studies for Stories' or 'Mopso the Fairy.'

In later life her novels excited much interest,

notably 'Off the Skelligs' and 'Fated to be Free,' which may be bracketed together, as the one is the sequel to the other. Admirable both in design and in execution, the poet's heart throbs through them all. Her descriptions of scenery are veritable prose poems, while wit and humour flash out here and there with a sudden spontaneity which is in itself indicative of genius.

Generous always, she delighted in giving two meals a-week to twelve poor people, who had but just left some one of the London hospitals. Much help and happiness were dispensed by her in this quiet way; and these "copyright dinners," as she jokingly called them, were but samples of her thoughtful and unostentatious kindness.

But the time came when charity had to be done by proxy—when threescore years and ten were passed, and the pen of the ready writer had grown rusty with disuse.

Paralysis laid its withering touch upon her, and for months of weariness and suffering she lay waiting, until the gates should open and the "abundant entrance" be given. Though watched over by a devoted friend and nurse, Time seemed to linger as it passed, and when the last day on earth came it was not unwelcome; for beyond the River of Death lay a better country—that is, a heavenly.

On the 24th of July 1897 they laid all that was

mortal of Jean Ingelow in the cemetery at West Brompton, "in the sure and certain hope of resurrection to eternal life."

Dr Walsham How, Bishop of Wakefield, read the funeral service; and, over the open grave, the glorious voice of Madame Antoinette Stirling lent fresh meaning and pathos to the words of the King of Poets as she sang the exquisite anthem, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters."

Sunshine and flowers robbed the scene of all but its inherent mournfulness; and among the many floral tributes was conspicuous the beautiful cross of roses sent by John Ruskin,

"IN SORROW AND AFFECTIONATE MEMORY."



LOUISA ALCOTT

Born at Germantown, Penn., November 29, 1832.

Died at Roxbury, March 6, 1888.





LOUISA ALCOTT.

From a photograph in the possession of Mr F. B. Sauborn, Concord, U.S.A.

LOUISA ALCOTT.

OF Louisa Alcott it may be said that her books were made up of personal experiences, and that to the widening of those experiences the writing of her books largely contributed. This may seem a somewhat paradoxical statement, but it is literally true, as we shall hope to show in this paper.

Her best work is that in which she speaks of the things which she has seen and known, and the things themselves are vitalised and ennobled by the long apprenticeship to her pen which began when she was but ten years old. Her life was no ordinary one: it brimmed over with incident. Hardships which would have caused many a girl hours of fruitless mortification were glorified by her into bits of amusing melodrama, and in a world of imaginary luxury she forgot all actual privations.

Her parents — Amos Bronson and Abba May Alcott — came of good old English stock, whose pedigree dated back to the early days of the

seventeenth century. Her father's family could not be reckoned among those fortunate few who reaped golden harvests out of the soil of the New World, for at the time when Amos was born his father was only a small farmer, and he himself began life as a pedlar. Such a career, however, was not long possible for such a man, and he soon showed great aptitude both for learning and teaching. We are not aware of the circumstances under which he first met his wife, but it was inevitable that the two natures would be infinitely fascinating the one to the other.

The noble and high-souled idealist and the brave noble-hearted woman were all in all to each other always; but, as Louisa says somewhere, "All the philosophy in our house is not in the study; a good deal is in the kitchen, where a fine old lady thinks high thoughts and does kind deeds while she cooks and scrubs."

Louisa May Alcott was the second daughter, and was born on her father's thirty-third birthday, November 29, 1832. From her earliest years she seems to have shown unusual intelligence and unselfishness, and having no brothers she "made believe" to be a boy. Her three sisters—Anna, Elizabeth, and May—were willing enough to have it so, though sometimes her ultra-boyish pranks were distinctly trying to the more sober-minded youngest.

When Louisa was two years old the family removed to Boston, where for six years Mr Alcott carried on a school in the Masonic Temple. His gift for teaching was remarkable, and Emerson was enthusiastic in his praise, describing him as "a man whose conversation is unrivalled in its way—such insight, such discernment of spirits, such pure intellectual play, such revolutionary impulses of thought."

But he was a pure idealist, and the reputation which he obtained for heresy and abolitionism soon served to break up his school. Intellectually Boston has some likeness to Edinburgh. There is the same width of wisdom to be found there, and it is the apex of transatlantic learning. But there the similarity ends, for instead of the "old city" there are the frame-houses of American build, and instead of ancient cathedrals there are only the State House and its collateral buildings. There are some churches, of course,—but Bostonians thought then, and probably still think, that its civic life is better served by a well-ordered democratic polity than by theology, while the religious atmosphere is not Presbyterian but Unitarian.

"The Church," as popularly considered, was a rigid and formalistic institution in those days—a mixture of Pharisaic propriety and priestly lukewarmness,—while Unitarianism stood for all that was cordial, sympathetic, and inspiring; so it is

not surprising to find that the religion of Boston mostly depended upon such exceptional men as Theodore Parker and his followers. The kindness of this "Orson of divines" to the home-sick Louisa in the after-days was as unflinching as it was disinterested; and in 1856 we find her "fighting" for him, when some less large-hearted guest, at the boarding-house where she was temporarily staying, said that he was "not a Christian." With the simple directness of her usual style she says, "He is *my sort*, for though he may lack reverence for other people's God he works bravely for his own, and turns his back on no one who needs help, as some of the pious do."

Mr and Mrs Alcott were ideal parents in the best sense of the word. No time or trouble was spared by them to make life a real and an earnest thing, not only for themselves but for their children, and they were richly rewarded by the loving loyalty of them all. One of Mrs Alcott's sayings was, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it will come back buttered." Many a time did she see this verified, not only in her own life, but in the lives of others.

"Mr March" making compasses of his long legs and therewith drawing letters and diagrams for the edification of his little grandson, is a descriptive memory of Mr Alcott's early lessons to his own children; and we can imagine the delight of the

quartette of little girls as they gathered round their philosopher - father, who forgot his Plato and his philosophy in the joy of "the children's hour."

The school as a financial scheme was a failure, and in 1840 the family removed to Concord, where for two years, "the happiest of my life," the children revelled in the freedom of the country, and where every day disclosed fresh wonders to the little people who were still so "fresh from God." It was during these years that the lifelong friendship with Emerson began, from whom all the family were to receive such untold benefit—their "good angel," as Louisa afterwards called him. Here, too, they had the companionship of the little Emersons, Channings, Hawthornes, and Goodwins, while the seniors enjoyed congenial fellowship, and shared in all the frolics of their fun-loving children. For there was no Puritanism in the Concord cottage, and the Transcendental movement had not as yet invaded the family life.

"But that is another story," as Kipling says.

Dickens tells us in his 'American Notes':—

"There has sprung up in Boston a sect of philosophers known as Transcendentalists. On inquiring what this appellation might be supposed to signify, I was given to understand that whatever was unintelligible would be certainly Transcendental. Transcendentalism has its occasional vagaries (what school has not?), but it has good healthful qualities

in spite of them: not least among the number a hearty disgust of cant, and an aptitude to detect her in all the million varieties of her everlasting wardrobe. And therefore, if I were a Bostonian, I would be a Transcendentalist."

It was in effect a rebound from the meretricious ostentation of the American cities, a struggle for fresh air, a protest against the waste and aimlessness of luxury.

To reorganise life and to put things social on a higher plane had always been one of Mr Alcott's dreams; but, until his visit to England in 1842, he had not attempted to put his theories into practice. On this occasion, however, he fell in with some kindred spirits, as he supposed, who were willing to exploit the new ideas in a practical (?) fashion. They returned with him to America, and in 1843 this strangely-assorted band took possession of a farm with fourteen acres of ground about twenty miles from Concord, in which they proposed to develop a scheme for the attainment of a higher life than had as yet been possible amid the struggles and cares of a more mundane existence. The whole history of this time reads like a medieval romance; but there is a great pathos about it, when we consider that Mrs Alcott, though outwardly faithful to her husband's plans, was all the while chafing at heart against the absurdity of trying to make their narrow resources sufficient not only for the adequate

upbringing of her own children but also for the support of five enthusiasts, of whom she knew little, and for whom she cared less.

The account which Louisa Alcott gives of this experiment in 'Transcendental Wild Oats' is funny beyond description: the utter unconsciousness of all humour in the enthusiasts themselves, their lack of everyday knowledge and their fatuous reliance upon "the spirits' dictates," are touched upon with the pen of an artist, and as only an artist could do it. The chief charm of the housekeeping, from a modern and utilitarian point of view, seems to have been that very little cooking was required, and nowadays when the "domestic question" is assuming such gigantic proportions, it would be an easy way of solving it if the average John Bull would adopt the frugal *menu* of the Fruitlands *ménage*:—

Breakfast.—Unleavened bread. Porridge. Water.

Dinner.—Bread. Vegetables. Water.

Supper.—Bread. Fruit. Water.

Not much luxury here! A Barmecide's banquet, indeed!

Within this "kingdom of peace" all things lovely and of good report were supposed to bloom and blossom, but whatever the dream may have been, the awakening was swift and sad. After six years of anxiety and toil the Alcott "assets" had to be sold to pay the debts of the concern, as the respon-

sibilities of it all fell upon its promoter—"the airy philosopher of Apple Slump," as Hawthorne calls him.

When the scanty crop, sown at random by the amateur farmers, was gathered in, it had to be done by the hands of Mrs Alcott and her children, as one by one the Transcendental band had fallen away. The last pathetic little harvest-home was soon accomplished, and the husband and wife were left alone—he mourning over the failure of his high hopes, and she over his bitter disappointment. He had thought to make a Paradise regained, to "tell high messages, to see white presences upon the hills, and hear the voices of the eternal gods"—and behold, it was only a dream!

But this time was never forgotten by any of them, knitting together, even more closely than before, the bonds of family love; for Mr Alcott nearly died of heartache, and only a sense of duty to wife and family enabled him at last to fight for his life against the overwhelming depression which overtook him. The ideal, which to him had been a living truth, had been rudely shattered; and though Heaven's light still remained, it was darkened for a while by clouds of debt and discouragement which wellnigh culminated in despair and death. In later years, when asked for a definition of a philosopher, Louisa Alcott replied promptly, "He is a man up in a balloon, with his family and friends holding the

ropes which confine him to earth and trying to haul him down."

Her experiences of "practical philosophy" had not been satisfactory. She had seen the futility of utopian schemes, and with the keen shrewdness of an observant child had noticed that too often, in discussing great deeds and duties, the performance of little ones was altogether forgotten.

Henceforward she put into practice the beautiful lines of Miss A. L. Waring—another of "the glorious phalanx of old maids," as Theodore Parker calls them—

"I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know :
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where to go."

Mrs Whitney, with true American humour and insight, goes to the root of the matter when she speaks of the Transcendental period as the time when people "tried on" ideas. "People eager after the true, the beautiful, thinking that they can lay hold of it abstractly, and forgetting that it must grow out of them,—the thing is, to rise to the real height of it." And that is just what so many failed to do, and why failure was inevitable.

Dr O. W. Holmes says of Thoreau, one of the Transcendental leaders : "A greater familiarity with ordinary men would have done him good. The

radical vice of his theory of life was that he confounded *physical* with *spiritual* remoteness from men."

The Transcendental cult was no more and no less than that of the dwellers in the Thebaid. Nature does not change with change of scene, and from them both we may learn, as Farrar so eloquently says, to "hallow, broaden, and ratify" the lessons which both alike would wish to teach "by the spirit of Him who sat at the banquets alike of the publican and the Pharisee, who took the little children in His arms and blessed them, who beautified with His presence and first miracle the humble marriage-feast of Cana in Galilee. Whatever ideals pass away, that one remains in its unchangeable applicability, in its infinite and eternal beauty."

Although Emerson was pre-eminently the Transcendental leader, it is remarkable that he never encouraged the "cranks" of his disciples, and lived as sane a life as any one. As has been said, "He never let go the string of his balloon. He never threw over his ballast of common-sense so as to rise above an atmosphere in which a rational being could breathe."

Still more remarkable, it appears to us, is the fact that, in spite of his poetic nature, he found European cities, with all their wealth of antiquity and interest, "poor, grey, and shabby." It seems as if in him the dominant spirit of the New World

was so accentuated that freshness and futurity *alone* had any real charm, and all things beautiful had of necessity to be bright, before they could appeal to his imagination.

We have dwelt thus much upon the Transcendental period because of the influence which it had upon all the Alcott family, and which more or less affected their whole lives.

Mr Alcott next took up a Socratic fashion of lecturing, called "Conversations"; but though many people came, drawn by the charm of the lecturer, the price of admission was too low for much gain to have accrued to the family coffers, and the children early began to assist in councils as to ways and means. One of Louisa's entries in her diary of 1850 runs as follows: "I think mother is a very true, good woman, and my dream is to have a lovely quiet home for her, with no debts or troubles to burden her. But I'm afraid she will be in heaven before I can do it."

In 1852 her dream began to come true, for her first story, 'Flower Fables,' was printed, and five dollars paid for it. This "firstborn," as she calls it, was written for Ellen Emerson, when she herself was only sixteen, and its success was a great encouragement. Henceforward she lived, as she says, "a most dramatic life—never knowing what would come next." She tried sewing, teaching, and writing, conscientiously striving to do that by which she

could earn most, without regard to her own personal inclinations.

“Hope and keep busy” was one of her mother’s well-worn mottoes, and Louisa seems to have steadily acted up to it.

In 1858 her first great sorrow fell upon her in the loss of Beth—her refuge in all moods, of whom she writes so lovingly in ‘Little Women.’ After two years of suffering—sweet and patient always—the life of the gentle sister who had been so much to the impulsive and high-spirited prototype of “Jo” passed visibly away “as in a light mist.” It was no trick of the imagination, for the doctor who was present confirmed the testimony of the watching family. It is worth noticing as a phenomenon, but seems to us a sort of parable of blessing, a visible drawing up—as of a dewdrop—into the warmth and sunlight of heaven.

These were stirring times. Slavery had not been abolished, and the tragedy of Harper’s Ferry was yet to be enacted. One of her earliest recollections was of a “contraband” slave whom her mother had hidden in the oven; and the execution of John Brown in December 1859 awoke all the chivalry in her nature. At a meeting in Concord, Emerson, Thoreau, and Mr Alcott took part, and his martyrdom was naturally denounced with all the reverent and admiring eloquence which they could command.

The raid of John Brown upon Harper’s Ferry was

one of those glorious blunders which stand out ineffaceably upon the pages of American history. He was the embodiment of the slave confederacy, and gave his life and the lives of his sons, freely and gladly, for the negroes of Virginia.

He had chosen Harper's Ferry because there were mountains all about it, and he knew every turn of them, and hoped to hide himself and the liberated slaves in their fastnesses—but it was not to be. He and his handful of men were no match for the soldiers of Charlestown, and the bloody conflict, though sharp, was short. He led a forlorn hope and failed to realise it, but as "the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church," so his blood and that of his followers was more eloquent than aught else could have been, and freedom now reigns throughout the length and breadth of the United States. He was taken prisoner, and for forty-two days he lay wounded and sick unto death. On the 2nd of December they took him out "to be hanged by the neck till he was dead," and about 1500 soldiers were stretched over fifteen miles of country to prevent any possibility of rescue. The place of execution was half a mile from the jail, and thither he was driven in a waggon drawn by two white horses.

"This is a lovely country; I have not seen it before," said the old man calmly. The jailer could hardly answer him, so surprised was he to see John

smiling quietly, as if only taking a drive on that lovely winter's morning.

"You are more cheerful than I am, Captain Brown," said the undertaker.

"Yes," he answered gently; "*I ought to be.*"

He had given up all for love of the slaves—his home, his sons, himself—and now he had come to the border of that beautiful country where Jesus is the King.

Truly he did well to be cheerful.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
And He died to make men holy—let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

George Thompson and William Garrison were personal friends of Mr Alcott, and no one could have been more calculated to stir up enthusiasm than the former, whose manly bearing and intellectual conversation we well remember. He was an old man when we knew him in 1871, but hale and handsome to the last. The slave trade was ancient history then, but he could still warm to the subject, though the gallant fight which he had waged and won against the "diabolical traffic in human flesh" seemed wellnigh forgotten in the overwhelming grief in which he was plunged by the death of his son. In spirit, however, they frequently communicated. Spiritualism may or may not be a dangerous fable and a blasphemous deceit,

but to him it was in those days a source of great comfort, and he often spoke to us of the consolation which he derived from these conversations with another world.

Louisa has headed 1860 in her Journal as “a year of good luck,” but it seems to have been one of exceptional struggle, from which, however, she came out victorious. A series of sensational stories had up to this time brought “grist to the mill,” but in the after-days she did not like to think of them, though they were never coarse or unseemly.

Crude and highly seasoned they doubtless were, but if ever an end justified a means, these early productions had ample justification, for they brought many needful comforts to the family for whom she wrote these “pot-boilers”; and, as she so pathetically says, “I know God is always ready to hear, but heaven is so far away in the city, and I so heavy, that I can’t fly up to find Him.”

In this year Mr Alcott was appointed Superintendent of Schools in Concord, and though the salary attached to the office was not large, it gave him congenial work, and was a civic recognition of his character and abilities, in which his family basked with exceeding joy. ‘The Atlantic’ now began to take her stories, and she was better paid than heretofore, so that we can sympathise in the cheery hopefulness with which she writes to a friend at this time: “Father continues to stir up

the schools like a mild pudding-stick, Mother to sing Hebron among her pots and pans, Anna and the Prince Consort [Mr and Mrs J. Pratt] to bill and coo in the little dovecot, Oranthy Bluggage [herself] to launch ships on the Atlantic and make a huge blot of herself in working the vessel, Abby [May] to teach the fine arts and play propriety for the family, and the old house to put its best foot foremost, and hoot at the idea of ever returning to the chaos from which it came."

In April 1861 the little village of Concord was shaken to its foundations by the departure of many of its sons for the war, and Louisa longed more than ever that she had been born a boy. "As I can't fight, I will content myself with working for those who can," she says bravely, and in the intervals which literary and household work allowed, she busied herself with making "comforts for men at the front." We all know nowadays, alas! what that phrase means, and can easily imagine the enthusiasm with which the willing fingers worked. For John Brown's daughters were now boarding with the Alcotts, and the children of "St John the Just" were received with open arms by such "a regular anti-slavery set."

As the needles darted to and fro, it needs no imagination to realise how the busy workers would talk of Harper's Ferry, of Lincoln and of Grant, and of the possible consequences of this terrible strife.

The Civil War between the Northern or Federal, and the Southern or Confederate, States lasted for four years, and had it not been for the skill and firmness displayed by Lord Palmerston, it is more than probable that England also would have been embroiled. The real cause of the contest was the question of slavery, which was as strongly opposed by the Northern as it was supported by the Southern States. The eleven Confederate States were sufficiently powerful to make their secession from the Union a very serious matter, especially when, by the blockading of the cotton ports by the Northerners, all the raw material from the Southern States was withheld from England. The consequences were terrible to the mill-hands in Lancashire, and the cotton famine which ensued cost the English nation no less than £2,000,000, in spite of the fact that supplies of cotton from India and Egypt were imported long before the end of the war in 1865.

By the complete victory of the North over the South, slavery was for ever abolished, while by the wise and discreet action of President Lincoln the integrity of the Union was preserved.

In his own speeches we have the frank avowal, "My paramount object is to save the Union, and not to save or destroy slavery"; and as Walt Whitman says, "He had faults, and showed them in the Presidency, but honesty, goodness, shrewdness, con-

science, and a new virtue (unknown to other lands, and hardly yet really known here, but the foundation and tie of all, as the future will grandly develop) — Unionism — in its truest and amplest sense — formed the hard-pan of his character. These he sealed with his life. The tragic splendour of his death, purging, illuminating all, throws round his form, his head, an aureole that will remain and will grow brighter through time, while history lives and love of country lasts.”

Since that date Unionism has indeed “grandly developed,” until in England it is almost synonymous with patriotism and imperialism. The “Peace Congress” has come and gone. Its results are yet to be tested; but as Senator Walcott in his speech at the Washington Senate House so strikingly said, when speaking of the mutual relations of England and America, “Blood is thicker than water, and until a great quarrel divides us—which Heaven forbid!—may these two great nations, of the same speech, lineage, and traditions, stand as brothers shoulder to shoulder in the interests of humanity, by a union-compelling peace.”

Much against her own inclination, Miss Alcott was persuaded in 1862 to open a kindergarten school, but the routine of teaching was not at all to her taste. Her own education had been very unmethodical, and though she thoroughly understood children and loved them well, she instinct-

ively disliked the necessary discipline of a school too much, ever to become a successful teacher. After five months' trial she joyfully returned to literary work, and "reeled off" stories in the intervals between Sewing-bees and Lint-picks for the "boys" at the war.

It is no wonder that with natural gifts which eminently qualified her for a nurse she should presently think of volunteering in that capacity. Her proffered services were gladly accepted, and in December 1862 we find her installed in a small military hospital at Georgetown, near Washington.

She was there for only six weeks, but they were weeks of thrilling interest, for she loved her work, and her patients found in her an unfailing comforter and friend.

But the crowded, ill-ventilated ward was ill suited to one who had always been accustomed to a simple and wholesome life, and at the end of that six weeks she was stricken down with typhoid fever in its worst form. She says, "I was never ill before this time, and never well afterwards."

The 'Hospital Sketches' written on her recovery "made a great hit," and were perhaps one of the turning-points in her career, not so much for their own literary excellence as for the widespread interest which they excited both in the subject and in the writer. They were "noticed, talked of, and inquired about," and certainly paved the way for

the production of 'Moods,' the copyright of which she sold for a handsome sum.

So 1865 dawned triumphantly, and after a short visit to Boston the dream of her life was fulfilled, and she set sail for Europe. During this visit to Boston she was able to enjoy everything, and came in for much attention as the writer of 'Moods,' which, however, met with diverse criticism on account of the unusual freedom with which matrimonial difficulties were discussed in its pages. The city was in the midst of its public rejoicing over the taking of Richmond, after seven days of strenuous fight, when, on the 15th of April, the dastardly murder of Abraham Lincoln plunged the whole nation into sadness.

"Never before that startled April morning," says Dr O. W. Holmes, "did such multitudes of men shed tears for the death of one they had never seen, as if with him a friendly presence had been taken away from their lives, leaving them colder and darker. He left behind him a fame beyond that of any conqueror, the memory of a grace higher than that of outward person, and of a gentlemanliness deeper than mere breeding."

Although she was at this time thirty-three years of age, the heart of Louisa Alcott was full of youthful buoyancy, and the Journal of her European tour shows us how keenly she enjoyed every step of the way. London especially was a great delight

to her, and in seeing the places and people of whom she had so often heard and read, the "free and jolly" days passed only too quickly.

July 1866 found her harder at work than ever, for things at home had got into arrears while the chief bread-winner was away, and she returned to find her mother looking "old and sick and tired." So there was much to do—nursing, sewing, and writing short stories, for which she received numerous orders, but somewhat inadequate payment. A chance suggestion of her publisher was to the effect that she should write a girls' book, and in spite of her predilection for boys she determined to try. In 1868 the book came out, and little indeed did she imagine what the result of that effort would be, for her own modest estimate of 'Little Women' was only, "It reads better than I expected; but we really lived most of it, and if it succeeds, that will be the reason of it."

We who, thirty-eight years later, are still rejoicing in its publication, can scarcely remember the hearty welcome with which it was greeted. Probably no book of the kind has met with such immediate and enormous success. There is an indefinable charm about it,—the pathos is so very pathetic, the humour so intensely humorous. There is in it a breeziness which is wholesomely bracing, a strong common-sense which is infectious, and a brave goodness which tones and glorifies the whole. No

moral sandwiches are contained in its pages, but the whole book teems with incidents, and the reality with which they are invested testifies to the pen of an expert. Her long apprenticeship to literary work now stood her in good stead, and there is no chapter in 'Little Women' with which we could willingly dispense. It is identified with the pleasantest hours of many a child, and her older readers have cause to thank her for hints and phrases which have become familiar as household words.

If some of our English fiction is as well read in America as in England, it is no less certain that 'Little Women' is as popular in Europe as it is on the other side of the Atlantic. It has been translated into several languages, and in Holland especially she is so much esteemed that her Dutch translator says, "Miss Alcott was and is so much beloved here by her books, that you could scarce find a girl that had not read one or more of them."

Though none of her books has attained as much popularity as 'Little Women,' and its sequel, 'Good Wives'—published in 1869—there is probably no writer, whether English or American, who is better loved by those for whom she specially wrote. If stern and childless critics may say that the fine line between colloquial ease and slang is sometimes passed, we are ready to forgive it for the sake of

the purity of her sentiments and the touches of tenderness which redeem the exuberance of her expressions.

Success was to her no selfish dream, but a means to an end, and that end the comfort of her family, and especially of the mother whom she loved so deeply. Over 1,000,000 copies of her works have been already sold, and still they sell and will continue to sell, for no writer has yet risen to take her place.

As she says somewhere, "The 'little women' helped their rejected sisters to good places where once they went a-begging," and people began to haunt the house of the now noted authoress, whose work never abated, in spite of ill-health and low spirits. A delightful trip to Europe with her sister May and a friend, in 1870, did much to restore her usual hopefulness; but while she was in Rome the news of the death of her beloved brother-in-law, Mr John Pratt, came as a terrible shock, and she at once set to work on 'Little Men,' in order that she might provide fresh funds for the widowed Nan and the two boys, to whom she at once decided, "I must be a father now." The home in Concord, where they subsequently lived, was partially bought by Louisa, who supplemented the savings of Mr Pratt in order to secure a home for his widow and children. In June of 1871 she returned to Concord, but the dampness of the climate tried her

sorely aching limbs, and two months later she retired to quiet lodgings in Boston, where she was always able to work with more persistence and rapidity than at home.

The dream of twenty years was more than fulfilled, and at forty she had secured the independence of the family, paid every debt, and settled her mother in a pleasant home, "with no work, no care, no poverty to worry, but peace and comfort all about her."

But the resources of the "golden goose" were by no means exhausted, and Roberts, Low, and Scribner clamoured for her books, while lion-hunters dodged her footsteps and waylaid her in odd corners. She was too thoroughly human not to enjoy the success for which she had so longed and laboured, but she was often tired of it all, and the nerve-exhaustion which followed some of her most delightful experiences made even pleasure toilsome.

Tall and striking-looking, though not really handsome, full of ready wit and quick sympathy, it is not surprising that she was a general favourite with rich and poor, old and young. Her quick and observant intelligence assimilated the varied elements that came into her life, and her best work is that in which she speaks with artistic simplicity of her own experiences. We are not surprised to hear that she had several good offers of marriage, but her inclinations never lay in that direction.

Love of her family was all-sufficing, and to all intents and purposes she was the helpful son and brother which in the old childish days she had "made believe" to be.

'A Modern Mephistopheles,' published in 1877, is so absolutely unlike anything else that Miss Alcott has written—so self-evidently influenced by reading rather than by experience—that it stands apart from all her other books. Being published in the "No-name Series" which Roberts Bros. were bringing out at this time, it created considerable interest, and, among others, the son of Nathaniel Hawthorne was suspected of its authorship. It is a very singular book, of much power and originality of plot, but not "convincing" enough to be considered as a thorough success.

It is written from outside only, and though she had much imagination, Louisa Alcott could not suddenly project her healthy mind into such unusual scenes and circumstances. She was now forty-five years of age, and the style which was most natural to her, and in which she achieved her greatest successes, was the result of long apprenticeship and much practice.

It is rather remarkable to notice how often writers who have succeeded in one branch of literature, long to use their talents in another. In February 1877 we find her writing in her Journal,

“Tired of providing moral pap for the young: long to write a novel, but cannot get time enough”; and the words do but echo the aspiration of the late Mrs Emma Marshall, who on several occasions lamented to us that she was too busy to devote herself to serious fiction—if such a phrase be allowable. She, too, never varied her style; and though her prolific writings—numbering over two hundred—found a ready sale and many admiring readers among the young, we can easily believe that she found it monotonous to cater solely for one class, and, if only as a matter of experiment, would gladly have written on more ambitious lines. But in both cases, though the relationships were different, it was “the family” of which both had to think, and money, honestly earned, being to both the end hoped for, there was no time for experiments when simpler work was so successful.

‘Moods’ and ‘Mephistopheles’ stand apart among Miss Alcott’s works, and in strange contrast to the latter were ‘My Girls’ and ‘Under the Lilacs’—written under the very shadow of death, and finished by the bedside of her dying mother.

Mrs Alcott slipped peacefully away on the 25th of November 1877, and even the devoted daughter was “glad when the last weary breath was drawn and silence came.” But for the time all motive

seemed to have gone out of her life, and it is from the depths of a very sad heart that we find her writing in her Journal, "My only comfort is that I could make her last years comfortable, and lift off the burdens she had carried so bravely all these years. I think I shall soon follow her, and am quite ready to go, now she no longer needs me." The poem In Memoriam, written by her at this time, is very beautiful, and worthy of a place in any anthology. Graceful fancy and devout faith are in it, but above all there is the tender and reverent affection which had made sweet every hardship which they had borne together.

In a sketch such as this, where we have endeavoured to show something of the character of Louisa Alcott in its varied developments, it may be interesting to quote it at length, and those who can "read between the lines" will see how characteristic the verses are, of all that is most conspicuous in her prose writings.

TRANSFIGURATION.

Mysterious death! who in a single hour
Life's gold can so refine,
And by thy art divine
Change mortal weakness to immortal power!

Bending beneath the weight of eighty years,
Spent with the noble strife
Of a victorious life,
We watched her fading heavenward, through our tears.

But ere the sense of loss our hearts had wrung,
 A miracle was wrought ;
 And swift as happy thought
 She lived again,—brave, beautiful, and young.

Age, pain, and sorrow dropped the veils they wore,
 And showed the tender eyes
 Of angels in disguise,
 Whose discipline so patiently she bore.

The past years brought their harvest rich and fair ;
 While memory and love
 Together fondly wove
 A golden garland for the silver hair.

How could we mourn like those who are bereft,
 When every pang of grief
 Found balm for its relief
 In counting up the treasures she had left ?

Faith that withstood the shocks of toil and time ;
 Hope that defied despair ;
 Patience that conquered care ;
 And loyalty, whose courage was sublime ;

The great deep heart that was a home for all,—
 Just, eloquent, and strong
 In protest against wrong ;
 Wide charity, that knew no sin, no fall ;

The Spartan spirit that made life so grand,
 Mating poor daily needs
 With high heroic deeds,
 That wrested happiness from Fate's hard hand.

We thought to weep, but sing for joy instead,
 Full of the grateful peace
 That follows her release ;
 For nothing but the weary dust lies dead.

Oh, noble woman ! never more a queen
 Than in the laying down
 Of sceptre and of crown
 To win a greater kingdom, yet unseen ;

Teaching us how to seek the highest goal
To earn the true success,—
To live, to love, to bless,—
And make death proud to take a royal soul.

Two years later we find the following entry in her Journal, which in its touching descriptiveness is typical of Miss Alcott in one of her tenderest moods:—

“*October 8, 1879.* Dear Marmee’s birthday. Never forgotten. Lovely day. Go to Sleepy Hollow with flowers. Her grave is green; black-berry vines with red leaves trail over it. A little white stone with her initials is at the head, and among the tall grass over her breast a little bird had made a nest; empty now, but a pretty symbol of the refuge that tender bosom always was for all feeble and sweet things. Her favourite asters bloomed all about, and the pines sang overhead. So she and dear Beth are quietly asleep in God’s acre, and we remember them more tenderly with each year that brings us nearer them and home.”

But even her mother’s death was not such a mental shock to Louisa as that of her youngest sister. The sad news was broken to her by Emerson, “our best and tenderest friend,” but such a blow to such a nature was wellnigh overwhelming just then, when her heart was so lonely and sore.

Abba May, the youngest of the Alcotts, whom we

all know so well as "Amy" in 'Little Women,' was the pet of the whole family. From her earliest years Louisa had educated her out of her own earnings, and it was she who sent her to the School of Design, to the Boston School of Anatomy, and for two years of art studying in Paris and London in 1873 and 1876 respectively. May Alcott's artistic gifts were considerable, and with the best opportunities for developing them, she improved rapidly. One of her pictures of "still life" was accepted by the Paris Salon—well hung and well praised. This event gave great happiness to all at home, but to no one was it such a source of pride and pleasure as to the devoted and unselfish sister whose chief joy lay in helping others. Her Journal says, "I am proud to have her show what she can do, and have her depend upon no one but me. Success to little Raphael! My dull winter is much cheered by her happiness and success."

This entry is dated December 1876, but "little Raphael" never came home again.

While in London she became acquainted with a Swiss gentleman of congenial temperament and tastes. His kindness and sympathy during the sad time of bereavement, caused by her mother's death in October 1877, soon ripened into a love which was warmly reciprocated. Their simple marriage took place in March 1878, and they started for Paris almost immediately. Her art-

less pleasure in the new life is most ingenuously told in her letters, in which she says that her sisters at home would not recognise her, she has "become so sweet in this atmosphere of happiness."

But the joy of her loving relatives in her "idyllic dream" was soon overshadowed by intensest anxiety on her behalf, and two weeks after the birth of her baby girl she passed peacefully away—December 29, 1879.

"In all the troubles of my life," writes Louisa, "I never had one so hard to bear, for the sudden fall from such high happiness to such a depth of sorrow finds me unprepared to accept or bear it as I ought."

It was with a heart full of grief that she finished 'Jack and Jill'; but still she writes bravely, "I trust the misery did not get into the story, but I'm afraid it is not so gay as I meant most of it to be. A sweeter little romance has just ended in Paris than any I can ever make, and the sad facts of life leave me no heart for cheerful fiction."

During the next few years she devoted herself chiefly to the care of May's baby, the precious legacy left by the dying mother to the sister who had been her providence from babyhood, and by whom she knew that equal tenderness would be lavished upon her child.

The little niece was indeed an unspeakable comfort.

“The touch of the dear little hands seems to take away the bitterness of grief. The sight of the little head is like sunshine to me;” and the daily unfolding of the sweet nature was a constant interest and delight both to Mr and Miss Alcott.

‘Jo’s Boys,’ ‘Lulu’s Library,’ and many short stories, were subsequently published at intervals; but they were the results of intermittent work, for she was “too busy singing lullabies” to write much, and though the charm of her style never fails, there is not the same overflowing exuberance of spirits that is so conspicuous in her earlier writings.

The sudden death of R. W. Emerson in 1882 was the last keen sorrow that she was called upon to bear,—he who had helped her most of all, by his life, his books, his society, from the time when, as a child, she had “browsed” in his library and sung Mignon’s song under his window. He had been her hero always, and a worthy one. In shadow and in sunshine his untiring friendship had never failed her.

“I can never tell all he has been to me,” she exclaims, and probably many a one might say the same, who has been helped through weary hours of self-conflict by his manly outspokenness and large-hearted sympathetic charity.

Dr O. W. Holmes touchingly says of him : "Judged by his life, Emerson comes very near our best ideal of humanity ; and if He who knew what was in man had wandered from door to door in New England as of old in Palestine, we can well believe that one of the thresholds which 'those blessed feet' would have crossed, to hallow and receive its welcome, would have been that of the lovely and quiet home of Emerson."

A few months later Mr Alcott was stricken with paralysis ; but for six years he lingered, slowly declining, "changed from a hale, handsome old man into this pathetic wreck."

Still the brave daughter worked on, though forbidden by the doctor to work at much length or at anything requiring thought or labour. It was second nature to her to love herself last, but the time came when the tired nerves could no longer bear the strain of family life and when she longed to be alone. "I don't want to live if I can't be of use," was her cry, and so on to the end she laboured with brain and hand.

In December 1886 she went to live at Roxbury, where, in the quiet home of her friend Dr Rhoda Lawrence, she found, during the last fifteen months of her life, the rest which had now become absolutely essential.

To be living apart from her family was terrible to her, but her nerves were so utterly prostrated

by overwork that the companionship of even those whom she best loved had become an impossibility.

Every week she drove in to "kiss my people for fifteen minutes"; but her father's life on earth was wellnigh ended, and early in March 1888 she drove back from what she felt to be her last visit.

Full of the sadness of that parting, she forgot some necessary precautions for herself, and on the morning of the next day she awoke in great agony. Brain trouble rapidly set in, and in a few hours all was over on this side heaven. She never knew until she got there that her father had gone on before. By her express wish the funeral service was very simple. It was held in her father's room at Boston, and only a few of her immediate circle were allowed to attend.

From all the busy bustle of the city they carried her to Concord, that ideal little New England town where, in the beautiful cemetery of "Sleepy Hollow," so many of America's "good workmen" lie resting: past the meadows where she and her sisters had played out the "Pilgrim's Progress," where the river Musketaquid lounges its lazy way till it is lost in the waters of the Merrimac; past the ponds of Walden, which had been huge lakes to the childish eyes, and the green hills that had seemed so close against the sky.

Reverently they laid her body across the feet of her father, mother, and "little Beth," so that

even in death she might seem to take care of those whom in life she had so lovingly cherished.

The sunshine of early spring touched the mountain-peaks into glory, and the clouds danced over the hill-tops just as in the old days when the little quartette of Alcott girls had “played pilgrims” among the pine groves. For three of them the gates of the Celestial City had opened, and within the presence of the Master they now stood in “clothes of immortality.” Rejoicingly they gather together once more

“In the broad blessed light and perfect air, with meadows,
rippling tides and flowers and grass
And the low hum of living breeze—and in the midst God’s
beautiful eternal right hand.”¹

It is a truism that personal testimony has a unique value in convincingness. It always has been considered so—the mythical Dives was only voicing this belief when with such thrilling humaneness he prayed that it might be given to his brethren. It always will be considered so,—do not we in our daily doings contrive to link ourselves, sometimes almost unconsciously, with those persons and things the character of whom and the value of which have been vouched for by men who have respectively proved them?

The fact forced itself very pleasantly upon us on receipt of the following kind letter from Mr

¹ Walt Whitman.

F. B. Sanborn, which accompanied a photograph of Louisa Alcott for special reproduction in this volume.

Mr Sanborn was one of the four privileged mourners who in 1858 carried little "Beth" from her old home, in the orchard-house at Concord, to the new one at Sleepy Hollow, chosen by herself. The other three bearers were Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Thoreau of Walden, and Mr John Pratt ("John Brooke" of 'Little Women'), who afterwards married Anna Alcott. This is not the only time that Mr Sanborn's friendship is mentioned in Louisa Alcott's letters and diaries, and always in connection with men who have made Concord a name of quite special interest in the literary annals of America. In December 1859 John Brown of Harper's Ferry ("St John the Just," as his friends affectionately styled him) was executed as a common malefactor, and when all Concord gathered at an indignation meeting, R. W. Emerson, H. D. Thoreau, Bronson Alcott, and F. B. Sanborn spoke,—“full of reverence and admiration for the martyr.” If a man may be known by his companions, then F. B. Sanborn must possess a personality as delightful as those better-known Americans of whom he writes so eloquently, for the Hawthornes, Theodore Parker, Garrison, Channing, and Phillips also formed part of that brilliant circle which seemed centrifugally

to draw into it all that was fresh, strong, and beautiful in those days.

Mr Sanborn tells us of the photograph that—

“It was given me by Louisa in the days nearly forty years since, when I used to join her in charades and private theatricals, and in the school celebrations under her father’s direction as Superintendent of our Concord schools. The exact date I cannot fix, but it is either just before or just after her first great literary success in ‘Little Women’ (1868), which she wrote in her father’s orchard-house, where a dozen years later we opened, under her father’s direction, the Summer School of Philosophy and Literature. I also send you in another cover an article of mine in ‘The New York Critic’ of April last, which contains one priceless anecdote about the family in its extreme poverty—the letter of Miss Robie—never before published, which may be of service to you in your forthcoming chapter on Miss Alcott. It has been in my hands for at least thirty years, but I have found no reason for printing it before.

“Louisa was never thoroughly well after recovering from the almost fatal hospital fever. Naturally she was of abundant animal spirits, buoyant and resolute, and all through her youth, save in certain moods of depression, the gayest of girls and the life of the company of the young—essentially cheerful and just.”

This personal testimony to the charm of "Jo" must surely warm the hearts of all those who have been cheered into laughter or softened into tears by the humour and pathos of 'Little Women' or 'Under the Lilacs.'

The "priceless anecdote" told by Miss Robie speaks for itself. Writing from the Alcott cottage, in December 1841, when the family were very poor but very generous, she says:—

"I did not dare to go to Concord without carrying tea and coffee and a small piece of cooked meat, in case my wayward stomach should crave it, which last article was a little piece of *à la mode* beef. Thus provided, I arrived at the Alcott cottage just after dark of a Friday evening. I got into the house before they heard me, and found them seated around their bread and water. I had a most cordial welcome from Mrs Alcott and the children. She said to me: 'O you dear creature! you are the one I should have picked out of all the good people in Boston. How thankful I am to see you!' I had a comfortable cup of tea in a few minutes, for I did not dare to go without. (They then opened a bundle, in which were clothes for the children, sent by Mrs J. S. of Boston.) Mr Alcott sat looking on like a philosopher. 'There,' said he, 'I told you that you need not be anxious about cloth-

ing for the children; you see it has come as I said.’

“Mrs Alcott wanted comfort and counsel; for, though cheerful and uncomplaining, things had got pretty low. Mr Alcott was evidently not well, and she was quite anxious about him, and expressed some fears that the little sympathy and encouragement he received in regard to his views would depress him beyond what he could bear. However, after a good talk and a good crying-spell, her spirits rallied, and all was bright again. She told me of a miserable poor woman in her neighbourhood, who had just lost a drunken husband and was in a poor hovel with four children, and she had been aiding her in a small way to a little meal, and encouraging her to have a good heart and keep out of the workhouse, and had interested other neighbours in her behalf. She said it seemed as if this poor family had been brought to her notice to show her how much better her own situation was, and to give a change to her feelings by looking about and doing what she could to assist her.

“I went with her one day to see the family. In the course of the visit the woman mentioned Mr Alcott. ‘I did not know he had been to see you.’ ‘Oh, yes; he was here yesterday and the day before, and sawed up some wood that had been sent me. I had engaged Mr Somebody to

saw it for me, and did some sewing for his wife to pay for it.' Said Mrs Alcott, 'Then Mr A.'s sawing it did not do you much good?' 'Oh, yes; they said they had as lief give me the money for it, so I had it to buy some meal.'

"Whilst I was at Mrs Alcott's, of course I saw no meat, nor butter, nor cheese, and only coarse brown sugar, bread, potatoes, apples, squash, and simple puddings: of these materials were the staples for food. I was obliged to have tea occasionally, but, except that, I lived as they did, for I could not have the heart or the stomach to take out my beef. Mr Alcott thought his wife did wrong to prepare the tea for me. The Alcotts had just begun to do with two meals a-day, that the children might have the pleasure of carrying once a-week a basket of something from their humble savings to the poor family. Now the saving must be made for themselves.

"Mr Alcott said he could not live with debt burdening them in this way—that they must live simpler still. He started up and said he would go into the woods and chop for his neighbours, and in that way get his fuel. He has since entered upon this work."

If people like these be the practical outcome of "Transcendental" principles, then would to God that we all were both almost and altogether such as they—except those "cranks."

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

Born, December 5, 1830, Charlotte Street, London.

Died, December 29, 1894, 30 Torrington Square, London.





CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

From a photograph in the possession of Mr W. M. Rossetti.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

OF all the woman-poets that England has yet produced—and they are neither feeble nor few—Christina Rossetti stands out pre-eminently as the most religious. Her thoughts instinctively ran in religious grooves. Now and again her intense love of symbolism carries her into quaint fancies and dainty turns of literary expression, while the restrained passion of “The Sonnet of Sonnets” makes us realise that she knew something of the breadth and depth and height of human love; but, in the main, she dwells chiefly upon the inner life of man: the life hidden in God is her favourite theme.

And we need be no rabid adherents to the doctrines of heredity and environment if we trace the source of her mystic piety to the influences which surrounded her.

Christina Georgina Rossetti was the youngest child of Gabriel Rossetti, the poet-patriot of Italy, and Frances Lavinia, the daughter of

Gaetano Polidori. Her upbringing was strangely different to that of most children,—in a home permeated with art and poetry, and which also had about it a romantic atmosphere of mystery and patriotism. The proscription of Gabriel Rossetti by King Ferdinand rendered his further residence in Italy impossible; but he would have found great difficulty in leaving the country had it not been for the kindness of the admiral in charge of a portion of the British fleet then stationed in the Bay of Naples. This timely friend assisted his flight by lending him an English uniform, and himself escorting the proscribed patriot to the safety of a steamer bound for English shores. Educated as a Roman Catholic and yearning to believe, he was yet destitute of the capacity of yielding himself to the simplicity of the Gospel story. But the poetry of religion, its beauty and its symbolism, appealed strongly to a nature that was keenly alive to all beauty; and though for many years he was unable to rejoice in the Light, it was an unseen Influence that regulated his life and conduct unconsciously to himself, while the poems of his later years show that his passive attitude towards Christianity had entirely changed.

Mrs Rossetti possessed intellectual gifts of no mean order, and it is authoritatively stated that, had she not been content to subserve the still

greater endowments of her clever family, she too would have made for herself an honoured place in the world of letters. There have been many mothers who have voluntarily allowed themselves to be eclipsed by their children, but few who have produced such a brilliant quartette as gathered round her while she told her delightful stories or read to them from the masterpieces of English and Italian literature. Domestic dulness must have been unknown to any of them, but the general atmosphere was not conducive to that "mirth and merriment which bars a thousand ills and lengthens life." As circumstantial evidence of this, we notice that the sonnet entitled "Vanity of Vanities" was written before Christina was seventeen.

Maria Francesca, the eldest child, was scarcely less gifted than Christina, and "a born leader." Her 'Shadow of Dante' is a classic of its kind; and though the brothers considered Christina "the genius of the family," there is no doubt that the spontaneous reverence with which the latter regarded her sister was well deserved.

She subsequently merged her literary tastes and domestic cares in the interests of an Anglican sisterhood, and entering the community of All Saints, Margaret Street, in 1873, she died there three years later at the age of fifty-six.

Dante Gabriel was the second of this remark-

able family, each of whom inherited the artistic temperament which would be likely to accrue from a long pedigree of Italian progenitors. The pictures of the poet-painter will never be "popular," in the general acceptance of the word; but there is an under-sidedness to them all which will make them psychological studies to men and women who care nothing for their pictorial worth.

Of all the family, perhaps the only "practical" member was William Mitchell, who happily is still with us, and who unites a keen enthusiasm for the Arts with a carefully balanced judgment, and a good temper which nothing seems able to disturb.

In such a circle as this Christina grew up, and, as the junior of such a family, environed with such unusual influences, it is small wonder that she early developed unusual tendencies.

Given a father who was a poet patriot, a sister who was a religious mystic, and brothers who were respectively a poet painter and a poetic critic, the result is—Christina Rossetti; whose poems are equal in many respects to any that English literature can show, whose prose writings teem with religious symbolism and the mystic beauty of medieval days, and who yet possessed a clear common-sense, a stern devotion to duty, and a fortitude under suffering which never failed.

Her first verses were written in 1842, and were

printed in 1847 at her grandfather's private press, in conjunction with many others composed between the age of twelve and sixteen. They are full of poetic promise, and we cannot wonder at the pride and pleasure with which they were regarded by all the members of the family.

The publication of 'The Germ' in 1850 gave a further impetus, if indeed any were needed, to her poetic tendencies. This periodical, which only ran its brief course for four months, was the outcome of the formation of "The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood,"—the "sacred seven" who were afterwards to make the world ring with their names.¹ Although Christina, with many of the other writers for 'The Germ,' was debarred from actual membership in the brotherhood, she was one of the principal contributors to the newspaper. William Rossetti was unanimously chosen as its editor, and the whole scheme had its origin in the active and enthusiastic brain of Dante Gabriel.

At this time he was only twenty-one; and when we notice the names of its youthful contributors—nearly *all* of whom have attained to more than mere temporary fame—we cannot but regret its short-lived existence. To this paper, under the pseudonym of "Ellen Alleyn," Christina

¹ These were William Woolner, Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, James Collinson, Frederick George Stephens, and the two Rossetti brothers.

contributed no less than seven poems—"Dreamland" being perhaps the best known among them; and when we remember that she was then only nineteen years of age, their interest and value is accentuated. This exquisite little lyric is a mystical allegory, having within it an absolute faith in the "perfect peace" which lies beyond the charmed sleep He gives to His beloved. Several of her poems subsequently appeared in other magazines, but it was not until the publication of 'Goblin Market and other Poems' that much public attention was directed to their gifted writer.

There had been much anxiety in the little household for many years, when in 1853 it was at last determined that Mr and Mrs Rossetti should try, with Christina's help, to set up a school at Frome in Somersetshire. The study of Italian had "gone out of fashion" in London, and the high-souled refugee was neither strong enough nor rich enough to bear the strain put upon his resources by the loss of pupils and the then recently developed craze for things "made in Germany." So for eleven months they tried school-keeping in the country, while the remaining members of the family taught and studied in London. But the experiment was a failure, and in March of the following year (1854) they returned to London, where, only a month later, the much-revered husband

and father passed on to "where beyond these voices there is peace."

These eleven months, however, though sad and uncongenial enough, were probably months of considerable benefit to Christina; for it was only during that time that she had any lengthened experience of country life, and it is probable that some of her beautiful similes are drawn from recollections of its sights and sounds.

In spite of the influence wielded by the other members of the family, it was her mother who was the great object of Christina's devotion, and to her all her works save two are dedicated. That mother's sweet influence dominated her own religious sentiments, but she knew nothing of intolerance in her outlook upon "other men and other minds"; only seeing, in the various forms of belief, their respective usefulness in bringing into special prominence important points of doctrine which would be unnoticed were all sects merged into one dead level of religiosity. It is to this dear mother that she inscribes her 'Poems,' in words full of graceful and grateful affection, the last of which are as follows:—

"So because you love me, and because
I love you, Mother, I have woven a wreath
Of rhymes wherewith to crown your honoured name.
In you not fourscore years can dim the flame
Of love, whose blessed glow transcends the laws
Of time and change and mortal life and death."

Her last prose work, 'The Face of the Deep,' published in 1892, which is a commentary upon the Apocalypse, in mingled prose and verse, still records that "honoured name" in the touching dedication—

TO
My Mother,
 FOR THE FIRST TIME
 TO HER
 BELOVED, REVERED, CHERISHED MEMORY.

It has been said that, by-and-by, "saints," by virtue of peculiar saintliness, will cease to exist, and that mankind will become uniformly good. Is this a consummation to be wished? Nay, verily—diversities of gifts there must always be, likewise the many and the few "stripes"—else were all that goes to make humanity interesting taken from it, and Progress would cease, and Aspiration become a thing of the past.

Personally both mother and daughter were warmly attached to the Church of England, but the petty bigotry of narrow minds was impossible to them, and her views are firmly expressed in her latest work, where, after deploring schism, she says, "Nevertheless, inasmuch as multiplicity is allied to resource, let us, until better may be, make capital even of our guilty disadvantage. Let us be provoked to good works by those with whom we cannot altogether agree, yet who in many ways set us a pattern. I, at least, can learn much from the

devotion of Catholic Rome, the immutability of Catholic Greece, the philanthropy and piety of Quakerism, the zeal of many a Protestant."

In her early life her mother and brothers united in calling her "really lovely," but it appears to us that in the "fascinating mystery and soft melancholy of her eyes," the irresistible sweetness of her expression, and the bell-like timbre of her exquisite voice—which all the Rossettis inherited from their father—lay the great charm of her indescribable personality. She was the model for several of her brother's best-known pictures, and we are told that Holman Hunt has given "a look of her" to the yearning beauty of Christ as "The Light of the World."

It was in 1862 that Christina Rossetti's first volume of collected poems appeared, and much interest was at once aroused in those best fitted to judge of its merits. "Goblin Market" is a fairy fantasy, into which, however, much meaning can be read by those who care to trace the subtle linking of mysticism with the descriptiveness of apparent realities.

The Hon. Mrs Norton—no mean critic—speaks with special appreciation of "Uphill," and there are probably many to-day who love the poem, with its directness of motive and simple faith in a better country, who do not know even the name of its author. It has found its way everywhere, and

everywhere it is loved. The "young writer" of whom Mrs Norton speaks so appreciatively was then about thirty years of age, but she had known much of the shadowed side of life, and the keynote of her poems is a mystic melancholy, which, however, degenerates but seldom into morbid introspection.

Around her life, her own ill-health and the care of others had thrown an atmosphere of sadness, and, with her hereditary sombreness of temperament, we cannot wonder that only now and again was she able to rise above it into the ether of buoyant hopefulness. We need a certain energy to seize happiness even when it is near, and in her case neither the energy nor the happiness was readily accessible.

The marriage of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to Miss Seddall was no doubt a matter of keen interest to her, but the sudden death of her sister-in-law, after only two years of intensest happiness, was a serious shock to the sister who loved him so tenderly, and to whom his every thought was of interest. His own mental agony was acute, and in his impulsive fashion he gathered together all his manuscripts and placed them, as a last parting gift, upon the breast of his dead wife. Six years later they were exhumed, with his reluctant permission, from her grave in Highgate Cemetery, and he took a belated interest in their publication. But though he has left work behind him that cannot die, it is probable

that he was never again as he had been before that crushing blow fell upon him, and the grief and anxiety which she subsequently endured on his behalf told heavily upon his sister. His artistic triumphs were shared by her, and over and over again in his pictures the sad beauty of her face is reproduced; but as Time's impressions were more deeply made, "as streams their channels deeper wear," she turned ever more to thoughts of Eternity—its mysterious infinity and the plenitude of its consolations.

Time after time she was called upon to suffer for and with others, ministering in turn, with tender devotion, to father, sister, brother, mother, and aunts, and often when her own health was such as to have rendered some rest and respite more than reasonable.

Her description of Birchington churchyard, where Dante Gabriel Rossetti lies buried, has a Tennysonian rhythm about it; but probably few poets owe less than does she to even the most unconscious imitation of style.

" A lonely hill which overlooks a flat,
Half sea, half country-side ;
A flat-shored sea of low-voiced creeping tide
Over a chalky weedy mat.

A hill of hillocks, flowery and kept green
Round crosses raised for hope,
With many-tinted sunsets when the slope
Faces the lingering western sheen.

A lowly hope, a height that is but low,
While Time sets solemnly,
While the tide rises of Eternity
Silent and neither swift nor slow."

Christina Rossetti was essentially religious. She lived in an atmosphere of her own—in the world, though not of it,—but a nature like hers, intense, loving, and faithful, was bound to suffer proportionately when, twice in her life, the gift of love was offered, and her deeply religious convictions led her to refuse its acceptance. We do not know, we cannot tell, how such experiences as these made her suffer, but many of her poems tell their own story, and pre-eminently the Sonnet of Sonnets — “Monna Innominata.” There are few English sonnets so beautiful as these. They seem so autobiographical as to be almost sacred. We feel while reading them, as probably many have felt while reading the “Browning Love Letters,” as if they ought not to be in our possession,—that they are too private for the rude and prying eyes of the public.

And yet, is not all the truest poetry the outcome of personal experience? Could any one but a mourner have written “In Memoriam”? Could any one but a Lord Byron have penned “Don Juan”? It is so with all the Arts—every *chef d'œuvre*, could we but know it, is written, painted, sculptured, composed, from the innermost fibres of

the poet's, the painter's, the sculptor's, the musician's being. He who has not known sorrow can never appeal to a broken heart; he who realises nothing of the joys of life, its wealth of beauty and its vastness of possibility, can never quicken another soul into enthusiasm, or make our pulses thrill with the knowledge that it is good for us to be here.

If there was an infinite sadness in Christina Rossetti, there was also an infinite faith, and in every little passing incident—so little and so passing that a careless eye would not have observed it at all—she recognised symbols which led her on to high thoughts and fair imaginings.

We have noticed, in our sketch of Jean Ingelow, the paucity of illustrations drawn by her from foreign sources. With Christina Rossetti it is far otherwise. Naturally, the child of the Italian patriot was saturated with the love of her father's land; but she was born in England, within hail of all that was best in English Art and Literature, and it is of England that she loved best to write. She was a confirmed Londoner, knowing, as she says, “as little of what is called Nature as a town sparrow or at most a pigeon, but in the place that best suits me.”

As long, however, as Mrs Rossetti was able to enjoy travelling, or to spare her from her side, there were many pleasant visits made, of

which we get glimpses both in her poetry and prose.

Pecuniary difficulties gradually dispersed as the British public slowly acknowledged the varied genius of this remarkable family. In 'The Face of the Deep' she thus speaks of one of her experiences in Normandy in 1861; and as this work was not published until 1892, we incidentally note her retentiveness of memory and the gift which she possessed of linking the things of Time with those of Eternity.

"Once, years ago, in Normandy, after a day of flooding rain, I beheld the clouds roll up and depart and the auspicious sky reappear. Those veils of heaven and earth removed, beauty came to light. What will it be to see the same visible heaven itself remove, and unimaginable beauty brought to light in glory and terror."

Her delight in Italy was instinctive, and some of her verses, written during her one and only visit to "the land of love," glow with the enthusiasm of a home-coming. As, for example, that exquisite sonnet xxi. of "Later Life":—

"A host of things I take on trust: I take
 The nightingales on trust, for few and far
 Between those actual summer moments are
 When I have heard what melody they make.
 So chanced it once at Como on the Lake:
 But all things then waxed musical; each star
 Sang on its course, each breeze sang on its car,
 All harmonies sang to senses wide awake.

All things in tune, myself not out of tune,
 Those nightingales were nightingales indeed :
 Yet truly an owl had satisfied my need,
 And wrought a rapture underneath that moon
 Or simple sparrow chirping from a reed ;
 For June that night glowed like a doubled June.”

That her mother throve abroad was an unaffected joy to her, and had not the feebleness of age “contracted her radius of travel,” it is probable that their delightful expedition to the Continent might have been repeated. It was not in her nature to evade duty, and the care of her mother was a sacred thing to which all else was subservient. After Mrs Rossetti’s death, in 1866, the charge of her aunts devolved entirely upon Christina, and their growing infirmities told sadly upon a nature that already knew so much of vicarious suffering.

When in their youthful days she and Maria had craved for martyrdom, their brother Dante had laughingly said that they were much nicer as they were, and that the sight of his eccentricities was sufficient martyrdom for their slight shoulders,—but far beyond the brief agony of dying was the daily ministration to aged feebleness and her long witnessing of the mysteries of pain.

“God alone has pity which does not wound,” said Madame de Gasparin, and the realisation of this pitifulness was the truest comfort that Christina Rossetti can have felt during the last long years of her life on earth.

In 1872 was published the book for children entitled 'Sing-Song,' and, as contrasted with the sombre tone of her usual writing, it is doubly refreshing and delightful. Throughout the volume there is a breezy freshness that is full of charm for little ones, and yet an undescribable undertone which appeals to their elders, while the numerous illustrations of Mr Arthur Hughes are thoroughly *en rapport* with the melodious rhymes. It is no easy thing to write for children. Little people are stern critics of the books offered for their delectation. They know what they want, and they claim it as a right. They will plunge headlong into a new book, but no sense of consideration for the writer or the giver will induce them to give anything but an unbiassed verdict. Candour is natural to childhood; and the greatest tribute that a book can receive, is for it to be dog-eared and torn with constant fingering. Every day is a little life to them, and that life is too short for any waste of it to be allowable. A book that is to be popular with children must take their fancy at once, or they will have none of it, and 'Sing-Song' is "just lovely" because it does that—and more.

But the "more" comes afterwards.

That Christina Rossetti should have had so little opportunity of developing her love for children adds a pathos to the winning words, which we elders can appreciate; but the book itself will be a

favourite in every nursery, and this to her would be the sweetest praise.

Even in a first visit Mrs Gilchrist noticed this characteristic. After speaking of her sweetness, gentleness, and simplicity, she winds up with the climax which we may be sure was in her motherly mind all along—"so kind to the children."

It is in 'Sing-Song' that the words occur which she inscribed in the copy of Verses which was her last gift to her faithful biographer and friend, Mr Mackenzie Bell—

"Faith is like a lily lifted high and white";

and in these words we find a touching and subtle connection with the beautiful lines of Dante Gabriel Rossetti in his sonnet for the picture of "The girlhood of Mary the Virgin," for which Christina sat as his model in her youthful days—

"Thus held she through her girlhood : as it were
An angel watered lily, that near God
Grows and is quiet."

It was to this sublime faith that she owed all the fortitude and patience with which she endured the sufferings of her later life, and went down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death as one who was "glad of the opportunity to depart."

When invited to meet Tennyson, she was glad that "a previous engagement" enabled her to evade the ordeal, so retiring and diffident was her

disposition ; but in the home-circle she was adored, and her friendships, though few, were devoted and enduring.

Books do not seem to have made any great feature in her life. She wrote her poems very much as did Emily Brontë, out of her own inner vision, with a spontaneous insight into nature that would seem wellnigh miraculous, did we not remember the infinite capability of one human heart. She had no special "sanctum," but wrote most of her poems in a back-bedroom or in the drawing-room. We are told that she used to shut her eyes and "see" the things which she described so minutely. We are not aware of any one poem which is entirely written under the influence of this literary clairvoyance ; but it is remarkable that Lord Lytton, than whom there are few more imaginative writers, should state as a fact beyond dispute that "it is no rare phenomenon for a poet to see through other organs than his eyes. In no single instance could I ever find, after the most rigid scrutiny, that the *clairvoyance of imagination* had deceived me. I am not sure, indeed, that I could not describe the things I imagine more exactly than the things I habitually see."

We are told by a writer in the 'Contemporary Review,' in his interesting article on Mrs Browning, that rhymes can be divided into two classes—perfect and imperfect (or allowable) rhymes—and

that the English poet who has most boldly and defiantly outraged the rules of the latter is Mrs Browning. This may be so,—far be it from us to impugn such an authority,—but we venture to think that at any rate Miss Rossetti runs her very close in this respect. Read her exquisite poems carefully and you will often find “rhymes” which can only be regarded as *impossible*—poetic freedom in the use of word-sounds which exceeds even what is popularly known as poetic licence. Not only are some of the rhymes distinctly “imperfect” beyond all bounds of “allowableness,” but many of the lines are absolutely unscannable.

Yet *what matters it*, when the result is so matchless? “Wood, hay, stubble” are pressed into her service with “gold, silver, and precious stones,” and her genius has built for itself a “house beautiful” wherein thoughts are enshrined that are for the help and healing of us all. Her poems are like the bells of old, of which tradition tells us that they owe their sweetness to the variety of metals thrown into the crucible,—but who thinks of the amalgam, when “through the balmy air of night the bells ring out their delight from the molten-golden notes”?

The very ruggedness of some of her poetry has its peculiar charm, because it is so self-evident that the words came straight from her heart to

her finger-tips. She set the "essence of poetry above the form," and knew but little of the labour of correcting and revising, such as, for instance, characterised Pope — though her brother William tells us that "she was quite conscious that a poem demands to be good in execution as well as genuine in impulse."

Of self-criticism she was singularly devoid, and it seems as if at times she were obsessed by other forces than her own—writing now, as Bunyan wrote centuries ago, "as if joy did make him write," and anon, as if the sorrows of life had tuned every heart-string to a minor key.

Her love for animals is apparent throughout her works. Here is a poetic comment upon the words, "These all wait upon Thee"—

"Innocent eyes not ours
 Are made to look on flowers,
 Eyes of small birds and insects small.
 Morn after summer morn
 The sweet rose on her thorn
 Opens her bosom to them all.
 The least and last of things
 That soar on quivering wings,
 Or crawl among the grass-blades out of sight,
 Have just as clear a right
 To their appointed portion of delight
 As Queens or Kings."

Could dainty thought be more daintily expressed?
 And within it, too, is contained the germ of that
 humiliating truth which acknowledges the whole

world to be, in the eyes of God, but as one ant in a universe.

The infinitely little, no less than the infinitely great, has possibilities which we mortals are but unfitted, perhaps unworthy, to estimate, and yet which, in our petty pride, we are apt deliberately both to overlook and to underrate.

In writing this paper our attention has been inevitably directed to Mr Watts Dunton's admirable essays upon her life and work. He writes, as such a man could not fail to write, with warm appreciation and keen insight, as well as with a delicate and careful analysis of her character that only a personal friend could rightfully express; but there is one statement in the 'Athenæum' of 1896 to which we would, very humbly, beg to take exception.

He speaks of the Christian idea as "essentially feminine." What does he mean? Is self-sacrifice and devotion to an ideal "essentially feminine"? Are the men "of whom the world was not worthy" only abnormal specimens? If it be true that the greater includes the less, then the ideal must include the characteristics which go to make up that ideal, and the Christ must be greater than the Christian idea which He originated. Does Mr Watts Dunton leave it to be inferred that all the highest attributes of human nature—faith, mercy, purity, truth—belong exclusively to

femininity? If it be so, then surely the meekest of her sex may take courage, for it must follow, as the night the day, that at some time or other woman will come into her kingdom. The only thing to wait for is the day when a sufficient number of the male creation can be brought to agree with his dogmatic but enigmatic assertion.

From the earliest times woman has always been more keenly alive than man to the beauty of holiness, whether in the abstract or the concrete, but we deny that Christianity is "essentially feminine," for to do so would be to admit that it is unmanly; and the Christ of the Bible is a very manly Christ, as well as a Godlike man.

We have wondered often at the strange fatuousness which seems to descend upon preachers the moment they take a sermon in hand. There is something almost humorous in the way that they have of gloating over certain passages, regardless, apparently, of ordinary common-sense; and of viewing a subject from a totally different standpoint from that in which they would look at it if quite uninfluenced by their own external surroundings.

"And He answered him to never a word," has over and over again formed a basis for a long dissertation upon humility and submission. It does not strike us in that way at all; we undertake to say that it did not strike Pilate or Herod in that way; and it will not strike you in that way

either, if for one moment you consider the matter honestly.

Could *anything* have been more disconcerting, not to say humiliating?

A prisoner given the opportunity of pleading in His own behalf, of even answering questions which of themselves were something of a condescension under the circumstances which *apparently* existed—and yet “He answered to never a word.”

It seems to us one of the most absolutely strong, masterful incidents that could have been recorded—indicative not of submission or humility, but of Kingly indifference to His sentence, and a sublime unspoken scorn of an unjust judge. Nothing but this subtle silence could have conveyed so much, but there is nothing “feminine” here.

It is very remarkable that the one doctrine in Romanism which most revolted Christina Rossetti was Mariolatry; whereas her brother Dante—whose love of symbolism exceeded her own, but who, even less than his sister, had no leanings whatever towards the adoption of the Roman Church—considered that the weak point of Anglicanism was its rejection of the womanly element from its creed, which this doctrine necessarily involves. What to her devout convictions was a “cardinal error,” was to his merely “opining temperament” an attraction—a dogma the adoption of which,

he considered, would be a distinct advantage to the Church of England.

Probably many a Protestant mother, at the risk of direst spiritual penalties hereafter, has bowed low before Mary as the incarnation of motherhood, who knew so many things, and who seemed so much more accessible to the cry of a mother's heart than could Jesus the Son of God. It is not orthodox—but let us hope that adequate allowance will be made hereafter for the offences of mothers in this respect, when love alone has prompted the offence. By the wildest stretch of imagination He could no more put Himself into a mother's place than, in all reverence be it spoken, He could square a circle. There are some things that are impossible even to Omnipotence, and this is one of them.

It is the more remarkable that Dante Gabriel and his sister should have been at variance on this point, because we are told that in him alone was to be noticed any trace of the English blood which, from their mother's maternal ancestry, they alike inherited. Much had they both to suffer, much to do, before both, as we hope, "by different ways," reached Home at last.

Terrible indeed were the sufferings which she had to bear during the latter part of her life, but through them all, with but one brief interval, her faith in the goodness of God stood firm and steadfast.

“Put up one short prayer for me—I have to suffer so *very* much,” was her pathetic cry.

Cancer, heart-disease, and dropsy had wrought their worst upon a frame already enfeebled, when on the 29th of December 1894 she passed away—praying to the last—to the “city luminous,” to the glorious realities of which she had but dreamed.

On the 2nd of January 1895 her tired body was laid to rest in Highgate Cemetery, amid the reverent sorrow of her immediate circle; but the preliminary service was held at Christ Church, Woburn Square, where for nearly twenty years she had humbly worshipped the God whom she loved so well. After the reading of that magnificent passage in 1 Corinthians xv. by Prebendary Nash, the Incumbent, some stanzas were sung, to the tune of St Ann, from Miss Rossetti’s poem entitled “Advent”; and subsequently her beautiful verses on the words, “And now, why tarriest thou?” were sung to music composed expressly for the occasion by Mr F. T. Lowden, the organist of Christ Church.

Her friend, the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones, designed and in part painted the beautiful reredos to her memory which now forms a conspicuous feature of that building. It consists of a series of paintings of our Lord and the four Evangelists, in a Gothic perpendicular setting of white stone.

The memorial was dedicated on All Saints’ Day,

1898, by the Right Rev. B. F. Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Bishop of Durham, in the presence of a large and sympathetic congregation, to whom he delivered a most eloquent and inspiring address.

A marble slab has been fixed in the pavement beneath the reredos, upon which are inscribed the following words:—

THE ABOVE PAINTINGS,
 DESIGNED BY SIR E. BURNE-JONES, BART.,
 ARE DEDICATED TO THE GLORY OF GOD
 AND IN LOVING MEMORY OF
 CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI,
 WHO WORSHIPPED IN THIS CHURCH
 AND FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS
 DECEMBER 29, 1894.

"Give me the lowest place."

ADVENT.

"The porter watches at the gate,
 The servants watch within;
 The watch is long betimes and late,
 The prize is slow to win.

One with another, soul with soul,
 They kindle fire from fire:
 'Friends watch us who have touched the goal,—
 They urge us, Come up higher.

'With them shall rest our way-sore feet,
 With them is built our home,
 With Christ.'—They sweet, but He most sweet,
 Sweeter than honeycomb.

There no more parting, no more pain,
The distant ones brought near,
The lost so long are found again,—
Long lost, but longer dear.

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
Nor heart conceived that rest,
With them our good things long deferred,
With Jesus Christ our Best.”

“AND NOW, WHY TARRIEST THOU?”

“Lord, grant us grace to mount by steps of grace,
From grace to grace, nearer my God to Thee ;
Not tarrying for to-morrow,
Lest we lie down in sorrow,
And never see
Unveiled Thy face.

Lord, strengthen us ; lest, fainting by the way,
We come not to Thee, we who come from far ;
Lord, bring us to that morrow
Which makes an end of sorrow,
Where all saints are
On holy-day.

Where all the saints rest who have heard Thy call,
Have risen and striven and now rejoice in rest :
Call us, too, home from sorrow
To rest in Thee to-morrow ;
In Thee our Best,
In Thee our All.”



AGNES STRICKLAND

Born at Reydon, Suffolk, August 19, 1796.

Died at Southwold, Suffolk, July 13, 1874.





AGNES STRICKLAND.

From an engraving in the possession of Mr W. G. Strickland.

AGNES STRICKLAND.¹

THAT "History is the essence of innumerable biographies" is the dictum of no less a writer than "the Sage of Chelsea," but comparatively few historians have deliberately given themselves up to such distinctly biographical study as have Agnes Strickland and her scarcely less gifted sister, Elizabeth.

The works by which they are best known in the literary world are composed of separate units, each of which would be complete if published alone.

The 'Lives of the Queens of England' are probably better known than any other of Agnes Strickland's works, and yet we must be guilty of an Irishism and say that the greater number of them were written by her sister.

Of these forty-one "Lives," no less than twenty-two are the work of Elizabeth, who, however, would not allow her name to appear on the title-page; but it is no less true that of these the units which

¹ See Appendix.

appeal most to our sympathies are written by Agnes—notably the lives of Anne Boleyn, Katherine Howard, Queen Elizabeth, and Mary of Modena. To our intellectual Queen, Victoria of immortal memory, the two styles were at once apparent, and it would appear that she was the first person to discover that two very different brains had been at work in the production of the “Queenly” volumes.

The temperaments of the two sisters were as different as the styles of their writing. It is true that in their studies they took an equal delight, but while Elizabeth was the more thoughtful student, it was Agnes whose vivid imagination enabled her to become the eloquent and pathetic writer who has redeemed alike Mary Stuart and Elizabeth from unmerited obloquy, and whose accounts of Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard, while condoning neither their frailties nor their misdoings, touch upon them with such womanly compassion that few can study their lives without feeling some degree of pity and emotion.

Probably the highly-strung nature of Agnes was more capable of sympathy than was that of Elizabeth, whose physical strength was unusual, and whose mental grip included mathematics and cognate subjects which were a terror to her younger sister.

The Strickland family were entirely educated

by their parents; and, though nowadays such a method of education is considered as undesirable as it often is impracticable, they had no reason to regret it.

Mr Strickland appears to have been somewhat of a "martinet," for, unlike so many literary aspirants who were able to browse at will in the libraries of their fathers and friends, these young people were only allowed books "of a superior order" under his own careful jurisdiction.

By accident, however, Shakespeare fell into their hands, and we may feel sure that never was the "immortal bard" more diligently read and more warmly appreciated than by these precocious children, who had been brought up upon such heavy diet as 'Rapin's History of England,' Harrison's 'Survey of London,' and Plutarch's 'Lives.'

It seems surprising that mental indigestion, not to say nausea, did not result from such solid reading; but the powers that could assimilate and derive inspiration therefrom must surely have been abnormal.

Rapin lies before us now—two ponderous folio tomes—a book of reference to which no one refers; a mighty work, indeed, but the covers of which are better worn than its pages. Strange "milk for babes," one would think; but those were pre-kindergarten days, when the path of learning lay narrowly between walls and fences rather than

amid flowery ways, where all that is beautiful in art or literature lies on either hand waiting to be gathered. The works of Milton, Gray, and Collins are not those which a modern parent would select as gift-books for a child of twelve, but the general result was satisfactory, so that we must not criticise too harshly a mental training which appears somewhat drastic.

Reading, with Agnes, was not only a pursuit but a passion, though fortunately she was also devoted to needlework and music and flowers, so that country life was never dull to her, and time never lay heavily on any of the group. Some such homes may still exist, but in these days they must be yearly decreasing, for outside influences are now so early brought to bear upon child-life, that few indeed are the parents who could find it *possible* to bring up their children in the self-sufficing fashion of last century.

The spirit of change has permeated even the remotest villages. To "go with the times" is often only a euphemism for going to the devil; but it seems inevitable. Public opinion, public schools, public houses—*all* is public now. Is this all for the better? It may be so; but when the unruly force of some unlooked-for "Movement" threatens to overthrow all our cherished traditions, we think with regret of the quieter days when life was not lived at such high pressure,

and when boys and girls did not tire of it so quickly. It is the *pace* that kills. Is it not a fact that in 1800 suicide was a rarer thing among young people than it is now, when time after time in the columns of our daily papers we read of mere children plunging into the “Great Perhaps,” either because of their inadequate preparation for the race which we call Living, or from a pathetic satiety of life as they have found it?

“They know the grief of man, but not the wisdom ;
 They sink in man’s despair, without its calm—
 Are slaves without the liberty in Christdom,
 Are martyrs by the pang without the palm.”

“Wonderful and horrible things are committed in the land,” but the most wonderful thing of all, and the most horrible, is that the “people love to have it so.”

Early in her teens Agnes went on a visit to a friend of her mother, who afforded her many hours of romantic excitement by the loan of such works as ‘The Scottish Chiefs,’ ‘The Simple Story,’ and ‘The Moral Tales.’ The Misses Porter, Mrs Inchbald, and Miss Edgeworth were “writers of merit” who could safely be trusted to provide healthy reading; but an ordinary High School girl of to-day scarcely knows their names, and would think their writings slow and dull, for the form and fashion of literature varies as much as does that of dress.

During this visit it is recorded that one morning Agnes had carried out her hostess's baby for a walk, when a swarm of bees settled upon her, which, however, departed as suddenly as it had come. The old nurse, who saw the incident, warmly congratulated her, not upon her escape, but upon the good luck which the incident would bring to her in the future. This ancient Roman superstition is, we are told, naturalised in Suffolk, but it is interesting to notice that Emerson, in his masterly essay on Plato, alludes to it, so that it had evidently found its way across the ocean to New England with the Puritan fathers, who were mostly emigrants from our eastern counties.

Although Reydon was endeared to all the family by many associations, it is probable that it was no great hardship to the younger members when Mr Strickland found it necessary, owing to financial complications, to live in Norwich during a portion of every year. It was at this time that the future historian made her first appearance in print—albeit anonymously; and it is somewhat remarkable that this, her first effort, should have been a monody upon the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, the presumptive heiress of the English throne, which brought home to the nation in sternest guise the realisation that Death is no respecter of persons.

Romance in Royal circles is considered somewhat

of an anomaly; but in the case of this “amiable and high-spirited” young princess it would appear to have been an integral part of her nature. Nothing would prevail upon her to encourage the suit of the hereditary Prince of Orange, although for a short time she consented to a betrothal which her father, the Prince Regent,—afterwards George IV.,—was most anxious to promote. Fate, in the shape of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, had rendered the young lady impervious to any other attachment, and it is not to be wondered at that the Regent’s wishes were disregarded by her, for his dislike of his daughter was a matter of notoriety, and his own matrimonial experiences had been singularly unfortunate.

Princess Charlotte evidently knew her own mind, and her father’s consent having been given—albeit somewhat tardily—to her union with Leopold George Frederick, Prince of Coburg, the marriage was celebrated, within two months, on the 2nd of May 1816. After the wedding the bridegroom displayed himself to the admiring crowds “dressed in a blue coat and a star,”—a costume which strikes us as being scarcely more serviceable than that of the Samoan princess, of whom Dr George Kingsley says that “she was dressed solely in a most lovely mat”! There was a romantic flavour about the proceedings which speedily won for His Serene Highness the suffrages of Londoners generally;

and, as a nation, we have every reason to be thankful for a relationship which afforded to our own late Queen a counsellor both wise and kind. The happiness of the young couple was destined, however, to be very short. Eighteen months later, on the 6th of November 1817, "the fair-haired daughter of the Isles" lay dead. Her still-born son was born on the previous day, and she was reported as doing well; but twelve hours afterwards all was over. With great pomp they buried her at Windsor, and the husband of a year was left disconsolate.

In the early part of 1831 the Congress of Belgium offered him the crown, and the friendliness of England and Belgium was intensified by the courtesy and unostentatious kindness which, when king of that country, he invariably showed to his young kinswoman Victoria.

Before us lies a quaint memorial card issued in 1817. In the centre is a medallion of the hapless Princess Charlotte, while behind her in grimmest picturing stands a grinning spectre, lifting with skeleton fingers the crown from off her head. Old Time with his sickle sits on one side as if waiting, cynically, to see what next would happen, while on the other Britannia sits weeping. The old card is yellow with the passage of years, but underneath, in microscopic printing, we can still read the words which shadowed forth the sentiments of the hour.

A few lines from Miss Strickland's monody may be quoted at this point, as being interesting both from a historic and a biographic point of view.

“ In vain arose the general prayer
 That sought the nation's Grace to save,
 So young, so virtuous, and so fair—
 E'en Death's stern hand we thought might spare
 Such victim from the grave.
 A mother's anguish racked her frame,
 But Heaven denied a mother's name,—
 Not hers with dying tenderness
 Her Britain's future king to bless.

No smiling infant met her sight,
 Repaying each maternal pain ;
 For ne'er to view the morning's light,
 His eyes were closed in endless night—
 Her life was given in vain.
 Perchance it had been sweet to give
 Her life to bid her infant live :
 To bless him with her dying breath
 Had softened e'en the pangs of death.

Mysterious are the ways of Fate,
 Inscrutable and awful still ;
 And man is weak and God is great,
 And lowly in this mortal state
 We bow us to His will.”

Such an event aroused even the passionate pity of Lord Byron, who in far-off Venice wrote with sad tenderness of the “mother of a moment”—“the love of millions” for whom, in deepest mourning, the nation wept.

That “Marquis Peu-à-peu,” or “Monsieur Tout-doucement” as he was often called, should have been able to inspire ardent affection in the warm

hearts of Charlotte of Wales and her morganatic successor, Karoline Bauer (not to speak of Louise d'Orleans, who subsequently shared with him the throne of Belgium), is one of the psychological problems with which every student of human nature is continually faced. Christian, Baron Stockmar, too, who effaced himself utterly in all dealings with his royal patrons, and of whom Lord Palmerston declared that he was the only "altogether disinterested" politician whom he had ever met, seems to have honestly loved him, or he would not have sacrificed his brilliant niece to the *blasé* phlegmatic Prince, in exchange for a morganatic alliance as brief as it was miserable. It is true that Napoleon I. considered Leopold of Coburg to be the handsomest man in Paris in 1806, and probably the "large dark melancholy eyes" and calm self-possessed manner of the Prince had all the charm of contrast for the vivacious women; while his almost childlike dependence upon, and confidence in, Stockmar, would inevitably endear him to the man.

"Drizzling" (*parfilage*) seems to have been the only pastime in which His Highness took any keen interest, and it is not wonderful that the sprightly court actress soon tired of a man whose devotion to the gold-thread-picking fashion—imported into England by French refugees in 1792—was as extraordinary as it was monotonous.

We read that during the ill-starred year, 1829-30, which Karoline, Countess of Montgomery (*née* Bauer), spent in England, her husband, Prince Leopold, earned, by drizzling, enough money to purchase a handsome silver soup-tureen, which he solemnly presented to his niece, Victoria of Kent, on her eleventh birthday.

Nothing did the child princess know, and little could the woman queen guess, of the hours of torture which that gift had cost to the impulsive favourite of the Berlin Theatres, who had left the love of a populace for the short-lived, whimsical tenderness of Prince Leopold of Coburg.

For twenty-two years the life of the Stricklands was one of uneventful happiness. The quiet cathedral town of Norwich afforded much opportunity for culture and quiet pleasure, while at Reydon all the available excitements of the country lay within their grasp. But by the sudden death of the beloved husband and father in 1818 the family were plunged into "genteel" poverty,—possibly one of the most trying types which that relatively elastic incubus can assume. To be at the bottom of the ladder is hard enough, but surely it is harder still to begin to take a lower place—even though it be unnecessary to do so "with shame"—after having known the joys of social life, and the easy hospitalities of giving and taking which that life affords.

This was now, for a time, to be the added trial of the bereaved family. Rigid economy had to be practised, for the younger children had still to be educated, and all seemed to need and to miss the guiding hand of him who was gone.

Fortunately for all, Agnes had not only the capability but the perseverance necessary for achieving success in the literary world. If genius be "the gift of taking infinite pains," she possessed it pre-eminently, and at once began her career as a prose-writer, in conjunction with her sister Elizabeth, by writing a juvenile book called 'The Rival Crusoes,' which was followed shortly by 'Tales of Royal British Children' and 'Historical Tales,' all of which were very popular among the young readers of that day.

Elizabeth at this time was editing the 'Court Journal,' and having written for that paper some short biographies of female sovereigns which were much appreciated, Agnes suggested that a book devoted entirely to the lives of the English Queens would be a novel and welcome addition to the national history. This seemingly modest suggestion led to the production of that series of volumes which we know under the title of 'Lives of the Queens of England from the Norman Conquest,' and which, in its vast collection of data on the subject, is still matchlessly comprehensive.

An innate delicacy determined the sisters to con-

clude the memoirs with that of Queen Anne; and, much as we may regret their decision, we cannot but realise that it would have been impossible to enter upon a detailed history of the House of Brunswick, without trespassing upon their devout loyalty to our late revered Queen. Her gracious acceptance of the dedication, and of the volumes as they appeared, rendered anything like a dissertation upon her family history impossible, and they continued immovable on the subject, though their publisher, Mr Colburn, did his utmost to persuade them to the task. An ordinary biographer might have hesitated to refuse a request which meant money and increased notoriety, but to derive pecuniary advantage from such an unchivalrous proceeding was out of the question with women who could proudly trace their ancestry to the ancient Norman family of Sir Adam de Strykelonde, who came over from France with William the Conqueror.

Elizabeth's aversion to publicity was on one occasion a most fortunate factor in the fortunes of both sisters. After the publication of the first two volumes, which were brought out by Mr Colburn on an agreement with Agnes of "a share account"—*i.e.*, the author risking nothing and dividing the profits of the sales with him—she fell dangerously ill, as the result of intense labour and disappointment at the paltry sum which he handed over to her after a long delayed settlement. The rapid sales of the most

popular work that he had ever published rendered Mr Colburn's conduct absolutely indefensible, and as fame was a secondary consideration to profit, we cannot wonder at the mental and physical prostration caused by receipts so different from those which the sisters had every right to expect.

Elizabeth's keenly perceptive mind saw a way out of the difficulty. When he insisted upon the continuation of the volumes, which in the case of Agnes was then absolutely impossible owing to the state of her health, Elizabeth, promptly realising that he had no legal claim whatever upon her own services, as her name had never been mentioned in the matter, first of all consulted an eminent barrister—Mr Archibald Stephens—and then, forewarned and forearmed, interviewed the importunate publisher. After stating her sister's precarious condition and the joint authorship of the work, she quietly informed him, "I shall do nothing for you, having signed no document to that effect."

The puzzled publisher, thus baldly confronted with irrefragable facts, was much exasperated, but, knowing the value of the projected memoirs, he made her an offer of £150 per volume, receiving as his reply, "If my sister upon her recovery is willing to accept your offer, I shall not refuse my assistance, but I will not allow my name to appear on the title-page."

Finally Mr Stephens drew up a formal agreement

to that effect, and under the new deed no corrections or alterations were to be made by any one but the authors themselves, nor could the copyright be sold without their permission. When the enormous sums now given to writers of fiction is taken into account, we cannot but marvel at the modest remuneration of £1800 which the sisters received for their "monumental work." In this connection it may be mentioned that Rudyard Kipling is reported to have received two shillings a word for a story of 10,000 words; while 'Sappho,' which it would have been better for the world had it never been written, brought to Alphonse Daudet the gigantic sum of £40,000.

The labour and expense involved in the production of 'The Queens' was enormous, while the industrious and painstaking research necessary was doubly arduous in the early days of the nineteenth century. No pains were spared by the sisters to make the memoirs as faithful and as full as possible—there is no scamping work; and as we read the entrancing volumes, we are filled with admiration alike at the pathos and the power of the writing and at the carefully marshalled array of interesting facts, culled from sources that varied from rare State papers to the private archives of old English families.

The influence of Mr Howard of Corby Castle and Sir George Strickland prevailed upon Lord Normanby to grant admission to the State Paper Office,

which had previously been denied to them by Lord John Russell; and in this historical treasury they spent many toilsome hours, with results which have enriched their pages and made clear many events which were previously veiled in obscurity.

Agnes Strickland's account of the coronation of our late beloved Queen is full of interest, and to the enthusiastic historians it must have been a time of vivid impressions, recalling many a bygone pageant, and fanning the flame of loyalty to our reigning house, which even their staunch Jacobite predilections had never been able to quench. Her description of the scene is doubly interesting now, and affords a specimen of the writer's easy and flowing style:—

“ Her fair hair, in plaits, was simply folded and arranged at the back of her head in a Grecian knot. She wore the picturesque garland-shaped diadem of the Plantagenet sovereigns, only in a lighter form, composed of very fine brilliants set transparently, which, from their absence of colour and pellucid brightness, resembled a wreath of hawthorn blossoms covered with tremulous dew-drops. Surely never did any British sovereign receive inauguration under circumstances so auspicious and imposing. Yet she appeared serene and self-possessed when she arose from her private devotions and seated herself calmly in her recognition chair, round which her lovely train-bearers were grouped in their perfect

costumes of white satin and garlands of blush-roses. There, too, were her maids of honour, in virgin white, in attendance on their Queen. The ladies of the bedchamber, in their matron dignity, were not less attractive in a uniform costume of white satin and blonde, with trains of watchet-blue,¹ white plumes, and splendid diamond tiaras.

“That pause between the recognition of the young Queen and her presentation to the people by the Archbishop of Canterbury was broken by the whole body of the Westminster scholars rising up and saluting their sovereign with the chorus, ‘Victoria, Victoria, vivat Victoria Regina!’ Of this, their prescriptive right, they certainly availed themselves in good earnest, proud to be the first in the Abbey to hail their liege lady.

“The tender paleness that had overspread her fair face on her entrance had yielded to a glow of ‘rosy celestial red,’ and this brilliant flush added to the beauty of her countenance, and set off her jewels and regal splendour. In her right hand she bore the sceptre, in her left the orb, which, though large for the grasp of her fairy fingers, she carried with peculiar grace, moving with a firm majestic step, and acknowledging the rapturous applause of her people with gracious looks and smiles of satisfaction.”

Another scene which afforded much pleasure was

¹ Sky-blue, from *A.S. wood*.

the Opening of Parliament by the young maiden Queen, and we may notice in passing that Agnes Strickland, in common with many of her auditors, was struck by the silvery sweetness of that bell-toned voice.

In 1840 she had the honourable pleasure of presentation to the Queen and the Prince Consort, under the auspices of the venerable Lady Stourton; and the friendly look which the Queen gave on hearing her name was not a little gratifying to the essentially feminine nature of the daintily-clad historian.

We may feel sure that her Court costume on this occasion was carefully thought out, and can well believe that her tall and graceful figure, clear complexion warmed into colour with excitement, black abundant hair and finely-moulded bust and arms, would all appear to the best advantage in the violet velvet draperies, lined with primrose silk and lightened with Brussels lace, which she had selected as a suitable garb in which to pay her devout homage to the Queen Regnant of Great Britain and Ireland.

Later she attended several Drawing-rooms, and was fortunate enough to be present at that in which the royal bride—the “Sea-king’s daughter from over the sea”—presided.

“She is very pretty,” writes Agnes to her sister, “graceful and intellectual in appearance, smaller

than the Queen, but fairylike and exquisitely proportioned. She looked very royal and girlish too. She gave me a very gracious bow; so did the Prince of Wales, who is very handsome, though short in stature. He must have been proud of his beautiful wife.”

Such is her description, and Tennyson’s “Welcome” is no less enthusiastic.

“The sea-king’s daughter as happy as fair,
 Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
 Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—
 O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
 Come to us, love us, and make us your own;
 For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
 Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
 We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
 Alexandra!”

The two last volumes of ‘The Queens’ were finished in 1849, and, though there is always a great satisfaction in completion, it is probable that both sisters felt a tinge of regret at finishing a work which must have become part of their daily life, and which had taken them into many scenes and circumstances which would otherwise have been unknown and impossible to them.

For twelve years they had laboured indefatigably at their self-imposed task, and we can well believe that it had become a labour of love. Much that had hitherto been but little known had been written of and verified with judicious care, and

Guizot, Lingard, and Alison united in praising the result.

Guizot's testimony was peculiarly gratifying, couched as it was in the graceful phraseology of France. "It is a charming work. You have studied from the source and presented your facts singularly exempt from dryness."

Lingard says frankly, "It afforded me great pleasure, bringing to my recollection many anecdotes which I had forgotten, and making me acquainted with many that I had never met with—at least, as far as I can recollect;" while Alison, who, as a historian, is perhaps more widely known than either, gives his opinion in these words: "I can safely say that I have acquired a much clearer idea of English history from your own than I ever did from general history—and so I never fail to say both at home and abroad. And the reason is, the history of each queen forms a separate cell in the memory in which to deposit the events of the past, and your genius has given an interest to the narrative which renders the storing no longer a labour, but a most agreeable occupation."

The 'Queens of England' finished, the sisters at once set to work upon the 'Queens of Scotland,' and in her life of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, Agnes found a ready vent for the pathos and enthusiasm of which her imaginative nature was

so capable. Every good point is accentuated, every frailty compassionated, and we feel throughout that the beautiful victim was more sinned against than sinning.

The storm of Low Church indignation which had been called forth by the life of Mary Tudor broke forth anew upon the publication of the life of Mary Stuart. Those whose bigotry prevented them from seeing the many noble qualities which, beneath her unbending hatred of Protestantism, Mary Tudor really possessed, now called Agnes a "Jesuitess"; and one Ipswich Churchman even went so far as to advise parents to prohibit their children from reading these frankly written unsectarian Lives.

It is refreshing to find that Dr Stanley, Bishop of Norwich, praises them unstintingly, and that the 'Edinburgh Review' had the perspicacity to discern that the author was "a staunch upholder and adherent of the Church of England, a stickler for all its constitutions, and attached to monarchical government and the right divine of kings."

It is worth noticing that Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, inherited from his father the same large-hearted views. We find the Archbishop of Canterbury, Archibald Campbell Tate—no incapable critic—saying of him, in 1881, that "He became almost bigoted against bigotry and intolerant of intolerance. He threw himself with

chivalrous disdain of consequences into the defence of the weak." All of him that is mortal now rests in "The Abbey," beneath a tomb bearing the inscription, which surely must have been chosen by himself, "I see that all things come to an end, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad."—Psalm cxix. 96.

As there seems, both during the life of the Stricklands and even now in these later days, to have been some doubt cast upon their allegiance to the Established Church, it may be well to state that never once did they swerve from the faith of that communion.

The Stricklands of Sizergh have always been Roman Catholics, and one of the cousins of Agnes, a Jesuit missionary, exclaimed on meeting her, "A Strickland and not a Catholic!" But the southern branch of the family, to which she belonged, were staunch Protestants, and the false charge of Romanism brought against them by ignorant bigots was a source of great annoyance to both sisters. They never hesitated, however, in their determination to write as honestly of the Queens belonging to the Roman religion as of those who were Protestants, and this deliberate impartiality was ignobly misunderstood by those in whom party spirit had degenerated into dogmatism. In religious matters it is rare indeed to find a man who can read or write unbiassedly. It takes a man like Bradford

the martyr to say with noble magnanimity, almost within sight of the stake, "This woman" ("Bloody Mary"), "but for her religion, would be an excellent ruler."

As the early life of Mary Queen of Scots was passed in France, it was necessary that they should prosecute their researches with regard to her in Paris, and thither accordingly the sisters repaired. Fragments of Agnes's journal at this time are given in her 'Life,' and are full of vigour and fun. She was fortunate enough to hear the Roman service *for the first time* in the glorious Cathedral of Rouen, where the beauty of the music gave her "more pleasure than any opera or oratorio had ever afforded."

They left that picturesque city with much regret, and were soon established at the old Jacobite hotel in Paris known as "Le Prince de Galles."

Through the kind courtesy of Guizot, the statesman-historian, they were given every opportunity for inspecting the "Archives de Royaume de France" and the "Archives des Affaires Étrangères."

These archives were full of interesting and valuable information, in which the sisters revelled with exceeding joy. At the Hôtel Soubise they were introduced to Monsieur Michelet, who presented them with a considerable amount of MSS. for their inspection; and in one of these, containing the

will of Mary of Modena, and an account of her escape from England, they were much interested in noticing the name of their own ancestress, Lady Strickland, who had accompanied her royal mistress into exile. In the "Scots College," moreover, to which so many of Mary Stuart's letters were addressed, they saw an original portrait of young James—the son of James II.—in which Roger Strickland of Sizergh also appears, carrying the helmet of his master, whose restoration to the throne of England at that date, 1703, seemed a not unlikely contingency.

In a letter to her mother, Agnes says of Guizot that "he is the most delightful and amiable person in the world, with beautiful eyes beaming with intelligence and kindness. He is about fifty-five, rather below the middle height, with a pale clear complexion, grand forehead, but decidedly handsome. He speaks English beautifully, and has the sweetest voice in the world."

On their return to England the Duke of Devonshire invited them to his villa at Chiswick to see some of his family archives, which he thought might be useful reading. He gave them a very dainty dinner, but it is rather quaint to hear that he abjured all waiting of servants, and only summoned them when required by striking on a tumbler. They found him a most pleasant host, manly and unassuming; and in the following year

Agnes gladly availed herself of his offer of admission to the archives at Chatsworth and Hardwick, of which he said, "In regard to Mary Queen of Scots it may be useful in detail to see two places—one where she certainly did live, and the other long supposed to be her residence." The courtesy which she received from numerous members of the aristocracy, both in England and Scotland, was almost remarkable, until we consider that true aristocrats are accustomed to their position, and never try, by impressing other people with it, to confirm their own consciousness of importance.

In a true patrician the *graciousness* of giving is seldom wanting, and those who have always enjoyed the dignities of a goodly heritage can dispense favours without any of the arrogance which generally mars the gift and the demeanour of those who have risen—albeit praiseworthily—to a position unto which they were not born.

Hospitality waited upon her footsteps throughout her journeyings in Scotland, and she was thus enabled, with much comfort and comparatively little expense, to visit every part where Mary Stuart had been.

Dr Norman Macleod, the Presbyterian minister of London, was invited to meet her during her visit to the Lowlands, and, to the great surprise and pleasure of Agnes, she found him to be a great admirer and friend of Mary Queen of Scots.

After attending a service at his church he took her to see the graves of some Puritan martyrs, and with a frankness unusual in clerical conversation he said, "These, though well-meaning, were troublesome men. Persecutors themselves, but ready to die for conscience' sake, they were barbarously used; but they would have done the same to others—it was the spirit of the times."

Is that spirit dead yet? Is it not scotched, rather than killed?

The Epistles of John, the Apostle of Love, are known and read of all men to-day, but zeal is still intemperate and intolerant, and the persecutions of tongue and pen are often as hard to bear patiently as those of the sword or the stake.

During this visit she was present at a Scotch wedding, which was celebrated in a manner befitting the station of the bride, Miss Constance Crauford of Craufordland Castle, whose father was the hereditary cup-bearer of the kings of Scotland. The ancient custom of washing the bride's feet by the bridesmaids on the night preceding the wedding was duly carried out, and the excitement caused by the finding of a gold ring in the foot-bath occasioned much laughter, as the finder is traditionally supposed to be the first of the bride's attendants who will enter upon the holy estate of matrimony.

In 1850 the negotiations for the publication of

the 'Queens of Scotland' were completed, Messrs Blackwood at once agreeing to the terms proposed by the authors, which Mr Colburn had refused. This change of publishers was very beneficial to the Misses Strickland in every way.

The first volume sold rapidly, to the great satisfaction of all concerned; and, as one followed another in quick succession, the celebrity of the authors increased. Agnes herself thought this work to be better written than the previous one, and though, as a rule, authors are not to be trusted in their estimate of their own works, it is generally acknowledged that the Scottish queens have been described with even more elegance and brightness than their English sisters.

Some one says that "Tradition is the memory of the people," and Agnes Strickland fully believed that in most cases it had a distinct foundation, slight perhaps but reliable, which time and trouble were capable of finding out, verifying and establishing. It has been so in innumerable cases, and much of our best literature is due to the influence of those memories which have crystallised themselves into forms of fairest beauty during the course of years.

The history of Scotland specially abounds in interesting traditions involving much research as to their origin, and it is certain that to Elizabeth much credit belongs for the careful labour be-

stowed upon obscure records and far-away facts thus orally transmitted. Special pains were taken by Agnes to prove the innocence of Mary Stuart as to the murder of her husband, and this she appears to have done at any rate to her own satisfaction, though it still remains possible that the fair *intrigante* may have been an accessory after the fact.

Froude's estimate was very different, and his flippancy with respect to the last tragic scene at Fotheringay excited in her an excusable indignation, mingled perhaps with the feeling that he was unjust to Mary, not only as a queen but as a woman.

In a letter to Elizabeth on the subject she says : "Have you seen my letter in 'The Times' of December the 2nd? I could not allow Froude's monstrous untruth to pass uncontradicted, or it would have been considered an established fact. Who does not admire those who die with dignity? They all play a part—a debt due to themselves and to public decorum. All women from the earliest period of their recollection do endeavour to set themselves off to the best advantage; it is a natural propensity and no crime. Mary came forth to die, arrayed like a queen, not in her shroud, and acted according to her high birth and station, with fortitude and resignation."

Mr Froude, however, forgave her public vituper-

ations so frankly that she in her turn forgave him for denouncing her heroine, and the two subsequently met, or at any rate parted, on terms of mutual friendliness.

It is to be regretted, in general terms, that the "extenuating circumstances" which he so freely granted to Henry VIII. were not more evenly distributed among those of whose lives he has written.

On returning to London, to work up the facts collected during her travels, Agnes once more found herself surrounded by friends both fashionable and literary; and, her tastes being very gregarious, she found much pleasure and recreation in the social functions which her position and talents secured for her.

On one occasion she met Thomas Babington, afterwards Lord, Macaulay, who, curiously enough, struck her as being "ugly, vulgar, and pompous." This impression may have been accentuated by the presence of the aristocratic company who were gathered together at Lord Somerset's dinner-table, for other authorities unite in saying that "his face was so constantly lit up by every joyful and ennobling emotion that it mattered little if, when absolutely quiescent, it was rather homely than handsome" — "a man of rare intelligence, deep research, and untiring energy: also a kind, courteous, and unaffected gentleman."

'The Bachelor Kings of England' was her next big undertaking; and in 1861 a volume bearing that title appeared in elegant binding from the press of Mr Burton of Ipswich, who had published 'Old Friends and New Acquaintances' in the previous year. It is probable that had it been published in London it would be as well known as it deserves to be, for the subject is an interesting one; but a provincial publisher is always at a disadvantage, and the book has certainly not had as large a sale as 'The Queens.' The presentation of a copy to the Prince of Wales resulted in a most gracious acknowledgment from the royal bachelor; and in the autumn of that year Agnes received an invitation from the Mayor of Dublin to meet H.R.H. at a ball to be given there in honour of his visit.

Such an exceptional opportunity of visiting Ireland was not to be refused, and her impressions of that "beautiful and glorious country" were altogether pleasant. The ball itself was a great success, and Agnes writes as follows to her mother: "I was presented last night to the Prince of Wales by General Bruce, though it seems this was not according to etiquette, only his Royal Highness wished for the introduction. He was very gracious, thanked me for having sent him my books, 'which,' he said, 'had afforded him much pleasure,' though, speaking of the 'Bachelor

Kings,' he assured me 'he did not mean to be one.' In person he is really a very pretty fellow, small in stature, but very well-shaped and dignified in appearance, though timid in manner. His eyes, eyebrows, and hair are really beautiful; he has a handsome, well-cut, aquiline nose, full lips, beautiful teeth, and an agreeable smile. He blushed, and was a little agitated while speaking with me. He danced unweariedly and very elegantly, though the height and fulness of some of his partners nearly eclipsed him." This naïve description of H.R.H. in 1861 is very interesting reading in 1906. Forty-five years have passed since then, his eyes have lost their youthful lustre, and his hair is grey and scanty, but the smile is still there that has won him friends over all the world. Our "godly prince," Edward VII., King of Great Britain and Ireland and Emperor of India, has now come into his inheritance, and "the sea-king's daughter" is now the beautiful Queen whom the nation delighteth to honour.

Not since the time of George III. and Charlotte of Mecklenburg, in 1760, had a dual Coronation taken place in full State, and the ceremonial pageantry with which our present King was installed to his high office probably exceeded in historic gorgeousness anything that had ever before been witnessed.

The circumstances ante-dating the original

Coronation Day—June 26—will be fresh in the mind of every Englishman, but there is no need to apologise for a few words on such a subject. The whole world was thrilled at the news which, on the morning of June 24, 1903, engirdled it in “forty minutes.”

That he who for so long had done the nation's work should at the last be debarred from the possession of the chiefest honour which that nation could bestow, seemed a possible irony of fate, cruel beyond believing.

Intensified a thousand-fold in 1903 were the patriotic feelings of 1872, when of the then Prince of Wales the world waited breathlessly for tidings from Sandringham, and a whole nation was seen kneeling in agonised petition to the Almighty for the life of their future Sovereign.

On each occasion all that is best in Englishmen awoke to a realisation of loyalty and religion, and a unanimity of interest and sympathy gave renewed strength to imperial claims which had seemed but just before to be threatened. This distressed anxiety thus twice displayed in his welfare cannot fail to have deepened an honourable sense of responsibility, and a personal longing in our King to deserve and to retain the love of his subjects.

“Will my people ever forgive me?” were his first words on recovering consciousness, and in them

we can see the almost pathetic unselfishness and insight of the man's nature. Realising to the full their disappointment, they were still "my people"—the nation for which he had been content, during many weary days before that terrible June 24, to suffer uncomplainingly,—for the sake of whose pleasure he would willingly have postponed, had it been possible, the operation upon which his life depended.

"Methinks

There's something lonely in the state of Kings,"

says Barry Cornwall, and Tennyson spoke even to Queen Victoria as being "so alone on that terrible height"; but if ever any ruler enjoyed immunity from "royal loneliness," it is assuredly our Edward VII.

As Harold Begbie says, "It is the personality and the simplicity of the King's mind which have proved mightier than all the more notable weapons in the armoury of governmental diplomacy. Tact may have won him this victory, but only the tact of an intensely human soul, genuine in its love of peace and fellowship, could have made that victory so complete and so enduring."

The 'Lives of the Seven Bishops' next engaged the attention of the sisters, and of these Agnes wrote the five dealing with Sancroft the Primate, Turner of Ely, Lake of Chichester, Ken of Bath

and Wells, and White of Peterborough; while Elizabeth only contributed the lives of Lloyd of S. Asaph and Trelawney of Bristol.

On the 8th of June 1688 these holy men of old were committed to the Tower on the charge of having written and published a seditious libel, but on the 30th day of the same month they were set at liberty, to the great mortification of James II. and the exceeding great joy of the English people, who were getting tired of Jacobite squabbles and the despotism of Rome.

Paradoxical as it may appear, the Stricklands, although staunch Jacobites, were equally staunch Anglicans, and Sancroft was an object of especial hero-worship to Agnes. The writing of this book, therefore, was a real pleasure; but literary work had at last to give way before the dominating presence of death. Her aged mother, now in her ninety-second year, was drawing to the end of her long life, and in September 1864 she passed away, with the hands of her daughters, Agnes and Jane, still clasped in hers. This event broke up for ever the old home at Reydon, and these two younger sisters lived henceforth in houses adjoining each other in the pretty little seaside village of Southwold in Suffolk, while Elizabeth had an altogether separate establishment at Bayswater and subsequently at Tilford.

At this time Agnes Strickland was sixty-eight

years of age, and might very reasonably have shrunk from any fresh undertaking. But no consideration of that kind affected her, and in 1869 we find her starting off for Holland, on literary business bound. 'The Lives of the Stuart Princesses' was to be the top-stone of the historic cairn which it had been her life-work to erect. Without this she did not feel that it would be properly completed, and as the documentary information requisite for her life of Mary, Princess of Orange, the eldest daughter of Charles I., was not obtainable in England, she determined to visit The Hague. Here she was treated with every courtesy, and gained much valuable knowledge. She had the honour of presentation to the Queen of the Netherlands, who showed her much kindness, and advised her to examine the 'Annals of the House of Orange.' She was agreeably surprised with the characteristics of the Dutch, but the "flatness" of the language and of the country cannot have failed to strike her unpleasantly. The language is indeed a mixture of various tongues, but, unlike English, of which the same might, not unjustly, be said, they are each spoiled in the mixing, and the result is unspeakably hideous.

The learned librarian at Lambeth—Mr Weyland Kirshaw—gave her much help with the life of Henrietta, the youngest daughter of Charles I., by deciphering the badly written letters of that Prin-

cess, whose education was more neglected than is that of the poorest child in England to-day. This assistance was a great boon, for, as Elizabeth strongly disapproved of the whole scheme, and would have nothing whatever to do with either the preparation or correction of the book, Agnes, for the first time in her life, had to rely entirely upon her own discretion and research.

Much, however, as she missed Elizabeth's help, she was able to carry out her plans with great satisfaction to herself and her publishers—Messrs Bell & Daldy. Of 'The Stuart Princesses' comparatively little is known by the general public, but that their lives are delineated with her wonted vigour and skill is shown by the warm greeting which the book received from all those interested in its subject.

In 1870 she was much cheered by the Queen's acknowledgment of her labours in granting her a pension of £100 per annum on the civil list, which was specially welcome as the years rolled on.

Her last visit to Scotland was on the occasion of the Scott Centenary, for which she received a special invitation from the Committee. The long journey was accomplished with comparative ease, and in meeting many old and valued friends the fatigues of travel were soon forgotten.

On her return to Southwold she completed the abridgment of Mary Stuart's life, a work involving

much time and labour ; and, after leaving the MS. with Messrs Bell & Daldy, she went for a few days of rest and refreshment to Crouch End Vicarage.

In the quiet home of Mr and Mrs Fleming she greatly enjoyed her much-needed holiday, and had made all her plans for returning home on the following day, when on the Sunday morning she fell upon the stairs as she was coming down dressed for church, and, falling with her leg under her, she broke the large and small bones just above the ankle. Such an accident could not fail to be very serious ; and for six weeks the brave patient was laid up at the hospitable vicarage. Her patience was remarkable, and her chief regret seemed to be for the trouble that she was involuntarily causing to her kind hosts, rather than for the suffering and confinement which she herself had to endure.

As soon as she was able to be moved with safety she returned to her own home, and bore the journey better than had been expected, looking bright and happy as she once more felt herself within its welcoming portals.

But, alas ! it was but the beginning of the end. The shock to the system at her advanced age was more severe than had at first been supposed ; and, one morning soon after her return, her sister Jane was much alarmed to find her inquiries answered either at random or not at all. The surgeon, who

was immediately sent for, pronounced her to be suffering from a paralytic seizure, and for many days her condition caused acute anxiety. One side of her body was permanently affected, and she, who had always been accustomed to so much exercise and independence, was now only able to walk with a stick, supported also by her faithful servant.

But though the shadow of physical and mental weakness hung over her, Agnes Strickland never once lost the bright hopefulness which had always been one of her most conspicuous characteristics. Her letters, though difficult to decipher, were full of loving cheerfulness, and, though shorter, there is in them no sign of intellectual decay.

The books, however, which had formerly given her so much pleasure were now an occasion of stumbling. They fatigued more than they profited, and ever more and more she turned to the "Old Book." This, however, was only a development of the habit of a lifetime. Even in her busiest days the Bible had been a source of real and never-failing pleasure; and now, as the burdens of life were gently slipping from her shoulders, her interest, which was fast fading in the things of earth, never failed to be aroused by the infinite variety of the one volume that is in itself a Literature. The quaint humour of the Proverbs, the lyrical beauty of the Psalms, the dramatic poetry of Job's thrilling experiences, and the many-sidedness of human life

and nature, as described by the sacred writers, could still fix her attention when all else palled upon her; and above all she doubtless felt, as did her friend Guizot, "an extraordinary impression quite different from either curiosity or admiration—the listener of a language other than that of the chronicler or the poet, and under the influence of a breath issuing from other sources than human."

With the spring of the year (1874) she seemed to revive wonderfully, and we read of her driving out frequently, and even being able to take short walks. But the once brilliant intellect was now clouded, and the vivacious conversations were ended for ever. To write coherently was still possible to her, though difficult on account of failing eyesight, but she never recovered the full use of her speech.

The final revision and correction of Mary Stuart's life in its abridged form had to be delegated to her sisters, and this was perhaps the greatest trial that could have befallen her, but her cheery hopefulness never failed; and when, with the sunshine all about her, she spoke of "complete restoration," even her friends took courage and began to talk of the future.

But this improvement was only as the last flickering gleams of the sun ere it sinks below the horizon.

One morning in July she felt stronger and better than she had done since her accident, and went in

high spirits to see her sister Jane in the house adjoining. She then seemed full of renewed energy and hope, but at midnight Jane was hurriedly summoned, as Agnes was "seriously ill." That attack passed, and the patient for a time rallied, but a few days later, in the dead of night, her sister was again sent for. The end was then very near, and at six o'clock in the morning of July the 13th,

"When the sun was bright and strong,
And the dew was glittering sharply
Over the little lawn;
When the waves were laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the little birds were singing sweetly
About the door,"

the summons came.

The terrible suffering of those last few hours had for the time marred the beauty of her face; but when, three hours later, her sister Jane went into the death-chamber the pained expression had vanished, and apparently years younger, more beautiful than ever, Agnes Strickland lay in the calm restfulness of a dreamless sleep.

Long and happy had the days of the years of her pilgrimage been. By temperament and disposition she was born to be loved, and few writers have made—and kept—so many true friends.

But she was unspoiled by praise even in the zenith of her fame, and as Ruskin says—

"To be heroic in happiness, to bear yourself

gravely and righteously in the dazzling of the sunshine of morning, not to forget the God in whom you trust when He gives you most, not to fail those who trust you when they seem to need you least, this is the difficult fortitude.”

They buried her in the parish churchyard at Southwold, and a simple marble monument marks the spot where Agnes Strickland lies. Her sister, Elizabeth, who only survived her for nine months, died and was buried at Tilford, in Surrey.

The lives of the two sisters were so closely entwined that much that has been written of Agnes might as truthfully have been written of Elizabeth, though her more masculine character and irritable temper did not secure for her as many loving and sympathetic friends as fell to the lot of Agnes.

Being the two seniors of the family, the other sisters were naturally much influenced by their examples, and Jane's unselfish help was often enlisted when their literary labours were especially arduous.

Sarah and Susanna both married happily; but, as her biographer says, “Agnes was fully aware that the pursuit of literature was unfavourable to a purely domestic life, and that, if she had married, that pursuit must of necessity be given up. The infelicity of celebrated literary women in the married state forms a heavy list. That some

exceptions may be found is certain; but, indeed, it cannot add to the comfort of a husband if his wife's time is so occupied. A female author is wiser to remain unmarried." Jane, who in 1865 was supposed to be dying of bronchitis and asthma, survived her more brilliant relatives for several years, and her 'Life of Agnes Strickland,' written with such evident pride and pleasure, shows that, even in their father's house, the clever women of the family were appreciated as heartily as in the large outside world which for so many years they benefited and adorned.

EPILOGUE



MARY LAMB.

From an oil-painting by W. Hazlitt, in the possession of Mr C. Elkin Mathews.

EPILOGUE.

THAT women have done much good work in the world would scarcely be denied by the most inveterate misogynist, but the work of *single* women is not so universally recognised.

All across the ages their influence is clearly traceable, and in these later days no scheme is carried into execution, scarcely perhaps initiated, in which they have no share.

Old maids and earthworms! The combination may seem incongruous, but Darwin's words with regard to the latter are singularly apposite when applied to the former: "Worms have played a
" more important part in the history of the world
" than most persons would at first suppose. They
" are extraordinarily numerous, and for their size
" possess great muscular power. Worms prepare
" the ground in an excellent manner for the growth
" of fibrous-rooted plants and for seedlings of all
" kinds." Does not this exactly describe a certain class of old maids? What would the world be

without them? Can too much be said of their work, the result of which is so beneficial—their numerical value and the energising power to which their apparent strength is so disproportionate—their patience, perseverance, and adaptable habits—their ability to prepare and make ready for subsequent effort and more ostentatious labour.

Looked at abstractly, what a “glorious phalanx” they are; looked at concretely, what an infinitude of quiet work they have accomplished. Leave them out of the world’s history, and how much would have been either left undone or done far less efficiently. The old maids of Bethany have pointed more morals than could be imagined since Anno Domini began,—the memory of the Maid of Orleans and Charlotte of Corday will live as long as heroism itself,—and in all countries there always have been, and will be, those who in single blessedness have found a better thing than mere happiness.

Not always, however, is their celibacy self-sought. By an inexorable law there are millions of women who can never marry, simply because the supply is greater than the demand; and the world has reason to be thankful for the fact, inasmuch as so much more easily pleased are men than women, that they ask far less in marriage than does a woman in the way of sterling, hard-wearing qualities. Physical comeliness goes farther

with most men than moral or intellectual worth, and as a natural consequence the best and most useful of the female sex are frequently found among the ranks of the unmarried.

There is one class of Old Maid—possibly a larger one than would appear at first sight—upon which we have not hitherto touched; the saddened souls, predestined as it seems to solitariness, who from hereditary taint of insanity or disease are debarred from matrimony.

The world holds its peace too often with regard to mental and physical disabilities, but they exist in every community. There are thousands of “dream children” peopling the world, and medical men know many sad tales in which the sweet joys of possible parenthood have been surrendered from an overwhelming sense of duty to generations yet unborn. In this connection the name of Mary Lamb rises irresistibly to our thoughts.

It is improbable that one of whom we read that she was for long intervals regarded as the “guardian angel” of every dwelling where she and her faithful brother took up their abode, should have passed her life untouched by the solitudes of love. The recuperative powers of her brain were so great that his heroic self-sacrifice seemed as nothing to him compared with the pleasures which her society afforded in her healthful days; and the fascination which she

exerted over him was in all likelihood felt by one or other of his friends. It adds but little, however, to the pathos of her story if we imagine this to have been the case.

“Nobly planned” was Mary Lamb—a friend whose faithfulness knew no shadow of turning, a woman with whom Coleridge and Wordsworth, Landor and Hazlitt, delighted to converse, but in whose veins ran the fatal strain of an inherited insanity, and whose most sunshiny days were dimmed with the possibility of a premature darkness.

Of what she did in literature we are still in possession. The ‘Tales from Shakespeare’ have lived for nearly a hundred years, are still classics, and will doubtless remain so. As an introduction to Shakespeare for the young they are inimitably valuable, though in her simple Preface she modestly speaks of them as “faint and imperfect images,” giving but a “few hints and little foretastes of the great pleasure which awaits them in their elder years.”

Their success at the time of publication was decisive and immediate, and up to the present day new editions have been repeatedly called for. It remains to be seen whether the twentieth century will produce anything which in directness and fulfilment of purpose shall supersede these paraphrases of Shakespeare’s immortal tragedies.

‘Mrs Leicester’s School’ was the next literary work upon which Mary Lamb engaged herself; and though never so popular as the ‘Tales,’ it was considered by Coleridge to be “a rich jewel in the treasury of our permanent English literature.”

The “tenderness of feeling and delicacy of taste” of which he speaks were distinguishing traits in her character; and Landor is no less enthusiastic in praising the charming naturalness which marked the style of the woman whom he described as the “finest genius” of her sex.

Writing to Charles of the sudden frenzy which resulted in the fatal attack of Mary Lamb upon her mother, Coleridge ends his letter thus,—and perhaps nothing in literature is more touching than the words with which he strove to mitigate to his friend the bitterness of the awful tragedy enacted in the room at Little Queen Street:—

“It is sweet to be aroused from a frightful dream by the songs of birds and the gladsome rays of the morning. Oh, how infinitely more sweet to be awakened from the blackness and amazement of a sudden horror by the glories of God manifest and the hallelujahs of angels.”

Scarred past all reparation was that brother’s sensitive heart, as is a fair landscape by some grim earthquake; but as in the chasm-clefts birds and beasts find refuge, and flowers wave lovingly

in the waste places, so new beauties—dearly bought indeed—developed in his nature, which might have lain dormant had all gone well in the modest household. “A deep distress had humanised his soul.”

Rough and thorny was the path which he followed. Beset with troubles from without and from within was his life-work, but he never flinched or faltered in his self-imposed duty until his brave whimsical soul went up to God.

Never parted save during the sad periods when the asylum sheltered her irresponsible body, their mutual love sanctified their humble surroundings through every phase of sunshine and shadow; and there is an unutterable sadness in his simple words, “’Tis a tedious cut out of a life of fifty-four to lose twelve or thirteen weeks every year or two.”

So much has been said upon the subject of hereditary insanity that it would be worse than useless to recapitulate the various theories that have been put forward; but there can be no reasonable doubt that the early associations and stoical indifference which surrounded the early childhood of Mary Lamb were all against her. It is frightful to think of a child being practically taunted with such words as, “Polly, what are those poor crazy moythered brains of yours thinking of always?”—almost an incentive, one

might imagine, to vague inconsequent thinkings and doings.

The wonder is that the intellectual force and vitality of that mysteriously poised brain were sufficient to reassert themselves for long intervals over the ghastly heritage of an enfeebled development.

Everything was against her, and yet she was not only the charge but the guardian of her better known and well beloved brother. After his death, in 1834, she lingered in a dreamy twilight of mental and physical weakness for thirteen years, blessedly oblivious of the loss which she had sustained, and only woke to the full consciousness of living when she entered that heaven which, as "A Country Parson" so sweetly surmises, "may be a place for those who have failed on earth."

The whole story of the Lambs is matchless in pathos, and the alternate brilliancy and eclipsing of her mental faculties is one of those mysteries which we rejoice to think will be unriddled by-and-by.

No novelist, probably, has a keener insight into human nature than George Eliot, and her words about Mr Gilfil are no less true as regards many an old maid: "It is with men as with trees; if you lop off their finest branches into which they were pouring their young life juice, the wounds

will be healed over with some rough boss, some odd excrescence, and what might have been a grand tree, expanding into liberal shade, is but a whimsical misshapen trunk. Many an irritating fault, many an unlovely oddity, has come of a hard sorrow which has crushed and maimed the nature just when it was expanding into plenteous beauty."

There is many a tear shed in secret over letters discoloured by age; many a nook consecrated by old memories and hopes destined to disappointment; many a lonely, loveless life because one is not, whose coming "made summer in the house," and whose defection or departure has made the days drag heavily for evermore. These things will always be as long as the sun and moon endureth, as long as men and women live out their little earthly life, as long as human nature and human frailty coexist.

Constitutionally women are more susceptible to their surroundings than men, and, therefore, are the more worthy of honour when, in spite of the hampering restrictions of sex, they have proved themselves capable not only of lightening the pain and anguish of humanity, but of *enlightening* the complex problems of this complex world.

The phrase *cherchez la femme* has a wider significance than is generally given to it. There is much that only a woman could do—still more

that only a single woman could do. They have *time*, these worthy women, which is not at the command of those whose more encircled lives include the care of husband and children and home—time to contemplate, to organise, and to devote.

Their duties are less definite than those of a matron, their ties less binding; but the lives of many are sublime with self-surrender, and it will take Eternity to show the wonders they have wrought.

No one would adopt the absurdity of crediting all the good work of the world to any special class or condition; but looked at with dispassionate eyes, it is almost a truism that some of the world's best work has been done by those who, with singleness of heart and aim, have been able to devote themselves to it.

Very rarely does a woman pose as an obstructionist—her failing is rather on the side of aggressive progression; and the “perpetual motion” inevitably connected with her prevents anything like stagnation, and makes life a better, sweeter, and grander thing.

“For the holiest deeds that are ever done
 Are in the form of surprises,
 And the heart that is ready for angel tasks
 A plan for its work devises.”

Now and for ever is the stigma removed from the “Old Maid.” It is no longer an epithet of

reproach; and the temple not made with hands, the dome of which is world-wide and eternal, has in it no more honoured niches than those which are filled and glorified by such women as those whose life and work we have endeavoured to describe.

APPENDIX

APPENDIX.

CONCERNING THE PORTRAITS.

HANNAH MORE, 1825.

It is Lord Beaconsfield who has italicised, so to speak, the fondness of the world for personal details respecting those who have been celebrated, and perhaps nothing so conveys the idea of a personality as a good portrait.

This I may in every case claim to have secured, through the quite extraordinary kindness of people upon whom I have no claim, save that of lowly fellowship in admiration of the subjects depicted.

In view of the special interest attaching to many of the portraits, a few words about each of them cannot be out of place.

The miniature of Hannah More, so kindly lent for reproduction by the Bristol Museum Committee, was presented to that Institution, in 1902, by a mysterious donor—E. P. B.—who expressed his emphatic desire to remain anonymous. Such reticence is rare nowadays; and I regret in practice what I respect in theory, as I am thereby prevented from tracing the history of this exquisite bit of ivory painting.

The date of it, however, is fairly well established as being between 1820 and 1825; for, in her 'Memoirs,'¹ we read of the "yellow, richly embroidered shawl which enveloped her shoulders, and the pretty net cap tied under her chin with white satin ribbon." It is in this costume that she is painted in the miniature; and the fact that she never wore a jewel or trinket or any adjunct to her dress of the merely ornamental kind, which is also therein alluded to, finds corroboration in the picture, though the daintiness of the whole is indisputable. We are further told that "her figure is singularly *petite*; but to have any idea of the expression of her countenance, you must imagine the small withered face of a woman in her seventy-seventh year, and imagine also (shaded but not obscured by long and perfectly white eyelashes) eyes dark, brilliant, flashing and penetrating, sparkling from object to object, with all the fire and energy of youth, and smiling welcome on all around."

The eyes which her sisters called "diamond," and which the painters complained that they could not put upon canvas, are described by Mr S. C. Hall in his 'Memories' as being, when she was eighty, the "clearest, brightest, and most searching that I have ever seen: they were singularly dark,—positively black they seemed as they looked forth among carefully trained tresses of her own white hair,—and absolutely sparkled while she spoke of those of whom she was the venerated link between the present and the long past." To all these characteristics the portrait itself is a silent testimony.

¹ 'Memoirs of the Life of Mrs Hannah More,' by William Roberts, 1836.

MARY CARPENTER, 1877.

Out of his busy and useful life at Oxford, Professor J. Eslin Carpenter was good enough to find time to send me a photograph of his aunt, which bears upon it the stamp of verisimilitude. Although "taken in the last year of her life (1877), after the return from her last Indian journey," the "great grey eyes so slow and wise" have not lost their brightness with the passage of time. Seventy years had come and gone, but the shrewd humorous expression had not faded out of them, and the strong, helpful look is still there. Professor Carpenter says that "she rarely sat, and the results were not generally good, as her face acquired a set expression in repose which never seemed natural to those who knew her"; but even any one who has hitherto read only the foregoing brief sketch of her noble life will, I think, agree with me that it is just the sort of face that one would have expected.

CAROLINE LUCRETIA HERSCHEL, 1829.

It is to the kindness of Sir William Herschel of Oxford and Miss Herschel of Slough that I am indebted for the excellent photograph of their great-aunt which adorns these pages, and it cannot but be interesting to know something as to the circumstances under which the original was painted.

It was in January 1829 that her beloved nephew, John F. W. Herschel, wrote to her thus from London: "If you want to give me what I shall really prize highly, let it be your portrait, in oils, of the size of

my father's. Let me send back the money, and employ part of it in engaging a good Hanoverian artist to paint it. You often tell me your time hangs heavy, so here I am furnishing you with a refuge from *ennui*; and when you know how much pleasure it will give me to see your likeness hanging by my father's, and that you can without inconvenience or difficulty (and now without expense) do it, I entreat you not to refuse. I know what you will urge against it; but you undervalue yourself and your own merits so much that I will not allow it any weight."

It is clear that the "unconquerable industry," capability, and grand humility of his illustrious father's sister were heartily appreciated by the brilliant scholar and astronomer Sir John F. W. Herschel—as well as by her "dearest and best of brothers"—and I can well believe that it was with a pathetic mingling of pleasure and pain that, two months later, she consented to sit for her portrait to the well-known painter, Professor M. G. Tielemann. At this time she was seventy-nine years of age, and the sittings were necessarily somewhat wearying; but the unselfish fellowship of joy which she felt in the announcement of her nephew's engagement to Miss Stewart, is shown in the following extracts from her own letters at this time: "I feel much fatigued by sitting eight times within the last ten days to Professor Tielemann for my portrait, and now he has taken it home to finish. You will receive it with the Easter messenger. . . . Whatever you may think about my looking so young, I cannot help; for two of the days when I was sitting to him I received agreeable news from England: one day Lady Herschel's"—her sister-in-law's—"likeness was thrown in my lap (Mr Tielemann taking it out of the box), and,

four days after, the account of your approaching happiness arrived. No wonder I became a dozen years younger all at once. I was sitting about seven hours in as many days in my own apartments; but there is but one voice—that the picture looks life itself.”

Self-sacrificing always, and gifted far beyond all ordinary standards of attainment, her great-niece only expresses the unanimous verdict of a world, when she speaks of her, in her letter to me, as “one whose *conscientious devotion to work* is truly most *worthy of honour*.”

SISTER DORA, 1870.

“Our Pandora” one of the committee of the Walsall Hospital used to call sweet Dorothy Pattison—whose family name is often forgotten and unknown by many to whom her achievements have served as an example and an inspiration.

I have spoken elsewhere of the *inward*—introspective—look of Christina Rossetti and the *outward* look of Mary Kingsley; on the face of Sister Dora it is the *upward* look that predominates. “Her great hopefulness was,” we are told, “the first element in her character—the firm, clear ring of her voice made doubt or despondency impossible.” Though we know her to have been self-reliant, prompt, and resolute, there is a wealth of sympathy in the dark-brown eyes and a subtle radiancy of expression, which, to my mind, is always part, and the larger part, of the “beauty of holiness.”

We are told that her features were nearly perfect in their regularity; the forehead singularly wide and high; but the mobile mouth, the perfect teeth, the sunny smile, the tightly curling brown hair waving all over her

head, which no amount of cutting off or covering with caps could ever smooth,—these are details which only a “word-portrait” can supply.

I had a dream. There was a narrow pathway leading, as it seemed, to some mysterious country on the other side of a bracken-covered hill. At the entrance to this pathway stood Sister Dora; and as, one by one, a crowd of tired travellers came up to the gate, I heard her say gently, “What have you been doing?” “Starving, Sister.”—“And you?” “Drinking.”—“And you?” “Suffering.” The click of our garden-gate or the rush and tumble of the incoming tide awoke me; but, sleeping or waking, I know that it was for such as these—the sick, the sinful, and the sad—that Sister Dora lived and laboured and died.

With fine intuitive skill she could detect the one spot of God-likeness even in the vilest of those whom He originally made in His image; and her great longing, always, was not only to heal their bodies, but to make manifest that

“There lives and works
A soul in all things, and that soul is God.”

MARY KINGSLEY, 1896.

The photograph of Mary Kingsley, kindly sent to me by Mr Charles Kingsley, is, he considers, “the best portrait of my sister” to be had. In its attitude and expression every characteristic that we realise so keenly in her writings is clearly distinguishable. The alertness of the figure, the grasp of the capable hands, the outward-looking eyes, with their kindly and humorous candour, the

whole attitude of the picture, brings before us the slight fair woman—not very robust-looking, but showing in every movement energy and determination—who amazed the world with her witty descriptions of West African Life in 1896. But under all the sprightliness of her “Mark Tapley temperament” there was the strong, serious purpose which one sees in the honest eyes, and a tireless buoyancy of mind that enjoyed the surmounting of difficulties.

To her big courageous nature “perils by day and by night” were not things to be instinctively avoided, but mere incidents in desirable journeyings—for safeguarding in which she would put herself trustfully into the care of “the Lord of the Daybreak.” In this aspect the Arabic inscription on the black marble border of the brass memorial erected to her “beloved memory” in Eversley Parish Church has a deep significance. There is something definitely thorough and sunshiny about the personality of Mary Kingsley. She never could have done anything half-heartedly, and no more suitable words could have been chosen for her epitaph than those which are inscribed upon the tablet—

“TALENT DE BIEN FAIRE.”

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER, 1858.

In looking at the likeness of Adelaide Anne Procter, one is struck at once with the fragility of her appearance; and, as we are told that her health failed in 1862, it is not unlikely, from the dress,—which points to that period,—that this was the last time that she sat for a photograph. Her great friend Madame Belloc, whose

kindness I specially wish to recognise, tells me, in one of her delightful letters, that "Adelaide was not handsome, in a pictorial sense, at any time: her face had often the severity of a miniature Dante, and at other times the aspect of the traditional Shelley."

The photograph, of course, only hints at the severity or the sweetness; but we hold the clue to the character of the original in the knowledge that she was the daughter of the gentle, "curiously dreamy" poet, Barry Cornwall, and of Anne, his wife, who, like her wonderful mother, Mrs Montagu, preserved her dignity at all costs, and whose composure never failed, even in times of heart-breaking sorrow.

There is something very charming about the fragile figure; and in the face I see—or is it fancy?—that wistful, far-seeing look that one so often notices on the faces of those to whom it is appointed that they should die before their prime. The hollow cheeks tell their own story; but about the mouth there are indications of the ironical humour with which her conversation abounded, though it in no way affected her kind and good warm-heartedness and the spirituality of her inner nature. It must have been the gentle and lambent expression of the blue eyes and the soft wavy hair that reminded Madame Belloc of Shelley; to whom also full maturity was denied.

MARIANNE NORTH, 1876.

In 'Recollections of a Happy Life' we have a vivid description—in Marianne North's own racy words—of her visit to Ceylon in 1876, and of the circumstances under

which this photograph was taken. Mrs Julia Cameron's artistic skill is well known, but she seems to have shown unusual enthusiasm in posing her new subject—an enthusiasm which possibly defeated itself. "She made up her mind to photograph me," says Miss North, "and for three days kept herself in a fever of excitement about it. She dressed me up in flowing draperies of cashmere wool, let down my hair and made me stand with spiky cocoa-nut branches running into my head, the noon-day sun's rays dodging my eyes between the leaves as the slight breeze moved them, and told me to look perfectly natural (with the thermometer standing at 96°!).

"Then she tried me with a background of bread-fruit leaves and fruit, nailed flat against a window-shutter, and told *them* to look natural; but both failed. It was all in vain; she could only get a perfectly uninteresting and commonplace person on her glasses, which refused to flatter."

You can easily imagine that morning—"high noon, and not a cloud in the sky to break the blinding sun"; the eager artist; the lazy breathing of the big trees, among which the rabbits and squirrels bustle about with busy pattering feet, and in which the monkeys gibber and bright-hued birds "deliver their small souls" of news in bird-land. I venture to deny that the photograph is either uninteresting or commonplace. Fortitude and determination are embodied in the strong simple lines of the face, and there is a look of latent power about the whole aspect of the figure which denotes a rare personality.

It is not surprising to read that Mrs Symonds "often wondered whether, if her sister's strength had lasted

another ten years after she settled in Alderley, she could really have been content to wait on old age in the lovely green nest that she had prepared for herself."

This picture of her suggests the same thought.

JEAN INGELOW, 1891.

After some little difficulty — strange, considering the recent date of Jean Ingelow's death — I succeeded in getting a good portrait of her. Mrs Annie Ritchie (the gifted author of 'Old Kensington' and of many other fascinating books) tells me that "Jean Ingelow had a look of great intelligence, but it was not a face to photograph." Specially, therefore, should I like to have been present at the little dinner in 1863, of which she writes, when her father, W. M. Thackeray (just before his death), the demure maiden lady with the big musical brain but somewhat limited outlook, and herself were of the party,—a remarkably contrasting literary trio this, even at a London dinner-table.

Here we have a face that is *not* what we should have expected. Kindliness and intelligence are writ large upon it, and there is a thoughtful, contented aspect about the whole picture which does not belie what we know of its original; but there is none of the dreaminess which marks her poetry—no hint, even, of poetic fire—in the sedate, prosperous-looking figure.

Self-evidently hers is not a head to photograph, though, to paraphrase the words of Carlyle's 'bus-driver critic, one would gladly possess its contents.

LOUISA ALCOTT, 1868.

Mr Sanborn's kind letter tells me that Louisa Alcott's photograph was taken in, or about, 1868—a date that is specially interesting as being that of the publication of 'Little Women.' As a rule, women are supposed to be devoid of humour, but surely it is the dominating characteristic of Miss Alcott's face—the humour that makes "life's little ironies" bearable and lets glints of sunshine into its cobwebby corners.

A woman who can always see the bright side of things, and who will turn every cloud inside out in order to get quickly at its silver lining, has a faculty as rare as it is enviable. This gift Louisa Alcott possessed in an uncommon degree: you can see it in every line of her expressive, humorous face. Her biographer, Mrs Ednah Cheney, says that "her appearance was striking rather than beautiful—figure tall and well-proportioned, head large, and adorned with rich brown hair, long and luxuriant." Thoroughly unconventional she was bound to be with a personality such as hers; but it was an unconventionality that rejoiced in itself unconsciously,—not the defiant violation of all ordinary rules of conduct and courtesy which so often poses as, and passes for, originality nowadays. Her simplest pleasures were lifted into keen delights by sheer healthy mindedness and *capacity* for enjoyment, while her sorrows were purified and helped by an unselfish fellowship with, and care for, others, which was its own reward.

"Wayward and stormy" were her moods we may be sure (even into middle life, when the photograph was taken), but tempered always by that quick regret and

ready reparation which made her so lovable and so loved. From 1868 she seems to have been the chief bread-winner of the household—"the hub of the family wheel," as she says of herself. "Love thyself last" was her motto on all occasions; and, right on to the end, the story of her earnest chivalrous life corroborates the silent testimony of her strong, almost masterful, face.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI, 1861.

When I wrote to Mr W. M. Rossetti asking for the loan of an unpublished likeness of his sister Christina, I honestly confess that in troubling a man—and an old man—of such eminence I felt some degree of trepidation, and was proportionately gratified at the kind interest with which he entered into my scheme of work. From a list of nine which he suggested, the picture which is here reproduced was recommended by him as the one (of the unpublished ones) best representing his beloved sister with some of "the attraction of youth." The old-world setting detracts somewhat from the effect; and her "soul's beauty" that Mr Mackenzie Bell speaks of, that is so clearly seen in some of the sketches of her brother Dante Gabriel and in the beautiful photograph by Lewis Carroll (Rev. C. L. Dodgson), is altogether lacking. But the introspective look of the expressive eyes is there, beneath the "commanding breadth of brow," and in her mien something of that "serene passivity" which Mr Sharp notices in his able article describing his first meeting with her.

Her voice was extremely musical, and, in conjunction with a smile that was "always delightful and sometimes irresistibly sweet," it is not difficult to understand the

charm which she possessed both for her family and for those who were fortunate enough to possess her friendship. The following extract from an article by Miss Grace Gilchrist is interesting, because it describes Christina Rossetti's appearance only a little later than in the year when the photograph in this volume was originally taken. She says: "It was in the June of 1863 that Miss Christina Rossetti came upon her first memorable visit to my home among the Surrey hills. She was then a dark-eyed slender lady in the plenitude of her poetic powers, having already written some of her most perfect poems—'The Goblin Market' and 'Dreamland.' I have a vivid impression of playing a game of ball with her under the branches of an old apple-tree in the garden, and to my childish eyes she appeared like some fairy princess who had come from the sunny South to play with me. In appearance she was Italian, with olive complexion and deep hazel eyes, and she possessed, too, the beautiful Italian voice that all the Rossettis were gifted with."

AGNES STRICKLAND.

It is to the kindness of Mr W. G. Strickland of Dublin that I am indebted for a copy of the engraving in his possession, of which he says: "I remember meeting Agnes Strickland two or three times, when I was a boy, at my aunt's house in London, and my recollection is that this portrait is very like her." Mr Blackwood, sen. (who knew her well), confirms this statement; so I am glad to think that the best available likeness of this remarkable woman has been secured. In her early years Thomas Campbell described her as "a lovely, interesting

creature, full of genius and sensibility"; and when we read her sister's account of her charms, the poet's enthusiasm is not to be wondered at. Jane Strickland describes her as "tall and upright, with fine bust and arms, magnificent hair (black as ebony), both silky and abundant, somewhat pale complexion, unless brightened by exercise or excitement, and a graceful, attractive figure." Sisters are, as a rule, very candid critics with regard to the physical characteristics of one another, however magnanimous they may be with regard to their intellectual endowments; and the original justified the description, we may be sure, for the portrait is that of a singularly handsome woman. There is a successful self-satisfied air about it, which is not at all surprising when we remember that for many years she was "overwhelmed with adulation and praise in whatever circles she appeared."

This impression, however, is evidently only superficial; for when to her outward attractions are added the important traits of cheerful endurance, kindness, reverence, womanliness, and brilliant conversational powers, it is not astonishing to read that "she made many friends and lost none."

MARY LAMB.

The last illustration of our series is the reputed portrait of Mary Lamb. It has quite a unique interest, as having been painted by William Hazlitt before the days when that "literary eccentric" had merged in literature the undoubted gift for art that he possessed. It is probable that before painting the somewhat ambitious picture of Charles Lamb as a Roman senator (which, his grandson

tells us, was the last time that he took a brush in hand), Hazlitt persuaded the "only thoroughly reasonable woman" to sit to him. The time, therefore, would be either in, or before, the year 1805, when she was about forty years of age.

The original oil-painting is in the possession of Mr C. Elkin Mathews,—an expert in such matters,—and was purchased by him from a Tottenham dealer, to whom it had come from another dealer who had acquired it from some family friends of the Lambs, on their leaving Edmundton. It was known by them as the portrait of Mrs Mary Lamb, so that its "pedigree" may fairly be considered to be established.

The kindness of Mr Elkin Mathews deserves more than ordinary recognition—he having specially carried up the painting, from his country house at Chorley Wood, to London for reproduction in this volume.

NOTE.

THE STRICKLANDS OF LIGHT HAUGH.

AFTER the chapter on Agnes Strickland (based upon universally received biographies) was in the press, information reached us from Mr Walter G. Strickland—of the National Gallery of Ireland—to the effect that Agnes Strickland could not be rightly described as belonging to the Stricklands of Sizergh, and that indeed she herself acknowledged, both verbally and in writing, that she “could not fasten her family on to that of Sizergh.”

He informs us that, from his careful investigations, her progenitors came from the Furness district of North Lancashire, where they were settled as yeomen, and where they can be traced up to the time of Henry VIII., when they were tenants of the great Abbey of Furness, and shared in its spoils after its dissolution. No connection whatever can be traced between these Stricklands and those of Sizergh.

In seventy years genealogical acumen has made great strides, and we feel sure that the annexed pedigree of Agnes Strickland, now communicated by Mr Strickland,

—a member of the ancient family of Sizergh,—cannot fail to arrest the attention of all those who take more than a superficial interest in the history of the distinguished woman whose work has contributed so much to our knowledge of the Queens of England and Scotland.

ERRATUM.

It has come to my knowledge that the house at Slough (mentioned on page 92) was known only, in those days, 1797, as "Herschel's."

Sir John Herschel, Bart., settled at Collingwood in 1841—many years later—and it was there that he completed his father's vast undertaking, "The Survey of the Nebulous Heavens."





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