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THE LADIES'  
EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

JAN. TO DEC. 1878.

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VOL. IV. NEW SERIES.

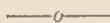
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## P R E F A C E.



IN putting forth the concluding number of our volume for 1878, we are glad to take the opportunity, while drawing attention to the increased circulation of *The Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, of thanking our friends most cordially for their support. The enlarged size, and consequent greater variety of subjects, seem to give all the satisfaction we hoped for; and from the materials now in our hands, we believe that a no less copious and attractive table of contents will next year be offered for their approval. In January 1879, we hope to begin an original and romantic story, entitled *The Beggar of Capo di Monte*, and besides continuing the different series already begun, to add others equally interesting,—as, for example, that on Country Subjects and Pursuits.

The Question Series will be renewed, with a few modifications which we think will be acceptable to the competitors, who have sometimes been embarrassed by the limited space assigned for their answers. Special attention is invited to the details which will be issued in January, as to the terms of competition. The prizes for the present series will be awarded as soon as the Answers for January are in the Editors' hands.

The fact of the increased circulation has brought us many new writers, some of them with names not unknown in the literary world. To their contributions we are doubtless indebted for the many favourable notices in the critical journals. We can but hope that these facts, added to our own redoubled efforts, will secure a renewal of their support through the coming year.

EDINBURGH, *December* 1878.

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# THE LADIES' EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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## Our Female Novelists.

### XII.

#### MRS. BARBAULD.

Mrs. BARBAULD, *b.* 1743—*d.* 1825.

IN a time of such widespread and multifarious literary activity as the present, when few people can spare the leisure to read what their neighbours have written, it is pleasant to look back a hundred years upon a quiet, unobtrusive, yet at the same time eminent literary genius. The thought of such a woman as Mrs. Barbauld is like meeting with a moorland tarn on a fine summer morning, and seeing the sky mirrored in it without a cloud. An educational reformer, yet one who never ran into the dangerous extremes of the present day; an essayist and writer of fiction of the highest tone, both in morals and imagination; a critic of rare acumen and justness of thought; and, above all, a woman of the most exquisitely refined, lovely, and retiring character, we find in Mrs. Barbauld one of those rare beings of whom the world has unmixed reason to be proud. So, too, thought Mr. Henry Crabb Robinson, who, when asked, 'Would you like to know Mrs. Barbauld?' exclaimed, 'You might as well ask me whether I should like to know the Angel Gabriel!' 'Mrs. Barbauld,' replied the interlocutor, 'is much more accessible;' and forthwith came the introduction.

The life of Anna Letitia Aikin, from her birth in 1743 up to her fifteenth year, was a period of quiet growth in a secluded home. Her father, the Rev. John Aikin, D.D., was a dissenting minister at Kibworth Harcourt in Leicestershire; her mother was descended from Wingates of Harlington Grange on the one side, and from Earls of Anglesea on the other. The father of our authoress was educated by the celebrated Dr. Doddridge, who afterwards resided for some years



under his roof, and exercised a great influence over the upbringing of both Anna and her brother, afterwards Dr. Aikin. As is probable from such surroundings, there was more virtue than pleasure in these the earliest years of her life; and as no suitable companion of her own age existed in the village of Kibworth, she was thrown upon her own resources. Thus, fostered by solitude and lovely rural scenes, her girlish muse awoke to life. So precocious was her mind, even in infancy, that her mother thus writes of her:—

‘I once, indeed, knew a little girl, who was as eager to learn as her instructors could be to teach her, and who, at two years old, could read sentences and little stories in her *wise book*, roundly, without spelling; and, in half a year more, could read as well as most women; but I never knew such another, and I believe never shall.’

Besides a love of poetry, she had in youth great bodily activity, and a lively spirit. An amusing instance of this is related by her niece, Miss Aikin. When about fifteen, a stout farmer, who had for some time admired her, was permitted by her father to pay his addresses. The young lady happened to be in the garden at the time, and, as soon as he had revealed his errand, she took flight up the nearest tree, ‘leaving her suitor *planté là*.’ The poor man lived and died a bachelor; and the only book which he was ever known to buy and read, was the works of Mrs. Barbauld.

When she had attained her fifteenth year, her father received the post of classical tutor in an academy at Warrington, and she was thus thrown among congenial companions. She was at this time of great beauty, slender, with a blooming complexion, regular features, and dark-blue, sparkling eyes. During the next fifteen years, the academic nurture of her new home, and the society of pleasant companions, tended both to encourage her muse and to give it a more cheerful tone. Many poems were written during this period, all noted for gaiety and elegance. In 1771 her brother induced her to publish a volume of poems, which proved so successful that four editions of the work were called for within a year of its publication. This procured her the friendship of Mrs. Montague and of Dr. Priestley, the latter of whom admired specially her poem on Corsica. Shortly after this, she issued a volume jointly with her brother, entitled *Miscellaneous Picces in Prose*, by J. and A. L. Aikin. As no care was taken to distinguish the works, mistakes have often been made as to the authorship.

In 1774 she was married to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, the grandson of a French Protestant, who had been conveyed to England in a cask during the persecutions in the reign of

Louis XIV. Before her marriage, she was told by a friend that Mr. Barbauld had experienced an attack of insanity. 'Then,' said she, 'if I were now to disappoint him, he would certainly go mad.' So she rushed upon her melancholy fate.

Some distinguished ladies, upholders of an improved system of education, now advised Mrs. Barbauld to open a ladies' college. The answer made by her, declining the proposal, reveals her views on the subject of the upbringing of young girls. She feared that 'a literary academy' of the kind desired would only produce a set of *précieuses* and *femmes savantes*. Men, who were bound to exhibit their knowledge to the world, might well read together and form debating societies; but far be such an aim from the minds of women, whose chief end in life was to form suitable companions for men of sense. Any knowledge beyond the average, therefore, which women should obtain, ought to be gained on the sly, that they might never be discovered poring over books. Her idea of the age at which instruction ought to be imparted is of a piece with the foregoing. Geography, languages,—in fact, all that is difficult,—ought to be learned between the ages of nine and fourteen.

'I should have little hope,' she says, 'of cultivating a love of knowledge in a young lady of fifteen, who came to me ignorant and untaught; it is too late then to *begin* to learn. The empire of the passions is coming in; a new world opens to the youthful eye; the grace and ease of polished society must now be acquired.'

It is pleasing to learn that she shortly afterwards, along with Mr. Barbauld, opened a boarding-school for young men. Her literary fame attracted large numbers to this academy. Mrs. Barbauld gave lectures on geography, taught English composition, and even wrote plays, which her pupils acted. The celebrated Mr. Taylor of Norwich, one of her pupils, writes of her with enthusiasm, and calls her 'the mother of his mind.'

After eleven years spent in teaching, Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld felt so exhausted that they spent a year on the Continent, and afterwards one in London. They ultimately settled in Hampstead, where Mrs. Barbauld found many friends; among these were Miss Joanna Baillie and her sister, who had taken a house in their neighbourhood. Of the tragedy of *De Montfort*, by the former of these ladies, Mrs. Barbauld writes with much admiration, remarking that the writer of it 'had as innocent a face as if she had never written a line.' At Hampstead our authoress wrote several prose essays, including some of the pieces in Dr. Aikin's *Evenings at Home*. Only fourteén, however, of the ninety-

nine pieces in that work are from her pen. Having addressed to Mr. Wilberforce a poem on the rejection of the bill for abolishing the slave-trade, she received from Mrs. Hannah More a highly congratulatory letter on the subject. The poet Rogers, then a young man, was an esteemed visitor at the house in Hampstead.

In 1793 she paid a visit to Edinburgh. Sir Walter Scott gives an account of an evening spent by her at Mr. Dugald Stewart's, where she had first turned his attention to German ballad poetry by her animated reading of a translation of Bürger's *Lenore* by Mr. William Taylor of Norwich. Beloved as the abode at Hampstead was, yet Stoke-Newington, 'a very Elysian field of nonconformity,' as the names of Defoe and Howard can testify, was to be the home of her latest years. Hither she with her husband removed in 1798, and here she enjoyed daily the society of her brother Dr. Aikin. A constant correspondence with the Edgeworth family began here; and on Miss Edgeworth starting the idea of a literary magazine, to be entirely conducted by ladies, Mrs. Barbauld gives her opinion on the subject in these words:—

'As to the scheme of a periodical paper, there is no one who would not be delighted to see it undertaken by yourself and Co., provided the Co. was in any measure adequate to the first of the firm; but I do not know what to say to the idea of inviting the literary ladies to join it. All the literary ladies! Mercy on us! Have you ever reckoned up how many there are, or computed how much trash would be poured in from such a general invitation? I am also doubtful of the propriety of making it declaredly a lady's paper.'

Such being Mrs. Barbauld's views, we cannot but think that ladies in general must have written trash in *those* days, and required some ballast to float their magazine.

In the year 1808 Mrs. Barbauld was left a widow, in very melancholy circumstances, her husband having caused his own death in a fit of insanity. By literary activity, she struggled bravely against her grief, and in time attained to calmness and composure. Thus, gentle, loving, and beloved by many, she lived to the advanced age of eighty-one, and died on the 9th March 1825. Her appearance as an old lady is thus described by Mr. Crabb Robinson:—

'Independently of her fine understanding and literary reputation, she would be interesting. Her white locks, fair and unwrinkled skin, brilliant starched linen and rich silk gown, make her a fit object for a painter. Her conversation is lively, her remarks judicious, and always pertinent.'

Naturally of acute perceptions and keen feelings, she so far overcame these as to acquire a habit of uniform gentleness and forbearance towards all, never judging harshly of any

one, but taking virtue for granted where she could not discover its existence. The elevation of her character is shortly described by the fact that, throughout the course of her long life, she never made an enemy and never dropped a friendship.

Besides the works already mentioned, Mrs. Barbauld wrote *Hymns in Prose* for children, highly valued by many; she also edited, in 1795 and 1797, with critical essays, the *Pleasures of Imagination*, by Akenside, and Collins' *Odes*. Selections of papers from the *English Essayists*, and from Richardson's *Correspondence*, appeared in 1804; and a collection of *British Novelists*, with biographical and critical notices, in 1810. Her last work, a poem entitled '1811,' is scarcely worthy of her reputation.

Her great power in fiction, though never put to the test by any larger work, is very strongly felt in the perusal of minor tales which she has left, and we can only regret that her lively and graceful pen did not achieve the task of a greater romance. Two of her minor tales may be noticed here, the one grave, the other gay. In a dream, entitled the *Hill of Science*, a pilgrim represents himself as going through the gate of Languages, past the wood of Error, the fields of Fiction, and the dark walk of Allegory, each of which, in its turn, entices him to linger. Almost in despair of ever reaching the top of the hill, he is consoled for the non-attainment of Science by a meeting with Virtue. The story ends thus:—

"I am found," said Virtue, "in the vale, and I illuminate the mountain. I cheer the cottager at his toil, and inspire the sage at his meditation. Science may raise you to eminence, but I alone can guide you to felicity!" While the goddess was thus speaking, I stretched out my arms towards her with a vehemence which broke my slumbers. The chill dews were falling around me, and the shades of evening stretched over the landscape. I hastened homeward, and resigned the night to silence and meditation.'

The style of this suggests that of Johnson and the classic authors. Her own playful wit appears more in a 'Dialogue between Madame Cosmogonia and a Philosophical Inquirer of the Eighteenth Century.' The inquirer questions the venerable dame as to her history; and we find the story of the world vastly simplified by her calling the flood a severe ducking she once got for being naughty. After that, she built a prodigious house of cards, meant to reach the sky, but left off in the middle, and had her tongue slit for being so conceited. She then baked dirt in the sun, and made a great many mounds in the form of sugar-loaves. The Dark Ages are thus described:—

"I somehow got shut up in a dark cell, where I took a long nap.



"And after you waked?" "I fell a-disputing with all my might, about whether one be a number; whether men should cross themselves with two fingers or three; whether two and one make three, or only one."

Certainly, all this makes the poor old world look very foolish indeed. The brilliancy of the allegory reminds us of Swift's *Tale of a Tub*. We think the last idea of Dame Cosmogonia, come to in the 18th century, the best; she says:

'I am going to turn over quite a new leaf. I am singing "Ca Ira."'

The poor inquirer, quite disappointed with the foolish doings of the old dame, concludes thus:

'I am sure, from this account, it is high time you should turn over a new leaf. All I can say is, that if I cannot mend you, I will endeavour to take care you do not spoil me; and one thing more, that I wish you would lay your commands on Miss Burney to write a new novel and make you laugh.'

And we, in our turn, would beg Dame Cosmogonia to give a very large allowance of holidays to some of her most wearied brain-workers, who are getting into a very languishing condition indeed. From the foregoing extracts, we cannot but conclude that Mrs. Barbauld, in addition to ease and grace of style, a lively and ingenious fancy, and vast stores of information, invariably took the high tone of a social reformer. Upholding, as she frequently did in her writings, the principle of dissent in church matters, she did this partly for the sake of introducing the end of the wedge of Liberalism in general opinions. The social disabilities of Dissenters, still existing in those days, were doubtless great hindrances in her way. Her lively wit never passed the bounds of reason and moderation; and this characteristic made her critical writings peculiarly valuable. Miss Edgeworth, on reading even her unsigned critiques, invariably recognised the pen of Mrs. Barbauld, so patent to all was the spirit of justice and moderation, tending rather to leniency than otherwise. Of a political pamphlet of hers, Thomas Moore wrote that he hardly knew anything in the English language superior to that truly eloquent performance, in delicacy of irony and strength of reasoning. Though her tales, essays, and reviews are superseded by the vast number of similar productions in this prolific age, yet they are not forgotten, and we may accept without hesitation the tribute of Sir James Mackintosh when he says:

'If ever there was a writer whose wisdom is made to be useful in the time of need, it is Mrs. Barbauld. No moralist has ever more exactly touched the point of the greatest practicable purity without being lost in exaggeration, or sinking into meanness. It is the privilege of such excellent writers to command the sympathy of the distant and unborn; it is a delightful part of their fame, and no writer is more entitled to it than Mrs. Barbauld.'

In the estimation of Wordsworth, she was the first of our literary women. Among her works, published after her death by her niece, Miss Lucy Aikin, was a stanza on *Life*, written in her declining years. A copy of this publication was given to Miss Wordsworth. Long afterwards, Wordsworth begged to have those lines repeated to him again and again, until he knew them by heart. He was at the time walking in his sitting-room at Rydal, with his hands behind him, and was heard muttering to himself:

‘I am not in the habit of grudging people their good things, but I wish I had written those lines.’

We cannot better pay a tribute to the memory of Mrs. Barbauld than by concluding with the entire stanza:—

‘Life! we’ve been long together,  
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;  
’Tis hard to part when friends are dear;  
Perhaps ’twill cost a sigh, a tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not good-night, but in some happier clime  
Bid me good-morning.’

J. MENZIES.

—o—

1878.

NEW YEAR, dawning young and glad,

Tell us how to greet thee;

Shall we come with more of fear,

Or of hope, to meet thee?

In thy full hands dost thou bear

More of joy or sadness?

Love and rest, or loss and care,

Days of grief or gladness?

Thou art silent, answer none

To our vain words making;

Yet we hear the voice of One

On the silence breaking.

Calm the words that bid us cease

Caring for the morrow;

Rest He offers us, and peace,

Strength for joy or sorrow.

Then whate’er the silent year

May for us be hiding,

Nothing evil can we fear,

All to Him confiding.

R. C. W.

**Let Them Alone.****A TALE TOLD IN LETTERS.**

'It is a hard matter for friends to meet ; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.'—*As You Like it.*

**LETTER I.**

From the Rev. FREDERICK JAMES REYNOLDS to his Sister,  
Miss REYNOLDS.

ILLINGHAM PARSONAGE, MORWICK,  
*Tuesday in Easter Week, April 10, 1849.*

DEAREST HELEN,—It is twelve o'clock at night, but I can't go to bed, still less to sleep, till I have had a word with you. After the long, silent journey, I feel the need of a chat; and if I cannot get it in speech, I must have it in pen and ink. Illingham at last! But how different an arrival to what you pictured, or even to my own more sober hopes! I got here three hours ago, in a pelting rain and in a close fly; no scenery to be seen, nothing but a white sheet of rain all the way from Morwick; not a human being in sight, not a parishioner, old or young, male or female, looking out as we toiled up the last hill into the village. Arrived at my own house, I saw no signs of life; shutters up and blinds down. My flyman knocked long and loud, swinging his arms across his chest from time to time to warm himself. At last a key creaked slowly in the lock, and the door was opened by an old woman, who looked as much astonished to see me as if she had not been apprised of my coming three days ago. 'Deed, sir, an' I didna think as ye'd ha' come, not in sic-like weather,' was her first greeting; and in answer to my questions whether she had a fire for me, she answered cautiously, 'Well, she couldn't just say as there was one i' the parlour, not just noo, but she would light it in a minute;' and accordingly, when, after settling with the flyman and bringing in my own baggage, I went into the parlour, there it was just sputtering and struggling for existence. I next threw the poor soul into great embarrassment by asking if she had anything for me to eat, and she began a perplexed statement with 'Well, sir, ye see as I didna just expect you,' etc. I came to the relief by saying, if she would give me a cup of her own tea, and some bread and



butter, it would do for me very well ; and in due time these were produced, though in scanty measure for a hungry traveller. I then asked for some lights, and with many apologies and offers to go out to 'the shop' for some 'moulds,' which, of course, I wouldn't hear of in such a night, she brought in a couple of dips, by which I am writing now. Neither of them will stand straight in its socket, and the snuffing they take is prodigious. So, if you find gaps in the flow of my narrative or of my penmanship, you must ascribe it to the constant attention which they require.

Now I must give you a description of my house, which I have looked over thoroughly inside, and cursorily outside in a lull of the storm before it got quite dark. My church I have not seen at all yet, save for a glimpse of a square tower that I got from an upper window. It is very close by, but there are trees between. Well, the house is not at all what I would have built if I had been the last incumbent instead of the present. Come down from all your romantic notions—and hear ! It is a little matter-of-fact, squab, stone house, with a slated roof, saved from being a regular carpenter's box by having two windows on one side of the door, and only one on the other. There are two sitting-rooms,—one small, and the other smaller. The last man kept the small one as dining-room and *salle de réception*, and lived, with his books, in the smaller. This I shall just reverse: the small will perhaps just hold my books, and the smaller will do for me to eat in (*N.B.*, if I find there is anything to eat in Illingham). Outside the window of the small room (which I suppose I had now better begin, for convenience' sake, to call the larger) there is a sort of verandah, over which creepers are attempting to grow, hitherto without success. This I shall take down, for it is useless and ugly ; and when I can afford it, I shall build a stone porch in front of my door, with seats in it, where my poor people can shelter from sun or rain whilst waiting to see me. Over the sitting-rooms there are, of course, two bedrooms to match. I have taken the better of the two, as I daresay it will be a rare event to have a friend to stay with me ; but I will turn out of it when *you* come, to give you room for those vast possessions you always travel with. Kitchen and servant's rooms you must imagine ; they are in proportion to the splendour of all the rest. I have a garden of about a quarter of an acre, much out of order, a stable of two stalls, and a handsome pump. I possess thirty acres of glebe, but it is not near at hand ; so I suppose I shall let it, as my predecessor did. This is all I can tell you as yet, so now I

will say good-night. My fire, after smoking about two hours and a half, is now gone out, and the wicks of my candles have grown to a ghostly length. The wind is howling through the house, and a tree is creaking outside and beating its branches against the window in a way that has made me start and shiver many times. My old woman has long been gone to rest. I tried to keep her, to talk to, while she was taking away the tea things; but she was shy and laconic, and I could not get on with her. Good-night. I know how you and dear mother will be thinking of me all day. My love to you all. I will write more to-morrow.—Your loving  
F. J. R.

## LETTER II.

From the Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to his Sister.

*Wednesday, 7 P.M.  
By my fireside, in my slippers.*

DEAREST HELEN,—I must now give you an account of my first day as Perpetual Curate of St. Saviour's, Illingham, though I shall hardly know where to begin, or how to say enough to satisfy that craving of yours to 'know everything.' I cannot deny that my first impressions here have been far from exhilarating; perhaps the gloom of the weather may in part account for it, and the feeling of loneliness that I experience for the first time in my life. I slept little, and was up soon after six; came down and found old Mary was not about; took an umbrella and went through the wind and rain to my church. My first feeling when I saw it was, that if I had seen church, house, and village for myself at the outset, instead of trusting to a friend's report, I should never have found myself in my present position. Few men, I should think, take their first glance of their parish when they actually come to reside; but I have done it, and must take the consequences. Well, I did not come here to find an easy life and enjoy the picturesque, but to do the work appointed me—God grant I may! There was nobody about, and I did not know where the keys were kept, and thought it too early to go knocking at people's doors, so I contented myself with an outside survey. Building in good repair, solid and ugly; square towers, with battlements; sash windows here and there among pointed ones; an aisle on one side only, giving it a lop-sided look; roof at an ugly angle. The churchyard is a pretty piece of ground; it stands high, and there must be good views from it in fine weather; no houses

very close; grass growing wild all over it; large tombstones, with the *most* 'uncouth rhymes' and the *most* 'shapeless sculpture' decked!

Came back to breakfast, in which Mary had done her best for me; unpacked a box or two (for I found that some had preceded me here), and tried to make my room look a little less desolate. About eleven o'clock, a Mr. Grant, rector of a neighbouring parish, came over to induct me in due form; so now there only remains to 'read in,' and I am fairly in possession. Mr. Grant went away directly his duties were over, and I began to take a leisurely survey of my church, accompanied by the old clerk. 'In excellent order, and in very good taste,' said our friend Mr. Villiers—good, easy man! Now, Helen, hear! High pews with doors, cushioned mostly, but with nothing to kneel upon; a gallery at the west end, where the choir performs to a bass fiddle; a ponderous reading-desk and high pulpit above it; a hideous wooden font in the centre of the church, slop-basin in it to hold the water—all this I saw at a glance, and my face, I fear, must have grown very long, while my poor old clerk showed off everything with conscious pride. The chancel is rather a redeeming feature. It has three well-shaped lancets, tolerable altar furniture, and is stalled. This must have been Villiers' 'good taste,' and he could have looked no farther. I am thankful, however, for some negative blessings. There are no great modern monuments, no squire's pew with curtains (*that* is in the other church), no bad stained glass. You shall paint the Commandments, as you promised, for the chancel; there is a reredos of stained wood and tolerable design, empty panels at present. I will send you the dimensions and other particulars next letter. After leaving the church, I explored my half of the village thoroughly, and learned the geography of the whole place. My clerk, who is a cobbler, went back to his work, and I made my observations alone. I should be ashamed to tell you how depressing they were to me. The place looked wofully ugly, and had a strange lifelessness about it. Every one I addressed seemed cold and shy; not a woman curtsied or gave me good-day as I passed her door, though some turned to look at me inquisitively. I saw many public-houses, and three men passed me reeling drunk—two of them cursing and blaspheming. In the afternoon I went into my schools—good buildings, but blank and cold, like all else. The master received me frostily; he looked like a man accustomed to have his own way, and not inclined to stand interference from a young hand. The

mistress, on the other hand, offended me by ostentatious deference. I spoke to a good many little curly pates as the master took me round the different classes, but not one of them answered me; whereupon the master in each case cuffed them soundly on the head, and tears and sobs accompanied my first progress through my school. By this time I was so out of heart that I felt positively grateful to a man who remarked in a cheery tone to me, as I went home, that it was a 'fine night, sir.' I disagreed with him totally in my heart, as it was about four o'clock on a very dismal afternoon; but it was meant for a greeting, and as such I valued it. Now I must positively say good-night. Don't fancy from all that I have said that I am not going to do my best to like the place and be content. These are only *first impressions*, without which I know you would not be satisfied. My best love to dear mother. Tell her I am well and have had no headache since I left home. Take care of Wowski; I will send for him some day.—Your loving  
F. J. R.

*P.S.*—I find the name of this place is not pronounced Illing-ham, but Illin-jam. There are many other local names on the same pattern. I hope soon to make acquaintance with my colleagues at the other end of the village. Villiers said, you know, that the rector was 'a charming person, though of the old school in Church matters.' He did not know much about the curate, who is more likely to be a companion to me.

### LETTER III.

The Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to the Rev. EDWARD BEILBY.

ILLINGHAM PARSONAGE,  
April 11, 1849.

DEAR BEILBY,—Here I am! I am instituted, inducted, and all the rest of it, and am, next Sunday, to read in. You told me to write you my first impressions of the place and my work; and though it is, perhaps, too soon to give you an account worth anything, I begin, as much by way of finding companionship as anything else. This is only my second evening here, and already my solitude frightens me! And when I think that this solitude will probably be my portion to the end of my days, I feel as if I had put a hand to the plough that was not strong enough for its task. Sure no one was ever so spoiled in a first curacy as I: six fellows of us, mostly friends and contemporaries, all working together under the best rector that ever lived; help, sympathy, talk



always to be had, and a good friend like yourself ever at hand to pitch into one on the smallest occasion or none. Already I look back to our evenings at Priorsworthy as to a kind of lost paradise. My arrival here, in cold and wet, was very cheerless, and my first glance at things in general this morning has been infinitely depressing to me; the bleakness of the country, the strange lifelessness of the village, the cold manners of every one I met, a reception in the school that vexed and angered me, but, above all, the church! The building is bad enough, but my quarrel is not with that. It is that cold, dead, *once-a-week* look that chills me; doors carefully locked, everything covered up inside, and a damp, mouldy smell, like a vault. What a contrast to the old church at P., which was our true *home*; and how I have longed this day to throw myself down in the dear, accustomed corner and disburden myself of all my cares! A frightful feeling came over me as I entered my new church: I thought I could not *pray* there; and worse, while I took that miserable walk round the parish, I thought the whole place *rejected* me. Beilby, I know what you will say—that I am letting my morbid feelings get the better of me again; that I am a great deal too much influenced by externals; that ugliness, bad manners, and bad weather ought not to weigh with me one straw. True, but this time the matter goes deeper. Bear with me, dear Ned, while I explain myself. I have been for more than three weeks under the influence of the deepest misgiving as to whether I had done right in taking this preferment at all. I think I acted from too sudden an impulse. . . . You know what it was—that I might be farther from home, and from a presence daily becoming dearer to me; too dear, if I am to keep to my resolution, as by God's help I will, to give myself wholly to His service. This flight may have been right, or it may have been cowardly. In either case, was this a moment (and was this *a motive*?) to take upon myself a vast responsibility? I caught too readily at the wish of my father's old friend, Mr. Villiers, to have me in his county, and gave too much weight to his representations of the place and of its suitability to me. Surely it was great presumption in me, at my age, and inexperienced as I am, to leave a place where, if I was not *doing* much good, I was, at all events, learning some, and charge myself, unaided, with the burden of more than 2000 souls. It was these thoughts, which have been long rankling, that gave the sting to my experiences of to-day, in themselves, perhaps, indifferent enough.

To return. As I passed through the village in the afternoon, there was a horrid brawl going on in a public-house; two or three men, with their heads broken, came out, and reeled past me, cursing, while little boys in the street laughed at them and repeated the bad words. At this moment (do not laugh, Ned; it is true) I seemed to hear a voice behind me in a mocking tone say, 'It is *you* who have to give account for these souls; *you*, who can scarcely take care of your own!' It was so *real* that I turned sharply to look, but there was nothing. . . . It is true that I am not called upon to do anything in my own strength; it is true that for these souls I am ready to spend and be spent to the last breath I draw: only let me be assured that my call here is a true one, and I fear nothing—but there's the rub! You know all now, and will help me if any one can. I have had too happy a life up till now—so much dear companionship, so much undeserved love; and I have basked in this sunshine as if it was to last for ever! I think now a sterner discipline is prepared for me, a harder fight is before me, and I must fight it *alone*.

My little parsonage is very mean and ugly, but I care little for its discomforts. I have made the most of them and other trifles in writing to my sister, for I would not have her and my mother guess yet my graver misgivings. Now, good-bye, dear Ned. Remember me in your place in our dear old church this night and always. Let me know how your affair with T—— turned out, and whether you have succeeded in the school plans we discussed. Write to me, and blow me up as much as you see occasion. Only make me see this once, that my way is straight before me, and I promise you shall have no more whining. I meant to have told you what little I have gathered and surmised about my brother clergy at the other end of the village, but I have left no time.—Yours always affectionately,

F. J. R.

Go and see my mother and Helen as often as you can, and make the best of *me*.

#### LETTER IV.

The Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to his Sister.

*Friday Evening, April 13.*

DEAREST HELEN,—I must begin another letter to you without waiting for your answer to my first, or I shall not

be able to keep you up in all my affairs as you desire. Indeed, I feel as if I were growing as fond of pen and ink as yourself, the reason I suppose being that I have 'nobody to speak to.'

To begin, then, where I left off. On Thursday morning, as I was arranging my books, old Mary came in with a serious air, and, shutting the door carefully behind her, begged to know if I would please to allow her to speak to me. So I pleased, and with much circumlocution she got to her subject. It was, whether I was satisfied with her and would keep her on, and whether I would please look at her 'characters' that she had had from former places; and how, if I *would* not keep her, she must begin to look out for herself; and how, if I *would* keep her, she must have help, etc. I felt much cast down to think that housekeeping troubles were actually come upon me, and that I should have to do with wages, house books, and all the rest of it; however, there was no help for it. I laid down my books, got into my arm-chair, and resigned myself. Mary and I put our heads together, and the result of our cogitations is that now my household is organized. It was clearly proved to me that I must have a *girl*; and the plot must have been all cut and dried, for she had a girl ready to produce on the instant. Her niece 'Bell' arrived this morning, a most blooming lass. All the young women about here seem to be called Bell, only you must pronounce it Ba-ll—that is, make a sound like the bleat of a young lamb and put an *l* after it. Besides Bell I have half a boy,—no, not half; I should say one-twelfth of a boy,—for a certain young Willie Hall (pronounce Woolley Harle) is to give us two hours of his valuable time every morning to clean shoes and knives.

The next event yesterday was a call from the curate of the old church, Mr. Slade. He brought me the compliments of Mr. Miller, the rector, and his excuses for not calling in person, on the score of ill-health. He is, I am told, quite confined to his sofa and has done nothing for years. Mr. Slade lives at the rectory with the old couple, and has, they say, everything his own way. I feel convinced somehow that this Mr. Slade and I shall not *get on*, either as fellow-workers or socially. In our first ten minutes' talk I found we were wide as the poles apart. The very sight of him repelled me. I rose to receive him warmly, being glad to see a man and a brother, but such a 'keep-your-distance' air as he made his bow with I never beheld. He looks the Puritan all over, and talks in the set phrases of the extreme Low



Church school; and yet he's not a bad-looking fellow, nor otherwise than a gentleman. I suspect he fully returns my dislike; I saw him glance round my room, and his eye fell on the little ivory crucifix T. gave me, which happened to be on my writing-table, and I thought he froze up stiffer than ever. He is Oxford, but about five years senior to me; however, we found one common friend to talk about, Baker of Caius, and we made the most of him. Baker, I heard some time ago, had got to the very lowest depths of Puritanism; but Slade spoke of him with such peculiar emphasis as being a 'true minister of the gospel,' as clearly implied he was not inclined to believe as much of me. . . . It is a weak thing, as you have often told me, to be reacted on by the impression you feel you make on others, but I felt thoroughly *géné* in this man's presence. To-day, when I was out, I looked into his church, and thought it exactly like himself, cold, formal, and white-washed (I mean no allusion to *whited sepulchres* as applied to Slade, but the word seems to me to describe his cold propriety). I had visits to-day from two or three other gentlemen, including Mr. Benson, who is squire of the parish—I should say of the *two* parishes. They all came while I was out.

Now I must give you a little clearer idea of the village or 'toon' of Illingham, for I think I may have impressed you too unfavourably in my former letter. It is a long, large, straggling place of about 3000 souls, standing prettily on undulating ground, with plenty of green space about it, and a brisk little stream running through it. You wonder why it is not pretty, but it has carefully avoided it. The houses are nearly all of stone and slate, the *better-to-do* in the style of my parsonage, the humbler sort a smaller edition of ditto. Anything like a rustic cottage is unknown, and there seems to be very little taste for gardens or flowers. The population is agricultural, and the wages are high; so there is not much poverty, and the people are wondrously independent. Slade's parish and mine meet in the middle of the village, whose general plan consists of one long street, with various lanes branching out from it. One of these lanes divides our domains. On one side of it there are rubbishy cottages, on the other chiefly pigsties; the cottages are mine, the pigsties are his. On the whole, however, I have the poorest, and he the most 'genteel' part of the village—a division which suits me. We both have far too many public-houses. I hardly know what to make of the people yet, but I think I shall like them. Their blunt, sturdy, independent manners are a

great contrast to those of *our* village folk. They don't seem to think anything of you because you are a gentleman, still less because you are a priest; but they meet you in a frank, kindly, man-to-man spirit which has its charm. They seem intelligent, though their wits move slowly; and they are wonderfully cautious in their speech, and shrink from committing themselves to direct affirmation. 'I expect it weel,' seems to be the favourite formula for expressing the highest degree of human certainty; and if they meet you when you are nearly wet through, they will say, 'It's vary like a few drops, sir, I think.' I was asking to-day after a woman whom I knew to be ailing, and her husband told me she was 'much aboot soom otherwise.' I was not enlightened.

*Saturday, 14th.*—I called to-day at the rectory, and made acquaintance with old Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Slade being out. The rector is an interesting-looking old man, with a noble head, but a sad look of suffering. He has a kind manner, but talks little, as it fatigues him. The old lady is of the comfortable, cosy, motherly sort. She sits in a large easy-chair, incessantly knitting, and purring on complacently. They both think Slade an angel on earth, and Mrs. Miller more than hinted to me that I could not do better than take him as my model in all things. Poor thing, she has no children, her only son having turned out ill and died; so I suppose all her motherly instincts have centred upon Slade. She insisted upon showing me his study and bedroom, patterns of neatness and comfort. Such elbow-chairs, such screens and footstools, worked in wool, such a luxurious reading-table, such Russia leather bindings, such slippers set ready by the fire! When I got back to my untidy little den, my first feeling was of disgust with it; but my next was of great thankfulness that I had not all these indulgences to tempt me to my natural indolence. Good-night. I long for your first letter; home seems so far away, and my sight of it so long ago!—Best love.

F. J. R.

There are placards all over the place about a missionary sermon, signed *N. Slade*. What can the fellow's name be? Nicholas, I suppose; or Nathaniel, more likely still.

[L. C. G.]

(*To be continued.*)

**The Birth of Cain.**(EVE *speaks.*)

OH! was there ever such a day as this,  
 Since first upon the darkling water's face  
 The Spirit moved? And has it been, indeed,  
 A day like other days, made up of hours,  
 Just common hours, of daybreak,—noontide,—night,—  
 Such hours as mark the everydays of life?  
 Ah! surely not.—I have known so many days:—  
 The day, when first I woke to life and love;  
 The day, when first I knew of sin and shame;  
 The day, when first those flaming swords were set  
 Round Eden's gate,—and then, those other days,  
 When Adam sallied forth to daily toil,  
 And I was left alone to watch, and weep;—  
 But never day like this. The skies stooped down  
 To kiss the straining earth,—athwart the trees  
 I heard the angels move, and surely felt  
 His Presence, too, who walked beside us once  
 In Eden's grove. A solemn silence fell  
 On all things living.—To their grassy lairs,  
 The howling, grovelling creatures noiseless crept;—  
 The birds swung still and silent on their boughs;—  
 The waters soundless swelled and swayed.—My soul  
 Seemed widening slowly;—o'er my spirit stole  
 A sweet, strange sense of swimming into space,—  
 Until at last across that silence broke  
 A little cry,—my babe was born,—our son.—  
 O Adam, come and look upon 'the man  
 Which I have gotten from the Lord' to-day!

Poor Adam, thou art weary too, and worn  
 With many a day of travail and of toil;  
 Methinks the curse hath fallen sorer far  
 On thee than me,—and yet the sin was mine.  
 The arid ground yields not such fruit as this  
 For all thy delving.—Ah! my pretty bud,  
 My fairest flower in all the world,—nay, nay,  
 Thou must not wrinkle up thy forehead thus,  
 Nor frown like that. Do babies always frown?  
 Does the world seem to them so ill a place,  
 They needs must pucker up their little brows

At sight of it ? How should I know ? In truth,  
There never was a baby born before  
On all this earth,—this is the first,—our child !  
Look at him, Moon and Stars ! Look at him, once,  
And then draw off your twinkling silver rays,  
Lest they disturb his slumbers. Sun, arise  
In splendour, so that he too may awake  
To light, and joy, and gladness. Birds, trill out .  
Your sweetest songs ; 'twill make him leap for joy.  
Come hither, beasts, and let him stroke your manes,  
And draw his fingers down your furry coats ;  
For is not he the first-born babe on earth ?  
And should not all things minister to him,  
Their infant lord and master ?

Ah ! my babe,

My precious babe, how shall we train thee up ?  
How rule him rightly, Adam, thou and I,  
Who are so ignorant of life ourselves ?—  
What shall we teach him ? Shall he be as thou,—  
'A tiller of the ground,'—and learn to delve,  
And offer up his first-fruits to the Lord,  
And carry home his faggots on his back ?—  
And some day, some far distant day, when we  
Are resting 'neath the fig-tree's fragrant shade  
(One must grow weary as the years go on),  
We'll watch him coming through the palms at eve,  
And know that he is working now for us,  
As we worked once for him, our little Cain.—  
What ! frowns again !—ah no ! this must not be ;  
I cannot bear to watch those shadows pass  
Across thy brow. There ;—nestle down once more,  
And sleep and dream the ugly marks away. . . .

LULLABY SONG.

Sleep, then, my little one,  
Peacefully sleep ;  
Father and mother your  
Vigil will keep ;  
Angels watch over you,  
God above all,  
So that no evil thing  
Can you befall.  
Sleep, then, my little one, peacefully sleep ;  
God's holy angels your vigil will keep.

Sweet be your dreams, my babe,  
 Tender and bright,  
 Visions like stars that shine  
 During the night;  
 Daybreak they flee before,  
 Drop into dew,  
 Spangle the earth afresh,  
 Darling, for you!  
 Dream, then, my little one, peacefully dream;  
 Star-shine, or dewdrops, about you must gleam.

. . . . .

*(Four months later.)*

O Adam,—quick!—come tell me what is this  
 I hold within my hand, all stiff and stark?  
 It *was* a butterfly, I know—a thing  
 All full of pretty life and light;—but *now*,  
 What is it now? It does not move, nor fly,  
 But lies here like a lifeless stick, or stone.—  
 This morn it flew above my baby's head,  
 Through the blue air. He stretched his fingers out,  
 And caught it thus, and crunched it up between  
 His tiny palms, and laughed to see it start,  
 And struggle (oh! he's lusty now, and gay,  
 Our four-months' babe), and then he let it fall;  
 And there it lay until I picked it up,  
 All bruised and crushed—a pretty thing no more!  
 What! never any more—never again  
 To flit across the sunbeam's path, nor float  
 Through summer breezes like a rare-winged flower.—  
 What! dead—quite dead! Oh, Adam, 'tis not dead!  
 Death is a thing for thee and me, but not  
 For babes to deal to creatures such as these!

#### DIRGE.

Dead,—dead,—dead,—  
 The word has been said,  
 And blood has been shed  
 Upon earth;  
 For all that have breath  
 Are as certain of death,  
 As of birth!

. . . . .



*(A year later.)*

Another son, dear lord ; we are rich in sons.  
 I might have wished a woman-child this time,  
 But God knows best ; and this, our last-born son,  
 Looks mild and gentle as a little lamb.—  
 No frowning here. But where's our elder son ?  
 Where's Cain ?—ah me ! he toddled off awhile  
 To pounce upon some little unfledged bird.—  
 See ! there he comes, his prize between his hands,  
 How fierce he looks !—nay, boy, put off for once  
 That scowling face, lest it affright the babe.  
 What is it that offends thee ? Can it be  
 That thou art jealous of thy brother, Cain ?  
 Nay, but thou, too, thou sturdy year-old child,  
 Once sat upon my knee as Abel now.  
 So come, and give him one fraternal kiss.  
 What ! clenched fists !—a rush,—a blow,—a cry :—  
 ' Oh, Cain, what hast thou done ? ' See, Adam ! see,  
 Thy elder strikes thy younger ! Oh, my God,  
 Is this the punishment reserved for me ?—  
 To see my blessings turned to curses thus,  
 My children, foes,—to know that through my sin  
 All men shall sin, that but for me alone  
 There had not been in all the world, such things  
 As envy, hatred, strife, or death. . . . Ah ! Lord,  
 My punishment is more than I can bear.  
 . . . . .

*(EVE swoons, an angel sings.)*

Great was thy guilt, O Eve,  
 Cruel thy crime ;—  
 Yet shall thy seed atone  
 For it, in time.  
 Death shall be swallowed up,  
 Strife shall be o'er ;  
 Men shall through Man attain  
 Life evermore !

H. A. DUFF.

## Where shall we go ?

### V.—A HAPPY VALLEY.

SCENE.—*A lawn shadowed by trees from the afternoon sunshine. A tea-table stands under a large weeping ash which forms a dome of green foliage. The company are strolling about, or seated on garden chairs and lounges.*

*Marjorie.* Can any one here answer a difficult question ? The Edinburgh ladies want to know where to go. Where shall we go for our summer holidays ?

*Claudia.* Don't go anywhere. Have we not here, close to our native city, hills and trees, flowers and sweet shadows, tea and all comforts ? You travelled people come back and boast of the delights you have experienced, the splendours you have seen. You leave out the reverse of the medal—dusty railways, extortionate inns ; constant anxiety, calculation, and trouble ; all sorts of discomforts that you would not put up with for a day at home. Then the *contretemps*—miserable weather when you must go out—splendid sunshine when you are packed in a train—dirt and bad tobacco ; wretched crowds making each other more wretched on board filthy steamers tossing on dismal seas—

*Marjorie.* Stop. That is not to the purpose. We must and shall go somewhere. Please speak to the question ; criticise suggestions, if you like, but consider the first point carried. We are going—whither ?

*Claudia.* Then, while one makes a suggestion, let the rest of us form a committee, and cross-examine the witness. All will not prove so *couleur-de-rose* as it is painted, I suspect, in that case.

*Chorus.* Agreed ; and Claudia shall be chairwoman.

*Claudia (taking the easiest garden chair).* I now put the question to this company : Where shall we go ?

*Chorus.* Go to Italy—to Norway—to the Pyrenees—I know a delightful place—to Labrador—to Iceland—to Egypt—to Argyleshire, etc.

*Marina.* For real refreshment of body and mind, I should recommend Etretat ; or, indeed, any of the best sea-bathing places on the Norman or Breton coast ; but I mention Etretat as typical. Fine bold coast scenery ; a pure, green sea rolling in upon a pebbly shore, so that the water is as clear and transparent where it breaks on the land as out in mid-ocean ; a sweet climate, and most beautiful sunsets over the western sea, when all the ivory cliffs turn crimson



in the glow. Then the clean, honest, handsome fishing population, so picturesque when busied about their brown boats, so gay when they dance the *ronde* up by the farms of an evening, so kindly always—it is a real pleasure to be among them. Then the air is most exhilarating on the cliffs above, covered with short herbage which cuts in soft green against the bright blue of the high sea horizon. And the bathing is delicious.

*By the Chair.* What do you do all day?

*Answer.* There is the bathing. Small boats lie to seawards to rest the swimmers. All should swim, as the shore is so steep that you are out of your depth about the third step in the water. Half the *Monde*, smartly dressed, is disporting itself in the water all the forenoon.

*Chair.* And the other half?

*A.* Looking on. It is delicious swimming in that transparent water; for when it is still, you can see the weeds swaying over the sunken rocks and emerald-green sand far below. You glide over fatal depths,

‘Just

An inch from death’s black fingers, thrust  
To seize you, whom release he must!’

with a pleasant sense of ease, triumph, and safety.

*Chair.* So much for the forenoon; and in the afternoon?

*A.* There is the afternoon bath.

*Chair.* Just the same?

*A.* Just the same, only more people.

*Chair.* But if you don’t swim?

*A.* Then you learn to swim.

*By the Parson.* Are there hotels, horses, newspapers, books?

*A.* The hotels are so-so, but nice fishermen’s houses are let by the month. There is the *Petit Journal* (*laughter*) and a book about Etretat, but it is rather stupid; there are some French novels, and there is a donkey.

*Chair.* Thanks; delightful. But perhaps some people might think the life a little special in interest, a trifle monotonous. Any other suggestion?

*Parson.* Go to Italy. After all, Italy has the finest climate, the most interesting history, the loveliest scenery, the noblest art of all nations.

*Chair.* Granted; and we will not trouble you to describe Italy. It has also the most voluminous guide-book literature of all nations. But we are speaking of summer holidays. Is it your experience that Italian railway carriages are, in summer, like hot ovens?

*A.* Yes.

*Chair.* Is all exertion a trouble?

*A.* Yes. But you might stop at the baths of Lucca, or at La Spezia, where Italians go for coolness, and be quite comfortable.

*By Martin.* Have you there any of the Italian attractions you enumerated, except the fine scenery and climate?

*A.* No.

*Martin.* And these may be found more easily nearer home. Do you consider that Italian cities can be well seen in a hurried tour?

*A.* Well, you ought to stop some time in most of them.

*Martin.* Did you enjoy Rome itself the first day?

*A.* No; nor the first week—hardly the first month.

*Martin.* Then would you recommend any one to scramble through Italy in the height of summer?

*A.* They would have been there; and if strong, they would probably not suffer from the exertion.

*Chair.* Who said Labrador?

*Captain (R.N.).* I did. Everything there is on a grand scale. Splendid rivers rolling down through immense forests; a most healthy climate; the place is quite accessible across the Atlantic, and there is the exciting chance of actual exploration, of drawing a new line on the map. You must take a tent, but you can travel at no great expense, and you can always get salmon. In fact, there is capital sport.

*Chair.* Are you aware that the ladies will not fish, on principle?

*A voice.* The ladies consider all field sports wrong.

*Witness.* Wrong! to kill the fish, and, of course, to eat them! Oh, vegetarians! I understand.

*Chair.* Pardon me. As a majority we don't consider it absolutely and always wrong to catch fish; it is only wrong to *enjoy* doing it. You may—driven by necessity, if your feelings are sufficiently obtuse (our finer spirits would rather starve)—cheat one of these poor fish out of his native element into your frying-pan, but you should not *like* doing it; do it with a groan or a tear, and reflect all the time how *you* would like to be dragged by a meat hook in the chin into the water, and so drowned.

*Witness.* Ah, I see! and, of course, the same reflections apply to eating the fish. You may do it, but you should not *like* doing it. No; I do not recommend Labrador.

*Martin.* The Pyrenees are, perhaps, the most characteristic mountain lands in Europe. They are, I think, as beautiful

as the Alps, and yet with a difference: less pastoral, more romantic; less lovely, more mysterious. I shall never forget those dark ravines where the unseen rivers brawled along, those wide forest lands, those thickets of box and myrtle, the little forbidding dark-stone villages, the grand expanses of snow, the wild riding, the brilliant southern climate. How we used to enjoy it all!

*By Marjorie.* What do you say of the inns?

*A.* I divide them into two classes: the big ones, where the landlord devours your goods; and the little ones, where the small game of the country devour you. Here and there there is an honourable exception.

*Marjorie.* What do you get to eat on the Spanish side?

*A.* Chocolate.

*Chair.* Can you get meat, wine, eggs?

*A.* Seldom meat, wine not always. Eggs you can get, but even they taste of garlic.

*Chair.* Can you get cheese?

*A. (hesitating).* Yes.

*Chair.* I must ask you to be explicit.

*A.* After smelling the cheese, you are not likely to taste it.

*Chair.* You said you enjoyed the riding; how much does that mode of travel cost per diem?

*A.* From thirty to forty shillings each for two people who need a guide.

*Chair.* This is an excellent mode of eliciting the facts of foreign travel. The Pyrenees seem very attractive, but it is as well to know the cost.

*Selena.* I have been all over the world, and to my mind there is nothing like Norway. Honest kindly people, excellent air, scenery superb. Those who know the west coast of Scotland may have some feeble idea of it, but Norway is on a far nobler scale. The extent and grandeur everywhere impart a feeling of elevation, of real joy to the traveller. Those fiords where the salt water wanders so far inland, and where the tall ships from the outland seas are dwarfed by the great precipices under which they glide, where the birch trees and grasses stoop right over the sea-weeds and sea-shells that cling about their roots—all these must be seen to be imagined. Then what an historical and ancestral interest for us we find in this cradle of the best of our race. Norway for me.

*By the Captain.* How do you get there?

*A.* There is the line of First-class Full-powered Screw Steamers; splendid accommodation, vast saloons on deck, smoking-room, state cabins, etc. See Advertisement.

*Captain.* Where do you see these splendid Steamers?

*A.* In the advertisements. But there is a line of Screw-Steamers owned by—

*Captain.* Screws! I know them! Do they provide provisions?

*A.* Yes; and you must buy them. But if you want to eat, *take your own*. It is better to go by Leith, but there is only a steamer thence once a fortnight. After all, what matters it for two or three days? Once on board a Norse steamer, all is changed. You have good food, good tea and coffee, and kindly captains.

*By Gudrun.* How about inns?

*A.* Well, I suppose the luxurious might call them poor, and the delicate might think them rough; they are cheap.

*Chair.* Pray report further on Norway. Any more views?

*Fenella.* For the delicate there is nothing like the Camp cure. I was delicate, and it cured me. Go to the western slope of the Rocky Mountains. Take a horse, get an Indian and a Spanish passport. Ride all day by yourself: the country is charming; you may explore it. At night choose a fine tree; picket your horse close by, wrap yourself in a buffalo robe, and go to sleep. The nights are cold—sometimes frosty; but the air is so wholesome that you are probably cured in a month.

*Chair.* And if not, are you killed?

*A.* By Indians? Well, just at present it may not be quite so safe for a lady alone as when I was there, but that will all blow over.

*Chair.* As it is not safe at present, we may postpone discussing this Camp cure.

*Gudrun.* Iceland has many of these advantages without the drawbacks. It is only a five or six days' voyage; there are no Indians, but delightful inhabitants, like the Norsemen, only better; capital fishing (*murmur of disapprobation*),—I speak not to those finer spirits, who will still, however, have to endure fishing, as well as cakes and ale. The air is a regular elixir of life. The country is little explored; there is constant riding; no inns, which I think better than the bad inns of Norway.

*Chair.* An admission from a Norwegian traveller.

*Witness.* No roads, which I prefer to railroads; all sorts of curious things, such as wild geese, hayfields on house-tops, volcanoes, green pointed shoes, boiling bogs, gold and silver embroidery, underground grottoes lined with ice, etc.

*Chair.* You slept?

*A.* In our tent, or in a church.

*Chair.* It was cold and rainy sometimes, I suppose; what did you do for a fire?

*A.* We did without.

*Chair.* All the bogs were not boiling, I believe?

*A.* Oh no! there were bogs of all kinds, and every size.

*Chair.* Were you ever in one?

*A.* What do you mean? I am here. Of course I was frequently going over one.

*Chair.* Were you ever wet? and, in that case, how did you get dry?

*A.* You could sometimes dry one foot at a time over a stick fire in a farm kitchen.

*Chair.* Were you ever hungry?

*Witness.* I should think so.

*Chair.* Had you enough to eat?

*Witness.* What do you mean? I am here.

*Chair.* Evidently this witness has a disregard for creature comforts that would make her a dangerous guide to those who depend on them.

*Marjorie.* I consider that those who would allure an average lady to Iceland for a pleasant holiday tour, would show a love of practical joking beyond the mischievous, reaching the positively malevolent.

*Chair.* Have you any recommendation to offer yourself? You used to write in our old *Attempt* most enthusiastically about Switzerland.

*Marjorie.* I wrote some time ago, about long ago. The Switzerland of my youth is gone. The ordinary Swiss hotel is now a big palace or a big barrack, where life revolves round the dinner at 7 P.M., for seven francs, in seven courses. When you arrive, you are received by a crowd of waiters, all speaking bad English, who rush up before you to light seven candles in three rooms, to appear afterwards in the bill. That same bad English sounds round you all day long. Provincial English, inferior American English, German English. You live in a crowd much given to dress and flirtations. All the expeditions round are ticketed, charged for, and crowded. One hundred carriages in a day often drive up the Grindelwald valley, once so sweet and sequestered. Excursion trains disgorge themselves on the neighbouring meadows; crowded steamers give smoke and noise and publicity to the lakes. The inns have everywhere increased enormously, while the glaciers have diminished. The mountains are fitted with iron clamps for convenience of climbing



them; the real guides and the real Alpine travellers have retreated with the chamois to the remotest glens, and I daresay they will all become extinct before long.

*Martin.* Your remarks point, I think, especially at the Bernese Oberland and Chamounix. You will hardly assert that they apply to all Switzerland?

*A.* I draw a picture of the ideal aimed at by the Swiss, and rapidly being attained in the most beautiful parts of the country. Sometimes, no doubt, you find in the hotels the size and costliness, without the good food and cleanliness which are generally the redeeming points. The Swiss nation is, however, organized into one great company for extracting the largest amount of profit from the annual shoal of tourists. We travellers are their lawful prey, their game, their food. There are game laws, but rather to regulate the division of prey among the sportsmen than for the protection of the game. In the interests of these sportsmen themselves—and none other, you may be sure, will be considered—it would be well if the game laws could be made more stringent. As it is, in all disputes and cases of imposition, the tourist goes to the wall. The Swiss have neither justice nor mercy. Nor do they understand what people come to see in their country, and they spoil any landscape that they meddle with. The whole country is spread with traps, baits, and nets for the tourists, who have as many enemies as the herring have with us. Of course there are honourable exceptions,—some honest landlords, some kind landladies, and some gallant and unmercenary guides still left.

*Chair.* Can you not tell us of some charming mountain retreat where ladies can find good pedestrian excursions, not necessarily in Switzerland?

*Marjorie.* Yes, I do know of a Happy Valley; it is some 2000 feet above the sea-level, but noble mountains rise all round. Just in front, the valley deepens into a dark ravine, masked by thick woods, where a great, unseen river runs and roars and thunders. Over the tops of the nearest hills rise the serrated edges of one of the most splendid snow ranges in Europe; glaciers come down near our valley, but not into it. It is a lovely meadow, shadowed by scattered walnut and chestnut trees, here and there diversified by a picturesque grey rock. A few little strips of yellow corn give value to the greens of the pasture. In the little village the carnations trail from the sparkling lattice windows of the dark wooden houses. The village church rises from the brink of a steep descent into the ravine, just after it has been spanned by a

high bridge, under which the river leaps down in a great waterfall. People live in that cold clammy ravine, and climb with toil out of their low dark abode to the sunshine of our valley. But, if you climb higher yet, you get through the grand larch woods, carpeted with wild strawberries, and over the open Alp pastures, right up to the glittering glaciers and pure snows; for in our valley, though there are lovely little strolls about the doors, suited for an invalid, there are also glacier excursions to be made in the day, which might baffle a member of the A. C. There are no tourist crowds here; the present company would fill the two pretty little clean inns; but there is sometimes a market, and always a celebrated pilgrim shrine, to which the peasants largely resort in their quaint costumes. The place, in short, is real, and is not made up for the season; it has a life of its own.

*Chair.* The cooking is probably bad.

*A.* On the contrary, I still remember the *soufflets* fondly, and the dainty breakfast rolls, new and hot every morning, the fried trout, and bowls of rich cream, the *salmi* of chamois, and the kid, which tasted like it.

*Chair.* Is the place dear?

*A.* The charges are most moderate, because it is not yet found out.

*Chair.* Is it very inaccessible?

*A.* No; the shoal of tourists passes not so far off but that I fear it may some day be deflected into our valley.

*Chair.* I know; it is in the Engadine, and very cold, with uncertain weather.

*A.* No, it is not in the Engadine, and the climate is warm, yet fresh. It is in the corn and chestnut zone.

*Chair (and Chorus).* Where is it?

*A.* That is the only question I am not prepared to answer. It would indeed be delightful to fill the two little inns with the present company, but their friends, and their cousins, and their neighbours over the way, and their enemies would come too. Then a big Hotel would grow up, and the waiters would come, and the Yankees, and the Company. Our valley would lose all its distinction, it would be advertised in the railway stations, Cook would personally conduct parties to it once a fortnight, and tourists would tell each other, not about the Happy Valley, for that would be no more, but about the New Place to go to.

(*Marjorie hastily takes leave. The discussion is closed by a remark from the Chair.*)

After all, though no one has said it, there is a great deal to be said for staying at home.

E. J. O.

## Mixing the Christmas Pudding.

### I.

'Now, ladies, prepare for a treat to-day, that seldom falls to the lot of English tourists in Norway.'

Thus spoke the cheery captain of the steamer which plies along the Stor Fjord, from Allesund to Hellesylt.

'I think we can scarcely have a better sight than that already given us,' said one of those addressed. 'It seems to me as if God, in creating Scandinavia, had begun a huge range, like the Cordilleras or the Alps, but stopped short and left half remaining under water. Fancy this big steamer going thus close to such rocks as these.' She pointed up to a range of beetling cliffs rising hundreds of feet above their heads.

'Well, it is a wonderful country,' replied the captain, 'and I like to see people enjoy it; and I'm glad, too, to show you a part where I myself have only been twice before—the Ta-fjord. I am going expressly to take that family there for the winter.' He pointed to a group sitting quite at the bow, and gazing intently at the prospect ahead.

'They are English,' exclaimed the elder of the two sisters; 'I was talking to him a few minutes since. Why do they stay in this out-of-the-way place?'

'He is a Cornish miner,' replied the captain; 'an English company has opened an iron mine, and he was here all last winter alone. He found it too hard a life, and has been home to fetch his wife.'

The younger sister immediately joined the emigrants. 'Are you really going to spend the winter here?' she said, looking with unfeigned pity at the rather delicate little woman, whose *physique* seemed utterly unfitted for the task.

'Yes,' replied she, smiling. 'I could not let my husband come alone a second time.'

'I could not have done it,' said he; 'one winter in such a place was enough to send any man mad; the loneliness is something terrific—perfect stillness all winter, and then the awful change that follows—the roar of falling avalanches and rush of torrents, accompanying the winds and storms of spring.'

'What made you come at all?' asked his countrywoman.

'What made Livingstone die in Africa, Borrow ramble all over Spain, Gordon Cumming shoot lions and tigers? To

explore, and dare, and—*make money*,' he added with a sly twinkle in his merry brown eyes. 'Every man in decent health tries to leave the world richer than when he entered it. I must try for the sake of this little woman;' and he raised his child of sixteen months proudly in his arms.

'Mind she doesn't fall over, Walter,' said his wife nervously.

'Nay, nay, you must not begin thus,' said a voice behind them, 'or poor Walter will have sair times with you;' the accent was unmistakeably Scotch. Clara Dennison turned and beheld a man of about eight-and-twenty, whose face, though serious and scarcely to be called handsome, was relieved by the kindly gleam of his blue eyes.

'That is Mr. Forsyth, the engineer of the works,' said the husband by way of introduction.

'Are you, too, going to remain here for the winter?' asked Clara, with that unconscious freedom from reserve acquired in foreign travelling.

'Yes, my time will be spent partly at this mine, partly at the other which I saw Captain Aasen point out to you further back.'

'And did you feel lonely too? Were you here last winter?' said she quickly.

'I was,' he replied, reversing the order of his answers to her two questions, 'and I did feel very lonely;' and looking into the sympathetic eyes now raised to his, he added: 'Vivyan is happy, he has a wife willing to share his lot. I asked the girl I loved to do the same for me, and—she refused.' He turned quickly as if ashamed of this sudden confidence in a perfect stranger, and walked away as far as he could go.

Vivyan laid his hand on his wife's arm, and looking fondly at him, she whispered, 'I am not afraid of anything with you, Walter. I am thankful you came to fetch me.'

The rock which guarded the entrance to the fjord was safely rounded, but instead of disclosing, like other fjords passed on the journey, a green valley, sloping gently up to snow and glaciers, with white farmhouses and dark wooden huts, speaking of some social intercourse, not a dwelling broke the savage magnificence of the rocky barriers which hemmed in the Ta-fjord. For six or seven miles the steamer found its way, now on one side, now on the other, wherever there seemed least chance of the vessel being imperilled by a shower of stones or a displaced boulder. Clara Dennison had not left Mrs. Vivyan's side. She found her intelligent and amusing, the daughter of a Devonshire farmer, brought up amid the tors of Dartmoor, accustomed to ride about on her pony,



unharassed by care, until her marriage to the sub-engineer of a Cornish mine. His leaving her for this Norwegian post, just after the birth of their child, had first showed her how light would be all privations, either for herself or the child, if shared with him.

As they passed the last rocky bar, the end of the fjord suddenly burst upon their view. A few low huts crowned a rising knoll, already deep in the shadow of the surrounding mountains. Among them stood a house whose air of would-be superiority made it look only more hopelessly ugly. 'Oh!' burst from Clara's lips involuntarily; for, beautiful as was the scene, the distant glaciers foretold how dreary would be the home of the tender woman and little child through the dark Norwegian winter.

'We are spending our winter in Norway too,' she said, taking Mrs. Vivyan's hand in hers, and pressing it warmly. 'How often we shall think of you! I hope you will be very busy; and can you get plenty of firewood?' She spoke rapidly, not wishing them to see how sadly their lot impressed her.

'We have provided that,' replied Mr. Forsyth; 'we will take as much care of her as your heart could desire. An Englishman and a Scotchman together ought to be able to make your countrywoman happy.'

'You will be mostly here, then,' said Clara, furtively wiping her eyes; 'that will make it better.'

'I shall see them settled in, then go to the other mine, and return for Christmas. Now look up; do you see that cradle coming down?'

Clara looked where he pointed, twelve hundred feet above their heads, straight up the face of the mountain, and saw one cradle coming down and another going up an iron tramway, the weight of the one drawing the other to the top of the ascent.

'If Captain Aasen could stay, I would take you to the top in the next empty cradle, to see the mine. Should you be afraid to go?'

'Not a bit, if you were not afraid to take me.'

'You would have courage for anything, I think,' he said, rather sadly. 'Every atom of machinery, all the necessities for mining, had to be carried, step by step, up the face of that precipice; it is something to boast of, when one thinks of the rolling stones and falling earth we had to contend with.'

'I always wish I had been a man, that I might have been



an engineer,' replied Clara, laughing; 'I cannot imagine a more interesting life.'

'It has its hardships,' said he, as the steamer stopped, and all was bustle for the departure. Their goods were brought on deck, and Mrs. Vivyan was welcomed by a grave though sweet-looking peasant woman, in a manner which added no cheerfulness to her first impressions. With hearty good wishes, Clara and her sister shook hands with their new-made friends, and their last sight, before re-passing the rocky gate, was of Mrs. Vivyan with her two companions, waving their handkerchiefs, and cheering to the retreating boat.

'Amina,' said Clara to her sister, 'what can we send them for Christmas?'

## II.

'Can you come and dine with us this evening?' said the sweet voice of Mrs. Lorimer, the English chaplain's wife at Christiania, to the two sisters. They were all standing among the piles of frozen game which lay along the market-place.

'We shall be delighted to come; I wanted so much to see you,' said Clara. 'Have you a receipt for a plum-pudding?'

'Plum-pudding?'

'Yes. I wish to send one to Allesund.'

'To whom? Norwegians don't like them.'

'But this is for English people;' and Clara told the story of their meeting with the Vivyans, and her wish to send them this English token of friendship.

'Go and buy all the materials,' said Mrs. Lorimer, entering heart and soul into the plan, 'and bring them up to me. Just the thing to send. They are not poor people, but they will be delighted at being remembered. We can make the pudding this morning, and have it ready for you to take with you at night.'

Though it was early in November, winter had already set in. The last English steamer of the season had broken its way out through the ice of the fjord, now thickening every day as Christmas approached. Frost lay on all the double windows, and the ground, thinly coated with snow, was as hard as iron; but the crisp, clear air was like champagne, motion and life were enjoyment. Clara went on her mission without a doubt of success. Alas for the difficulties awaiting a purchaser in a new country! Sugar was easily got, not so plums, which are here only used for soup, or for some uni-

eatable compound called fruit jelly. In vain she asked for *raisins*, of course new currants were brought; *prunes*, when French plums were produced; figs, thinking of Devonshire, when lo! a drum of Turkey figs appeared. At last, on going behind the counter with the good-tempered but bewildered shopman, and opening every drawer in succession, she found what she wanted. Spice was not hard to come by, though she could name neither nutmeg nor all-spice, but the candied peel! That was a *poser*, and what would a Christmas pudding be without it?

'What kind of *pooding* is it to be?' asked the wretched shopman. 'Flour and suet, milk and sugar, eggs and raisins, currants and spice, and this stuff that I never heard of. By all the gods of Parnassus,'—he had been the best Greek scholar of the year, this same grocer,—'you ought to be ill till Christmas comes round again, after eating this mixture!'

Clara laughed. Her search was useless this time; the jars held everything but the right one. The boxes and tins were all biscuits and jams, tapioca and sago, or dried herrings and reindeer tongues. Pickles there were in plenty, and he offered her a piece of Windsor soap. '*Conserve*,' suggested her sister, and he at once pounced upon 'Turkish Delight.' This was a shade nearer; Clara drew a lemon, which he took for a pomegranate, and said they didn't grow in Norway. At last she spied an orange. 'This, or like this, *conserve* in sugar,'—whereupon he brought her a plate with sugar, thinking she wished to eat the orange. Good grocer Hansen, now fairly at a loss, pointed to the confectioner opposite, and said perhaps she could help. There Clara went, and found her candied peel, wondering at her own stupidity in not having gone there at first; and finally, with her hard-won spoils, she reached the Lorimers' house.

'Let me introduce Miss Brent,' said her hostess, as a pretty dark-eyed girl entered the room. 'She came over by the last steamer, and is staying awhile with us.'

'May I help to mix this wonderful pudding?' said she, and her pleasant expression won Clara's heart.

'Who is she?' she asked, when left alone with Mrs. Lorimer.

'An orphan and a governess,' was the reply; 'she is tired of England, and comes here for a change; isn't she pretty? I wish we could have kept her for our little folks, but she is already engaged to go to a situation in Allesund.'

The pudding was now duly mixed, and Mr. Lorimer declared they must all stir it.

‘But what are we to boil it in? Something in which it can travel,’ said his wife.

‘A saucepan with a lid and no handle,’ said Miss Brent; ‘are there no such things in Norway?’

‘We must try;’ and putting on their bonnets and *bashliks* (good sensible things, ladies, for cold climates), they set forth on this second quest.

The crockery-store produced nothing. ‘A covered basin for a *pooding*, a *pooding* to travel three weeks;’ the master had never heard of such a *pooding*, ‘it would be mouldy before it got there; English were strange people.’

They went to the tinsmith’s, but the saucepans all had handles, and the unreasonable man would not take one off; they might find something at the oilman’s opposite; and sure enough they did, a nice little saucepan, with no handle, but with a tight-fitting lid. This being well buttered, and the pudding put in, the household gathered round the table, and good Mr. Lorimer stirred the spoon with a will, saying, ‘May the Vivvans enjoy the eating as much as we have done the making of this; and may it be a message to them of the bond that knits us all together in One whose birth makes our Christmas joy.’

All stirred in turn, and pretty Miss Brent looked at Clara Dennison with tears sparkling in her bright eyes. The cloth was tied on, and all witnessed the placing of the saucepan in the boiler where it would spend the next six hours.

There were, in Christiania, no parties like the Lorimers; when people have no thought save that of making others happy, they generally succeed. There were the Dennisons, stray travellers, the lonely governess, two young men who had no friends except these kind hosts, and a few others to whom fortune had been more lavish of brains and cheerful dispositions than of money. Music and talk were going on, when there came a knock at the door. All turned as it opened, and there stood a girl, in the Hardanger costume, with snow-white head-dress, shading just such a face as one sees on the steamers in that beautiful fjord; in dainty linen chemise, with silver ornaments fastening wrist and collar, shoes and white stockings, pretty short woollen skirt, and the superb white embroidered apron on which the Norwegian peasant-women expend so much time. She walked through the group of guests, straight up to where Clara stood, and with a graceful curtsy, presented a parcel rolled in fine linen. Not till she had opened it, and disclosed ‘The Pudding,’ did Clara look again at the messenger, and recognise Mrs. Lorimer.

'And now, how to send it? The steamers have stopped; if I could get it to Captain Aasen at Allesund, he would find some way of sending it.'

'I am going to Allesund, I can take it to Captain Aasen,' said Miss Brent.

'Promise not to eat it by the way,' said her host; 'people are put to sad straits in Norway sometimes. I know that on my only trip up the country I could get no meat for three days, and should soon have turned cannibal and eaten my wife,'—putting his hands on her shoulders,—'especially if she had been as *well-dressed* as she is just now.'

To Miss Brent the pudding was consigned, on promise of abstinence, even if threatened by famine; and now we must bid it farewell, till its time comes for being eaten.

### III.

Christmas morning rose clear and cold on the Ta-fjord. The mountains looked like giants clothed in white, the huts on the knoll might have been hillocks of snow. Mrs. Vivyan was early astir, flitting from room to room like a tiny butterfly, as she plied her household tasks. For her Christmas feast, she had clotted cream and bilberry-tart; fermenty, because Mr. Forsyth liked it, and the corn was easily got; shortbread and bannocks, a haggis, and a nice piece of roast beef; everything, in short, that she could think of, except a plum-pudding.

'What can I do for you?' said a hearty voice; and Mr. Forsyth stood in the doorway. 'This cold is as sharp as a knife; no wind, luckily, or we should be cut in two; and thank Heaven, we have wood in plenty,' putting log after log into the stove, till the room was warm as a toast.

'A merry Christmas to my little woman!' said Vivyan, entering, and clasping his wife's slender figure in his burly arms; then holding her out at arm's length, he placed a box in her hands, which she opened, and found to contain a brooch. 'Not much use, eh, in this outlandish place?' as his eyes brightened at her praise of its beauty, 'but we shan't be here all our days, and it will remind us of our Norway Christmas.'

In trotted little Alice, in a new scarlet frock, to the no small delight of the girl promoted to be her nurse. And amid these simple joys of their wild home, Forsyth sat down, and tried to enter into the spirit of the day. He praised the fermenty and the shortbread; but as he watched the bright little wife doing her simple honours, waiting on the husband



so well pleased to be waited on, a mingled pang of sorrow and anger rose to his heart, shutting out all gentler Christmas thoughts. There rose sad memories of a May morning last year, when he walked out to meet the girl who had laid her hand in his, with the look that tells a woman's sweetest secret—that she loved, and knew that she was beloved. He recollected each step taken down that Devonshire lane, not that he had been conscious of the silvery mists rolling off Dartmoor, the music of the torrent, or the whispering of the young leaves. His thoughts had all been hers, and, in his foolish ardour, he had asked her to share his exile, and she had shrunk from its hardships. He was poor, and had yet his up-hill way to make; but, with the dogged determination of the Scot, he knew that nought but death should stay his career. But she—she loved luxury, society; she would have taken him rich and well-to-do, but not now, with his heart a well of unfathomed love for her, and his frame in its youthful pride of manhood. Could it be true that she was not worthy of him? that she would let him wait on, and return, rich, perhaps, but young and fresh no longer, to find her worn and worldly, perhaps married for money, a tribe of children round her, and sordid cares and anxieties filling her heart? Could it be? And in spite of all, would come surging up thoughts of that May morning, and the spring-tide of her beauty, and his own youth—and he must love her still.

‘Who in the world can this be?’ said Vivyan, standing at the window.

‘Visitors!’ cried his wife.

Forsyth joined them, and exclaimed, ‘Why, its Aasen! but who can he have brought with him?’

They all turned out to welcome the captain. ‘A merry Christmas!’ he shouted, flourishing a package he held. In the bustle no one noticed the deadly paleness of Forsyth, as he leaned against the door-post. With Captain Aasen was a lady, so muffled up that no one could see whether she were old or young, till, throwing back her *bashlik*, the rosy face and brilliant eyes, framed in soft furs, revealed that not only had Miss Brent found out the captain, but that she had brought the pudding herself.

A little by-play ensued. From pale, Forsyth turned red, and seemed debating with himself whether to rush into the house, or run down and meet the new-comers. He grasped his collar, smoothed his long, light beard, and the two reached the threshold. The Vivyans greeted the captain,



two little hands were put out, a pair of brown eyes sought his, and when a sweet voice whispered 'Archie,' he forgot all else, folded the little figure in his arms, and murmured, 'Lucy, Lucy! this is a Christmas day I do not deserve.'

'Well, if that is not a kind thought! A real English plum-pudding! And picture-books for you, Alice, and the *Graphic*, and no end of Christmas numbers for father and me, and something for you, Captain Aasen!'

'A little story about Norway, I declare!' said the captain, amazed; 'and I believe I'm in it, and my steamer, and Hellesylt, and the tales I told her on the voyage here, and the Ta-fjord, and all.'

'What made you change your mind, Lucy?' Forsyth was saying.

'My mother is dead, Archie. I could not leave *her*,—but then—I could not help it.' He now noticed her deep mourning for the first time.

In the early summer, Archibald Forsyth and Lucy Brent were married at the consul's house in Christiania, where the Union Jack was their altar-cloth. Mr. Lorimer, as he tied the knot, hoped that they might be half as happy as he and his wife. Lucy had withstood all entreaties for an earlier union.

'We scarcely know each other as yet, and could not have a better opportunity of finding out each other's tempers. Besides, I must learn housekeeping from Mrs. Vivyan, so, like a prudent Scotchman, you must do as I wish.'

He consented, and she helped Mrs. Vivyan all the week, and on Sunday they held a school for the children in the huts. They had pleasant evenings of reading, and perhaps spent a happier winter than often falls to the lot of human beings in more genial climates.

And when Clara Dennison heard all about it in a letter from Mrs. Vivyan, she felt that a happier thought had never occurred to her than 'Mixing the Christmas Pudding.'

C. RAY.

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## A Short Account of the Girls' Friendly Society.

BY AN ASSOCIATE.

MANY of our readers have doubtless heard of the Girls' Friendly Society—a Society which endeavours to provide for each of its members the help and blessing of Christian friendship and sympathy.

Isolation is one of the most crushing trials that young women who work for their bread have to meet, and it is that evil which this Society seeks first of all to remove. It has often been said, that there is amongst women a striking lack of the power of combination for a given purpose, an apparent absence of the capacity for sinking minor differences for the sake of a common end. The intention of the Girls' Friendly Society is to supply this lack—to call out this latent power. It aims at being a kind of Freemasonry amongst women, of which the sign-manual shall be Purity, and the hand held out shall be Fellowship. In fact, this Society of ours seeks to be to women what the order of Freemasons is to men—a bond of union in the scattered and divided world in which we live. Our object is not merely that girls should be encouraged to pay into a savings club, subscribe to a library, or attend a class for religious instruction, but that they should become united to a Society which provides its members with all these aids to a virtuous life; so that a girl who belongs to it need never feel isolated in a strange place, for wherever she goes, there will be an associate ready to take her by the hand, to whom she can always turn for help and sympathy. Exposed as young girls often are to sad trials and temptations, it may be a safeguard to them to feel that their career is watched with hope, that they are expected to do well, and that some one takes an interest in them.

The Society has been formed for the benefit of all girls who have to work for their bread, whether they are at home, in service, or employed in shops, factories, or mills. It is just at the time when girls are leaving the public and Sunday schools, and entering upon a life of independence, that they most need help, losing, as they often do, not only the good influences of home, but also the spiritual advantages that may be derived from the care and friendly help of ministers and teachers. When a girl leaves home, the ladies can tell, by the lists of the Society, whether there is any associate in the place where the member is going; and if there is, they can write and ask her to befriend the girl in any way she can, subject, of course, to the employer's approval.

It may often happen that an associate may be able to do scarcely anything at first for the member commended to her care; still the mere fact of knowing where the girl is, may prove useful some day, even when least expected. Again, an associate may do much good by making known the mem-

bers under her care to the nearest minister of the denomination to which they belong, who may often be glad of such a link between himself and a class more inaccessible than any other to his parochial ministrations.

To give the girls a friendly word occasionally, and to be a referee for them at all times, is the principal duty of an associate with regard to members in service. Let it be distinctly understood, that no interference with the prerogatives of employers is intended or tolerated by our Society. No one with any tact would be inclined to trespass on the natural privilege of an employer, that of being her servant's best friend, or to indulge an idle curiosity by encouraging the member to gossip about her mistress's family and concerns. It is for this reason that the promoters of the Association seek as much as possible to admit as associates only those ladies whose refinement of mind and position in society place them above the suspicion of such petty motives. Many mistresses of families have themselves joined the Society, in order that it may form a much-needed link between themselves and their servants. But it is not always the fate of servants to have a friendly and considerate mistress. In large establishments young servants are too often neglected; and even where this is not the case, the mistress may not always be able to befriend the girl after she leaves her. But the associates of the Girls' Friendly Society *can* follow her career, passing her on from one associate to another; stretching out kindly hands to help her on the journey of life, and to remind her of one perfect Friend whose 'love never faileth.'

Both associates and members in Scotland are bound by the same rules, which are these:—

1. To ask God's blessing daily, morning and evening; and on Thursday, to pray especially for a blessing on the Society.

2. To read at least one verse of God's Holy Word every day.

3. If possible, to attend Divine service at least once every Sunday.

4. To try and avoid reading all worthless books, magazines, and papers.

5. To endeavour to speak no evil of others.

6. To dress simply, according to station, avoiding useless finery and exaggerated fashions.

In England, where the Society has been working vigorously for some years past, there is scarcely any large town which

does not possess some associates. Over thirty homes and lodging-houses are now open for members out of place, where they are received at from 3d. to 6d. a night, generally, however, finding their own board. There are great numbers of free registries, and 33 Lady Registrars; indeed, every associate who does her duty is a Lady Registrar on a small scale. The associates in England now number over 4000, and there are, at least, 140 branches.

The Girls' Friendly Society for Scotland, which is as yet in its infancy, was only started in 1875, but it has been very well received here. In Scotland there are now 86 associates, and upwards of 350 members. Three branch associations are regularly started, and two more are soon to be established. A lending library has been opened in Edinburgh in connection with it, which will, we are sure, prove a valuable institution, affording as it does the means of recreation as well as of instruction to the members.

Another innocent pleasure is provided for the members in many places, by half-yearly social gatherings. By these means the girls not only become better acquainted with the associates, but also have the advantage of being introduced to other young girls, who, like themselves, are seeking to lead an honest, godly, and sober life. Girls must have friends of some sort, and it may often be a great safeguard to increase their opportunities of forming intimacies, which, if not actually useful, are at least harmless.

One of the rules of the Society in England would be utterly out of the question in Scotland, for obvious reasons; and that is, that all associates should belong to the Established Church, although no such restriction exists, even there, for members. It is here established on a perfectly unsectarian basis, as may be seen by the names of the clergymen under whose auspices it was first begun. They were as follows:—

The Rev. W. Lindsay Alexander, D.D.

„ „ Horatius Bonar, D.D.

„ „ Professor Charteris, D.D.

„ Right Rev. H. Cotterill, D.D., Bishop of Edinburgh.

„ Rev. James MacGregor, D.D., St Cuthbert's.

„ „ Daniel Sandford, LL.D.

No sectarian teaching is tolerated by the Society, and the associates are not allowed to interfere in any way with the religious convictions of the members entrusted to their care. This is a fact we wish distinctly stated wherever the Society is mentioned; for in some parts of the country where ecclesi-

astical feeling is very strong, we fear that associates who differ in creed from the majority of those around them may occasionally be suspected of wishing to use the Society as a means of propagating their opinions. Time and tact will suffice to silence this calumny. There are always some well-meaning persons who look coldly on every new attempt at social improvement that takes a form to which they are not accustomed. But, as time goes on, the benefits of this excellent Society will become better known and more fully appreciated, and people will no longer wonder at Presbyterians—Established, Free, and U. P.—working together with each other, with Scotch Episcopalians, and even with Roman Catholics, as is the case in the newly-formed branch of this Society in Inverness, which includes associates of all the denominations we have enumerated. Men of the most varied shades of thought meet on platforms and in committee rooms to discuss plans for social and moral improvement—as, for instance, the Good Templars and Freemasons: why should not the ladies of our land work together in a friendly and Christian spirit for the benefit of their poorer sisters? As we have already said, tact and caution will no doubt be required at first, while our Society is on its trial before the world; but from what we have seen of the way in which this work is carried on, we feel sure that our countrywomen will not be found wanting in this respect.

Those who desire further information are requested to apply to Miss Campbell Swinton, Kimmerghame, Dunse, or Miss Dundas, Dunira, Crieff, who are both Hon. Secretaries.

We ask for help on all sides. Let those who can do so give their time. Some who cannot give time may be able to give money, or at any rate to make our cause known to others; and those who can do neither, can at least remember us in their prayers, praying that He who is the great Head of the Church would teach us, amidst the divisions and separations of this present life, how we may treat and most wisely minister one to another as members of one body in Him.

SYDNEY PHILIPS.



## Greek.

GREEK! Greek! Greek!

Till the brain begins to swim;

Greek! Greek! Greek!

Till the eyes are heavy and dim;

Declensions, 'Tablet of Cebes,'

'Dialogues,' verbs, paradigme,

Till over *τύπτω* we fall asleep,

And conjugate on in a dream.

Greek! Greek! Greek!

From weary chime to chime;

Greek! Greek! Greek!

Absorbeth all our time;

Notes of lectures profound

On the 'Wolfian Theory,' too,

Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd

With the loads we have to do.

Greek! Greek! Greek!

Through the dull December light;

And Greek! Greek! Greek!

Though the weather be frosty and bright;

And skaters with skates in their hands

Pass us exultingly by,

As at half-past two with careworn looks

To the lecture-room we hie.

Oh! but for one short week

(A fortnight would be best),—

No leisure have we, for music or work,

And scarcely time for rest;

A little talking would ease our hearts,

But no! we must not speak;

Each playful word must remain unheard,

For—it would hinder our Greek!

With fingers inky and cramped,

With hair all rough and on end,

A lady sat in unlady-like rags,

Which she had no time to mend.

Greek! Greek! Greek!

And with voice of dolorous pitch,—

(Would that its tone the Professor could reach!)—

She sang of the sorrows of Greek.

*Μαθητῆς.*

## Debates of the Ladies' Edinburgh Literary Society.

OUR debates this year have not been less lively than usual; indeed, probably owing to the lighter subjects chosen for discussion, they have been more generally entertaining, and a larger number of members than formerly have taken part in them. The January debate was an exception, dealing with the profound and difficult question of the supposed opposition of Darwinism to Christianity. The evolution hypothesis, supported by the negative, was not considered in itself necessarily opposed to Christianity by either the mover or the seconder of the affirmative, but the theory *as held by Darwin*, which seemed in their opinion to leave no room for a distinctive divine element in man. The voting, as influenced by this restriction of the discussion to Darwin's theory, gave a majority of one to the affirmative, *i.e.* against Darwin. The February debate on the political question, 'Would it be beneficial to Europe if the power of Russia were extended over Turkey?' was remarkable for a unanimity in the voting, which left the mover and seconder in favour of Russia in a minority by themselves, though several members declined to vote. On the one side it was urged that the Turks by their sacred laws were unfitted to govern any but Mohammedans, and that other nations, who might have protected the Christian subjects of the Porte, had left all the task to the Russians; also, that a nation so great as Russia could only be temporarily excluded from the freedom of the seas which wash her coasts; but the current of feeling seemed to be, not liking for the Turk, but jealousy of the Russian, and much anxiety about India, recalling, perhaps, Lord Salisbury's remark that Eastern distances are apt to be studied in maps on too small a scale. The March debate, 'Does *Daniel Deronda* sustain the reputation of its author?' which produced a lively discussion, was carried in the negative by a large majority, notwithstanding a particularly well-expressed speech without notes on the other side. In April some of the best-written and most interesting papers we have ever had were read on the question, 'Is it desirable that our Government should send out another Arctic Expedition?' suggesting the thought that in no country but our own could such sympathy with nautical affairs, and such familiarity with the history of the explorations of the seas, be found in a gathering of ladies. The time of the meeting had been so taken up by business that no discussion was possible; so the papers were re-read and the votes taken in May, when it was found that a majority of our ladies were ready to risk their countrymen in another search for the North Pole.

The June debate was a real discussion on the benefits of travel, as compared with the superior mental discipline of a home life. The papers, especially perhaps those taking the more difficult defence of a home life, were bright and original, and the after discussion showed that the question was well understood by those who took part in it. In July, descriptions of pictures by several members present took the place of a debate, and the papers were much approved of. The October debate, 'Is it desirable for women to take part in field sports?\*' was one of the liveliest of the year, being a real practical question to many present. The mover and seconder in favour of field sports for those ladies whose tastes lay that way, and who were strong enough

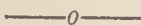
\* See p. 24.

to enjoy them, advocated fishing and hunting, but drew the line at shooting, as needing too much practice, and being too violent an exercise. The mover of the negative, while disapproving of all field sports for ladies, considered them allowable for gentlemen who could not otherwise be easily amused; but some of her supporters were of opinion that she had no logical resting-place, and advanced the theory that all field sports were in their essence wrong. The voting, which probably showed the influence of town life, and might have gone otherwise in the country, gave a majority of thirteen out of twenty-five against field sports. The November debate, owing to the business before the meeting, was adjourned to December, when we had an interesting literary debate upon the relative importance of the Anglo-Saxon and Norman elements in the English language and literature. Two different aspects of our rich and many-sided English were well brought out in the speeches and papers, which were rather descriptive of different qualities of the same language than directly antagonistic. The voting gave a large majority in favour of the Norman and other grafts upon the ancient Saxon root.

While we may congratulate ourselves on the increasing interest of our debates, and especially on so many of our younger members taking a spirited and intelligent part in them, it may be well to notice here a tendency in the after discussion to let the meeting disintegrate into little knots, and the argument dissipate into small talk, adverse to the brief expression of our own ideas and careful listening to the ideas of others, which we aim at. Though we have had some fluent and excellent speaking without notes, and though, especially in reply, such speaking has special point, we are still, from the experience of last year, of opinion that, for most of our subjects, our usual practice of having at least two good written papers is best. They give, we think, closer reasoning and more orderly information than even very good extemporaneous speaking, unless where it rises into oratory.

The debates have lately suffered from the length of time taken up by the increasing business required by the magazine; we therefore hope that arrangements may be made this year to meet this difficulty.

EX CATHEDRA.



## SOLUTION OF DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

No. 12.

### ACROSTIC. FAREWELL.

A	ALTORFF	F
C	CANDELABRA	A
R	RIVER	R
O	ORACLE	E
S	SNOW	W
T	TONGUE	E
I	IDOL	L
C	CABAL	L

Correct answers received from 'B' and 'M. C. B.'

'B' (Miss M. J. Bell, 18 Coates Crescent) and 'Message Girl' (Miss M. S. Seton, St. Bennet's, Greenhill Gardens) having sent in an equal number of correct solutions, the prize has been divided between them.

### Our Library Table.

A KNIGHT OF TO-DAY. By L. T. Meade. London :  
John F. Shaw & Co.

Well-written throughout, and with sustained interest from beginning to end, we find difficulty in laying this book down before it is finished. The scene is laid in the city of London, which is particularly well described. Eden Court is, we fear, no over-drawn picture of its homes for the poor. It is a tale of strong contrasts. On the one hand we have Robert Archer, the hero 'knight of to-day,' *sans peur et sans reproche*, fighting single-handed against evil in some of its most hopeless forms; on the other, Jeremy Jones, ostensibly a hard-working clerk in a respectable mercantile house, in reality a grinding money-lender and receiver of stolen goods, trading on the misery of his fellow-creatures. Robert Archer is truly 'not an ordinary man;' his life summed up in the maxim, 'Do the duty nearest you,' he works not for money, but for the cause of truth and right, spending life and strength in going down to the depths after sinking souls. One of his good works is educating (after a peculiar fashion, we must allow) the two orphan nieces of old Jeremy Jones, whose father had once befriended him. Helen Holworthy, the elder of the two, is a noble creature, pure, single-minded, calm, and brave, living unhurt in the midst of evil. The interest of the book culminates in a severe mental struggle she meets in deciding which of two duties is binding upon her; when her faith is nearly eclipsed, as that of Robert Archer is entirely, for a time, by the same trial. To unfold more of the plot would be to lessen the interest of intending readers, of whom we hope there are many. The minor characters in the book have each their distinct individuality; Mrs. Connor, the long-suffering landlady, Caleb Keyes, 'a werry poor cove,' and Jim Randolph, 'who never yet broke his word to living man, far less to God.' We must express our sense of relief at being spared any glowing description of the physical perfections of the hero, such as many novels of the day indulge in. There seems to us a little confusion in the abrupt transitions from one time to another in the earlier chapters, and the illustrations are quite unworthy of their place; the only one which is tolerably good is that of Helen in St. Andrew Undershaft, with little Jessie Dale upon her knee.

TRANSCAUCASIA AND ARARAT. By James Bryce, D.C.L. London :  
Macmillan. 1877.

One of the pleasantest books of travel we have seen for long; the ground is comparatively untrodden, though both historically and geographically of high interest. The author knows both what to omit and what to tell, and the book is admirably put together, contrasting with some other recent popular travels by a complete absence of egotism and brag. Indeed, we hardly realize, from the quiet way in which it is told, what a feat of mountaineering was the solitary ascent of an unknown mountain like Ararat, 17,000 feet high. As Dr. Bryce travelled over the scene of the present war in Asia just before it broke out, and assures us that he is an independent witness, starting with rather a prejudice against Russia, his conclusions from his personal observations are mark-worthy. Of Transcaucasia, recently acquired by Russia, he says that the Russians, 'by creating security, have made it possible for foreign capital and enterprise to flow into the country. No doubt there is a good deal of corruption,



a good deal of over-government, and bureaucratic pedantry. But the laws are mild and equal for all subjects ; and as there is no disaffection, I do not think there can be much oppression.' But over the Turkish border, he says, you find 'anarchy, plus the tax-gatherer. Nothing is done for the people or by the people, while everything is done to prevent one half of them from protecting themselves. Government is a device for squeezing, with enormous waste in the process, a certain sum of money out of the poorest class, to be spent most of it on the Sultan's harem and palaces, and the rest on iron-clads and rifles.' The Mohammedan population in Asia Minor he considers almost as unhappy and oppressed as the Christian. But he thinks that the acquisition by Russia of Constantinople or any large territory, either in Asia or Europe, would be a misfortune both to Russia and these countries themselves. 'Russia is altogether too imperfectly civilized and enlightened to make the further extension of her power a benefit. For the moment, of course, it would be preferable to the misrule of the Porte; but, in the long run, it might prevent the growth of something better. Nor do the Christian subjects of Turkey, Greeks or Armenians, wish for her success except as a means of coercing the Porte. Better the Czar, they say with one voice, than a continuance of present evils; but rather give us, if it be possible, a reformed Turkey, bitted, so to speak, and spurred by Western riders, with as large a measure as may be of local independence.'

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### Question Series.

I. *History*.—Give a short account of the causes which led to the Wars of the Roses.

II. *English Literature*.—Give as many allusions as you can to Chaucer's poetry in the works of later poets.

Answers, not to exceed twenty printed lines, are invited ; to be sent in by 15th February, addressed, EDITORS, *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, care of Messrs. Murray & Gibb, 11 Queen Street, Edinburgh. The best answer to each question will be inserted in the magazine, and prizes are offered at the close of the year for the greatest number of good answers in each department.

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### Book Exchange Column.

C. C. offers *Homer*, *Euripides*, M'Clintock's *First Book of Latin*, Colenso's *Arithmetic*, Milner's *Universal Geography*, Morell's *Grammar and Analysis*, Collier's *Grammar of the English Language*, Chambers's *Etymology*, Armstrong's *English Composition*, Oliphant's *Interesting Extracts*, Scrymgeour's *Readings in Literature and Science*, *Fables de Florian*, Racine's *Works*. In exchange she desires any of the works of Professor Morley, Morris and Skeat's *Early English*, Minto's *Characteristics*, Herbert Spencer, Edgeworth, Currie, and Shirreff *On Education*.—2 London Street.

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### Stray Notes.

THE ABERDEEN LADIES' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION, which was formed in the course of last summer, commenced operations early in November. It seems constituted in a somewhat unusual way, inas-



much as the president, vice-president, and secretary are gentlemen, and the only lady office-bearer is the treasurer. The executive committee consists of ladies and gentlemen in about equal numbers. The classes for this winter are three in number : English Literature—Rev. James Danson; Latin Literature—Professor Black; Astronomy—Professor Fuller. The first-mentioned class is, we understand, the popular one. Each course in Aberdeen is to consist of twenty lectures, one lecture being delivered weekly in each class. A voluntary monthly oral examination is held, for which an additional hour is given. No mention is made of any certificate. [We should be inclined to consider the above programme as deficient from various points of view, and some of the subjects selected as certainly not the best for a beginning. Local circumstances may, however, have rendered a broader and more thorough scheme impracticable; and we welcome the present scheme in the hope that it may lead to something better.]

SCHOLASTICA wishes much to know what subjects are most useful for a professional certificate. Suppose a young lady of eighteen, who is going to be a governess, and who has had the usual school education, desires to study for a winter in Edinburgh in order to gain a Local Pass or Honours Certificate, what is the best group of subjects for her to select? When there is no music, and when the student has neither been in France nor in Germany, what group of subjects would best make up for these shortcomings? [We invite replies for insertion in next month's notes.—EDS.]

CHLOE would be glad to hear of any entertaining German books. Is there any really light literature in that language? She finds the *Thirty Years' War* dull, though she is too shy to say so except in a stray note. Chloe thinks French stories are very amusing; but then there are so few which a young lady may read. Will any one kindly tell her of some unexceptionable ones?

—o—

### Notices to Correspondents, etc.

LADIES are invited to contribute to this magazine. All communications to be addressed, EDITORS, *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, Messrs. Murray & Gibb, 11 Queen Street, Edinburgh.

All contributions to be accompanied by the writer's name and address. Rejected articles can only be returned if accompanied by stamps to cover postage.

Papers intended for immediate insertion must be in the hands of the Editors by the 15th of the preceding month.

Writers willing to undertake papers in the present series of 'Our Female Novelists,' are requested to communicate at once with the Editors. A sufficient number of papers for the series entitled 'Where shall we go?' having been received, no additional articles need be sent.

Contributions are often delayed for want of space.

THE PRIZE offered for the best paper appearing during the last year in the series of 'Our Female Novelists,' has been awarded to ENNA, for her article on Miss Burney in March 1877.

The next meeting of the Ladies' Edinburgh Literary Society will be held at 5 Heriot Row, on Saturday, 5th January 1878, at 11 o'clock. Debate—'Is a thorough English education attainable without a knowledge of Latin?'

## Our Female Novelists.

## XIII.

## MISS SEWARD AND MRS. SHERWOOD.

Miss SEWARD, *b.* 1747—*d.* 1809.Mrs. SHERWOOD, *b.* 1775—*d.* 1850.

It is a great honour to be a literary woman ; and one who can lay claim to this title ought to avoid as much as possible the pursuits of ordinary life, and the use of ordinary language. Such, throughout her career, was the evident, if not the avowed motto of Anna Seward.

‘All men,’ writes Mr. Constable in his *Memorials*,<sup>1</sup> ‘are ready to make generous allowance for the ungraceful motions of one who has lost a limb,—it may be in the service of his country,—for in such a case the artificial member is a substitute, and not a voluntary addition ; but to walk by preference on stilts from the cradle to the grave, however easy the process may become, cannot be so comfortable for the elevated pilgrim as a more natural mode of progression, nor will he long command the wondering admiration of spectators, however dexterous and surprising his performance.’

Sir Walter Scott, though he allowed that Miss Seward held a high rank in the annals of British literature, yet felt acutely the ‘pedantic affectations of her epistolary style,’ and bewailed that ‘sound sense and vigorous ability had unfortunately condescended to an absurd disguise.’ Thus, instead of simply saying, ‘I have got a frank,’ she used this phrase: ‘I have succeeded in securing senatorial freedom for our correspondence;’ and to inform her correspondent of a second marriage, she writes thus: ‘I hear with concern that Hymen is lighting his torch with the sprays of a cypress wreath.’

Sir Walter Scott visited Miss Seward, at her residence at Lichfield, in the year 1807. In spite of her advanced years at that period, we are told that the regularity of her features, the fire and expression of her countenance, gave her the appearance of beauty, and almost of youth. Her eyes were

<sup>1</sup> *Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents: A Memorial by his Son, Thomas Constable.* Edinburgh, 1873.

auburn, of the precise shade and hue of her hair, and had great expression. In reciting they seemed to flash fire. Her tone of voice was melodious, and well suited to reading. She did not sing, but was fond of music. She had a great command of literary anecdote, a quick perception both of the serious and the ludicrous, just observation, and original taste, all of which rendered her society delightful. Of very quick sensibilities, she allowed her feelings to carry her too far, was much in favour of the florid style in writing, and thus aimed at a complete departure from ordinary language.

Born in 1747, she was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Seward, rector of Eyam in Derbyshire, prebendary of Salisbury, and canon residentiary, and finally Bishop of Lichfield. Her mother was the daughter of the head-master of the school at Lichfield, who was the preceptor of Johnson, and of other eminent literary characters. Mr. Seward was poetical, and early introduced his daughter to the study of Milton and Shakspeare. Later, however, finding what a decided literary bent her mind had taken, he was not sufficiently free from the prejudice then existing against learned ladies to permit her to indulge this taste. She submitted to this parental discipline with the utmost sweetness, and practised for many years the difficult self-denial it entailed upon her. How many pangs this occasioned, those only can guess who have been similarly situated. Though for a time shut out from her favourite pursuits, she still enjoyed a pleasure which has never been forbidden to women—namely, the society of literary men. Lichfield, whither her father removed in 1754, was the birthplace of Johnson and Garrick, and the residence of a number of well-educated clergy who were attached to its cathedral. Here Mr. Seward became Bishop; and his daughter continued, even after his death, to reside in the episcopal palace. The celebrated Dr. Darwin also lived at Lichfield, and speedily discovered and encouraged Miss Seward's talents. She afterwards claimed the authorship of the first fifty lines in his *Botanic Garden*, written out of compliment to him, but published by him without acknowledgment.

The acuteness of her feelings appears distinctly in her correspondence on the occasion of her sister's death. Miss Sarah Seward had been engaged to Mr. Porter, a merchant in Leghorn, and died in 1764 after a very short illness. The feelings of Anna on afterwards entering her sister's room were overpowering. She was consoled in some measure by the society of Miss Honora Sneyd, who resided with her

after her sister's death, and afterwards became Mrs. Edgeworth. At this period she thus writes of her pursuits :

‘ You inquire after our studies. We have been lately engaged in exploring the inestimable treasure which had, during so many ages, lain concealed in the darkness of the Erse language. Macpherson has kindly and ably drawn aside the curtain. . . . There is a daring spirit in this work resembling that of the sacred writings ; a great blaze of imagination, but it is the random fire of the ruder ages.’

After her sister's death, Miss Seward, prompted by filial duty, rejected all matrimonial offers. She was now more at liberty, however, to pursue her favourite studies, and the literary society of Lichfield continued to be an unfailing source of pleasure to her. Dr. Darwin, Mr. Day, and Mr. Edgeworth formed part of this society. Dr. Johnson, too, was of the circle, but met with small appreciation from our authoress. Scott asserts that this was owing to his low birth ; but we suspect that his inadequate estimate of the genius of Milton and of Gray had more to do with this prejudice. In two far from complimentary sonnets dedicated to his memory, Miss Seward ascribes his low opinion of Milton to envy, and concludes with the following couplet :

‘ A radiant course did Johnson's glory run ;  
But large the spots that darkened on its sun.’

Among her distinguished acquaintances, we may name Mr. Mundy, the author of several beautiful poems ; Mr. Crome, who wrote the descriptive ode entitled *Lewesdone Hill*, and many others. With some of the literary women of the day she also exchanged visits. After a visit to Mrs. Hannah More at Cowslip Green, in August 1791, she writes some glowing stanzas, which conclude with the following lines :

‘ O may your virtue wake the just desire  
To live like you, and be what we admire !’

Her verses to Mrs. Siddons, in the same high-flown strain, speak of the

‘ Beauty and grandeur, tenderness and force,  
Silence that speaks, and eloquence divine’

of that celebrated lady. In a poem addressed to the Ladies of Llangollen, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, she thus exalts a life of literary friendship :

‘ Then rose the fairy palace of the vale,  
Then bloom'd around it the Arcadian bowers ;  
Screen'd from the storms of winter, cold and pale,  
Screen'd from the fervours of the sultry hours,  
Circling the lawny crescent, soon they rose  
To letter'd ease devote, and friendship's blest repose.’



In 1780 her mother died, and the care of the Bishop now devolved upon Miss Seward, until his death in 1790 left her in the enjoyment of an easy fortune. Her poetical novel, *Louisa*, published in 1782, was well received, and passed through several editions. No other information is to be had about her only work of fiction, which is now out of print. In 1804, Dr. Darwin having died, she wrote his life. She also corresponded with Southey, and blamed the age for non-appreciation of his *Madoe*.

For a year or two before 1807, Miss Seward had been occupied in arranging her poems for the press; they were afterwards edited by Sir Walter Scott. She was attacked in the autumn of 1807 by a painful malady, which slowly undermined her health and finally caused her death in March 1809. Only a few days before this event, she thus writes to Scott: 'Oh what a blessing is a sudden death! I always prayed for it, but am not worthy to have my prayer granted.'

To Scott she bequeathed the exclusive copyright of her works; to Mr. Constable, her letters. She thus writes to the latter in 1807:

'Though most extremely obliged, I am absolutely shocked to receive a present from you at once so expensive and so wholly unmerited. The *Life of Beattie* appears in a *formidably* elegant and costly dress. Pray believe me *sighingly* grateful.'

A certain Miss White is frequently alluded to in her letters, as a correspondent. This was the celebrated Miss Lydia White, whom Walter Scott describes as 'what Oxonians call a lioness of the first order, with stockings nineteen times nine dyed blue; very lively, very good-humoured, and extremely absurd;' and Mr. Lockhart, as 'the inimitable Lydia White, who so long ruled without a rival in the soft realm of "*blue* Mayfair."'

In estimating the merits of Miss Seward's works, a certain quality of *acuteness* suggests itself as descriptive both of her mental and emotive nature. It was this quality, and her own preference for a stilted style, that led her to admire in others, as well as to practise herself, a mode of writing as far removed as possible from the language of every-day life. Thus the works of Milton, Pope, Collins, and Gray held a high place in her esteem; she had no admiration for Spenser (Why?). Her poem beginning, 'From thy waves, stormy Lannow, I fly,' and her articles in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, signed Benvolio, are mentioned by Mr. Constable as almost the only



specimens she has given of unaffected English. To show the manner of her juvenile epistles, we quote the following, which, it strikes us, might be suitable for translation into Latin at a University examination :

‘If we delight in umbrageous vales, verdant fields, and crystal waters, we feel the delight arise with treble poignance when we find them at the foot of rugged rocks, and encircled by barren mountains.’

This is quite Shaksperian; it reminds us of the stanzas spoken by Pyramus in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

Miss Seward was herself a severe critic of literary style. That of Addison, generally thought faultless, she accuses both of inelegance and redundancy, and prophesies that Johnson's style will, in the future, invariably have the preference over Addison's. Had Miss Seward applied the prophetic lens to the future of her own works, what would have been the result? Her expectations in this respect were probably as stilted as her own compositions. And in one respect her works occupy a very elevated position with regard to others,—viz., they generally adorn the highest shelves in the library. But that which intrinsic merit can only partially attain, is often secured by the aid of external circumstances; and as long as Johnson, Darwin, Garriek, and Scott are remembered, the name of Anna Seward will remain as a link in the chain of literary friendships by which these choice spirits were bound together.

One of the members of this circle at Lichfield was a Mr. George Butt. He was a descendant of the ancient family of Butt or de Butt, who had come in with the Conqueror. He was the father of an authoress of a very different stamp from Miss Seward, namely Mrs. Sherwood. In the autobiography of the latter distinguished lady, we find Miss Seward described as one of the queens of society in Lichfield, a woman such as we read of in romances, a very Circe, who, though to all appearance possessed of no magic spell, yet bore away the palm of admiration from the young and beautiful. Mrs. Sherwood adds that she fascinated even those who condemned her conduct. We may well imagine how even the smallest semblance of coquetry would appear unpardonable to such a woman as the authoress of the *Fairchild Family*.

Mary Martha Butt was born in 1775, at the rectory of Stanford in Worcestershire. Unfortunately the only procurable biography of her is one written by her own hand, and is full of the records of personal failings, such as another

writer would either not have seen, or have omitted. Of her early childhood she writes, that had she been born 'in the noblest or richest family in England, she could not have entered life under happier auspices, with regard both to the intellectual and the beautiful.' Her literary and accomplished father and her sensitive and high-principled mother both exercised the very highest influence over her childish years. As a child, she had such robust health that her father used playfully to name her Hygeia. Being of a placid disposition, she afforded no indication of the talent for which she was afterwards distinguished. This is amusingly illustrated by the following story. When scarcely two years old, she was taken to visit at the palace at Lichfield; Miss Seward, Mr. Lovel Edgeworth, and the elder Dr. Darwin were of the company. Mr. Edgeworth, looking intently at the young Hygeia, paid some compliments to her father on her well-nurtured animal nature, and then, patting his own forehead, remarked, 'But you may depend upon it, Mr. Butt, she wants it here.' Partly in consequence of this remark, and fortunately, perhaps, for her, her parents, up to her sixth year, thought little of her intellectual ability, and left her mind to develop itself. When she was in her fifth year, a hideous old bachelor, whom she calls Mr. B——y, came to dine with her father; and on the young girl being brought in after dinner, he placed her on his knee, and asked her if she would be his wife. The child, too timid to say no, said she would have him in six years, and wondered at the laughter this occasioned. When the six years had elapsed, he did not fail to re-demand her, and she had some difficulty in obtaining a respite. She was in her sixth year when she first began to make stories; but not being able to write, she used to follow her mother with a slate and pencil, and beg her to write them down. The admiring parent afterwards copied these juvenile effusions in pen and ink, and kept them by her. It was the fashion at that time for children to wear iron collars strapped over the shoulders to a backboard. To this she was subjected from her sixth to her thirteenth year; yet, in spite of such hardships, combined with a restriction to the plainest fare, she declares that she was a very happy child. One of the many good influences which surrounded her was the conversation of her father and mother. This was always of a very elevated character, and the children were never allowed to interrupt it. She also read a great deal with her brother, with whom *Robinson Crusoe* was a

very favourite book. Mr. Butt, suspecting that both Mary and Marten were going to be geniuses, shut them up one morning in his study, with the command that each of them should write a story. The children were never informed which of the stories was pronounced to be the best. When about fifteen years old, she was sent to the Abbey School at Reading, kept by two French ladies. Her answer to the French master, when he inquired after her attainments, is amusing :

“*Eh bien ! Mademoiselle,*” he said, “have you any knowledge of French ?” “No, sir,” I answered. “Are you much acquainted with history ?” And he went on from one thing to another, asking me questions and always receiving a negative. At length, smiling, he said, “Tell me, Mademoiselle, then, what you do know.” I stammered, “Latin—Virgil,” and finished off with a regular flood of tears. At this he laughed outright, and immediately set me down in his class, and gave me lessons for every day.’

Her earliest work, the *Traditions*, was written in 1794, while on a visit with her father to Lord Valentia. It was her habit to write in her own room, and then put up the manuscript in one of the cases of the dressing-table. But one day her father, coming into the room and finding the manuscript, was so much delighted with it that he took it and showed it to others. These friends specially admired the ingenious outline of the story, in spite of the slight blunder made in allowing the hero to have two wives existing at the same time. Putting this aside, however, the story is remarkable as the work of a girl of seventeen. So enchanted was her father with it, that, in spite of persuasion to the contrary, he had it published by subscription for the benefit of a friend in distress ; and so Miss Butt stood before the public as an authoress before she had completed her nineteenth year. In the autumn of the same year she began her second book, *Margarita*. While this was in progress, Mrs. Radcliffe’s *Mysteries of Udolpho* was being read aloud by way of inspiration. The character of Canon Bernardo in *Margarita* was universally recognised to be drawn from her father. He died, however, before the book was completed, and at first she had not the heart to go on with it. The first thing she wrote on resuming her story, was the death of Canon Bernardo. During the following summer, her brother came to spend the long vacation at home ; he taught her botany and Greek, the latter of which she continued to study until she had read the first six books of Homer.

She now led an ideal life of seclusion from the world, of which she still remained comparatively ignorant. Her love

for beautiful scenery and for other quiet pleasures was the means of raising her gradually above the keen sorrow which she felt on losing her father. The novel of *Margarita* was sold for forty pounds, and her own verdict upon it is, that if she gained nothing else by the exercise, she certainly acquired much command of language. She always retained an affection for it, as having been begun in her father's study. In 1802 she finished *Susan Grey*, which holds a place in literature as the first book written without vulgarity or provincialisms, for the use of poor people. It was so popular that it went through very numerous editions, pirated and otherwise, before the year 1816, when the copyright was returned to the authoress.

While resident with her mother in Bath, where she enjoyed the friendship of the philosophical Miss Hamilton, Mrs. Schimmelpenninck, and others, she became engaged to her cousin Henry Sherwood, to whom she was married in 1803. Mr. Sherwood had in 1797 experienced all the hardships of poverty and exile. He had actually begged his way through France and Germany to Bremen, whence he had taken ship to England, and arrived in a such a wretched condition that even his nearest friends did not recognise him. He was, at the time of his marriage, a captain in the 53d Regiment, which was soon afterwards ordered to India.

During her residence in India, Mrs. Sherwood founded a barrack school, which she personally superintended; she also adopted several British children who had lost their parents. The loss of two of her own children, for which she found comfort in the ministrations of Henry Martyn, throws a tender mournfulness over her life in India. We cannot but feel, on reading this record, that, as her daughter says, 'her sorrowful times were often the sweetest, not only in the present, but to memory.'

After their return from India, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood lived for some time at Worcester, but Twickenham was their final abode; here Mrs. Sherwood died in 1850, in the presence of two of her daughters.

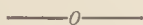
In addition to the works already mentioned, she wrote the *Lady of the Manor*, *Henry Milner*, and the *Fairchild Family*, besides a very large number of smaller tales for the young. During her last days on earth, it was her habit to write a penny tract daily, and we cannot but think that perhaps she might have lived longer had she not thus unnecessarily taxed her failing powers.

The leading feature in Mrs. Sherwood's character was her



affection for the young. For them all her books were written; to form their morals after the highest possible standard, to teach an implicit faith in the Bible, and a constant shrinking from all that might savour of worldliness; such are the aims she sets before her in all her writings. We cannot but fear, however, that by constantly dwelling on such themes, she may end by rendering them unpalatable, and that her unceasing allusions to, and illustrations of, human depravity, may produce a morbid state of sensibility in minds of a timid nature. It must therefore ever be a matter of deliberation, to what class of young people we may recommend her writings, which are still popular. To the physically and mentally strong they may form an antidote to arrogance and high-mindedness; to the timid, on the other hand, the moral tonic which they contain may be too severe. This caution appears the more necessary when we consider the interesting character of Mrs. Sherwood's writings; it is her profound sympathy with the young that gives them such a charm. By almost no author have the sorrows and joys of childhood been so feelingly and exhaustively treated, and by none have the faults of children been more clearly pointed out and more impartially dealt with.

J. MENZIES.



### *A Valentine.*

GOLDEN hair, golden hair, crown of my queen,  
Where is the gold that can equal its sheen?  
Jasper, and jacinth, and amber may shine;  
All are outdone by my proud Valentine!

Golden hair, golden hair, crocuses peep,  
Striving a glint of your radiance to keep;  
Daffodils droop, and pale primroses pine,  
What can seem fair beside my Valentine?

Golden hair, golden hair, when comes the day  
Gold turns to silver, and roses decay;  
Untarnished still shall this love be of mine,  
If you will take it now, dear Valentine!

H. A. DUFF.



## Studies from Shakspeare.

### I.

#### THOUGHTS ON ROMEO AND JULIET.

‘Amor condusse noi ad una morte.’—DANTE.

THIS is one of the most beautiful of Shakspeare's creations. With a reverent awe of its extreme beauty, one shrinks from dissecting it; and yet, perhaps, it is easier to analyze Romeo and Juliet, owing to the unity of idea which characterizes it, than to grasp the leading ideas of those plays which turn less exclusively upon love.

Sad as the story is, there are few plays which awaken more pleasurable emotions in the reader. No doubt this is partly to be accounted for by the consummate skill with which the pathetic is held in subjection to the beautiful, and is not allowed to act upon us beyond the bounds of pleasure. Wordsworth ascribes this in no small degree to ‘continual and regular impulses of pleasurable surprise derived from the metrical arrangement.’ But we venture to think that much of our pleasure in reading it is derived from the pleasure which Shakspeare himself took in his work, and from the way in which he seized on the story, and threw himself into it with the full force of his vehement nature; so that all that best expresses the feelings of the human heart at the sublimest moments of its existence, when ‘even the senses themselves are elevated into soul,’<sup>1</sup> will be forever associated with the Veronese lovers.

The charnel-house itself, beautified by his magic touch, becomes no longer merely

‘A grave. Oh no! a lanthorn;  
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes  
This vault a feasting presence full of light.’

It was no new story invented by Shakspeare, but an old legend often told in prose and verse before; but when told by others, it is simply a tragic tale of a pair of unfortunate lovers. In Shakspeare's hands it loses much of its harshness, teaches a great moral lesson, and becomes the universal story of all who have loved truly and deeply.

How wonderfully Italian it is! Who, while reading it, feel themselves in England? It transports our thoughts to the hot, dusty glare of an Italian thoroughfare, with groups of excited people; the passionate southern blood boiling in their veins, ready every moment for a fray,—all colour,

<sup>1</sup> Schlegel.

noise, life, and movement, and a cloudless Italian sky over all. The scene changes, and we are in the orchard; the sky is of a deeper shade, the trees cast long shadows on the dewy grass, and the silvery leaves of the olives glance in the moonbeams; the roses give out their sweetest perfume, and the nightingale warbles the song that poets never tire of praising. Or again, Friar Laurence's appearance suggests the smooth, close-shaven green of the convent garden, with here and there a dark cypress, pointing heavenwards, standing out in gloomy relief against a cloudless sky.

There are various theories as to the origin of the story. Douce<sup>1</sup> would have us believe that he can trace its source to a Greek romance by Xenophon, Ephesius, in which the heroine Anthea takes a sleeping potion to avoid a compulsory marriage.

Simrok,<sup>2</sup> though he discards this theory, seeks its source in a period scarcely less remote. According to him, Pyramus and Thisbe, Hero and Leander, Tristan and Isolde, are all different developments of the same myth, the leading idea in them all being the same,—namely, that lovers who have emancipated themselves from conventional restraints, and set the world at defiance, are driven to desperation by an error which arises out of their love itself, and leads them to put an end to their own existence.

Without going back as far as these learned writers, we find many versions of the story current in Italy, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Writers of great authority, amongst whom we may mention Gervinus, have thought that Masuccio's *Mariotto and Gianoza* was the probable source whence Luigi da Porto derived his charming tale of *La Giulietta*, published in 1530. Bandello's novel on the same subject was published in 1554. From these various sources, Pierre Boisteanu compiled a French version of the story, which was translated into English by Paynter in his *Palace of Pleasure*, published in 1567.

Arthur Brooke's poem appeared in 1562, whilst Groto's *Hadriana*, an Italian poem, on a somewhat similar subject, which in many minor details corresponds strangely with Shakspeare's play, was published in 1578. Though Arthur Brooke's poem is the undoubted source whence Shakspeare took the story and many details, yet Professor Pace-Sanfelice has shown that it is quite possible that he may have been also acquainted with Luigi da Porto's *Giulietta*, and even with Groto's *Hadriana*. Shakspeare certainly knew French,

<sup>1</sup> *Illustrations of Shakspeare*, ii. p. 198.

<sup>2</sup> *Quellen des Shakspeare*, i. p. 144.

and it is not impossible that he may have known a little Italian, which was by no means an unusual knowledge in England at that time. Mrs. Cowden Clarke states that it is possible that Shakspeare visited Italy in 1592, when we lose all trace of his proceedings for some time; but there is no evidence in support of this conjecture, save the intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of that country displayed in some of his writings. Professor Pace-Sanfelice thinks that Shakspeare had read Dante's *Divina Commedia*. He tries to prove the identity of the earthquake mentioned by the nurse in Act I. Scene III.,

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,'

with the earthquake mentioned in the 12th Canto of the *Inferno* :

'Qual e quella ruina, che nel fianco  
Di qua da Trento l' Adice percosse,  
O per tremuoto o per sostegno manco.'

Now this rock fell in 1310, and the traditional date assigned to the death of Romeo and Juliet is 1303, and even the great earthquake which destroyed part of Verona in 1298 would not tally with the nurse's eleven years; so it seems much more likely that an allusion was intended to the earthquake of 1580, which was severely felt in London, and which most of the audience would remember. This fixes the date of the first production of Romeo and Juliet about the year 1591, and though some writers have assigned it a later date, and even Gervinus<sup>1</sup> thinks that it was not written till 1596, yet most critics seem now agreed that it was probably written before 1593.<sup>2</sup>

The first writer who records these events as historical, is Girolamo della Corte, in his *Istoria di Verona*; but as it was not published till 1594, long after the tale had become famous through novelists and poets, we can scarcely place much reliance on his testimony. History is almost silent with respect to the struggles between Capulets and Montagues; indeed, the contemporary chronicles record that both Montecchi and Cappelletti were Ghibellines. Dante classes the two families together, and commemorates their sufferings in the Ghibelline cause in the famous passage in the *Purgatorio*, Canto vi. :—

'Vieni a veder Montecchi e Cappelletti,  
Monaldi e Filippeschi uom senza cura  
Color gia tristi e costor con sospetti.'

<sup>1</sup> Gervinus, *Shakspeare*, vol. ii. p. 1.

<sup>2</sup> See Furnivall's *Introduction to Leopold Shakspeare*, p. xxx.

If the events related in this tragedy had really taken place, we scarcely think that Dante would have omitted all mention of such dramatic incidents in the great poem which immortalizes so many similar stories; and we fear that if Romeo and Juliet had ever really existed, nothing could have saved them from a place in that terrible wood in the seventh circle of the *Inferno*, amongst the 'violenti contro loro stessi;' for we know that Dante was at Verona<sup>1</sup> on a visit to Bartolomco della Scala that very year (1303).

This is the first of Shakspeare's plays in which his descriptions of love strike us as being the result of personal experience, and not merely of sympathy with the feelings of others. It is remarkable as illustrating a transition phase in his mind. It was not the earliest stage of all; for then Shakspeare would not have been able to conceive of Romeo as inconstant to Rosaline, or to imagine that in many instances, as a living writer justly remarks:

'First love, though it perish from life, only goes,

Like the primrose that falls, to make way for the rose.'—LYTTON.

Nor was it the most advanced period of Shakspeare's life; for then his characters would have reasoned more before they acted, and felt more remorse and compunction afterwards.

But what strikes us most of all is that this is the first play in which we find Shakspeare as a philosopher lighting upon a great truth, and gradually developing it throughout the play. We see the first indication of this leading idea in Friar Laurence's opening speech, in Act II. Scene III. Here the Friar, who throughout the play takes the place of the chorus in the Greek drama, tells us didactically, without any special application, that everything, both in human nature and in the external world, contains the elements of good and evil,—'Our own deeds are our doomsmen,'<sup>2</sup> and decide which of these universal principles is to predominate. Love itself is no exception to this rule, for though the lovers emancipate themselves from the control of all laws save those of love, yet in love itself lie the elements of retribution; in love originates the error that occasions self-destruction. Like Friar Laurence's plant, and many of nature's products, love contains medicine and poison, and its effect depends on the way in which it is used. Under the control of reason and conscience, it proves the greatest blessing of life; but, like all earthly pleasures, it should be 'drunk sparingly, and, as it were, from the palm of the hand;'<sup>3</sup> for 'those who bow down

<sup>1</sup> Lombardi's *Notes to Paradiso*, Canto xviii.

<sup>2</sup> Owen Meredith.

<sup>3</sup> *Hyperion*, by Longfellow.



upon their knees to drink of these bright streams that water life,' may find too late that the nourishment of life misapplied, may become the canker that destroys it. Again, in Act II. Scene VI., when Romeo in a moment of wild rapture dares love-devouring death to do his worst, the Friar warns him solemnly that excess defeats its own object even in love. It either destroys the lovers, who like fire and powder perish in an embrace,—fit image of this ill-starred couple,—or, worse still, love, if carried to excess, is its own murderer, producing satiety, even as he who feeds immoderately on honey after a time loathes its very sweetness. Lastly, he again recurs to the same image, sternly and reproachfully, when Romeo abandons himself to needless despair, and is with difficulty prevented from laying violent hands on himself at the news of his banishment from Verona. He reminds him how in so doing he sins in a threefold way, corresponding to the three parts of man's being—body, soul, and spirit. He shames his 'shape' by digressing from the valour of a man and indulging in womanish tears. His love is but perjury, if by slaying himself he injure Juliet, whom he has sworn to cherish, and whose life is bound up with his. Even his 'wit' or intellect is turned into a curse, if, like the powder of 'an unskilled soldier,' it becomes the instrument used in destroying the life it was granted by heaven in order to preserve.

Juliet's character is a difficult one to analyze, inasmuch as she only lived in her love. Shakspeare in this character has shown that love, though only one of the many motives which sway a man's heart and influence his actions, may be to a woman

'Her light, her life, her very breath,  
With no alternative but death.'—LONGFELLOW.

Yet, like a true woman, her love itself is less selfish than a man's would be. It is less exclusive, less jealous than Romeo's. He would keep Juliet all to himself; he envies the very glove on her hand; when banished, the thought that tortures him most is that others may approach her, while he is excluded from her presence:

'Every cat and dog  
And little mouse, every unworthy thing  
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her,  
But Romeo may not.'

We look in vain for any indication of a similar feeling on Juliet's part. Woman-like, she would prefer that all should



love where she loved, and worship where she worshipped; she says:

‘Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night.’<sup>1</sup>

Juliet’s love adds strength to her nature, develops her character. It rouses her from her girlish confidence in the sincerity and sympathy of others, and she finds that, in the real difficulties of life, she must stand alone, and assert her independence of the commonplace minds of those around her.

Romeo’s love, on the other hand, makes him dependent and self-engrossed. His first thought after Tybalt’s death is not of the grief he has caused Juliet in slaying one who was dear to her, but what she would think of him. He asks eagerly:

‘Doth she not think me an old murtherer?’  
‘What says  
My conceal’d lady to our cancelled love?’

No arrangement of a practical nature emanates from Romeo. It is Juliet who plans the secret marriage, and who afterwards makes arrangements for a meeting. Her love takes such entire possession of her whole being, that it is difficult to imagine her existing at all without it; but it is an unselfish, ennobling love that strengthens and purifies her. She reminds us of some delicate flower that blossoms suddenly on feeling the first rays of the sun, and withers as suddenly when its influence is removed.

To understand Romeo’s character, we must try and realize his earlier life, which would seem to have been lonely. He possessed an intense longing for sympathy, but where was he to find it? His romantic, sentimental nature could have had but little in common with his relations, engrossed in their petty squabbles; nor would he have dared to expose the mysteries of his inner life to Mercutio’s coarse sarcasm, or Benvolio’s commonplace remarks. This deep-seated want in Romeo’s nature made him turn to Rosaline, hoping to find a beauty of soul to correspond with her outward attractions, but in vain. Then followed blank despair; yet all this time he was not really in love with her, but with the idea which she represented to him, and with the attributes with which his fancy endowed her. We see clearly that his feel-

<sup>1</sup> This monologue is omitted in the 1st quarto, published 1597.

ing for her was a sentiment, not a passion, by comparing his feeble description of Rosaline in Act I. Scene I.:

‘Too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,’

with the beautiful images and rich poetry which burst from him on first beholding Juliet in Act I. Scene v.:

‘Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,  
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear;  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.’

In fact, Romeo did not yet know what love really meant, but he was thoroughly unsettled and discontented with himself. He had reached what has since been called the Byronic or Wertereian stage of a man’s life, and to account for his melancholy he adopted the hypothesis that he was in love, and attributed his own inability to enjoy life to the coldness with which Rosaline received his addresses. Can we wonder that as, in this state of mind, he is brought face to face with Juliet’s fresh loveliness, her ready sympathy and sharp repartee, he falls an easy victim, and the phantom love vanishes before the real one, as the mists of morning disperse at the rising of the sun?

One of the finest traits in Romeo’s character is his friendship for Mercutio. After bearing every personal insult patiently for Juliet’s sake, Mercutio’s death is the one thing he cannot stand. Thenceforth he abandons himself to ‘fire-eyed fury,’ and sacrifices Juliet’s dearly-loved kinsman and his own chance of happiness to the manes of his departed friend. This victory of friendship over love reminds us of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act v. Scene iv., where Valentine, the type of a true friend, offers to resign Sylvia to the penitent Proteus.

We now come to that much-disputed passage, the description of the apothecary’s shop. That Shakspeare intended it to be minute, is evident from the fact that he deliberately added many details in the folio of 1623 that were not in the first quarto published in 1598, when the account of the shop occupies only nine instead of sixteen lines. It has been asked whether a man in Romeo’s distressful situation would have had leisure to think of the alligator and empty boxes, and other furniture of this beggarly shop. What had he leisure, then, to do? Could he at such a moment have indulged in declamations against fate, in minute self-analysis? Could he have borne to have thought of Juliet? No, from the moment that he had made up his mind,

‘Well, Juliet, I will be with thee to-night.  
Let’s see for means,’—

the apothecary’s shop became for him the only object of interest in the universe, and the very depth of his emotion would have imparted a minute correctness to his memory, and have added intensity to his powers of observation; for do we not often remark in real life, that the smallest details of the objects which have been round people in any great sorrow, seem burnt into their minds for ever?

‘Strange that the mind, when fraught  
With a passion so intense,  
One would think that it well  
Might drown all life in the eye,  
That it should, by being so overwrought,  
Suddenly strike on a sharper sense,  
For a shell, a flower, little things  
Which else would have been passed by.’<sup>1</sup>

It is a relief to turn to Friar Laurence’s calm, peaceful character after the passionate natures we have been examining. He and his philosophy form, as it were, the background of the play, the cool, refreshing shade after the burning glare of passion. He is supposed to belong to the Franciscan order, and Knight says of him: ‘The good friar of the play, in his kindliness, his learning, and his inclination to mix with, and perhaps control, the affairs of the world, is no unapt representation of this distinguished order in their best days.’ We cannot help thinking, though, that the lovers might have fared better if their counsellor had been less of a theorist, and more of a man of the world. He seems to have watched them throughout rather in the way a naturalist might follow the movements of new specimens of an interesting race, to see if they accorded with his preconceived theories. We are not very sure that his readiness to suggest the expedient of the powder may not partly have proceeded from delight in the opportunity for a new scientific experiment. Yet we cannot but admire the calm dignity of Friar Laurence’s demeanour, in whatever circumstances he may be placed. With a truly philosophic love of unity and power of detecting analogies, he has grasped the great truth that the warfare between good and evil is a ‘border warfare,’ that everything in nature may be turned by man either to good or evil.

The minor characters are for the most part Italian to the backbone. Fiery Tybalt, ever longing for a fray; merry Mercutio, jesting even with his latest breath; and above all,

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson, *Maud*.

Capulet, with his peppery temper, warm heart, childish love of trifles, and inconsistent disposition, are all admirable specimens of the southern nature.

Juliet's mother is not an attractive character. She turns coldly from her daughter at the moment when her sympathy is most needed, coolly suggests poisoning Romeo, and delegates her place in the household to the active, intriguing nurse, who is the real head of the establishment. The nurse's character strikes us as being the least Italian. She is a regular garrulous old Englishwoman. Gervinus thinks that she owes her origin to Arthur Brooke, others have sought for her prototype in the nurse in Groto's *Hadriana*. Be that as it may, she is a delightful element in the play, and always comes in with some very unromantic remark, just after we have been transported to the most ideal regions of unearthly bliss, and recalls us somewhat roughly to the material world. Peter, too, serves the same purpose, and perhaps few touches in the play are finer than his dialogue with the musicians, coming to relieve our overwrought feelings after we have witnessed the touching grief of the bereaved parents, and have listened to the solemn consolations of divine truth from the lips of Friar Laurence.

The mixture of the ludicrous and the sublime which we find in this and in almost all Shakspeare's plays, can hardly be called incongruous. In real life the sublime can seldom be found without a touch of the ridiculous, nor is the ludicrous often quite devoid of an undercurrent of pathos, even where it is least expected. The sense of the ludicrous is as real and universal a part of human nature as the capacity for suffering, and, like it, must be appealed to in a work of art that aims at universal acceptance.

The clown and the jester are a no less important part of the great drama of human existence than the star-crossed lovers or the solemn teacher of great truths. Nay, more, they too have their lesson to teach us. The thoughtless and vulgar jests of Peter and the musicians in the very presence of death, bring before us more forcibly than any amount of moralizing, how the great stream of human existence rolls ceaselessly on, heedless of the individual life, whose very extinction is by some only regarded with professional interest.

In some versions of the story, Juliet wakes before Romeo had ceased to breathe; and in the acting edition, Garrick introduced sixty lines of commonplace dialogue between Romeo and Juliet in the tomb; but his efforts to improve



Shakspeare were not attended with success, and the play with his additions 'failed,' we are told, 'to attraet an elegant audience.' In order to appreciate fully the superiority of Shakspeare's ending, we need only compare with it the same passage in the Italian novels. Bandello makes Romeo indulge in a long moralizing speech when Juliet wakes, in which he wonders if any human being ever united so much joy and grief before,—joy at her being alive, grief that he must die and leave her.

In Luigi da Porto's tale,<sup>1</sup> Juliet speaks as follows :

'Must thou, then, Signor mio, die in my presenee and on my account? And will Heaven suffer me to survive thee, though for ever so short a time? Misera me! Would that I could sacrifice my life for thee, and die alone!'

To which the youth answered with a faint voice :

'If my fidelity and love were dear to thee, speme mia, I entreat thee that after my death thou hate not thy life. Live, if for no other purpose, to think sometimes of him who, vanquished by thy beauty, dies for thy sake before thine eyes.'

To which the lady answered :

'Since thou diest on account of my feigned death, what ought I not to do for thy real one?'

and so on. How does this bear comparison with that beautiful close, in which the lovers are spared the torture of a protracted farewell, and after a scene of mingled rapture and despair the whole ends 'with a long, deep sigh, like the breeze of the evening'?<sup>2</sup>

Yes, it is better that their last farewell should be that beautiful parting in Aet III. Scene v., when, in the midst of their misfortunes, they snatch at the brief joy of a short meeting, and, forgetting the sorrow hanging over their heads, they see only themselves in the universe, and in the deep calm of their mutual love they can enjoy the sweet sights and sounds in the fair world around them, till at length at the approach of day Juliet is roused from happy forgetfulness to apprehension for her husband's safety.

After the exquisite womanly tenderness she displays in this scene, we feel almost inclined to exelaim with Romeo, that,

'Come what sorrow can,  
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy.'

Sad as their self-chosen death is, it nevertheless loses much of its sting from the depth of the love that occasions

<sup>1</sup> *Original Story of Romeo and Juliet*, p. 57.

<sup>2</sup> Coleridge.



and sanctifies it, and from the healing influence it exerts over the wretched disputes of those around. Their 'rash and unadvised contract,' purified by their sorrow, becomes the foundation of a lasting peace. It is true, the guilty hatred indulged in by the parents brings terrible suffering to their innocent children, yet this suffering is not in vain. The lovers' death does what their life could never have done: it reconciles the bitter enemies whose uncurbed passions might have caused grief and misery to generations yet unborn. The impression left on our minds as we close the book, is that, to use the Friar's words, 'a greater Power than we can contradict' has been working throughout, in the unlooked-for contingencies that determined their fate. 'It thwarted their intents,' but not in vain,—all was tending towards the fulfilment of a great purpose.

SIDNEY PHILIPS.

—o—

### Sonnet CX. Petrarch.

If 'tis not love, O then what is't I feel?  
 If love it be, by Heav'n, how strange a thing!  
 If good, why hath the effect so sharp a sting?  
 If guilty, how can torment work me weal?  
 If by my will I suffer, why these tears?  
 If 'gainst my will, laments of what avail?  
 O living death! O grief's delicious wail!  
 If I consent not, still thy power appears;  
 And if I do consent, 'tis wrong to mourn.  
 Amid such varying winds, with fragile boat,  
 I find myself at sea without a guide;  
 No wisdom for my freight, but all afloat  
 With error; by my will uncertain torn;  
 In summer chill'd, fever'd in winter-tide.

C. RAY.

—o—

## Let Them Alone.

### LETTER V.

From the Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to his Sister.

Friday, April 20.

DEAREST HELEN,—I have had all your letters. The one of yesterday was a real companion to me for the long evening. I have also had one from dear old Beilby, which has greatly cheered me. I begin to feel some hopes of myself and my position now, and am engaged in laying out my work so as to do it with some *method*, which Beilby always said I wanted. I will give you an outline of my intentions presently.

I am most thankful that dear mother is the better for Dr. Lyon's last prescription. Thank her for her note, and kind intention of helping me with the alterations of my house. Also thank my father for his promise of £50 for a horse. I am glad you think I am 'promising' in the letter-writing way, though I must own I think I am somewhat more than 'promising'—viz. *performing* at a very great rate. And yet I can see you are not satisfied even now. You say I have only told you the 'outsides of things!' Unreasonable girl, I cannot say everything at once! Besides, I *cannot* tell you everything I feel and fear and hope, which is what I suppose you would call the *insides of things*; and I think you know me well enough, from what I say to guess much of what must perforce be left unsaid. I thank you for telling me about Clara; I wanted to know that she was well, and I rejoice for your sake that you have her within reach again. . . .

Well, since I last wrote much has happened. In the first place, there has been a Sunday, and I have extended my experiences of my parish for good and ill. The church is easy for the voice, and I was not so tired as I have sometimes been at Priorsworthy. I had an overwhelming congregation—the women all in smart bonnets, the men all in broadcloth. Perhaps curiosity brought many of them there; few knelt, and none made the responses. I have an octogenarian clerk, a wonderfully hale old fellow, with a deep bass voice, who seems to consider himself quite in authority over me, and nudges and shoves me this way and that, and tells me *how things are done*! He looks upon the

responses as his perquisite, and insists on giving out the psalms and on singing them too, throwing his heavy bass into the treble part. It is a bore to have to annoy an old man, but I must put a stop to all that next Sunday. They sing the psalms to the most wonderful ri-fol-de-rol tunes you ever heard; I shall make you laugh by giving you some specimens some day. As to my schools, the children are pretty well taught in common things, but in religious matters their ignorance is dense. This ignorance, I fear, pervades all generations alike. If I ask any of the elder people whether they are Church people, and they mean they *are*, they say patronizingly, 'Oh ay! we wos always brout up wiv' it; we've nout to say agin the Church.' If they are lax, they say, 'Well, we just goes where we can get the most good.' As I go by I hear the women say to one another, 'See ye, there's the young priest;' or, 'There gans hoor new priest;' but I find I must not infer from this that they have any idea what a priest is, or that my position is in any way different from that of Foggin the blacksmith, who rants at the Methodist Chapel. So you have settled that Mr. Slade's name is Nahum—after Tate and Brady—very likely.

Yes, I *will* send mother a sketch of my church and parsonage—perhaps in this letter, if I can get them done in time. Now I must tell you my plans. Next week I begin my daily service at half-past seven in the morning. On saints' days I shall have a little ten minutes' sermon. Every day two hours in my schools, and three or four hours' regular parish visiting. Twice a week a little service, if I can get rooms for it, at my two outlying villages, Foley Bridge and Sarsfield, which are too far off for the old and infirm to come to church. The early morning and the whole of the evening I shall devote to reading (when I am not writing to you!). Hard reading in the evening is the only way not to feel my solitude unbearable; I must own it depresses me at present, and in any unoccupied moment I grow full of ghostly fancies. . . . I mean to set to work at the Fathers in the original, and, if you like, will make notes of my studies for you, which will be something like having you for my pupil once more. I tried to begin last night, but found my thoughts wander grievously; the room seemed to fill with faces . . . one face in particular never will let me rest. Not yours, Helen; would I had your dear face, in its own true self, with its dear, wise look, to help me on! Then I think my mind would settle and be at peace.

*Saturday, 21st.*—I have my sermons to finish, so cannot

write much. I send mother in a separate parcel a sketch of my church, done yesterday in a high wind. Explain to her that the tower is in reality upright, otherwise she will think it is coming down on my head some day; also don't let her think all the building is green and mouldy, for that is only because it began to rain just as I was doing the ivy, and the green ran all about the walls.

You ask me if I have yet seen any one who seems likely to be companionable to me. I answer briefly, *none*. Do not think I shall be dull; I can make companions of my old people and my school-children, companions of my books, of my trees and cabbages—but in the sense you mean, *none*. In the first place, the neighbourhood is very much scattered, the land being chiefly in very large farms, some of them held by what must be called gentlemen farmers—solid, sensible, rough, long-headed men, and hospitable, too, by all that I hear; I trust I shall get on with them very well, only they won't be companions in your and my sense. So much for the lay half of society; now as to the *clerical* moiety. Slade I have described to you, and such as he is, he seems to be the most promising of any of the clergy in the neighbourhood. These great, straggling, out-of-the-world parishes, poorly endowed, seldom get into the hands of gentlemen, and no wonder. A man may vegetate in them all the days of his life, and never rub his mind against that of one of his equals. They are mostly held by a class of men who have never been at a University, and are nearly guiltless of reading—men without private means, and unable to mend matters; so they leave them as they find them, or worse. Thus cause and consequence react on one another for evermore. One of my neighbouring brother clergy, tired, poor fellow, of starving alone, got a helpless wife to starve with him. Another,—and I fear his case is not uncommon,—tired of his own society, took to the bottle, and of course is left more alone than ever. One or two more, and respectable men in their way, associate altogether with the farmer class. These, of course, are crude and hearsay remarks; don't give them more weight than they are worth. I believe our archdeacon, who lives at Cruelton, some twenty miles off, is a very delightful person, as well as an excellent Churchman; and it is a comfort to know that there *is* such a person within twenty miles; but then . . . you don't expect to find a *companion* in such a 'bright, particular star' as that, shining at so great a distance.

I have seen no more of Slade, except that we met in an

*omnium-gatherum* shop one day, where I was ordering wooden clogs for children, and he was ordering candles, and we saluted one another loftily. I have seen our squire, Mr. Benson, a kind, jolly old man, once or twice; and the other day, on calling at Lydwood (his place), I made some acquaintance with his two sons. I take it they are both what one might call *unsatisfactory*, but I felt rather inclined to like them. The elder is a weak, amiable fellow, twenty-three or twenty-four, I should think, who has had bad health, and never could stick to books or anything else. Luckily he has not to work for his bread, and his ideas of public duty go no farther than the militia, of which he is an ornament; while his leisure, eleven months out of the twelve, is devoted to field sports. *Jack Benson*, he is called by all; not even a shopkeeper understands whom you mean if you speak of Mr. John Benson. His brother Walter is a much brighter genius, but a good deal of a scapegrace; he is intended for the bar, and, I suppose, *intends* reading for it, but by all accounts it seems doubtful if he will ever get beyond the intention. Of these two, Jack met me with a good deal of weak kindness, Walter with a shy defiance, as if he suspected I might be a mass of sermons embodied. . . . So much for my neighbours, and so much for my letter, for I am sure it is long enough. —Your loving brother, F. J. R.

## LETTER VI.

The Rev. N. SLADE to his Father, the Rev. JOSHUA SLADE.

ILLINGHAM RECTORY,  
April 26, 1849.

MY DEAR FATHER,—You reproach me, and with justice, for not having written for some weeks. I have no good excuse to give, and therefore will attempt none. I have *not* been unusually busy, and any reasons I might give for my silence would only resolve themselves into disinclination for the process of writing. I am extremely well, and the Millers are much as usual. The rector was very suffering last week; but I think the cold weather accounts for that, and the return of sunshine has done him good. The parcel of books never arrived till three days ago, and where the mistake has been I cannot conjecture—however, they adorn my shelves at last. You ask if I find myself improving in the power of preaching extempore, and I think I may say I *do*. I only wish I had cultivated the gift earlier, and not gone on with the cold formality of penned sermons. I find the



labour of preparation far greater in my present plan than in my former one; but it is a labour of love, and I would not give unto my Heavenly Master of that which costs me nothing. I have nearly got over all nervousness, and at times can quite forget myself, and give up heart and soul and voice to the one object of delivering the message entrusted to me. May our Father in heaven perfect His own gift in me, and make it the means of bringing His true gospel to the hearts of many!

The great event here—in fact, I think the only event since I wrote last—has been the arrival of Mr. Reynolds, old Mr. Worthing's successor in the district of St. Saviour's. I have not seen much of him—only as much as can be seen in one morning visit—for I was out when he returned my call, and when Mr. Benson invited him to meet me at dinner last week, he returned answer that he did not dine out on Friday. The report I heard of him, and mentioned to you, is only too true; he is a red-hot Tractarian, far advanced on the journey from Oxford to Rome; so, as you may imagine, I anticipate little comfort or advantage in his society. He is a very young man, apparently not more than twenty-five, very good looking, and, I should fancy, clever. His manner with me was extremely reserved; yet something made me feel that this was not natural to him, and that he was consciously on his guard. He has been for about two years one of the eight or ten curates in that hotbed of semi-Romanism, Priorsworthy, which is enough, I suppose, to account for his taste for crucifixes, candlesticks, pictures of the saints, monograms, etc. I had occasion to go into his church the other day about a register, and found it already bedizened with all this trumpery, and heard that he had ordered surplices for six singing boys, and set on foot a plan for putting plain-coloured glass into the chancel, on purpose to darken it! And so I fear he will darken the true light of the word, and give stones to hungry souls that are asking for bread. . . . Stokoe, the poor old clerk, told me half-crying that the new parson was changing everything, giving out the psalms himself, drowning his (Stokoe's) voice in the responses by making the school children read them out, stopping the bass fiddle, preaching in his surplice, and now beginning to 'fash wi' the service every day in the week.' He seems even to have acted a scene in the church the first day, when Stokoe was there with him, falling on his knees before the Communion table and burying his face, and so deadly pale when he rose that the impression left on the old man was that he was 'not

right somehow.' I could hardly help smiling at some of poor Stokoe's grievances, and was obliged to stop him before the catalogue was run out. I grieve, however, much for these follies, and yet more for the fearful errors of which they are the signs and the accompaniment. I foresee offences, discomforts, and divisions, and that the difficulties of my own ministry will be much increased, but with God's help I will take the trial as a call to increased earnestness and fervour in His service. I have been prolix on this subject, as I know it will concern you. Mr. Reynolds is the younger son of Sir Francis Reynolds, a baronet of good family in ——shire. He is an Oxford man, but of course junior to me, and I do not think our common University will be much of a bond of union. I have been busy on the two tracts, of which I mentioned to you the subjects, and they are nearly finished. I will send you the MSS. I think I had better have them printed at once in two forms—one ordinary type, and the other large for the aged. B——'s hymns are very much liked here, and I have many applications for copies. Our missionary sermon was last Sunday. I had to preach it myself, having failed in getting Mr. Digby. I had little time for preparation, and ascended the pulpit under a sense of discouragement; but as my subject unfolded before me, I was conscious of a fervour and an energy seldom before felt, and I trust I was enabled to bear my testimony with acceptance. The collection was over £15. I am sorry to hear you have had another touch of gout, but hope it is passing off. My love and duty to my mother and Aunt Mary.—  
Your affectionate son,

N. SLADE.

[L. C. G.]

*(To be continued.)*

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## Where shall we go?

### VI.—A QUIET HAVEN.

LODGINGS being scarce at the place we shall go to, we cannot give its full address, unless our readers will promise *not* to go there in July 1878.

According to our present plan, we shall, early in next July, steam down the Clyde on, we will hope, such an evening as we have sometimes experienced there; with sea of grey lead, sky deepening from light to dark blue, a sun setting in the glory of settled red behind the Arran hills.

Let us remain on deck till those hills are passed, as they lie 'like sleeping giants aboon sweet Rothesay Bay.' Then, if we are wise, we shall go below, and try to fall asleep before we meet the ocean swell as the steamer passes Ailsa Craig, lying black in the moonlight.

Next morning will see us coasting under cliffs with a background of blue hills, and bright patchwork of fields sloping from them to the sea. By eight o'clock we shall cast anchor in a bay still lovelier than even Rothesay in the gloaming last night, and, passing the quaint old quay, we shall reach a station where a miniature railway train waits to take us a ten-mile journey overland. An unsophisticated little train it is, stopping politely, report says, to take up anybody who runs across the fields and catches the driver's eye. Our final destination is a cluster of about twenty irregularly-built whitewashed cottages, and a ruinous old barn. Ours is the farthest cottage, and is of a lavender hue, some dye having got into the whitewash. A pebbly shore in front, with the sea lapping to our very doors. Beyond, a curving bay, with an old weather-beaten house on one promontory, a narrow isthmus, then an island with a fort on it at the other. Beyond that strip of down, to the east, lies another bay, with a picturesque sleepy old town nestling in the corner. Westwards we see fields backed by hills, while right in front we have the Fort Island, the sea, and the horizon, seldom blurred by the smoke of a passing steamer.

And our lavender lodgings! Rooms about the size of horse stalls, comfortable because clean. We are supposing, of course, that July 1878 is to be so fine we shall not depend upon indoor comforts. But if it should happen to rain now and then (and it *may*, of course), why, then, we shall have a little time to mend our clothes. We have sometimes sighed for a rainy day in this our beloved retreat, to put our garments in repair. But we will not set out with a preconceived bad opinion of St. Swithin this year. We shall hope for fine weather, and to be out all day long, 'doing nothing.' Nothing! only think of that, you who plan a foreign tour. The multitude of churches and pictures you will have to see, the waterfalls you will be driven to, the mountains you will have to climb! The journeys you will have to make, in heat and dust and bustle, while we—think of it!—are doing nothing, and have nothing to do!—nothing, that is, but to boat or float, bathe, swim, saunter, read, as we please and when we please, cool, collected, contented, while you are jumbling up names, places, and scenery in your poor brains,

remembering Rome as somebody once did—only as ‘the place where we bought the bad stockings!’ You may not own it, but you will often say in your wearied, worried hearts, ‘If this be pleasure, give me duty.’ We pity you, broiling in a deep Alpine valley, oppressed by the tremendous overshadowing mountains, while we draw in at every breath the briny deliciousness of the sea, with abundance of space to breathe it in; no mountains to frown down upon us, the ripple and the sparkle, the ‘endless laughter’ of the ocean to gladden eyes and ears.

‘*Chacun à son goût*’—ours is ‘doing nothing’—*i.e.* nothing but what we like. We like paddling idly about the bay, looking down into the clear water, believing in the existence of water-folk, having a nice time of it down in those shimmering green depths—Why not? Surely all that water was not created solely for the herrings and mackerel to swim in? Then we can pretend to fish, and lie back in the boat gazing into the blue above us, listening to the lap, lapping of the wavelets as they toss our Lurline on the heaving tide. Whenever the sea is tempting, we shall bathe, undressing in our own room, lounging on the beach, skimming shells into the water till the waves look irresistible! Or when the tide is out, we shall follow it, teasing the crabs, dabbling after seaweeds, hunting shrimps for tea. Then we can set up for geologists, and go chipping away at fossils along the Ronald-way rocks, looking mighty wise, or fancying we do, over the strange variety of stones and boulders. Or let botany be our play, and the fields around will be a pleasant play-ground. Or let us as naturalists try to learn about the wondrous sea creatures of these shores, where one of the greatest naturalists of our day strolled and studied.

Should we tire of our peaceful haven and bay, let us explore the clefts and gullies of Langness. There the swirling tide runs its swift ‘race,’ as the people call it; and a dangerous race it is to get into in one’s boat: even on the calmest summer day, when all else is glassy still, it curls and frets round the fatal rocks of the Ness.

Let us at times ramble inlands to the wild little glens with their heathery banks, their ferns, and blue-bells. Or by way of excitement, we have the sleepest old town to go shopping in, within a mile of Derbyhaven. Its centrepiece is an old castle, which we can explore, worrying the keeper with questions about its grim legends. There are two streets, a quay, and a market-place; in the latter, two fishermen and a brown retriever are always to be seen, all three asleep. In



one of the two streets is a shop, but never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant has it been known to have anything anybody asked for in it. How it pays its rent is an unsolved riddle.

In our own haven we have some talkative neighbours. A low wall runs between them and the sea. On this they lean their elbows and talk, and ask questions, while we lean our elbows on our wall, and answer them. Kindly, honest folk, they will wish us a fair passage, and a happy return when we depart. The only harm in them is their bad taste in dogs; the place is overrun with white mongrels. The curs! how they bark at us, till our own wise beasts gently but firmly shake the venom out of them; after which operation we walk on the beach and kick the pebbles about, without being assailed by the whole currish colony.

If we want an excursion, let us picnic up our favourite glen, with grey crags towering above the river, like mimic Rhine castles. The ivy is ashamed of the grimness of these natural fortresses, judging by the way it clasps them in its green mantle. Other lesser streams we have, too, that flow on:

Clear and cool, clear and cool,  
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;  
Cool and clear, cool and clear,  
By shining shingle and foaming weir.

Some day, when we can emerge from our dreaming mood, we will climb the grand headland behind which we have watched the sun setting of an evening. From it we can see our haven lying like a speck in the east, while westwards we can trace the outline of the mountains of Mourne, and between them and us the herring fleet sails out for its nightly harvest. Far beneath lies the sea, with the white sea-mews hovering and wailing round the sheer precipices. These cliffs can be reached by water, and then their steepness and height is overpowering in grandeur. If we feel inclined for a hill ramble, we have only to struggle up the highest of those hills which form the background of our picture, as the sea does its frame. From the rounded top we can see our own little kingdom spread below us, with its mountain range, its treeless but beautiful plains, and across its ever-varying sea we can on the far horizon see the mountains of England Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

As for the pace at which our lazy days will fly, we shall one day, while sitting on the beach, watch the clumsy brown luggers rounding Fort Island, and dropping anchor in our



bay ; and while listening to the shout of the fishermen and the grinding of the anchor chain, we shall see the men hauling down the sails and sculling shorewards in overloaded punts, to stretch their brown nets on the green and sandy downs. Then will it flash upon us, 'Why, it's Saturday, and the herring boats are in!' Sunday usually follows Saturday, —a fact we really might have forgotten but for these same luggers resting in the bay, and nets drying on the links.

If the Sundays be fine, they will be the pleasantest and dreamiest of all the days. We shall rise early, for nothing disturbs one's peace like being in a hurry, so we shall 'take it easy' on our walk to church. Let us hope the tide may be out, so that it will not be rippling and lapping, and tempting us to give up church, and spend another morning within sound of its soft murmur. Our walk lies through the rich corn-fields and open stretches of pasture, where horses are enjoying their Sunday rest, and cattle munching and meditating, gazing up at us with soft brown eyes ; sheep strolling lazily out of our path, looking reproachfully at us as they return to their incessant cropping.

We have time enough to sit on all the stiles, watching the birds and beasts, and listening to the whirr of the grasshoppers in the dykes. And so, in due time, we shall arrive at the white church among its grassy mounds, where the indefatigable sheep are grazing too. There are some spasmodic attempts at bell-ringing by men in badly-fitting suits of blue, their Sunday best. The women are inside the church, not caring, as the men do, to dawdle among the sheep on the grave mounds till the parson comes. We, too, go in, and take our favourite seat. The clergyman comes in ; at once the bell will stop, and men come clamping in ; a wheezy organ will strike up, and the service will begin, a sleek-headed and hard-voiced old clerk doing his utmost to mar the melody of the beautiful English Church service. A stray lamb will possibly peer in, with a dismal ba-a, answered by a motherly sheep, to whom the lamb will frisk off. The burr and drone of the wild bee, the song of the birds, will come mingling in with the clergyman's deep voice, and the prayers and psalms of the scanty congregation.

Perhaps our eyes may wander round the damp walls of this dear old church, and fix upon the quaint tablets to the memory of the dead. Who, we have wondered, was that 'Julius Cæsar, a virtuous youth, famed for academical learning,' who lived some time in the last century. His monument, with

some others, belongs to the family of the Christians, owners of the gaunt old house that guards our bay. From another time-worn stone the clerk has been clearing off the mould, so we shall see on it 'Margaret, 15.' She, too, abode in that grey-slatted house of the Christians. Did she ever sit, this long-forgotten young girl, in this same seat, listening to the grand, simple words now in our ears, looking, perhaps, from the unglazed window near to her half-obliterated memorial stone, upon purple hill and blue sky ?

But the word is spoken of the 'peace that passeth all understanding;' we are recalled from our wandering thoughts by the shuffling feet of the blue-coated congregation. We follow them, and shall walk back the same way as we came. In the afternoon we will find a quiet place to lie in, among the bracken of the downs, close to the cold, grey stones of the sea. We shall pretend to read, but in reality shall do little else but watch enviously the sea-mews floating and heaving on the heaving, sparkling sea.

Suppose Sunday to be wet—what shall we do ? In that case we shall not add to the congregation of the church in the fields, but betake ourselves to the one in the sleepy old town. The road is good, but we may probably have a stout battle with the winds, and listen to the waves as they come grinding up the beach with a 'shivering shock.' Or we have the alternative of the College Chapel; the reader of *Eric* will know that our haven is in its near neighbourhood. Among the grassy hillocks of that church in the fields, *Eric's* friend and his brother, Russel and Vernor, lie buried. In the evening, if we wish it, we can join a little knot of worshippers who meet next door to us in a school chapel. A master from *Eric's* college comes over to read the service to the old folks who cannot walk to the parish church. Do you care to study honest, weather-lined old faces ? We do ; so we shall watch the old men in blue coats, with their well-thumbed books, as they come slowly in, and the bright-eyed though bent old women in Sunday shawls, with their books wrapped in their Sunday handkerchiefs.

The school children stare at us, and we at the old people, wondering what they have to be so thankful for, so much of thankfulness is there in the tone of their reverent though quavering responses. Thankful ? Yes, for a leaky cottage, a good herring season. Thankful, too, for having tided over many a bad one, and thankful for nearness to that

'Port after stormy seas,  
Ease after warre, deathe after life ;'

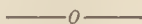
for to the aged and God-fearing poor, death means a Sabbath of which they talk calmly, nay joyously.

Service over, the people will file slowly out into the fresh evening air; they will limp back to their hearths, while we shall lean upon our sea-wall, and feel ashamed of not being half thankful enough for the manifold blessings and enjoyments of our lives.

The storm will have ceased, the wind calmed down; the waves will still be roaring off the Ness rocks, thundering in upon the beach below us with their wild ocean music. The moon will look out hurriedly from behind the scudding clouds, shining down with a weird-like effect on the gradually-calming waters of our bay.

And on that bay, beautiful alike in sunshine and in storm, we hope to find ourselves in July.

E. V. LYNNE.



## Peace and Goodwill; or, Two Christmas Eves.

### PART I.—THE FIRST.

‘PAPA and uncle must be reconciled now,’ she whispered wistfully.

‘Of course they must; we won’t allow any more disagreements,’ he answered cheerfully.

The speakers, a very handsome youth and maiden, were standing hand in hand under the mistletoe, but so absorbed in conversation as to be unaware of the suggestive situation.

‘That visit of yours to London was most opportune, Ursula; for we might have lived here all our lives and never known each other, thanks to that ridiculous family feud,’ he continued.

‘It was very curious that you should be the first gentleman introduced to me at the first party I went to, and that I should not know you to be my cousin for so long after,’ she answered.

‘Not so strange as it appears; Reid is such a common name, and perhaps you never even knew you had a cousin like me. I found you out first, but Ursula More is a more striking cognomen than William Reid. I think we may thank the old grey cob for falling on her head so opportunely at that ditch, for without her agency matters would not have gone so smoothly. I could not have retained my incognito in your father’s house, and he would never have received me

in my own character. I don't think he dislikes me, even after he discovered that the disinterested stranger who had sprained his arm catching his horse was his obnoxious nephew.'

'It seems to have been all planned, for was it not unusual your coming to Southshire to hunt?—you never did so before.'

He smiled. 'That was not exactly accidental, for I had discovered where you lived, and who you were by that time; but I am glad to say I did not know it was your respected father whom I picked out of the ditch. I shall never forget your face, Ursula, as you stood on the door-steps, when you saw who your father was bringing in; it was such a delightful combination of joy, anxiety, and surprise.'

'No wonder! You have no idea what objects you were; and I thought you must both be nearly killed, or you would never be leaving the hunt so early.'

'Well, we do seem to have been made for each other, Ursula, for all those overpowering obstacles have been swept away in a few months, and by the simplest means; and, after spending three weeks under your father's roof, I had little difficulty in persuading him to let you come here now. I am sure, when our fathers meet under such pleasant auspices,' glancing with a smile at Ursula's downcast and blushing face, 'they will become as great friends as once they were bitter enemies.'

'I hope so, indeed; but do you think that Lady Anne will be pleased with poor little, insignificant me?'

'My dear old mother! she loves you already, and has long wished for a daughter. I have far greater fears of not being acceptable to your father; you know, as the laird, he has always looked down on the merchant's son, although he condescended to marry his sister.'

'But, you know, you are Lady Anne's son, as well as my poor mother's nephew,' said Ursula naively.

'He may say, "The grandson of a thousand earls, you are not one to be desired." I believe, if my father had ten times the wealth he has, and had raised himself to higher honours than even an M.P., your father would still regard him as little better than a tradesman! I rather honour him for it; I think money is made far too much of in modern society.'

'Yes; but your father has other things to recommend him besides his wealth. He is a very clever man, so even papa allows, and was very well educated; so was my dear mother. The disagreements between papa and uncle vexed her dread-



fully, she loved them both so much. I was a very little thing when she died, but I remember her telling me I must always be a little peacemaker. I think this—our—friendship would have pleased her very much,' she added shyly.

Gazing earnestly at her, he replied, 'Everybody ought to be pleased,' thinking only of her, and not of what he was inferring, and rejoicing inwardly that she resembled her beautiful *bourgeoise* mother, and not her highly-aristocratic but raw-boned Aunts More. 'I suppose it was your father's second marriage that did the most of the mischief,' he continued.

'Oh no! you do mamma injustice!' she cried warmly. 'She is not at all the popular idea of a step-mother; she has always been so nice and kind, and I am sure she loves me nearly as much as her own boys. It was she that persuaded papa to let me come here.'

'Then, what our respected parents could have found to quarrel about, I don't understand!'

'I understand it very well,' she said softly, and paused, afraid of offending her companion by what she might say of his father.

'Do try to make me understand it too, dearest. All I know is, that your father was very kind to mine once, but that, in consequence, he seemed to consider he had a right to control his actions ever afterwards, and took all the credit to himself for my father's unusual prosperity; and you know that is galling to a man who prides himself on being self-made.'

'Yes; but, you know, it was true, in a measure; for unless he had got the start that papa gave him, he might have remained all his life in Wogsal, an unimportant merchant like his father.'

'I don't think so. He would never have stuck there; he would have carved out a career for himself, somehow. But not the less grateful is he for my uncle's helping hand; he always acknowledges that from him he got his start in life,' said the son of the successful man decisively, adding, 'But even the feeling of patronage on the one side, and obligation on the other, could not have caused such bitterness.'

'Politics helped it a great deal. Your father is a Liberal now, but he was a great Radical when he was a young man, before he had property; and when he came home from America he was worse than ever: he made even my mother angry with his sweeping denunciations of everything old. Every one who differed from him in opinion was behind



the age, and required to have their ideas enlarged—' She paused.

'He must have been very objectionable,' acknowledged his son frankly, thinking what a firebrand this rising young man must have been in the laird's old-fashioned household.

Ursula smiled. 'Remember, I am giving our view of the subject; what I have heard all my life as reasons for not knowing your family. I have never heard your side of the question.'

'You will get it presently. But what else conduced to hostilities?'

'A number of trifles. Papa thought him very unfeeling at the death of one of my baby brothers; and he did not think he paid my mother proper respect. When he came home the second time, he settled in London without coming to see them at all.'

'But considering how uncomfortable his last visit had made them, I do not wonder at his not repeating it. What else?'

'He never asked them to his marriage.'

'I know his marriage was a great offence, but I never knew why. Was there not some good reason for the omission?'

'The excuse given was, that it would be only a matter of form, as, of course, they would never think of coming all the way from Scotland for it.'

'And might not that be true?' he asked.

'Yes; but it would have been kinder, more judicious at least, to have asked them. Don't you think so?'

'Certainly,' he answered; but he could not help remembering his father's frequent speech, that Mr. More had never forgiven him for marrying Lady Anne, because he could not take the credit of having introduced her to him.

'When my poor mother was dying, he never came to see her, or even to her funeral; and the very day of her death we saw in the newspapers that Lady Anne Reid had given a grand *fête*,' continued Ursula sorrowfully.

'But he never knew she was so ill. He had no idea she was gone. You must not think so hardly of my father. The letters were delayed. He was as shocked as any one when he knew what had occurred that day. He has often said that he regretted much not having gone at once to see his sister, but he was greatly occupied, and was never told that she desired his presence. As to the funeral, my father has his own ideas on that subject, and never goes to one if he can avoid it.'

‘Yes, it is his ideas that always run against ours. Papa has such a reverence for old customs.’

‘And my father reverences nothing simply because it is old; but he is not hard-hearted, and he was very fond of his sister, and truly mourned her sudden death.’

‘But oh! it was not sudden; she had been ill for weeks and months, and all the time of her suffering, even to the hour of her death, he was feasting and rejoicing. Can you wonder that, when his tardy letter of condolence did arrive, with his refusal to attend the funeral, papa did not believe his protestations, and wrote the sharp letter that broke off all intercourse?’

‘It was very unfortunate, but you see much may be explained; and you must ever be welcome to my father as his dear sister’s only child; while, as your mother’s nephew, I hope to gain your father’s favour in time. I have no fear myself; we shall reconcile everybody, darling, and be, oh! so happy ourselves.’

‘This disunion and dispeace has been such a grief to me; and lately, since you have come to live here, it has been so much worse, for I am always being reminded of it by something unpleasant occurring.’

‘It is very unfortunate, as I said before; but now all will be altered, and you will rejoice that we are so near. I think it was a very plucky thing of the governor coming back to his native village in this way, where every one remembered him very different. It is not a thing I would have done myself, but I can’t help admiring it all the same. It made your father still more angry?’

‘Yes; but it was very trying for poor papa. He had always been first, and never expected to find a rival at home. He never thought uncle would care to return, except to annoy him. Indeed, it seemed to us as if uncle only bought the Castle in order to make you the great people even here, and us the small. The Castle folk quite overshadow us now, and we are counted second-rate; no one who has the *entrée* there cares about our modest entertainments. It was very different when we were the only resident heritors, and the public had to trust to us alone for all the pleasures it got; for the Castle was only occupied for a week or two in as many years. You need not smile. It seems snobbish to notice such a trifle; but it is both difficult and painful to learn to play second fiddle at papa’s age, especially—’ She paused embarrassed.

‘When one has to do it to one’s pet enemy,’ supplied Mr.

Reid. 'I understand the situation perfectly, but I do not see that any rivalry need exist *now*,' putting the emphasis on the last word.

Ursula only blushed in answer.

'Must you go to-morrow, dearest?' he asked.

'Yes, indeed I must; I could not be away on Christmas day. Papa and mamma and the boys would miss me so.'

'I will call to-morrow or next day, and hear my fate from them. I have no fear of my own people.'

At this moment a group of merry young people burst into the room, headed by a plain-looking but very vivacious girl of fifteen or sixteen, who exclaimed, 'Found at last, and with Miss More under the mistletoe! Fie, for shame, sober Cousin William! I am shocked at you, I am.'

In her excitement Lady Edith allowed her own careless footsteps to approach so near the mystic circle that her cousin drew her in and saluted her, to her intense indignation. But when her partner seemed disposed to attempt the same with Ursula, William drew her quickly, almost angrily aside, and proposed a return to the ball-room.

'We are going to dance here,' said Edith, 'it is much cooler and nicer. I don't care how many more estates uncle buys in the country, a house-warming is such fun! I am enjoying myself splendidly. I hope you are also, Miss More?'

'Oh yes, certainly,' said Ursula with a guilty start.

'Here comes the man to play. Don't let us lose time;' and Edith set the example by whirling away.

After one round, Ursula said she was tired, and sat down on one of the deep window seats, while William went for another partner. Seated there in a blissful dream, with the words, 'Peace and goodwill towards men,' ringing in her ears, Ursula wondered what she had done to be so blessed. The crown of her joy was that her happiness would bring peace and goodwill to both families, and that she would fulfil her mother's last injunctions, and be still a little peace-maker.

She went away early the next morning, and was a little disappointed that the day passed without a visit from William. He did not come till late in the following afternoon. Feeling that this delay did not augur well for their hopes, she had wandered down to the end of the avenue, and was looking towards Cleaves, when she saw his figure in the distance. His slow and listless gait did not betoken a messenger of good tidings, and although he hastened his

footsteps when he saw who was waiting for him, and met her with a smile, yet her first glance at his grave, preoccupied face sent a chill to her heart. She could not restrain her anxiety, and, seeing he did not speak at first, whispered, 'I am sure there is something wrong. Your father objects to me?'

'Indeed, no—you wrong him; but my mother has some strange notions about cousins marrying.'

'Lady Anne?'

'The person upon whose sympathy I depended; I confess it vexed me unwarrantably when she led the opposition. But don't fear, sweet one; we shall soon talk her out of such nonsense. When she sees we are firm, and can't live without one another, she will never risk my life's happiness for a mere scruple.'

'Does she think it wrong for any cousins to marry, or only us?' asked Ursula, feeling all her hope and courage oozing away, for this was an objection that neither time nor patience could overcome; nothing could change the mournful fact that cousins they were, and cousins they must always remain, if they were not allowed to be anything nearer.

'She does not think it wrong, only injudicious; she has a craze on the subject, and attributes all domestic afflictions to the pernicious habit of cousins marrying. My being an only son, and all your brothers and sisters dying young, and the fact that consumption is on both sides of the house, although the instances of it are rare, causes our case to be a particularly bad one in her eyes. But don't cry, dearest; when she sees my happiness is involved, she will come round, never fear,' he added tenderly, and folded her in his arms.

Each word was a knell to her faithful heart, and she could not restrain her tears.

'You won't mind waiting for a little; it will all come right in the end, I feel confident,' he continued.

She could not share his confidence; her heart felt dull and heavy as lead, and all his kind words and attempts at argument only showed her the more forcibly how hopeless was their love. They walked so slowly and stopped so often, that it was dusk ere they reached the house.

'What do you mean to do?' asked Ursula suddenly.

'I mean to see your father, and explain everything to him, and obtain his permission for us to be formally engaged.'

'But he will never give it, as long as your people object.'

'We shall see; I'll give my word to have smoothed



away all obstacles before I ask anything more; but a formal engagement would strengthen our position immensely. However, in case of accidents, let us plight our troth now.' So saying, he drew a diamond ring from his little finger, and put it on her fourth one, and took possession of a band of wrought gold she wore as a guard, to replace it. 'As long as you keep that ring, I shall know you still love me, and remember that is the only thing I fear. No opposition can separate us; it may delay our happiness, but as long as we stand firm to one another, we must gain our own way in the end.' So reasoned the young man, who had never been denied anything in his life.

But the girl, with deeper intuition, if with less knowledge, saw an impenetrable barrier rising between them in Lady Anne's opinion. 'But your mother's wishes; you could never go against them,' she said sadly enough.

'My mother only wishes my happiness. Cousins marry every day. When she realizes I won't marry any one else, she will prefer me marrying a cousin to not marrying at all. I go to fight for you,—will you not arm me for the combat, as the knights of old used to be armed by their fair ladies? Give me something to nerve my courage and render eloquent my tongue,—a hearty, hopeful "speed well," at least.'

In vain he took her limp, cold hand in his, and tried to warm it; in vain he attempted to raise her drooping spirits by his bright, cheering words: all hope had died within her when she heard the nature of Lady Anne's objections, and could not be revived again even by his tenderness.

In silence and tears she led the way into the house, and, seeing her father alone in the library, she ushered in her lover with an indistinct announcement of his identity. Instead of going to her own room, she remained in the fire-lit hall, for she feared William might go without seeing her, and in her present nervous state she thought if she missed him now they might never meet again. She drew a high-backed oak chair, which had been a family possession for centuries, in front of the blazing wood, and as she leant her head on the hard carving, she wondered, with a strange, new-born sympathy, how many throbbing brains and aching hearts among her ancestors had sought repose in this same chair. What mattered now what tears they had shed, what pangs they had suffered? Would it be so with her a hundred years hence? It matters not, indeed, if the suffering does the work for which it is sent, and the sorrow drives us to God, and not from Him; but, alas! for the wasted pain



that only hardens the heart instead of softening it, and alienates us still more from our loving Saviour,—*that* may none of us have to bear.

The brightness of the fire had died out before Ursula's lover reappeared. With an exclamation about the carelessness of servants, Mr. More returned to the library for a lamp; but although William's face revealed no tales, the last words of the discussion which reached her ears were not of a reassuring nature. 'Do not build false hopes on the possibility of my changing; whatever other people may see fit to do, I never alter my opinion,' was uttered in her father's most decisive tones. She rose up hastily, feeling she must go to him to comfort and be comforted, and in an instant he was by her side.

'You here still, dearest,' he cried joyfully; and they were standing hand in hand when her father returned.

He looked displeased, and said coldly, 'Remember, my decision is final.'

William simply bowed, and, turning to Ursula, said, 'If you are not afraid of the cold, come out on the terrace for a moment. I will not detain her long, I promise you,' he added to her father, who made no objection. After wishing him a courteous good-night, he wrapped her up in an extra shawl, and they went out together out of their short-lived paradise into the coldness and darkness of the world.

'I knew it was hopeless,' she said drearily.

'But it is not hopeless; nothing is hopeless as long as we live and love one another. Your father very naturally refused his consent to our engagement; but he was most kind, and said quite flattering things of me personally.'

'And what was his final decision?' she asked, trembling.

"That he would never allow his daughter to enter a family where she was not welcome," which was quite right and proper. I would never ask you to accept a position unworthy of you, or where you were not valued as you ought to be. Now, dear, for time and patience; they mend all ills. I said nothing to your father about writing, for I meant to write whether I had permission or not, and you *must* answer my letters; remember it will be the only consolation I have. Our cousinship is fortunate on that account; we have a right to correspond if we choose. I said I would not keep you, and I feel you shivering, even under that thick shawl. Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.'

So they parted.

NONO.

*(To be continued.)*

## Greek.

Greek ! Greek ! Greek !  
 We return to it with delight ;  
 Greek ! Greek ! Greek !  
 By day and by candle light.  
 We go to our Ladies' Classroom  
 Through snow and the pouring rain ;  
 But we are so intent on learning,  
 We never turn back again.  
 Greek ! Greek ! Greek !  
 Our Professor is eager to tell  
 How freely we ought to speak  
 The language he loves so well.  
 He discourses on things around us,  
 And hopes we will soon reply ;  
 But though we attentively listen,  
 An answer we cannot yet try.  
 Greek ! Greek ! Greek !  
 Our lessons are well prepared,  
 Our sentences neatly written,  
 No trouble nor time is spared.  
 On a bright and frosty morning,  
 When our friends Lawn Tennis play,  
 We feel no wish to join them,  
 We are better employed than they.  
 Greek ! Greek ! Greek !  
 We love the sound of the word,  
 When twice a week, at half-past two,  
 Our Professor's voice is heard.  
 We study the grand old poets  
 In six feet Iambic verse,  
 And go through many a chorus  
 Of lines that are hard and terse.  
 Greek ! Greek ! Greek !  
 It takes up half our day ;  
 We are all the better for it,  
 We do not want time for play !  
 But as we think of the knowledge  
 We have gained through all the week,  
 We deem those hours the pleasantest  
 Which we have spent on Greek.

*Μαργαρίτης.*

## Our Library Table.

THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW. By J. Baring Gould, M.A.  
London : King & Co.

This is the record of a life which, in its quaint originality and power, well deserves to be remembered. His biographer says of Robert Stephen Hawker : 'He did not belong to this century, or this country. His mind and character pertained to the Middle Ages, and to the East.'

Originality is a great and noble gift wheresoever we meet with it. In the present instance its manifestations are not always particularly admirable in themselves, yet we prize them because they reveal such depths of intense reality. Mr. Hawker had in his nature a vein of eccentricity, to use no stronger word, side by side with intellectual gifts of a very high order. He was before all things a poet ; he possessed in all its purity that rare harmony of thought and language which constitutes poetry of the highest order. Though he did not write much, and can only claim to be considered as a lesser poet, yet the quality of his verse is so choice, and it possesses such a subtle charm of melody, that we think it will live embalmed in the odour of its own sweetness. His *Song of the Western Men* is well known ; and there are many short poems scattered through this volume which are simply perfect.

One of his most marked characteristics was a sense of humour, which led him as a boy into many a strange and wild frolic. Keen and ready was the edge of his wit. Once at a public meeting, where feeling about church matters ran high, a young man was vehemently protesting that he at least would never suffer himself to be priest-ridden. Mr. Hawker wrote something in his pocket-book, tore out the leaf, and handed it up to him. It contained these words :

'Thou ridden ne'er shalt be  
By prophet or by priest ;  
Balaam is dead, and none but he  
Would have thee for his beast.'

He was terribly in earnest in his beliefs. To him all on one side was black as night, all on the other bright with the light of heaven ; so he threw himself with all the force of his powerful nature into the questions of the day—if not always wisely, yet with a weight of conviction which could not fail to make a deep impression. There was in him a strong tendency to mysticism, which is curiously in opposition to the prevailing tone of thought of the day ; but it is good for us to be reminded that it is possible to view things as he did. He lived in a perpetual allegory. To him the visible world was but a kind of parable, full of symbols of the unseen ; and the abstract ideas with which his mind was familiar became clothed with tradition, legend, and visionary lore. All his life he passed by the Severn Sea, in a remote parish on the north coast of Cornwall. There he toiled for his people, taught them, loved them, fought for them, did them good, if not in their way, then in his own ; but he does seem to have won his way straight into their hearts. In this short notice we cannot enter into the painful circumstances attending his death ; but we may hope that all who read his life will form a kindly judgment of the grand old man.

**HINTS TO NURSES.** By Rachel Williams and Alice Fisher.

Edinburgh : Maclachlan &amp; Stewart.

The little volume comes to fill a vacant place among the many excellent manuals already existing on the subject of professional nursing ; it aims not so much at giving instruction to those who have already made some progress, as at assisting the beginner to learn her business, not mechanically, but intelligently. With this object the writers distinctly explain such details as every good nurse is supposed to know, but which are exactly things which are unfamiliar, and therefore puzzling at first to the majority of probationers ; such, for instance, as the meaning of ordinary medical terms, and the reasons why some simple mode of treatment must be managed in one way and not another. Throughout, the explanations are intended in no way to take the place of the practical hospital instruction, but to supplement it and make it more intelligible and profitable. Incidentally the book accomplishes another desirable end, that of helping any one who thinks of adopting the profession of nursing to form a definite idea of the duties and work involved in hospital training ; and to any such person we would commend especially the study of the first three chapters, and also chapter twenty (on ward duties), for the excellent advice and practical good sense conveyed in them. After this introduction follow short but full and clear chapters on the framework of the body, explanatory of the ordinary diseases from which it suffers, and the injuries to which it is liable, with the terms used in connection with them, and the sort of treatment used generally for their relief, added to which are practical remarks as to what would be the nurse's probable functions in such cases. The same plan is carried out in the sections on the digestive organs, the circulation, the nervous system, the surgical treatment of various cases, and nursing duties connected with it ; and some space is devoted to describing the 'antiseptic' system of treatment for wounds and other injuries. Many mothers of families would be glad of the information contained in the two chapters on 'fevers' and 'disinfectants,' about which so much ignorance exists, while the few simple recipes for cooking for the sick will doubtless be useful both in and out of hospital. We can only hope the book will be as much used as it deserves to be, not only for the valuable teaching so clearly given in it, but for the tone of the whole—earnest, practical, and steady, which should encourage a similar tone among those who study it attentively.

**ON POETIC INTERPRETATION OF NATURE.** By J. C. Shairp, LL.D.

Edinburgh : D. Douglas.

Anything that is published under Principal Shairp's name, naturally leads us to look forward to pleasure in reading it ; but it is not often that we have the satisfaction of going through a book with unmixed enjoyment, which is only marred by the fact that there is not more of it to read. It is possible that many people may disagree with the writer's ideas both on Nature and Poetry, but it will argue little for their general intelligence if their special theories blind them to his large-minded way of treating his great subjects, and the rare union of clear judgment with warm and tender appreciation which shows itself in every page of this book. In the deluge of poetic criticism and writing on Nature which pours out at present, and is so often either misty and incomprehensible or cold and dull,



how much we owe to a writer who clears our minds on both subjects, and helps us to perceive their true relation and value ! The plan of the book is first to put before us distinctly what Principal Shairp means by 'Nature' and 'Poetry'—those much misused words, and his view of the poet's function in expressing the highest and most intense of human emotions. Having thus cleared the way, he takes up his special subject, the manner in which the poetic imagination has worked and should work on 'that great sum of appearance' which we call Nature ; he points out some of the principal ways in which poets can deal with the subject, and these distinctions greatly help us to appreciate the changes and growth of naturalistic feeling. After these general views come special illustrations, in which we have a sort of outline of the course poets have actually followed in touching on Nature. Principal Shairp has already spoken of the Fossil poetry preserved in language and mythology, he now sketches the principal features of the Nature poetry of the great singers in Judca, Greece, and Rome, and then carries us at a bound on to our own English and Scotch, beginning with Chaucer, revelling in his delicious spring landscapes, and passing on to Wordsworth's calm and high Nature musing. Space would fail us to do anything like justice to the mingled discrimination and appreciation of these short studies of the different poets thus passed under review ; it is hard to select any for particular notice when all are so good, but perhaps the section which includes Burns and the Ballads is the most vivid, and in itself poetic. One feels a hesitation in criticising the Scotch of such an authority, but is a 'saugh tree' an alder and not a willow ? All the concluding part of the book leads up to the chapters on Wordsworth, whose poetry is treated as the culmination of so much that had preceded it ; so his development and change of ideas is dwelt upon with an evident pleasure and sympathy that must commend this part of the work to all his admirers, and may help those others who, as yet, are less familiar with him. Principal Shairp makes a tantalizing suggestion as to continuing these studies in Nature poetry among the other poets of the century, and after this volume we can only sincerely hope he may be induced to carry out the idea, which would be so greatly to the advantage of the reading public.

GREEN PASTURES. By William Black, Piccadilly.

London : J. Macmillan & Co. 1877.

Mr. Black's new heroine resembles the English scenery in which we first meet her. Lady Silvia wins us by the quiet sweetness of her manner, tender as the green hedgerows among which she drives. Her charms are veiled by her shyness, as the landscape is shrouded in mist, which nevertheless lends a nameless grace of its own. She is given to tears, but they fall as softly as the rain on her own 'green pastures ;' and when the shower is over, her smile is as the sun breaking through the rain-clouds. Like English skies, she is oftener grave than gay. Suddenly, when her horizon seems to be darkening, Lady Silvia leaves her husband and home, and sails off to America with the four old friends who shared the *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton*. Then follows the guide-book part of the story : a very pleasant part it is. Descriptions of tours are apt to be wearisome, but Mr. Black makes the jokes of the party, even to Lady Silvia's one pun, so amusing that we are forced to laugh at them. So vivid is the description that we sail in fancy through Canadian waters,



listening through the mists for Hendrick Hudson's voice, and gazing in wonder at Niagara. Even the long Pullman's car journey to Bell von Rosen's *ranch* is not tedious, leading us through forest and prairie blazing with sunflowers and Michaelmas daisies, where the beautiful sunrises and sunsets break the endless monotony of these rolling plains. On reaching America, New York looks so like Paris that the party think they have made some strange mistake. Before they land, the likeness to Dunoon convinces Bell that she sees the *Aglaia* waiting to take them down the Clyde. In short, when they see anything that reminds them of home, they play at being there till they believe and make us 'half believe it's true.' Bell has to endure much teasing about the *ranch* left her by her uncle. They treat her as a rough farmer who needs to be 'civilized;' this the 'ranchwoman,' as Queen Tita calls her, answers with stolid composure, but in a way which at times startles Lady Silvia's gentle propriety. The whole book is so pleasantly written that we forgive Silvia's weaknesses, and only long for such a trip in such congenial company. We are glad the story ends well for Lady Silvia, and when, at the end of the third volume, we return with the author to spend Christmas in Surrey, we do not feel we have had a line too much of his new guide-book to America.

THE BREAKING OF THE STORM. By Friedrich Spiclhagen.

Translated by S. and E. Stephenson.

If half of the characters and a good third of the plot could be cut out of this novel, the result would be both a clever and amusing story. As it is, it is curiously unequal, some of the characters being particularly vivid and well drawn, but overpowered by the crowd of other figures far less natural. The whole leaves an impression of confusion, from the intricacy of a plot which it would require the brains of a German financier fully to unravel. Evidently the author's object is to show the demoralization produced in Germany by the wild rush of speculation which followed the close of the late war; but so many other interests come in, that this special lesson loses much of its impressiveness. There is a financial storm, and a literal one; and the latter is much the more interesting, as indeed it should be, occupying as it does nearly the whole of the last volume. Elsa and Reinhold, the hero and heroine proper, are an interesting young couple, and the wooing of the highly-born young lady 'by the gallant merchant captain' is prettily told; but when we have four more pairs of lovers, and a good deal of stray love-making besides, it becomes too much of a good thing! It is really a pity that the whole is not more satisfactory; for if some of the characters are unnatural, such as Giraldi, the typical Italian adventurer, some of the others are charming and very amusing, especially Meta, the bright little chatter-box, always falling in love. 'Last time it was at the Opera, in the front row of the stalls. Papa said he was a pickpocket; but papa sees pickpockets everywhere, and destroys one's illusions.' Meta thinks she 'could be faithful to a man till death, or even after it, if he made a point of it!' Her time comes at last, and her lover is a capital contrast to herself,—the quaint, hard-working sculptor Justus, who looks at all people as models for the patriotic monuments over which he labours, making fun of them all the time. Another clever sketch is 'Aunt Rikchen,' the voluble, fussy old lady with her spectacles at the extreme end of her nose, always saying that 'she understands nothing, of course,' yet much aggrieved that she is not consulted by

everybody. A good many of the characters have obviously to be swept off by the storm (which is powerfully described, by the way) to conclude the story at all, and of course the hero goes about rescuing people. But, among some absurdities, there is a pretty scene where Elsa goes to see after her betrothed in the seaside village where he lives, and from whence he has gone out into the storm; and all the women are so interested in her, and all tell her 'the same thing, almost as if they had agreed beforehand, that the Captain would be all right, though the storm *was* bad: for he knew what he was about, and the six men who were with him knew what they were about.' The translators may be congratulated on the particularly easy and spirited style of their English version of this novel.

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### Question Series.

#### II.

I. *History*.—Mention, with dates and particulars, three kings of England and three of Scotland who met with violent deaths.

II. *English Literature*.—Explain the principles of Anglo-Saxon verse; give examples, and traces of its influence in later writings.

Answers, not to exceed twenty printed lines, are invited; to be sent in by 15th March, addressed, EDITORS, *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, care of Messrs. Murray & Gibb, 11 Queen Street, Edinburgh. The best answer to each question will be inserted in the magazine, and prizes are offered at the close of the year for the greatest number of good answers in each department.

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### Book Exchange Column.

M. I. U.—I have a copy of *Plato* (Smith's) with notes, in good condition; also *Present Day Thoughts*, by A. K. H. B. I shall be glad to exchange these for other books. Communications may be addressed to the Editors.

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### Stray Notes.

K. L. gained in the last Edinburgh University Local Examination upwards of seventy marks for French, but failed in Botany. She wishes to know whether, in the event of gaining this year seventy in Botany, she will be entitled to a place in the prize list, or whether the interval of a year will prevent this? She also wishes to know if she may go up for examination in Drawing this year, and whether, if she should pass, any recognition of her having done so would be added to her certificate?

A DISTRESSED TRAVELLER going to Italy asks, What is the best, most portable, most efficacious, and cheapest Disinfectant? [An important question. Who can help her?—Eds.]

Two replies have reached us for 'Scholastica,' so good that we insert both:—

VECCHIARELLA says:—A lady who has had ordinary school education, and wishes to gain a Local Certificate quickly, should take English Literature and French for an ordinary Pass. If she aims at Honours and insertion of her name in the *Rugby Calendar*, the case is different. French remains the easiest subject, but the 'Honours' English Paper is hard. Logic is the best subject for

Scholastica, being a definite science. It can be mastered in a single session, and is better adapted to grown-up students than subjects requiring more memory than thought. Vecchiarella thinks that a lady who has not been abroad, and is no musician, would do well to qualify herself as a thorough English governess for both boys and girls. English Literature and Latin, to which she may add Mathematics or Logic, would be her best subjects. The Class Certificate of the Professor of the Theory and Practice of Education, when added to the Local Certificate, is of inestimable value to a teacher, and may be gained by working in the class of the Ladies' Educational Association, taught by Professor Laurie.

IN ANSWER TO SCHOLASTICA, I should advise the young lady of eighteen, provided previous training has laid a foundation upon which to work, to make up for the lack of Music and Conversational French and German by taking an Honour Certificate in English Literature, Latin, and Mathematics. The Honour Certificate will entitle her to have her name placed on the *Rugby Calendar* for lady-teachers, and her choice of subjects will make her a desirable governess for young boys as well as girls. Should Latin and Mathematics be too much for one winter's work, let her take up one of these and perfect her grammatical knowledge of French or German. Speaking from experience, I should not advise any one to attempt more than three subjects, unless one at least is already so thoroughly acquired that special preparation is unnecessary. And it is well to bear in mind, also, that high marks in two subjects are more valuable than mediocrity in three.

CONTRA COSTA.

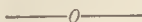
A SPINSTER AUNT advises Chloe and all young people to be careful what French tales they read. *Sacs et Parchemins* (Jules Sandeau) is charming. Madame G. Reybaud is always a safe writer. Her *Petits Couvents de Paris*, *Cadet de Colobrières*, *Mademoiselle de Malepeire*, and *Clémentine* may be recommended. Formerly one could say the same of Octave Feuillet; his *Roman d'un Jeune Homme pauvre*, *Bellah*, and *La Petite Comtesse* are excellent, but his later works are better left alone. Let no one rush into modern French stories till they have read the matchless *Eugénie Grandet* and *La Recherche de l'Absolu* of Honoré de Balzac. Two very characteristic *Proverbes* of A. de Musset are readable, and give a good idea of his style: *Un Caprice* and *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*. [Other correspondents add Emile Souvestre and Jules Verne as safe writers, and *La Tulipe Noire* of Dumas, *Dosia*, and *Le Roi des Montagnes*, the only safe ones of About.]

PATIENCE thinks Chloe will find Marlitt's *Die Zweite Frau* and Häcklander's *Fürst und Cavalier* much more amusing than the *Thirty Years' War*. [We hope, however, she will persevere with the latter!—EDS.]

GLASGOW ASSOCIATION FOR HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—On 14th January was begun the second series of lectures,—viz., Astronomy, Philosophy, Physiology, and French Literature, the lecturers being Professors Grant, E. Caird, M'Kendrick, and Monsieur Lacaille. Astronomy excepted, these are a continuation of the work begun before Christmas, Professors Veitch and Young having preceded Professors Caird and M'Kendrick. The lectures, delivered in the University, are attended by more than 200 students, ninety-three being in the Logic class, of whom the greater proportion took part in the work, essay writing, and examinations. There are

tutorial classes, well attended, for Latin, Mathematics, and Theory of Music. On 15th January, classes on the model of those in St. George's Hall, Edinburgh, were opened for the benefit of ladies in the West of Scotland, either as a help to private study or in preparation for the Local Examinations. Bursaries will be offered to the latter, the competition being open to students either resident or corresponding members; extra prizes will be allotted for competition only to 'correspondents.' The Association is making arrangements for affiliation to an English College, for higher examinations and Certificates in Music. [We gladly welcome this spread of our St. George's Hall plan, wishing it all success.—EDS.]

AN INQUIRER would be glad to know precisely what is meant by an Edinburgh University Certificate? Is it the same sort of thing as an English Local Certificate? Must candidates go to Edinburgh for examination? ['An Inquirer' does not word her query with enough precision for us to feel sure to what certificate she refers. University Local Examinations have been instituted in Edinburgh on the same model as those conducted elsewhere; but there is also a Higher Certificate for women only, which has this peculiarity, that it is a monopoly—we use the word with no invidious intention—of the students of the Ladies' Educational Association. This certificate can only be held by candidates who already have taken the Local Pass Certificate of some University. Examinations take place in Edinburgh in April and in October.]



### Notices to Correspondents, etc.

LADIES are invited to contribute to this magazine. All communications to be addressed, EDITORS, *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, Messrs. Murray & Gibb, 11 Queen Street, Edinburgh.

All contributions to be accompanied by the writer's name and address. Rejected articles can only be returned if accompanied by stamps to cover postage.

Papers intended for immediate insertion must be in the hands of the Editors by the first of the month.

Writers willing to undertake papers in the present series of 'Our Female Novelists,' are requested to communicate at once with the Editors.

Contributions are often delayed for want of space.

The next meeting of the Ladies' Edinburgh Literary Society will be held at 4 Oxford Terrace, on Saturday, 2d February 1878, at 11 o'clock. Debate—'Have the servants of the present day really deteriorated as a class from former times?'

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## Our Female Novelists.

## XIV.

## THE MISSES LEE.—MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON.

SOPHIA LEE, *b.* 1750—*d.* 1824.HARRIET LEE, *b.* 1766—*d.* 1851.ELIZABETH HAMILTON, *b.* 1758—*d.* 1816.

OF the three names, all famous in their day, that stand at the head of this page, the last is probably now the best remembered. Between the sister authoresses of the *Canterbury Tales*, writing chiefly for the amusement of the leisure hours of lives spent in school-keeping in Bath, and the Scottish lady, best known as the ornament of Edinburgh society in its palmy days at the beginning of this century, there is no link but that of common authorship, and a common claim to be remembered in the lists of contemporaneous novelists. But when, on reading these lists, we find these names brought near by the accident of birth, we stop gladly to consider them for a little time in turn.

And first, let us acknowledge the difficulty we find in making a just estimate of the writers and writings of the past. It is easy to give our opinion of a modern novel; we know at once what to think of it, both the style and the manner of thought being familiar to us, and we have only to decide whether the matter interests us or not. But when the novels of another generation are disinterred from the library shelves,—when the dust is shaken from the leaves, and the open title-page bears upon it the date of another century and the name of a long-forgotten firm,—then it depends upon the mood of the reader whether a certain charm of antiquity shall add to, or an irreverent scorn of out-of-date stories shall take from, the interest the author hoped to awaken. We confess to a pleasure in reading the yellowing pages, and finding the mind marching to the measured style, and the ears growing familiar with the just reflections and virtuous sentiments of the Henriettas and Emilys, the Cecílias and Evelinas, the great-grandmother heroines of these half-forgotten novels. But, doubtless, the unfamiliarity of the words makes it difficult for us to judge of the real value of the things expressed; and, on the other



hand, the startling plainness with which disagreeable subjects are sometimes handled may strike us the more forcibly from its very contrast to the graceful sentimentalities of the general dialogue.

Of such incongruities the *Canterbury Tales* are full, and on the merits of these tales the literary reputation of the Misses Lee seems chiefly to rest. The facts of their lives, as known to us, are soon told. Sophia, the eldest sister, was early called to manage a motherless household. Her father had gone upon the stage,—with what success we are not told; so it was but natural that his daughter's first literary venture should take the form of a drama. *The Chapter of Accidents*, a comedy, produced at the Haymarket Theatre in 1779, was very well received. Mr. Lee dying soon after, the sisters removed to Bath, where, with the profits of Sophia's comedy, they established a young ladies' seminary in 1787. Harriet must have been then too young to take a very active part in tuition; but the school was a great success. In 1784 Sophia published her first novel or, more correctly, historical romance. *The Reccs: A Tale of Other Times*, was a story of the days of Queen Elizabeth, and a second volume was immediately called for. In 1797 Harriet Lee first came before the public with the first volume of the *Canterbury Tales*. In the preface, written for a later edition of these stories, she thus explains the plan and origin of the book: 'The outline of the work was exclusively mine, and afforded me a convenient prospect of pursuing or discontinuing it, as circumstances might permit. I wrote the four first stories with great ardour and rapidity, chiefly to indulge the pleasure I always found in writing, yet, it must be owned, not without a latent and (author-like) an increasing hope that I might be fortunate enough to please the public. The stories were printed in one volume as soon as finished; and my hope was not disappointed, since the success of my work was such as to render a continuation desirable. For this, however,' she continues, 'I was not altogether prepared; but a previous arrangement, made between my eldest sister and myself, afforded an auxiliary whose acknowledged talents left nothing to fear from the coalition but that the second party might, as is often the case in coalitions, entirely supersede the preceding one.'

This modest fear was not, we think, realized. Sophia Lee's contributions to the *Canterbury Tales* ('a title chosen merely as being a proverbial phrase for gossiping long stories, certainly with no thought of blending them with the recol-

lection of our great English classic') form the smaller part of the work, and though original, and in some parts strikingly picturesque, are certainly not more interesting than those by her sister.

The plan of the collection of tales was somewhat similar to that of Chaucer. A party of coach travellers find themselves storm-stayed at Canterbury, and, to beguile the time, propose to tell each other stories. The lot falls first on an Englishman, described as 'the traveller,' and after him a Poet, a Frenchman, an Old Woman, a Young Lady, an Officer, and a Clergyman amuse the company in turn. The stories are all sufficiently wild and romantic; but the Old Woman's tale of 'Lothaire' is a real ghostly legend of crusading days, of a skeleton monk and a proud and guilty baron. Indeed, most of the first series have their scenes chiefly laid in foreign countries and romantic times. The Young Lady's tale of 'The Two Emilys,' and the Clergyman's tale of 'Pembroke,' were the contribution of Sophia Lee. They are both striking stories, full of incident and adventures, sometimes rather startlingly improbable. The interest is well sustained, especially in 'The Two Emilys;' and one almost forgets, in pity for the gentle heroine, from how many of the painful scenes and circumstances through which she has to pass, a small portion of common sense or straightforwardness might have saved her.

In the second series the fancy of fellow-travellers is abandoned, and we are left to imagine the when and where of the narration. But the first collection having proved so popular, more tales were quickly produced. A German, a Scotsman, a Landlady, a Friend, and a Wife are pressed into the service. The German's tale of 'Kruitzner' is by many considered the most powerful and original of all. Lord Byron, when a boy of fourteen, read it, and says of it: 'It made a deep impression upon me, and may indeed be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written.' He afterwards dramatized it under the title of *Werner; or, The Inheritance*. It is a wild and gloomy story of the days of the Thirty Years' War, and of a Bohemian nobleman, who, after a rebellious and wicked youth, and manhood of exile and disgrace, at last regains his rank, only to find that it has been assured to him by a murder committed by his own son. The father's despair at finding the inheritance of vice which has so descended, and the calm and defiant acknowledgment of Conrad that he has murdered the baron, are powerfully described. The utterly unnecessary crime of the

count in robbing his enemy of money is, we think, well introduced, with all the train of horrors that come after it.

It must be remembered, in judging tales like these, that at the time they were written the idea of adapting stories to the countries and condition of the narrators was almost unknown to writers of fiction. They were eagerly read, and deserved in great measure the popularity they obtained. In their own line of romantic fiction, they still keep their own peculiar place, and in originality and genius are far above most of their successors.

No other important works have been left by the sisters. Some small dramatic attempts fell rather flat when put on the stage; and a short tale by Sophia, called the *Life of a Lover*, requires no special mention. After long and respected lives, they rest together in Clifton Church,—Sophia dying in 1824, but Harriet not till the comparatively recent date of 1851.

We have not been able to do more than give the outline of their lives and the names of their works. Of the latter we may safely say, that the lovers of exciting fiction might spend their time better over these forgotten *Canterbury Tales*, than over half the sensational literature of the present day.

More interesting, because more our own, is the other authoress, of whose life and writings we now offer a sketch.

Elizabeth Hamilton was born at Belfast on July 25, 1758. Her father was a merchant in that town, and (as was probably also her mother, whose maiden name was Mackay) of Scotch extraction. He traced his descent from the Hamiltons of Woodhall, a family who, as his daughter tells us in her *Autobiographical Fragments*, 'not only boast of being one of the first of the Saxon families established in Scotland, but of being the stock whence all the branches that have been ennobled in these kingdoms, in France, and in Germany have sprung.' Her great-grandfather, the Laird of Woodhall of the day, like other lairds of the same sturdy and gallant race, was a zealous Covenanter, and, despairing of liberty of conscience in Scotland, emigrated with his family across the Irish Sea to found a new home in Ulster.

His son Charles, grandfather of our authoress, returned to Scotland when brighter days had dawned; but various family changes and misfortunes combined to bring his grandson again to Ireland, where family connections encouraged him to hope for success in business. He settled in Belfast, made a happy marriage, and all his affairs were prospering when he was attacked by typhus fever, and died, leaving three

children, Katherine, Charles, and Elizabeth, the latter then only a year old. The widowed mother seems to have been a sensible and spirited woman. Her daughter speaks admiringly of her beauty and grace, and of the perfect love and confidence between her parents, of which the memory had come down to her; for the little Elizabeth was to have only a dim memory of either of her own parents, though others as kind and true were to fill their places. Her father's sister, who had been long settled in Scotland, came forward with her husband and begged to adopt the child as her own, and, after some reluctance on the mother's part, the plan was carried out. To the kind care, therefore, of this aunt and uncle the little girl was committed in 1762. Mr. Marshall was a farmer in Stirlingshire, and it was to a very quiet and secluded home that Elizabeth Hamilton was taken; but there were some points about the situation of both Mr. and Mrs. Marshall that made life with them different from the life of an ordinary farm. Mrs. Marshall had been, in early youth, engaged to the eldest son of a baronet, when the sudden death of her father and the poverty into which the family was plunged, put an end to her prospects. 'With talents of a superior order, and with an education such as few Scotch ladies could at that time boast of, my aunt,' writes Mrs. Hamilton, 'ought not to have experienced any difficulty in the attainment of independence. But for talents and accomplishments there was at that period no resource, nothing upon which they could be employed to advantage. She was therefore glad to obtain protection in the house of a distant relation, and to repay this protection by those exertions for which she was eminently fitted by a superior education.'

Her niece describes the struggles with family pride, always so strong in Scotland, before she ceased to be wounded by many small trials she met with in this life of dependence, till at last, having 'obtained this conquest over herself and over all the prejudices of her education, she could bring herself to listen to the addresses of a man born, as Mr. Marshall was, in a very inferior station.' But her expectation of a peaceful and happy home with him was not disappointed, 'for, in the thirty-two years that she afterwards lived with him, never did her heart experience even a momentary pang of vexation, sorrow, or regret.'

In Mr. Stewart, the upright farmer-factor of Gowan Brae, 'whose father was an honest man, and who was, therefore, not ashamed of his origin, and in the dead wife who was born in a higher station, and bred to higher views than her





daughters had any right to, and yet had no pride, and treated all who were worthy of her notice with kindness,' we think the readers of the *Cottagers of Glenburnie* may find a picture of the beloved uncle and aunt to whom Elizabeth Hamilton performed a daughter's part.

Under the care of this kind couple, the years passed happily in the quiet farmhouse. In 1767 Mrs. Hamilton died, and then Elizabeth saw her own family no more for several years. She was an active child, fond of outdoor sports, fond also of reading. *Blind Harry* was a favourite book, and Wallace the hero of her childish fancy, living as she did on the Carse of Stirling, the scene of his great exploits. At eight years old she was sent to a school in Stirling, and as the distance was too great for a daily walk, she was boarded in town from Monday to Saturday. With Saturday evening came old Lochaber, the steady horse, to take the little girl home and make the last night of the week a little festival in the farmhouse. Sunday brought its own duties and tasks. Mr. Marshall attended an Episcopalian Chapel, his wife went to the Parish Church, so that the child early learned the opinions as to latitude in worship which she always retained. She speaks in her *Letters on Education* of the many tasks and recitations her aunt imposed on her, and, though thinking some of them unnecessary, she dwells with gratitude on the tender care which strove to bring her up in religion and virtue. When in her thirteenth year, she passed through an important mental crisis. Having left school, she was studying at home, when some one, 'an intimate of the family,' tried to shake her religious belief. The child, quick to see the ridiculous, grew confused and half-sceptical under this 'friend's' witty arguments. Her belief in her aunt's sincerity and wisdom left her a hope for the truth of the Bible, so that she determined to read it through for herself, and, having done so, came to the conclusion that, after all, it was genuine and inspired. Soon after this another good influence was brought to bear on her. A visit of some months to Glasgow and Edinburgh had introduced her to fresh studies and new friendships. But dearer than any friendship, and more important than any study, was the visit of her brother Charles, who was henceforth to be her friend, her oracle, her almost idol, as long as life lasted. Their correspondence was thenceforward one of the greatest pleasures of her life, and when he went to India in 1772, a cadet in the East India Company's service, he carried with him the best part of his little sister's heart.



For him and for her unknown sister, she cherished in her quiet home at Ingram's Crook the greatest admiration and love; in all her lonely studies her hope was to make herself worthy to be their companion and friend. But so general was the dislike to what was then considered the over-education of girls, that even the sensible aunt advised Elizabeth not to display any superior knowledge, lest she should be thought pedantic; and it was only by stealth that she read Lord Kames' *Elements of Criticism*, hiding it behind a chair cushion whenever she heard a footstep. Writing she also carried on secretly for her own amusement, but without any thought of publication, although her *Journal of a Highland Tour* was sent by an admiring friend to a local magazine. A cheerful, lively girl, enthusiastic in words and ways, the very quiet life she led had no power to damp her spirits, and time spent in studies and writing, in household matters and in pleasant day-dreams, flowed past evenly and happily during these years of girlhood.

In 1778, six months spent in Ireland changed her dim ideas of her sister into a happy reality. She writes to her brother of their meeting:

'It is now above three months that I have had the felicity of enjoying the company of the dearest of sisters, the kindest of friends, and, laying all partiality aside, the most amiable and sensible companion I have ever met with. We want nothing but the company of our dear Charles to make us truly happy.'

The friendship thus begun only went on deepening to the end of life. Her sister, who became Mrs. Blake, seems to have been early left a widow; and the tender affection between them, strengthened by common sorrow and loss, lasted henceforth unbroken. Mrs. Marshall's death in 1786 made it Elizabeth Hamilton's duty to cheer her uncle's loneliness. For the first six years after this date she hardly ever left home without him, making a point of quietly refusing all invitations for herself alone. That she sometimes wished for the pleasures of cultivated society, her letters to her brother show, but they show also how cheerfully she determined to make the best of what life had given her. There is a hint in her biography of a disappointment she suffered at this time, some hope which was not fulfilled, a sorrow which shaded for a time, though it could not darken her life. Castle-building remained her great solace, and long afterwards, in a letter written when youthful romance must be supposed to have gone by, she defends the habit, declaring that she owes to it 'three-fourths of her sense and half of her virtue.'

But her literary life was now to begin, for in 1783 she sent her first voluntary contribution to the press in the shape of an essay printed in the *Lounger*, one of the periodicals of the day. A country young lady tells in pleasant and graceful style some of her experiences in society, and complains of the cold reception she meets with from certain fashionable friends, who do not recognise her at home when she is no longer under brilliant protection in an Edinburgh ballroom. It is well written, after the model of papers in the *Spectator*.

The return of Charles Hamilton from India, in the following year, made a joyful change in the life at Ingram's Crook, and a long winter passed quickly in his company. The young soldier had been entrusted with an important work on which to employ his five years' furlough,—no less than the translation from the Persian of the Hedaya, or Code of Mussulman Laws. Warren Hastings had planned this translation, and Mr. Hamilton was a warm adherent of his generous patron; so that when in 1788 he had to go to London, and was accompanied by his sister, it was in the circle that gathered round the great Governor, that Elizabeth Hamilton first enjoyed to the full the pleasures of literary friendships. During that visit, while she listened with eager ears to the pleasant and witty sayings of others, she found with surprise that her own quiet words were thought worth hearing. She returned to Stirlingshire alone, leaving her brother at work; but, although she did not foresee it, her days of solitude were almost over. In the following autumn the sudden death of her good uncle sadly removed the motive of separation, and the next two years, spent by the brother and both sisters in London, were perhaps the brightest of Elizabeth's life. They came too soon, however, to an end. Charles Hamilton, having finished his work of translation, was about to return to India with the brightest prospects. He had taken leave of his sisters, and Elizabeth had returned sad and lonely to the forsaken home at Ingram's Crook, a long winter before her, and the fear of many years of separation, when a worse sorrow befell her. Rapid consumption suddenly attacked Mr. Hamilton, and before the ship sailed which should have taken him to India, the sisters had laid their brother in his grave.

After his death, their first thought was to retire together to some place where they could find quiet and peace, and it was in the seclusion of different English villages that Miss Hamilton began to write her first published book, *Letters of*

a *Hindoo Rajáh*, itself a memorial of her dear brother's character and life. It was from him that she had gathered the materials for it; she paints herself in 'Charlotte,' and in 'Percy' we find a touching picture of him whose memory lives beyond death.

Half reluctant to prefix her name, and doubtful altogether if the interest would extend beyond herself, she was persuaded to publish the *Hindoo Rajáh* in 1796, and its success was such as to encourage her to make further attempts. She accordingly began at once to write *Memoirs of Modern Philosophers*, a novel in three volumes, which was published in 1800, passing at once through two editions, and making a considerable sensation at the time. It was a satire on the philosophical ideas of the day; and that the follies of 'Bridgetina,' the heroine, were not overdrawn is evident, as one young lady wrote thanking the authoress for pointing out the absurdities which she recognised in herself.

The sisters had now settled in Bath, attracted first by the hope of benefit from the waters, but induced to remain by the pleasant circle they found there. In 1801 the Austen family came to Bath, and we may wonder if the youthful Jane Austen and more mature Elizabeth Hamilton ever knew each other. Surely in so small a circle they must at least have met.

In 1801 Miss Hamilton published her *Letters on Education*. Then, after some pleasant months of wandering in Wales and Westmoreland, in the winter of 1802 she arrived in Edinburgh. The first number of the *Edinburgh Review* appeared in that October, and Miss Hamilton, like the rest of literary Scotland, was much interested in it and the knot of young lawyers who were its bold projectors. She seems to have had a loyal love for Edinburgh, and found its society superior in many respects to what she had ever met with; and her appreciation was amply returned, her Monday *réunions* being attended by the most notable people in Edinburgh, who were eager to claim her friendship and enjoy her society.

Her pen did not lie idle. In 1803 she published the *Memoirs of Agrippina*, a study in Roman biography founded entirely on classical authorities. In 1804 she received a literary pension from the king, and in this year she also entered for a short time on a new office. For six months she lived as superintendent in a nobleman's family, to help in arranging the education of his motherless children. This employment suggested *Letters to the Daughter of a Nobleman*, published in 1806.

On returning to Edinburgh, she assumed the style of Mrs. Hamilton, by which she is best known. She now wrote the *Cottagers of Glenburnie*, her most popular book. Her shortest work of fiction, it is yet that on which her reputation as a novelist chiefly rests, and to it we turn for examples of her style of writing and manner of thought. 'Mr. Stewart' we have already supposed to represent her uncle. We need not retrace the well-known story. The book made a great sensation in its day, and though its account of the dirt and *laissez faire* habits of the cottagers was resented by many as a libel on the Scotch peasantry, there is little doubt that it was justified by fact. Mrs. Hamilton had lived too long among cotters to make any great mistake in describing them; and if she points out their faults, she is as ready to own their many virtues. The deathbed of poor John MacClarty is a fine picture of resignation and faith; the account of his simple funeral shows that she knew what warm hearts might live in rough and untidy homes, and the interest of the simple story is enhanced by the easy, pleasant style.

Her useful and valuable life was now drawing to a close. A little book of *Exercises on Religious Knowledge* appeared in 1809, a volume of essays in 1812, and another small work on education in 1815; but these were her last writings.

Repeated attacks of illness warned her friends that they could not look to have her long with them, and at last, having gone to England in hope of prolonging health, she died at Harrowgate on the 23d July 1816.

She had many friends and many comforts, and was the first to own that her life, though darkened by one great sorrow, had been lightened by unnumbered blessings. Her own words may best speak for her in closing this short record of her life:

'My lot has indeed fallen in pleasant places. My life has been a series of blessings and of enjoyment; my sorrows have been few; and though, from the keenness of my feelings, they have been severe, they have borne no proportion to my pleasures.

'In the society of my dearest brother my sympathies and faculties were first called forth, and in losing him I thought I had lost them for ever. Blessed be God, this has not been the case! Since losing him, I have enjoyed the happiness of living in a very superior society, of forming intimacies with many of the best, the wisest, and the worthiest of human characters. I have commenced many friendships, which I hope and trust will neither cease in this world nor in the next, but which will continue to form a part of my happiness when all imperfection shall have been done away.'

M. B.



## Joseph Cook's Monday Lectures.

'God is one, as we meet him in the Old Testament and the Oldest, in the New and the Newest. There are four Testaments—an Oldest and an Old, a New and a Newest. The Oldest Testament is the Nature of Things; the Newest is Christ's continued life in the present influences of the Holy Spirit. The Oldest and Newest are unwritten; the Old and the New are written. But the voices of the four are one.' This may be said to be the central thought of Joseph Cook's philosophy of religion, as we find it evolved in these very remarkable *Monday Lectures*. In other words, so far from the unwritten record of nature and of human experience contradicting the written record of the Scriptures, each can be scientifically shown to be simply the correlative of the other, the ever-progressing revelation of one God, who through them all remains the same, 'without variableness or shadow of turning.' In order to prove this position, Mr. Cook takes up, one after another, the great doctrines of Christianity, and endeavours to show not only that they are not contradicted by the essential nature of things, or by the records of our experience as a race, but that they are rendered necessary by the first and proved by the second. Without the written record of the Bible we could not, he tells us, know the *facts* of revelation, but we could know the *necessity* for just such facts. 'Old man and blind,' he says, 'Michael Angelo in the Vatican used to stand before the Torso, the famous fragment of a statue, made, possibly, by one of the most skilled chisels of antiquity, and with his fingers upon the mutilated lines he would tell his pupils how the entire figure must have been formed when it was whole. . . . Religious science with the dim torch of reason, and not illuminated by revelation, is a blind Michael Angelo standing before the Torso of the religious universe, and feeling blindly along fragmentary lines. Although the head of the statue is infinitely beyond our touch or sight in the infinities and the cternitics above us, and although its feet stand on adamant, lower than thought can reach with its plummet, we do know, in the universality of law, that the lines we touch in our blindness in natural religion would, if completed according to the plan which is tangible to us, be revealed religion and nothing less.' It is a bold



and all-embracing proposition, striking at the foundations not of one stronghold of infidelity only, or two, or three, but undermining all,—a position which, once secured, renders the Christian fortress absolutely impregnable. But is it a position which it is possible to maintain? Mr. Cook thinks it is, and it seems to me impossible to follow his clear, strong argument without finding oneself obliged to relegate to the region of 'self-evident truth' much which one has been accustomed to accept (if accepted at all) on the sole authority of revelation. Consistently with the boldness of his position, Mr. Cook not only does not fear criticism, but claims it for religious science. 'How,' he says, 'is religious science ever to become a stalwart oak, throwing out its boughs in every direction vigorously and graciously, and in no fear of tempests, unless it contend with all the shocks of criticism that beat on philosophy, and law, and literature? Religious science must take her chances according to the law of the survival of the fittest.' All he asks for her is, that she should be *as* fairly treated according to the scientific method as our philosophy, law, and literature; that if we do not in these expurgate facts which do not please us, neither should we expurgate them from the science of religion. Grant, he says, to *this* science only the same fair-play, the same reverence for facts, the same caution of induction, the same refusal to accept mere foregone conclusions as to possibilities and suitabilities in place of calm scientific investigation of what *is*, and the religion of the Bible does not fear to take its stand on the same platform with all other science, and to abide by the result. Hence, while himself a believer in inspiration, Mr. Cook is not afraid to say, 'Christianity would stand on the basis of revelation,—that is, on the self-manifestation of God in His works, including the facts of the New Testament history,—even if the doctrine of inspiration were all thrown to the winds.' While, however, he thus maintains that Christianity has no need to be buttressed by any theory of inspiration, he is too true to the scientific method to overlook the evidence of the *fact* of Inspiration. It is a fact not needed to prove the truth of Christianity, but it is one, nevertheless, of which he considers we have ample scientific evidence,—*i.e.*, there is much in the Bible which cannot scientifically be accounted for without it. He thus stands midway, as it were, between the ordinary combatants on this subject. To the one army of alarmed defenders of inspiration he says: 'Be at peace. Christianity does not stand or fall on the issues of this combat.' To its assailants,

on the other hand, he says: Look at the *facts* of the case. Can you account for them all in any other way—for 'the astounding fact that the Bible is the only book in the world that will bear full and permanent translation into life,' for the absolute *winnowedness* from error of its inculcation, for the fulfilment of its plainly-prophetic passages?

In dealing with the various antichristian theories of the present day, the position which Mr. Cook mainly assumes is not that what they assert is *false*, but that what they deny is *true*; in other words, that in general they are true as far as they go, but that they do not go far enough. Christianity includes all that is true in them, but goes far beyond them. Error is much oftener one side of truth—false because one-sided—than falsehood pure and simple. Let us take as an example what he says of Pantheism and Materialism:

'As light fills and yet transcends the rainbow, so God fills and yet transcends all natural law. According to scientific Theism, we are equally sure of the divine immanency in all nature, and of the divine transcendency beyond it. Pantheism, however, with immeasurably narrower horizons, asserts that natural law and God are one; and thus at its best it teaches but one-half the truth—namely, the divine immanency and not the divine transcendency. Christian Theism, in the name of the scientific method, teaches both. While you are ready to admit that every pulsation of the colours even in the rainbow is light, you yet remember well that all the pulsations taken together do not constitute the whole of light. Solar radiance billows away to all points of the compass; your bow is bent above only one quarter of the horizon. So scientific Theism supposes that the whole universe, or finite existence in its widest range, is filled by the Infinite Omnipresent Will as the bow is filled with light, and this in such a sense that we may say that natural law is God, who was, and is, and is to come. . . . But beyond all that, Christian Theism affirms that God, knowable but unfathomable, incomprehensible but not inapprehensible, billows away beyond all that we call infinities and eternities as light beyond the rainbow.'

In like manner, in dealing with many of the prevalent tendencies within Theism, Mr. Cook takes up mainly the same position. What you say is true, he says, as far as it goes; your theory accounts for certain facts in the case, but does it cover *all*? If not, we must look for a wider theory, which, while including the facts upon which your theory rests, will also cover those which it fails to reach. Thus, in dealing with the mystery of the Trinity, he says to Unitarians: You have got hold of a great truth: 'The first of all the religious truths of exact research is, that the Lord our God is one God.' This truth I hold as firmly as you do. My

theory includes yours, but it covers also facts which yours leaves unaccounted for. You look 'through but a single window vividly, and see from it, well, only God the Father. . . . There are wants of life, however, which no one quarter of the sky taken alone can meet. . . . There is another and a wider belief in the Divine Unity, a window that has the sun all the day. . . . Sunlight, rainbow, heat—one solar radiance. Father, Son, Holy Ghost—one God. As the rainbow shows what light is when unfolded, so Christ reveals the nature of God.'

So, in dealing with the doctrine of the Atonement, he says: 'It is just as evident that what has once been cannot be made not to have been, as that every change must have a cause.' The past is irreversible. What, then, is to wash Lady Macbeth's red right hand? All other theories of reconciliation to God fail to cover *this* fact of a guilty irreversible past: 'Christianity, with the Atonement as its central truth, matches the nature of things, and turns exactly in the wards of the human soul. It has, as a theory of religious truth, a scientific beauty absolutely beyond all comment.' With his usual candour, Mr. Cook at once admits, however, that on this point orthodoxy has to blame herself for a looseness of expression which has served to mislead many. 'That word guilt,' he says, 'is a fog, unless you remember that behind it lie two meanings. Guilt signifies—first, personal blameworthiness; second, obligation to render satisfaction to violated law. In the former sense, guilt cannot be transferred from person to person; in the latter, it can.' On a forgetfulness of this distinction hangs much of the difficulty which the Christian doctrine of the Atonement carries with it to many minds, and to such Mr. Cook's clear statement of the true bearings of the doctrine in his two lectures on 'The Atonement,' and in a preceding lecture on 'Theodore Parker on Adoration,' will be of immense value.

On one point—and, so far as I remember, on only one—we have felt that Mr. Cook's conclusion is not justified by his premises. It is where he attempts to maintain the doctrine of eternal reprobation, on the ground that, 'under irreversible natural law, character tends to a final permanence, good or bad.' Unquestionably it does so tend, and unquestionably, also, the fact that it does so would, were the law left to work itself out, make 'eternal sin'—and if eternal sin, then also eternal punishment, for 'under irreversible natural law there can be no blessedness without holiness'—not only a terrible possibility, but a terrible

certainty for us all. But if we believe, as Mr. Cook does, that for some of us, at least, the law has *not* been left to work itself out, but has been met and vanquished, that there is 'a Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself,' then can he legitimately appeal to this confessedly vanquished law as making certain the reprobation of others?

It is of course impossible in a short review, such as the present, to attempt to take up in detail Mr. Cook's views on the many all-important questions with which these very remarkable lectures deal. I have tried to select a few typical ones, in order, as fairly as may be, to exemplify his method of proving by strict scientific treatment that the doctrines of Christianity are no 'after-thought,' but lie deep in the eternal nature of things; that 'the plan of redemption is no insertion into the universe to correct mistakes, but a part of the perfect plan of Him who was, and is, and is to come.' Clear and forcible in argument, exhibiting a rare analogical faculty, interspersed with brilliant imagery, and not unfrequently with bursts of living eloquence, these lectures can hardly fail to be a power in the seething world of thought of these unsettled and restless days. With his rare fearlessness and candour, Mr. Cook is the very man to take a worthy place in the forefront of the battle with the unbelief of 'science falsely so called,' not by undervaluing science, but by forcing such science to convict herself of want of science, and to bow the knee before a science which has defeated her, because wider, and truer, and more scientific than herself. Most error is simple one-sidedness; truth is the unity of all. 'What if under the dome of St. Peter's there were but four windows? What if children were brought up to look out yonder upon the Apennines, and there upon the Mediterranean, and there upon the Coliseum, and here upon St. Onofrio's oak, under which Tasso sang? If children were brought up before these windows and did not pass from one to the other, they might possibly think that the outlook from each one was Italy. And so it is; but it is only part of Italy. We are poor children, brought up some of us before the window of science, some of us before the window of art, some of us before the window of politics, some of us before the window of biblical inculcation; and we say in petulant tones to each other, each at his accustomed window, "This is Italy." What is Italy? Sweep off the dome and answer, "There is but one sky, and that and all beneath it is Italy!"'

JEANIE MORISON.



## The End of the Feud :

A TRUE STORY OF ICELAND IN 1017.

Flosi, the enemy of Njal, was the leader of a band who burnt his house and killed all the men of the family except Kari, Njal's son-in-law, who escaped. Kari in the course of years avenged their deaths by slaying an equal number of Flosi's men ; but at last, on his return from Italy, he was wrecked under the mountain where Flosi dwelt.

AN autumn gale and a darkening night,  
O'er mountainous waves the foam flies white ;

*Swift are clouds in a windy sky—*  
The ship is battered and tempest-toss'd,  
And ever she drifts on the Iceland coast ;

*List to the sea-gull's hungry cry.*

The white waves break on the mariners' dread,  
The terrible island, Ingulf's Head ;

*Cruel is death on our native shore—*  
And straight above on the upland fells  
Our mortal enemy, Flosi, dwells.

*Cruel are foes that were friends before.*

Kari looks at the sea and the land,  
'For good or for ill is the end at hand ;'

*Waves will laugh at the mariner's skill—*  
The ship is shattered and melts away,  
The crew come forth from the stinging spray.

*The sea may spare what the foe may spill.*

'Many a time have I thought to slay  
Him we shall meet at home to-day ;'

*Fierce are the storms that men can raise.*  
'Sworn to revenge and not to spare,  
Dreamt of my home in a fiery glare.'

*When will it die—that bitterest blaze ?*

'Well may ye deem my sword is good,  
Softened in flame and hardened in blood !' \*

*Ashes are black where once was home—*  
'Life for life has this conquering brand  
Counted my dead out of Flosi's band.'

*Ever shall murderers meet their doom.*

'The feud is fought to the bitter end,  
And yet we may meet as friend meets friend ;'

*The homeless winds are abroad alone.*

\* When Flosi is told that, contrary to his expectations, Kari had

'And yet he may only thank the wave  
That spares his foe for a bloodier grave.'

*'Tis quiet below the sculptured stone.*

'We fear no foe nor any fate,  
Let us then knock at Flosi's gate ;'

*Hark to the wind on the upland fell—*

'We are worn-out men and the night is blind,  
We'll prove the mettle of Flosi's mind.'

*Hark to the dash of the thunderous swell.*

Flosi came to the wind-shook door,

'What voice is that in the tempest's roar ?'

*Oh fires within are bright and warm—*

'Who stands so dark against the snow ?'

'Kari it is, thy deadliest foe.'

*Hold fast the doors against the storm.*

'Thou com'st unarmed, a shipwrecked guest,  
Kari, avenger, come thou blest.'

*Cruellest storms at last will cease—*

'Revenge is past, and love shall live ;

Ah, doubt not, but the dead forgive.'

*Under the grass mounds all is peace.*

E. J. O.

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## Where shall we go ?

### VII.—NORWAY.

Vistas of snowy mountains,  
Torrents of feathery spray,  
Land where the summer sunset  
Ne'er shuts the eye of day !  
Land of far-spreading forest,  
The tall and slender pine,  
The graceful birch tree bending  
As if to kiss the brine.

'WHERE shall we go ?' or rather, 'Where shall I go ?' For I am a lonely being. I am a bachelor, of the misanthropic type ; with regard to temperament, I may be classed under the two heads of phlegmatic and melancholic. The former of these two characters shows itself in my highly-developed hatred of exertion. I thus act habitually on the motto, 'Never do a escaped from the burning hall, 'Had he any weapon ?' he asked. 'He had his sword, Lifeluller,' said Geirmund, 'and both edges were blue with flame. Bardr said that it must be softened. But Kari answered that he would harden it in the blood of the sons of Sigfus and the other burners.'—BURNT NJAL.

thing yourself if you can possibly have it done for you.' The latter, viz. the melancholic type of character, makes my conduct in like manner a living embodiment of the maxim, 'Never be satisfied with anything that is done for you; the more services are rendered you, the greater disposition to grumble should you exhibit. Never look at the bright side of things, if the dark side be visible; and rather rake up some harassing memory, or some anxious care, than yield to unlimited cheerfulness.' Though I observe these maxims faithfully, yet withal I do so involuntarily; and it is a desire to break the chain of habit which so trammels me at home that prompts me anxiously to put the question, 'Where shall I go?'

But to ask this question of the empty air will not suffice; I must break through my customary reserve, and address some human being on the subject. Now that I think of it, I remember that I have a bowing acquaintance with a lady, who every summer pays a visit to some distant and secluded nook. The pleasure-grounds of Europe are now so well known to her, that I believe she intends next summer to begin the exploration of Asia. That I should never attempt to do, for the heat would render me still more inactive than I already am. I shall venture to call on this lady for the purpose of asking her advice; after the interview I shall report the result.

She received me most graciously. I could see that her thoughts were in the Arctic regions, for she was working an iceberg in crewel-work for a fire-screen. 'How delicious,' she remarked, 'when suffering from the overheated state of our rooms, to see an iceberg, even in crewel-work, standing between us and the flaming hearth!'

She has given me two alternatives—Iceland and Norway. What I call melancholy and want of energy, she calls the satiety of over-civilisation. 'Can you not try,' she said, 'to live for a short time as if you were in the ninth, instead of the nineteenth century? Men at that period roasted what they took in hunting; self-help was the only servant, nature the only master. Poetry sprang up spontaneously from the inspiration of grand and natural surroundings; men seemed what they were, and were not ashamed of toil.'

'Climate!' I suggested.

'Ah, yes!' she replied, 'it was ozone that did it; a large proportion of health-giving ozone. To give you an idea,' she added, 'of what may be achieved in such a climate, I shall

tell you a little about one of my tourist expeditions in Iceland. The conditions of travel in that island are—climate, most bracing; accommodation for travellers, none; but, to counterbalance this, hospitality, great. In Norway, on the other hand, instead of superlative want or supply, we have a medium in all things which relate to climate and culture. Iceland, when compared with Norway in these respects, is like a genius compared with an ordinary man. Everything in the genius is great; his great merits are counterbalanced by glaring defects. Norway, on the other hand, has a moderately bracing climate, and a moderate amount of comfort prepared for the traveller. When we return, however, to the natural features of the country, Norway is so grand and so infinitely varied that she may be compared with all countries, and yet resembles none. Look on this picture first, and judge whether you find it tempting.

‘One fine summer day about noon, I was reclining on a green slope, eating crowberries, and gazing at the prospect, while my piebald pony was grazing near me without gazing at the prospect. It was a curious stretch of lava that we had ridden over; the rocks, like black coals burnt to ashes, had such fantastic shapes, in some places taking the form of serpent-like coils. All the vegetation which could subsist here was the almost colourless moss, which seems to have no more vitality than dead stone can supply; here and there a little tuft of saxifrage and a stray twig of dwarf birch manage to find sufficient sustenance. But now we are passing into a less desolate region. Beyond the tract of pale greenish-yellow moss, whence the rock peeps here and there in grotesque forms and rough stretches, we see the deep blue ocean that laves the hallowed shores of Isafold, and to-day the air is so clear that the distant peak of Snæfell Jokull is clearly seen across the Faxafjord. Scarcely a cloud is visible, and the snowy mountains are drawn in outline, as with the finest pencil, over the horizon. We now pass along a desolate stony valley, where the so-called dead sulphur mines are to be seen,—white patches upon the hillside, below which sulphur used formerly to be found. Hence we pass to an open space between hills, called the kettle, from its being so like one in shape. Crossing a low ridge, we approach the regions of sulphur. No sooner do we begin to descend than a strong sulphureous steam is perceived,—streams rolling over yellow beds, sulphureous vapour rising from hidden caldrons and rocky fissures—such are the weird sights we now find before us. Such, then, is the scenery of Iceland;



let us now see what are its comforts and luxuries. The iron house, formerly tenanted by the managers of the mines, has been shattered by the wind. So we ride on to the church, about a mile distant, crossing a bog amid drizzling rain. The owner of the adjoining farmhouse readily admits us into the church, which proves to be anything but a sacred edifice. Almost every pew is converted into a wardrobe for some article of clothing; large trunks are standing near the altar, and bags of beans, pillows, and mattresses are lying about in dire confusion. We are rather damp, and are glad to remove our wet riding garments, and have some coffee, with the bread and ham we have brought with us. I have my cork mattress supplemented by a bag of beans put under the pillow, and slumber peacefully, in spite of the noise made by the wind rattling the shutters outside.

'Now,' said my fair counsellor, when she had finished this part of her narration, 'can anything be better fitted to check the satiety of over-civilisation than such an experience as this? How thankful it makes one even for the most ordinary comforts! A feeling of dryness; a roof to cover you, though it be but that of a desecrated and draughty church,—the whole situation cannot fail to arouse the most phlegmatic to energy, and to inspire with a feeling of cheerful contentment even the most gloomily disposed. Lest, however, you should think it too trying a leap to go back at once to such primitive ways, suppose you try half-civilisation first, and visit Norway to begin with. By way of introduction, let me read to you the beginning of the diary of two ladies who visited Norway in the vain hope of either finding or making life as primitive there as it is in Iceland. This is the day-dream; after that will come the reality, which to you may perhaps be the more pleasing, but the two will show the contrast:

“Ye who thirst for information  
Brought from many a clime and nation,  
Calling all mankind your brothers,  
Wish to know about the others,  
Good for you it is to read a  
Tale of Gudrun and Astrida.  
Let me say, for preparation,  
They abhorred civilisation,  
Which with railways and with steamers  
Breaks the peace of happy dreamers,  
Pressing crowds of common mortals  
In at nature's hallowed portals,  
To behold her grandest features,  
As if they were a common creature's.

Not for such those regions lonely,  
Meant for choicest spirits only,  
Who by quaint and simple travel,  
Nature's deepest thoughts unravel,  
Comfort's hackneyed cry despising,  
To more true enjoyment rising,  
Point the way to life most real,  
Vigorous action, thought ideal.  
Mediæval was Astrida  
In each thought and inclination,  
How she loved the early Vikings,  
How she doted on their nation,  
How she longed in truth to visit  
Realms where fancy oft had revelled,  
And in regions once termed regal  
Find a Harold or an Egil.  
Gudrun, too, in fields elysian  
Longed to gaze, with poet's vision,  
On wild nature unmolested,  
And by tourists uninfested.  
Pity that where paradises  
Bring us ever new surprisces,  
Their unworthy human native  
Makes us so vituperative.  
Oh, you craven, crouching slave, you !—  
Porter at the Scandinavia !<sup>1</sup>  
Dolt and idiot, brainless dreamer—  
You have made us miss the steamcr.  
By your conduct, slow and lazy,  
You have almost driven us crazy.  
But we two, of wit inventive,  
Find our loss a mere incentive  
To devise a route more splendid,  
And by greater joys attended,  
Than the common route frequenters  
Ever find in their adventures.  
Changeless be the spirit daring,  
Changeless, too, the manly bearing  
Of the Norseman independent,  
Of the Vikings fit descendant.  
Changeless, then, the mode of roving,  
As of walking, hunting, loving,  
Let us, then, once more go forth  
Like the ancients of the North.  
See ! the blessed steeds are ready  
Harnessed to the nimble carriages ;  
Boxes, then, are strapped on tightly,  
And we soon are flying lightly,  
O'er the steep and stony causeway,  
Right into the heart of Norway.  
Forth into the unknown steering,  
Unprotected, yet unfearing,  
Shun no hardship, fear no danger,  
Which to nature brings us nearer."

<sup>1</sup> An inn in Bergen.

'So much for the expectation; a few extracts from the prose journal will show how far it was realized. Is the scenery, as we hoped to find it, unsurpassed? Is the mode of travelling as ideal as it seemed? What of the accommodation to be found on the road? These questions will now be answered, each in its turn.

'*First*, the scenery: "After driving for several hours over a most romantic road, we approached the head of a magnificent mountain pass. On either side of the road we must descend, a lofty cataract fell foaming down with deafening noise. It seemed incredible that we could descend such a steep declivity, almost a precipice. Looking down, we beheld the road lying in zig-zag lines, like so many straight planks laid together horizontally. We alighted and walked down, while the drivers led the horses. It was a magnificent scene; at one abrupt turn of the road we came close to one of the waterfalls, at the next turn to the other; and all the while we looked inquiringly into the deep dark valley through which we were about to pass. At the foot of the descent, the scene was even more awful than it had seemed from above. Before us was a great wall of rock, smooth and shining as steel, bending forward as if about to fall upon us; and at its foot were scattered great masses of débris from huge boulders which had been loosened from the cliffs, and had tumbled into the valley beneath. The bed of the river was of white rock and gravel; and the quantity of white stones strewn about in all directions, and contrasting strongly with the dark rocky walls, could not fail to bring to our recollection a picture of the valley of the shadow of death, which was all strewn with dead men's bones and horrible things. Fortunately for us, the road was also white of hue, which made it easily distinguishable in the growing darkness. We proceeded at a great pace, occasionally stopping for a few minutes to rest the horses."

'*Second*, accommodation: "It was about 10 P.M., according to us, when we stopped at the door of the inn at the foot of this valley, and at the head of a branch of the Sognefjord. Time, however, has not yet provided itself with a gun in Norway, and is consequently at the mercy of the stations, each of which has a different version of it. Next day, accordingly, we found that we were supposed to have arrived here at 11.30 P.M. This may account for some of the phenomena attending our reception. The house was all dark; our driver went round to the back door and knocked; presently a light was seen moving along the passage. The

landlord came to the door in a dishevelled and hopelessly sleepy condition; his better half, however, with her attendant *pige*, hastened to prepare our night quarters. On my venturing to ask for food, the landlord's look of blank dismay was quite a warning. So we had recourse to our own small stock of provisions, and slept in joyful hope of the welcome entrance of coffee at seven the next morning. After a day's residence at this romantic spot, we cross the head of the Sognefjord in a small steamer. This is a bold, fresh, vigorous fjord; its shores are not overloaded, like those of the Nordfjord, with a superabundance of vegetation, but are chiefly composed of bare massive rocks, at the feet of which are bounding billows laden with sea breezes. At last we reach our landing-place and go ashore with a crowd of walking students, attentive couples, and miscellaneous tourists. Our luggage is all huddled into one stol-cart, in which one of us drives up to the hotel, while the other walks. During the drive numerous articles have to be held firmly to prevent their falling off. At last the driver has to hold his sack of corn with one arm while he drives with the other, and yet he succeeds in dropping it. Here we are well accommodated in an *annexe*. Our second station after this afforded a fine specimen of true Norwegian customs. About 3 P.M. we reached Maristuen, where we agreed to pass the night. This is a primitive place, high among the hills, with abundance of fresh mountain air. Hay-making is going on most briskly. Whether it be the engrossing nature of this occupation or the repulsiveness of our appearance, we cannot tell; some reason there must be why the natives are so scared that it is almost impossible to catch one when we want anything. Bells there are none; so that it is only by going through the kitchen, out at the back door, and into an outhouse that any one can be found. And even then they look precisely as if they dwelt on an oasis of contentment in the midst of a desert of stupidity; so that it is well-nigh hopeless, even knowing the language as we do, to make them understand our wishes. Dinner, however, is to them a self-evident necessity, and is provided both in good time and of good quality. One more station, and I have done with the accommodation. Maristuen stands on the edge of a lonely mountain tarn, more Scotch than Norwegian in character. Its only recommendation as an inn is the milk, which is very good; otherwise we must live on air rather extensively, unless the large hunches of black bread and questionable cheese can recommend themselves as inviting. I must own, however, that at most of the stations on our route, a



very good dinner could be had at less than half an hour's notice."

'*Third*, mode of travelling: "To sit, or rather recline, at ease in a carriage, with a willing pony that hardly needs driving, to carry you on over good roads, with ever new and delightful prospects opening up before you,—this, indeed, is paradise. But this paradise, alas! has its drawbacks. These are, for the most part, the drivers. Norwegian drivers, or *skyds*, as they are called, are of four kinds. First, little boys of five or six years of age; second, heavy girls of about twenty; third, and best (of which we had but two the whole time), intelligent young men; fourth, and worst, dirty and deaf old men, who insist on driving themselves.

"Of the first kind our experience was quite pleasant but for one circumstance. The small boy of six had not been able to see that our baggage was properly strapped on behind the carriages before starting. Consequently, several times during the drive, we had either to alight and pull with might and main at the straps ourselves, or to call men out of adjoining houses and fields for that purpose. With the second kind, namely the girls, we found that they invariably talked very fast and very incessantly, merely to show their superior knowledge of Norsk; they weighed the carriage down most uncomfortably behind; and when they resumed their seat after walking up a hill, they never failed to knock off our hats while doing so. Of the third kind, the intelligent young men, we would gladly have had more than one repetition, but this was a vain hope. The last of this kind told us many stories of the ancient kings of Norway, and pointed out their former dwellings, until we felt we were really travelling over hallowed ground, sacred to the prowess and unfailing energy of the hardy Norseman of bygone days.

"Of the fourth kind, viz. the *skauth af gömul*,<sup>1</sup> the recollection is quite trying even now. Seating himself upon the luggage behind my carriage, he called out to my companion, 'Reise Du!' She, happy in being her own driver, preceded us. The *skauth* then clutched the back of my seat, and with huge grimy hands held the whip and bridle close to my poor ribs, one on either side, causing my flesh to creep. I besought him to allow me to drive, but in vain; the ponies were his own, and he must be careful of them. Oh, how he spoiled the landscape and the pleasure, and made me even regret the infant driver of the preceding stage! But when he left me all of a sudden, and quite unexpectedly transferred

<sup>1</sup> Superannuated goblin.

himself to the carriage of my companion, I could have died of laughing. Much as I pitied her, the relief to myself was so great, and the sight of the skauth clinging to her carriage as he had done to mine so ridiculous, that I could not but laugh in solitary amusement. After all, the fifth kind of driver is the best, namely oneself.”<sup>1</sup>

‘You observe, then,’ remarked my fair counsellor, on finishing these extracts from the journal, ‘how these ladies only half got rid of civilisation, and sighed for its total absence. But the half comfort which only disgusted them may appear inviting to those who require chairs, tables, and other luxuries wherever they go. The medium to be found in these things by the traveller in Norway may be a good preparation for the total absence of comforts in Iceland, and thus prevent the shock which might be felt on going to the latter island with mind and body totally uninured to hardship. To take, again, the parallel of a man of genius and a man of talent, we gain ideas from the man of talent which will enable us afterwards to appreciate the genius without being shocked or frightened away by his peculiarities.’

I have well weighed the advice given me in this interview. By taking various precautions which my lady friend seems to have overlooked, I think I can manage to see Norway with tolerable comfort. Yes, certainly I shall go there in summer; and if I return alive and with favourable impressions of the tour, shall I visit Iceland next year? Well, I think not; I shall leave that to the ladies.

—o—

### TO MUSIC.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHÖBER.

THOU Sacred Art! in many a bitter hour,  
When life's dark shadows veiled all my way,  
The beams of Love, created by thy power,  
Thou sent'st to lead my twilight into day.  
Oft has the Breath my soul receives from thee  
(Life-giving flow from harmony divine)  
My burdened heart again to rise set free,  
While Hope's blest vision thou didst render mine.

JOAN SCOTT.

<sup>1</sup> As only one driver is generally needed for each carriage, it is best to travel with a good-natured friend who will take the encumbrance, and always offer yourself to take the horses' provender, which does no harm on the top of your box. The above-mentioned skauth at the end of a second stage jumped up behind me, saying the 'three-winter' (i.e. three-year-old horse) had had enough of him; and we all agreed with that precocious animal.—ASTRIDA.

**Let Them Alone :****A TALE TOLD IN LETTERS.****LETTER VII.**

The Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to the Rev. E. BEILBY.

*April 26.*

MY DEAR BEILBY,—Having left it some days unacknowledged, you will perhaps hardly believe what a blessing your letter was to me. Many blessings be yours for it. Even before it came the eloud was a little lightened, and I was beginning to feel that even if my coming here were a mistake, it need not be a fatal or final one. But your letter brought *daylight* into the matter.

What an irresolute fellow I am to be so at the merey of every change of feeling—a reed shaken with the wind! What kind of a prop shall I make for all these souls that have to lean upon me! Well, you shall have no more in this strain; ‘as iron sharpeneth iron,’ so you have sharpened me. . . . I quite agree with you that hard, resolute work, with or against the grain, must be the corrective of overthinking; and, thank God, hope and the power of work have come back to me. . . . I need them, for the burdens of the sole charge are almost too much for my back.

I began my daily service on Monday, and the first three days a good many labouring men came; but to-day they have all dropped off: perhaps their curiosity is satisfied. Several old women *would* come, but one is afraid of the cold, and another of the distance, and a third always ‘gets the eramps’ if she sits long, etc. . . . I have some of the drollest specimens of old womanhood you ever saw. . . . The school children, of course, come; but the mistress sulks, because it breaks into her arrangements; and the master sends the boys in charge of a monitor and takes his leisure, and the consequence is disorder, and when I tell him I must have his attendance, I expect I shall bring him down upon me like all the rest. . . . My churchwardens make violent opposition to the little alterations I have made and am proposing to make in the church. Happily the time for re-election is near at hand, when, please Heaven, I shall get some better ones. Two little girls have been taken from school on account of their mothers’ objections to me and

my ways. They were the sweetest children I ever saw in any rank of life, and it was a positive pleasure to me to have them in my Bible class; looking up with their large, serious eyes, they made me *feel* the words, 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.' But they are gone—the sweetest voices are gone from my choir, and the angel faces from my class—gone off to the ranter's chapel! I daresay many more of my children will be taken away, for I find that terrible body 'the mothers' are much displeased at the daily service. They say they 'can't want' their children half an hour earlier than usual in the mornings, and they can't see the good 'o' all that church gaunin' and stoof. The owd priest niver fashed ou wi' owt o' that, an' surely if we keep the Sabbath days it's enough; an' the Lord knows as there must be washin' and cleanin', an' the bairns must help their parents.'

This is the substance of two or three lectures I have had from the mothers of my flock. Well, patience, patience! nothing else will manage men, much less women! As to my choir, I shall get it on a better footing, I hope, soon, and keep the treble to the boys only. I have been trying to get some young men together to learn part singing, and they seem fairly inclined to come, but as for our harmony! No one knows anything of music, and we have no instrument; so I have at once to teach the theory and the practice, to lead the bass, the tenor, and even the treble. Meantime, all the old men and lasses who have hitherto formed the choir have struck work. I asked them to go on till the young beginners were ready to take their places, putting it as flatteringly as I could; but no, they were huffed, and all deserted in a body, except one old man, the most cracky of them all, so I expect next Sunday he and I will have to perform a hymn by ourselves.

I mean to try and get up some cricket. It is quite unknown here, but there are plenty of sturdy lads who look as if they were made to handle bats and balls. My own little field, *faute de mieux*, may be made into the ground, and I must try and get the co-operation of Slade and the young Bensons, the squire's sons. I must break off, though this is a very unworthy return for your truly brotherly letter. It is the day on which I have settled to go to Foley Bridge, one of my outlying hamlets four miles off, where I am going to try the plan of holding a cottage service. I must be off. Farewell. Your affectionate

F. J. R.

If I don't write often enough, go to Helen for news of me. She keeps me *hard at it*.



## LETTER VIII.

Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to Miss REYNOLDS.

*Feast of St. Philip and St. James.*

A pleasant May morning to you, dearest Helen, and I trust it has broken more brightly to you than it has done to me. I have just come back from service, at which there was nobody but the children and one old man. I had taken my ten minutes' Saints'-day sermon with me; but it would have seemed like a farce to have preached it, so I put it back into my pocket. I found your letter on my breakfast table, and it has been like a gleam of home sun to me. While I think of it, thank mamma and my father for the cheque, and ask them whether I am at liberty to spend it as I like. I think it would be very premature yet to do anything to my house, and I do not want a horse, for I can walk; but I greatly want some money to spend upon my church, especially for beginning a fund for a small organ, and to that, if they agree, I shall appropriate it. . . . You were quite right, dear child, and acted with your usual judgment in not letting Clara write. Of course she meant it kindly, thinking to comfort a poor fellow of a cousin two hundred miles off at his lonely fireside; but she does not know what it would have been to me. It would simply have been the undoing of all that I have done, the break-up of the calm that I have at last attained by dint of working hard all my waking hours and never trusting myself to look back. No, she knows nothing about it, and that is the source of my greatest thankfulness. Some day, perhaps, I shall ask her for her friendship—some day be able to look upon her handwriting, but not yet. . . . (Evening). Oh! Helen, I am full, full to overflowing, with parish cares, difficulties, and perplexities; but as I have been grinding at them all day, and want to write to you for solace and recreation, I shall leave them alone and tell you about something more amusing. Thursday, the day I wrote to you last, I dined at Mr. Benson's and had my first introduction to society here. It was a droll beginning enough. We were fourteen at dinner, and as there were only four ladies,—Mrs. Benson, her daughter, young Mrs. Rivers, and two elderly ladies of the neighbourhood,—all we young men and bachelors were packed together at the bottom of the table. On my right hand, however, sat a big-wig, Mr. Childers, a squire of no small consequence in his own and his neighbours' estimation, and master of the hounds. He

was much interested in his dinner, looked pityingly at me now and then for my (supposed) want of appetite, and made a few remarks for my benefit on the dishes, but kept the bulk of his conversation for worthier people. On my left sat Walter, the scapegrace, whom his ill-luck had placed between me and Slade, and I was amused to see how uncomfortable he looked. After glancing from one to the other of us, I suppose to see which was the least objectionable, and finding little to choose, he at last resolved to brave it out, and, opening fire upon me, he began a regular rattle upon his favourite topics, the turf and racing men, interweaving his conversation with anecdotes that were far from choice. I answered as shortly as courtesy would allow; but my want of interest seemed to put his back up, and he still went on. I glanced across his back at Slade, hoping that, as an older man and an older acquaintance, he would undertake to put him down; but Slade was quite abstracted, and sat looking down, his nose into his plate, the whole time. So away went Walter with his wild talk, until at last I told him, as I did not mean to listen to any more of that, either he or I must leave the table, and he should choose. This shamed him, and, after a slight sneer and an attempt at a repartee, which broke down, he gave in, and was quiet and apologetic the rest of the dinner. Strange that all the time I feel as if there was some good in that Walter. Opposite me sat Jack, and my liking for him was increased by observing his kindly manner towards all about him, one of whom was a deaf lady, who insisted on knowing all that was going on; while his other neighbour was Mr. Childers' son, a lad of nineteen, rather more helpless than Jack himself.

As I don't drink wine, and the after-dinner talk was not much in my way, I soon went up-stairs. Mrs. Benson was nodding in her elbow-chair; Mrs. Rivers had gone to see her baby, and another lady had accompanied her. There was nothing left for it but the deaf lady. She drew herself up very stiff as I approached; I fancied she did not like the cut of my waistcoat, and I thought she was much deafer to me than she was to Jack Benson. I soon found she was an ardent admirer of Mr. Miller and of Slade. I asked her if she knew my church. 'I used to do so,' she answered very stiffly; 'but I should think your church does not know itself now, if all that I hear be true.' 'What do you hear, madam, may I ask?' 'I hear that from a place of worship it has become a theatre . . . the theatre where one young gentleman ex-

hibits himself and airs his new notions.' 'These are rather hard words, madam,' said I, more amused than angry. 'What else?' 'What else! I hear that the windows have been shut up to darken it, *and* candles lighted to light it up again, which I take to be tolerably typical of the whole business.'

'Will you explain?' 'Yes. There was an old-fashioned thing in the Church of England called faith. We used to think that *that* was the best light to walk by and get to heaven, but our pastors and masters are darkening that for us, and giving us a rush-light glimmer of rites and ceremonies and traditions, and Heaven knows what of their own instead! In my day, we thought if a man was called a clergyman it was a very respectable title; but now he must needs be called an Anglo-Catholic priest. But I beg your pardon for my freedom; I am only an old woman and have no right to any opinion,' etc. She went on for some time in this strain, while I was unable to make any reply, because she only heard what she chose. Meantime Mrs. Rivers had come back, and when the old lady's tirade was over, she beckoned to me with her eyes to come and sit by her. 'So you've fallen into Mrs. Wimpole's clutches,' she said, 'and she has dealt with you severely. She's very odd, isn't she? but she is not so bad as she seems. If she takes a prejudice against any one, which she can do with or without the smallest grounds, she puts no measure to her language; but if you put up with her and bear it once or twice, she is very likely to turn straight round and be your friend for ever. She's a clever woman and well worth having for a friend; however, you've no chance against Mr. Slade: he's everything with her.'

I was having a pleasant chat with Mrs. Rivers when the rest of the gentlemen came up. My host came towards me in the most jovial way, and began cutting his jokes on my want of conviviality and my preference for ladies' conversation. He was somewhat *too* jovial, and I saw his daughter glance uneasily at him; perhaps this is his wont. At this moment Walter came up and took Mrs. Rivers off to a distant oriel window, and began making some whispering confidences to her; and I, thinking I should relish my good host's conversation more at another time, made off, and took up with Slade, who was placing the pieces on a chess-board and looking round for somebody to play with him. I don't play, and nobody seemed forthcoming; so we got into conversation, and persevered in it, too, though it was very up-

hill work. He was not disinclined to talk, not even on parish matters; but there is an air of conscious superiority about him, a sense of bringing out his dicta from the depths of a vast experience, a pitying, just tolerant manner towards me that I find infinitely oppressive. Verily I believe he doesn't think I am a Christian! Now, I have nothing of the same feeling about him. I think him thoroughly mistaken in his views, but I believe him to be so excellent a man that I would most gladly overcome his prejudice and see whether we could not pull together on some points. I tried to broach the cricket question, but he looked excessively grave and murinured something about its leading to idleness and drinking (the very things that it is to put a check upon!), and would give no clear answer whatever. In short, excellent or not, he is thoroughly disagreeable. The fellow has an inimitable set of teeth, and, I must do him the justice to say, doesn't display them, but he has a pleasant smile when he *does* smile. He left early, and I could see that, though he accepts their hospitality, he does not think much of the Bensons, or, indeed, of any of the party, unless it be old Mrs. Wimpole. Well, so much for my unsocial social evening, the only one since I came here that I have not spent alone. I got home about eleven, not much exhilarated.

On Saturday I called again at the rectory, having business there, and was again much pleased and attracted by old Mr. Miller. He looks like Melancthon grown old, and his manner is charming in its genuine courtesy. I don't make much progress with Mrs. Miller, though I fancy I could get round her if I tried. She is certainly prejudiced against me, and looked at me as severely as so plump and comely an old lady could. She did not purr so much as before, but talked in short, broken sentences, occasionally turning up her eyes to the ceiling. I have discovered that her great aim in life is to keep Slade's feet dry, and that all the stockings are for him! Now good-bye. I am very glad Beilby has been over, and that you are likely to see more of him. Certainly read him as much of my letters as you like. He is my second self, and I should be glad that he knew every detail of my affairs, but it would be too much to write him a ditto, ditto of my volumes to you. Life is too short to support two such correspondences. Love to my father and mother. Your loving

F. J. R.



## LETTER IX.

The Rev. F. J. R. REYNOLDS to Miss REYNOLDS.

*Monday, May 8.*

DEAREST HELEN AND MOST EXORBITANT OF CORRESPONDENTS, —As it is hard to make time for long letters, I will adopt the plan you suggest, of writing a little bit every day and sending off the budget when it looks big enough. I have gone on quietly since I wrote last, sticking tolerably close to the plan I have laid down, including my reading in the evening. No more *gaiety* since the dinner at Mr. Benson's, but I am engaged to dine on Wednesday this week with Mr. and Mrs. Childers.

I have made acquaintance with a parishioner, who interests me extremely. Three mornings last week I observed at my eight o'clock service a very delicate-looking young girl, apparently of the humblest class. She sat near the door, and the first two days disappeared before I had come out of the vestry. On the third morning I overtook her, and found that she walked with a crutch, though very expeditiously. She had a most wistful, anxious expression of face, and seemed more inclined to avoid me than to make acquaintance. I asked her name. Margaret Scott. Did she belong to Illingham? Yes; but she had been out in service several years, and then had fallen ill and been in hospital two years, on and off, and was only just come back to live with her aunt. Was she only just out of the hospital? No; she had been out eight or nine months. Discharged incurable? No; she had been cured; her lameness was from a subsequent accident. Where had she been living, then, since she left hospital? At this question she became so confused and agitated that I hastened to turn it off, and asked her whether I should come to see her at her aunt's. She said, 'If you please, sir,' but without any warmth. I then asked her if she liked the daily service, and she answered, 'Deed, I dinna ken, sir, but I thowt I'd try if I could get any comfort by it; I thowt I'd maybe hear some'at good.' 'And didn't you hear something good?' 'Ay, ay, sir,' she replied in a tone of despondency that went to my heart; 'it's all good, it's all vara reet, but I doubt comfort's not for such as me.' The last words were more addressed to herself than to me, and by this time we had reached her aunt's door and she seemed glad to get away. She made a sort of curtsey, turned upon me for a moment the saddest pair of eyes I ever saw, and went in without another word. I went home wondering

what the poor young thing could have upon her mind, and framing words of comfort to meet every case that I could conjecture. The next day she was not at church, and I went to call. Her aunt was out washing, and I found her alone. A terrible fit of coughing prevented her from speaking for several minutes, and when it was over she seemed so embarrassed, and looked about so nervously, as if for some one to break the *tête-à-tête*, that I felt awkward too. I began to talk to her, but I found all my carefully-prepared ideas desert me in the presence of this great unknown sorrow. . . . Was it the ordinary tale of folly and sin? But no; as I looked into her face, so refined and sensitive for one of her class, I felt instinctively that it could not be that. Was it her lameness and dependent condition? I hazarded a question in this direction, when a strange smile came over her face, and she said, 'Oh no, sir, that's the Lord's will!'

'But, Margaret, you can have had no trouble of any kind that is not the Lord's will.'

'Deed, sir, but I have! Don't think I'll charge it on the Almighty, for all I've been half-mad sometimes, and have said wicked words, and cursed the day I was born. Oh, sir, but it was my own fault; it was none of God's will that I have done as I have done, and He's cast me off, and He doesn't hear me when I pray.'

She became violently agitated, and all attempts to induce her to open her mind were in vain. I spoke to her, as you may suppose, of the remedy for *all* sorrow and *all* guilt, and at last she was so far quieted as to consent to kneel down and repeat a prayer with me. After this she sat down, crying more quietly, when, as ill-luck would have it, there was a clatter at the door, and she sprang up, making some frightened exclamation about her aunt finding her crying, and being angry with her for 'taking on' so much. She was trying to clear her face when her aunt bustled in. She threw a glance half angry, half pitying on poor Margaret, and began to talk to me loud and fast, by way, I suppose, of giving a more cheerful turn to my visit. Under cover of this Margaret left the room, but at the same moment two hulking lads came in for their dinner, so I had to beat a retreat unenlightened. On Saturday I was again on my way to the house, when I met Mrs. Barron the aunt, and walked some way with her that I might question her about Margaret. It was as sad a history as ever I listened to, but I must sum it up very briefly for you; it can be no breach of confidence, I think, to tell it to you, so far off, to whom

the actors in it will be no more than the characters in a story. Margaret was left an orphan very early, and brought up by this aunt until she went to service. She was a good girl and a good scholar, but rather 'taken up with romances, and finery, and things as only quality has any business with.' She was engaged to a very respectable young mechanic in Norwich, and they were to be married as soon as they had saved money enough between them to live upon. Then came Margaret's long illness, which swallowed up her savings; but the young man, protesting that he would wait no longer, and that he had enough for both, it was settled they were to marry as soon as her health was quite restored. She left the hospital nearly strong, and but a few months were to intervene, when, unfortunately, while staying with a relation in the country, the girl fell into a silly flirtation with some one a good deal above her in station, and her head was turned. Mrs. Barron thinks she never meant to give up her engagement, but she delighted in plaguing her lover by telling him of her conquest, and that she could be a lady if she chose. All this and more, till the poor young man, maddened with jealousy, fell ill. He kept it to himself as long as he could, but at length, thinking himself in danger, he wrote entreating her to come to him at his mother's house. She thought it a ruse to get her away from her admirer, and took no notice; till at last, hearing from a third person that his illness was really serious, she took fright and set off, full of penitence. On arriving, she was told by his mother to go up to his room, and there she found him stretched on his bed—dead,—a lock of her hair and her last bantering letter to him in his hand. On the table there lay a sheet of paper, on which he had been trying to write to her, but had only succeeded in scratching a few blurred sentences, telling her that she had broken his heart, but that he died forgiving her. Poor Margaret tried to turn and leave the room, but, fainting as she reached the door, she staggered and fell down the steep stairs; hence the injury to her back and limbs, which will make her a cripple for life. . . . The sad details of the poor girl's story are not known at Illingham; they only know that her lover is dead, and her greatest dread is that the whole circumstances should be known by her neighbours and acquaintances. She keeps entirely to herself, never leaving home except to go to church, and has charged her aunt, as she values her own soul, to keep her secret. This I believe the good woman has faithfully done, only venturing, rightly, to make an exception in my case. For, as she says,

what is the use of sending for a doctor and not telling him where the pains lie? So, you see, there is a tragedy even in Illingham. God send I be of some help here. . . . I am just going to write a note to Slade about the cricket, and see if I can bring him to a definite answer.—Your loving

F. J. R.

[L. C. G.]

(*To be continued.*)

—o—

### **The Lost Piece.**

To R. B. H.

‘Rejoice with me; for I have found the piece which I had lost.’—  
S. LUKE XV. 9.

WILL it be really so?  
Shall we some day  
Get back the things we thought  
Gone for alway?  
Find our lost treasures, dear,  
Count our lost sheep,  
Gather what blossomed, while  
We were asleep?

Joys that we once have had,  
Love that was ours,  
Hopes that we scoffed and scorned  
In the past hours;—  
Hands that we might have held,  
Hearts that we lack,  
Chances we miss on earth,  
Will they come back?

Will they?—Ah! who can tell  
What we shall find,  
When the great golden gates  
Close in behind?—  
Crowns, palms, and seraph songs,—  
I shall rejoice  
If I may hear, at last,  
One angel’s voice!

H. A. DUFF.



## Peace and Goodwill; or, Two Christmas Eves.

### PART II.—THE LAST.

A SAD time followed for the little peacemaker and her true lover. It seemed as if no cause of estrangement had before existed between the families, as each father declared that the long-wished-for peace and friendliness would be established, if only the wilful young people would obey their parents and give each other up. That, of course, they could not do; but they did not press for a recognised engagement; they were contented to know each other's heart, to meet occasionally, and write often. Mr. More had great pleasure in informing all his friends that James Reid's son had wished to marry his daughter, but that he had refused his consent, not desiring to be more nearly connected with the family, although he had no objection to the young man personally, except that he was his father's son. This naturally enraged Mr. Reid, but he hoped by ignoring the subject to wear out his son's patience. He sent him to London as soon as possible, hoping that absence, and the society of fairer, nobler, livelier, and richer damsels would obliterate the impression his cousin had made on his heart. His ambition would never have tolerated so poor a match for his son as almost penniless and untitled Ursula More; but he was thankful for Lady Anne's crotchet about cousins marrying, which gave him a valid and more dignified objection to the lady than her want of money or position would have been. In some rare instances absence does make the heart grow fonder, and the society of others only makes us realize more vividly the superiority of the absent one; in this uncommon case were our lovers—the less they saw of each other, the more they pined to meet.

Affairs were brought to a climax by Ursula's refusing to marry a perfectly eligible suitor, for no reason but that she had no heart to bestow. Taxed with still hankering after the man whose family despised her, she did not deny it; but when ordered to give up and have no further communication with him, she gently but decidedly refused. Had this happened in a former generation, the rebellious maiden would have been locked up and fed on bread and water, but that would have been less cruel than the constant badgering to which she was subjected. She was reminded daily that

had she been Lady Edith, the cousinship would have been no objection. Every low trait in her uncle's character was raked up and imputed to his son. She was reproached hourly for her disobedience, and taunted for her want of proper pride, and even maidenly modesty—the most cutting censure that can be directed against a pure and high-minded woman.

At last her letters from William, which had been ignored all this time, were seized and sent unopened to Mr. Reid, with a complaint that his son was carrying on a clandestine correspondence, and a request that he would exercise his authority and put a stop to it. This made Mr. Reid perfectly furious, and he said it was time to end this folly; so he ordered his son to write a formal denial of all pretensions to the lady's hand, not only for the present, but for all future time. He was amazed and indignant when William calmly refused, and said it was what no man had a right to demand from another. He was told that his present conduct was disrespectful to his mother and her opinions, and that if he honoured her he must give up his own way in this matter. Unmoved, he declared that even his love for his mother should not make him false to his plighted word, or induce him to forfeit his manhood's right of choosing his own bride. Mr. Reid's threat of stopping his allowance unless he submitted only made matters worse, and he would not even promise to give up the correspondence; so the stormy meeting between father and son concluded by the former forbidding the latter to enter his doors till all was at an end between him and Ursula. Lady Anne was more accustomed to the independence accorded to the sons of men of fortune, and was horrified at the plebeian strictness of her husband towards their son; she insisted on a provision from absolute want being given him, but nothing more could she gain.

The fathers took to writing injudicious letters to each other, both believing that the culprits must have secret friends at home, or they would not have dared to defy parental authority in this manner. It ended in Mr. More declaring that his curse would follow his daughter if she ever married her cousin.

The little peacemaker saw herself regarded as a firebrand who caused dissension in families, banished a well-beloved son from his father's home and heart, and deprived a dying mother of the society of her only child; for Lady Anne was declared by competent authorities to be wasting away with that consumption she had so feared to transfer to another generation. Even Ursula's step-mother, who had always be-

friended her cause, said now it would be better to give up her love, as nothing could come of it but misery. They never seemed to think of her at all when they so calmly decided that it would be better to give up her life's happiness. She had but one life to live, and must she give up all its brightness—not to secure their happiness or even comfort, but as a martyr to their pride, prejudice, and ill temper? She might have sacrificed herself, but William she could not sacrifice, and this kept her firm.

The weary and painful struggle had already lasted three years, and no one had gained an inch. It was pitiful to see the look of care on Ursula's young face, to notice the hollow cheek, sunken eye, and listless step, telling of hopeless sorrow and many tears. A life scarcely commenced was blighted already. 'Oh, the pity of it, Iago, the pity of it!' But no one had any pity; they thought only of themselves and of what was due to them, and not of what might be due to others.

December was drawing towards a close, when Mr. More came in suddenly and said to Ursula, 'Lady Anne starts for the Continent immediately, and wishes to see you before she goes; so I said you would come to-morrow. Will you ride or drive?'

'I will drive there and walk back,' said Ursula in a fever of excitement and hope at this strange summons. What did it mean? Was William ill? Did the approach of death give Lady Anne clearer views about earthly matters? Her aunt had always liked her, was she to be forgiven for being a cousin, and was she sent for to be told so? These and such-like surmises occupied her all night. Her father drove her himself to Cleaves Castle next day, but told her nothing to solve the mystery, except that he had met Lady Anne out driving, and that she had begged him, as a favour to a dying woman, to allow Ursula to bid her good-bye. She found Lady Anne looking old and worn and faded, a shadow of her former self, but her greeting was as affectionate as in the old days. After speaking for a little on indifferent subjects, she handed a note to Ursula, saying, 'I sent for you to give you this. Read it, dear.'

It was from William, and like himself, brave and loving, telling little of his own sufferings, except in being separated from his own true love, commiserating her for all the troubles he had brought upon her, and yet foretelling a bright future for both, somehow. He was at a German University, where he managed to live on the pittance allowed him by his father. He often found an opportunity of comforting

Ursula with a letter, sent through a friend, after open correspondence was forbidden them; but it was long since she had heard from him, and the sight of the dear writing, and the power her love gave her of reading between the lines a very different story to that told by the hopeful, courageous writer, quite overcame her, and she burst into tears and sobbed as if her heart would break.

Lady Anne bent over her, saying gently, 'My poor child, how you must have suffered! My dear boy too, and I also. I would have begged and prayed, and never rested till I had gained my husband's consent to your marriage, had I not feared to bring worse evil on you both. I must have seemed cruel, but it was all in kindness I did it. Can you forgive me for having to cause you this sorrow? I have suffered in this separation and alienation more than I can tell.'

'But now you will be able to see your son; going abroad will give you that pleasure,' said Ursula eagerly, looking up through her tears.

Lady Anne shook her head. 'No, dear, that makes no difference; his father refuses to receive him under any roof of his, whether at home or abroad, as long as your engagement lasts, and you know how firm and loyal William is. I greatly fear I shall never see my dear boy again.'

Ursula saw tears streaming over Lady Anne's wasted cheeks as she turned aside her head. She could not bear it, and cried out passionately, 'If it was not for William's sake, I would have given up long ago. He loves me; he could never be happy without me, he says.' She looked at Lady Anne.

'All men say so when they are in love, and think so at the moment,' said the elder lady sadly.

'It is not selfishness on my part; my love is the only consolation he has, and all he fears in the future is my ceasing to care for him. I cannot wound him; I must stand by him as long as he wishes. If I thought it would be best for him, I should not hesitate to sacrifice myself, but—' She looked again wistfully at Lady Anne.

'You need not fear, dear; as long as William has a chance of winning you, he will never give you up,' said his mother with a sad, fond smile.

'But if he had no hope of winning me, you think he could forget me and be happy with some one else?' said Ursula anxiously, watching her aunt's lips as if for the fiat of life or death.

Lady Anne paused, and gave a pitying glance at the young face by her side.



Ursula struggled to be calm and to speak quietly. 'You think in your heart that he would forget me, if I gave him up?'

Lady Anne answered at last, slowly and with evident effort, 'It would only be man's nature if he did: they are more reasonable than we are; so when hope is dead, they console themselves more readily than we can do. But you, too, my child, must not think you will never love again because you have had a girlish affection for William. You will find some one else to suit you better in every way, and with whom a connection would bring comfort and happiness, instead of dispeace and remorse, for I know you could not be happy without your parents' blessing on your union.'

'And that we could never have, I suppose,' said Ursula, scarcely knowing what she said, paralyzed by the thought that he might be happy without her, and that she might be doing him an injury by not setting him free from the words spoken three years ago, on that very day, in that very place—words so sweet she would not have had them unsaid in spite of all the subsequent suffering.

'Never,' said Lady Anne firmly; 'you must not buoy yourself up with any hopes of that kind. You know your father's mind; and for myself, my conscience would not allow me to sanction a union fraught with such perils.'

'I will think over what you have told me, I cannot say more now; I may come back to-morrow if I have anything further to say. I thank you so much for giving me this,' and she pressed the letter to her lips.

'No one can feel for you more than I do,' said Lady Anne, kissing her; 'and I know you will do what is right for my dear boy, and for us all.'

'I will try,' said Ursula humbly; 'all I desire is his happiness.'

She refused the offer of the carriage pressed on her by her aunt, saying truly that she preferred the walk, and almost hurried away. She wished to be alone to think, to get rid of the dreadful supposition that Lady Anne's words had suggested, viz. the possibility of giving up William, and that this course would be best for him, for all but herself. Going calmly over the events of the last three years, what had time done for them? Had it realized their hope that in time their relatives would relent? If they were ever united, it must be under her father's curse and without his mother's blessing. Where were the 'Peace and Goodwill' to the establishment of which they had looked forward so confidently? How had the little peacemaker sped on her mission? Were not father

and uncle more bitterly estranged than ever, her cousin banished, her aunt dying lonely and desolate,—all through her, and in order that she might enjoy the name of a love that could never be more than a dream? Could her constancy be mere selfish obstinacy? If William could be so easily consoled as his mother imagined, it must be so. All the sacrifice would be hers,—every one else would be happy; Lady Anne would have her son restored to her; William would return to the comforts of his home and be consoled in time; her father would be happy in getting his own way; her step-mother would be saved the constant fret and worry. And her own mother, would she look down from heaven and rejoice too over her child's broken heart, for that she felt would be the price to be paid,—only one poor heart crushed to make many light and cheerful? Then she remembered her mother telling her she must never think of her own wishes, but be a little peacemaker always. Her father's naturally impatient temper had been so irritated by the opposition and worry of the last three years, as to have become a serious trial to himself and to every one connected with him. Would not her mother grieve to know how little comfort Ursula had been to him? How far from 'Peace and Goodwill' would this Christmas find them! How different from that happy Christmas eve was this one! Yet she would always be thankful for that happy half-hour in her life; it is something to have even one perfectly happy half-hour to remember. Could it be that peace was to be secured through pain and sorrow, and the renunciation of all that made life dear, instead of, as she once thought, through the joy and triumph of happy love? And, if this was the case, would she shrink from the sacrifice?

'Mother,' she cried in the bitterness of her spirit, 'do you, too, require me to do this hard thing? Do you not care for my happiness? Give me a sign to tell me what to do?'

But no sign came, only the words of her dying mother rang in her ears, 'to think of others before herself, to be a little peacemaker always.'

'I will do it,' she cried, 'even this hard and cruel thing. God forgive me if I am mistaken, and have betrayed a fond and constant heart. He knows I have done it for the best.'

Without pausing to reconsider her decision, she wrote a note to William that night, telling him that, seeing their friends would never give their consent, she thought it better for both parties to give up all thoughts of being anything but cousins; so she sent him back his ring, and requested

him not to write again, as it would only cause unnecessary pain to them both.

That was all, a short formal letter; but he must never guess what it cost her to write it, he must never know her heart was breaking. She said nothing at home, but the next day she took the packet to Lady Anne and told her what was in it, and asked her to send or give it to her son, for there was now no reason why he should not join them at once.

'Bravest, noblest, dearest girl!' cried Lady Anne, 'you will have your reward for this some day.'

But to Ursula's troubled mind it seemed that her present reward would be a broken heart, perhaps an early grave.

A blank period followed of much petting and kindness from every one, but of bitter sorrow, such as Ursula had never felt before, for William never answered her letter or wrote to her again. He did not send back her ring; but, doubtless, he thought such a trifle not worth sending. She had told him not to write, but she never expected he would take his dismissal without an expostulation, and, indeed, was steeling her heart to resist his prayers and arguments. Vain labour! She got one note from his mother, saying she was much better and enjoying dear William's society; but no message from himself. This silence was broken by an event that proved to Ursula it was possible to be more miserable than she was already.

News came that William was ill of Roman fever, followed immediately by a telegraphic summons to her to come as soon as possible, for he was worse, and wished to see her. Her father, now all affection and care for her, offered to start at once and take her direct to Lady Anne. They had a sad and hurried journey, travelling night and day; but the way was long, and when they reached the Piazza di Spagna, he was already dead and buried.

'When it was to be for so short a time, why not have let us be happy together?' was Ursula's first rebellious thought.

'Where was the need to torture that noble spirit, to misinterpret his motives, to restrain his actions, and to render his short life miserable, in order to prepare for a possible future, when his future was already provided for by his Father in heaven?'

But calmer, happier thoughts soon came, and with the effort to comfort others she found peace herself. She felt thankful that she had had the strength to give up her lover without waiting for him to be taken from her, that through her his last days at least had been peaceful, and that he had had

every care and comfort that wealth and affection could bestow.

He left her his undying love, and wished her to be told, that although he had never parted with her ring, and was angry at first with her for sending back his, he now saw she had been right. After all, death brought them nearer together than life could have done. There could be no more separations, but a happy anticipation of meeting beyond the grave. Nothing could come between them any more; their love was their own now; no one could meddle with it, or try to spoil it, or cause its decay,—death had consecrated it theirs for ever.

Ursula, indeed, had reason to rejoice; she need never fear that her love might become a sin, or a humiliation; she might cherish his memory to her latest breath, and no one could blame her; as she was his first and last love, so would he be hers.

All were ready now to acknowledge his worth and to do him justice, when neither praise nor blame could affect him any longer. All felt more or less regret for the harshness shown him, and all were anxious to explain their conduct. Mr. More was glad he had always liked his nephew, and had declared openly he had no objection to him personally; and he spoke so feelingly about him, and praised so delicately his character, that both father and mother were gratified, and the reconciliation so long delayed was at last effected over the open grave.

Mr. Reid did not long survive his son, and left the bulk of his fortune and Cleaves Castle to his niece, after establishing beds in hospitals, and bursaries in colleges, in memory of the son whose life he had so embittered and saddened. The fragile Lady Anne still survives, and Ursula lives with her as the daughter she would fain have been; and any bitter thoughts she might have indulged in are soothed when she looks on that gentle lady, who ever reproaches herself for trying to be wiser than Providence. Ursula has not married, and says she never will. Her aunt thinks it her duty to remonstrate with her occasionally on the subject, and to point out all the advantages to be gained by a sensible marriage; but I think she loves her all the better for remaining true and faithful to her dear boy, so long sleeping peacefully far away.

NONO.



## The Partition of the Earth.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

‘THERE! take the world.’ Thus Jupiter enthroned  
Cried unto man. ‘There, take it; it is yours,  
To portion brotherly, and to be owned  
Long as eternity endures.’

All hands bestir to seize the proffered treasure,  
Both old and young now hurry to and fro,  
Of grain and fruit the farmer gleans full measure,  
Through wood and dell the huntsmen go.

Much as his store will hold the merchant seeketh,  
The abbot chooses old and fiery wine,  
Bridges and street the monarch bars and speaketh :  
‘A tithe of everything is mine.’

At last, too late, when all had been divided,  
From region far away the poet came,  
To find, alas! that each one was provided,  
That nought was left for him to claim.

‘Now, woe is me, who live to sing thy praises,  
That I, thy faithful son, am passed alone.’  
Loudly he thus his plaintive voice upraises,  
And throws himself ’neath Jove’s high throne.

‘If in the land of dreams thy footstep wended,’  
Replied the god, ‘then wherefore blamest me?  
Where didst thou linger when my gifts were ’spended?’  
‘I was,’ the poet said, ‘with thee.’

‘My vision hung upon thy face enraptured,  
To heavenly harmony an ear I lent,  
Forgive the spirit which entranced and captured,  
Its Earth within thy radiance blent.’

‘But what to do?’ said Jove. ‘All hath been given,  
Nor harvest, hunt, nor market now are mine;  
But if thou car’st with me to share my Heaven,  
Whene’er thou com’st it shall be thine.’

DUMÆ.

## Our Library Table.

LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT. Vol. III. By Theodore Martin.  
London : Smith & Elder.

The third instalment of Mr. Theodore Martin's work has a peculiar interest at the present crisis. It includes the two years of the Prince Consort's life from 1854 to 1856, and therefore comprises the whole period of the Crimean war. From the importance of the events and the Prince's intimate connection with them during those two years, the biographer has necessarily gone more into detail than in the preceding volumes, and therefore, as he admits in his preface, he may perhaps be charged with having occasionally exchanged the sphere of the biographer for that of the historian. It is true that in this volume we do temporarily lose sight of the Prince's personality behind the crowd of public events, the struggles of parties, the efforts of diplomacy, and the varying fortunes of war ; but, nevertheless, so close was Prince Albert's relation to these things, and, as we see, so great, although so unobtrusive, was his influence upon them, that they form essential features in the representation of this part of his life. As to whether there is an undue preponderance of these elements in the book, this will be decided by the amount of public interest in these questions; and now that the thoughts of the nation are forcibly turned to the East again, there is no doubt that the Prince's views on the whole Eastern Question will be eagerly studied. We wonder—as we follow his keen and clear comments on the events of these two stirring years—what he would say now ! But although these great political subjects occupy a large space, they by no means exhaust the interest of the volume. Other matters in their turn illustrate not less clearly the Prince's character and work. Next to the nature and extent of his influence on the leading minds of his time, scarcely recognised till now,—perhaps the most predominant impression left by the history of his life at this period,—is that of his untiring activity, combined with the wide range of his labours and sympathies. This is shown in numberless letters, notes, and memoranda on every possible subject, from the gravest political and civil interests—not only of England, but of the world—to the shooting at Balmoral and the gardens at Osborne.

It in no way detracts from the acknowledged value of his thoughts and opinions, as here given, to say that, to the nation, that part of the book is most interesting, where the Queen takes up the thread of the story and gives it in her own words. Read by the light of subsequent events, there is a peculiar attraction in Her Majesty's account of her visit to Paris with the Prince, and their intercourse with the Emperor and Empress. The same may be said of the letters which they exchanged at the close of the war. Especially may we claim admiration for the letter in which Her Majesty makes clear to the French Emperor the difference between a despot, however well-intentioned, and a constitutional sovereign, uniting in her language the perfection of frank courtesy to the proud style of a great monarch. Surely among the good results of this publication, may be reckoned that of making Queen Victoria better known to her subjects.

## Question Series.

### III.

I. *History*.—Contrast the attitude of Wolsey towards the Parliament of England with that of Cromwell.

II. *English Literature*.—Give an analysis of Gray's ode, *The Descent of Odin*; explain the allusions to northern mythology.

Answers, not to exceed twenty printed lines, to be sent in by 15th April, addressed, EDITORS, *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, care of Messrs. Murray & Gibb, 11 Queen Street, Edinburgh. The best answer to each question will be inserted in the magazine, and prizes are offered at the close of the year for the greatest number in each department. *N.B.*—The name and address of the sender must be written on each paper, besides her *nom de plume*. The latter only will appear in the magazine. We warn correspondents against running time too short. The 15th is the latest possible day; an accidental delay in delivery may exclude a good answer from competition.

### ANSWERS TO JANUARY SERIES.

The two best.—*History*: M. B. *English Literature*: REDIVIVA. Also very good in both: DIM-SIGHTED.

I. CAUSES OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.—The unpopular measures of Lollard persecution, interference with elections, disenfranchisement of voters, and the long wars, had caused a growing discontent with the weak government of Henry VI., which, at the end of the French wars, culminated with the rebellion of the populace under Cade. They took London, executed Lord Say, and only dispersed on being promised free pardons. Cade refused the pardon, but on his death Somerset was again placed at the head of affairs. The king now became quite imbecile, when Parliament elected the Duke of York, his nearest relative, Protector, and imprisoned Somerset in the Tower. On Henry's recovery, Somerset again came into power, but, on a recurrence of the king's malady, York was re-elected Protector. On the king's recovery, a temporary reconciliation took place between the two parties; but York, whose hopes of succeeding Henry had been quenched by the birth of an heir to the throne, and whose ambition and love of power had been fired while Protector, raised his standard at Ludlow, and advanced his claims to the crown, as being descended by his mother from Lionel of Clarence, second son of Edward III., and by his father from Edmund Langley, fourth son of that king, while Henry VI. was descended from John of Gaunt, third son of Edward III. In Henry's favour were long and undisturbed possession and a legal title by free vote of Parliament, but the long and shameful misgovernment told fatally against him. The Wars of the Roses began when the Yorkist standard was raised at Ludlow, 1455, and ended at Bosworth, 1485. M. B.

II. ALLUSIONS TO CHAUCER.—1. Spenser: 'That renowned Poet, Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,' etc. 2. Denham: 'Old Chaucer, like the morning star, To us discovers day from afar,' etc. 3. Drayton's *Elegy*: 'That noble Chaucer in those former times, That first enriched our English with his rhymes, And was the first of ours that ever brake Into the muse's treasure,' etc. 4. Ben Jonson:

'My Shakspeare rise, I will not lodge thee by Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie a little further to make thee a room; Thou art a monument without a tomb.' 5. Mrs. Browning: 'And Chaucer with his infantine familiar grasp of things divine, That mark upon his lips is wine.'—'And if Chaucer had not travelled Through a forest by a well, He had never dreamt nor marvelled at those ladies fair and fell Who lived smiling without loving, in their inland citadel.' 6. Wordsworth: 'Sweet is the holiness of youth; so felt Time-honoured Chaucer, speaking through the lay, By which the Prioress beguiled the way' (*Sonnet to Edward VI.*). Besides these are given thirty-eight other quotations—from Gower, James I. of Scotland, Spenser, Deschamps, Anonymous, Drayton, Milton, Skelton, Waller, Smart, to Southern, Chatterton, Akenside, Morris, Tennyson, two from Duubar, Bishop Hall, Addison, Yelden, Gay, Wordsworth, three from Tickell and Pope, five from Dryden.—REDIVIVA.

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### Stray Notes.

K. L. will, for seventy marks in any subject, be entitled to a Prize this year, but not to a Bursary. She may certainly take drawing this year, and its value will be added to her Certificate. These and all such details she is advised to study in the Report, sold by Mr. Thin, Bookseller, South Bridge, Edinburgh; price 6½d. post free.

A DISTRESSED TRAVELLER.—We hear of nothing better than Condyl's Fluid, which has its disadvantage in the liability of glass bottles to be broken, and the peculiarly bad stain left by the fluid. But it is the best possible disinfectant.

VIVA asks how soon one could learn Greek enough to read the New Testament? Is the advantage of doing so as great as one supposes it to be? What is the easiest Greek grammar and first reading-book? VIVA would learn by herself, with occasional help from a friend. Some people tell her that a little Greek may be misleading, and therefore worse than useless; others, that only scholars can find any interest in the Greek Testament. [We promise a fuller answer as soon as space permits, and meantime recommend to VIVA, Smith's *Initia Græca* as grammar, and Frost's *Analecta Græca Minora* as first reading-book.—EDS.]

AN OLD HAND sends the following names for CHLOE of French story books:—*Une faiblesse de Minerve*, Claire de Chaudeneux; *Daniel de Kerfons*, Ernest Daudet; *Le Sacrifice de Julia*, Ernest Billaudel; *Les Epreuves de Raïssa*, *La Maison de Maures*, and *Les Koumiassine*, by Henri Gréville. To these add François Coppée's new play, *Le Passant*. This is an excellent list, but AN OLD HAND reiterates the caution to CHLOE and her friends to know something of an author and his books before ordering them, and to avoid all the works of Alphonse Daudet, brilliant and fashionable as he is.

A SPINSTER AUNT begs us to correct two mistakes in her list of French books. For *Petits* read *Anciens Couvents de Paris*; for *Clémentine*, *Clémence*; both works by Madame Charles Reybaud. [The mistakes are ours, not hers.]

UNE FRANÇAISE, assez mal renseignée, du reste, à cause de son éloignement de Paris, et de son manque de temps pour se tenir au courant des œuvres du jour, indique cependant, à CHLOE comme lecture intéressante pour les jeunes personnes, *La mosaïque* de Prosper



Mérimée, 'Les Ouvrages' du Général A. de Gondrecourt, ouvrages remarquables par leur finesse, leur intérêt, et leur moralité.

NONO also recommends to CHLOE *Nadige* and *Alba*, by Louis Enault; and *Un Mariage Français*, by Madame Jenkin, as amusing and unexceptionable.

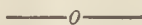
THE members of the Edinburgh Ladies' Literary Society will be glad to hear that not long since one of their most distinguished members, Miss A. W. Buckland, inaugurated the winter session of the Institute at Penzance, by delivering a lecture there upon 'The Early History of Bread Stuffs.' Of this lecture the local paper remarks that 'it showed great research, and the subject was cleverly handled.' Miss Buckland has been mainly instrumental in calling attention to, and obtaining relief for, the distress of the Cornish miners. She explained that she had chosen this subject in connection with the proposal to give work to the unemployed, by cultivating the waste lands of Cornwall.

SCHOLASTICA perfectly understands that the Certificate of the Professor of Education must be a first-rate recommendation for any governess. But is a theoretical knowledge of the philosophy of teaching in itself a thing of real practical value? She would also like to know how the practising class is managed? Who are taught? Do the lady students themselves teach, or do they merely look on? Will any of Professor Laurie's pupils give some account of their personal experiences? [We shall be very glad to insert information on these points.—EDS.]

A QUERIST.—Who were the Ladies of Llangollen, and why did they go there? I have seen a curious print of them, after a drawing by Lady Leighton, which represents two quaint old women with cropped hair, dressed in greatcoats. They sit at a table littered with miscellaneous articles, in a room like a curiosity shop.

PELLEGRINA, seeing how much useful information CHLOE's question has elicited on the subject of French books, asks if anybody will kindly supply names and authors of Italian novels and general literature? She has read *Margherita Pusterla*, and would like something of the same kind.

A GOVERNESS asks the probable cost of a winter in Edinburgh, boarding in a quiet family. Would £50 include all expenses, save dress?



### Notices to Correspondents, etc.

LADIES are invited to contribute to this magazine. All communications to be addressed, EDITORS, *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, Messrs. Murray & Gibb, 11 Queen Street, Edinburgh. No anonymous communication can be noticed.

All contributions to be accompanied by the writer's name and address. Rejected articles can only be returned if accompanied by stamps to cover postage.

Papers intended for immediate insertion must be in the hands of the Editors by the first of the month.

Contributions are often delayed for want of space.

The next meeting of the Ladies' Edinburgh Literary Society will be held at 4 Oxford Terrace, on Saturday, 2d March 1878, at 11 o'clock. Debate—'Do educational prizes and competitions tend to lower the moral character?'

## Our Female Novelists.

## XV.

## MRS. TROLLOPE.

Mrs. TROLLOPE, *b.* 1787—*d.* 1863.

MRS. TROLLOPE writes of her departure from Cincinnati with her son and daughters in 1830: 'The only regret was that we had ever entered it.' Yet some gratitude is due from her to America, as it may be said to have given rise to her literary career. Out of her three years in the New World, she spent two at Cincinnati, and it is there that her passionate antipathy to the Americans and their ways seems to reach its climax. This antipathy gave energy, at the age of forty, to literary powers which, hitherto dormant, were destined to continue their activity for the rest of her life. We have at least thirty works from her pen, a few of them reminiscences of foreign travel, but by far the greater part novels. Between the years 1832-44 she published twenty-three books. Although she speaks of having seen the tropical sun, and of having been nearly round the world, it is only the results of her travels in Europe and in America that have been given to the public.

The facts of Frances Trollope's life are soon told. She was born in 1787, and married in 1809 to Mr. Anthony Trollope, a barrister. They lived during part of their married life at Harrow, and the husband died at Bruges in 1835, she probably being with him at the time, as the taste for foreign travel seems to have been more hers than his. During her stay in America, and again in a tour in Germany in 1833, it is only for a short time that we find him joining and accompanying her. The last few years of her life she spent at Florence. Of her mind and heart we can only form an idea from her best-known works.

There is, inherent in our human nature, an element which delights in the expression of strong feelings in strong language. Had Dr. Johnson been required to state *why* he loved 'a good hater,' he would probably have said, that as all persons of any force of character whatever, must have strong dislikes, any expression of such feelings attracts men with an instinctive sympathetic force to the speaker.

Mrs. Trollope was certainly 'a good hater,' and much of

her popularity is owing probably to her capacities in this respect. This strong 'hatred' of certain persons and things gave vitality to her works when first they were written; and as it seems to have continued in unabated force to the end of her life, so it is, even now, the most noticeable feature in her books when we return to them again.

The unconscious mental attraction to a good hater must proceed partly from our assurance that this power of hating what is bad is only the converse side of an equally strong power of loving what is good, and that, in fact, his devotion to what is good, noble, and true, according to his own standard,—no matter how mistaken that standard may be,—is the real source of the unmeasured hatred and abuse of all that seems to contradict or oppose it.

Of this temper and spirit are all reformers made, and among reformers we may certainly class satirists. Their reforms are wrought by language, not by acts, and their legitimate weapons are therefore harshness and caricature. They are great exactly in proportion to the success with which they use these weapons in the cause of truth and right, and in spreading these sentiments of love for the good, and repulsion from the bad, among their fellow-men.

One of the greatest and most popular of our satirists, whose life reached its close in the same year as that of Mrs. Trollope (in 1863), was a striking example of the force of this union of hatred with love. In this lay the secret charm by which he moved the masses, and so often drew tears, even while speaking through the mask of comedy. In him, it is true, the love of mankind was stronger than the love of right in the abstract, and his sorrow was oftener caused by the power of men to hurt one another than by their actual wrong-doing; still love and hate met strongly in William Thackeray.

It is but just to allow to Mrs. Trollope, in spite of many faults as a writer, the same deep-laid reasons for loving and hating; she loves whatever she thinks to be true, lovely, and of good report, and her ideas are mostly based on English life, ways, and manners as they existed in the first half of the present century: she has but small tolerance for anything beyond. England is a monarchy, therefore she detests republics; it is not as a nation puritanical in creed, therefore she abhors Puritanism; it shines in social and domestic life, therefore to her everything contrary to English manners is in bad taste. These principles, and the satires to which they gave rise, are especially embodied in three of

her books,—*The Domestic Manners of the Americans*, the *Vicar of Wrexhill*, published in 1835, and *Widow Barnaby*, in 1839, the two last named being perhaps the cleverest, though not the most pleasing of her novels. In these, and perhaps in all Mrs. Trollope's books, there are often deeper and truer lessons conveyed by the secondary characters and minor events, than by the central figures and scenes which she intended should mainly absorb our interest and fix our attention.

As we have already said, her standards were English throughout; and English civilisation, like that of all other nations, is not merely an outward expression of an inner life, but has a natural tendency to react on each generation, and so to modify the future civilisation of the country. Each age educates that which is to succeed it; social changes are therefore matters of course: they are signs of a healthy growth in national life. This, conservatives of Mrs. Trollope's stamp are inclined to ignore when they treat their own form of social civilisation as one in which any change must be for the worse, and further, as an infallible standard by which to judge the manners and morals of all Christendom. This is idolatry, degrading to its object. Could we thus stereotype, in a world of change, any form of national life, and deprive it of all spirit of progress, it would become hollow and artificial, incapable of representing faithfully the inner life of a great nation. All strugglings and strivings after change and progress were abhorrent to Frances Trollope, because, as she deemed, out of them arose her bugbear of republicanism; they militated against her ideal of well-bred repose. Yet she is not sensible of the inconsistency with which, in her pleasant account of a three months' tour in Belgium and Germany, she thus speaks of the 'graceful, easy, benevolent sort of intercourse between all ranks, which, alas! is impossible now in England, divided against herself; not so in the days that are gone, when every description of our manners gives as delightful a picture of the tie that united us all.' When this golden age was supposed to have existed in England, we cannot say; probably in Mrs. Trollope's imagination alone. England has never equalled Continental nations in 'easy, graceful intercourse;' and were she ever to do so, it could only be by so total a change of habits, customs (and climate!), that she would hardly be recognisable as the England of Mrs. Trollope's adoration. There are others who find in German modes of life much of the revolutionary tone and spirit so unreservedly condemned by her in America.



On her way to Memphis, she writes with disgust of her steamboat journey on 'the huge and turbid Mississippi,' where nearly all the gentlemen 'were generals, colonels, or majors,' describing with horror 'the total want of all the usual courtesies of the table, the voracious rapidity with which the viands were seized and devoured, the frightful manner of feeding with their knives.' She was *en route* for Cincinnati, where she wished to see her son settled in business, though this plan was abandoned, on account of the bad effects of the climate on her own health and that of her family.

Of life at Cincinnati she says—'Till I was without them, I was in no degree aware of the many pleasurable sensations, derived from the elegancies and refinements enjoyed by the middle classes in Europe.' Yet, in common fairness, she might have recollected her own previous remark, that, 'thirty years before, the aboriginal forest occupied the ground where Cincinnati now stands.'

Her last words of parting from the Americans are these: 'If refinement once creeps in among them, if they once learn to cling to the graces, the honours, the chivalry of life, then we shall say farewell to American equality, and welcome to European fellowship one of the finest countries on the earth.' In her day, and looking from her peculiar point of view, it would perhaps be too much to expect of her that she should recognise, under an exterior so jarring to her own sense of the beautiful, the best parts of American character, which, albeit they may never enable an American citizen to become 'part of a noble whole,' in her sense of the words, may yet fit him, under higher guidance, for a place in that citizenship whose order and blessedness cannot be conceived of as consisting in a republican equality; but that, as 'one star differeth from another star in glory,' all, being judged by no mere human standard, shall find, in taking their true level and their right place, an eternal fitness and joy. Perhaps it is from a passing glimpse of this truth that she says, 'I do not think that they can believe in personal equality, when Washington's word outweighed that of thousands.' After reaching British ground, on her way to Niagara, 'some boys and girls made bows and curtsies as we passed.' This little touch of long-unknown civility produced great effect. 'See these dear children, mamma, do they not look English? How I love them!' When, however, she comes before that 'high altar' of God,—grand natural scenery,—her soul is too much absorbed by that Presence to admit lesser thoughts. Thus at Niagara, when

'You enter the hotel, you see behind the hall an open space surrounded by galleries. In an instant you feel that from thence the wonder is visible. I trembled like a fool; and my girls clung to me, trembling too. I believe the waiter took us up-stairs, where, at one glance, I saw all that I had wished for, hoped for, dreamed of. I wept with a strange mixture of pleasure and of pain.'

In Mrs. Trollope's *Belgium and Western Germany*, all is sunny and without drawbacks. Pleasant it is to travel with her over ground more or less familiar to us all; she is so full of historical associations and romantic allusions, as she explores the recesses of old Belgian towns, thinking, truly enough, that it is a mistake wholly to neglect the 'cities of the plain' in our admiration of mountains. She is probably right in her observations on the disappointment so often experienced on the subject of Rhine scenery. The tourist, she thinks, grounds his expectations on the descriptions of those who have wandered lovingly through every dingle and bushy dell on its banks, while he rushes through the country with a panoramic view of the Rhine in his hand, one finger pressed in nervous eagerness on some famous promontory, and his thumb on a noted castle, he all the time in a state of feverish agitation, dreading lest the panting engine should bear him out of reach before he can get a peep at either. Such was her idea of a Rhine steamer, the most rapid way of travelling known to her. What would she say of a Continental trip by railway?

Of her novels, too numerous for more detailed notice, we select, as types of her style, the *Vicar of Wrexhill*, *Widow Barnaby*, and *The Ward*. In each of these the central figure is a villain or a monster, who, as hero or heroine, gives the name to the story. This unpleasant personage is always surrounded by good and charming people, who serve as a foil to bring the moral hideousness into strong relief. Mrs. Trollope's treatment of her knave or hypocrite differs from that of George Eliot, who vindictively hunts him down till she sometimes induces an involuntary reaction in his favour. Mrs. Trollope, without any tragic climax, simply defeats his schemes, and lets him drop out of sight, assuring you that he has been treated better than he deserves. She sketches girlhood well; one might think her girls were portraits of her own at home. They come upon us with a pleasant freshness, especially at first sight, though apt afterwards to lose their brightness and get entangled in engagements, or our attention is forcibly drawn off them to the repulsive hero or heroine. There is generally some one character of the rugged, racy, or whimsical type in each of her groups. He

is not always prominent; but he rules the fortunes, makes or mars the plot, and often acts the good fairy who puts all things straight, and brings the right people together at last. Should he be wrong-headed or of perverse spirit, there is, of course, a fine area for mischief. Thus, in the *Vicar of Wrexhill*, Sir Gilbert Harrington is so angry at the will left by his friend the Squire, that he refuses to act with the widow as co-executor, thus bringing about his own prophecy that she will marry within the year, by leaving the field open to the despicable 'Vicar.'

In *Widow Barnaby*, good Miss Betsy Compton, in her fear that Agnes may be a little like her Aunt Barnaby, permits the girl to become a 'fair shadow'—a foil to show off the widow's red paint. Agnes is compelled for economy's sake to wear out the weeds, while the widow arrays herself in all the colours of the rainbow. Of dear Aunt Betsy's little crooked figure and kind pale face we see no more, till at the end of the story she acts the fairy godmother's part, changes poor Cinderella's rags for the finest raiment, and sends her off with the prince in a coach and six.

*The Ward* is a prettier story than either of these. Old Mr. Thorpe is drawn with much pathos, his lonely grief, his high-bred courtesy, his kindly relations with the old servants, who adore him. After years of solitude, he thinks he can, in a Christmas visit of a fortnight, discern who of all his kindred is most worthy to be his heir, believing, as he has long done, in the death of his only son. The odious being on whom his choice falls, is a little olive-hued, sharp-eyed niece, who, with all her womanly instincts depraved into selfish cunning, plays upon her generous old uncle's most sacred feelings till she manœuvres herself into heirship, which only brings her duplicity and meanness into a stronger light, and to a more condign punishment, on the re-appearance of the long-lost son. It is in complete accordance with her favourite plan, that Mrs. Trollope makes Sophia Martin the instrument of her own chastisement, by tricking into a marriage with her, a man as detestable as she is herself. The ponderous Welsh squire and his daughters are amusingly described, but Major and Mrs. Heathcote are the most charming point in the book. It is refreshing to meet with a step-mother in fiction, so truly loveable, so fondly loved, and her gallant and simple-hearted Major is thoroughly worthy of such a treasure.

Here is a pretty bit of woodland winter scenery, with Florence Heathcote for its nymph:

'It was that rare perfection of hoar-frost which, now and then in our vapoury land, turns every tiny twig into a separate jewel, making silver filigree look heavy, and ivory carving coarse. The sun was high enough to illuminate one side of the fair show, while the other seemed to sleep in breathless stillness under a delicate veil of shadow. Florence clasped her hands together, and exclaimed "Oh!" with all the breath her rapture and the frost had left her. Then her spirits sent her, with a light step, along the crisp and tempting path, under the trees.'

So she runs, pretty creature, through the glittering woods, till she meets her fate in the shape of the young Sir Charles Temple, who falls in love with the fair vision at first sight. At the close of the book there is a grand *coup de théâtre*, in which the long-lost Cornelius Thorpe discloses his identity to the same group of relations as had formerly been assembled at his father's invitation. He rectifies his father's grand mistake, and it is impossible to bestow pity on Sophia Martin.

Mrs. Trollope's books may not be of the highest kind, nor her satire of the first order, but she has a certain power of describing what she really saw, and her novels will bear and repay careful reading, as they are the result of real insight into character. As to the Americans, though her book gave great offence at first, there were not wanting some minds candid and generous enough to recognise the truth of her strictures, and to benefit by them.

In *The Ward* and some of her later works, we see less of impulsive writing and more self-restraint, the work therefore being finer, having the signs of 'sublime suppression of herself.' Even when depicting, with considerable force, the worse parts of our human nature, there is an originality in her books which may well serve to introduce us, to use a favourite quotation of hers, 'to fresh woods, and pastures new.'

K.

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## For Palm Sunday.

TO FRANCIS.

WE do not know what Life may mean,—this twisted, tangled skein;  
But by and by the Master-Hand shall draw it straight and plain:  
The shadows that we cast before, behind us shall be thrown,—  
And they, who wear the palm below, above shall wear the crown!

We do not know what Love implies,—that sweetest, saddest gift;  
But presently the glare shall fade, the heavy clouds shall lift.—  
If under foot the road is rough, the sky is clear above;—  
And they who love through life on earth, in heaven shall live in Love!

H. A. DUFF.

LONDON, *Palm Sunday* 1877



## ‘Is the Theory of Evolution necessarily opposed to Christianity?’

(Originally read before the Ladies' Debating Society, and  
published by request.)

THE chief difficulty in replying to this question, lies in the diversity of the views held by evolutionists. It is difficult to define their theory in few words; all we can do is to define our own use of the terms. Christianity is the revelation God has made of Himself as a Father, by sending His Son to declare both his Fatherly love for us, and the filial love we are permitted to give Him. One Divine Person sent another Divine Person with a message to all mankind; all hopes of happiness are based on due reception of that Messenger and message. The book on which Christians depend for their knowledge of God, begins with a brief account of the origin of created life, God being set forth as the Author and the Giver of all good things. Christians, therefore, believe that it is of great consequence that they should know some main facts about their own creation,—*e.g.*, that they are superior to the brutes, by the especial will of God. Were not this the case, many statements in Scripture—nay, the Scriptures themselves—would be superfluous and false.

Evolutionists hold that, a germ-principle of life being imparted at the first, there was no need of a Creator's further interference, the force of this vital principle being sufficient to make it develope itself into higher organisms. This, they plead, gives a grander idea of God than the popular one; in short, to quote one of them, ‘it is a low conception of Him to imagine that He perpetually interferes with the working out of His own laws.’ Darwin speaks of ‘the possibility of the divine ordination of each variation,’ *i.e.* of organic life, as a tenable view. ‘God never interfered after the first act of creation,’ say the evolutionists; Christians say He did, and that the Bible is the record of His interference.

The Scripture account, so far from contradicting, supports the view that the inferior forms of organic life were developed from lower to higher. Genesis i. to verse 25 shows this gradual rise in the scale, therefore Christians can accept the evolution theory so far. But are evolutionists content to stop here? As a general rule they would answer ‘No,’ and from this point they and the inspired record part company. They

look upon man as the most perfect of animal organisms, the highest development of this life-principle, growing naturally out of the order next below it. They state that this gradual evolution of one organism out of another was wrought by the process termed 'natural selection,' of which they think there is scientific proof, the more moderate agreeing that the Creator was so far concerned with and interested in the work as to give, possibly, a kind of general guidance, or at least assent to the natural processes, till in the course of ages there appeared the creature called man, of whom the Bible predicates that he was made a little lower than the angels; the evolutionists, that he is a little higher than the apes.

Is this all? Will they be content to stop here?

The extreme partisans, and by far the most prominent leaders and teachers of the school, go on to deny the need of a personal Creator, confessing that they ignore the existence of 'the supernatural,' whether at the beginning, middle, or end of creation. The real point at issue is, are these extreme views a mere excrescence, a parasitic growth, to be got rid of at pleasure? or are they a living branch of the stem, the legitimate conclusion of a valid syllogism?

To orthodox believers, of course, the difficulty is the creation of the soul. Let us grant that man's body may have been developed, under Almighty superintendence, from whichever order of monkey may be assigned as his direct ancestor; but how did this developed man-monkey become possessed of a soul? Was that acquisition possible, under the theory of natural selection, 'supernatural interference' being withheld? It seems to us, that while extreme evolutionists are perfectly willing to give a plain negative answer to this query, the more moderate evade it; let us take the extreme first. Professor Haeckel kindly assures us that 'the soul of man, just as the soul of animals, is a purely mechanical activity, the sum of molecular phenomena of motion in the particles of the brain;' and again, 'the widely-spread dogma of the freedom of the will is, from a scientific point of view, altogether untenable; every physiologist who scientifically investigates the activity of the will, must of necessity arrive at the conclusion that *in reality the will is never free*, but is always determined by external or internal influences.'

If this be really the conclusion to which evolution leads us, we are of course left without a God, without personality as human beings, without life here worthy of the name, and without hope of a life to come. Professor Haeckel goes on to speak of the first development of this (so-called) soul:

‘In the time when man, first developing out of the monkey state, began for the first time to think *more* closely about himself, and about the origin of the world around him!’ His meditations seem to have ended in his becoming possessed of a soul; and Mr. St. John Mivart, from whom we quote, sarcastically adds, that it might be interesting, even now, to catch a monkey in the Regent’s Park, thinking ‘loosely’ about itself and the world, and photograph its aspect so occupied. We cordially agree, hoping that it might be possible to discern the reverse process, by which an atheist might meditate himself back into an ape, if the apes will admit him into their company. As far as we know, they have never turned round on their Creator and said ‘there is no God,’ though the Bible mentions certain animals who have done so.

We may then take Professor Haeckel as the type of the extreme class, who affirm that there is *no difference* between man and the rest of animated creation. But of course his views are capable of infinite modifications, and we are prepared to be eagerly met by the assurance that they by no means form a necessary part of the theory which he professes to uphold. We are bound, therefore, to give full weight to all that can be said on this side. Any argument can be carried *ad absurdum*, and a truth ‘run to seed’ is the basis of every heresy. When, however, such momentous issues hang on the growth and spread of erroneous theories, surely the teachers of any new doctrine must be prepared for all conclusions that can be drawn from their principles; and upon Mr. Darwin and his school, therefore, must rest the onus of answering the charge brought against the modern evolutionists, viz. that they are afraid to face the legitimate deductions from their own theory—that, in short, they rest in unscientific theism, when they should press boldly forward to scientific atheism. Is it unfair to say of evolutionists on the whole, that they aim at spreading the notion among men, that God is, by the fact of His own greatness, so infinitely above His creation, that, having once imparted to it the life-principle, He never again ‘interfered’ with its development; that even if there be a Great First Cause, He is impersonal, unknowable; that as all attempts to teach or reason about Him are futile, theology is a dream, theologians impostors or dupes? We cannot feel that we are overstating the views of the more distinguished evolutionists, as gathered from their own writings; and we contend, therefore, that those who refuse to go to such lengths are bound to declare plainly the exact

point at which they stop, and accept the inspired record of Genesis, especially on the subject of the human soul.

We are glad to have had the question stated in its present form—'Is evolution necessarily opposed to Christianity?' rather than, 'Is it opposed to Genesis?' For Genesis might be accepted by a Jew or a Unitarian; but can a Christian refuse to accept this book? We think not, inasmuch as it is a revelation of Christ in its own measure, as every part of Holy Scripture must be, to have a place in the canon at all. To believe in Christ, a man must believe in the unity of Scripture; he cannot read the New Testament without reference to the Old; he cannot grasp—we say it boldly—the sense and meaning of the Old in its various divisions, if he cuts off Genesis. We have always held it to be an unfair evasion of questions like the present to say, 'Scripture and science are, after all, so distinct and separate, we need not try to reconcile them.' If this be true, it is so only in a very limited sense. Science and Revelation both emanate from a common centre of truth and light; they will therefore vindicate each other, if not in time, in eternity. If Scripture does not teach, neither does it contradict science. Revelation deals with and uses the facts and laws of the visible creation only so far as these are concerned with the invisible and supernatural world, which is beyond time and sense, and into which science alone never entered, and never can. Science is accessible to intelligent human beings, because it can be reached by their natural senses and reasoning powers. God could have revealed scientific truth, but preferred to leave the boundless stores of that treasure chamber to be an inexhaustible fund of delight to the intellects he had made adequate to the task. Is there in this view of the matter no suggestion of the personal fatherhood of the Creator providing thus for the legitimate use of every faculty He has conferred? What shall we say of children who turn, so to speak, a father's gifts into weapons against himself? According to this theory of revelation and science, we see that man alone, of all God's creation, forms a link between two worlds. The mediæval poet-philosopher thus beautifully expresses the Christian's idea of his own body:

*'Il corpo dentro al quale io facea ombra.'*

Can the evolutionist view his own body thus?

Not unless he accept the Christian account of its creation. We have said that Gen. i. 1–25 supports the theory that higher forms of organic life were developed from lower, till



man is spoken of; then, the Bible informs us, 'God *interfered*,'—not in the sense of adding to or departing from His original plan, but simply that a higher stage of the work called forth a fresh manifestation of Almighty power. As to the language of inspiration, we suppose that no thoughtful educated person of the present day thinks that the Scriptures were given by verbal dictation. Yet, to make them in any way valuable or reliable, there must be an acceptance, in some sense, even of the letter. Let an account be ever so metaphorical, there must be a correspondence between the actual fact and the metaphor employed. Metaphor (ἡ μεταφορά) thus signifies a meaning conveyed or transferred from one word or phrase to another. If the figure of speech be so misapplied as not to correspond with the underlying truth to be conveyed, it is no more a metaphor, but a lie. Now, in Gen. i. 25, it is impossible to regard as accidental the remarkable change of metaphor on the appearance of man. In place of, 'Let there be,' 'Let the earth bring forth,' etc., there is—let us reverently own it—consultation, and then a result: 'God made man in His own image;' and again, in chap. ii., God 'breathed into his nostrils the breath of life.' The metaphors, 'God said,' 'God made,' merely bind us to believe that there was volition of omnipotent will, followed by immediate result, just as would ensue from the word or act of an earthly father or king. As to the necessity for metaphorical language, is not human speech, after all, when it deals with the things that are not seen, a mere adaptation to meet the necessity of a case? Even in speaking of the visible and tangible, the most eloquent teacher knows more than he can put into words. Surely, then, we may predicate of the Infinite, the Unseen, that there is more in them than the most majestic human language can convey to us. Once let us own this, and we can then perceive how the All-wise Teacher has conveyed His infinite truths to us in the form which best suited their vastness, and our limited capacity for appreciating them. Men who will not hear of an unseen world will, of course, endure no form of words whatsoever which tells of its existence. Yet we may well ask, with our own glorious poet:

'Why should witlesse man so much misweene  
That nothing is, save that which he hath seene?'

From Genesis we learn that God's last act of creation was the linking together of the visible and invisible, by the divinely-breathed spirit of man. According to our view, we

see, in the change of metaphor already referred to, a remarkable coincidence with the real point at issue—the point at which the natural creation received its supernatural element, the 'living soul.' This was the link between the visible and invisible worlds, and was effected by the *πνεῦμα*, the 'breath of God.' God moved the writer of the record to convey the underlying facts to us in the metaphor best calculated to give to finite beings the true idea of His power, His love, and His fatherly claims upon us. The man who believes this can accept Genesis as it stands; we do not see how the man who does not believe it can accept Christianity. Evolutionists are bound to explain to us at what point the monkey 'became a living soul,' and if not by supernatural 'interference,' then *how*? They are bound to show that their theory accords equally well with the metaphors used in Scripture, or to reject the Bible, not as metaphor, but as falsehood; there is no alternative.

We, who do accept Genesis, find, on reading a little further, that the first recorded instance of sin and confusion entering this fair world, was when a woman put forth her hand in disobedience, wishing to be wise above what was revealed to her. She is the mother of our race, and even were we to grant the whole story to be allegorical, is there no mine of valuable truth concealed there? The spirit this woman transmitted to her descendants survives still in every possible form of heresy, whereby men dream that they may be wise, intelligent, happy, holy, without the 'interference of God.' Eve surely has established herself as the mother of all bipeds who think to be wise above what God has spoken, and who, 'professing to be wise, become fools,' with all the fearful possibilities to which King David and the Apostle Paul alike refer. Whether Professor Haeckel and his adherents have or have not satisfactorily proved their mother an ape, they have furnished abundant evidence of her having been in disposition pretty much like Eve; they and the Bible seem to be at one on this point. Their spirit and temper in handling unseen verities, go further to prove the authenticity of Genesis than they would perhaps like to allow.

We think, then, that if the evolution theory cannot embrace the revealed account of the creation of the human soul, it is opposed to Christianity. But we turn now to reconsider the assertions made by evolutionists as to the 'non-interference' of God. What they precisely mean by this, they perhaps do not clearly define; but the idea per-

meates their writings from first to last: God is too great to condescend to small details, therefore He leaves us to take care of ourselves. Now, even granting that we could dispense with Genesis and accept some more scientific statement of creation in its place, what portion of the Bible will be left to us if we eliminate the fatherhood of God? On that central fact Scripture turns, on it Christianity hangs. It is impossible to conceive how a man can logically doubt the 'interference' of God in the production of the soul, and yet believe that He interfered in a more stupendous miracle,—the crowning act of creation, and the inaugural one, if we may so call it, of redemption,—the birth of Jesus Christ. This is the centre-point of all Divine interference with man—the cradle of a human infant. Can we believe in this, and say that anything is too great *or too small* for a place in the Father's heart? The mission of Jesus was to make known a Father. The moment we thus name God, we deal no longer with an abstract, but with a concrete idea. Godhead, fatherhood, are abstract; but a God, a Father, are personal at once, and can be apprehended as persons, no matter how infinite. We go on to perceive how the intuitions we have as rational beings, will aid us in receiving revelation of invisible truths, through outward and visible things, thus bringing the two worlds, natural and spiritual, into the exact relation designed by their Maker when He created us with body and soul. Personal responsibility, individual free-will, what are these? An atheist may consistently deny them, but to us they are great necessary truths, laws of that higher being which we took from the 'breath of God.' We feel that to deny our own personality would lead us on to denial of the personality, and consequently the fatherhood, of God; a right acknowledgment of our own individuality helps us to understand His. So St. Paul argues by magnificent induction from the finite to the infinite: 'What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so (οὕτω καί) the things of God none knoweth, but the Spirit of God.'<sup>1</sup> Not that these 'things of God' are unknowable or unknown; on the contrary, the apostle has just assured us they are revealed to us by His Spirit. Our human experience is here appealed to as a help in understanding what revelation tells us of God. Each of us dwells apart in a spirit-world of his own, where the dearest cannot enter, where by far the most of our life is

<sup>1</sup> 1 Cor. ii. 11. The apostle's argument being—as we have *our* individuality, God has *His*.

spent alone with God. This *hospes comesque corporis* knoweth its own bitterness; a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy; when it goes forth from its companion body, it will return alone to God. 'Whither,' says the Hebrew poet, 'shall I go from Thy Spirit? whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there.' The very universality of this fatherhood might drift us into pantheism, were it not for the human experience, that the derived life of the child is yet a separate existence from that of the father, each retaining distinct personality and free-will. To Christians, then, the Bible story of the fall gives to human free-will its proper place in human history from the first, showing that though marriage had fused two human lives into one, in the closest union man's spirit on earth can know, yet that each soul remains responsible to its Maker for its own acts, and that no external agency of man or devil can force a human being into sin. Even were the whole story allegorical, it would matter comparatively little, so long as the mighty underlying truths were revealed to us thereby. From this moment the need is shown of a personal deliverer of our race, who should have power to undo what man had done; so here Scripture becomes the record of the education of the world for the moment when 'a second Adam to the fight, and to the rescue came.' As a father pitieth his children, God pitied us; as a wise father educates his children, it may be by painful methods, He used a stern schoolmaster to bring us to Christ, and that was Law,—not the mere code given to one nation, but the great law of right and wrong, stamped on His whole human family by means of conscience. The dark chronicles of heathendom serve to tell us what men become who do not like to retain God in their knowledge; and they further show us how every nation has in its mythology kept up the strange instinctive yearning for a father, honouring their false gods with this dim appreciation of fatherhood, so that God has been

'Father of all in every age,  
By every clime adored,  
By saint, by savage, or by sage,  
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord.'

Never did St. Paul show more forcibly his knowledge of human nature, than when he quoted their own national poetry on this subject to a Greek audience.

But when we turn to the Bible records, the chronicles of God's chosen people, how truly do we recognise the Father's



hand and heart in the whole plan of Scripture! He knew we could not learn from abstractions; so unseen and awful as He is, He reveals Himself as the strong rock of Israel, the very present help in trouble. And again, He makes every event on record among the Jews subserve His purpose of preparing the world for Jesus; while every character of note in Jewish, and not a few in Gentile history are living types of Him, in one aspect or another, by person, position, office, or relation to the national welfare. If men contend that God never 'interfered,' whatever the phrase may mean, with man, how can they accept records which would have no meaning apart from the central fact that God made His dealings with one chosen nation the means of training the world for His Son? 'For Thy people Israel didst Thou make Thine own people for ever; and Thou, Lord, becamest their God.'<sup>1</sup> These are the words of the man most honoured of all Old Testament types, in being permitted to present in his own person, offices, and acts more aspects of the Redeemer than any other; and that to him was granted some mysterious foreknowledge of his relation to the Coming One, we may infer from the remarkable verse 17 of the same chapter (marginal reading): 'Thou hast looked upon me according to the order of the man from above, O Lord God.'

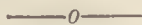
Of this man from above we will only say, 'How can those who reject as scientifically impossible the story of Eden, accept that of Bethlehem?' Extreme evolutionists consistently reject both as fabulous. The moderate accept the greater miracle on the authority of a record which claims to be the word of God; but they cannot accept—so they say—the lesser, because a record which makes a similar claim is not reliable. Where does their respect for Scripture begin and end? They seriously think that the Book of Genesis professes to state in outline the course of creation, and gives us a spurious account of the fact most indispensable for man to know, viz. the divine gift of his responsibility and free-will, without which he would not have needed redemption, and would not have had a Redeemer. They think that the infinite greatness of God is honoured by considering and speaking of Him as of some earthly potentate too mighty to concern himself with trifling details. That men who have searched into the minutiae of this visible creation, its order, fitness, and beauty, should not have learnt at least that their estimate of great and small is by no means that of the Almighty, seems strange to us; but we glance at one phase of the teaching

<sup>1</sup> 1 Chron: xvii. 22.

which God's own Son gave us on the subject of personal Fatherly care: 'Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your Father. Fear not, ye are of more value than many sparrows;' of bodily wants: 'Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things;' of Him whom evolutionists seek to honour by placing Him afar off as unknowable: 'As Thou, Father, art in me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me.' These words alone should silence for ever all assertions of the impersonality or non-intervention of God.

Those evolutionists who declare such extreme tenets to be unnecessary additions to their theory, are bound, in mercy to the ignorant souls they may mislead, to state unreservedly their real sentiments on these points, otherwise their system must produce rationalists, pantheists, atheists, but never Christians. The Christian, seeing in his own soul the link between spirit and matter, knows that this was done in preparation for a still more stupendous act—the union of things human with things divine in the person of the Mediator, the true *μεσίτης*, by whom God shall finally reconcile all things unto Himself. If it be difficult to accept the whole Bible, to accept the half is more difficult still; therefore, in attacks on the Old Testament, we see insidious attempts to shake our faith in Christianity. We have often turned sadly from works put forth by writers of this school to a parable—fable if they will—spoken by Him whom we believe to have taken our humanity to His Father's throne, of a prince whose fellow-citizens hated him, and sent a message after him, saying, 'We will not have this MAN to reign over us.'

L. DUNDAS.



### Helios.

THE great, rounded drops of weeping  
 On the sun's dark eyelids hung,  
 And the gleam of a roguish twinkle  
 Was gath'ring the gloom among,  
 As he, when the storm was ended,  
 And his boyish frolic and wild,  
 Penitent, peeped through the vapours,  
 Shy, as a petulant child.  
 The brook and the quiet willow  
 Laughed at his comical air,  
 But the maiden fern sighed softly,  
 And shook his tears from her hair.

DUMÆ.

L

## Woman's Influence as viewed by Two Poets.

Now and then we have the good fortune, in the world of literature, to find some one idea treated by two strong minds, and then there is a great interest in comparing the results of their meditations upon it; but still more interesting is it to find, under widely different circumstances, the same idea taken up by two men, separated by a long interval of time, each prominent as a poet and a leader of the minds of the men of his age.

Such an idea we find dealt with by both our great Elizabethan and Victorian poets; and in Shakspeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* and Tennyson's *Princess* we see the result of their feelings upon their common subject, expressed, of course, differently, according to the difference of minds, circumstances, and all the interval between the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries. The idea on which both stories turn is the notion which has so often haunted the minds both of men and women,—the fancy that to be in close relation with each other is no help, but rather a hindrance to their complete development, and that, therefore, if anything great is to be effected, the less they see of each other the better; in fact, their judgment reverses the old principle, 'It is not good that the man should be alone.' It seems as if, in every false and unnatural condition of society, men inevitably revert to this idea, almost in proportion to the degree in which right and true feelings are outraged by the vicious state of things then existing. When, for instance, men are brutal and tyrannical, what wonder that fine and delicate natures, like Verena in *Sintram*, try to slip away from contact with them into peace and quiet! And then, again, when women are, to use Ida's phrase of bitter scorn, only fit

'To flaunt, to dress, to dance, to thrum,'

is it any wonder, either, that strong and earnest men turn away disgusted from such mere playthings? Then comes in the question, 'How is all this to be remedied?' Is it better that the strong and wise should leave the weak and foolish to become still more weak and foolish? the sweet and tender give up the coarse and rough to grow rougher and coarser, while the superior natures shelter themselves from the chance of contamination in refined seclusion? or shall they, mingling with the lower, try to lift them to a higher level? Certainly

there is a danger that these higher natures, being unequal to the task, may be themselves drawn down. Doubtless in the Middle Ages many a lady was as rough and coarse as her lord, and the fop and fine lady come naturally together; still it is a very poor prospect for society at large if it is to be deprived of the help of its best members, whether men or women. In neither of the stories before us is the idea presented of total seclusion for life, as in a convent. In both cases the separation is only for a period of three years, but for this time the sexes are to be completely divided; and the reasons assigned for this measure in each story, illustrate well the difference of the ideas held as to women's position in society in Shakspere's days and in our own. In his story, the four men shut themselves from women's society as from some pleasant indulgence, some disturbing influence, agreeable, but foolish, which would hinder their high aspirations, something to be classed among

‘The stops that hinder study quite,  
And train our intellects to vain delight.’

Well would it be if we could, even now-a-days, deny the uncomfortable measure of truth in this representation of the effects of female society! Tennyson's heroine avoids men for reasons exactly opposite to those which would have occurred to a writer of Elizabeth's day. Ida complains of tyranny and oppression, the upward struggles of the woman forcibly repressed by the man's jealousy or indifference, her development checked, her education neglected, assuming, therefore, that she ought to be something different from what she is. The princess endeavours to escape from all this misusage and its consequences:

‘Six thousand years of fear have made ye that  
From which I would redeem you,’

indicating thus ideas, wishes, aspirations, belonging properly to these days, and not at all suited to the sixteenth century. Yet, one-sided and partial as they are, it is not possible to overlook the truth which they contain. Of course, we must not strain too closely the parallel between the poem and play, cast in such different forms; the lively rattle of the comedy, full of quips and sharp retorts (though interspersed with some heavy scenes), is very different to the softly-flowing verse, the dreamy ‘medley’ of fantastic visions, in *The Princess*. *Love's Labour's Lost* reflects, with an allowable amount of comic exaggeration, the ways and manners of the time; it represents, under a French name, the brilliant society of the fashionable Elizabethan world, full of affecta-



tion and absurdity, but with noble spirits and good, warm hearts under all the nonsense. Here we have samples, hardly caricatured, of the fine talk of the day, all stuffed with conceits and puns, bad enough at times, words all twisted and tortured, 'frightened out of their right senses,' and plenty of verbal sparring matches. It must have been fatiguing to keep up such conversation; but everybody, doubtless, had their wits about them, so as to be ready if drawn into the fray. Slow-witted folks, we fancy, held their tongues altogether in this society, which, possibly, was no penance to themselves or other people. It would be a great saving of trouble at a London party if a few of the clever ones did the talking, and the rest listened and applauded the best performer!

The play represents, also, the quaint diversions, the disguises, the masques, shows, and interludes which formed so large a part of the amusements of those days; the formal dances, the hunting parties in the royal deer parks, and, through it all, the curious mixture of ceremony with freedom in the manners of the most polished people. Shakspeare holds up to ridicule the little follies of the times, such as the painted faces and dyed hair of the ladies (not obsolete yet, unluckily, in spite of 'progress'), with a sort of good-natured mockery, something akin to Leech's sketches of the modern English girl, not a bit of bitterness troubling his amusement at these good creatures who were making themselves absurd. He keeps mostly on the surface at this time, barely indicating that there are depths and grave questions under all the superficialities with which he plays.

In *The Princess*, on the other hand, we obviously have no picture of Victorian England and its manners, except in the pretty introduction and conclusion; but none the less is the poem a representation of its own time, dealing entirely with questions of the nineteenth century, or perhaps, more truly, with old questions put forward in nineteenth-century fashion. What is woman's vocation? what are her capabilities? might not training develope her powers to equal those of man? what should she do, and not do? has she fair play, and whose is the fault if she has it not? All these questions, and many more connected with them, find expression in *The Princess*, with various answers given by types of mind, ranging from the prince, with his high hopes, to the old king, Gama, with his petty querulousness. Here, too, we find reflected that restless energy, that impatience of conventionalities and of things as they are, which, proving themselves either

curses or blessings to the individual man or woman, are working so strongly in our modern society. In parts of the poem, the contrast between the tone of the thought and the fanciful form in which it is expressed jars upon one, as if a thoughtful lecturer, full of wise counsel for the difficulties of daily life, should masquerade as a fairy godmother. Still, in thought and feeling, it belongs as completely to our day as *Love's Labour's Lost* to that of Elizabeth. When all these differences between the play and the poem are acknowledged, let us set them on one side for the moment, and, taking the points which they have in common, let us glance at the two stories, beginning with Shakspeare's, which, it may be remarked in passing, has no other known source than his own imagination. The king of Navarre, Ferdinand by name, is inspired with the wish to be famous throughout the world for his attainments as a student, his court is to be a *little Acadème*, and great honour and glory is to be the result. With this idea he persuades three of his friends to pledge themselves with him to a three years' course of severe study, strict fasting, and rigid seclusion from women's society, under all sorts of pains and penalties, not only to themselves if they break the rules, but also to any woman who ventures to come near them. This fine arrangement is barely made when the princess of France, with a whole train of ladies, arrives as ambassadress from her father, and puts the king into a difficulty; for the enthusiastic student appears to have made no provision for the management of his kingdom while he is improving his mind. He compromises the matter by visiting her encampment, though shutting her out of his house, and then human nature proves too strong for ambitious resolutions,—the would-be hermits are soon deeply in love, while the ladies enjoy the situation, and make great fun for themselves out of it. Of course, no one likes to own to having so soon been false to his professions; and at last all the gallants are wooing secretly, longing to throw their vows to the winds, and only restrained by fear of their fellows. This can hardly last long, and there is a discovery of their common feelings, when, after some bickerings and reproaches, Berowne, the cleverest of the set, and their real leader, conclusively proves to them that they have been all wrong, and that women's society is, so far from being a hindrance, the greatest possible assistance in the pursuit of knowledge,—nay, quite indispensable!—upon which the rest of the company agree to live like other human beings, and to devote themselves to winning the French maidens. But this is not

quite so easy, as the ladies do not believe in the sincerity of this sudden affection, and give their lovers a great deal of trouble, turning all their attentions into ridicule, till at length, convinced of the reality of their professions, they take another tone and advise a year's penance for the broken vows, promising to make their suitors happy after this is over; so that, though 'love's labour' is thus 'lost' for the time, it attains its object in the end.

The story of *The Princess* is better known, though it is not one of Tennyson's most popular poems, except for the exquisite songs, 'Tears, idle tears,' 'Swallow, swallow flying south,' and the rest. Here the sex of the reformer is reversed. Princess Ida, thinking womanhood in general oppressed and deprived of legitimate rights and advantages, sets to work to raise it, and, having obtained one of her father's palaces, organizes there a woman's college on a grand scale, in which the maiden students are to have all advantages of study and general culture free from the intrusion of any man whatever; for over her gates the princess writes, 'Let no man enter in on pain of death,' and the inmates bind themselves with solemn promises not to exchange a word with a man during their three years' term of residence. But the princess has been betrothed in her childhood, and as she now declines to fulfil the engagement, her betrothed prince, the dreamy hero of the story, comes to seek her, and with his two friends penetrates in woman's dress into the college. Here, after a few adventures, they are betrayed, and Ida wrathfully ejects them, more determined than ever against her lover; and the more pressure is brought to bear on her by her relations, the more she is confirmed in her obstinacy. At length the matter is decided by a tournament between Ida's brothers and the prince and his followers, in which the latter are defeated, and the prince nearly killed. Some of Ida's defenders being also hurt, she comes down to bring them into her halls, arguing in truly feminine fashion that, as her rules were broken already, she might as well break them a little more in a good cause. Once down among the wounded men, her woman's nature reasserts itself, and the sight of her lover apparently dying overcomes her altogether. She takes him home with the rest, pity leads to love, and in her tender ministrations among the sick, she finds the mistake of the proud isolation which she has striven so hard to preserve; she recognises the prince as her natural helper and companion, and so they are united at last, his two friends also finding brides among the late collegians. The idea of

the story requires that the prince should be thoroughly equal to the princess; but in spite of his wise words, his gallantry in rescuing Ida from the river, his courage in fight, and his deep and constant love for his affianced bride, he is but a shadowy man after all, which spoils one's pleasure in the climax of their adventures, otherwise so beautiful.

Comparing the two stories together, Ida's ambitious plans make the ideas of the King of Navarre look very insignificant: his object is merely the glorification of himself and his little circle; she thinks of the condition of the whole of her sex, and goes to work, mistakenly perhaps, but with a largeness of idea quite foreign to the older story. Yet do we not feel, mingled with her high motives, a touch of the same conceit which urges on the king to his attempt, the wish to be something above other people who only live and love in a mere natural way? She says, looking down from the serene heights to which she fancies she has attained,

‘As girls were once, as we ourselves have been :  
We had our dreams ;’

and at the close she owns that she had ‘failed in sweet humility.’ But she is tremendously in earnest; the fun that seems to bubble up irresistibly from the light heart of our other princess is quite out of Ida's power, possibly, too, out of Tennyson's, who can far better make us cry than laugh. Like so many other women, Ida only sees things from her own point of view, and so is swept away by her misdirected enthusiasm, though she works hard and spares herself no trouble for what she believes to be for the good of her sex.

It must be admitted that Shakspeare's princess and her ladies have much less trouble than Tennyson's prince and his friends. There is no need for the fair maidens to smuggle themselves into the king's palace in disguise; they simply appear, and all defences of oaths, barriers, etc., go down at once. In fact, they have apparently no great desire to make conquests, and are much more inspired by fun and mischief than by love in their treatment of the votaries of study. Only ‘Navarre and his book-men,’ as the princess styles them, present very attractive objects for that queer perversity, not quite confined to women, which always wants what is strictly forbidden. Now, the students are so determined, and make such proud pretensions, that no merely human girls could help enjoying the spectacle when ‘Love is still the lord of all.’ Such liking as they cherish for their suitors



is pretty well masked under their tricks and merriment, and only allowed to show itself when everything is getting sobered down at the close.

The climax of the struggle between love and self-culture, which in *The Princess* only comes in at the end of the story, in *Love's Labour's Lost* is brought on in the middle, or, indeed, is virtually over sooner, only it is not confessed. It costs the students very little to give up the fine projects only designed for their own glory, though each dislikes owning that he has been false to his vows. Once they have all become equally involved in the 'sweet perjury,' they have no further shame in following the same course; their trouble only comes from the difficulty of making the desired impression on the sharp-witted maidens, who with womanly self-possession make game of their admirers. These young gentlemen never seem to regret in the least the interruption to plans which had been taken up with so much parade; they seem rather to enjoy it than otherwise, and when all are proved false to their vows, Berowne coolly philosophizes thus:

'Young blood doth not obey an old decree;  
We cannot cross the cause why we were born,  
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.'<sup>1</sup>

Very different to Ida's indignant and passionate determination not to give in to the prince, yet in practice she comes to the same conclusion as Berowne. Both proceedings are quite natural; the king and his fellows retract easily, because they are only half in earnest: Ida has flung herself entirely into her scheme, and it is pain and grief to her to come back; also the king has scarcely begun to put his idea into practice: Ida's system is fairly established, and she has the pain of seeing all her work crumbling round her. There seem to have been some disloyal spirits about her, even when all was apparently going well, some who

'Murmured that their May  
Was passing: what was learning unto them?  
They wished to marry; they could rule a house.  
Men hated learned women;'<sup>2</sup>

girlish versions of Berowne, with his common-sense criticisms of the king's projects:

'Necessity will make us all forsworn  
Three thousand times within these three years' space.'

<sup>1</sup> *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. Scene iii.

<sup>2</sup> *The Princess*, Bk. ii.

'Study me how to please the eye indeed,  
By fixing it upon a fairer eye.<sup>1</sup>

. . . . .

At Christmas I no more desire a rose  
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows,  
But like of each thing that in season grows ;  
["Nous avons changé tout cela !"]  
So you, to study now it is too late,  
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.'

Certainly he was a sharper critic than the gentle Melissa, who hit

'All we saw with shafts  
Of gentle satire, kin to charity  
That harmed not.'

Perhaps the princess's young ladies were not very sorry when the college became a temporary hospital for wounded knights, and they either went home or stayed taking care of these interesting invalids.

In both stories, the person who breaks into the studious seclusion has a good right to do so,—the prince from his early contract to Ida, the French princess from her father's embassy,—else we could not sympathize with the intrusion. Ida, however, would not have been so weak-minded as the King of Navarre: any number of ambassadors might have come to her gates before she would have received or gone out to them; but the king walks straight upon his fate, a rash proceeding for so susceptible a hero. In each case love, and love only, is strong enough to break down the artificial barriers which have been so carefully built up; yet the power of the passion manifests itself differently in each, and the processes are worth noting. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, everything that concerns the feelings is simple and straightforward as an old fairy tale; the heroes fall in love at first sight, the power of beauty carries all before it,—or, if not beauty, at least the fascination exerted by some plain women; for Rosaline's jokes about her dark face imply a want of regular beauty, which makes her laugh at Berowne's exaggerated praise. 'I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.' 'Anything like?' asks the princess. 'Much in the letters, nothing in the praise,'<sup>2</sup> quaintly answers Rosaline. 'Beauteous as ink,' Maria says saucily enough. Yet the sophisticated, critical Berowne is the most completely bewitched of all the lovers, and it is very curious to compare these hints about Rosaline with the descriptions of that dark and hateful

<sup>1</sup> *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. Scene i.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, Act v. Scene ii.

syren shadowed forth in the second division of Shakspeare's sonnets; certain expressions are repeated almost word for word about this 'black beauty,' which was come to change people's ideas as to what was really fair. Between the dark and the fair faces, the whole affair proceeds swiftly and irresistibly, and not all the ladies' tricks and mischiefs seem to give the least discouragement to the lovers, who, when defeated in all points, are all the more drawn to the laughing conquerors.

Love works in exactly the opposite way with Tennyson's heroine; it is not strength but weakness which conquers her, nor can we explain the matter by referring it to the difference between men and women. As long as the prince is capable of striving to win her, Ida resists him resolutely; only in his utter helplessness does her heart turn to him at all, and then love grows out of pity and the interest of nursing him back to life—in fact, she helps him till she loves him. It would not always turn out thus; not every man is strong enough to stand being laughed at as Rosaline laughs at Berowne, nor is every woman instinctively drawn towards sickness and suffering, though most women would be sorry for the sufferer. But however the feeling is produced, the result is curiously alike in both cases, the men and women are shaken out of their affectations and fall back on the simple human nature which they had despised. Hear Berowne when all his jests and gibes fail him:

'Here stand I, lady, dart thy skill at me,  
 Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout,  
 Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance,  
 Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit,  
 And I will wish thee never more to dance,  
 Nor never more in Russian habit wait.  
 Oh, never will I trust to speeches penned,  
 Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,  
 Nor never come in visor to my friend,  
 Nor woo in rhyme like a blind harper's song.  
 Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,  
 Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,  
 Figures pedantical, these summer flies  
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.  
 I do forswear them.'<sup>1</sup>

Contrast with this the princess' utterance of her new feelings:

'From mine arms she rose  
 Glowing all over noble shame, and all  
 Her falsèr self slipped from her like a robe,  
 And left her woman.

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<sup>1</sup> *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. Scene ii.

She said  
Brokenly, that she knew it, she had failed  
In sweet humility, had failed in all;  
That all her labour was but as a block  
Left in the quarry.

Much had she learnt in little time; in part  
It was ill counsel had misled the girl  
To vex true hearts; yet was she but a girl.  
"Ah, fool, and made myself a queen of farce!  
When comes another such? Never, I think,  
Till the sun drop dead from the signs." Her voice  
Choked, and her head sank on her hands,  
And her great heart through all the faultful past  
Went sorrowing, in a pause I dared not break.<sup>1</sup>

It would have been a great pity in either story if the good impulses which helped to prompt the wild vows had been allowed to be wasted, but this is avoided. The young king who desired knowledge is sent to meditate and consider, and test his excitable feelings, thus learning to know himself. His jesting companion, on the contrary, is put to active service to try the worth of his wit in scenes of real misery; like Ida on this point, the sick folks are to cure his faults. The other two have merely a year's waiting to endure. Nor is Ida to be thwarted in her desire of being useful to her sex, for her prince holds that the woman's cause being man's, he is therefore bound to work with her for their common object.

In both play and poem there is a passage expressing what is, or should be, the natural effect of woman's influence, and there is no better example of the difference of tone between the two poets,—Shakspeare, in this case, bright and whimsical, a dash of extravagance and humour pervading his apparently sober utterances; Tennyson, tender and deeply earnest. To the one, the woman is half an idol, half a plaything, inspiring the man by the mere power of her beauty,—she is the prize, the object of his struggles and efforts; to the other, she is the man's companion, the second self *with* whom he toils and struggles for some higher object. Thus Shakspeare:

'Now for not looking on a woman's face,  
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes  
And study too, the causer of your vow.  
For where is any author in the world  
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

Oh, we have made a vow to study, lords,  
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.

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<sup>1</sup> *The Princess*, Bk. vii.



For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,  
 In leaden contemplation have found out  
 Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes  
 Of beauty's tutors have enriched you with ?  
 Other slow arts entirely keep the brain ;  
 And therefore finding heavy practisers,  
 Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil :  
 But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,  
 Lives not alone immured within the brain ;  
 But, with the motion of all elements,  
 Courses as swift as thought through every power,  
 And gives to every power a double power,  
 Above their functions and their offices.  
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;  
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind,  
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,  
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd.  
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;  
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste ;

From women's eyes this doctrine I derive,  
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;  
 They are the books, the arts, the academies,  
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world,  
 Else none at all in ought proves excellent.  
 Then fools you were these women to forswear,  
 Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.'<sup>1</sup>

And Tennyson :

“ The woman's cause is man's ; they rise or sink  
 Together, dwarfed or godlike, bond or free ;

For woman is not undeveloped man,  
 But diverse : could we make her as the man,  
 Sweet Love were slain ; his dearest bond is this,  
 Not like to like, but like in difference.  
 Yet in the long years, liker must they grow ;  
 The man be more of woman, she of man ;  
 He gain in sweetness, and in moral height,  
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world ;  
 She, mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,  
 Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind ;  
 Till at the last she set herself to man,  
 Like perfect music unto noble words ;  
 And so those twain upon the skirts of Time  
 Sit side by side, full sunn'd in all their powers,  
 Dispensing harvest, sowing the To be,  
 Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,  
 Distinct in individualities,  
 But like each other, even as those who love.  
 Then comes the statelier Eden back to man,  
 Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and calm,  
 Then springs the coming race of human kind.

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<sup>1</sup> *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act iv. Scene iii.

May these things be !” Sighing she spoke, “ I fear  
They will not.” “ Dear, but let us type them now  
In our own lives, and this proud watchword rest  
Of equal ; seeing either sex alone  
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies  
Nor equal, nor unequal ; each fulfils  
Defect in each, and always thought in thought,  
Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow  
The single pure and perfect animal,  
The two-celled heart beating, with one full stroke,  
Life.”’<sup>1</sup>

Each of these passages contains the gist of the whole work in which it is found, and by contrasting them we see which presents the higher idea. Yet, is not one conception the natural sequence of the other, after all ? Unless the prize loses all value when it is won, unless the inspirer sinks into the household drudge, the ideal of the Elizabethan poet must develope into the still fairer one of the Victorian. It did so develope in Shakspeare’s mind. In Brutus’s *Portia*, to give but one example, we see to what a lofty point he had raised his conception of a possible union between man and woman, so that no fatal discrepancy exists between our two poets ; and with one more contrast between them, let us close our study. Each is brooding over an English landscape,—one in the fresh spring, the other in mellow harvest time :

‘ When daisies pied and violets blue,  
And lady smocks all silver white,  
And cuckoo buds of yellow hue  
Do paint the meadows with delight,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he, “ Cuckoo ! ”  
When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,  
And merry larks are ploughmen’s clocks,  
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,  
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,  
The cuckoo then, on every tree,  
Mocks married men, for thus sings he, “ Cuckoo.”’<sup>2</sup>

‘ Turning, saw  
The happy valley, half in light, and half  
Far shadowing from the west, a land of peace ;  
Grey halls alone among their massive groves,  
Trim hamlets ; here and there a rustic tower  
Half lost in breadths of hop and breadths of wheat,  
The shimmering glimpses of a stream, the seas ;  
A red sail or a white, and, far beyond,  
Imagined more than seen, the skirts of France.’<sup>3</sup>

CONSTANCE O’BRIEN.

<sup>1</sup> *The Princess*, Bk. vii.    <sup>2</sup> *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, Act v. Scene iii.

<sup>3</sup> *The Princess*, Conclusion.

**Let Them Alone :****A TALE TOLD IN LETTERS.****LETTER X.**

The Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to his Sister.

*Tuesday, May 9.*

THIS is a true and faithful copy of the note which the Rev. F. J. Reynolds wrote yesterday to the Rev. N. Slade:—

ILLINGHAM PARSONAGE, *May 8.*

MY DEAR SIR,—In a few words we exchanged the other evening at Mr. Benson's, on the subject of getting up a cricket match among the young men of our parishes, you expressed yourself, to my regret, not very well inclined to the scheme, or, at all events, uncertain of any good result from it. You did not, however, speak so decidedly as to preclude my hoping that you may be willing to reconsider the matter at my request. I think that the young men and boys of this place are greatly in want of a rational, manly amusement which may tend to keep them out of mischief. I think also that the mixing with their superiors, which it will involve, may help to civilise them, and perhaps strengthen our influence over that part of our flock. I have seen much good result from such gatherings of rich and poor in the parish where I have hitherto worked. I feel that, without your help, I can do little towards the plan, and I therefore most earnestly hope for your advice and co-operation.—Waiting for your reply. I may as well mention that the field near my house will do very well, after a little preparation for the purpose, and that I have got promises of help from Mr. Benson's sons, who will also bring other gentlemen into the scheme. Also, I have some willing recruits among the sons of my most respectable farmers. Make my compliments to Mr. and Mrs. Miller, and believe me to remain, dear sir, very truly yours,

F. J. REYNOLDS.

And this is the Rev. N. Slade's reply:—

ILLINGHAM RECTORY, *May 9.*

MY DEAR SIR,—I am sorry if I expressed myself the other night in a way which you thought inconclusive, and that

appeared to leave any room for 'reconsideration.' It is not the first time that subjects of this nature have come before me, and, in spite of your ingenious arguments and the weight of your experience, I must state my convictions, that no spiritual good is to be gained through the medium of a worldly amusement, and that the influence of a pastor over his flock is not likely to be strengthened (to any good result) by their meeting him on equal terms in pursuits which are foreign to, if not decidedly inconsistent with, his sacred calling. *I*, too, have seen clergymen in the cricket field. I know how soon, in the excitement of the game, the demeanour that befits a minister of the gospel is cast aside, and how inevitably the respect that should be his is lost with it. You are very good to think my advice and co-operation of so much importance, but it seems to me that you have already taken many steps without waiting to secure either the one or the other. I must decline taking any part in your scheme; and hoping you may be guided to a right conclusion, I remain, faithfully yours,

N. SLADE.

There, Helen! there's a snubbing! Is it not candid of me to send it on to you? Who could have thought the fellow could have been so sarcastic? I wonder whether my letter *was* presumptuous, unbecoming my years and our relative amount of experience. One thing I *do* think, that I have been too hasty in broaching the scheme so soon after my arrival, but I must go on with it now. I must see Jack Benson about it this afternoon if I can. I am *angry* with that Puritan Slade, and perhaps mostly because his letter has such an air of having got the best of it. It is the same thing that irritates me in his manner.

But I must go back to tell you about poor Margaret Scott. The thought of her makes my own vexations seem light indeed. She was at church again yesterday morning, still looking up with the same wistful, unsatisfied look in her eyes, as if she was seeking for rest and finding none. In the afternoon (after I had done writing to you, and sent my note to Slade) I went to see her. I thought she seemed more glad to see me than before, and yet she fenced off the one subject that was uppermost in both our thoughts as long as she possibly could, talking about her aunt's hard-working, thrifty ways, telling me about two little children she has taken in to teach, etc. At last I got to the subject of her own life, and after some time, putting on an air of candour, she said, 'I'll tell ye what it is, sir, as has brought me down so low.' And then



she went on to tell me, blushing, that she was to have been married this month, and that the young man she was promised to was dead, and that she had no one to care for her now, and was come back a cripple, to be a burden on those who had little for themselves. 'Ay, Margaret,' I said, 'these are great sorrows, but they are *common* sorrows. If this were all, you would not have told me the other day that the trouble was of your own making, and that it was not by God's will you had done as you had done. Do not try and deceive me, my poor girl—I *know all*. I know the worst you have done, and yet I'll be your friend if you will let me.'

But at the words '*I know all*' a look of fear and anger came into her face, and she sprang up so violently—forgetting her lameness—that she was forced to fall back into her seat in an agony. 'What!' she cried, 'how did ye ken? Do they all ken? Am I the talk o' the toon? Did she tell ye?' 'Yes, Margaret, your aunt told me; but she has told no one else, neither will I. Your secret is quite safe.' On this her face relaxed its fierceness, and she fell into a violent fit of weeping. I talked long, and tried to put things in a truer light for her. She will have no comfort till she gets over this morbid dread of the world's knowing. What is that in comparison of the real evil, the guilt, and the sorrow?

I have been working hard with my choir the last few days. I have hired a harmonium till I can get my organ, and one of my pupil-teachers is learning to play it. I shall have my boys in surplices in a week or two. The old clerk, being deposed from the singing and 'giving oot,' has struck work altogether—in short, resigned, thinking to punish me; but I am heartily glad. I must try and regain his friendship in other ways. I wonder whether he is too much offended to mend my boots.

*Wednesday.*—A morning after the usual pattern—church, school, sermon writing, and a visit to Margaret Scott. Her state of mind is very strange. She is well instructed, not irreligious, but seems unable to find any help and guidance in what she believes and knows. I think she still keeps something back from me. I have taught her about the church's power to bind and to loose, but that the absolution cannot be given till after full confession and reparation as far as it is possible. I think there is some bitter feeling between her and the young man's mother that hinders her from genuine penitence.

This afternoon I had a visit from Jack and Walter Benson, the former very full of the cricket subject. He wishes me

to get forward with it, and proposes to send some workmen to-morrow to level the ground, etc. Walter said he was sorry he could not assist me in the plan at present, as he was called on business to London—in short, he was going to read hard till the summer vacation. He was come, he said, to wish me good-bye, and after a short visit, in which he seemed embarrassed by the presence of Jack, he took leave. Jack stayed on and on; I thought he never would go. He sauntered all round my room, looked at everything, and *wondered* at most things,—wondered I had no fishing-tackle, wondered I could sit in such an uncomfortable chair, wondered why anybody should read *The Fathers* (knew a clergyman must know his Bible well, of course), wondered how I could write two sermons a week, wondered whether anything could ever have made *him* do it, concluded to the contrary. ‘I never liked books,’ summed up poor Jack, tapping his forehead, as if to show me how little there was behind it, which, indeed, required no demonstration. ‘Walter, now, is very clever. Walter could do whatever he liked.’ With that he sat down and faced me, and I perceived that he had something on his mind to say to me, and that that something was about Walter. The upshot of it was, that Walter, for the tenth or twentieth time, had been giving his father great trouble; that the old gentleman had just paid his debts, and sworn that it should be the last time he would do so; that there had been a great row, and Walter’s going to London to read, meant that he was going to keep out of the way till the air was cool again. ‘And I wish you would come and see my father,’ said Jack, ‘for he’s terribly upset. Emily can do the most with him of us all, but she’s gone, and mother’s poorly. *You* would know what to say to him; he likes you. I’m such a stupid fellow, you see, I always say the wrong thing when he’s angry; so mostly I hold my tongue, and just try to help him a little about the place, seeing to the stables and the keepers, and so on.’ I promised to call to-morrow, and Jack wrung my hand warmly and went.

*Thursday.*—Last evening was my dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Childers. Everything handsome and substantial—not much style. Host pompous, good-natured, prosy, rather a bore; hostess stout, smooth-tongued, civil to a fault. Lots of people, some staying in the house, some come for the evening; young ladies *ad lib.*, music, dancing. It seemed to me that a good deal of attention was misplaced on my unworthy self, and I fear I gave some offence by declining to dance, saying that I never did so. ‘Oh, I understand,’ said

my hostess, 'not in a public room,—quite right in a clergyman; but *here*, just in a family party, as it were. And we are short of young men, and it would be *so* kind of you if you would stand up with one of my daughters and make up this quadrille.' However, I bowed myself out of it, and took refuge with Mrs. Wimpole, who was close by, listening to Mrs. C. with the whole power of such ears as she has, and with all the acuteness of her shortsighted glasses. It was the first time I had come across her since her lecture. She bowed stiffly to me; but I held out my hand, on which she gave me a sharp scrutiny through her glasses, apparently was satisfied, and shook my hand kindly.

'You don't like this sort of thing?' she said with a comic expression, looking at me keenly. 'That's a pity, for there are more invitations coming your way; several more ladies desirous to *fête* you. H'm!'

'Indeed, then, Mrs. Wimpole, I am afraid they are taking more trouble about me than I am worth; I'm of no use at all in a party like this.'

'You don't dance?'

'No; nor play, nor sing except in church.'

'Nor play cards?'

'No.'

'Nor make love?'

'Least of all.'

'Well, well, if that be true, you'll soon be allowed to be in peace again. You didn't expect us to be so sophisticated here, near the world's end—eh? You expected a homely, primitive race, didn't you?'

'Indeed, Mrs. Wimpole, I expected to find—what I had always heard—that the ——shire squires were a kind, manly, honest, hospitable set; and such, in my *very* short experience, I must confess I have found them.'

'Yes, yes, so they are,—so they are; but the ways of the world are known even here. Seen much more of Mr. Slade? Like him?'

'No, I have seen very little of him; I hardly know whether we shall become intimate.'

'Ah, your respective work is so heavy, it keeps you apart, no doubt. You could not meet now and then for a little discussion, a little theological reading?'

I knew she was quizzing, but I thought it no harm to be candid, so I said, 'Hardly, perhaps; but it is not the *weight* of our work so much as the dissimilarity of our views concerning it that is likely to keep us apart. You are aware,

probably, that Mr. Slade and myself differ considerably in our opinions?’

‘Oh! ah! I beg your pardon. I forgot I was talking to a Tractarian. The new lights are too strong for old eyes. There was an old book we used to think a good deal of in my day, called the Bible. D’ye know it? It’s dull reading, no doubt, after the legends of the saints and martyrs. Discouraging, too,—it used to tell us that the way to heaven was along a narrow road, and through much tribulation; but I fancy there are short cuts now-a-days.’

I could have told her that I thought the shortest cuts of all had been discovered by *her* friends of the Low Church, who think a man may be a sinner one moment, and a saint the next, but I forbore. I told her gravely that I knew the book she referred to very well, and should be happy to pass an examination in it at her pleasure.

‘What! catechize a father confessor! And, by the bye, how goes on the confessional? Do the village maidens take to it kindly? And how are the dear little boys in surplices? They put on sanctity, of course, with their white garments; and the sight of so much purity must have a marked influence in the work of conversion?’

‘Mrs. Wimpole, I cannot discuss these subjects nor answer so many questions *here*. The music and dancing are distracting. If you will do me the honour of paying me a visit in my study at Illingham, I shall be happy to try and give you every satisfaction.’

‘I will take you at your word,’ she said, nodding kindly as she prepared to go. ‘But take my advice, cultivate Slade; he’s worth it. He’s a Christian, a gentleman, a true pastor, a firm friend. He was asked here to-night, but he would not come. He’s more consistent than you; for, agreeing with you in thinking dancing wrong, he won’t sanction it by his presence.’

‘I don’t think dancing wrong,’ I began vehemently, but she was gone. Perverse woman! Yet there is something I like in her. I might have told her I had made one effort to ‘cultivate Slade,’ with very ill success. Before the party broke up, I had received two more invitations from lady-heads of houses, couched in the most pressing terms; but I declined them both, one being on a Friday, and the other a choir-practising night; and I must own I was not sorry for the excuses. Oh dear! I have been writing too long, and hardly left time for my call at Sydwood.

*Friday.*—I went to see Mr. Benson yesterday, according



to promise. He was very kind, and won upon me much. Poor old man! He looked harassed and ill, but was evidently quite inclined to talk about his troubles. He took me into the gardens, put his arm through mine, and walked me up and down, now pointing out his improvements, now discussing his family cares.

'There's Jack,' he said, 'good fellow,—kind, good son,—never gave me an hour's uneasiness by any fault of his own; but then he's an ass! He'll never take his right place in the neighbourhood when I am gone. Nobody thinks anything of what Jack says or does! As to Walter, there never was a nobler fellow spoiled! I have spoiled him myself; I know I have. I never could deny him anything; and now he'll break my heart. *Your* father must be a happy man. I've heard of your brother,—clever man, steady, going into Parliament; and I know *you*. I've not known you *long*, but God bless you: I see what you are,' etc. So the simple, kind gentleman went on; and I hope I did him good, if it was only by being a good listener.

I saw Margaret Scott again to-day. She is more open with me now she knows that I know her secret, but her passionate grief, her bitter self-accusation, make our conversations most distressing. She talks wildly at times; and I fear her mind will lose its balance. 'Yes, I know it was my fault,' she will say, 'but I was young and silly. I meant no such *very* great ill. Why was I not told in time? Ah, but I was told, and I wouldn't go, just for wilfulness! Oh, sir, is God really good, and couldn't He have put it in a poor creature's heart to go sooner? Oh that I could hae heard one word from his lips, and that he could have looked in my face and seen how I loved him! And that woman with her hard, cruel look; why did she make me go upstairs and find it all out for myself? I see her every night glaring at me with her great eyes. And yet, she was his mother; an' I was the death of him, as ye may say. She's a right to hate me; and I believe if she could do me an ill turn in this world or the next, she'd do it!'

Poor Margaret! One thing I am certain of, that she can't last long. This frightful tension of mind and her cruel cough must wear her out before long. God grant that she may see the truth before she goes! Mrs. Barron appears to think I ought to have *cured* her by this time; she looks discontentedly at me when she sees her niece in the old bursts of grief. She is a good old woman, and, I think, has a personal liking to me; but in Church principles, if she can be said to have

any, she is a decided *Sladeite*. Her house stands upon our border land, and she has often been in the habit of going to his church, which is nearer to her than her own. 'And deed, sir,' she says, 'he *is* a fine preacher. He does tell it oot plainly!'

*Saturday*.—No time to-day for writing. This budget must go off; it will cost many stamps. I have had another visit from Jack, and he is so keen about the cricket that we have fixed our first meeting for next Wednesday. And he has promised to bring a good train at his heels. This first attempt will be purely educational, of course. Jack has written to Milverley for all the necessaries. I think a letter from you becomes due. Good-bye. Thank father and mother for agreeing to my wish about the money. It will do all I want at present in the chancel.—Your loving F. J. R.

## LETTER XI.

The Rev. N. SLADE to the Rev. JOSHUA SLADE.

ILLINGHAM RECTORY, *May 18.*

MY DEAR FATHER,—I am truly thankful to hear such excellent accounts from home as your letter brings. The fine weather has reached us even here and cheered us up a little. Mr. Miller is the better for it; but his state, I fear, is very precarious, and he himself thinks that his time is nearly come. He awaits his summons in a heavenly frame of mind. His affection for me seems to have redoubled, and he is most considerate in not wishing to tie me; but duty and inclination both lead me the same way, and I spend all my spare time by his couch. His eyesight is very nearly gone, and reading, his only pleasure, is denied him. I read much to him, chiefly at night, when he is sleepless and nervous. I am often with him till one or two. He begs me to go to bed, is sure I work too hard, and that three or four hours' reading at night, after preaching, prayer meeting, or house-to-house visiting, will wear me out. Dear old man, he has forgotten what it is to have strong lungs,—mine, thank God for it, stand all this work easily,—and then what means and appliances I have for comfort under his roof. I should be a dastardly soldier of the Cross, indeed, if I complained of work among all these luxuries; may I only not abuse them! Sometimes, if I have had a harder day's work than usual, Mrs. Miller attempts to read instead of me; but naturally a bad reader, she is made so much worse by being fat and

sleepy, by the difficulties about the light and her spectacles, and when all is done, boggles so over the hard passages that I see it is rather a pain to her husband to listen to her. He *cannot* be irritable, but the nervous twitchings of his face show me how he suffers; and were I dropping with fatigue, I am glad to take the book from Mrs. Miller and send the kind old lady off to bed. I tell you all this that you, and especially mother, may be lenient to me for being such a bad correspondent. I have *really* not time for letters, except business ones, which are many. I have been requested to make a tour this autumn as deputation for the Church Missionary Society, and that for the Conversion of the Jews; but in Mr. Miller's critical state it could not be thought of, and I have declined. The bishop has given notice of a confirmation this summer, and I am beginning to organize the classes. Mr. Miller consulted me seriously the other day as to whether he should have an additional curate, and professed himself quite ready to give me this help; but I said no,—not as long as I was strong and well. I don't see much of Mr. Reynolds,—partly for the same reason that I don't write,—because I have not time for sociability, but still more because I feel certain that the less we have to do with each other the better for our good understanding. I am at this moment feeling most seriously annoyed with him, and must very briefly tell you why. At a dinner at Mr. Benson's not very long ago, he broached to me a scheme for introducing cricket among our labouring men. I disapproved and declined help, for reasons which you know. You remember the sickening I had of parish cricket at Y——, not that I even joined it myself. Well, some days after, I received a letter from him, forcing the subject on me again, hoping I had *reconsidered* it, pretending to think I had not spoken decidedly, and telling me of the wonderful good effected by cricket in *his* experience (I should think he knew a good deal about it at school, and thought it an excellent thing). He professed great anxiety for my help, but, at the same time, had been taking all his measures and ripening his plans without caring what I thought. Of course I wrote back to him, declining help, and giving him a little bit of my mind, and, equally of course, he went on all the same. All this would be no particular affair of mine; but they fixed their first meeting for yesterday, Wednesday,—the day of my prayer meeting and Bible class,—and were at it from five o'clock to seven or later, my class coming on always at six. I cannot but look on this as premeditated annoyance. Six

of my young men, whom, after long and painful efforts, I had succeeded in making regular at my class, and four of whom, I trusted, were sincerely in earnest about their souls, had deserted, and were in the cricket field; and Heaven knows if I shall ever be able to get them back again. I may change the day of the meeting if they persevere in taking Wednesday, but that will not restore what has been undone. But besides this personal vexation, I am thoroughly grieved at the way Reynolds is going on, and the mischief and error he is introducing here. From what little I gather by report of his sermons, they appear to be mere morality, enlivened with discussions upon rites and ceremonies—little of gospel truth about them. A parishioner of mine told me to-day that the discourse of last Sunday evening was all upon the value of *incense*. Then he is pressing private confession on the consciences especially of the younger and weaker of his flock; and there is one poor young girl, whose history is a very sad one, over whose mind, I fear, he is acquiring a most dangerous influence. A relative with whom she lives, and whom I know well, spoke to me the other day on the subject; and I gathered from her account that he was urging confession and acts of penance. Though at the risk of intruding into another man's province, I could not resist giving her a word of warning, and entreating her to endeavour to fix her unhappy niece's mind on her Saviour alone, and on His free grace. She begged I would come and see the girl, but this I refused. I have since questioned with myself whether I was right. Is it, can it be right to let a soul possibly be lost for the sake of a matter of clerical etiquette? The changes in Reynolds' church and services seem to be complete. Surplices and chanting have taken the place of the old-fashioned hymns; and the old people complain they can't understand a word of the psalms now. Saints' days, vigils, and fasts are all to be observed, and I suspect the result of thus puzzling the parishioners will be a grand secession into the ranks of dissent. Meantime, whether it be a thing to rejoice at or not, I hardly know, Mr. Reynolds is certainly making himself excessively disliked by the poorer classes; and some of the most educated are beginning to cry Popery. The neighbouring gentry seem to have taken him up, and as, in spite of his assumed strictness, he goes to dancing parties, he will probably be popular enough. But I must end: I seem to be growing bitter; but it is in the contemplation of evil springing up under my very eyes, which I am powerless to hinder. I have left no space for



other matters, but there is no news.—With kindest love to my mother. Your affectionate son,  
N. SLADE.

[L. C. G.]

*(To be continued.)*

—o—

## **The Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women.**

A SHORT account of the work begun last year in Glasgow may, it is hoped, be acceptable to our readers:—

Before 1877, the ladies of Glasgow had often been lectured by various professors; but the different courses had no connection one with another, they were entirely voluntary, and not upon any system. As, however, there was an evident desire for further study, several ladies felt encouraged to make fresh efforts in this direction. This first desire for more systematic teaching was stimulated by the success attained elsewhere, and by the visit of two ladies,—one from Edinburgh, and the other from St. Andrews,—who came to Glasgow during the meeting of the British Association in August 1876. Acting upon their hints, it was resolved by the Ladies of Glasgow to follow the example set in other University towns, and to organize a Society, whose object should be to institute a yearly course of lectures for women. This resulted, in 1877, in the formation of ‘The Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women.’

The plan of this Association is, in some respects, the same as that of Edinburgh,—viz., an Honorary President (the Princess Louise), two acting Presidents, and the same number of Treasurers and Secretaries. It differs from the Edinburgh Society in that it is not bound to accept as lecturers only Professors of the University, or their assistants, but is free to make its own choice, subject to the approval of a committee of Professors. The Association is supported by the yearly contributions of the Associates (which form a kind of guarantee fund, upon which to fall back in case of need), and by the attendance fees of the various classes.

Though the Society had been founded in the spring of last year, the classes could not begin until the winter; accordingly the 15th of November was fixed upon as the day when the opening lectures should be delivered.

With great eagerness and some little anxiety, the friends of the movement awaited the coming of that day; but a scheme started with such eagerness, and prosecuted with such energy and zeal, could not fail to prove a complete success, and such indeed it was. The lectures before Christmas were attended by two hundred students; those after Christmas by two hundred and fifty, showing an increase of one-quarter of the original number.

It was amusing to watch the ladies collecting on the opening day, coming up the avenue of the College and crossing the quadrangle, singly, or in groups,—some timidly, as if not quite sure what they were undertaking; others more boldly, note-book in hand, and seemingly determined to overcome all difficulties on the road to knowledge; others, again, with a resigned air, as if saying to themselves, ‘The fates have decreed that we should learn, therefore we shall learn.’

Logic was the most popular of all the classes in the first course; it was taught by Professor Veitch, and attended by upwards of seventy-five students. The classroom was an interesting sight, with its sea of heads bent down over the note-books, in which eager hands were diligently endeavouring to write something which should be intelligible and available for after use,—no easy task for those unaccustomed to taking notes. Here and there might some one be seen in great distress over the penknife, always wanted and never forthcoming, or the gold pencil-case, which, when about to be used, is invariably found destitute of leads.

In this class, twenty-four students obtained certificates, after having passed an examination on the work gone through during the course, and having also written essays on the subject of ‘Consciousness.’ These essays were pronounced *at least* on a level with those of the professor’s ordinary class, and it was rumoured that some surprise was felt at the power shown by the ladies, of grasping the ideas presented to them in the lectures. Perhaps those who were thus astonished had not made sufficient allowance for the amount of what may be called ‘instinctive logic’ in the female mind.

Besides Logic, there were, before Christmas, two other classes: French Literature, taught by M. Lacaille; and Natural History, by Professor Young. These were ended about the middle of December, and the new course began on the 14th of January. It comprehended four subjects: Physiology, taught by Professor M’Kendrick; Moral Philo-

sophy, by Professor E. Caird; Astronomy, by Professor Grant; and M. Lacaille's French class continued. A certain falling off in the number of the French students might suggest that it would perhaps be better next year to take up two languages than to continue the same throughout the winter. Some of those who attended the first course this year were probably misled by the popular fallacy, that only a little 'rubbing up' is necessary to perfect the French, learnt a few years ago, and perhaps half-forgotten; and that, for this polishing process, the teaching of one session would suffice.

But to make up for this falling off, there was an increased attendance in Physiology, which numbered upwards of a hundred and forty students. This class being so large, was ultimately divided into two, the Professor having kindly offered to undertake the double work. The other lectures were also well attended, and the Professors all seemed satisfied with the diligence and perseverance of their students.

And truly a persevering spirit was very necessary; for, as if willing to try the ladies' determination to the uttermost, the bad weather, for which Glasgow is famous (or infamous), was exceptionally bad on the lecture days. If there was one foggy day in the week, it was sure to be a Monday or Wednesday; and if it had refrained from raining on other days, it was certain to be pouring on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Waterproofs, indeed, were in such constant requisition, that it was even whispered the ladies had assumed their blue cloaks as an academic distinction from the red gowns of the students.

The lectures are now over for this year, but it is to be hoped that those who have once begun attending them, will continue to do so when they are reopened next winter.

In connection with the Association, there are three tutorial classes still at work (Latin, Dr. Colville; Mathematics, Mr. Alexander; Theory of Music, Dr. Peace); these also have been very successful, and attended by a fair number of pupils. Some complaints have been made of the rapidity with which the subjects were gone over, as well as of the amount of preparation this necessitated, and it has been alleged that pupils so taught will not be as well grounded as they might have been, had less been attempted in the same time. Most of the students, however, consider such complaints to be entirely unfounded.

In the Latin class especially, the instructor, while naturally anxious to teach his pupils as much as he could during

the time they remained with him, proceeded as steadily as possible, being very particular that one lesson should be perfectly understood by all the class before taking up another. Constant repetitions were held to ensure the remembrance of what had been already learnt, and woe betide that hapless individual who inadvertently declined *castra* as a feminine singular, or *vetus* as an adjective of the second declension!

In the Theory of Music class a good deal of instruction was given, but not more than the pupils were able to take in; any who could not do so failed from want of previous preparation, which is always necessary on a subject of this kind. The course consists of sixteen lectures only; therefore, if anything is to be taught at all, the pupils must come with groundwork done already. The best thanks of those who attended this class are due to Dr. Peace for the trouble he has taken in smoothing their way to a knowledge of so difficult a subject as the Theory of Music.

In Mathematics, too, the attendance has been good and persevering, though this, of course, of all subjects, entails a large amount of hard work.

Taken as a whole, the Educational Association of Glasgow may be considered to have done its work with complete success, and may rank among the most important movements of the day, influencing for good all those who are in any way connected with it.

It cannot be denied that the ladies of the Association have met with some opposition in their work, but this was only to be expected, and is scarcely to be regretted. Had the movement escaped censure, it might have been supposed to be beneath public notice and unworthy of criticism; as things are, this Society must prove a formidable opponent to those who unreasonably object to the higher education of women. This movement will, most of all, benefit young girls who, having left school, with its routine of lessons unappreciated, perhaps, at the time, though regretted afterwards, learn before long that education, far from ending with their school days, is then, in its truest sense, but beginning.

It is to be hoped that the Women of Glasgow will show their appreciation of the educational advantages they enjoy, and acknowledge the debt of gratitude owing to those who have voluntarily devoted both time and strength to the furtherance of this scheme for their higher education.

M. E. M.



### Young Poets.

ALL in the sunny valleys, around Parnassus hill,  
We gather weeds and wild-flowers, and wreathe them as we  
will.

Apollo and the muses twine laurels on the height,  
But here we weave our daisy chains with ever new delight.

The waters of the Helicon are 'awsome' in their flow,  
But here the tiny streamlets tinkle bravely as they go.  
We listen to their music, we breathe the perfumed air,  
Oh, nature in these valleys is sweet and passing fair!

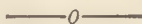
And often, from the heights above, snatches of wondrous  
song

Are borne with a stately swell on floating clouds along.  
Our hearts leap up within us as at the trumpet's sound,  
When echoes of that loftier strain fall on the daisied ground!

And so we haunt the valleys, around Parnassus hill,  
Plucking the daisies at its foot, and singing as we will;  
But still we strive to hear the song-giants, and men of  
might

Sing now, as in the olden time, upon Parnassus height!

H. L. R.



### Our Library Table.

PONTIUS PILATE: A DRAMA; AND OTHER POEMS. By Jeanie Morison.  
London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co. 1878.

This authoress has already published a collection of poems, entitled *Snatches of Song*. These, though remarkable for sweetness and poetic feeling, give no hint of the writer's power to produce a drama such as this. The interest is well sustained throughout the piece; indeed, so great is the power shown in depicting striking characters and stirring events, that we are carried away by the story. The eventful dawning of Christianity is painted for us in fresh and vivid colours, and we praise the graphic pen that has made it ours once more. The lyrics are beautiful and simple, and Procla, especially in her touching death scene, forms the chief interest of the poem. With regard to the character of Pilate, hypercritics might perhaps inquire whether such excessive remorse was natural to one who had signed an unlimited number of death-warrants, and whether the darkness of soul that marked his end was in keeping with the spirit which had led him, at

least, to ask 'What is truth?' But, apart from such questionings which learned theologians alone can answer, we want at the present day feeling rather than speculation, and this want is amply supplied by the drama now before us.

NOTES ON FISH AND FISHING. By J. J. Manley, M.A. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington. 1877.

If there be any among the readers of this magazine who consider fishing to be cruel sport, we have only to say, 'Read this book, and you will change your opinion.' If there be any who say it is not a lady-like amusement, nor one in which intelligent people can take part, we have only to repeat the same piece of advice. The remarks contained in this volume are all based both on a thorough study of ichthyology and also of the literature of fishing. The two opening chapters, devoted respectively to these two branches of the subject, afford most interesting and various information on the habits and natural history of fish themselves, as well as on the very numerous books which have appeared at intervals throughout many centuries on the subject of fishing as a sport. The good effects of this amusement have been so great, that the author upholds it as the best means of recreation after the exhaustion of mental toil. It involves far less violent exercise than Alpine climbing, and tends to induce a habit of quiet observation, and, above all, to exercise the moral character in the virtue of patience, as Washington Irving says 'there is certainly something in angling that tends to produce a gentleness of spirit and a pure serenity of mind.' After remarking that angling is an art worthy of the attention even of the highest order of minds, our author mentions, among the names of noted anglers, those of Sir Humphrey Davy, Archdeacon Paley, Sir P. Chantrey, Brinsley Sheridan, Professor Wilson, and others. Not a few ladies who are expert salmon-fishers are also mentioned. But it is the trout rod which Mr. Manley thinks specially adapted for sportswomen. Edmund Waller has, in one of his poems, immortalized ladies who practised the 'gentle art' of angling. Though fishing may not be one of the rights which the women of the present day are most anxious to claim, yet it is one which will be yielded to them without hesitation, and which will afford them more healthful recreation than law or physic, or even than a course of study for a degree.

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### Question Series.

I. *History*.—Who was the last king crowned at Scone? State briefly the circumstances which led to the coronation.

II. *English Literature*.—Give an account of the origin of the title and office of Poet-Laureate. Who first held it in England?

Answers to be sent in by May 15th, addressed, 'QU. C., care of Miss Walker, 6 Lonsdale Terrace,' this change of address being found necessary to avoid confusion. The best answer to each question will be inserted in the magazine, and prizes are offered at the close of the year for the greatest number in each department. *N.B.*—Answers only to be written on one side of the paper, and the real name and address of the sender, besides her pseudonym, to be given. Only the latter will appear in the magazine. We advise a pseudonym, not initials, which are perplexing when many have the same. As

compression into twenty lines seems to embarrass our younger correspondents, we have agreed that History may have twenty-four, Literature twenty-six, as quotations occupy space; but these limits must not be passed. Twelve words go to a line. We warn correspondents against running time too short. The 15th is the latest possible day; an accidental delay in delivery may exclude a good answer from competition.

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### ANSWERS TO FEBRUARY SERIES.

The two best.—*History*: B. *Literature*: CLARIBEL. Also in *History*: M. B., very good; M. W. BRETWALDA, NELLY BLY, SPIDER, MAY-FLY, and M. H. L., good. In *Literature*: R. C. W., excellent; B., good; M. H. L., pretty good; REDIVIVA, too late and too long.

I. KINGS OF ENGLAND WHO MET WITH VIOLENT DEATHS.—1. William II., surnamed Rufus, was killed during a hunt in the New Forest in 1100, by an arrow shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel. Rumour at the time ascribed his death not to accident, but design. 2. Edward II. died by violence in Berkeley Castle on 18th January 1327. His wife, Isabella of France, and her lover Mortimer, had assumed the regency of the kingdom in the name of his son, Edward III., and it was by their orders that he was murdered. 3. Charles I. was beheaded at Whitehall, 30th January 1649, by order of the 'High Court of Justice,' a body consisting of 150 members, taken mostly from the army and the existing Parliament, under the presidency of John Bradshaw, an eminent lawyer. SCOTLAND.—1. Alexander III., who has been called 'the Alfred of Scotland,' died on the 16th March 1286 by a fall over a cliff at Kinghorn, where his horse stumbled in the darkness. 2. James I., the poet-king of Scotland, was murdered in a vault of the Blackfriars Monastery at Perth, on the 20th February 1437. He was stabbed by Sir Robert Graham, uncle of the Earl of Strathearn, in revenge for an imprisonment he had suffered, and the Earl of Athole and his son, Sir Robert Stewart, were involved in the plot. 3. James III. was stabbed as he lay wounded in a cottage after the battle of Sauchie Burn, where he had met an army of his subjects revolting from his misgovernment on 18th June 1488. The murderer was dressed as a priest, and killed the king in the act of confession. B.

II. Anglo-Saxon poetry in form consisted of short staccato sentences, containing generally about the same number of syllables, but with no such rigid system of quantity as is found in ancient poetry. It is difficult, now that the pronunciation of the language is lost, to trace in it rhythm or metre, but both may have been formerly brought out by the reciter or singer. The chief characteristic of this poetry is alliteration,—that is, a rhyme occurring not at the end of the line, but at different intervals in the verse, and often limited to a single letter occurring at the beginning of two following words, but sometimes giving a fuller echo, like a modern rhyme. Evidently, however, neither the alliteration nor the assonance were guided by such strict rules as are observed in the old Norse poetry, which somewhat resembles the Anglo-Saxon, though very superior to it both in style and matter, with one exception. The Anglo-Saxons excelled in religious poetry, and some of their hymns are really beautiful. In the following example the alliteration is marked:—'Tha se Wisdom

eft, Word hord onleak, Sang soth cvidas, And thus selfa cwacth,'—i.e., 'Then did Wisdom again, Word hard unlock, Sang sooth sayings, And thus herself quoth.' The poetry was periphrastic in style,—i.e., giving the same ideas in various ways,—and it abounded in metaphor. For instance, we find the idea of crossing the sea expressed in four ways in one verse: 'Over rolling waters, over the ganet's bath, over the water's throng, over the whales' domain.' This school of poetry, already declining at the time of the Norman conquest, was almost forgotten for centuries. It was left to modern poets, as Tennyson, Morris, Rossetti, and others, to recall the melodious effects produced by studied alliteration in good Saxon-English. CLARIBEL.

In the series for March, the contrast is between Wolsey and Thomas Cromwell.

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### Stray Notes.

Those who are interested in the higher education of women cannot but see cause for rejoicing in the issue of the convocation of the London University on Tuesday the 15th January. By a majority of 110, the University was empowered to grant degrees to women in all the Faculties alike. Gentlemen who are interested in other Faculties besides the medical one, had ample opportunity of putting their veto upon the 'arrogant claims of ambitious women.' But the list of those in the minority has been found to consist chiefly of the names of medical men; and of such men there were even one or two who spoke in favour of the charter, and tried to combat the strong prejudice entertained against it by Sir William Jenner. The *Daily News*, a few days before, had some sensible remarks on the subject, thinking it highly desirable, for many reasons, that women should have an opportunity given them of showing what they can do. It deprecated the slipshod manner in which girls had been educated a few years ago, while their brothers were handed over to first-class teachers in the University, and concluded by showing how a woman's life in many instances offers more leisure for study than a man's. No residence is required in order to pass the examinations in this University, so that ladies may carry on their studies without any interruption of their domestic life. While the women of Britain can only praise that liberality of spirit which has supplied their education with such a perfect test, it remains for them to justify that liberality by showing that its ground of decision was not a mistaken one.

C. B. thus answers A QUERIST.—Among the romances of last century, we name the *Ladies of Llangollen*. About the year 1765, the quiet Welsh folk were startled by the arrival of a couple of youths, who, like 'Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,' began building a picturesque but solid dwelling in the most retired corner of the lovely vale. No sooner was it completed, than, to the further amazement of the mountaineers, the boyish proprietors transformed themselves into elegant and accomplished women, being no other than Lady Eleanor Butler, of the noble house of Ormonde, and the Hon. Miss Ponsonby. Many were the surmises as to the reason of their flight from Ireland, and from their friends, to whom the proceedings and the retreat of the fair hermits remained for some little time a mystery. For more than fifty years they lived in unbroken harmony, doing much good, and greatly beloved by their poor neighbours. The only occasion on



which they are known to have left the vale was a visit to Liverpool, to see Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth. It is said that, on the occasion of their appearance in the dress circle of the theatre, in greatcoats and high Welsh hats, the Ladies of Llangollen divided the interest of the night with the great Queen of Tragedy. In their retirement they kept up a correspondence with many of the first literary characters of the age. Miss Seward was their intimate friend, and has left us a pleasant picture of their home and surroundings. Captain Basil Hall, too, paid them a visit in their old age, and states that, seeing them first at a distance, he took them for a couple of crazy sailors, till a nearer approach showed two refined and accomplished women. They died between 1822 and 1826. [We refer our readers to the *Percy Anecdotes*, vol. xx., for further details of the recluses. Their motive seems to have been a whimsically romantic wish to shun society, especially that of men. They probably have had many would-be imitators, and we can scarcely doubt that Miss Edgeworth's story of *L'Amie Inconnue* was written to warn sentimental damsels of the probable failure of such romances. The process by which poor Angelina is *désillusionnée*, the hard reality of Llanwaetur when she hoped for Llangollen, is to us one of Miss Edgeworth's cleverest hits.—EDS.]

A. D. recommends to PELLEGRINA—*Racconti di una donna*, recently published by Barbéra, Florence; *Genio ed Amore* and *Bianca Romoaldi*, by Signorina Guerini. These last are very easy and can scarcely be called novels. [We also recommend all Cesare Cantu's novels.]

We have received intelligence of the successful termination of the second series of lectures delivered in the University of Glasgow in connection with the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women. These lectures were on—Philosophy, by Professor Caird; Physiology, Professor M'Kendrick; French Literature, M. Lacaille; and Astronomy, Professor Grant. This last course is to be continued till the middle of April, as also the tutorial classes for Mathematics, Latin, and Theory of Music. Correspondence classes for the Local Examinations will go on till the middle of June. The aggregate attendance was 261, showing an increase of sixty-one since Christmas.

VIVA, SCHOLASTICA, AN ELDER SISTER.—We hope to answer in our next.

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## Notices to Correspondents, etc.

LADIES are invited to contribute to this magazine. All communications to be addressed, EDITORS, *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, Messrs. Murray & Gibb, 11 Queen Street, Edinburgh. No anonymous communication can be noticed.

All contributions to be accompanied by the writer's name and address. Rejected articles can only be returned if accompanied by stamps to cover postage.

Papers intended for immediate insertion must be in the hands of the Editors by the first of the previous month; attention is requested to this rule.

Contributions are often delayed for want of space.

The next meeting of the Ladies' Edinburgh Literary Society will be held at 5 St. Colme Street, on Saturday, 6th April 1878, at 11 o'clock. Debate—'Is Chaucer a greater poet than Spenser?'

*In Memoriam.*

H.M.S. 'EURYDICE,' MARCH 24, 1878.

'EURYDICE!' Oh bitter tone!  
A very name of death,  
Of broken hearts, and hopes o'erthrown  
In that fierce tempest's breath.

One moment's cry on Heaven's great Name,  
The good ship's masts were bowed;  
One moment more—that ship became  
Their coffin and their shroud.

Yet died the brave as a fool doth die?  
Nay,—duty's stern decree  
Bids true hearts give up willingly  
Their lives by land or sea.

Brave men on land, who mourn the dead  
In that wild ocean blast,  
The path that duty bids you tread,  
Press firmly to the last.

And we, whom gentler womanhood  
Bids share less stirring task,  
Be this, 'She hath done what she could,'  
The highest praise we ask.

Thus play we well such destined parts  
As in Life's drama fall,  
That the great Ruler of all hearts  
May in His judgment call

Say to the souls that overcome:  
'For you, I have above,  
In many mansions of one home—  
One God—one Life—one Love.'

L. D.

## Our Female Novelists.

### XVI.

#### MRS. BRUNTON.

*b.* 1778—*d.* 1818.

IN Lord Carlisle's well-known lines on a picture of 'A Lady Reading a Novel,' which, while paying a graceful compliment to Miss Austen, light with so dainty a touch on the special characteristic of more than one female writer,— 'Brunton's high moral' is guessed at as perhaps engrossing the fair reader's attention. This lady was the author of only two complete tales, and of one published in an uncompleted form after her death. They may be said to have owed their popularity entirely to their own merits, and not in any degree to such secondary causes as often help to launch a book successfully. They maintained this favour in the estimation of more than her own generation,—one of them, at least, being republished among Colburn and Bentley's Standard Novels so late as 1832. We may be proud to claim the writer as a Scotswoman and an Edinburgh lady; and, fortunately for our purpose, in spite of her occupying an entirely private station and leading a very uneventful life, more information is at our service about Mrs. Brunton than is usually attainable in the case of such quiet, inconspicuous lives. This is to be found in a *Memoir* written with much good taste by the husband by whom she was too early lost, and prefixed to the latest edition of *Discipline*. It leaves, indeed, many particulars to be guessed at, passing very lightly over any notice of her early years, which we cannot help thinking were not very happy ones. She came of gentle blood on both sides of the house, her father being Colonel Thomas Balfour of Elwick, in Orkney, and her mother the niece and orphan ward of the Earl of Ligonier. We cannot but speculate whether it was a true love match which carried the lively and fashionable young lady away from London and all its attractions to such a *terra incognita* as the island of Burra; whether her friends remonstrated with her for what is called 'marrying to disoblige her family;' or whether she deprived them of the opportunity of expressing any opinion by a trip to Gretna Green. However this may be, she exchanged London for Burra, and there, in 1778,

her only daughter Mary was born. We do not know whether Mrs. Balfour ever looked back regretfully to the scenes she had quitted, but, fortunately for herself and her child, she was as rich in 'resources' as the renowned Mrs. Elton, and more disposed to make a good use of them. We fear that her union was but an ill-assorted one, for we are told that Mary suffered from early unkindness, and she entertained in after life grateful recollections of the loving care of some aunts, her father's sisters, as having been very beneficial to her. It was, however, under her mother's tuition, and in remote Orkney, that she became a very fair musician, an excellent scholar in French and Italian; and having that turn for reading which conduces, more than any special talent in boy or girl, to the attainment of general cultivation, she grew up in her quiet home as sweet a specimen of intelligent, unaffected girlhood as one could wish to see. She was sent to school in Edinburgh for a short time, but seems to have had little or no systematic guidance in self-culture. Probably her friends were satisfied to see the girl 'fond of her book,' and left her to wander at her own sweet will in the realms of poetry and fiction. Training in the prosaic duties of life came to her early enough, for at sixteen she was called to the headship of her father's house, whether on account of Mrs. Balfour's ill-health or absence from home is not stated; and 'the details of housekeeping in Orkney are,' says the *Memoir*, 'of so exhausting a kind' as to leave her, during the next four years, with scant time for her favourite employments. But from what has been said of Mary Balfour's tastes, we may feel sure that intellectual recreation would sweeten homely toil. If she mended the household napery, knitted her brother's stockings, or sewed her seam with Shakspeare or Milton lying open beside her, or turned her wheel to the rhythm of Petrarch's sonnets, or of some quaint old ballad, 'what for no?' Or perhaps her fireside musings and lonely rambles on the shore of her island home were not wholly fancy free, and influenced her in a choice which was soon to be put before her. When she was about twenty, her godmother, Viscountess Wentworth, whose first husband had been Mrs. Balfour's brother, Lord Ligonier, was urgent that Mary should come and live with her in London. A dazzling prospect, surely, for the Orkney maiden, and one likely to allure any girl of her age. But an influence had come into Mary's life, how or when we are not told, which drew her powerfully in another direction. Like her mother before her, she turned her back on the gay



world, gave her hand to the man who had won her heart, the Rev. William Brunton, and instead of being introduced into fashionable society by her noble relative, she became mistress of the humble manse of Bolton in East Lothian,—‘for love will still be lord of all.’ Her husband must have been a man of more than ordinary cultivation, quite able to appreciate the tastes of his young wife, and to direct her in more systematic and solid reading than she had been accustomed to. Perhaps he thought, and with justice too, that there had been a superabundance, in her case, of novels and poetry, and viewed them with some professional disapproval; for history and moral philosophy now occupied her morning hours, and in the evening her husband read aloud ‘works of criticism and *belles-lettres*.’ She was a keen observer and lover of Nature, and it is curious that the tame and uninteresting scenery of her new home awakened in her a desire to learn to draw, which had lain dormant in the more picturesque home of her childhood. There seem to have been no children born at the manse; but something of a mother’s responsibilities and pleasures came to Mrs. Brunton in the charge of two little wards, relatives of her husband, sent to his care from India. After six years spent in this quiet life of everyday duties, the minister removed his family to Edinburgh, on his appointment to the charge of the Tron Church parish. They soon formed new and agreeable acquaintances, and entered, with great zest, into society which they were both able thoroughly to appreciate. To the rather commonplace folks among whom she had lived in East Lothian, Mrs. Brunton had seemed to be merely a prudent, sensible young housewife, and her talk about books was chiefly reserved for her husband’s ear. But in Edinburgh she at once took her place in a society remarkable for its brilliancy at that time, even in circles below the highest, where her own bright wit and conversational powers soon made her a favourite. She often urged her husband to begin some literary work, and appealed one day to a friend to undertake its publication. He assured her that his aid should certainly be forthcoming, but added that he would still more gladly publish anything she might write. This seems to have put the notion of authorship into her head for the first time, and she began, unknown to any one, and with hardly any real design of publishing, to write the story entitled *Self-Control*. It was considerably advanced before even her husband heard of it, and his pleasure encouraged her greatly to proceed. Some of the criticisms he proffered,

she accepted, others she rejected. She felt herself unskilled in the construction of a plot,—her story, like *Topsy*, ‘grewed,’—‘and she paid far more regard,’ says Mr. Brunton, ‘to its moral usefulness than to its literary character.’ It was published anonymously in 1810, and dedicated to Joanna Baillie, who was only known to Mrs. Brunton through her works. A pleasant friendship thus arose between the two countrywomen.

Miss Baillie wrote through the publishers to acknowledge the compliment, criticising with considerable freedom the work of her unknown admirer. Mrs. Brunton’s reply is charming in its frankness, in its absence of all vanity, and in the graceful playfulness of its style. Though agreeing in the main with many of Miss Baillie’s strictures, Mrs. Brunton explains why she cannot make all the use of them she would have wished,—they would have involved too much alteration: ‘Laura must remain obstinate, or what would become of the second volume?’ She modestly pleads her inexperience as accounting for the imperfection of her book artistically considered: ‘Till I began *Self-Control*, I had never in my life written anything but a letter or a recipe. . . . I was so ignorant of the art on which I was entering that I formed scarcely any plan for my tale. I merely intended to show the power of the religious principle in bestowing self-command, and to bear testimony against a maxim as immoral as indelicate, “that a reformed rake makes the best husband.”’

The heroine of this book is a very noble and well-drawn character. She has given her heart to one whom she deemed worthy of her regard, and suddenly discovers that honourable marriage is the last thing he has intended. She turns from him in horror; and though the affection once given cannot be uprooted without severe pain, she is resolute, even when he professes penitence and promises entire reformation, in refusing to listen or to unite her fate to one who could ever have made such a proposal, or whose life is what she finds his to have been. She goes to London with her father to look after some money matters; and there are some admirably-described scenes of her experiences in a Holborn lodging, where the landlady’s sentimental daughter tries to strike up a friendship with her. Hargreave finds her out, and forces himself into her society; and his addresses, now paid in earnest, are encouraged by her father, whom she has never dared to inform of his baseness, knowing what the terrible code of honour of that day would involve. But she

persists in her rejection of them, and soon discovers that his courses are unchanged for the better; and the gradual alteration of her girlish love into detestation of his character and of his unmanly persecution is very well described. Her father's death leaves her friendless and poor, and she has an unhappy time of it under the nominal care of a capricious and violent aunt, with whom she deals, however, with good sense, spirit, and unfailing patience. The latter part of the book is certainly wildly improbable. Laura is on the eve of marriage to a worthy suitor, when she is abducted by Hargreave's instrumentality and carried off to America! But, after a series of adventures startling enough to satisfy the most inordinate appetite for sensation, she makes her way home again, Hargreave puts an end to himself, and De Courcy and his bride live happy ever after. All this sounds very foolish; but though the events are absurd, the writing is not, and there is much to admire in the whole story.

A second edition was called for in about a month; and by the following spring Mrs. Brunton found herself credited generally with the authorship. She writes to her one intimate friend of the praise and the censure her book received, and very charming the letters are for the candour they display, and the openness of the writer in admitting unfavourable criticism, united with a reasonable persistence in maintaining her own opinion on some points. She is too clever not to detect the contradictory nature of some of the criticisms, and sees at a glance how impossible it is that they should all be true; but she seems to have gathered, on the whole, a very just idea of the defects in this her first attempt, and to have profited by the lesson on the next occasion. She admits that the story 'is defective . . . is disjointed . . . wants unity,' particularly in the second volume; but from some of her critics she stoutly defends herself: 'The faults found with the incidents are at least four times as numerous as the incidents themselves,' notwithstanding which, 'the book is read and bought . . . there is not a copy to be had in either Edinburgh or London.'

A year after this, the minister's wife who had so narrowly missed the life of a London lady, paid her first visit to that world of wonders. She must have been a delightful companion, whether travelling or by the domestic hearth; and her letters describe new scenes and interests with all the brightness which a lively mind can throw over the most everyday experiences. She never felt reluctance at leaving home at any time, for, as she reminds her sister-in-law, 'I

have no Maries and Thomases. . . . I carry all that makes the *soul* of home with me. . . . I delight in travelling, yet can be happy at home; I enjoy company, yet prefer retirement; I can look with rapture on the glorious features of nature,—the dark lake, the rugged mountain, the roaring cataract,—yet can gaze with no small pleasure on the contents of a haberdasher's windows.' Her disposition is kindly towards all, though her full power of affection is only stirred into active exercise by the positive existence of the ties of kindred or friendship: 'Yet I think I could willingly serve any one, provided I were allowed to tell him plainly that I thought him a rogue or a fool, if that happened to be my opinion for the time.'

Her second novel, *Discipline*, was begun towards the end of 1812. She endeavoured to profit by those criticisms which had commended themselves to her own good sense, drew out a plan of her story, and gave a much longer time to its composition than its predecessor had received. While thus engaged, that era dawned in literature—the publication of *Waverley*, and Mrs. Brunton, lighting upon it by chance, and with no particular anticipation, fell at once under the spell of the Wizard of the North, 'and sat up,' writes her husband, 'until she had finished the whole.' A good deal of the scene of her own story was laid in the same Perthshire Highlands; and she was very near cancelling a large part of the book lest she should seem to be trenching upon ground which a master hand had made his own. Her husband dissuaded her from what was a wholly unnecessary sacrifice; but she seems from that time forward to have worked under a certain sense of discouragement, in which, perhaps, slightly-failing health began to have a share. She certainly did not feel comfortable in the trammels she had put on; and *Discipline*, though better constructed, is not quite so lively and spirited as its predecessor, of whose composition she always speaks as *pastime*, while her new attempt is *work*. It reached a conclusion at last. She writes to her friend: 'Ellen is at an end. She was finished at three o'clock one morning, and I waked Mr. B. out of his first sleep to hear of her wedding;' and then she sets the subject aside with, 'Have you finished *Waverley*? What think you of the scenes at Carlisle? I assure you, that in my opinion they are absolutely matchless.' A few months after, she is sending a copy of *Discipline* to a friend, and laments that it has 'ventured unconsciously' on the ground trodden by the author she so heartily admires, and adds that there is no doubt that the book which has so



fascinated her 'is from the pen of Scott.' To some fraternal criticism, she makes answer that the great purpose of her writing at all is 'to procure admission for the religion of a sound mind, and of the Bible where it cannot find access in any other form.' In another letter, addressed also to her brother, she claims an exclusive property in this line of authorship, and, we think, with some justice. There are scores of tales now-a-days which seek to show the effect on character for good or ill, according to the governing principle, of the changes and chances of everyday life; and Jane Austen is commonly pointed to as the founder of this school. Mary Brunton, we think, is much more the model which has been followed by many subsequent female writers, whether consciously or not. Her lesson is conveyed, as she herself remarks, with all the directness of Miss Edgeworth, —a writer in the same line, but at how much lower a level as to the moral she enforces. "Honesty is the best policy;" "A penny saved is a penny got," as Mrs. Brunton says, 'seem the texts which she has embellished with her shrewd observation and exquisite painting of character.'

The heroine of *Discipline* is less interesting in herself than Lamra Montreville, or else she seems so from the autobiographical form which the author has adopted. She does not meet with such extraordinary adventures as her predecessor; the worst is her temporary incarceration in a lunatic asylum, and that perhaps was not so utterly impossible in Mrs. Brunton's day as in our own. Ellen Percy's spoilt childhood is excellently described, and so is her career as a beautiful, wealthy, motherless girl, influenced occasionally for good by the counsel and holy character of a friend of her dead mother, but more often by a scheming and sycophantic companion of her own age. Her father's death, her own reverse of fortune, and the hard experiences consequent thereon, are the discipline which moulds Ellen into the happy wife whose felicity disturbed the slumbers of good Dr. Brunton. The beginning of the tale strikes us as the best, though the Highland part of it is evidently written *con amore*.

She began to plan another story, *Emmeline*; but it is now, we believe, out of print, and we have only the rough outline, given in the *Memoir*, from which to judge of it. It made slow progress, —journeys, illness, social obligations, and, perhaps, a good deal of time spent over the fascinating pages of *Guy Mannering*, *Tales of My Landlord*, *Rob Roy*, etc., interfered with her own literary work. She refers in almost every letter to her endless delight in her favourite author's

books, and to that secret which was known to everybody. The desultory nature of her education in early life had, perhaps, prevented her acquiring the power of application to a task for which she was not in the vein, though exceedingly quick in any study to which she was inclined. She was particularly fond of languages, and during her early married life took up the then unusual study of German; in 1817 she resumed an attempt begun several years previously to add Gaelic to her acquirements. Her second story, and the letters written about the time of its conception, show what an attraction Highland scenery, character, habits, and history had for her, and how unconscious she was until *Waverley* came out, of the formidable rival in that field. Had her health and life been prolonged, she would very probably have ventured on the same ground again, and with a success all her own, but it was otherwise ordained. In the summer of 1818, there came to the hitherto childless couple the hope that they should ere long 'embrace a son.' Mrs. Brunton was then in her fortieth year, and she faced all the possibilities of the case with calm fortitude, making all needful preparations in silence and in secret, and abstaining from dwelling on her forebodings to husband or friends. In her last letter to her sister-in-law, she speaks plainly of 'the change I must probably undergo,' and her anticipations proved correct. Early in December she gave birth to a still-born son, and hopes were at first entertained that her life would be spared. She was, however, attacked by fever, and died a fortnight after. The *Memoir* of the bereaved husband is dated only three months later. He gives, with excellent taste and reticence, a few particulars which show how sincere, practical, and all-pervading was the religious principle which guided her in all she undertook. She took great pleasure in investigating, with such help as she could command, the evidences of Christian faith; and Butler's *Analogy*, and Paley's *Horæ Paulinæ*, were studied again and again. Among her favourite books of a different class were the *Whole Duty of Man*, Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living*, Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, the Book of Common Prayer, and Bishop Wilson's *On the Lord's Supper*.

Dr. Brunton estimates very justly, we think, both her merits as a novelist and the amount of success they had achieved at the time he wrote. 'The excellence of her mind,' he considers, 'consisted more in the general harmony of its faculties, than in the extraordinary strength of any one.' Her imagination he characterizes rather as vivid and

distinct than as peculiarly inventive. 'Her taste had not been very early cultivated, but it grew so rapidly with the slightest guidance that any defect was obviously the fault not of nature, but of misdirection. Her judgment was both quick and steady, and her discrimination between sophistry and sound argument was almost intuitive.' This conjugal criticism is not unduly favourable, but we have something of objection to add to it on the score of the disagreeable *motif* she has chosen for two out of her three tales, the last of which is unfinished. We do not say that such subjects ought to be altogether avoided by the novelist, or that there is anything to blame in the views expressed by our authoress, but there certainly is a freedom in dealing with the hopes and designs of a wicked man which is objectionable to the greater refinement of the present day. That refinement may often be only external; and many a book coming from a lady's pen, lying on ladies' tables, and seen even in the hands of youthful readers, may be more really harmful by its suggestion or palliation of evil than Mrs. Brunton's plain-spoken pages; but their being open to this criticism probably accounts in some degree for the early wane of their popularity. In extenuation of this fault, we must repeat that Mrs. Brunton never, so far as we remember, fails to draw a sound lesson from these unpleasing topics; and we must bear in mind that she lived not in the most refined circles, and in a plain-speaking generation, which called sins of all sorts by their own ugly names, and thought *Tom Jones* and *Clarissa Harlowe* improving reading for young ladies. Had Mary Brunton lived to write more, and to profit by sound criticism, she would, we think, have won a high place among female novelists.

A. D.

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### Spring Song.

Now that the woods with music sweet are ringing,  
And from the earth some flow'rets fair are springing,  
Sing, Traveller, for joy!

E'en though the road be lonely as of old,  
And still some winds beat pitiless and cold,  
Sing, Traveller, for joy!

Some truth thou'st gained since last the buds were stirred,  
Some ground passed o'er since last these songs were heard:  
Sing, Traveller, for joy!

JOAN SCOTT.

## Studies from Shakspeare.

### II.

#### ‘AS YOU LIKE IT.’

FEW of Shakspeare’s dramas are brighter than *As You Like it*, and yet few teach deeper moral lessons or exhibit a truer estimate of character.

The play before us, though it undoubtedly belongs to Shakspeare’s second period, forms a link between the first and the third. Although never rising into the tragic grandeur of the plays whose publication immediately followed it, yet there is a mournful under-current in its happiest scenes, a shade of melancholy in its blithest strains, which seems to give a foretaste of *Hamlet*, while in the free forest life of Arden, where they pass the fleeting time as carelessly as ever they did in the golden world, we catch a faint echo of the pastoral scenes of *Love’s Labour’s Lost*.

Touchstone and Audrey are an improved edition of Armado and Jaquenetta. Rosaline and Rosalind are alike as well in name as in character, although there is a depth and knowledge of the world discernible in the later creations of the poet which the earlier did not possess.

Students of Shakspeare’s history tell us that this play, though not entered in the Stationers’ registers till 1600, was probably written in 1599, after Shakspeare had returned from his visit to London, and was again established in Stratford, in the midst of homely scenes and a quiet country life.

The plot of the play is founded on Lodge’s ‘*Rosalynde*’ in *Euphues’ Golden Legacy*, whilst Lodge himself borrowed somewhat from the old poem of *Gamelyn*, which has sometimes been attributed to Chaucer. The characters of Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey are entirely Shakspeare’s creation, and have no prototypes in Lodge’s novel.

It seems to us as if in this drama Shakspeare had been seeking to recall the earlier, brighter days when he wrote *Love’s Labour’s Lost*. The forest scenes, the tricks played by the girls on their lovers, all seem like an effort to recall the past, but in vain. He cannot quite

‘Set his soul to the same key,  
As the remembered harmony.’<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Longfellow.



There is no Paradise for those who have tasted the knowledge of good and evil. Instead of the ardent youths with their high aims and ascetic vows, we have Oliver with his base jealousy and murderous intents; Jaques, who, like the cuttlefish, lives in an inky stream of his own creation, and sees all things through the medium of his envenomed imagination; the usurping duke, with his tyrannical caprices; and his exiled brother, who is after all a man of thought, not of action, who makes no effort to recover his lost dukedom or to return to the duties of his high station, but lets the time slip by carelessly, and loses and neglects the creeping hours, moralizing over his life instead of living it, and thereby showing that, even while writing *As You Like it*, the poet had an embryo Hamlet already latent in his brain, ready to be ushered forth upon the stage.

A strong contrast is presented to us in 'Orlando,' whose character seems designed to show us how adversity strengthens a man, and teaches him that greatest lesson of life, to know himself and his own shortcomings (Act III. Scene II.). The moral of this play is not difficult to find, if we look upon it as the work of one who has returned, after years of absence, to the haunts of his youth, with that superadded insight which enables him to read the true lesson taught by the manifestations of nature which surround him.

It is the knowledge of the human heart, which he has gained in the crowded city, that enables him to find

‘Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones.’

The philosophy taught by *As You Like it*, seems to us to be that those whose hearts are oppressed with the sorrows of life, and perplexed by its many problems, will find the best solution of all their difficulties in contact with nature, and in seeking to learn the lessons revealed in

‘The works of God untouched by man.’

What a lesson for many in this century, when the evils of social life have increased tenfold since Shakspeare's day, owing to the incessant excitement in which we live! Nor is the warning unheeded. Thousands of the jaded inhabitants of our great cities escape each year for a short period, not indeed to the forest glades of Arden, but to the moors of Scotland, the glaciers of Switzerland, or the rivers of Norway, or even to humbler scenes on less ambitious expeditions, such as have been described by writers in this little periodical, in

the series entitled '*Where shall we go?*' where, even if the life be rough, they escape the painted pomp of an over-refined age, and feel

‘ But the penalty of Adam,  
The season’s difference, as the icy fang  
And churlish chiding of the winter’s wind,’

instead of the ingratitude of man, the unreality of seeming friendship, and the folly of much that is called love, and where the trifling exertion required to provide the mere necessities of life is just sufficient to fill up the time.

*As You Like it* contains the germ of that teaching which, two centuries later, was to find its prophet at Rydal Mount. The mantle of him who read sermons in stones, rested with double virtue upon him to whom ‘the least of things seemed infinite,’ and ‘the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts . . . too deep for tears.’

But solitude and reflection produce different effects on different natures. You can find good in everything, or bad in everything, as you like it. ‘We receive but what we give,’ and outward things affect us only by means of our own inner subjectivity. He that is frivolous will be frivolous still in the midst of elevating surroundings; he who is not at peace with himself cannot hope to experience the soothing calm produced by lovely scenery.

Thus we see that Jaques cannot escape from sad reflections upon the evils of society; for, carrying as he does a worldly spirit with him into solitude, his thought evaporates in mere sentiment: he can see similes, but fails to learn the true lesson of the exile’s life. To him it is only a subject for wonder that men can be such fools as to give up wealth and ease for the sake of loyal attachment to a fallen cause. It is true that he himself has followed his master into banishment, but then he has done so on grounds entirely different from those upon which Amiens and Adam have acted. He adhered to his master when in misfortune, from the same reason which made him long to don Touchstone’s motley, and sent him at the end of the play to join the usurping duke who had turned hermit—namely, a diseased love of trying new experiences. His life had been spent in seeking pleasure, which he has failed to find; for his was a nature capable of higher things, hence his melancholy and restlessness. He must try everything, know everything, and feel everything; and from each new experience he turns away after a short time, equally disgusted, having failed to find

the kernel, and being too clever to rest contented with the mere husk.

Jaques' history seems to us to be summed up in these lines of Faust:

‘ Vom Himmel fordert er die schönsten Sterne  
Und von der Erde jede höchste Lust,  
Und alle Näh und alle Ferne  
Befriedigt nicht die tiefbewegte Brust.’

We cannot think that, after Jaques has heard and learnt what he can from the hermits, he will be much attracted by their life, which would ill suit his restless nature.

Dr. Johnson cannot help wishing that Shakspeare had given us the moral of the play in the conversation between the usurper and the hermit which led to the conversion of the former, and we can easily imagine how the worthy doctor would have enjoyed ‘pointing the moral’ in a long conversation in the style of Rasselas; but we cannot help doubting ‘whether he would have adorned the tale,’ or whether the great moralist’s improved *As You Like it* would have fared better than did Garrick’s improved edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, to which we alluded in a former paper.

Touchstone is a delightful creation; he is undoubtedly slightly cracked, but then the very cracks in his brain are chinks which let in the light. As Jaques’ wisdom often borders on folly, so Touchstone’s folly contains a certain proportion of wisdom in his fun with Corin the shepherd; and William is inimitable, and his devotion to Celia certainly attracts us to the strange man of motley. Touchstone’s criticism of Orlando’s verses in Act III. Scene II., shows that Shakspeare had noticed how easily seven-syllabled lines degenerate into doggerel, and is quoted in proof of this tendency, as a warning to young versifiers, in Hood’s *Rules of Rhyme*.

Adam’s character is chiefly interesting (if we may trust Stratford tradition) as being the part which Shakspeare himself used to play. If true, this would seem to indicate that he attached great importance to the way in which even the minor parts of his plays were acted.

Rosalind’s character almost defies analysis; as well might we strive to analyze the changing prismatic colours in the dew-drop, as seek to portray the main characteristics of a woman like Rosalind. There is a freshness about her that is quite indescribable. She is one of Shakspeare’s loveliest creations. Her woman’s heart beats no less strongly under

the doublet and hose she is forced to assume than when in her own maiden guise, and almost every word she says betrays her. The way in which she delights in teasing Orlando is essentially womanly, for there are many women who seem to take an unaccountable pleasure in causing pain to those they love, for the sake of healing it afterwards.

Rosalind's happiness when she finds Orlando again is so deep that she can afford to jest with it, and so she follows the impulse which leads her to mystify him, and learn the depth of his love for her, and the extent of her power over him. Still even so it is difficult to account for her continuing her disguise long after all necessity for its use had passed away, unless we agree with Touchstone when he says,

'We that are lovers do run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.'

Rosalind's first exclamation when she hears that Orlando is in the forest, is delightfully natural:

'Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?'

Till then she has not thought much of her disguise, except as a frolic; but the moment she hears of Orlando's approach, she is shamefaced at the thought of meeting him thus strangely attired. Perhaps she feels a momentary pang of fear lest he should love her less in her disguise, and should declare, like Sir Hubert in the *Romaunt of the Page*:

'My love, so please you, shall requite  
No woman whether dark or bright,  
Unwomaned if she be.  
No casque shall hide her woman's tear;  
It shall have room to trickle clear  
Behind her woman's veil.'

It is possibly some such fear lest Orlando should think

'That womanhood is proved the best  
By golden brooch and glossy vest  
The mincing ladies wear,'<sup>1</sup>

that causes Rosalind's tears in Scene IV. Act III.

How angry she is with herself for falling in love! She is always railing against love and lovers. 'Love,' she tells Orlando, 'is a madness, and deserves a dark house and a whip;' and yet the subject is ever on her lips. She delights in talking of love, whether with any reference to herself or not. Whether she is speaking to Celia, to Phoebe, or to Orlando,

<sup>1</sup> E. B. Browning.



she always turns the conversation in the same direction; for it is uppermost in her thoughts, and being 'a woman, when she thinks she must speak.' Evidently it is not only the 'sight,' but the talking of lovers that 'feedeth those in love.'

The contrast between the two cousins comes out strongly in the love scenes. Rosalind delights in concealing her identity from Orlando and in torturing him in various ways. That she may see visible proofs of the strength of his love for her, she makes him assure her of his affection over and over again. Celia, on the other hand, who is no coquette, surrenders at once to Oliver's affection; she is as witty as Rosalind in bandying words with her and Touchstone, but in Oliver's presence she is tongue-tied and dumb. Her stiff 'Good sir, go with us,' is very different to the flow of wit with which Rosalind greets her lover on every occasion.

Celia's love is 'quickly won,' and yet maybe she will 'prove more true than those that have more cunning to be strange.' Though thrown into the shade by her more brilliant cousin, as her father justly remarks, there is no jealousy in her disposition; she would rather see Rosalind shine than shine herself. Her love for Rosalind is the leading motive of her life, and she stands out, even amongst Shakspeare's many wonderful creations, as the ideal of an unselfish, devoted woman. Much, doubtless, of the ridicule sometimes heaped on women's friendships by the stronger sex, is not wholly undeserved; for when we remember the capricious nature, and possibly the trivial origin, of some of these attachments, we cannot wonder that the shafts of wits and the sneers of moralists should have been occasionally directed towards them. But Shakspeare looked deeper into the human heart; he saw nothing to raise a smile in the affection that caused Celia and Rosalind to go, like 'Juno's<sup>1</sup> swans,' or rather, as commentators would have it, Venus's swans, 'coupled and inseparable.' Surely many women must rejoice in their secret hearts that our greatest English poet has shown the world in Celia and Rosalind how touching and beautiful women's friendship for each other can sometimes be.

It is amusing to contrast the perfect simplicity of the exiled princesses with the airs and graces of the real shepherdess. The false romance that falls in love with an idea, is seldom better rebuked than in Phoebe's absurd conduct. Her quotation from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*,

<sup>1</sup> Juno's swans, Clarendon Press Notes, p. 95.

which was not published till 1598, fixes the date of the play at least as late as 1599.

Orlando's character is firm and manly: he turns away at once from the shallow sentimentalism of Jaques' philosophy; and his affection for Rosalind is strong and deep, though the verses in which he describes it are feeble. Yet, as it is always better to live poetry than to write it, we cannot wonder that Rosalind, who knew how to appreciate a good man's love, should have felt at once, that this man was, unlike the effeminate courtiers by whom she was surrounded, one who could fill the blank in her existence and be a support to her through life. Though he might sometimes be-rhyme her in halting numbers, and might lack some of the graces of manner to which she was accustomed, yet there was none of the affectation she so much despised about the honest wrestler; and though he could not always hold his own with her in repartee, yet she knows that she can depend on his promise, and that he can overthrow her enemies. We cannot believe that Orlando was ever really deceived as to Rosalind's identity, after Oliver told him of Ganymede's fainting fit. What else can he mean by the 'greater wonders than these' to which he alludes, Act v. Scene II. ? Besides, he must have heard Oliver address her as 'sister;' but he enters willingly into the sport, and is contented to put off the recognition and to let it take place how and when Rosalind pleases.

Celia certainly deserves a better husband than Oliver, with any amount of whitewashing, can ever have been; still, we cannot agree with those who think that it is hardly moral to bestow such happiness on one who had proved so unworthy. Shakspeare had a firm belief in the power of repentance (*Hamlet*, Act III. Scene III.). Then, too, there is a delicate allusion to the repentant sinner in Hymen's words:

' Then is there mirth in heaven,  
When earthly things made even  
At one together.'

Not merely a bare forgiveness, but the best of all earthly blessings is in store for the returning prodigal, be he cruel as Oliver, false as Proteus, or depraved as Angelo. 'L'innocence et le repentir mènent également au ciel.'

Thus the play ends in peace and happiness,—no jarring notes, no bloody encounter, as there was in the original novel,<sup>1</sup>—but all is harmony and bliss, *As You Like it* to be.

<sup>1</sup> Vide Preface to Clarendon Press, *As You Like it*, p. 32; for toad-stone, vide p. 99.

These happy results are not attained without some sorrow, it is true; but then the adversity through which the characters of this drama pass, brings with it the precious jewel<sup>1</sup> of patience, the sure antidote to all the poisons of after life, and sympathy, the true talisman against the seductions of the high position to which the heroes and heroines are restored.

This allusion to the mediæval superstitions connected with the toadstone is interesting, showing how Shakspeare used everything that he came across in the world that to him seemed a stage, even as his stage to many of us has become a world.

The comparison of the world to a stage was no new thought, but one of the many ideas which the great poet has made current coin by the impress of his genius. It will ever be remembered by the multitude as Shakspeare's thought; but fewer will remember that it was the motto of the Globe Theatre, and fewer still that the thought owes its origin to Pythagoras. One of Shakspeare's most eminent contemporaries, Bishop Hall, who was sometimes called the 'English Seneca,' brings out the same idea in his meditations:

'The world is a stage; every man is an actor, and plays his part here either in a comedy or a tragedy. The good man is a comedian, which, however he begins, ends merrily; but the wicked man acts a tragedy, and therefore ever ends in horror. Thou seest a wicked man vaunt himself on this stage, stay till the last act, and look to his end (as David did), and see whether that be peace. Thou wouldst make strange tragedies if thou wouldst have but one act.'

The rich poetry in which this play abounds is scarcely surpassed by any of Shakspeare's dramas. The whole play leaves on the mind an impression of peace and beauty. It is a world and a life scarcely, perhaps, as we find it, but as we like it; the very scenery partakes of the enchantment of the poet's mind, and the forest of Ardennes brings forth palms and olives, and shepherds and shepherdesses, such as never trod on this earth, linger in its recesses.

As Sir Philip Sidney, writing in 1581, eighteen years before the publication of *As You Like it*, justly remarks: 'The poet, . . . lifted up with the vigour of his own invention, doth grow in effect into another nature, in making things either better than nature bringeth forth or quite anew,—forms such as never were in nature, as the heroes, demigods, cyclops, chimeras, furies, and such like; and he goeth hand

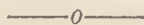
<sup>1</sup> The stone found in the brains of a newly killed toad was supposed to be an antidote against poison, and was sometimes swallowed medicinally, sometimes set in rings and amulets as a charm.

in hand with nature, not enclosed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the zodiac of his own wit. Nature never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as divers poets have done; neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor whatsoever else may make the too-much loved earth more lovely. Her world is brazen, the poets only deliver a golden.'

In that golden world dwell all Shakspeare's creations; and as we catch the distant sound of Rosalind's merry laughter in the groves of that Arcadian forest, let us not seek to point out the discrepancies between art and nature; rather let us, like the author we have just quoted:

'Give thanks to the Heavenly Maker of that maker, who, having made man to His own likeness, set him beyond and over all the work of that second nature; which in nothing he showeth so much as in poetry, when with the force of a divine breath he bringeth forth things surpassing her doings.'<sup>1</sup>

SIDNEY PHILIPS.



### **Outpost Duty.**

ON the hearth the fire-light is warm and low;  
He sets his face to the ice and snow,  
Whither God sends him he will go.

They speed to the battle-field, brave and gay;  
They pass him by on their onward way;  
Where God placeth him, he will stay.

Well, by the sheltered hearth to rest—  
For some, God willeth a quiet nest;  
And what God willeth is ever best.

And well to struggle in eager fight,  
To sweep the foe from the leaguered height;  
For what God biddeth, it must be right.

And well—alone on the bare bleak hill,  
To watch the shadows come creeping chill;  
God's will is best—it is God's will!

R.

<sup>1</sup> *Defence of Poesie.*



## Let Them Alone :

### A TALE TOLD IN LETTERS.

#### LETTER XII.

The Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to Miss REYNOLDS.

ILLINGHAM PARSONAGE, *May 18.*

DEAREST HELEN,—I have fallen astern in my journalizing, the reason whereof is work, work, work. I will not trouble you with the details of it—some is satisfactory, more disheartening. Our first lesson in cricket went off well yesterday evening. The young fellows took to it mightily, and laughed good-humouredly at their own awkward attempts. Jack was a host. Old Mr. Benson called in the afternoon, and sat some time with me. He told me he had had a kind and dutiful letter from Walter, and read me some parts of it. I ventured to ask whether he could rely on its being altogether sincere. ‘Yes,’ said the old gentleman, ‘he means it—he means it at the moment, but Heaven knows how long he will keep in one mind! You see he promises to give up the turf; but while he is always meeting racing men at his club, who shall answer for him?’ I have had a more august visit still. On Tuesday a carriage stopped at my humble door, and caused great commotion in the household. ‘Mrs. Wimpole’ was announced, and came rustling in, in a stiff black silk, into my study, which was all in confusion and unmeet for so dignified a presence. However, she seemed to consider it quite an adventure, and gazed round my den as at the lair of some strange animal. I do not believe the smallest detail was lost upon her. She was very friendly and forbore sarcasm, and we had a good downright serious conversation, in which she showed much shrewdness, much thoughtfulness, and a good deal of reading. She asked to see my church, and I took her there; and now I saw her bracing herself up for an encounter, after having been so unusually pacific all this time. The soft, cool, coloured light looked so beautiful as we went in out of the glare; it seemed to calm her, and her satire died away upon her tongue. However, of course, she was not going to give in. When we came out, she said the scenic effect was very good, and she only wanted to know whether the acting was as good as the *mise-en-scène*,

etc. . . . Then she got again on the subject of Slade. I am *tired* of being cross-questioned about Slade, and told her plainly I could not get on with him. 'Pity,' she said; 'but Slade *is* stiff! You should have seen Mr. Miller in his best days—all young men loved him; *he* would have kept you straight if anybody could;' and with that she took her leave.

*Friday, 19th.*—Mother wants to know whether I am really comfortable in my household, and whether my old woman knows how to cook. Oh dear, yes! only I wish she was not quite so fond of it. She has been in this very morning blowing me up because I don't have banquets on a Friday. 'Well, Mary, I don't interfere with your dinner; so surely you might leave mine alone.' 'Deed sir, an' I wad say nowt about it the day, if only ye wad eat what I send in of ither days; but mak' things as nice as I wull, ye'll hardly touch owt, an' I's sure I lie awake at neet thinking how I could contrive somethin' ye might fancy. I wur always reckoned a good han' at puddins, but 'deed *here* they mostly goes out as they comes in.' 'Indeed, Mary, your cooking is excellent, and I thrive upon it; but *do* go now, or I shall never finish my sermon;' on which she departed slightly offended. But you must not fancy the case is as she states; this is only a burst of professional zeal which I am sure Mamma will appreciate.

I have seen Margaret Scott nearly every day, and think I am making way with her. She evidently looks with pleasure to my visits now; and I have got her to undertake a regular though simple course of reading. Her mind is so undisciplined that it must be line upon line, precept upon precept, with her.

There is a confirmation coming on towards the autumn, which will give me much more work. I find it used to be the custom of old Mr. Miller and my predecessor to hold their classes all together in the large schoolroom of the old parish. I don't fancy Slade and I shall manage any such conjunction, but at all events the proposal must come from him, not from me.

*Saturday, 20th.*—I have an invitation this morning from Mr. Villiers to stay with him the week after next, from Monday till Thursday. I accept with pleasure; I shall be so glad to see an *old* friend again, and there are a thousand things I wish to talk to him about.

To-day being a holiday, I had the schoolmaster up with me all the morning, and we were putting our heads together,

planning a fresh distribution of the school hours, lessons, etc. (he acknowledged himself it wanted revision), and also making plans for getting up a village library. Put me down a list of any books that occur to you as suitable for this purpose. Heigh-ho! I feel I am getting thoroughly into harness—something to think about and worry over all day long! Not like the old Priorsworthy life, where so much of the thinking was done for you by a wiser head. I felt to-day as if I must be stiffening and growing old; and being in the fields in the afternoon, it came across me to try if I had the old power of jumping left. There was a tempting hedge a few paces off. I took a run, went clean over it, and enjoyed *one* moment of triumph! But there was unluckily a parishioner on the other side. I came down almost *upon* an old woman who was picking up sticks, and her look of astonishment at seeing her pastor make such a descent upon her beat all I ever saw. One short exclamation, however, was all the vent she allowed her feelings, and then, collecting herself with true —shire phlegm, she began, ‘Weel sir, ye’re just the person as I was wantin’ to see; but I never lookit to see ye come *that* gate.’ I tried to explain and apologize, but unfortunately got into such a fit of laughing that I am afraid I only damaged my case. Now, Helen, you must no longer interrupt my sermon, for it is not nearly finished. I preached last Sunday on prayer: ‘Let my prayer be set forth as the incense,’ etc.; and finding I had but half got to the end of my subject, I am at work upon it again. I shall send this budget off, short as it is.—Best love.

F. J. R.

LETTER XIII. (JOURNAL).

The Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to Miss REYNOLDS.

*Monday, May 22.*

DEAREST HELEN,—I had your welcome letter this morning, and am most thankful to hear so good an account of mother and all. Glad, too, to hear something of Frank; he is a most undutiful elder brother, and never gives me a scrape of a pen himself, but I suppose the cares of the nation are upon him. Wonder whether he finds them half so heavy as I do those of one small parish! I am delighted that you all get to like Beilby more and more. If there is a good fellow breathing, it is he; you never can be wrong in reading him my letters.

So you are interested in Margaret. I knew you would

be, and, as I said before, as she is no more to you than a person in a book, I think there can be no harm in repeating her story to you. I had a satisfactory talk with her to-day, and fewer bursts of bitterness than usual; but I was rather vexed with Mrs. Barron, who would sit in the room, keeping her eyes upon me, and every now and then putting in some irrelevant pious remark or quotation. 'Weel, it's God's doings, and I tell her she maun just submit! Vain is the help of man! Put not your trust in priestesses nor in any child of man! His ways is past findin' oot. Sweeter than honey and the honeycomb,' etc. This is so different from her former tone with me, that I think some Methodist preacher must have been giving her a screed of his doctrine, and advising her against me.

More invitations have come in for me, to dinner, dances, and what not; but I think I shall manage to get off almost all of them. Besides their objections, my neighbours all live so far off (pardon the bull!) that I could not visit them all without the greatest loss of time.

*Thursday, 25th.*—A hole in my journal, but there has been nothing to say and very much to do. Our cricket went off very well yesterday, and we had several more recruits—young men whom I did not know, from Slade's parish. Jack Benson is growing quite bright under the excitement of drilling his awkward squad; the good fellow is happy, too, at Walter's efforts at reformation and his father's comparatively lightened heart.

*Friday.*—Oh, Helen, I am in a scrape! I find I have given dire offence to Slade, not only with going on with my cricket against his wish, but by having selected Wednesday of all evenings in the week. It seems that he has always been in the habit on that evening of holding a prayer meeting or some such thing, and I fear many of my recruits from his parish are deserters from this. Thus much I learnt this morning from some of my people, and immediately wrote to Slade expressing my regret, and offering to change my day. I received back the coldest of replies, begging that I would not trouble myself, as he had already made arrangements for changing the day of his meeting, but adding that, with regard to the young men, he feared the irregularity of two weeks would have undone the work of years. I don't quite know what he means by that, but I am truly sorry to have annoyed him thus, and I mean to call on him in the afternoon and explain all personally.

I have been getting my garden into order, and sent to



Norwich for flower seeds. It is late, but so is the season. My ground is pretty, and some large ash and sycamore trees in the field close by give it shade and snugness. When I have got it quite gay, I shall let all my people come and walk in it. The young girls shall gather the flowers, and the old women shall help themselves to pot herbs; and so perhaps I may bring in a taste for gardening, which is greatly wanted. It is true they have always had the example of the rectory garden, which is beautiful, but then it has not been *thrown open* as mine is to be!

*Saturday, 27th.*—I made my call on Slade yesterday, and found him in his study. Poor fellow, he was evidently getting up his extempore sermon, and I must have been a great interruption to his meditations; so that altogether I was not surprised at finding him a little more frosty than usual. Having shaken hands and given me a chair, he left me to open the proceedings; and I began to explain how completely I had been in ignorance of his arrangements when I began my cricketing. He bowed and seemed to wish to have no more said about it, but had not the air of believing me. After that, we talked about the confirmation classes, and fully agreed that we had better hold them quite independently of one another in our respective schoolrooms. I should like to have gone to see Mr. Miller, but Slade was evidently determined I should not, and gave out that he was too ill to see any one; and so our interview came to an end. Good-night, dear Helen. I must take this volume of my memoirs with me to Conder Hall, in hopes of having something to make it more worth sending.

CONDER HALL, *May 30th.*

Here I am in gay life and luxury again. Such a contrast to my grubby little den, and old Mary 'doing for' me! Here I have a smart gentleman pottering after me at all hours of the day, and at my disposal I have horses, dogs, carriages, fishing-rods, billiard tables, and musical young ladies. Of all these luxuries, I have chosen a horse, and I have had a mad gallop over the moors this morning. Mr. Villiers is most kind, and it is a great enjoyment talking to one who knows all my own people, and takes a real genuine interest in all that concerns me. Another great good has befallen me here. I have made acquaintance with our archdeacon, who is one of the guests. I loved him at once,—his reception of me was so winningly kind, and his look so charming, fun twinkling about his mouth, and the sweetest expression

in his light-blue eyes. His talk is fascinating, and his powers of sympathy such that he can throw himself with equal ease into anybody's interests, from old Villiers' stables and kennels down to the picture-books of the little lame boy at the lodge. The Misses Villiers adore him, and it is who shall walk nearest to him, who shall sing to him, who shall pour out his tea, etc., all day long.

*Wednesday, 31st.*—I have found out to-day that the arch-deacon dearly loves a horse, and when I announced my intention of riding out again over the moors, he said he would come with me; so Villiers mounted us both famously, and a rare gallop we had. I have not felt the *Lebensfreude* so keen within me for many many months. I forgot all my cares, my parish vanished away. I was no longer a parson, I was a man! I was a living being, and life was very sweet—the earth wide and glorious below me, and heaven free and fresh above me. Such is the power of *motion*. As I dismounted, my dreams fled; the thought of to-morrow came over me, when I should be once more grinding at my school, at my sermons, at my cottage visiting, and hearing the endless complaints of weary men and women. God forgive me, I sickened at the thought! I looked back. . . . If such is to be the result of a blessed holiday, this must be the last. . . . When we got back to the house, we found nobody there, all having gone out on some excursion or other; so we turned into the garden, and walked up and down together, and had much talk, to me most valuable. Oh! if I had this man within easy distance of me, and had him for my friend, I think I should have very little left to wish for. How I wish you were here, my Nelly!—a wish that, I assure you, is shared by many. You would so enjoy the place with its wide moorland views and blue distances, and you and the Misses Villiers would be fast friends. They are nice simple girls, throwing their hearts into everything they do. I must not lose this post. Farewell. Kiss mother for me. Your loving

F. J. R.

#### LETTER XIV.

The Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to Miss REYNOLDS.

*Tuesday, June 6.*

DEAREST HELEN,—Great arrears of work have stopped my journalizing, and a great vexation has taken up my thoughts. One of the first things I did on returning from Conder was

to call on Margaret Scott. I had brought some fresh books for her, lent me by Mrs. Villiers. The door was opened to my knock by Mrs. Barron, and I saw directly that something was wrong. She did not seem to like to look me in the face, and, standing in the doorway, and making no move for me to come in, told me that Margaret was in bed and too ill to see me. I said I thought Margaret would be glad to see me, however ill she was; and if I found she was unable to bear talking, I would not stay a minute. On which I was told that the doctor had ordered her to be kept quite quiet, and would I please to come another day. I was extremely mystified, because of the change in Mrs. Barron's manner. Under old circumstances, she would have had me into the kitchen, however ill her niece was, and have talked to me by the hour,—in fact, till I cut her short. However, there was no help for it, so away I went. Shortly after, I happened to meet the doctor. He is a little, bustling, good-natured, consequential fellow, and always ready to talk. So I asked him about Margaret; and he told me she had had a great shock to her mind and feelings, and he doubted if she would ever get over it. 'A shock! Of what nature?' said I. 'Sir,' said he, 'you are probably acquainted with some of the melancholy passages of her history. The mother of the young man whom she was to have married came over here on Monday evening last, and made her way to the house (a very violent woman she appears to be), and a scene took place which resulted in Margaret's having a severe hysterical fit. I was sent for. I found her labouring under great cerebral excitement; I feared brain fever. I sent her to bed, recommended quiet as far as might be possible, and prescribed'— 'I have no doubt, Mr. Cradock, you did all that was right; but can you tell me any more fully what passed at the interview you speak of? Did you hear?' 'I heard, sir, what everybody in Illingham has heard now, that the old woman charges Margaret with having been the cause of her son's death. The poor fellow, they say, died of a broken heart (we don't recognise such a thing in the profession); any way, he fretted himself into an illness,—jealous, I fancy, on account of some lightness of conduct on her part,—and the old woman has never forgiven it. Until now, she did not know what had become of Margaret; but having learned that she was living quietly at this place, she resolved to come and reproach her, and let everybody know her, as she said, for what she was. Finding her with some good books about her, and teaching some little children, she seems

to have become more maddened against her than ever. "Ah! you set up for being a saint, do you, you hussey? But I'll let a' your neighbours know what a hypocrite they've got among them, wi' her tracts and her pious ways!" So Mrs. Barron described her harangue to me. And at this point all the children ran away frightened, and Margaret fell at the old woman's feet and implored her to have mercy upon her, and not to take away her character among her neighbours. But the implacable old hag only cursed her as she lay there, and went away, and took up her quarters at the public-house, and was as good as her word. Then, as I said before, they sent for me— 'I understand, Mr. Cradock. And is it your orders that she should not see *any one*, for I have just been denied admittance?' 'No, sir; I have not positively forbidden her to see any one. The presence of one whose conversation might be soothing to her, would probably be beneficial; and, indeed, Mr. Slade has been most attentive and kind in going there daily since this unhappy occurrence.' *Now* the light had broken in upon me at last; and after a few more remarks, I wished Mr. Cradock good morning and passed on. I felt bitterly grieved for Margaret; but I cannot deny that I felt very angry, too. I made up my mind, however, to cool on the matter that day. Saturday morning, I called again; and after knocking a long time, the door was opened by a little girl, who said Mrs. Barron was out (which I believe was not true), and that Margaret could not see me. I went away, and looking up at Margaret's open window, what should I see through it but Mr. Slade's head,—he apparently sitting by the bed, and bending over it in earnest conversation! Away I went home; but my thoughts wandered sadly as I tried to fix them on my sermon. It was so hard to me to see my way through this matter. I resolved to write to Slade, and, taking pen and paper, began: 'Dear Sir,—May I ask if it is by your desire that I am shut out from the door of one of my parishioners, who has been my constant charge till now?' But this sounded too angry, so I tore it up. I began again: 'Dear Sir,—I am much obliged to you for kindly supplying my place, in my absence, at the bedside of one of my parishioners in a time of great trouble.' But this was hypocritical; I was *not* obliged to him. I tore that up too. I finally wrote: 'Dear Sir,—I have returned home, and am distressed to find that a parishioner in whom I take great interest, Margaret Scott, is in much additional trouble. I understand you have been so kind as to visit her in my



absence, and should be much obliged if you would give me some account of the circumstances that have arisen, that on resuming my visits I may know how matters stand. I remain,' etc. 'There!' I thought, 'that, without showing any ill humour, will be a hint to him to discontinue his visits; and when he ceases to come, Mrs. Barron will soon be glad enough to see me again.' In the evening came this answer: 'Dear Sir,—I feel I owe you an explanation of the circumstances under which I ventured to visit one of your flock.' Then followed some of the details which you know; and then: 'It was at Mrs. Barron's urgent request that I went to see her niece. You were away; and I felt that the necessity of the case justified the step. I trust I have been enabled to be of use. If you desire it, my visits shall now cease, notwithstanding that both women appear to desire my further ministrations. I leave the matter entirely to your judgment and feeling, and remain,' etc. What a regular Slade note! And yet it is hard to say why it is disagreeable. It is calm, courteous, and reasonable, and yet, somehow, there is the old air of assuming to be always right. On Sunday evening I wrote one line to Margaret, and sent it by old Mary, desiring her to give it to the girl herself. I said: 'Dear Margaret Scott,—I intend to call to-morrow after service, and beg that, if you are at all able to see any one, you will let me be admitted. I am truly sorry for your fresh troubles.—Yours, F. J. R.' Accordingly, yesterday morning I was shown up. Margaret lay dressed upon the bed. She looked a melancholy wreck, and turned on me the most piteous eyes as I entered. There was a great embarrassment in her manner, however, and she never looked me in the face again. I saw her trying to hide the tract she was reading, but I had seen its title, 'Have you found the Way?' I took no notice of this, of course, nor of Slade's visits, but went direct to the subject of her new trials, on which I learned little more than I have already told you; but I saw that poor Margaret had been within an inch of madness. The pitiless old wretch, it appears, still comes every day; and as she cannot get into the house, she stands and storms under the window, and the girl trembles at the very sound of her voice. While I was talking, Mrs. Barron came to the bedroom door, and, hearing voices, called out to her niece, 'Margot, is Mr. Slade there? If he is, I'll not come in.' 'No, aunt, no; it's Mr. Reynolds,' said poor Margaret, turning very red. On which I opened the door, and said, 'Pray come in, Mrs. Barron; we've nearly finished our talk.' Mrs. Barron came in, look-

ing awkward and out of humour. 'Weel, sir,' she said, 'ye'll have heard, likely, o' all this fashious wark. I's had Margot a'most dyin' on my hands, and me havin' nobody to consult wi'. An' so ye see, sir, I took the liberty o' axing Mr. Slade to step in, and he was partickler kind; and when ye called, sir, she was too bad to see any one, an' Mr. Cradock, he said she was to be kep' quiet an'—' 'The second time I called, Mrs. Barron,' said I, 'Margaret was not too ill to see some one, for Mr. Slade was here. However, I don't wish you to enter into this,—I am glad you had him to turn to. What we have now to do is to consider how we can do the best for Margaret, and how we can prevent this person from molesting her any more.' Mrs. Barron broke in by asking me if I did not think it a hard thing that all this 'fash' should come to her door, when she had always tried to live quietly, and to make no talk, and had taken in her niece out of kindness, and now to find her the talk of the place? And poor Margaret, in great distress, declared she would go away from Illingham as soon as ever she could put foot to the ground again, and her aunt should never hear of her, nor be 'fashed' with her any more, at the same time owning her past kindness. I put a stop to all this as soon as I could, and took Mrs. Barron down-stairs. I think she thought I did not sympathize with her enough, or something put her out of humour, for she began to launch out into the praises of Slade. 'An' he did do Margot good, an' he did put up a beautiful prayer, extemporany, for her conversion—that did he. Howsumever, it hadn't pleased the Lord to answer it yet, for she was as benighted as ever, puir thing, and couldn't settle her mind to submit to the Lord's will ony way. An' would I be offended if Mr. Slade came again?' 'Offended! Certainly not, if Margaret wishes it.' 'She *do* wish it,' said Mrs. Barron; and I soon after took my leave, and wrote a line to Slade in answer to his, begging him to do as he thought best. I could have no objection to his visiting Margaret as a friend, though, of course, I did not intend to surrender my own charge of her.

*Evening.*—I was surprised to-day by having a little girl shown in to speak to me. It was little Mary Winship, one of my old pets. She came to tell me that Grace was very ill, and wanted me to go and see her, and her mother had sent her to see if I would be so kind. Of course I went directly. I found the poor child wasted away to a shadow, with her large eyes looking larger and more pathetic than ever. They lighted up when I went in, in a way that went

to my heart. The poor mother was sitting broken-hearted by her child's bed, and had quite forgotten all her enmity to me. She thanked me warmly for coming, and said Grace had been thinking of nothing but seeing me, and she would not cross her. I found Grace was quite sure she should die, and she wanted me to 'tell her about heaven, as I did in the schule.'—Your loving

F. J. R.

[L. C. G.]

(To be continued.)

—o—

### Cockatoo's Creed :

BEING A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CREATION.

COCKATOO sat on his perch in the Countess of Newington's drawing-room. The countess was not at home; she had just driven out with three *savants*, to criticise the re-arrangements of the British Museum. She was a wealthy young widow, rather pretty, very fashionable, extremely whimsical, and deeply blue. Near cockatoo was jackdaw, another of the countess's whims. They always sat together, and often talked to each other when there was no better company present.

'But, Master Cockatoo, I cannot understand it.'

'That is because you are only a jackdaw, and your cognitive faculties—I mean the grey matter of your brain—must be imperfectly developed. I shall try to make it plainer. Very long ago, millions of millions of millions of years ago, this world took its place in the universe. You understand that?'

'I don't understand where it came from.'

'It was originally in a nebulous state, but through conge-lation and rotation assumed the form of an oblate spheroid of solid matter. But, since its solidification, many changes have taken place. Fire, air, and water have been busy in altering the features of the earth.'

'How came fire, air, and water to think of doing that?'

'Cosmical force, you stupid! But that is not the point to which I wish to direct your very limited powers of attention. When the elements had been long enough at work, life came amongst them.'

As cockatoo made a pause, jackdaw thought some remark

was expected from him, and hazarded, 'Indeed! Why did it come?'

'Because it chose to do so! You have surely heard of the theory of "spontaneous generation"?'

'Yes,' said jackdaw hastily, thinking the word had something to do with the food daily brought him by Jenny.

'There was thus a new modifying agent brought to bear upon the earth (as well as something capable of being modified by external circumstances) when life awoke.'

'When had this *life* gone to sleep?'

'Never. It awoke out of nothingness!'

'But I don't see how it got into nothingness.'

'It is *your* business to be able to *see*; and if you cannot do that, I cannot help you. Let us grant, at least, that life appeared. The earliest life was, of course, of a very simple type—mere gelatinous sacs floating in the great ocean. There is now considerable difference between plants and animals.'

'Of course. I can see *that*,' said jackdaw scornfully.

'Of course you do now, when their differences are developed so wonderfully; but allow me to tell you, that in these early times you would have found considerable difficulty in seeing either the one or the other. And even now, if you were able to tell me any real genetic difference between the spore or germ of the *Vaucheria Clavata*, one of the *Algæ*, with its vibrating filaments, and the young *Medusæ*, or the embryogenic cells of swimming *Ascidians*, then'—

'If I could, what then?'

'Then I should think you are much cleverer than you appear! Let me impress upon you that there is no abrupt transition from one kingdom to the other. There is, however, a choice of divergent roads from the typical *Ascidian*. Dr. Primus insists on two distinct creations, but Dr. Secundus says that there was only one, and that the differences developed in opposite directions from the parent stock. Hence plants may be called the negative divergence, and animals the positive divergence. I strongly hold by this second opinion, as only by it can we discover the unity of creation, and I like a complete chain.'

'Do you? Well, I *don't*,' said jackdaw emphatically, shaking his chain.

'You are too material, jackdaw.'

'I thought you were talking of the developments of matter. However, I'll abstract, if you like,' said he roguishly.

'Whenever this development takes a permanent hold in



the animal direction, it becomes capable of further advancement in the same line. You know Newton's first law of motion ?'

'I know the Countess of Newington's,' said jackdaw, again wofully regarding his chain.

Cockatoo, filled with a righteous desire to banish some of the frivolity from the mind of his companion, took no notice of this remark, and continued, 'Every body remains at rest, or continues its uniform motion in a straight line, unless compelled by some external force to change its state. There was nothing, then, present to compel either to change its state ; and so the development went on, in a straight line in the animal direction, and in a divergent straight line in the vegetable direction. We first get hold of the "animal" in the Ascidian. Don't you see ? There is our ancestor.'

'Where ?' said jackdaw, looking round.

'In my mind's eye. And, mark you, that was our common ancestor !'

'Indeed ! Very common ?'

'The common ancestor of jackdaws, monkeys, men, and cockatoos !' pausing upon the climax, and ignoring jackdaw's impertinent remarks.

'But why are they not all like their ancestor still, and like each other ?'

'That is what I explained to you last night, when you pretended you were awake. You see you had no right to be angry when I suggested that you were asleep.'

'You didn't catch me napping. But it would take one to be more than wide awake to understand all you say. As for calling it an *explanation* !'

'I said it was the work of Natural Selection.'

'"Natural Selection ?" Who is he ?'

'Who is he ? It is no being. It is higher than all being. It is another cosmical force,' said cockatoo, dropping his voice to a whisper. 'Life spread : circumstances varied in the struggle for life ; the strongest won, the strongest became types. Types spread : new competitions and new developments went on, until life became the varied unity you now see.'

'I see,' said jackdaw, afraid of making a more suggestive answer, in case of leading cockatoo on.

'Some of these varieties chose to remain in the sea, and went on developing varied instruments of comfort and protection. Some preferred to live on land and develop legs ; while others, disliking at the same time the heavy medium

of water and the grovelling habits of land animals, betook themselves to the tops of trees, and, finding their ambition and comfort alike suggestive, developed their anterior pair of lateral muscles into wings; and the race of birds became the noblest, the most aspiring of the mundane tribès.

'Very good,' said jackdaw. He knew what birds were, and *felt* there was a mutual compliment.

'Competition and development did good work among birds, too, doubly advanced by the noble quality of taste.'

'What kind of taste?—fresh-worm or unearthed beetle?'

'Æsthetic!' thundered the cockatoo, and jackdaw wriggled about and meekly bowed his head. 'The conception of beauty in the mind of birds has been accepted as a universal standard of taste, though I must confess the superior genius of the other sex. Our sex was content to take things as they were; but the females loved beauty, admired plumage and colour, and glancing tints and elegant outline; and their rival courtiers struggled to satisfy them, until they became gorgeous in all the colours of the rainbow. You may see a proof of this—whenever the females have a plain taste, the males are plainly attired!'

'Don't you think, on the other hand, the females may have acquired a plain taste, because they had never seen any gayer husbands?'

'Don't be a fool!'

And jackdaw tried not to be one, saying, 'Very well.'

'I owe this snowy coat and handsome crest to admiration.'

'But I admire your crest, and I cannot grow one.'

'Because your admiration would rather make mine grow than yours. The love and the admiration of the opposite sex has been spent for ages on my tuft; and though I am at present shut out of congenial society, I recall past days, and oft repeat softly to myself the voices of other years, "Pretty Cockatoo." These foolish men think that I repeat all their silly words mechanically, their vanity causing a suffusion on their well-grown, well-furrowed brain. As if it could be possible that the grand faculty of articulate speech could be given to any being short of sufficient brain to use it. We know more than they think we do: they do not understand the pineal gland. It is true we are only on one step of the mighty "ladder of the universe,"—there is more above than below us. We have seen our error in contemning the earth, and have descended to it in order to rise. We have feet; it only remains to us by gradual disuse to lose our wings, or rather to develope them into hands.'

'I should not like that. I can do very well without hands, but I could not do at all without wings.'

'Nonsense!' screamed cockatoo. 'Wings are all very well as a mere means of locomotion; but if they take the place of hands? Bah! four pair of wings are not worth one hand. What is man but a hand? How can he make alterations of day and night, of summer and winter, of music and silence, of fragrance and flavour? Whereby does he control our wills, but with the hand. If you have *any* sense, do not speak disrespectfully of the hand. Whenever we attain hands, our feathers will disappear.'

'Ah, how cold it will be!' shivered jack.

'The hand will clothe us in raiment softer than feathers, and warmer than down. Yes! The first great step after developing a hand, is to give up all natural clothing. Quadrupeds must lay off their fur, and birds their plumage, before they step into the circle of the human. We have seen some monkeys in the act of doing so.'

'But human beings have their coverings too!'

'Yes; but don't you see the difference? *They can vary their coverings at will.* That is the key to my system. The great talent, the great power that comes with the hand, is *voluntary variability*. Don't you notice that they can change their externals daily—nay, hourly? It is through the absence of all natural covering that they gain this power of any covering, the highest visible development of life. Voluntary variability, voluntary variability, voluntary variability—only think of that, jackdaw; it will make a man of you.'

'Which—the thinking, or the variability?'

'Both; though, after all, I hardly think you are one of "the coming race." I am afraid you will be swamped by numbers of more earnest competitors in the struggle for life. There is generally a residue left on each stage to keep up the variety at their own level, and I very much fear you will not be able to attain to anything higher than a jackdaw. I aim at nothing short of humanity, and hope to attain it in perhaps a couple of thousands of millions of years. And then the delightful thought is, that new developments of life will then have taken place, to suggest new aspirations to my ambitious spirit; and we shall all have everything that we are capable of desiring. As I intend to take a high position in humanity, I cannot be sufficiently grateful to the ancestor who traced out this path to me, in which I am. How dreadful it would have been to have entered humanity straight out of monkeydom!'

'It seems very much the same to me how you get in.'

'That is because you are only a jackdaw. Is it nothing, think you, to make a good start in life, to enter at once into refined society? Look at my nose!'

Jackdaw did so; in fact, he very seldom took his eyes off that prominent feature.

'I have not studied life in vain. The nose is the making of the man. What kind of man is courted and admired by our hostess? What kind of men make their mark upon the world and rule in political affairs? Men with prominent, well-outlined noses. Mine is a type!' And waddling back to the farther end of his perch, he half closed his eyes, to regard more easily his favourite organ.

'I am quite content with what I have,' said jackdaw after a short silence.

'Perhaps; *for* you are a bird, though you are a jackdaw. But these stupid monkeys, I had enough of their grimaces down in No-man's-land, where I was born. Do you know what sort of men they make? Do you know what sort of men they make?' repeated he, raising his voice into a shriek; then, seeing no answer was forthcoming, he lowered it into a confidential whisper and said, 'Niggers!'

'Niggers! what is that?'

'Bah! not know what niggers are? But then you are only a jackdaw, and have never travelled out of this little island. Niggers are black men, and black is always the lowest grade in things, for it is the absence of all colour; but white is the highest, for it has all the colours melted into one,' said cockatoo, bridling and squinting at his own snowy coat.

'I think black does very well for a colour,' said jackdaw, pluming his wing. 'When the sun shines on it, there are all the other colours in it, too, like the rainbow. Besides, for common wear it does not show the dust so much as white.'

Cockatoo was about to answer bitingly, but his acquired politeness made him pause, the contrast being too forcible for even a cockatoo to plume himself upon. 'That was not the point I was about to notice. It is true that *black* in the human skin appears a remnant of natural covering, and certainly interferes with the full exercise of voluntary variability. But the niggers also retain the receding forehead, flat faces, snub noses, open nostrils, and thick lips of the monkeys. And when they do rub white, in lapse of time, they are only common white people; they cannot get their noses into refined society.'



‘Perhaps that is why I never met them.’

‘Perhaps,’ said cockatoo dryly. ‘But besides that disadvantage, you know monkeys cannot talk as we do; and when they develope into niggers, they only begin to speak like babies, and don’t know the difference of the simplest parts of speech. And even when they have got on as far as common white people, they are not ready to begin grammar, are afraid of the sting of spelling-bees, and drop their h’s. Further, the joints that represent hands in the quadrumana become very clumsy in the nigger. You never know which is a nigger’s foot or hand, unless you measure which comes nearest his head. But our wings develope into slender hands, white and delicate.’

‘That is a piece of your theory I do not enjoy. I would not object to having hands if I could keep my wings too.’

‘Ah, jacky! It would suit your kleptomania too well, if you had both hands to steal and wings to flee withal. Habits stick to us. I suspect when we are men you’ll turn out a thief, and I the Lord Chief Justice to send you for a trip beyond the seas. My crest has been a well-considered selection. It has pointed for ages to the learned wig. In these changed times, if such a thing should happen, then you’ll remember me.’

‘But I cannot understand how we ourselves will become people. We don’t live for millions of years!’

‘You are only a jackdaw. As if that mattered in the least! When existent energy will have been communicated through the entire entelechy of each genus, the identity of the whole with its redintegrating parts will be proved’—

‘I do not understand you.’

‘Very likely not. I did not undertake to give you understanding. I only promised to put before you some facts concerning the theory of the universe.’

‘Where did you get them all? Out of the library books?’

‘Books? No! Books are a sign of limitation, of beggary, at least of borrowing, perhaps of stealing. No, I have evolved it all out of the depths of my own inner consciousness.’

‘Is that your digestion?’

‘No! You would not understand me if I were to explain to you what it was. I do not think you have as yet any perception wherewith to apprehend it. I have thought much, and I have inherited more. We inherit the cultivation of all our ancestors, and even their very life. How

otherwise would it be, do you think, with men? If they did not, how could they write such books as the *Water Babies* or the *Mémoires d'un Ane*? How could Darwin feel and think all that passed through his grandfather's brain, and develope it in his own? Ah yes, it is all clear to me; I can throw myself back into any past life in my own line, and also forward, through desire, in any radiating line into many future possibilities of life. One's pace increases as one's desire is single and one's road is straight. The straight road from our point into humanity, I have already told you, "*Gain your hands and cast your feathers!*"

'But if you say we must get rid of all natural covering, why is it that men often have so much on their faces?'

'They are not the highest possibilities, though they are the highest seen realities.'

'As the women have no hair upon their faces, are they not higher than the men?'

'Right for once, jacky,—iron sharpeneth wood. And do you not observe the consistency of my theory? Their more complete destitution of natural covering gives them greater power of *voluntary* variability. Do you not notice our hostess and her friends? It is the women that appear in tints and patterns, varied night by night and day by day, and every hour of the day; while the men, like magpies or water-wagtails, preserve their sober blacks and whites, or at best change occasionally into dingy greys. A few that appear sometimes in scarlet, must, I suppose, be developing into women. It is the women that are the gorgeous birds in this stage. And do you not see how often their figures change, their complexion is altered, and their hair—that last remnant of nature's robing—varies in tint as well as in outline and quantity? Though circumstances over which I have no control have prevented me making as thorough an investigation as I would like, I have a well-grounded belief that in most cases it is altogether moveable, and merely retained, along with earrings, as a remembrance of their barbaric descent. Our hostess preserves a dead silence on that head; but if I am right in my conjecture, it follows *a fortiori* that women have attained a very much higher platform than men, and may look forward to a more rapid development. Statistical returns prove their greater persistence in life. More men are born than women, but more women are alive than men. This can point forward only to one result—a higher type of development, aided by numerical superiority, will at last swamp men out of existence, or leave

them stranded as typical residues. Then will women reign as the highest created race, in spite of the present apparent superiority of the bearded sex. It can only remain to them to become angels, or some higher type of life, with still more power of voluntary variability. I have already had more than one glimpse into such a higher sphere. Women have dropped what we call natural covering, but they must learn to drop the very covering of their flesh. Don't you remember? But, to be sure, you are always asleep at the *séances*. Well, *there* I have seen spirits put on a covering of flesh and put it off at will, revealing their presence only by their actions. They can vary all things indefinitely, and I recognised that they had attained a higher power of voluntary variability, and all its subordinate results. And these spirits were all once women, old or young. They bring messages from the unseen, unrobed world in which they dwell. Can you follow?'

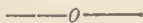
'How far?' said jackdaw, measuring cockatoo's tether with his eye.

'You are a most uncomfortable fool, jackdaw,' said cockatoo bitterly.

But here the countess, having discarded the *savants*, entered *tête-à-tête* with her new French milliner, and cockatoo silently gazed and eagerly listened, drawing new inferences and developing new ideas.

Jackdaw required a good sleep after so much exertion.

CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL.



### Only in Dreams.

ONLY in dreams, my love, only in dreams :  
 We two may meet again *here*, so it seems ;  
 Death hath claimed thee, my love,—life still is mine.  
 Why could not Fate us the same fate assign ?

Yet still be brave, my love, yet still be brave :  
 Faith must be stronger than death or the grave ;  
 And when are ended all life's sorry schemes,  
 Love shall meet Love again, where are no dreams !

H. A. DUFF.

**Notes on the Exhibition of the R.S.A.**

1878.

WE must as usual say a few words on our Picture Exhibition, and space prevents our doing more than naming a few of the pictures that pleased or displeased us most. As to the merits or shortcomings of the Exhibition as a whole, we have seen better, and in Edinburgh we certainly have seen worse. We are glad to notice a great increase of lady exhibitors, many of our favourites being the work of female artists. Such was 'Guarding the Crag,'—5. North Octagon,—a small hill landscape, with two long-horned goats defending their castle. The look past the grey cliff into soft sunlit distance, and the growth of juniper and withered fern, are given with great feeling. 16. 'Rydal Water,' Tucker; beautiful in its glassy calm, so characteristic of this small hill-girt lake. 19. 'The Bride of Lammermoor,' W. E. Lockhart; we do not like this, Ravenswood's figure wants height and dignity, and in Lucy's ghastly face is a look of crime and shame, rather than of oppressed innocence. Lady Ashton is only like an impertinent and meddlesome waiting-maid, as she stands behind Lucy's chair, arrayed in an unpleasant cinnamon gown, with scarlet bows, and a scarlet fan at her side. Our ideal Lady Ashton was a more dignified and better-dressed personage. 30. 'Water Lilies,' J. C. Noble, is mis-named; there is but one blossom to be seen in a badly-drawn garden tank, while one ill-favoured and ill-dressed damsel seems likely to tumble in as she tries to pluck it. 37. 'On the Derwent,' J. Handbidge; quiet and pretty. Knowing and loving the spot, we liked the picture. 47. 'Thunderstorm on the Prairie,' J. M'Whirter; this is very striking, the sea-like horizon line contrasting with the violent jagged effects of the storm-clouds. 60. Is exquisite, 'A Calm Sunset on the Firth,' J. Cassie; the delicate grey of the islets, and the glassy sea, equally true and lovely. 67. 'Moonlight at Moulinearn,' W. H. Paton; requires to be looked at more than once. The shadows are too inky, but the fir tree heads are wonderfully thrown out by the sky, and there is a shimmer and dance of the moonlit water that delights us. 95. 'And our mouth shall show forth Thy praise,' Scott; a clumsy girl in brown, with a hat too small for her, in a brown pew, book in hand. The preceding versicle would have been a better name for the piece, as, though the young



woman's hymn-book is open, her mouth is resolutely shut. 97. 'The Last Furrow,' Farquharson, ought to have been pretty, but the artist is fond of purple haze of a woolly texture. 99. 'Gullane Bay,' Vallance, has, like several sea-pieces, much briny, breezy freshness. 112. 'A Widow,' Alma Tadema; terrible, from its rendering of simple facts. A Hindoo corpse, in the mummy cerements; beside it the nude crouching figure, seen through veiling black gauze, of her whose 'sun has gone down while it is yet day,' an Oriental widow, consigned to a life which might make the suttee desirable. All, even to the faces of the singing attendants, gives the effect of death without a future—rayless, hopeless death.

126. 'Which Hand will you take?' Archer; a dear little girl, making the collie dog guess which of the hands behind her holds the coveted oat-cake. The dog's gentleness with the child, and eagerness for the gift, contrast prettily with the demure fun of the little maid, with her jaunty bunch of rowan berries in her hat. 181. 'On the Beach, Largo,' Porteous; the tone of the sea and the soft headlands beyond, very good. 101. 'Early Summer among the Whins,' Calvert. This and other studies have strengthened our conviction, that artists need not make the interest of their canvas depend on reproducing either whins or heather in blossom. To see these and other lovelinesses, people must, like Mohammed, 'go to the mountain,' for it cannot come to them.

In the Great Room.—207. 'The Spirit of Twilight,' Sir N. Paton; we do not care for this, the idea seems taken from Shelley. We hope it is only in our great artist's fancy that such spirits haunt the twilight. The wandering poet is positively weighed down by the embrace of the ponderous figure who has passed her substantial arms round his neck. Her fine head of hair, yellow and *bien crépé*, flies on the breeze; her gossamer wings would scarce carry a plump pigeon, far less so massive a being. We seem to recognise her from former works of the painter, but she surely is growing stouter and should not fly by twilight.

229. 'Alone,' Stanton; 246. 'Finis,' M'Lean. These being private property, we tried to discover their merits or their meaning, and confess our failure. The first represents a stout young woman in a dark-brown, fashionably-trimmed gown, lying huddled up against a trunk with railway label on its handle. The room is dingy, a brown moreen-curtained four-poster in the background. We cannot pronounce on

the lady's beauty, for she cries and hides her face on the trunk ; an elaborate *chignon* is all we see of her. Is she 'a governess perforce,' just arrived with her one box in an uncongenial situation? She had better make the best of it, wash her face, and go down to tea. Is she the widow startled by the arrival of that box without its owner? We tried to sympathize, but could not get further than a little curiosity, and a wish that she would stop crying and open the box. In 'Finis,' a sallow young lady, in sickly colours, lies in an easy-chair with a look of grief and a dirty green book in her lap. There is no apparent cause for sorrow, unless it be that, having finished one novel, she is too lazy to get up and fetch another. We could not be sympathetic here, and felt inclined to echo bluff King Hal's advice to the nuns. 260. W. H. Paton, is, as far as the mere picture goes, a better effort to work upon our feelings ; a deer forest in Highland sunset, red-deer straying among the roofless huts of evicted cotters. Though the mist is cotton-woolly, there is a lovely middle distance. 261. Carries on the idea, 'Decay of the Forest,' by the same hand. The snaky writhing tree stems are scarcely natural and very unpleasant ; the receding mountain perspective is good, a stream of watery sunshine from a cloud rift making the cliffs glint with sickly light. To the sentiment of both pictures we object entirely. Red-deer may be worthier occupants than cotters, as none who really know Highland huts and their inmates will dispute. There are cases where 'eviction' is kindness to men perpetuating a state far below that of the beasts that perish. At a time when the question of tenant-right stirs evil passions to a pitch that results in deeds that shame a Christian nation, surely those who lead popular feeling should know better than to degrade Art into a vehicle for the expression of mere sentiment on matters requiring such calm thought and clear judgment.

Sam Bough's pictures are very striking. 308. 'Ulleswater,' excellent in river perspective, but too spotty in light and shadow,—a fault even worse in 880. The 'Avon near Bristol,' 817. 'Tam o' Shanter,' very clever. 1048. 'Billowness, Fife,' delicious with its surges and hovering sea-birds. 1079. A pretty snow-piece. 395. 'Bylaff Glen, Isle of Man,' the quiet stream rippling into sunshine out of its dark coppice, must surely be one of the bits we learnt to love from the author of 'Where shall we go?' in our February issue. 319. 'The Summer of 1877,' Smart ; and 385. 'Rain in Sligachan,' Chalmers, are both painfully suggestive of the despairing

state of Art and Nature under the 'Scottish sky' last summer. 234. 'Horse-chestnut Blossoms,' J. H. Lorimer ; a charming study. Better still, 434. 'Daffodowndillies,' Laura A. Tadema. One longs to bury one's face in the dewy, fragrant, golden mass. 376. Hume ; dear, rosy, wind-blown fisher children 'Picking up after a Storm,' a soft, surging groundswell breaking behind them.

We leave many unnoticed to speak of the portraits.

There are fewer than usual of the be-muslined and be-jewelled ladies, singly or in family groups ; fewer, too, of the lint-topped, mulberry-pawed babies, painted we presume for the delight of 'the mothers proud that bore them,' and the profit of the rising artists who are paid for immortalizing their charms.

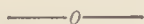
There are some ugly and ungraceful portraits, but the ladies have mercifully taken in general to dark gowns. 317. Macnee's portrait of Lord Mure, is excellent ; still more so Oules' of Professor Ramsay. Otto Leyde has improved in flesh tints, though even now he never gives us a really rosy, healthy-looking child. Of one group, a young mother with her two children, he should, we think, have made a prettier picture. A simpler *toilette* would have given more ease and grace to one sitting alone with her babies. Clouds of muslin and lace, pearl necklace, and intrusive bracelet with brilliants in the clasp, remind us of the Vicar of Wakefield's wife when she begged the painter 'not to be too frugal of his diamonds in her stomacher and hair.' These children show a consciousness that 'mamma is dressed,' and so are they.

We stand beside one portrait more,—spirited, graceful, full of poetic feeling. Firm, lithe, and active, this little face and figure will linger in the recollection of the many who have gathered round it throughout this season, associating its child-beauty with a dark and mournful tale. We could hardly close our brief notice without some reference to this unsolved mystery, knowing that all who were cognizant of the circumstances—and who in the artist world is not?—must needs have shared in our own sensation when the terrible event of the night of February 22d was made known in our city. Even after the lapse of some time, a glance at this scarce-finished and beautiful portrait stirs again a sensation akin to that with which we ever read that tragic poem, *La Toilette de Constance*, suggesting the same bitter contrast between life, sense of power, and joyous vitality, to be exchanged in one brief half-hour for a premature and violent death. As with the radiant girl in her laughing beauty :

‘ Adieu bal—plaisir—amour—  
 On disait : Pauvre Constance !  
 Et l’on dansait, jusqu’au jour  
 Chez l’ambassadeur de France,’

so with the artist in the high tide of manhood, of success, of hope.

Again we turn to look at his last work, wondering if the fair boy so full of promise will, when those curved rosebud lips and dewy brilliant eyes change to the severer lineaments of manhood, ever look back with fond regret to the time when his own picturesque childish features gave their last employment to the artist eye and hand so soon to close and stiffen in death, and whether the child will ever live to see the unveiling of the mystery that now shrouds the untimely fate of the lamented G. Paul Chalmers.



### Our Library Table.

A THOUSAND MILES UP THE NILE. By Amelia B. Edwards.  
 Longmans, Green, & Co.

‘ CUI BONO ? ’ A NILE NOVEL. By George Fleming. Macmillan & Co.

To those who ‘do their Nile vicariously, through the medium of Mudie,’ as Miss Edwards puts it, this volume will be invaluable. It needs perhaps some resolution to embark in a book of 721 pages, when the *Times* alone daily brings us as much matter as a three volume novel. And yet it is well worth while to make the effort. The wonderful river casts its glamour over us as we read; and we realize something of the charm of floating onwards day by day, with no anxieties about weather, and gradually becoming absorbed in a new world of gorgeous colouring, a mysterious past of unfathomable antiquity; the only incidents a sand-storm, shooting a cataract, or catching glimpses of the simple life of the people, which reproduces so remarkably the features of past ages.

Miss Edwards paints like an artist, as she is, nor with the pen only; the illustrations to the book are as choice as they are numerous. Her word pictures, too, are most exquisitely touched; every epithet tells, and the tender beauty of her descriptions leaves a marked impression on one’s memory. Perhaps it is not possible for an ordinary reader to take a very keen interest in Egyptian antiquities, unless he has been specially drawn in that direction; and even the actual visitors to the Nile are apt to find the perpetual succession of temples pall upon them. Not so Miss Edwards. ‘I could have breakfasted, dined, supped upon temples,’ she says; ‘I went over them all. I took notes of them all. I sketched them every one.’ And her enthusiasm and genuine interest do carry the reader along with her to a great extent, though a little judicious *skipping* may be prescribed. No one can fail to carry away, for instance, a vivid impression of the four great Colossi of Aboo Simbel, keeping majestic guard over the portico of the rock-hewn temple, defaced, half buried in sand as they are, still instinct with a solemn power and grandeur.



Still more attractive does the narrative become when the travellers themselves take rank as discoverers; and we share their feelings when we read how the sticks of four of the party disappeared in a crevice of the rock, and how, through an ingenious train of reasoning, backed by the exertions of a large body of natives, a small chamber hewn in the rock was at length laid bare, adorned with paintings fresh and brilliant as on the day they were executed.

Are these time-older associations of the Nile enhanced by being made the background to a modern drama of modern hopes and fears? We doubt it. There is something in the atmosphere of that changeless nature, of that history so distant that it wins to itself something of the soothing power of nature, utterly at variance with the restless *Cui Bono* spirit of the nineteenth century, with that self-contemplation which sees in every combination of nature or art but a reflection of its own unsatisfied yearnings. What place is there under a palm tree, by the green old Nile, for a man of whom it is said: 'He had tastes and opinions, the one as settled as the others were fluctuating; but his most intimate friend had never heard him give expression to a belief.' Will not the men who, in the mighty monuments of Egypt, have left us such stupendous proofs of *their* beliefs, rise up to condemn this shallow, *dilettante* philosophy? And what rest or charm can we hope to find in any scene, when the reflections suggested by it are such as these on the palm tree?

'To me they seem like Heine's songs, endless delicate variations on the old, old theme—the desire for what is not. Each stem shoots into the air like a wish; and the waving leaves a-top seem to droop earthward again with a sigh over the unattainable.'

Yet the book is full of beauties. It is a poem breathing throughout a tone of dreamy lotus-eating fascination; and it is only when we ask ourselves whither it is all tending that we realize that the key-note to the whole is a refined and sensuous self-indulgence.

PAUL KNOX THE PITMAN. By J. B. Harwood. Richard Bentley & Son.

This is a book of very unequal merit when examined in detail, but on the whole there is more to praise than to find fault with. The scene is laid in a bleak moorland parish, traversed by a main line of railroad, and studded over with coal-pits. The opening incident is a terrible collision on the line, very powerfully described, and the heroine of the story is a tiny child picked unhurt out of the wreck with none to own her, and growing up to womanhood among the rough collier folk who rescue her. She has adventures enough in the course of the story to satisfy the most inordinate appetite for sensation, and their number is rather a blemish to more sober people's eyes, who care for proportion and artistic construction in a novel as well as in a poem or a picture. Besides surviving a railway smash, this young lady is rescued from falling down a disused pit-shaft, is dug out of another colliery in which an explosion has taken place, is swept down a flooded river and saved from a revolving mill wheel just in time, and is finally discovered to be somebody's long-lost heiress. For the commonplace love-story part of the book there is nothing to be said; but the bleak country, the swarming life above ground and below, the rugged northern pitmen, are admirably well described by one who can appreciate their virtues and deal truly and tenderly with their defects. There is a truth and pathos

in the portrait of poor Joe, the overwrought drudge, the railway pointsman who causes the accident, which reminds us of some of Mrs. Gaskell's writing; and Paul Knox, though an idealized pitman, is a very noble and, we believe, possible development. The interest falls off where the author ventures upon scenes of higher life than the collier's village and the schoolmaster's house, and we think more might have been made of the pit accident by one who can sympathize so well with brave hearts, so heroic in the hour of peril, and so reckless when danger seems far off; but on the whole, we can cordially recommend Paul Knox and his comrades to our readers' attention.



## Question Series.

I. *History*.—Give an account of the events which led to the battle of Flodden.

II. To what period should we assign the beginning of *English Literature*? Give reasons.

Answers to reach the Editors by 15th June, addressed, 'QU. C., care of Miss Walker, 6 Lonsdale Terrace.' History not to exceed twenty-four, Literature twenty-six printed lines—twelve words to a line. The best answer to each question will be printed in the magazine, and prizes are offered at the close of the year for the greatest number in each department. Answers to be written on one side of the paper only. We warn correspondents against running time too short. The 15th is the latest day on which the Editors can receive any; an accidental delay in delivery may exclude a good answer from competition.



## ANSWERS TO MARCH SERIES.

None have exactly hit the point in *History*: Wolsey desired power should be vested in the Church, Cromwell in the King, and this influenced their attitude towards Parliament. Of the answers,—B., the best; M. B., M. W., MAY-FLY, and SPIDER, very good; REDIVIVA and M. H. L., too long. *Literature*: CLARIBEL, best, but B. runs her hard; M. H. L., too long; REDIVIVA, well compressed, but inferior in style to CLARIBEL and B.

I. Wolsey, the favourite of Henry VIII., feared the calling of Parliament, lest it should exert its constitutional rights and resist the encroachments of the monarchy. He therefore sought earnestly to keep the nation at peace, and thus to avoid the necessity of assembling the Houses to vote for subsidies, which would be required in case of war. When war with France was actually declared, still following his policy of ignoring Parliament, he attempted to obtain funds by a forced loan exacted from the whole kingdom. This proving unsuccessful, he at last summoned Parliament and demanded a property tax of 20 per cent. Disappointed by receiving only half of what he asked, and finding that his attempt to overawe the House of Commons was unsuccessful, he fell back on the system of voluntary benevolences, but was again defeated. A partisan of absolute monarchy, he fell when the king's favour was withdrawn.

Cromwell took a different course. Warned by the failure and fall of his master, Wolsey, he determined not to avoid the calling of

Parliaments, but to fill them with members who should be subservient to the king. This he managed in the case of the House of Lords by the suppression of mitred abbots and creation of many new peerages, and by the election of a House of Commons largely composed of nominees of the Royal Council. The oppressive measures passed by him had thus the sanction of law; but his revival of the constitutional form of government, though for a time misused, was at least valuable as preserving the tradition of English freedom, and leaving open the way for the ultimate fall of despotism. Wolsey ignored, Cromwell ruled over, the Parliament of England. B.

II. Translated by Grey from a Latin version of a poem in the Norse, *Elder Edda*, of great, indeed unknown antiquity. It begins by telling of an evil dream of Balder's, which none of the Asa (or gods) could interpret. So Odin goes to seek a solution from a long dead prophetess in the halls of Hela or death. Having passed the dog or wolf who guards them, and who lives on the lives of dead men, he finds them decked to receive some honoured guest. The benches are set, the mead is brewed, and the prophetess, roused unwillingly from her long death-sleep, tells Odin that it is Balder himself who is expected. He should die by the unwitting hand of Hoder, the blind god (or fate), guided by the malignant Loki. But Vali (a name from the root meaning choice, implying freedom), Rinda's son, should finally overcome Hoder and avenge Balder. Odin next asks a question concerning some weeping virgins, probably alluding to the great lamentations over the death of Balder, which, but for the obduracy of one 'giant witch,' would have won his release from Hela. But this question relating to the future, reveals Odin's divinity to the angry prophetess. He accuses her of belonging to the evil giant race, and she dismisses him to 'boast at home' till (here the translator misses the taunt) the terrible day when the power of the gods shall fail, Loki shall burst his chains, and the reign shall return of night and chaos. Thus Odin hears that neither Balder's divinity, nor his goodness, nor the love all bore him, could save him from the foredoomed death, whence he would rise, however, at last, and, reconciled with Hoder (fate), reign in the new world beyond the grave.

CLARIBEL.

We cannot undertake to return unsuccessful answers. Writers had better keep a duplicate copy.

—o—

### Stray Notes.

Answer to VIVA.—In answer to Viva's question in our March issue, six months of not very hard study would enable the learner to read easy Greek dialogues, and of course our familiarity with the English Version makes the Testament the very easiest of all reading. It is more difficult to answer the second part of her query, because people attach such different meanings to 'a little' knowledge. *A smattering*, by which we mean superficial knowledge, may be misleading, and feeds self-conceit; but *a little*, honestly and accurately learnt, and used as far as it will go, is the first step to *much*, even if time or opportunity will not allow the learner to go further. At the present day so many great and interesting questions turn on the subject of Holy Scripture, especially the New Testament, that we constantly

come upon them in various departments of literature. The relative value of each Codex ; how far Versions are reliable ; the need of revision ; the legitimate field for criticism, and so on,—questions such as these may easily become deeply interesting to VIVA and her young friends, if they will acquire the knowledge for intelligent appreciation of books which deal with these subjects. We should like to recommend Hammond's *Outlines of Textual Criticism*, Clarendon Press Series ; and *Words of the New Testament*, Milligan and Roberts, T. and T. Clark, Edinburgh. We believe that a world of thought and interest has been opened to young students by these two little books. A little Greek knowledge is required for both.

SCHOLASTICA is answered by ONE OF PROFESSOR LAURIE'S STUDENTS.—The governess starting with theoretical knowledge of the science of education, has at least these advantages over one who has neither theory nor practice. She knows what to do, and why she does it. She knows why, of so many lessons in her own childhood, she recollected so very little ; and of her mistakes, she can form stepping-stones to better methods of teaching others. She will go to her work with broader views of its infinite importance, and a keener eye for the little things which make up its sum. She may still have to serve an apprenticeship to the practical application of the rules of method, but it will be shorter and more beneficial to her pupils than if she were groping in the dark for the right way. It ought, however, to be understood that the Lectures presuppose some previous philosophical or logical training, and that such preparation is almost essential to real progress. There is unfortunately no practising class in which students themselves can teach. They have permission to attend the public schools, and thus can study method by observation. These visits form valuable illustrations of the lectures, but they do not supply all that is necessary ; and it is to be hoped that Professor Laurie's wish of providing his students with opportunities for practical teaching may soon be realized.

AN ELDER SISTER asks for the title of a book at once simple and practical upon medicine and surgery. She wishes to have something that would, in case of sudden illness or accident in a large family, tell her 'what to do till the doctor comes.' [We have taken the opinion of a lady of much experience and skill in the matter ; she recommends *The Book of Medical Information and Advice*, by Dr. Warburton Begbie, published by Nelson & Sons, Paternoster Row, price 2s. 6d.—EDS.]

A GOVERNESS.—We have tried to get information for you, in answer to the question of board for the winter in our March issue. But all who try to answer you say your terms are rather vague. Board alone might be had for £50 (supposing you found 'the quiet family'), but 'all expenses' is rather indefinite.

A SKETCHER, who knows a little of flower-painting, asks for information about the china painting now becoming fashionable—is it difficult ? [Not if you know how to *draw* correctly. Otherwise let A SKETCHER beware ; for the popular notion that ignorance of drawing is best atoned for by boldness, is even less applicable to decorative art than to *blottesque* landscapes. It is quite a true description of painting on china to say, in the words of a pupil of the Sèvres School of Design, 'La peinture sur porcelaine n'est qu'une savante ébauche ;' it is and must be for ever a sketch when compared with ordinary flower-painting ; but then it must be scientific, not

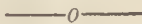


ignorant sketching. There are many different methods and schools. That of Sèvres is, as all know, the most artistic; partly because the pupils go through a very long and careful art education, and partly because of the influence of its traditions. The Sèvres method is '*peinture à essence*,' and turpentine is the medium employed. Very few colours are used, and this materially lessens one great difficulty, *i.e.* the change of certain colours in baking. This, though embarrassing at first, is not so great a mystery as it seems. You soon learn that grey stands for green, and that pale brown is rose pink.]

A BUSY BEE asks, 'What is the Society or institution called the WORKING LADIES' GUILD?' She has heard from a distance vague reports of its wonderful usefulness and activity; but she would wish to know further its aims and objects, the time and place of its operations, its rules and terms of membership, and any other particulars. [We are glad to insert this question. If information should reach us from 'a competent hand,' more voluminous than can be compressed into a Stray Note, we could arrange space for a short Article upon so interesting a subject, if timely notice were given us of the probable date of its appearance.—Eds.]

We are glad to announce that the Edinburgh Ladies' Educational Association decided, at the Council meeting of 8th April, that the study of Harmony and the Theory of Music shall be one of their subjects during the ensuing session, should it be found practicable to make the necessary arrangements for such a class.

An interesting report has just been forwarded to us of the proceedings of the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women. It will be interesting to many of our readers to be able, through the publication of this Report, to compare the system with our own, and mark the similarities and divergences of the two. We may hope that our Edinburgh Ladies will not suffer themselves to be distanced in the study and practice of music by their Glasgow sisters.



### Notices to Correspondents, etc.

LADIES are invited to contribute to this magazine. All communications to be addressed, EDITORS, *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, Messrs. Murray & Gibb, 11 Queen Street, Edinburgh. No anonymous communication can be noticed.

All contributions to be accompanied by the writer's name and address. Rejected articles can only be returned if accompanied by stamps to cover postage.

Papers intended for immediate insertion must be in the hands of the Editors by the first of the previous month; attention is requested to this rule.

It is proposed to issue a series of papers on 'Country Subjects and Pursuits.' Articles are already promised on Fishing, Hunting, and Curling. Ladies willing to write in this series should communicate at once with the Editors.

Contributions are often delayed for want of space.

The next meeting of the Ladies' Edinburgh Literary Society will be held at 5 St. Colme Street, on Saturday, 4th May 1878, at 11 o'clock. Debate—'Is the Wagner Theory of Music and the Drama correct?'

## Our Female Novelists.

## XVII.

M R S. O P I E.

b. 1769—d. 1853.

IN the ranks of authorship, where lady writers often fare as intruders or imitators, it is pleasing to find womanly genius honourably placed, as softening by a style essentially feminine the generally masculine character of modern English literature. Such is the acknowledged position and influence of the Female Novelist of our present notice.

Amelia Alderson, the only child of her parents, James Alderson, M.D., and Amelia Briggs, was born in Norwich, 12th November 1769. Of Norman descent, according to a maternal pedigree traced beyond the reign of Edward I., she was also connected by her father's family, the Aldersons of Lowestoft, with distinguished members of the different learned professions. Her mother, 'brought an orphan babe from India's plain,' after the premature deaths of both parents there, was never of strong constitution, lived a retired life, and died at the age of thirty-eight, leaving Amelia to the guardianship of him who was henceforth her dearest friend and companion, her father. He was a man of superior mental endowments as well as benevolence of heart; and proud of his daughter's talents, he delighted in their cultivation by personal instruction and intercourse with the clever and learned circles in which he moved.

Placed thus, at fifteen, at the head of her father's table, and introduced into very gay society, which even at that age she was well fitted to adorn, the position was trying, if not dangerous, to the ardent girl, deprived of a mother's restraining influence. How deeply she deplored the loss is evinced not merely in expressions of sorrow, but by her life-long cherishing of the early lessons of one whose loving wisdom made reproof most gentle. A sonnet to her mother's memory, published among *Verses written at Cromer*, was Amelia's earliest attempt at poetry, connecting the thought of her parent's presence with scenes which she loved to revisit till the close of her life. In her need of a steady female friend older than herself, she found one of a thousand in Mrs. John Taylor, whose society, valued by Sir James Mackintosh as his favourite attraction to Norwich when on circuit, became a dear and beneficial companionship for the young authoress.

Her prominent characteristic was, however, attachment to her father, and her tastes and opinions were moulded on his. The political agitations in England excited by the French Revolution stirring Dr. Alderson's sympathies with social reforms (so called), his daughter became interested in the same cause; and hence we find her, on her first visit to London in 1794, attending the state trials for high treason, and drawn into political fellowship with minds otherwise uncongenial to her own. Good sense and moral rectitude must have been her only safeguards in a society where Holcroft and Godwin were numbered among her professed admirers, and where the atmosphere was poisoned by Horace Walpole's 'philosophizing serpents, the Paines, the Tookes, and the Woolstonecrofts.'

A singular predilection for frequenting courts of justice, dating from early days, when the eagerness of the young listener at Norwich Assizes was gratified by a seat on the bench, distinguished her through life, till obliged to make her last visit in a sedan chair. Though latterly associated with motives of philanthropy, this passion for the dramas of real life was, by herself, ascribed to curiosity and love of excitement, which almost conquered fatigue, as on the occasion of the last forensic triumph of the great Erskine before he became Lord Chancellor, when, after waiting in court all night till dawn, she was back by 7.30 A.M. to hear him plead. Another peculiarity was an interest in the insane, which attracted her childish steps to the gates of Bedlam with offerings of flowers and pence for the inmates; the 'world of woe' in one poor man's countenance being afterwards portrayed in one of the touching scenes of *Father and Daughter*.

An early love of the drama produced at eighteen a play called *Adelaide*, to be acted by herself and friends, and probably led to her first association in London with Mrs. Inchbald and the different members of the Kemble family. She became the intimate friend of Mrs. Siddons, to whom her deep attachment was touchingly proved, many years afterwards, by a flood of tears on suddenly beholding a cast of her face taken after death. Another interest of those first London visits was intercourse with distinguished foreigners, of whom the Duc d'Aiguillon and Count de Lally Tollendal were specially favoured with marks of the young poetess' approving sympathy.

Perfect health, unbroken spirits, talents and accomplishments of a high order, with immense capacity for enjoyment,

speedily involved their possessor in a social vortex, of which glowing descriptions were regularly sent to her father, and to her friend Mrs. Taylor, during each spring's absence in London. With her poetic gifts was united a genius for music, particularly exercised in that rare art of ballad-singing so justly appreciated by our great lyrist Sir Walter; and the fame of Miss Alderson's rendering of her own compositions is evident from her having had the honour of singing them to the Prince Regent. Young, gay, and popular, she must have appeared a very charming creature on an eventful evening of her life, when among a small party impatient for her arrival was the unconscious arbiter of her destiny:—

‘The evening was wearing away, and still she did not come. At length the door was flung open, and she entered bright and smiling, dressed in a robe of blue, her neck and arms bare, and on her head a small bonnet placed in somewhat coquettish style, sideways, and surmounted by a plume of three white feathers. Her beautiful hair hung in rich waving tresses over her shoulders, her face was kindling with pleasure at sight of her old friends, and her whole appearance was animated and glowing. At the time she came in, Opie was sitting on a sofa beside Mr. F., who had been saying from time to time, “Amelia is coming; Amelia will surely come. Why is she not here?” and whose eyes were turned in her direction. He was interrupted by his companion eagerly exclaiming, “Who is that? who is that?” and hastily rising, he pressed forward to the fair object whose sudden appearance had so impressed him. He was evidently smitten, charmed at first sight, and, as she says, “almost from my first arrival, Mr. Opie became my avowed lover.”’

Such was Amelia Alderson as she captivated John Opie, whose ‘love at first sight’ proving as persistent as it was well founded, ultimately won its reward, and the young poetess gave her hand to the painter in Marylebone Church on 8th May 1798. Despite Allan Cunningham’s remark in his *Lives of the Painters*, that Opie ‘looked like an inspired peasant,’ and Mrs. Inchbald’s allusion to a ‘total absence of artificial manner as at once his adornment and deformity,’ Mr. Opie’s social popularity was great among large circles of learned and fashionable friends, to whom his wife did the honours of their house with the distinguishing tact and sweetness of manner of an accomplished hostess. A worshipper of his art, the zeal and diligence with which he worked drew the comment from his fellow-artist, Northcote, ‘that while others painted to live, he lived to paint;’ and incessantly engaged in his painting-room during daylight, he loved to spend his evenings in reading, conversing, or studying art with his wife, rather than in those gay scenes which attracted her, preferring, when he did go out, an opera or



select dinner party to a fashionable crowd. This was the one difference in an otherwise perfect union, as naïvely confessed by Mrs. Opie herself to Mrs. Taylor:—

‘I have led a most happy and delightful life since my return, and in the whole two months have not been out more than four times; so spouse and I had no squabbles about visiting, and that is the only thing we ever quarrel about. If I would stay at home for ever, I believe he would be merry from morning to night, and be a lover more than a husband.’

Hating idleness as his *bête noire* of all the vices, with a sense of the value of time and the duty of employing every moment, which Mrs. Opie constantly referred to and acted upon in after life, the busy painter could with difficulty be persuaded to interrupt his work for any absence from home, and, often as she visited Norwich, addressed to his wife lover-like pleadings for her return. With the exception of one bright week's stay at Southill, the seat of Mr. Whitbread, in company with the Countess of Rosslyn and Wilkie, then in his first fame, the one great pleasure of this kind which they shared was a visit to Paris in 1805, of which Mrs. Opie contributed her *Reminiscences* to *Tait's Magazine* in 1831. From their nucleus of interest, the Louvre, for the study of its *chefs d'œuvre*, recently acquired by conquest, they made acquaintance with the Paris of that changeful era; and following Mrs. Opie from the *Boulevards*, where she sat and sang ‘Fall, tyrants, fall!’ we may behold her fix her admiring gaze on the countenance of Napoleon as he reviewed his troops in the *Place du Carrousel*, all unconscious of the historical contradiction of her acts of sympathy. Among the distinguished persons then in Paris, she met Kosciusko and Generals Moreau and Massena, paid frequent visits to the *atelier* of David, and enjoyed the wifely triumph of seeing her ‘political idol,’ Charles James Fox, sit to her husband for his portrait with a result ‘worthy the artist, the owner, and the original.’

Mr. Opie's appreciation of his wife's talents made him anxious that she should employ them in writing, encouraging her by sympathy and example to use her pen as he wielded his pencil, till both worked together in industrious harmony. Previous to her marriage, she had published an anonymous novel called the *Dangers of Coquetry*, without attracting notice; but the appearance of the *Father and Daughter* in 1801 was greeted with a welcome confirmed by eight editions, and translations into all the European languages. Following a volume of poems in 1802, criticised by Dr.

Brown in the *Edinburgh Review* as 'among the best in our opuscular poetry,' came *Adeline Mowbray*, the second volume of which evoked the reviewer's praise of being 'perhaps the most pathetic and the most natural in its pathos of any fictitious narrative in the language;' and in 1806 appeared *Simple Tales*, at once acknowledged as proving their writer's power to represent 'admirably everything that is amiable, generous, and gentle.'

In the flush of her success, the authoress was performing arduous duties as a wife, by her sanguine temperament sustaining her husband through a season of unremunerative effort, the shadows of which were deepened by the despondency of genius over the non-fulfilment of its aspirations. Like every true artist, his ideal was an *excelsior*, to be sought ever 'further up the height,' as his comforter writes:—

'During the nine years that I was his wife, I never saw him satisfied with any one of his productions; and often, very often, have I seen him enter my sitting-room, and, throwing himself in an agony of despondency on the sofa, exclaim, "I never, never shall be a painter as long as I live!"'

Busied with household cares, her indefatigable spirits supported them both, till the tide of fortune flowed again; but the 'sour cup of prosperity' came too late to the painter's hand, now nerveless to grasp it. Reaching the climax of his career in the delivery of a series of lectures as Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, he fell a victim to his labours, and after a trying illness of some weeks, throughout which he was devotedly nursed by his wife and sister, died 9th April 1807. As if in fulfilment of his prophecy to his sister at the funeral of Sir Joshua Reynolds, 'Ay, girl, and I too shall be buried in St. Paul's!' the remains of the disciple were laid by the side of the great master there.

Returning to be the sunshine of her father's home, till it was also darkened by sorrow, the new-made widow pursued her literary career in the preparation of a memoir of her husband, which was prefixed to his *Lectures on Painting*, published in 1809. In the following spring she resumed her annual visits to London, and was once more caught in its whirl of gaities. Strong in its varied attractions to a mind like hers, she owns, 'It is a world to see! I dearly love to get a peep at it now and then;' so acquiring a knowledge of human nature, which largely influenced her character and writings. In 1812 she published another novel, *Temper*, and in 1813, *Tales of Real Life*, less marked by pathos of

style, and aiming more at useful morality; and after each period of toil and excitement, it was her favourite refreshment to 'wash off the dirt of London in the sea of Cromer; to write poetry on the shore, and to live over again every scene there that memory loves.' Her most brilliant London season was that of 1814, when the presence in the capital of the Emperor of Russia, King of Prussia, and hosts of foreign celebrities caused a social *furor*, of which her letters paint the glories in dazzling colours. *Blue* evenings at Lydia White's, and *pink* at Lady Cork's, succeed dinners at which the wit and eloquence of Sheridan, Erskine, and 'the ever-welcome Sydney Smith' shine alongside the learning of Humboldt, Spurzheim, and her own Edinburgh Reviewer, Dr. Brown. At the *soirées* of Madame de Staël, she admires the 'ever ready repartee and almost unrivalled eloquence' of that hostess of 'excelling genius and winning manners,' describes the tones of Lord Byron's voice as 'always so fascinating' that she 'could not help attending to them," even in Greek," and gives a most amusing account of a party disappointed of General Blucher till he was at last announced, and 'in strutted Lady Caroline Lamb in a cocked hat and greatcoat.'

From this 'wilderness of pleasure,' Mrs. Opie was summoned home by an event which, arresting her in mid-career of gaiety, and piercing her heart with sympathetic grief, marked her character indelibly, and altered the whole course of her life. This was the unexpected death of Mr. John Gurney, a member of that estimable family of her earliest, and, to the last, closest friends. Separated in London from Elizabeth Fry by the religious restrictions of her marriage within the Quaker community, Mrs. Opie had resumed her intercourse with the Gurneys at Earham on returning to live with her father, and became specially attached to a younger sister Priscilla, who, equally lovely in mind and person, died in 1821. To her influence and that of her brother, Joseph John Gurney, is ascribed the 'gradual change of sentiment' which led Mrs. Opie to join the Friends after having worshipped with them eleven years from this period of which she writes, 'In 1814 I left the Unitarians,' though she had not strictly belonged to them. The heroine of her next work, *Valentine's Eve*, published in 1816, doubtless expresses her own growing faith in the support of religious principle, when she says:—

'Some suppose that morality can stand alone without the aid of religion, and even fancy that republican firmness will enable us to

bear affliction ; but *I* feel that the only refuge in sorrow and in trial is the Rock of Ages and the promises of the gospel.'

This same year was memorable for a meeting in London with Sir Walter Scott, when, in addition to his confession that he had cried over her *Father and Daughter* 'more than he ever cried over such things,' its authoress describes herself as favoured with a specimen of his *two* manners, humorous and earnest:—

'I know not what led to the subject, but he gave us a most animated description of a cockney's hunting in the Highlands. I think the person was a militia officer, and his terror when he found himself going full gallop up and down crags, steepes, and declivities, of which he had before no idea, was pictured with a living spirit which I cannot do justice to. . . . I ventured to ask him why, with such dramatic power, he had never tried the drama? . . . He owned that he had once serious thoughts of writing a tragedy on the same subject as had been so ably treated by his friend Joanna Baillie, . . . which, had he gone on with, he should have had *no love in it*. His hero should have been the uncle of the heroine, a sort of misanthrope, with only one affection in his heart—love for his niece, like a solitary gleam of sunshine gilding the dark tower of some ruined and lonely dwelling! Never shall I, never can I, forget the fine expression of his lifted eye as he uttered this! The whole face became elevated in its character, and even the features acquired a dignity and grace from the power of genius.'

How true it is that genius alone can appreciate genius! In the absence of the great man himself, during her brief visit to Edinburgh in the following autumn, Mrs. Opie was delighted at being seated opposite his portrait by Raeburn, in the house of Constable, her host. Shortly after visiting her friendly critic, Mr. Hayley, she published in 1818 her *Tales of the Heart*, of which *White Lies* touched a subject largely dealt with in her later work on *Lying in all its Branches* (1823), widely read and popular in America. In 1822 her last novel, *Madeline*, appeared, its projected successor being interrupted by domestic affliction and never finished.

After an unavailing visit to London for medical advice in 1821 had made it sadly evident that Dr. Alderson's life must henceforth be the patient's, and no longer the physician's, his daughter's ministries were unwearied as his nurse. She delighted to read to him, to sing to him, and even in his sleep, to sketch his features, according to a favourite practice of drawing her friends. Above all, she sought for him, as for herself, the patience and comfort of the Scriptures, and with him rejoiced in the 'good hope through grace' in which he died, Oct. 1825. Just before his death, she had with his full approval become a member of the Society of Friends,



thus deciding hesitations and difficulties, of which the adoption of the *plain language* would seem to have been not the least considered, by a step which she never afterwards regretted. Her hours of spiritual conflict and self-examination she found happier than those of worldly enjoyment:—

‘I am in such deep waters that I almost feared to take up my pen, and yet I would not exchange this sitting at the foot of the cross for all the gay pleasures I once experienced. . . . My practice every night is to examine all my actions and sift all my motives during the day for all that I have said or done. I make sad discoveries by that means of my own sinfulness; but I am truly thankful that this power has been given me, and lay my head on my pillow with much gratitude.’

Newton's *Cardiphonia*, and Chalmers' *Horæ Sabbaticæ* became her favourite manuals, and she daily read the Bible aloud to her servants. Of the depth and sincerity of her piety, her life was the witness in its minutest details, *small duties* being especial favourites:—

‘*J'ai toujours attaché une importance extrême à ce qu'on appelle vulgairement, des petites choses; des attentions délicates quand elles sont persistentes, prouvent la constante occupation de la pensée.*” “Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves,” says the proverb; and it is applicable to everything, I think, and particularly to human conduct and the formation of character. Take care of indulging in little selfishnesses, learn to consider others in trifles, be careful to fulfil the minor social duties; and the mind so disciplined will find it easier to fulfil the greater social duties, and the character will not exhibit that trying inconsistency which one sees in great and often in pious persons.’

She was a true Christian in her forgiveness of injuries and a power of being easily pleased, which she regarded as ‘one of the surest sources of happiness.’

It was natural that her secession from the gay world should be deplored by former associates; and how sincere must have been the personal regard which could outlive a transition so incomprehensible, is apparent in letters from the Countess of Cork and Lady Charleville, the former beginning:—

‘*Si vous êtes heureuse, je ne suis pas malheureuse . . .* but pray, pray, pray, do not put on the bonnet; teach us your pure morals, and come to me and be my love in a dove-coloured garb and simple headdress;’ and the latter concluding:

‘*Viens nous voir—j'en serai trop enchantée; ton cœur n'est point changé, et je suis sûre que ta costume ne te rendra pas moins intéressante pour tes amis.*’

But the crowning tribute was Mr. Southey's in his *Colloquies*:—

‘I have another woman in my mind’s eye—one who has been the liveliest of the lively, the gayest of the gay, admired for her talents by those who knew her only in her writings, and esteemed for her worth by those who were acquainted with her in the relations of private life; one who, having grown up in the laxest sect of semi-Christians, felt the necessity of vital religion while attending upon her father with dutiful affection during the long and painful infirmities of his old age; and who has now joined a sect distinguished from all others by its formalities and enthusiasm, because it was among its members that she first found the lively faith for which her soul thirsted. She has assumed the garb and even the shibboleth of the sect, not losing in the change her warmth of heart and cheerfulness of spirit, nor gaining by it any increase of sincerity and frankness; for with these nature had endued her, and society, even that of the great, had not corrupted them. The resolution, the activity, the genius, the benevolence, which are required for such a work, are to be found in her; and were she present in person, as she is in imagination, I would say to her, “Thou art the woman!”’

This beautiful and touching eulogium, which moved its subject to tears for her unworthiness, was written as a summons to her to join Mrs. Fry in reforming the internal management of hospitals and prisons, a work afterwards initiated by Mrs. S. Gurney and other ladies in the organization of a small society of Nursing Sisters, on the plan of Mr. Fliedner’s establishment at Kaiserswerth. To such works of benevolence Mrs. Opie’s life was henceforth mainly devoted, in the spirit of Horace Walpole’s remark to Hannah More, ‘Your heart is always aching for others, and your head for yourself.’ Much of her time was given to visiting the sick poor, the workhouse, the school, the jail; and every philanthropic object had her earnest support. Peculiarly interested in the Anti-Slavery and National Bible Societies, she always attended their meetings, and her visits to London became associated with the May conferences of the Friends. Aiming at the promotion of a purity of thought and speech in regard to others, strikingly practised by herself, she published in 1828, *Detraction Displayed*, of which Archdeacon Wrangham wrote that he did not believe ‘the Greek alphabet and its Alphas and Betas ever accomplished a more valuable service since the days of Cadmus, its reputed inventor. So far do morals outgo mere literature.’

In 1829 Mrs. Opie revisited Paris for some months, and again in the following year was drawn thither by an anxious interest in the Revolution of Three Days as nearly affecting dear friends. During a protracted stay, she lived in habits of intimacy with the families of Cuvier and her ‘lifelong hero Lafayette,’ resumed her visits to David, at whose studio she met Lady Morgan, found a kind friend in the

Duchesse de Broglie, was fêted with the venerable Comtesse de Genlis, and received *en famille* by Queen Marie Amélie, declaring that were she not (as she hoped) 'too old to have her head turned, it might have been turned by all the attentions and flattery she received.'

While on a tour among her husband's relations in Cornwall, shortly after returning to England, she was attracted by the 'rocky wonder' to spend two days and nights on St. Michael's Mount, described in the poetic *Sketches* published with her *Lays for the Dead* in 1833. In the same year she writes of meeting Dr. Chalmers at Earlham, 'Such simplicity with such true Christian humility, I never saw before, united to such genius and learning;' while, in its turn, his journal describes the surprise and interest of recognising in the *Amelia* whom he was requested by *Joseph John* to lead out from the drawing-room to the dining-room,

'One of the most distinguished of our literary women, whose works thirty years ago I read with great delight—no less a person than the celebrated Mrs. Opie, authoress of the most exquisite feminine tales, and for which I used to place her by the side of Miss Edgeworth. . . . We had much conversation, and drew greatly together, walking and talking with each other on the beautiful lawn after dinner. She has had access into all kinds of society, and her conversation is all the more rich and interesting. . . . I felt my new acquaintance to be one of the great acquisitions of my present journey; and this union of rank, and opulence, and literature, and polish of mind, with plainness of manners, forms one of the great charms of the society in this house.'

In the beginning of this year Mrs. Opie had written from Penzance, 'My health is perfect, and I need the sorrows of my friends to *sober* my spirits;' but a few months afterwards the 'tabernacle was shaken,' and the immortal spirit received the first intimation of the frailty of its mortal tenement. After a suffering winter, hope revived with spring, and the verdict learned in London of Sir Benjamin Brodie, that there was 'no radical disease,' so that a long-projected journey to Scotland could be carried out in the autumn. On reaching Edinburgh, her exclamation is, 'Oh, that beautiful and sublime castle and rock, on which I gaze from my sitting-room window, how I delight to see them again!' and her interesting tour in the Aberdeenshire, Perthshire, and Western Highlands, and the land of Scott, is gratefully summed up as a 'sort of epitome of human life,' uninterruptedly cheerful in its varied experiences to a mind 'kept in perfect peace.' The last of her long journeys on the Continent in 1835, concludes similarly with the thankful record of her return, 'all good things more endeared to me than ever!'

Henceforth, domiciled in excellent apartments in Lady's Lane till the purchase of her Castle Meadow house procured the 'pleasant cradle for reposing age,' the worshipped Lares of her solitary home were her husband's pictures, six of which formed subjects of her *Lays for the Dead*. 'Reflecting the bright, heart-warming radiance of the past,' these portraits recalled 'in form and habit as they lived,' her 'honoured ancestor,' Augustine Briggs, M.P. for Norwich, a loyal cavalier in the service of Charles I.; her friend, the beautiful Mrs. Twiss, a 'gift of bridal love' from the painter; her French teacher, the Rev. John Bruckner; her father, Dr. Alderson; her cousin and 'gay childhood's darling,' O. Woodhouse; and her husband, two of whose great works, the 'Secret Correspondence,' or 'Love-Letter,' and the 'Shepherd Boy,' after Gainsborough, also adorned her walls. A host of other celebrities of world-wide fame, who had been her friends, crowded this unique gallery; and there, too, more attractive than all, hung her own youthful portrait. Sitting beneath it, her delight in directing the attention of others to those treasures of which she was so proud must have struck many so addressed, as it did Edward Irving on being questioned as to what he thought of her pictures after he had paid his respects to her, 'I thought nought o' the paintings; it was the bonnie livin' picture I saw.'

Dressed in her Quaker cap of fine lawn and grey gown of rich silk or satin, with white muslin handkerchief thickly folded across the bust, her shapely hands covered with black mitts, and small feet peeping beneath the short skirts, an erect carriage giving dignity to the *embonpoint* of her figure, and the expressive radiance of her countenance kindling in the upward glance of the fine eye, the gentle beams of sympathy, or the mantling blush of 'hearing her own praises,' Amelia Opie must have realized a very *beau idéal* of old age. What wonder that sympathy like hers drew the young around her to listen spell-bound, while her eventful past lived again and moved before them in life-like descriptions, yet more fascinating in their conversational power than her exercise of the gifts of authorship! Delighting in flowers, her sitting-room was always decorated with them; and a like passion for colours set several prisms in frames on a pole in the window, which it was a favourite amusement to turn in all directions, so as to throw the varying reflections now on the ceiling or pictures, and again on the faces of visitors sitting by. A radiant centre of life in the midst of light and warmth and fragrance, her mornings were occupied in the



reception of the numerous friends within visiting distance, and the duties of correspondence with the absent. Of the extent of the latter, this is her own estimate, and Mrs. S. C. Hall's as to the quality:—

'Were writing even an effort to me, I should not now be alive, but must have been *absolument épuisée*; and it might have been inserted in the bills of mortality, "Dead of letter-writing, A. Opie." My maid and I were calculating the other day how many letters I wrote in the year, and it is not less than six in a day besides notes.'

'It was delightful at all times to receive her letters, her feelings were so well expressed, her criticisms (she hardly ever wrote of what she did not admire) were so overflowing with kindness. She felt so much pleasure in giving praise that she never appeared to be happy until she had poured forth all she thought to those who she well knew would sympathize with her.'

Frequent absences from home, though curtailed in distance and duration, varied the latter years of her life. She attended in London the Anti-Slavery Convention of 1840, and, as Haydon's diary notes, 'A. Opie sat—a delightful creature,' was painted in his commemorative picture among the 'honest heads, such a number of which (he said) had never been seen together before.' In the following year, O'Connell 'in his might and majesty' again stirred her anti-slavery enthusiasm; she dined repeatedly with Lord Brougham, breakfasted with Lockhart, 'always charming in her eyes,' and was received by the Duke and Duchess of Sussex, who showed her their collection of Bibles in all languages. In 1848 she had a touching interview with the ex-Queen Marie Amélie at Claremont, who urged with her adieux, '*Ecrivez encore, écrivez toujours!*' Her note of the prorogation of Parliament in 1841 is interesting:—

'I was at the House of Lords. The Queen's reading was more perfect than ever, and her quiet self-possession, her grace and dignity, are beyond praise. She wore a circlet of diamonds only—no crown, and she looked so well. It was pretty to see Prince Albert hand her up and down the throne, and lead her in and out. There were seventy-six peeresses. It was a fine sight altogether.'

Her last visit to London, 1851, was particularly enjoyed, though tinged with the sad consciousness of farewell. She was one of the few aged and infirm persons admitted to the Great Exhibition in her chair, an hour before the general public; and being greeted by a very old acquaintance, Miss Berry of Richmond, similarly conveyed, she playfully proposed to the *ci-devant* wit and *belle* a chair race! Few, indeed, of her contemporaries now survived, and each advancing step was on a path strewn with signs of life's autumn, 'thick as leaves in Vallambrosa.' The last of

many deep shadows had been cast by the death of her revered and beloved friend Bishop Stanley; and the warnings of more frequent illness made her sensible that she too was 'on the wing.' On returning from her last fortnight at Cromer in September 1852, where rooms on the ground floor had permitted her to lie in bed and 'see the billows as they rolled,' Mrs. Opie was carried up-stairs in her own house at Norwich not to descend again. Keenly alive as ever to what passed in the outer world, and full of sympathy with all that touched her friends, she was deeply interested by a visit in October 1853 from Mrs. Fry's grandson, Lieutenant Cresswell, with news of the discovery of the north-west passage, though not of Sir John Franklin. This was on the eve of the last fatal seizure which conquered her strong constitution after six weeks of suffering, borne with a patience and fortitude that sealed the testimony of her Christian life. Thinking 'more of her mercies than of her trials,' she endured unto the end, and so passed away, 2d December 1853. A small slab, with her name and her father's, marks their grave in the Friends' Burial-Ground at Norwich.

As a writer, her style may compare with Mackenzie's, the tender and the touching being her forte; and over her works of 'deep-wrought grief' have been shed tears more precious than any tribute of learned criticism. The reviewer's estimate of her mind as 'more adapted to seize situations than to combine incidents,' makes us think of a gifted actress who can by a single look or attitude, give a degree of *life* to some moral truth or historical fact beyond the power of poetic narrative to inspire. This dramatic genius Mrs. Opie possessed in no common degree, and used it as the child of nature and the servant of truth.

The varied picturesqueness of her long life, has a charm as great as the lessons of beneficent usefulness which it teaches. Divided into the four epochs of youth, married life, widowhood, and solitary old age, we can hardly say which most interests us; and whether as the young and brilliant *débutante*, the earnest artist's wife and woman of letters, the devoted daughter, or the gentle old Quakeress, the image of Amelia Opie rises before us as that of

'A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright,  
With something of angelic light.'

HELEN C. REID.

## Letter from Edinburgh.

BY 'A BIRD OF PASSAGE.'

EDINBURGH.

DEAR SAMUEL,—In my last letter I described this illustrious city to you, and told how I had visited the chief places of amusement. Now I shall try to tell you something about the inhabitants. According to the nursery maxim, 'Ladies first, and gentlemen afterwards,' I shall begin with the fair sex. Had I been writing to you some years ago, I should most likely have discussed their personal appearance, or remarked upon their dress and manners; but, thanks to modern views, I have come to a better way of thinking, and have learnt that these are mere trifles.

A remarkable poet once remarked that 'a thing of beauty is a joy for ever,' and there I quite agree with him; but then our idea of beauty changes. The *chignon*, for instance, as long as it was the fashion, was considered 'a thing of beauty.' If not, why was it universally adopted by ladies? Yet it is not 'a joy for ever.' Why? Because the fashion changed, and caprice considered it no longer 'a thing of beauty.' Shirt-ruffles, crinolines, patches on the cheek, and knee-breeches—all were once considered 'things of beauty,' but for the same reason did not become 'joys for ever.' So it is now with pretty faces and graceful figures; they were once considered 'things of beauty,' but now I am told this enlightened city no longer maintains such old-fashioned notions. What now is considered 'the thing of beauty' about the female inhabitant is her mental capacity. Men have ceased to admire the *outside* of the fair *caput*; they prefer to speculate as to what is *inside*. One day I happened to remark to a lady citizen upon the beauty of a girl passing, but the look of disdain that she turned upon me so shrivelled me up that I only heard the last words of her sentence, which were, 'That *person* (this, I have heard, is ladies' slang for what a gentleman would call a *cad*) was expelled from our University classes because she would *not* read more than eleven hours a day, and was plucked three times in ten languages, and twice in philosophy and conchology.' I did not ask for any explanation of this statement, and only gasped, 'Did *you* pass in—the—the—ten languages, and in the con—chol—ogy?' She turned round

in wrath, and, laughing scientifically, answered, 'I hope so; why, these are only the preliminaries!' I then wished *her* good-bye and *myself* at a distance. Being old-fashioned and countrified, I found it rather difficult to admire the 'mental capacity' of the people I met, and sometimes caught myself lost in the contemplation of the outside beauty, instead of speculating on the beautiful mechanism and wondrous capacity concealed underneath the 'golden locks.' This reminds me of a story of a Glasgow missionary who left a few tracts with a young lady one morning. Calling at the same house some days after, he was much disconcerted on observing the tracts doing duty as curl-papers on the head of the damsel. 'Weel, my lassie,' he remarked, 'I see ye hae used the tracts I left wi' ye; but ye hae putten' them on the wrang side o' yer head, my woman.'

I am afraid, like the tracts, I often get on the 'wrang side o' the head,' and find myself among the raven tresses, or counting 'the silver threads among the gold,' instead of attending to the thread of discourse by which the young *savante* is enchaining her audience as she pours forth her volumes of learning, and exhibits the power of her gigantic brain.

I wished to see something of society, so I begged a lady I knew slightly to procure a pass for me into the 'Ladies' House of Commons.'

I daresay you will remember that years ago ladies used to gather together, on various pretexts, to gossip about their neighbours, and pick to pieces their dress, manners, faces, domestic economy, etc., all in a friendly innocent way. They still gather together, not to pick to pieces their neighbours' dress or manners, but their ideas and arguments, convictions, hobbies, and sometimes their literary productions. The Ladies' House of Commons is their licensed place for doing so.

I easily secured a pass, and also the protection of a member, under whose wing I thought it safe to remain as much as possible; for I felt myself a stranger, 'alike unknowing and unknown.'

I need not describe to you how we panted and puffed up the steep Edinburgh streets, or how we at last arrived at the portal of the Ladies' House of Parliament, or how I quaked. I only remember that the door was flung open, a lady chirruped a kindly welcome, and I found myself seated in a C.C., better known as a comfortable corner.

As you know, I have had a weakness for C.C.'s ever since I was a baby, and it was my luck to get one on this occasion;



so I felt comfortable both in body and mind. Fairly settled, I glanced timidly around me, and saw ladies 'to right of me,' ladies 'to left of me,' and ladies seated round a large table in the middle of the room. Now, I daresay, you know that besides having a partiality for comfortable corners, I have another eccentricity; and that is, whenever I see a new face, I immediately associate it in my mind with the face of some animal. I have heard it said that people all resemble some one of the inferior animals. In some the likeness is startling, in others scarcely traceable. I myself have seen people so like owls that I never could look at them without thinking of those ominous birds, and would not have been the least surprised if they had said, 'Titwhit, titwhit, titwhoo,' instead of 'How d' ye do?' Others resemble foxes, and small faces with large eyes remind me always of antelopes. But to return to my subject. I did not know the names of the ladies before me; so, following my eccentricity, I distinguished them in my mind as they reminded me of different birds.

At the foot of the table two ladies at once attracted my attention, one in an arm-chair, who reminded me of 'Jenny Wren,' the other of the 'Secretary Bird.' They seemed to have already set their energies to work. On the left-hand side sat a young lady, evidently the 'whip' of the House, as I noticed that she attacked all the M.P.'s who came straggling in behind time, and marked them down late. Ah! how well I remember being fined at school for the same offence, and 'they had my sympathy!' She also, I noticed, kept her eye on the '*opposite benches*' (I am told opposite is the feminine of opposition), and occasionally with elevated eyebrows and uplifted finger pronounced the word 'Hush!' very much in the way our mother used to do in the family pew in church, when we threatened to become demonstrative.

On the right-hand side sat a lady whom I shall call the Raven. At the opposite end of the table sat a lady pointed out to me as *Lychnis Campestris*, and at her right hand was seated another M.P., *Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum*. Some one said that was her *nom de plume*. I supposed they meant her maiden name; but before I could examine any more, I was attracted by the rattle of money, and saw the Raven making a slight commotion with shillings and pence at her end of the table. I concluded that perhaps she was handing over a small remuneration to each M.P. for her trouble in coming so far out of town; and not feeling above a threepenny bit, I edged forward on my chair, but my

chaperone whispered that it was payment for the 'magazine.'<sup>1</sup> A whole crowd of questions rushed to my lips as to whether there was much powder in the magazine, and whether it was under my chair, and if it was quite safe so near the fire, and whether it was cannon or rifles they used, when my attention was arrested by seeing the Secretary bird stand up and proceed to read out of a book. They called it 'the minutes,' but to me it seemed *hours*. When she finished, a figure rose up between me and the light, and I heard a voice say, 'I move that business be curtailed and more time be given to the debate.' She then went on to explain that it was exhaustive of brain energy, and bad for the nervous system of the debaters, to have to listen to what was done at their last meeting, besides being wearisome to visitors. She would have gone on, no doubt, to say 'that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' and that it was like giving a boy a whipping twice over—the first to remind him of the soreness of his last chastisement, and the second for his present crime; but I became oblivious to her remarks just then, for my eyes suddenly rested upon a lady at her side, and 'oh! her form was fair to see, and kind and gentle was her e'e.' I could not speculate as to her mental capacity, the 'outward man' was too fascinating. When I recovered from my fit of admiration, the speaker was about to give out head No. 4 of her discourse, when she was unceremoniously stopped by the Secretary bird, whose feathers were considerably ruffled, and evidently she had received a peck on some tender point. I soon perceived that the tender point was *business*. Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum had moved 'that business should be curtailed,' and the Secretary bird felt it personal, because 'business' was specially under her wing. Jenny Wren also seemed all in a flutter; I suppose it was out of sympathy. The Secretary bird rose and pointed out that Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum was radically wrong and rebelliously inclined, and was making new rules instead of obeying the old ones. Chrysanthemum doubted that there was a rule with regard to the length of time to be occupied with business, whereupon the Secretary bird quoted the old rule; but Chrysanthemum objected that it was only a negative rule (I did not know what kind of a

<sup>1</sup> [We are happy to state the alarm was groundless. To obviate risks of explosion, the magazine is seldom opened, and never paid for at the meetings. The 'jingle' was probably caused by payment of subscriptions; so timid visitors may be at ease in their corners.—EDS.]

rule that is; I supposed that it might be ill-spelt or something). She was going to say something else, when she was abruptly stopped by Jenny Wren. The 'Fair Ladye' then rose and said what *Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum* had tried to say. I was surprised that Jenny Wren did not interrupt her too, but I was told that she was a historian's daughter. The Secretary bird now became exasperated, and made a desperate peck at her adversary across the table, by which she altogether upset, not herself, but her argument. She saw she could no longer defend her protégé 'business,' so she made a thrust home by accusing the 'Fair Ladye' of being behind time. The 'Fair Ladye' rose to defend herself, but my attention was called away to the opposite benches, where an M.P. was screwing up her courage to speak, and the operation seemed a painful one. At last she rose, all blushes, and 'begged to move' something which was inaudible to me. The ladies at the table immediately put their veto upon it with loud cries of 'Oh, no, no, no!' and the fair speaker sat down greatly *moved*, though, strange to say, she had not another move to make. I saw at once that she was not 'a historian's daughter,' and I inwardly resolved, that if ever I became an M.P., I should make my father a historian, just as fathers try to make their sons professors; for I never yet knew a clever boy who was not destined for a professor.

But a change came over the colour of my dream. Jenny Wren fluttered off her perch, and the Secretary bird folded her wings. I thought of what I had heard of the magazine, and felt 'now's the time, and now's the hour, we see the front of battle lour.' I anxiously awaited the explosion, and thought of asking, like the Irishman, for the 'entrance out,' when my fears were soothed by my neighbour, who explained that the debate was now coming on, and that there was no danger.

#### THE DEBATE.

The subject was, 'Whether servants as a class have deteriorated from those of former times?'

I cannot, dear Sam, give you the speeches in this debate fully, nor in the words of the speakers; so I shall just tell you in my words what I remember of them.

*Lychnis Campestris* rose, manuscript in hand, and poured forth a lament over the dear sweet Betties of former days. I cannot tell you the half of it, but it was not without pathos, and I felt kinder towards old Betties after it than I

had ever done before. She finished amidst applause. A majestic figure then erected itself suddenly out of a chair. I was taken aback, for till then it had been to me nothing but a sealskin jacket and the back of a head. I had not speculated as to what was on the other side, as the hero in a well-known novel did when he found himself at the back of a handsome pair of shoulders and well-poised head. The owner of the sealskin addressed the house with a voice of command. Her manner was cultured and gentlemanly. She stood with her head erect, and with her hands she carelessly flung back her sealskin already mentioned. Had it been the 'inferior animal' (that is the new name for men, you know), he would, no doubt, have thrust them into his pockets.

She began by remarking that there was such a thing as the 'golden age,' but that she had come to the conclusion that it was moveable. Every generation had a different 'golden age' to which it regretfully looked back. The servants of a 'golden age,' of course, were *treasures* of servants. She believed that Pharaoh had a golden age, when all butlers were saints; but his butler was a sadly degenerate creature compared with them. Some one later on in history thought Pharaoh's age golden, and only wished *his* butler was as easily put up with as Pharaoh's was. So now we think our servants imps of darkness, but look back on our grandmother's Thomas and Betty as angels of light. She further remarked that people were often unfair in their comparisons. They compared the giddy housemaid and young cook in their own newly-set-up establishment with Aunt Caroline's Thomas and Betty, aged respectively seventy-three and seventy-seven, forgetting that Thomas and Betty were exceptions; and if they had not been genuine and exceptional articles, they would never have been retained by Aunt Caroline, but turned off for drinking or pilfering years before. She then related an anecdote of an ancestor, illustrative of the fact that the servitors of our forefathers were not so delightful when ungilded by the lapse of time. Her grandfather, several times removed, had occasion to engage a butler, and their mutual engagement was, that they should never get drunk at the same time. All went well at first; John was never drunk, and his master was quite satisfied. At last John came and announced that he was about to leave. His master asked his reasons for leaving. John referred to the terms of his engagement. 'Why,' said his master, 'I have never found you drunk.'



'Just so,' retorted John; 'you have never given me the chance.'

She then went on to say that if ladies would adopt the rule of never engaging a servant unless they could bring a good character from their last situation, and prove that they had been there not less than two or three years, much would be done to correct the evils among servants. At the same time she added that we should not be too hard on the young domestic who, anxious to see the world, engaged as housemaid during the winter to a family in the south of England, and then sought a situation in Edinburgh for the summer season. This to me seemed rather out of joint with her former remarks; for if nobody would engage a servant who had not been two or three years in her last situation, it would be very hard on the young enterprising domestic who liked to spend the cold months in Brighton, and the warm season in Scotland; for if every lady wished a two or three years' stayer-on in places, then there would be no one to befriend the wanderer. It reminds me of a story of a judge who was trying a boy for loitering on the streets. The boy defended himself by declaring that he was merely standing on the pavement. 'Weel,' replied the judge, 'you were then blocking up the way,' adding, 'Supposing everybody were to stand on the street, how could anybody get by?' The culprit took the liberty of remarking that it would then be 'all serene, for there would be nobody left to want by.' For the moment I was so lost in my own thoughts that I forgot to listen to the speaker, and when I looked up *Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum* was holding forth *sans* manuscript.

She pointed out that servants had not degenerated so much, but that the state of society had changed. She seemed to doubt that the servants of former times were so charming as some thought they were, and quoted from Chaucer to show that the servants of the 14th century, at least, were no sweeter to their masters than the servants of the 19th century are to theirs. She then went on to show why the servants of the present day are inferior as a class; the reason is because now-a-days the 'supply is not equal to the demand.' In former times there was nothing for young women to do but to become domestic servants; now there were factories, and shops, and offices. I mentally added, they might also choose the medical profession, or stand at the *bar*, or go to the *bar*, just as taste or fancy drove them. I followed her so far with interest; but a bustle

at the door attracted my attention, and I caught the last glimpse of several M.P.'s taking their departure. Then a pretty face under a still prettier bonnet arrested my eye, and I woke up suddenly to find myself not only slipping off my chair, but behind the age, and relapsing once more into my old countrified ideas of beauty. I glanced hurriedly at Chrysanthemum Leucanthemum, and she was still speaking. The clock struck one, and she suddenly subsided into her chair. I thought of the statue in Stirling which, we used to be told in our childhood, always stepped down *when it heard* the clock strike one.

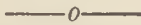
Another lady rose, manuscript in hand, and began to read, but I was unable to follow her; for it so happens that one o'clock, besides being the death-warrant of Chrysanthemum's oratory, has the honour to be my lunch time, and I was occupied with the pangs of hunger. I only glanced at her manuscript, and seeing it bulked some twenty pages or so, followed the plan of professors and examiners, generally speaking, and, concluding she must be some head girl, awarded the paper 90 per cent., first class, and a bursary. The M.P.'s evidently were as capable of lunching as I was, and one by one made for the door. I cast an appealing look at my chaperone, but she was drinking in eagerly the words of the speaker, and I *felt* to disturb her with my 'carnal desires.' At last she folded up the manuscript and sat down. The Secretary bird then rose and denounced 'servants' registers.' She said that they were pernicious institutions, whose only interest was to instigate servants to leave their situations; and that if ladies would join together to put down registers and form some union among themselves for servant-finding, she believed we should have better servants and smaller wages. Her speech was received with applause, and cries of 'Hear, hear!' rang on all sides.

Several ladies now stood up, and I clutched my muff and boa ready for departure, but my neighbour whispered that they were only giving their votes. I was glad they did not press for my vote, for I could not have voted truthfully for anything at that moment but luncheon. At last it was over, and I found myself once more beside my chaperone on the street, right side up and without damage, only a little shaken in mind. We hastened away, but soon two M.P.'s overtook us. I felt that my fate was sealed, and that I was undone, when M.P. No. 1 tackled on to me. I was then too upset in mind and weak in body to defend myself. She began with some remarks about the weather, and I inwardly

remarked, 'Only preliminaries; the storm is coming shortly.' She next asked me how I liked Edinburgh, and if I had been to any places of amusement. I thought, 'Now she thinks I shall put my foot in it; but I shall not,' and answered rapidly, 'Oh, yes! I have been to Professor Laurie's class on "The Theory of Education," Tait's Natural Philosophy, Kelland's Mathematics, and Fraser's Logic; and they were all so gay, and festive, and instructive, and jolly. Besides, I went always twice a week to the Philosophical Institute.' I paused, rather out of breath, and was surprised to see that she 'smiled a smile,' and, with a twinkle in her eye, she asked if I had not been to the pantomime or the circus? I still suspected her, and made my 'yes' as inaudible as possible. She then said that *she* had been to the pantomime six times (my hair, which had been gradually rising till now, fell at this announcement), and we began to discuss the actresses and stage scenery, etc. That she was an M.P. was certain, but evidently a very unorthodox one, since she could still take an interest in such worldly vanities. She became so interesting that I forgot my lunch and aversion and everything, and it was with a feeling of 'rending in twain' that I clasped her hand to say good-bye. I think I actually asked her in to lunch.

I must now, dear Sam, close this epistle, and hope you will not be bored with this account of my wanderings, both of mind and body, but be lenient to me for 'Auld lang syne.'  
—Ever yours,

BIRD OF PASSAGE.



### *From the Italian of Carlo Maria Maggi.*

WEARY, on Life's dull boundary I wait,  
And view it pass like yonder rapid stream:  
And the false hollow base, of Pleasure's dream  
And past imaginings, I see too late.  
But though repose it seem, I cannot tell  
If yet my heart knows aught of solid Peace;  
For while from this sad world I seek release,  
Some grief I feel to bid its charms farewell.  
Be it frail Nature's weakness, Custom's power,  
Each trifling link seems to extend my chain:  
The feeblest tie has strength to overpower.  
With gentle efforts, uselessly I strain  
To escape this thrall;—Hope's eyes, indignant lower,  
That such weak pleadings Freedom should restrain.

ANON.

## Let Them Alone :

### A TALE TOLD IN LETTERS.

#### LETTER XV.

The Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to Miss REYNOLDS.

*Saturday, June 17.*

THANKS to my dearest mother and my Nelly for their letters; they are the sunshine of my life. If this letter goes as usual to Nelly, it is only to save mother's eyes; for I know Nelly will administer the contents (at discretion).

You ask 'how I have been getting on *all this long time?*' with a hint of a reproach in that last phrase! Well, my gardening is getting on beautifully, my singers are improving, my cricketing flourishes. For the rest, I am afraid I can only tell you of the usual round of parish cares. Dear little Grace Winship is dead. I buried her yesterday. I think her deathbed has been the happiest scene I have been present at since I came, and her funeral the most touching. Of course I only speak of herself, when I speak of the happiness; the grief of the mother was almost frantic, though hushed in her presence, and the little twin sister seemed bewildered and dazed with sorrow. If I spoke to her or took her little cold hand in mine, she could only look stupidly at me and say, 'Is Grace deein'?—will she gan' awa'?—will she really gan'? over and over again. But Grace herself, she looked like an angel; all pain had left her, and heaven seemed to have begun. I learned far more at her bedside than I have ever taught. Neither the mother nor Mary came to the funeral. I begged them not, for I knew they could not hold up. All the school children came, and when the grave was filled up, a little boy, who had been in a passion of tears all the time, could no longer contain himself, but came and threw himself upon it in an agony, and had at last to be carried away by force. He has been again to-day, crying and talking to himself on the grave. He is a neighbour's child, and the twins and he have been devoted to each other from infancy.

I must now tell you the latest chapter in Margaret Scott's history. When I left on Monday week, I determined to let several days pass before going again; I did not desire to press my presence upon them against their will, and also I



wished in the meantime to see if I could do anything with the old woman, Margaret's enemy. Two or three days I called at her lodging without finding her in; it seems she is taking the opportunity of transacting some other business in the place besides that of wreaking vengeance on Margaret. But last Saturday I caught her and had a long interview. At first she tried to escape, but I had shut the door and placed myself between her and it. Then she became defiant, and dared me to meddle with her affairs; but finding that did not answer, she turned sullen and silent, and I said my say, not heeding her pretence of inattention. I saw that she was listening to me, and by the changes that passed over her face I saw that my words were not in vain. At last she burst into tears and sobs, and faltered out broken words about his being her only son, and a good son to her; and how hard it was he should die so young all for a hussey who was not worth his little finger, and then came protestations of her own uprightness, and how she had not deserved this. What I said in answer you may easily guess, and I think I made her feel at last that she must show mercy if she would find it. I told her of poor Margaret's bitter remorse, and of the cruel way in which she was aggravating the sufferings of a miserable fellow-creature. I showed her, too, how much I felt for her own affliction; but I entreated her not to add remorse to her already bitter cup, as she assuredly would if she persisted in her present course. Poor Margaret would soon be in her grave, and what would be her feelings then? The soft womanly spot was reached at last. She wept long and bitterly, and at last falling on her knees she said, and with a very different accent now, 'Lord, have mercy on me and forgive me, as I will forgive her!' I joined in her prayer, and after a few more words asked her if I should go and tell Margaret that she would come and see her. 'Do, sir,' she said, 'if you think she'll see me,' and I went. Margaret looked troubled at the sight of me. I found Slade had been there twice again, Mrs. Barron having sent for him and intimated that I had no objection. I took no notice of her half apologies, but went at once to the object of my visit. Her eyes looked wild with fear when I spoke of bringing Mrs. Inness to see her, but at last she took my assurance of the change in her feelings. I thought it best to strike while the iron was hot, so I went back at once and returned with the old woman. Taking her up, I introduced her with a few words to cover their first embarrassment, and then left them alone together. Sitting by myself down-stairs, I could not

help overhearing parts of their talk. I heard Margaret's pathetic voice telling her late enemy how truly she had loved her son through all, and how she only liked to plague him a bit, and think how she would make it up to him when she was his wife. Then still more touchingly I heard her confessing how 'the devil had got hold of her' in that last month, and she was carried away with vanity and nonsense, and thinking she was going to be made a lady, though she never cared for 'the other one' all through as she did for John, and then she came to her senses and it was too late.

Here followed a burst of lamentation, and then the voices grew hushed and gentle. About this time Mrs. Barron came in with her washing-basket, and looked amazed to see me sitting in her kitchen. With an awkward and conscious curtsey, she said, 'I'll step up and tell Margaret, sir.' 'No, no—stop!' I said, 'Mrs. Inness is up there.' 'Mistress Inness!—an ye kent!—an ye allowed it! Mr. Slade, he said I was to do all that lay i' my pooer to keep them frae meeting again!'

'But you see I've done all in my power to make them meet, and to make them meet as friends. Wait a bit; you'll see it'll all be for the best!' In a few minutes down came Mrs. Inness, tearful and crestfallen; she shook hands with the astounded Mrs. Barron, and as she passed through the kitchen curtseyed low to me, and went away, for I thought it better not to stop her. I went up again to Margaret, who met me with such a look of gratitude as would have been worth far more labour. Taking my hand, she pressed it hard between her own, and said, 'I'll die happier now.' I did not stay long, for a violent fit of coughing came on, and I thought she had had quite excitement enough for one day. The next morning Mrs. Inness came to my house to tell me she was going home again, and to thank me, as she put it, for 'making her such a different woman.'

I was at Barron's again one day in the beginning of this week, and saw Margaret alone. She was much calmer than I had seen her yet. I think it is a very good thing for her that the story is out and known, for now she will no longer live in the dread of the discovery . . . and yet I think there is still *something* on her mind. She told me Mr. Slade had been the day before, and was pleased to find her better; and that she had told him of my bringing Mrs. Inness to her, and that they were reconciled.

'And what did Mr. Slade say?' I asked. 'Well, sir, he just said, "Blessed are the peacemakers," as if to himself like,

and then he sat quiet a good bit and then he said, "Margaret, I think I shall not come any more. I shall still be your friend, and shall remember you in my prayers; but you will not see me unless you expressly send for me yourself."

'And how do you feel about it, Margaret?' said I. 'Do you like *me* to come, or shall I leave you too?' 'Oh, sir,' she said, looking round to make sure her aunt was not within hearing, 'I *do* like you to come, and more than ever after what you've done for me. But to tell the truth, sir,' she went on with the utmost simplicity, 'I's been fairly puzzled w' the two on ye;' and then she went on to compare our teaching in her homely language, but with no small share of acuteness. 'Well, Margaret, I trust all will be clearer to you soon, and meantime you must not think that our teaching disagrees altogether. We teach you different parts, it may be, of the same truths; but I cannot expect you to see the exact point where they meet.' I said herein perhaps rather what I felt ought to be than what is, being desirous above all things that she should get no notions of professional jealousy into her head. Mrs. Barron, I know, thinks we are two doctors, each jealous for the honour of his own particular remedy! I left much satisfied and comforted, and this especially from Slade's remark which she had reported to me. May it not be possible that we shall meet after all? Since this time Margaret has been growing weaker every day, but is calmer, and looks forward without dread. I have been so lengthy on this topic that I have neither time nor space for any other. Good-night. I must give a last polish to my sermon before going to bed. My reading has been much interrupted, and will be so next week, as I must give several evenings to the confirmation classes.—Your own

F. J. R.

#### LETTER XVI.

The Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to his Sister.

June 26.

DEAREST NELLY,—By this time I have no doubt you are scolding me furiously. Your last letter I thought betrayed that you had got near to the limit of your patience. What can a fellow do? Every morning I have said to myself, 'I must write to Nelly this evening,' and every evening, between work and fatigue, I have again remanded it till the morning. Even now I must write shortly. I have written to Beilby in the meantime, and indulged a vague hope that the con-

tents might have got to you and stayed your appetite in some degree, but this does not seem to have been the case. The only event out of the common since I wrote last has been a visit to Mrs. Wimpole. I went to dine with her last Thursday, a party of fourteen. Of *your* acquaintance only Jack Benson and Slade. Mrs. Wimpole is charming as a hostess. I had a good deal of talk with her in the evening. I have made two remarkable discoveries about Slade! The first is, that his name is *not* Nahum, Nehemiah, or Nebuchadnezzar, but *Neville*!—Neville Slade. You will think there may be something romantic about him after all, especially when I tell you the second thing, which is, that the poor fellow is in love, and not prospering in his love. Probably that is one great reason of his being so shut up. I did not hear the young lady's name. Mrs. Wimpole evidently knows all about it; but I, not being curious, and she no blab, I cannot tell you much. She only let out that Slade had been refused, but that his heart was in the same quarter still, that the young lady liked somebody else, and had been heard to declare that 'her husband should have a little more of the devil in him than Mr. Slade!'

I should tell you with regard to the said Slade, that on several occasions of our meeting since the events at Mrs. Barron's which I described to you, he has been much more cordial to me in manner, though as reserved as ever in conversation. (Reserve is, I think, in truth the only atmosphere in which a tolerably good understanding could be maintained between us. To agree to differ is the utmost of my hopes!) Yesterday, however, the iciness had come back, and in a discussion on church matters after dinner between him, myself, and Mr. Lang, another clergyman, he showed all the old self-assertion. Mr. Miller, I fancy, is going fast down hill. Poor Slade must have enough on his mind altogether.

I have been over to the Bensons several times. I go there when I want a little refreshment, some one to speak to extra-parochially! I always enjoy my visits, especially when Mrs. Rivers is there. I don't think I ever told you that her husband is in the navy, and at present at sea. During his absence she lives partly at her father's house, and partly with *his* people. She often asks me about *you*. Good-night.—Your loving sleepy brother,

F. J. R.

[Several letters are here omitted, as containing nothing of fresh interest.—Eds.]



## LETTER XVII.

The Rev. N. SLADE to the Rev. J. SLADE.

*August 8.*

MY DEAR FATHER,—I had thought you would have gathered from what I said and omitted to say, in my letter of some weeks back, that I had again tried my fortune and failed. It is not a pleasant thing for a man to have to say straight out, but say it I must to end your speculations. She refused me point-blank. I am afraid it has been a great hindrance to me throughout—first the hope, then the sorrow; not that my hope ever was high, but the difference between a little hope and none at all is—I *know* now what it is. If it has occupied my thoughts too much and made me unfaithful in my charge, may He forgive me who has made human hearts what they are. What makes the trial harder to bear is, that she is coming into the neighbourhood again soon. She has left London already, I believe, and her father is to follow her and take her on to Scotland, where he has taken a moor. Meantime she is to stay with Mrs. Wimpole. The latter I know is my friend, but she can do no good. And now enough of this. I have another great sorrow to tell you of. Dear Mr. Miller is sinking, and cannot, I think, last many weeks. For months he has been going steadily down hill. What a time this is for me to lose my best friend! When I look upon his holy face, how I long to be in his place; but it is a faithless longing. I must nerve myself to my work again. The confirmation classes, in addition to all the usual routine and Mr. Miller's illness, give me almost more than I can do. Mrs. Miller is unnerved, and looks to me for everything.

You ask how the doings at St. Saviour's go on. There is nothing new so far as I know. The archdeacon was over here the other day, and spoke strongly, if not severely, to Reynolds about some of his practices, but he seems inclined to like the young man himself. There is no doubt he is clever, and what people call 'taking.' Would there were more ballast! The bad effect of the garish services at his church is seen now in the way even the soberest people of the place run after them—many of them only to criticise, it is true; but the unsettling effect is the same. Many times in an evening our old parish church is nearly deserted, for that is the time when St. Saviour's is blazing with lights and sounding with music (he has contrived to get an organ, and somebody to play it). Of course I am not vain enough to think that my

people are to be held to me by my own poor gifts ; but I had hoped they were enough instructed by this time to know the substance from the tinsel. Yet let me not judge my brother. I think I told you the story of a poor girl named Margaret Scott, and how well I thought Reynolds had behaved in that affair. The girl is still living, but I never go to see her now. I am summoned to Mr. Miller. Farewell, dear father. My love to all.—Your dutiful and loving son,  
N. S.

*P.S.—Aug 9.* I forgot to send my letter yesterday. Mr. Miller was so much worse I could not leave him for a moment. The end cannot be far. Pray for us. Never did my future appear so uncertain or so dreary before.

## LETTER XVIII.

The REV. F. J. REYNOLDS to Miss REYNOLDS.

*Aug. 11.*

DEAREST NELL,—I have just heard from Beilby, and he says he is going to you for a day or two. Give him my warmest thanks for his letter, which was worth a dozen of the one it was in answer to. I am going over to Sydwod this afternoon. Mr. Benson called here himself yesterday and asked me. He was in great spirits, expecting Walter's return home, the said Walter being quite a reformed character. He has really been reading this last term, and has written often and kindly to his father. Poor old Mr. Miller is at the last ; I have often called there lately, but of course have never seen him. I am very sorry for poor Slade, who I believe loves him like a son ; and besides the great personal loss he will have in him, there will be the loss of the position he has held so long, unless, indeed, the bishop gives him the living, and I think he ought to provide for so hard-working a man as Slade is. Would he were less of a Puritan, and I should be more anxious to keep him as a neighbour ! The poor fellow looks as white as a ghost, and is more impenetrable than ever.

M. Scott is much the same ; I think she wastes away by degrees, but the change is scarcely visible from day to day. Her mind is much calmer, and I think the light is breaking in upon her. Mrs. Wimpole has asked me to dinner next week, but I cannot go. I hear she is going to have a young lady staying with her, a Miss Aylmer. I wonder whether it can be one of the Aylmers we used to know in Brook Street.

It is not unlikely, for Mrs. Winpole's husband was a barrister, and her London acquaintance appears to be much in the law. The archdeacon was over here last week making a round of calls, half friendly, half ministerial. He came to my house of all others to ask for some luncheon! What an inhospitable dog you will think me when I say that, with the exception of Jack Benson once or twice, and Walter once, he is the only person in my own rank of life who has eaten my bread since I came. I took it as a mark of exceeding favour that he should choose me; but of course old Mary is not accustomed to provide for august visitors, and I knew she would be wroth if at half-past twelve I sent orders for her to have luncheon for the archdeacon at a quarter-past one. Nevertheless I put a bold face upon it, and ringing for Bell, desired her to tell her aunt that such was to be the case. A few minutes after came a knock at the door, and I was summoned. 'Well, Mary?' 'Well, sir, an' if ye please what am I to do? There's no cold meat, for ye never will have a joint, an' all the scraps is gone into a pie for *wersels*.' 'Well, send in the pie and get yourselves something else.' 'Hout, sir, we've got wir dinner a'ready, an' there's little on it left, for Bill he has that big a appetite.' 'Well, it's gone; so that won't do. What was I to have for my dinner?' 'I was gaun to the butcher's to get you a veal cutlet.' 'And it will take too long if you go out for anything? Let's see; do an omelette and some slices of bacon, and send in cheese and bread and butter.' 'Hout, sir, what's an omelette to set before an archdeacon, and him havin' ridden twenty mile this mornin'? A fine notion he'll tak back o' your housekeeping! But indeed I wish he did know how ye starve yoursel', for maybe he'd mak ye listen to reason. I'm forgetting a' my cookin' wi' just havin' nothin' to do.' 'Come, come, we've no time for that; go and do as I tell you.' So Mary went, looking very black; but when, a few minutes after the time, luncheon was announced, behold the cover was lifted up from a very handsome dish of beef-steak! I showed no surprise, but helped the archdeacon, who ate heartily and pronounced it excellent. Afterwards I learnt that Mary, even when she came to me and had her grumble, had already sent Bell out to the Anchor to *borrow* whatever might be 'doing' in the kitchen, with this happy result. Her summoning of me to council was only meant by way of a wholesome lesson! The archdeacon came to see my church, did not quite like some of my arrangements, but was most kind in all he said. He also came into the school,

where he seemed instinctively to know the nicest children, and single them out for pats on the head and kind words.

*Aug. 12.*—I went yesterday for an afternoon potter about the ground with the squire, but he insisted on keeping me to dinner. Mrs. Rivers was there, and it was very pleasant. Jack told me confidentially that he was sure there is 'a lady in the case' with Walter; and indeed I should think nothing is so likely to have steadied him as a genuine *affaire de cœur*. I trust he may really be changed, for otherwise I should dread for any girl the prospect of being his wife. The old squire gave me hints of the same thing, and chuckled over it with great glee. 'But if it is so, it can't be settled yet, for we've no notion who it is. Walter's a very close fellow about things of that sort, though he's such a rattle.'—Your affectionate brother, F. J. R.

*P.S.*—The great bell of the parish church is tolling, and I have no doubt it is for Mr. Miller. His death will throw a great gloom over the place, where he is much beloved. Old Mary and Bell are in tears.

LETTER XIX.

Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to his Sister.

*August 17.*

DEAREST HELEN,—The good old rector is gone, and I have attended his funeral to-day. Slade insisted on taking it himself, and did it without breaking down; but I never saw a man put such a constraint upon himself as he did. He was ashy pale, and did not dare look up or look round, lest the sight of the tearful faces round him should unman him. It was a most touching scene. He was carried to the grave by four young men, his former Sunday-school teachers, without any parade or fuss; but all the village and half the neighbourhood were there in mourning. Jack Benson cried as if his heart would break. Slade, I believe, in accordance with a wish of the bishop's, expressed in anticipation of this event, will stay on for some time. Old Mrs. Miller, who is very infirm, leaves to-morrow and goes to a sister. Slade will manage all business for her. Walter comes down in a day or two. The rumours of the cholera become very serious, and there is a great feeling of dread among the people of this place, where it was very bad on its last visit. I am



trying to show my people how they ought to prepare for it, both in mind and body.

*Tuesday, Aug. 22.* — I was interrupted the other day, and have never found time to go on. The confirmation took place on Saturday at the old church. I am afraid I had a movement of wicked vanity, for I could not help thinking how much nicer my little flock looked than Slade's, for all my girls were in white. I heard yesterday evening that Slade is going away for a fortnight at a moment's notice. I sent this morning what I meant for a kind note, asking if I could help him at all in the occasional week-day duty and so on; but there came back a note colder and shorter than all the old Slade-ite notes, merely announcing that he had provided against all emergencies. Strange, I thought, that he should go out of his way to seek more distant help when I am on the very spot. I was pondering on this, and on the cause of his violent and increasing prejudice against me, when a strange incident that occurred yesterday flashed into my mind, and seemed to throw a sudden light upon it. Let me tell it you, for your woman's wit will best judge if there is any connection. I was coming out of the house yesterday morning, when I met a carriage driving up to my door. Mrs. Wimpole put her head out, and said, 'Mr. Reynolds, are you at leisure? for I have brought a young friend to lionize in Illingham. We want to see your church; and then, if you can go with us to see the view from Maldon Hill, which will look glorious to-day, we will put up the carriage and walk. Let me introduce you to Miss Aylmer.' 'My dear, this is Mr. Reynolds.' Then the young lady bent forward, and it was indeed no other than pretty Mary Aylmer, daughter of our friend the Q.C. We shook hands warmly, and Mrs. Wimpole appeared delighted. I was not at all at leisure, but of course I could do no less than offer to squire them about, as they had come on purpose.

Mrs. Wimpole would, no doubt, at any other time have gone to her pet Slade; but so soon after the rector's death, she would not think of disturbing him—so I went. We saw my church, and were on our way through the village to get to Maldon Hill, when Mrs. Wimpole stopped at a cottage and said she was going in to see an old servant of hers who was ill. 'And Mary dear, you won't mind taking a turn with Mr. Reynolds for a few minutes, as he's an old acquaintance.' So we walked up and down, and chatted merrily; but I thought Miss Aylmer seemed a little pre-occupied, and even while she was laughing and talking, she

now and then looked nervously up and down the street. We were not very far from the rectory, and presently, round a corner, came full upon Slade. He started violently, then pulling off his hat passed us hurriedly, making no answer to my 'How d'ye do?' I saw the expression of his white face as he looked at me for a moment; it was *hatred*. Then he looked upwards, and seemed to put violent constraint upon himself and was gone. I glanced at my companion; she was chatting on, only with a manner a little more *distract* than before. Then Mrs. Wimpole came out, and we went to the hill. I told her of our having met Slade, and that he looked very ill. She said, 'Indeed! I believe he has felt the rector's death very acutely,' and changed the conversation. And now, Helen, my guess is, that Mary Aylmer is Slade's love, that he knows she loves another, and that he thinks that other is *I*! This would explain the look, the hurried departure, and the ungracious note. Poor fellow, would that I could set his mind at rest, as far at least as I myself am concerned; but he is off by this time, and after all I can but conjecture.

F. J. R.

[L. C. G.]

*(To be continued.)*

—o—

## Maiden Margaret.

SUGGESTED BY A PHOTOGRAPH.

LITTLE Maiden Margaret,  
 Why so thoughtfully art set  
 'Mid the rocks, and reeds, and fern,  
 Like a nymph beside her urn?  
 Whence the sweet and wistful glance  
 Shadowing all thy countenance?  
 What deep truth dost thou pursue,  
 Musing thus in mood so new,  
 While thy pensive seriousness  
 Doth an added charm express?

Akin thou art to all bright things.  
 Swallows on their rapid wings,  
 Kittens frolicking at play,  
 Dewdrops on the heather spray,

Blue-bells waving, blithe and free,—  
Each and all is like to thee.  
Yet, as thou art dreaming now,  
Such a look is on thy brow  
As Kilmeny might have worn  
When from fairy-land returning,  
After seven years of sojourning,  
Earthward she once more was borne.  
Ah, how mournful, chill, and bare  
Looked our world of toil and care  
To her vision purified !  
Longer might she not abide  
Mid the turmoil and the din ;  
So unseen she takes her flight  
To the fairy regions bright,  
Unalloyed by gloom and sin.

Is it so in very deed ?  
In thy sadness may we read  
Yearnings that like memories are  
Of some purer sphere afar ?  
Hast thou scanned this mortal life,  
All its pleasures, all its strife ?  
Thou, a three years' denizen,  
Hast surveyed the works of men,  
Weighed their actions, great and small,  
And art weary of them all ?  
Sooth, our ways are all unmeet  
For such coy and dainty feet.  
Which of us might hope to be  
Worthy playfellow to thee ?  
Brains that think, and arms that toil,  
Wield the sword, or plough the soil,—  
All are stained with worldly dust,  
Bear the marks of mire and rust.

But, O Maiden Margaret,  
Prithee, linger with us yet !  
All fair things are gone too soon :  
Roses, blushing bright at morn,  
Wither 'neath the blaze of noon ;  
Glowing tints, of sunset born,  
Fade from purple into grey ;  
If thou too shouldst pass away,

Truly were we left forlorn !  
Stay with us—our lives to bless  
With a deeper tenderness ;  
Stay, for we would fain rejoice  
In thy ringing bird-like voice,  
Glances arch, inviting smiles,—  
All the bright and fearless wiles  
That are known to innocence.

Stay with us, that we may learn  
Nobler motives to discern  
Through thy pure-souled influence ;  
Glimpses of sublimer things—  
Airs, as shed by angels' wings  
From a radiant atmosphere,  
In whose depths Truth shineth clear.  
Thou shalt raise us to thy height ;  
Baser objects shrink from sight  
At the touch of thy soft hand ;  
Thou shalt bid us understand  
What is true philosophy,  
What that rare humility,  
Choicest of all gifts divine,  
Native-born in souls like thine.

Lift thine eyes, then, maiden fair,  
Lay aside that thoughtful air ;  
Earth is no such barren place  
Unto thee, by whose meek grace  
'Tis refined and consecrate.  
So, content thee with thy fate ;  
Hence with doubting and regret,  
Smile again, sweet Margaret !

ALMA GLEN.

—o—

### *A Riddle Unsolved.*

DEAR Madame, or Sir, what is the most curious circumstance which ever happened in your life ? or has any singular incident ever occurred to you ? Perhaps you will say, ' Mine has been a very ordinary life, and nothing out of the common course has occurred in it.' And yet, is there no episode in your past to which your memory, when challenged, readily



reverts as exceptional, inexplicable? Peradventure you have seen a ghost! and *apropos* of ghosts it is singular how often, if the subject is broached, persons who say promptly, 'I don't believe in ghosts,' add, 'After all, there was a queer story,' etc.

This paper, however, has nothing to do with the supernatural. *A nos moutons.* A party being seated in the twilight round a drawing-room fire one evening, it was proposed by a young member of the circle, that each should in turn record the most remarkable circumstance which had ever befallen him or her.

The suggestion was received with demur on the part of most present.

'You would require time for reflection,' said one.

'I am sure I can't say what is the most curious thing that ever happened to me,' remarked another.

'I can fix, without hesitation,' observed a lady, 'on the most singular circumstance of my life. To this day I regard the affair as an unsolved riddle. You shall hear the story. I shall like to hear you compare notes upon it.'

'Let us have it,' was the general request, which was thus complied with:

'My parents in my early days were in comfortable circumstances, though their income did not allow much margin for superfluities; they lived quietly, and went comparatively little into society. Every autumn, however, they spent a few weeks paying a round of visits, chiefly among relations, at which time my mother liked to be well dressed, and she usually indulged in a few handsome things from a dressmaker and milliner of undoubted fashion.

'Mrs. Core, so I will call her, was very near the top of the tree in her profession, and I have heard my mother say, when complaining a little of her charges, "I get very few things from an expensive dressmaker, but those few I take from one of whose style and good taste I am sure."

'When I was just entering my teens, we suffered somewhat a reverse of circumstances, and my father was glad to accept a consulship abroad. We removed to the scene of his appointment, and it was not until my parents were both gone, and after an absence of twelve years, that I again found myself in England.

'In these days of telegrams and fast steamers, scarcely any place can be called "out of the world," but at the time I refer to it was otherwise. Persons who settled in distant colonies, or even in many parts of Europe, were really in a

sort of banishment ; news, both public and private, was stale before it reached them, and ladies clung to obsolete fashions, unaware of the changes which took place. One of the first points which struck my feminine observation on landing in England was, that my attire required remodelling. I had invitations to pay a series of visits, and I felt naturally desirous to be properly equipped before meeting relations who had not seen me since I was a child. I had no one to take me about in London, and the only dressmaker whom I knew, even by name, was Mrs. Core. I referred to a directory, found that she still carried on business, and repaired to her house in B—— Street, Mayfair.

‘The door was opened by a page in green livery, who showed me up-stairs into a spacious and handsomely furnished front room, where the only signs of the business of its owner was a costly silk dress and train, spread out upon a damask covered couch, and a few airy specimens of millinery displayed on the centre table. A glance at one of the large mirrors showed me my own figure in, must I say it, dowdy contrast to the finery around, and the thought passed through my mind, “This person makes court costumes, and serves countesses ; she will think nothing of a moderate order from a stranger. I might have been better attended to at an establishment of less pretension.”

‘My reflections were interrupted by the entrance of Mrs. Core, an elderly woman, faultlessly dressed, as was indeed matter of course, and whose manner combined great politeness with a certain air of conscious self-importance. “I am half afraid, Mrs. Core,” I began, “that you may be too busy to execute a small order I should like to give. I have just landed in England from abroad and want a few things.”

‘It might be fancy, occasioned by my morbid consciousness of being indifferently dressed, but I felt that Mrs. Core’s glance was slightly critical.

“We are very busy. The London season is just coming on,” she observed, “and if you require the things in haste, madam, I cannot promise them.”

‘Her tone, though discouraging, was perfectly civil, and I did not feel that I had any right to be offended. On whom should appearances make an impression if not on a dressmaker ? and she probably judged that I did not look like a very profitable client, one for whom it would be worth while to postpone other work.

“I am sorry,” I replied, “for I should like to have got a dress or two from you. Long ago you used occasionally, I

believe, to supply my mother. I don't know whether you remember her name, Mrs. K——."

'There was a full stop for a moment; then the dress-maker said gravely, "Yes, I remember! I was sorry to observe her death in the *Times*. I shall be happy, Miss K——, to attend to any order of yours."

"But I do require the things in haste," I replied, "for I wish, if possible, to leave London the beginning of next week, and if you are too busy"—

"I am not too busy to execute your order," was the rejoinder.

'This change in her disposition towards me was pleasant, but rather surprising. I had named my mother with diffidence, doubtful whether she might remember her, and even if she did so, whether the recollection might carry much weight; for I was aware that my mother could not have been in any sense an important customer. The mention of my family name, however, seemed to have acted as a spell in my favour. I hastened to take advantage of the tide.

"I have been living abroad," I repeated, "and have not seen any new fashions for a long while; and as I am about to pay some visits, I wish to know what is worn."

"Of course," assented the dressmaker, "I shall be most happy to help you."

'We thereupon proceeded to business, and I ordered a suitable morning and also an evening dress, taking the precaution to ask the price. It was more reasonable than I anticipated. Having settled the dress question, Mrs. Core intimated, though delicately, that neither my mantle nor my bonnet were *à la mode*.

'I was aware of the fact, and selected, under her guidance, both these articles. When, however, she proceeded to lay before me some smaller pieces of millinery, in the shape of lace and embroidery, I turned away my eyes saying, "Don't tempt me too much, Mrs. Core; I must not be extravagant."

"Do not be afraid," said she, "your account shall not distress you. Collars and cuffs have a great effect on dress, and these I show you are the very newest fashion."

'It is hard to be strong-minded in the showroom of a court milliner, besides which I was setting myself up, and was prepared to stretch a point. Nevertheless, as I walked away from the house, I felt some misgivings, and thought, in spite of her reassuring speech, "I wonder what all these things will come to? She will run me up a pretty bill, I suspect!"

‘Punctually to the day promised, the dresses, etc., arrived. They were such as I could not fail to regard with satisfaction. The account, as I had requested, accompanied them. It was wonderfully moderate, so much so that I said to myself, “Mrs. Core has charged me less than, I believe, I should have had to pay to a third-class milliner for things far inferior.”’

‘I paid my visits, and my dress met with most gratifying commendation. When I mentioned, in answer to compliments on that score, that I had gone to Mrs. Core, the remark usually followed, “Oh, she is a first-rate dressmaker; but do you not find her horribly expensive?” I could only say that I had not found her so.

‘Having been so successful once, I thought I could not do better than have recourse to her again, when the advancing season required a change of toilette. There was the same desire manifested on her part to oblige me; the same punctuality in executing the order, with the assurance, “*You shall not be disappointed;*” the same moderate charge. I felt puzzled. There appeared to exist some reason why I was to be treated with marked distinction, and I conclude that she took it for granted I knew her motive, since she never offered, nor seemed to think of offering the slightest explanation. “Why did you not fathom the mystery?” you may ask. Well, the case did not appear then so strong as it does now: I only saw her when I had business on hand; and in short, one does not always say the right thing at the right moment. More than once, however, a question was on my lips which probably would have led to an understanding, when some little interruption, as if decreed by fate, broke off the conversation. For example, when I was ordering a winter dress, and asked what it would cost if trimmed in a certain way, she replied, “To you, so and so.”’

“Do you charge me less than your other customers?” I inquired. Before she could reply, there was a loud double knock at the street door, and “buttons” announced the Countess of —.

“You will excuse me. I must attend to her ladyship,” said Mrs. Core. “I understand your directions, Miss K——,” she added, “and you shall have your dress at the end of this week.”

‘But now I have come to the really extraordinary part.

‘One day I received a note from Mrs. Core, asking me, in very respectful terms, to dine with her the following Sunday at her private residence in St. John’s Wood, her reason for



taking such a liberty (I quote her own words) being that she wished to speak to me on business. She apologized for asking me to come out on Sunday, but that was the only day on which she was disengaged. Six o'clock was her dinner hour; but I was requested, if that did not suit me, to name the hour I preferred.

'An invitation to dine with my dressmaker was a novelty, but, under the circumstances, I of course accepted; and at six o'clock on a Sunday evening in summer, I found myself at a small though pretty villa in the leafy district of St. John's Wood.

'The door was opened by the page who, during the week, did duty at the establishment in B—— Street; he ushered me up-stairs into a neatly-furnished little drawing-room, where my hostess stood to receive me. She acknowledged my entrance by a curtsy, not a whit less formal than that with which she was wont to meet her customers in the showroom. I, however, offered a more friendly greeting; we were meeting, I felt, on this occasion on a footing of social equality, after which, seated on either side of the hearth, we sustained conversation on commonplace topics until dinner was announced.

'The table was laid for two, with nice linen, plate, and crystal; and the dinner was perfect in its way—in good taste, that is, neither too much nor too little,—and the cooking excellent. All this time Mrs. Core simply played the attentive hostess. She made no allusion whatever to the "business" referred to in her note. My curiosity meanwhile was somewhat highly wrought.

'At length, when the page had quitted the room for the last time and we were left with wine and dessert on the table, Mrs. Core said, "I thought it best to let dinner be over, and the boy out of the way, before I entered on the reason that induced me to take what must have appeared so great a liberty in asking you here this evening."

"No liberty at all," I murmured.

"I have been successful in business," pursued Mrs. Core; "I have conducted it on prudent, I hope I may say conscientious principles, and I have found it answer financially. This residence and all it contains is my own; and to say nothing of floating capital, I have a considerable amount of savings invested in various securities. Such being the case, I have felt it a duty to make my will. It would indeed have been wrong for me to delay doing so, for it is not improbable that my life may terminate suddenly. I suffer from heart complaint, and

a medical man told me some years ago that any agitation might likely have a fatal effect; which opinion was repeated very recently."

"Oh, I hope you will have many years of life yet," I observed, wondering what this preamble was to lead to.

"That is as God pleases," rejoined the dressmaker quietly. "I do not regard death with particular apprehension, and it had better perhaps come suddenly than otherwise. But my reason for troubling you with this detail, is that it may make some difference to you to know that I have made my will in your favour."

"Mrs. Core!" I exclaimed, "you astonish me. But whatever may be your motive for this unexampled kindness, I cannot possibly accept it. Your relations would have the greatest cause for complaint."

"No," she replied; "I have no near relations. There are none who will be wronged by my doing as I please with my own."

"But, my dear madam, do not think me ungrateful if I ask what can be your reason for so favouring me? I"—At that critical moment, when the riddle would doubtless in her next sentence have been solved, we were disturbed by a bustle in the passage, the dining-room door abruptly opened, and a maid-servant burst in.

"Oh, Missus, Ma'an—the boy has swallowed poison! Drops that cook"—Here she burst into frightened weeping. Mrs. Core started up from table, "An emetic—an antidote!" she exclaimed as she made for the door. "Fetch a chemist, a doctor, in-stant-ly." The last word was gasped rather than spoken, a strange expression flitted across her face; there was a movement of her hand towards her left side, and she sank in a heap on the floor.

'She never spoke again; the medical prediction that any sudden agitation would have fatal consequences was verified. The doctor whom with her last breath she had ordered to be summoned for the page (who, after all, was not much the worse), did all that could be done for her; but he soon pronounced that life was extinct.

'Her will proved to be as she had said, and it is owing to that most singular testamentary disposition that I am the possessor of the snug villa in St. John's Wood, where I have had the pleasure of receiving visits from most of the present circle. It was indeed a very nice little inheritance into which I came. Besides the villa, with the furniture, plate, and linen, there were about £3000 judiciously invested in

railway debentures and other safe securities. Her stock-in-trade was required to meet her outstanding debts, but it fully covered her liabilities. I sold the lease of the premises in town, and by that and the sale of the fixtures realized several hundreds more.

‘And now can you offer any solution of the riddle? How are you inclined to interpret her conduct?’

‘My explanation,’ said one of the party, ‘is that she was of a grateful disposition, and that your mother had been the first to bring her into notice.’

‘That is a very natural explanation, and occurred to myself; but the difficulty in the way of accepting it is, that my mother employed her, as far as I know, because Mrs. Core was already well established; nor was my mother, in her most prosperous days, in a position to bring a dressmaker into fashion.’

‘Your family had laid her under an obligation of some kind, you may be sure,’ remarked another, ‘and she took it for granted that you knew all about it.’

‘I can find no better explanation,’ replied Miss K.; ‘and as I was only a child at the time of my mother’s connection with her, many things may have occurred of which I knew nothing. Certainly, however, my mother never seemed to regard her except as a good dressmaker. The affair is an enigma, and as the only persons who could supply the key are gone, I fear it must remain an unsolved riddle.’

E. P. RAMSAY LAYE.

—o—

### *After Winter.*

THOU little bird of happiness!  
 I hear thee with a sigh;  
 Two months ago no child of joy  
 Was half as glad as I.

And then the trees were bare and brown,  
 And now the trees are green;  
 But Nature never can restore  
 To me what once hath been.

A. C.

## Our Library Table.

IN MY INDIAN GARDEN. By Phil. Robinson. London :  
 Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington.

We cordially recommend this charming little book to our readers. Small and portable, it will serve admirably to wile away the hours of a long journey, or the discomforts of 'the tiresome waiting at that horrid junction ;' it will just be the very book to take out, when summer comes, to our favourite shady tree, or to the grassy hillside nook where we love to lie among the golden broom beside the running water. And pleasant would it be if we could have the owner of that Indian garden to ramble with us, with his keen observation, his minute philosophy of daily sights and sounds, his quaint fancy, and wide reading, stored in a retentive memory, whence illustration and apt quotation are poured forth in rich abundance. Within the grey boards of this little volume is a collection of word pictures which reminds us of some dainty bit of mosaic or exquisite ivory carving, so delicate is the touch, so pure the taste and skill with which the subjects are handled. The artist has not gone far afield to seek them, though they do come from far away. It is rarely choice, or at least it is the choice which springs from necessity, which takes us Britons to India, and our author evidently looks back with all the fondness of his countrymen to the homely scenes and daily ease of home life. But 'my mind to me a kingdom is,' he might truly say, and he can study, describe, and amuse himself, in the intervals of drier work, with the birds, beasts, flowers, and insects, and all the strange unwonted aspects of the teeming life, animate and inanimate, in the wondrous gorgeous land of his exile. The book is in four parts—My Indian Garden, The Seasons, Among the Crops, and Under the Trees, and from these different points of view the creatures that fly, run, or creep, the fierce heat, the watery world of the rainy season, the rank growth of vegetable and animal life, and the queer forlorn wrecks of humanity, are sketched with a force, a reality and picturesqueness, which remind us of Charles Kingsley's loving eye for all the wonder and the glory of creation, with a mingling of humour, of tender pathos, and quaint grace which are almost worthy of the *Essays of Elia*. What gem out of the collection shall we set here before our readers' eyes, sending them eagerly to turn it over for themselves? Here is the summing up in the case of the ever-intrusive and hopelessly silly dak-bungalow fowl, the *pièce de résistance* of every meal in some shape or other : 'The value of life depends, I fancy, upon the amount of game obtained for the candle burnt, or, supposing pleasure to be a negative quantity, upon the amount of unpleasantness avoided during life. And looking at it from either point of view, I am inclined to think the value of life to a dak-bungalow fowl must be very trifling. Like Japanese youth, it lives with sudden death ever in prospect ; but the *hara-kiri* in the case of the fowl is not an honourable termination of life, while the lively apprehension of it unwholesomely sharpens its vigilance. It has, moreover, nothing to live on and plenty of it ; and this diet affects its physique, inasmuch as it prevents the increase of flesh, while the constant evasion of death developes its muscles, the thigh bones



assuming vulturine dimensions. The feathers, by constant escapings through small holes, become ragged and irregular, the tail is systematically discarded as being dangerous and a handle to ill-wishers. Death must therefore come upon some of them as a sharp cure for life, *il est mort guéri*. But to others it is the bitter end of a life of perilous pleasures.' Does this pleasant writer ever grumble, we wonder? Many who can bear great evils without a murmur, find themselves completely overcome by some of the petty annoyances of daily life. A creaking door, a smoky chimney, a dusty journey, our neighbours' fidgets, can often, like the shower of rain in Faber's little poem, 'make a Christian soul to sin.' It would be well if we could all look upon the rubs and worries we must needs encounter in the same cheery spirit as Phil. Robinson, and find in them food for the quaint humour and graphic description with which he treats the minor miseries (if we may call them so) which cannot be ignored, and must be endured yearly in India, *sub Jove pluvio*. 'No one can pretend to ignore the insect invaders—the bulleety beetles and maggoty ants. Nobody can profess to do so. It is impossible to appear unconscious of long-legged terrors that silently drop on your head, or shiny nodular ones that rush at your face and neck with a buzz in the steamy evenings in the rains. A tarantula on the towel-horse, especially if it is standing on tiptoe, is too palpable, and nobody can pretend not to see it there. Spiders weighing an ounce, however harmless, are too big and too puffy to be treated with complete indifference. Then there is a pestilent animal resembling a black beetle with its head a good deal pulled off, having fish hooks at the ends of its legs, with which it grips you, and will not let go. Centipedes, enjoying a luxury of legs (how strange that they are not proud!), think nothing, a mere trifle at most, of leaving all their toes sticking behind them when they run up your legs. It is an undecided point whether the toes do not grow new centipedes; at any rate, the centipede grows new toes. Ridiculous round beetles tumble on their backs, and scramble and slide about the dinner table till they get a purchase on the cruet-stand, up which they climb in a deliberate and solemn manner, and having reached the top, go forthwith headlong into the mustard. Sometimes they get out again unperceived, but an irregular track of mustard on the cloth, with a drop wherever the beetle stopped to take breath, leads to the discovery of the wanderer sitting among the salad and pretending to be a caper.' Mr. Edwin Arnold, in his preface to this engaging little book, truly remarks that though 'India may be hot, dusty, distant, and whatever else the weary exile alleges when his liver goes wrong, she is never vulgar,' and we hope with him that the beginning is here suggested of 'a new field of Anglo-Indian literature.' We trust that we may have the pleasure again of learning how the 'common objects' of bungalow life impress one who, amidst the dust and drouth of official life, has found time and gifts to record them as they first struck him, in a style which, with all its lightness of manner and material, has great strength and value, like those fine webs of Dacca and Delhi with the embroidered beetle-wings and feathers.

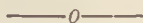
We regret to have to add one word of condemnation, the more so as many an unsuspecting reader may enjoy the book without being aware of the fault until it is pointed out. In one of the chapter headings, an application is made of a passage in the Book of Daniel which we can only term grossly irreverent. Can it be (and from one

or two other slight indications to which this circumstance gives point, we fear it) that this pleasant writer, with so much of Kingsley's power and charm, has not like him attained any grasp of 'invisible things,' through delight in and understanding of 'the things that are made'? Even if it be so, we should have thought that good taste alone would have forbidden such a blameable use of words which others hold sacred.

#### HISTORICAL NOTICES OF S. FILLAN'S CROZIER, ETC.

By John Stuart, LL.D., Sec. Soc. Antiq. Scot.

It is with mingled pleasure and regret that we have received this beautiful little addition to the records of the Scottish Antiquarian Society, being the last of the lamented Dr. John Stuart's labours in behalf of that Society, of which he was in life so distinguished and valuable a member. Though only printed for private circulation, this able and scholarly little record will probably be accessible to all who are interested in such subjects. In no country, perhaps, are the researches of the antiquarian more valuable to the historian than in Scotland; so many by-paths of its history are opened up by an acquaintance with the ruins, the relics, and the religious shrines, which, abounding in local and historical interest, must be visited under able guidance in order that their importance may be appreciated. Much curious information is condensed into a small space in this record, showing the state of religious feeling in Scotland in the days of the Bruce, and the quotations from old chronicles are most interesting. The devotion of King Robert to S. Fillan seems well accounted for by the vicinity of the saint's shrine to the scene of the deadly combat with the M'Androssers; and the story is touchingly told of the devout and prayerful preparation made by the Bruce and his army before the battle of Bannockburn. The illustrations are beautifully executed, and all who knew and valued the author will prize this last memorial of him whose death, while the sheets, fresh from his hand, were passing through the press, is simply stated on the last page.



### Question Series.

I. *History*.—What were the chief rights confirmed to the nation by Magna Charta?

II. *English Literature*.—Write a paragraph on the form and scope of the Sonnet. To whom do we owe its introduction into English?

Answers to be sent in by 15th July, addressed, 'Qu. C., care of Miss Walker, 37 Gillespie Crescent,' this change of address being found necessary to avoid confusion. The best answer to each question will be inserted in the magazine, and prizes are offered at the close of the year for the greatest number in each department. *N.B.*—Answers only to be written on one side of the paper, and the real name and address of the sender, besides her pseudonym, to be given. Only the latter will appear in the magazine. We advise a pseudonym, not initials, which are perplexing when many have the same. As compression into twenty lines seems to embarrass our younger correspondents, we have agreed that History may have twenty-four, Literature twenty-six, as quotations occupy space; but these limits

must not be passed. Twelve words go to a line. We warn correspondents against running time too short. The 15th is the latest possible day; an accidental delay in delivery may exclude a good answer from competition.

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### ANSWERS TO APRIL SERIES.

We observe with great pleasure the improvement in all respects. So many are deserving of praise, it has been difficult to select the best. We give the first place in *History* to A CHYLDE, on account of the terse clearness of her answer; MIDGE being also excellent in the same way; B. and BRETWALDA, not far behind the first pair; MAY-FLY, very good; SPIDER, NONO, good; M. B. is too diffuse, though good; REDIVIVA, able, but wanders from her point; M. H. L. has, we think, confused two questions together. In *Literature*: MIDGE, best; B., also excellent; A CHYLDE runs them very close; NONO is scarcely inferior; BRETWALDA, R. C. W., very good; REDIVIVA, clever, but too discursive; M. H. L. hardly seems to have understood the question.

I. Charles Stuart, second British king of that name, was crowned at Scone on New Year's day 1651, two years after the death of his father. The Scottish people were very indignant at the death of Charles I.; for when they had given him up to Oliver Cromwell, after he fled to them for protection at Newark, they had stipulated for his safety and freedom. They therefore, immediately after hearing of the death of the father, asked the son to come over to Scotland and accept of the crown so long worn by his ancestors. The exiled prince, however, had a great dislike to Presbyterianism, and sent Montrose from Holland to try to gain Scotland for him without the aid of the obnoxious Presbyterians. That undertaking failed, Montrose being defeated and executed; and Charles had to choose between a hated religion with a kingdom, and freedom to worship (or rather, strictly speaking, not to worship) as he pleased. Of course he chose the former alternative, consoling himself, no doubt, with the reflection that promises were as easily broken as made. So Charles came over from Holland, and the little town of Scone was once again made famous by the coronation of a Scottish king.

A CHYLDE.

II. In former days it was the custom to present laurel wreaths to graduates in rhetoric and versification, hence the title 'Poeta Laureatus.' The king's laureate was therefore simply a graduated rhetorician; and the form of office consisted in composing annually an ode in honour of the king's birthday, or on any memorable event. The earliest mention of any one holding the office is found in the reign of Edward IV., when it was held by John Key. In 1630 the first patent of the office was granted, also a salary of £100, with a tierce of canary wine; but this was afterwards lessened to £27. In the reign of George III. the custom of writing annual odes was abolished, and now the title is simply honorary.

MIDGE.

In order to prevent mistakes, we assure correspondents that *reference* to books is permitted; we are glad that they should be able to refer to the proper authorities for anything they want to know. *Copying* from any book we should certainly dislike; and the

probability is, that an answer so given would not be a good one, as it would not suit a question not founded upon the author's own view. Terseness, strict adherence to the question, perception of its point, and good style of expression, are the tests we apply to the answers.

N.B.—We beg to call attention to the changed address of Q. C.

—o—

## Stray Notes.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN ABROAD kindly sends us the following information:—I think the distress of your 'Distressed Traveller' (see our February issue) may be relieved by the information that *Potasse Permanganas* is composed of the crystals, from the refuse of which Condyl's Fluid is made. In that form it can be carried in perfect safety, and a 1 oz. bottle, price 2s. or 3s., will contain sufficient to last for a long time. Five or six of the small crystals dissolved in a tumbler of warm water will form a solution stronger than the usual Condyl's Fluid, consequently may be again diluted. Perhaps your correspondent may be glad of the further information, that for disinfecting or improving the air of a room, the liquid should be placed in a plate or shallow dish, as the larger the surface exposed, the greater the effect.

A BUSY BEE has been answered by a number of kind correspondents,—E. P. B., M. H. L., Annibal, and others,—all of whom say that fullest information on every particular can be had on application, enclosing a stamped envelope, to the Secretary, Miss Chapman, at the office, 113 Gloucester Road, London. An explanatory report, up to Christmas 1877, will be sent post free for three-halfpence. *The Englishwoman's Gazette* (Hatchards, Piccadilly), a valuable publication, contains in its May issue the paper drawn up by Lady Mary Fielding on the actual work of the Society, and read by the Duke of Argyll at a recent conversazione of the Guild, held at 1 Burlington Street. We hope, by the kindness of one of our own contributors, to be enabled soon to insert for the benefit of our readers an article setting forth still further the aims and hitherto beneficial action of the Guild.

Further details may be acceptable to A SKETCHER, whose query on china painting appeared last month. ANNA thus advises her:—If A SKETCHER wishes to learn china painting without a master, let her get the manual published by *L'Echertier* in Oxford Street. If she will keep to monochrome work at first, she may get on very well alone. Purple is the prettiest tint for monochrome; it is like that seen on old Dresden teacups, and this kind of work is more rewarding than badly-executed coloured flowers. [We shall be happy to insert any further questions or details on this subject, on which some of our correspondents seem able to give excellent advice.—EDS.]

NANINE wishes to know who is the author of the beautiful French ballad, *La Toilette de Constance*. She read it long ago, and would be glad to do so once more. [The poem, as terrible as it is beautiful, is by Casimir de la Vigne, and will, we think, be found in any edition of his works. We recommend to all admirers of the poem, Mr. Ruskin's striking comments (*vide Modern Painters*, vol. iii. chap. xii.,



'On the Pathetic Fallacy'). After dwelling on the folly of multiplying words and phrases in order to produce a tragic effort, the great critic goes on to quote some of the paragraphs of this poem, adducing it as a perfect example of tragic skill in the poet. The perfect self-control, the absence of 'trying for effect,' the terribly simple words in which the facts are told,—the girl lingers over her toilette, chats with her maid :

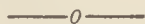
'J'ai l'assurance  
Qu'on va m'adorer ce soir  
Chez l'ambassadeur de France,'

—life, youth, beauty—we see them all, and in one moment, a spark, a rush of flame, and all is over :

'Ses dixhuit ans hélas ! et son doux rêve !'

Some of our readers who took pleasure in the charming sketch of Mary Russell Mitford in *Our Female Novelist* series (*vide* December 1877), may recollect in the *Life and Letters* of that authoress, her comment on the effect produced on herself by the pathos of this wonderful little poem.—EDS.]

G. W. asks, 'Can any one tell me what was the national instrument of Scotland before bagpipes were invented ?' [We shall be happy if any of our readers can enlighten G. W., but we much doubt whether Scotland *had* any instrument prior to the barbarous age which must have seen the invention of 'the pipes.' The 'harp' must have been common alike to Irish, Welsh, and Scotch bards, and probably was the rudest and simplest form of that instrument, especially in Scotland, owing to incompleteness of the scale, which so characterizes genuine Scotch music.—EDS.]



## Notices to Correspondents, etc.

LADIES are invited to contribute to this magazine. All communications to be addressed, EDITORS, *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, Messrs. Murray & Gibb, 11 Queen Street, Edinburgh. No anonymous communication can be noticed.

All contributions to be accompanied by the writer's name and address. Rejected articles can only be returned if accompanied by stamps to cover postage. This applies to all short poems, etc., sent inside letters, with requests for answers. No enclosure can either be noticed or returned unless a stamp be sent at the same time.

Papers intended for immediate insertion must be in the hands of the Editors by the first of the previous month ; attention is requested to this rule.

It is proposed to issue a series of papers on 'Country Subjects and Pursuits.' Articles are already promised on Fishing, Hunting, and Curling. Ladies willing to write in this series should communicate at once with the Editors.

Contributions are often delayed for want of space.

The next meeting of the Ladies' Edinburgh Literary Society will be held at 5 St. Colme Street, on Saturday, 1st June 1878, at 11 o'clock. Debate—'Is home or school education most advisable for girls ?'

## Our Female Novelists.

## XVIII.

## MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY.

b. 1797—d. 1851.

OLD St. Pancras Churchyard is one of the many places over which the advancing tide of London has remorselessly rolled, changing what was once a quiet secluded spot into one of the busiest thoroughfares of the great city. A network of railways above ground and below, and a monster hotel, now cover the place where once it lay.

All lovers of romantic spots must ever grieve that advancing civilisation marches thus ruthlessly over so much haunted ground. Perhaps, however, the knowledge of what we have in this manner lost makes us all the more grateful for what is left. We can still, almost within hearing of the roar of London, meditate in the churchyard where Gray wrote his *Elegy*, and under the very 'yew tree's shade' where he may himself have sat; we may rest on the tomb in the churchyard at Harrow where Byron passed so many of his schoolboy hours; but the iron hand of progress has swept away for ever the willow that shaded the grave of Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin in old St. Pancras Churchyard, and effaced the spot where her gifted young daughter lay dreaming and reading in the long summer days, where she met the poet Shelley, and where 'unhesitatingly she placed her hand in his and linked her fortune with his own.'

The daughter of an extraordinary father, and perhaps still more extraordinary mother, Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin was born in London on the 30th August 1797. Of her girlhood previous to her marriage there is not much to tell. Outwardly there was nothing to distinguish it from the ordinary life of girls in the middle class; but from a little account she gives of herself in a preface to *Frankenstein*, and from touches here and there in her father's letters, we can gather that she was a dreamy, romantic girl, with an insatiable love of reading, which was rather repressed than encouraged. Her father, writing of her at the age of fifteen, says: 'Her desire of knowledge is great, and her perseverance in everything she undertakes almost invincible.' Her mother died at her birth. Her father, in spite of love for his first wife, as passionate as his calm nature was capable of, soon married again, and her step-mother was harsh and un-

congenial. Finding that he required more money than he could make by his writings to support a family establishment formed without making a previous provision for the support of it, her father became a bookseller. This family, for which he had to write hard and work hard, consisted of five children in all: Fanny, the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft before her marriage with Godwin, and Mary, the subject of the present memoir; two children by a previous marriage of the second Mrs. Godwin, Charles and Jane Clairmont; and William, the youngest, the only child of Godwin and his second wife. Jane Clairmont was indulged by her mother, while Fanny and Mary were checked and repressed. Mrs. Godwin's idea was, that 'each child should be educated to some definite duties, and with a view of filling some useful place in life.' But it was found that 'Jane Clairmont's mission was to have all the education and accomplishments which their slender means would admit of, while household drudgery was, from an early age, discovered to be the life-work of Mary and Fanny Godwin.' Her father seems to have deeply loved his children, and to have been much interested in their mental growth; but, like many other fathers, he had not, as he himself confesses, time to put his theories into practice with regard to his own family; so all the education Mary had till the time she left her father's house with Shelley was self-gained. 'That she was afterwards a worthy intellectual companion to Shelley is in no degree due to Mrs. Godwin, and little to her father's direct teaching.'

Of herself she says:—

'It is not singular that, as the daughter of two persons of distinguished literary celebrity, I should very early in life have thought of writing. As a child I scribbled; and my favourite pastime during the hours given me for recreation was to "write stories." Still I had a dearer pleasure than this, which was the formation of castles in the air—the indulging in waking dreams. My dreams were at once more fantastic and agreeable than my writings; they were all my own. I accounted for them to nobody; they were my refuge when annoyed, my dearest pleasure when free. It was beneath the trees of the grounds belonging to our house, or on the bleak sides of the woodless mountains near' (she is speaking of some time she spent in Scotland), 'that my true compositions, the airy flights of my imagination, were born and fostered.'

And so her girlhood passed, spent chiefly in London, varied once by a long visit to Scotland when it was found that the growing girl required purer air than the house in Skinner Street could afford. She is described when about fifteen as being 'rather short, remarkably fair, and light-

haired, with brownish-grey eyes, a great forehead, striking features, and a noticeable air of sedateness.'

Mary was only fourteen when Shelley first became known to her father. The poet, like so many young men of the time, was attracted by the writings of Godwin, and regarded him as a very prophet of the great cause of truth and liberty, and the progress of humanity. Some letters passed between them, and in October 1812, Shelley and his wife visited the Godwins in London; but Mary was then looked upon as a child in her home, and Shelley seems to have taken no particular notice of her. They did not meet again until early in the summer of 1814. At this time Shelley was wretched. He had discovered that the dream of his youthful love was an illusion, that his wife was totally incapable of understanding or half appreciating him, and for long they had been living most unhappily together. The exaggerated and keen sensibility of his poetic nature made him feel every small trial with the greatest acuteness, and family troubles and vexations, which by ordinary men might have been forgotten, or thought lightly of, rubbed off in daily intercourse with the outside world, were brooded on till they became sorrows which it appeared to himself time could never heal. That a separation between him and his wife was impending when Shelley came to London is certain. That it did not take place sooner is deeply to be deplored; but it is at least some excuse for Mary Godwin that she was not the first cause of the breach between him and Harriet.

Mary, too, was not happy. Her home, as we have shown, was ruled over by a step-mother, who, if not deliberately unkind, was at least totally unsympathetic; and when seen with a book in her hand, Mary was 'wont to hear from her that her proper sphere was the storeroom.' Some of us can perhaps recall such times in our own girlhood,—before the days of girls' colleges and local examinations,—when to be seen with a book was almost a crime, when we satisfied our love of reading and craving for knowledge anywhere out of sight, in some old lumber-room or underneath a favourite tree. There we dreamed and read, and read and dreamed, till fiction seemed more true than fact, and the poets and philosophers of our books were the only realities, and the people we lived among were shadows and dreams. Such a girl can we picture Mary Godwin to have been. No wonder that, when the poet of her dreams came to her in real life, she thought him almost divine.



His youth, his loveliness, his sorrows, touched her heart. Shelley found in her sympathy and intellectual appreciation ; to her he confided his griefs, his hopes, his plans for the well-being of the human race : she listened, approved, advised. They were congenial spirits,—*simpatica*, as the Italians say, —and they had found each other. We can easily fancy that they met for a time without any feeling of wrong on either side, that they loved before they were aware of it. What opened their eyes we are not told ; but Godwin's suspicions which seem after a time to have been aroused, may have hastened the climax. On the 28th July 1814, within three months after they had met for this time, they left London together. That Mary Godwin's act was unpardonable from any point of view, is not to be denied ; still there are manifold excuses to be made for her. Through the teaching of her father, whom she deeply respected, and the writings of her mother, whose memory she revered, she had become familiarized with the idea that marriage was one of the institutions which a nobler era of mankind would sweep away, and in these ideas Shelley fully shared. Young and ardent minds do not readily distinguish between theory and practice, and it was not surprising if the visionary girl confounded opinions that were meant to take effect in a state of society altogether hypothetical, and actions done in society as at present constituted. When we consider her youth, her inexperience, her girlish trustfulness, her deep, passionate love for Shelley, his almost overpowering attractions, the fascination he exercised over all who knew him personally, and, above all, the atmosphere of thought in which she had been brought up, we may, while fully .

‘Owning her weakness,  
Her evil behaviour,’

without exceeding the limits of the ‘charity which hopeth all things,’ mingle a feeling of tender pity with our heartfelt condemnation of Mary Godwin's conduct.

The events of the next few weeks were afterwards given to the world by Mrs. Shelley in the *Six Weeks' Tour*, published by her among Shelley's prose writings after his death. It is, however, as much her work as his, being passages from their joint diary, begun the night they left England together, and continued by one or other during all their married life. They began their sentimental journey—which has been called ‘the strangest ever undertaken since Adam and Eve went forth with all the world before them where to choose’—by crossing from Dover to Calais in an

open boat, exposed to a violent storm. They then proceeded through France to Geneva, and thence to Lucerne. At Paris they bought an ass, on which they rode by turns, and in this manner the earlier stages of the journey were performed. At Lucerne the state of their purse warned them to think of returning home, and choosing water conveyances, partly because of their being cheapest, and partly because Shelley was always happier in a boat than anywhere else, they went down the Reuss and the Rhine, and found themselves again in England on the 13th September.

Early in the following year Shelley's grandfather died, and, his father coming into the property, settled on him £1000 a year. They were now comfortably off, and went to live at Bishopgate, near Windsor Forest. Here they remained until May of the following year, and here their eldest child William was born in January 1816. Their days were passed under the oaks in Windsor Forest, or boating on the Thames, in the thorough enjoyment of each other's society. In May 1816 they again went abroad, and when staying at the Hôtel Sécheron, on the Lake of Geneva, made the acquaintance of Lord Byron. Byron was then living near Diodati, a beautiful old house with grounds sloping to the lake, and surrounded by terraced vineyards. Here the Shelleys spent much of their time, and we cannot help wishing that some unseen Boswell had been present to record the conversations of the poets. Byron was never altogether a favourite with Mrs. Shelley; and yet, telling how she used to sit entranced listening to their talk, she says that in after years the sound of his voice moved her almost beyond endurance, and when he ceased speaking, involuntarily she waited for a moment for the other voice hushed for ever, which she half expected to answer.

*Frankenstein*, that weird, wild romance, Mrs. Shelley's first literary work, was the offspring of this time. The story of its origin is well known. How their imaginations had been excited by ghost stories told by 'Monk' Lewis, who had been paying a visit to Lord Byron; how during a three days' thunderstorm Byron and the Shelleys agreed each to write a ghost story; and how Mrs. Shelley's, the wonderful *Frankenstein*, was the only one of the three ever completed. She tells us how for days she could not think of a plot sufficiently novel and startling, till at last the strange one she fixed upon was suggested to her by a conversation between Shelley and Byron on the subject of Dr. Darwin's experiments in the production of life. To all lovers of the horrible in literature we

can recommend this tale, promising them a rich banquet. Space will permit us to give only a very brief sketch of it here.

Frankenstein, the hero, picked up by a British captain amidst the icebergs of the polar seas, tells his 'wild and wondrous tale.' A native of Geneva, he had from early youth loved to dabble in the occult sciences, and penetrated so far into the mysteries of nature as to be able to create a living being. The stages of his work are described with thrilling horror, till at length, 'on a dreary night in November,' the end of all his toil is achieved, and the hideous mass into which he has breathed the breath of life lives and moves. With unspeakable loathing, Frankenstein flies from the gigantic monster he has created. In vain, however, does he try to escape. The dreadful being follows him with fearful malignance, murders his little brother, and at length makes him promise to create for it a companion. Frankenstein retires to a lonely island of the Orcades to execute his hated task. While engaged in it the monster appears before him. 'As I looked on him, his countenance expressed the utmost extent of malice and treachery. I thought with a sensation of madness on my promise of creating another like to him, and, trembling with passion, tore to pieces the thing on which I was engaged. The wretch saw me destroy the creature on whose future existence he depended for happiness, and with a howl of despair and revenge withdrew.' Goaded to fury by disappointment, the fiend commits crime, murders Frankenstein's dearest friend, and strangles his bride on their wedding night. The unhappy Frankenstein has now but one object in view, to destroy the monster and at once revenge his wrongs and rid the world of such a fiend. But the creature eludes his grasp, and, leading him through the greater part of Europe, down the Rhone, through the Mediterranean, on to the Black Sea, amidst the wilds of Tartary and Russia, brings him at length to the ice-bound shores of the polar seas. Frankenstein is finally within sight of his victim, when the ice breaks up, and he is left on a floating ice-raft. Rescued then by the captain of the British vessel to whom he tells his story, he dies before the ship sails for England. The monster appears, and, after mourning over the dead body of his creator, 'springs through the cabin window, is borne away by the waves, and lost in darkness and distance;' and so ends the tale.

On *Frankenstein* Mrs. Shelley's claim to literary distinction chiefly rests. It is undoubtedly the best of all her books; it has a force and an originality which none of her

other writings possess; there is in it an echo of the tender melancholy of her father's romantic tales, and a ring of Shelley's wildest poetry. Both Godwin and Shelley thought highly of the story, and it was reviewed and praised by Sir Walter Scott in *Blackwood's Magazine*.

On their return to England in September 1816, the poet and his wife again settled near the Thames, this time at Marlow in Buckinghamshire. Here their time was spent in works of active benevolence among the poor lace-workers of the neighbourhood, in the enjoyment of simple country pleasures, and in reading, which formed the chief delight of both. 'At home or travelling, before breakfast or waiting for the mid-day meal, by the side of a stream or on the ascent of a mountain, a book was never absent from the hands of one or other.'

An event, which came as a shock to both of them, happened in November 1816; Harriet, Shelley's first wife, drowned herself in the Serpentine. A few weeks after, Shelley and Mary were married very quietly in London. Innocent as all Shelley's biographers assert he was of being the immediate cause of this rash act, he yet could by no means have felt guiltless, and the remorse he now endured affected his health and spirits. Another source of grief was added in the decision against him in Chancery, when, on account of his opinions, he was declared unfit to have the charge of his and Harriet's children. A fear alluded to in his *Lines to William Shelley* seems to have haunted him and Mary, that their boy might be taken from them like the others; so, for safety and change of scene, they determined to go abroad, and in March 1818 left England, to which Shelley was destined never to return.

Four years of life in Italy followed,—a time which, when Mrs. Shelley looked back upon it in her sad widowhood, seemed to her full of golden days of 'pure and perfect delight' indeed. The nameless charm which Italy exercises over all poetical minds was fully felt by both the Shelleys. The dreamy Venice, like no other place in the world in the silence that pervades its 'watery streets;' Florence, the beautiful in nature and in art; the half-populated Pisa; the strange mixture of mediæval civilisation with modern life, which lingers in all the towns of Italy; the intoxicating beauty of the environs of Naples, with its cloudless sky and waveless sea; Rome, the enchantress, 'the capital of a vanished world,' with her streets, churches, pictures, fountains, and, above all, her ruins 'graced with an immaculate charm that



cannot be effaced,' are all remarked on and described in the letters of both husband and wife with the very enthusiasm of delight. Their first winter abroad was spent at Milan, Leghorn, the Baths of Lucca, Venice and its neighbourhood, Rome, and Naples. While at Este, near Naples, their little daughter Clara died. This was a great trial to both father and mother, to be followed by a still greater when their eldest and best-beloved child William, a lovely boy three years of age, died at Rome in the early summer of the next year. After his loss they left Rome never to return, and for the remainder of Shelley's life they lived in the north of Italy, chiefly at Leghorn, Florence, and Pisa. In November 1819 the birth at Florence of another son, Percy Florence Shelley, the present baronet, partly consoled them for the loss of their other children. In January 1820 they removed to Pisa, and while living there, for the first time in Italy, went a good deal into society. They there made the acquaintance of Mr. Williams, who afterwards shared Shelley's sad fate, and his wife; also of Captain Trelawny, who in her utmost need proved a kind friend to Mrs. Shelley. In Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne, settled at Leghorn, they also found pleasant and congenial friends. Mrs. Gisborne was an old acquaintance of Godwin's, and a fast friendship sprang up between her and his daughter. To her many of Mrs. Shelley's letters are addressed. These letters, written without the remotest thought of after publication, are very pleasant, giving mostly simple womanly accounts of her daily life, of Shelley, of her child, and here and there little bits of literary criticism or other remarks which display the depth and culture of her mind.

Novel as their experience of society and a gay life was, it seems often to have palled upon them both. In one of her letters to Mrs. Gisborne, Mrs. Shelley says that she longs for nothing so eagerly as 'some sea-girt isle, where with Shelley, my babe, my books and horses, we might give the rest to the winds.' This seems almost an echo of words written to her by Shelley about a year before: 'My greatest comfort would be utterly to desert all human society. I would retire with you and our children to a solitary island in the sea, would build a boat, and shut upon my retreat the floodgates of the world.'

This longing for solitude and love of the sea led them to choose, in the summer of 1822, a residence on the Bay of Spezzia near Lerici. The situation was wild, lonely, and beautiful beyond expression. The house Casa Magni, which

the Williamses shared with them, was on the very border of the sea—a steep hill covered with dark pines and other forest trees rose behind; in front was a land-locked bay; there was no entrance to it but by one footpath over the beach from Lerici. Something in the solitude, perhaps even in the extreme beauty of the place, weighed on the sensitive mind of Mrs. Shelley. From the time of their coming there, she was oppressed by a deepening gloom, a coming shadow of she knew not what, which darkened with foreboding and sadness the last few months of her life with one whom she so passionately loved. She attributed her depression to ill-health, and tried to shake it off, but in vain; and when Shelley left her, for what she thought would be only an absence of a few days, to meet Leigh Hunt at Leghorn, her fears, too soon so sadly to be realized, were redoubled.

Of Shelley's sad and sudden end, the story has been often told. It was on the 8th July 1822 that he sailed from Leghorn, on a calm, sultry afternoon. The sea was as smooth as glass, the sky without a cloud. In a few hours a terrible storm arose, a fury of wind, rain, thunder, and lightning; it was six o'clock on a summer evening, and yet it became almost dark. The tempest was as brief as it was violent; it lasted but twenty minutes. When it ceased, the spirit of the poet had passed away; all that was mortal in him had 'suffered a sea change,' and he was 'made one with nature.' We rejoice to think that this generation is doing justice to Shelley, 'the most spiritual of the poets of the nineteenth century;' that the harsh terms atheist and materialist are no longer so unsparingly heaped upon him; that a deeper study of the true tendency of all he wrote, and a better understanding of the spirit of his poetry, has led us rather to regard him as "the eternal child," leaning with his *heart* on that dove-like faith against which his erring *intellect* had rebelled.

Some days of agonizing suspense passed before the bereaved wives knew the full bitterness of their fate. Mrs. Shelley describes herself during that time as almost mad. Captain Trelawny did all that lay in his power to comfort and assist them, superintending the last sad rites that were performed when the bodies were finally cast ashore. The ashes of Shelley were preserved and brought to England; his heart was buried at Rome, near the spot where his loved child lay, in the place where he had said 'it might make one in love with death to be buried in so sweet a place.'

Mary Shelley was only four-and-twenty years of age when the joy of her life was thus snatched away from her. It seemed to her truly a grief too terrible to bear. Her deep despondency, the utter abandonment of her misery, may be guessed from passages like the following in her private journal. The fragments of this diary read in some parts almost like a prose version of *In Memoriam* :

‘ . . . I cannot grieve for you, beloved Shelley. I grieve for thy friends, for the world, for thy child, most for myself, enthroned in thy love, growing wiser and better beneath thy gentle influence, taught by you the highest philosophy—your pupil, friend, lover, wife, mother of your children. The glory of the dream is gone. I am a cloud from which the light of sunset has passed. Give me patience in the present struggle. *Meum cordium cor*. Good-night.

“ I would give  
All that I am to be as thou now art;  
But I am chained to time and cannot thence depart.”’

Her boy alone was a source of interest and occupation to her; for him she lived henceforth, and for his sake, the year after Shelley's death, she left Italy, the land of her delights, and the land of her deep sorrows. So much was all belonging to Italy mixed up with tender memories of the past, that years after one word of the language was enough to bring tears to her eyes. The gloom of her native climate struck her on her return in painful contrast to the sunny skies she had left; it was to her as a type of the life she had to look forward to, compared to the sunny past that lay behind Shelley's grave. But she fought bravely with herself, and sought in literary pursuits an escape from her own brooding thoughts. At first she lived in London near her father, who was getting old, and who greatly enjoyed her society and that of his little grandson. Shelley's father made an attempt to obtain possession of the child; but, needless to say, his offers of money instead of her sole remaining treasure were indignantly refused. We must ever regret that through his tyrannical influence the world was deprived of a work which it still wants—a true story of Shelley's life. The one object of his widow, after the care of her boy, was to give to the world a life of her husband, and even before her return to England she began to collect materials and to prepare for it. But this cherished plan she was obliged to relinquish, on a threat from Sir Timothy Shelley that, if she persisted in it, all supplies would be withheld. Almost totally dependent on him as she was, she had no choice left. What that life would have been we shall never know. The work has been done, and may yet be done again and again, by others

possessed of higher literary talents; but no one can give us, as his wife could have done, a transcript of that true high mind, still 'longing to be right' even when most wrong, which she of all people living knew so well, because she loved him so truly.

Debarred from the greater work she so desired, she did all that was possible, in editing his collected writings, with short biographical notes appended to the poems. Some of her remarks are touching and womanly in the extreme. For instance, she says she reprints the notes on *Queen Mab*, which she might with advantage have withheld, especially as Shelley himself thought they should not be republished, 'not because they are models of reasoning or lessons of truth, but *because Shelley wrote them.*'

In a few years, when her little son was old enough to go to school, she sent him to Harrow, and thither she removed, that she might be near him. In her retired life there, she devoted herself much to literature, and published several novels. These were—*Valperga*, in 1823; *The Last Man*, 1824; *Perkin Warbeck*, 1830; *Lodore*, 1835; and *Falkner*, 1837. None of these are equal in merit to *Frankenstein*, although *The Last Man* approaches it in style and in the horrible originality of the plot. The details of the story, the onward creeping approach of the plague that finally devastates the whole known world, till but one human being, the last of his race, is left to tell the tale, are worked out with a wildness of imagination and a horror that is truly appalling. Apart from the fact that 'Mrs. Shelley wrote them,' there is nothing in any of her novels except *Frankenstein* to make them live. Her life, linked as it is with so many other great names, is much more interesting than her writings. Nevertheless, they have many merits. Although sentimental and melancholy, they are never morbid, but, on the contrary, pure and elevated in tone, and perfect in morality. She wrote besides two volumes of *Rambles in Germany and Italy*, many short articles in magazines and annuals. She contributed all the Spanish and Italian lives to the *Cabinet Cyclopædia* except Tasso and Galileo, and much regretted that the former did not fall to her share.

Contrary to what might have been expected from the daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft and the wife of Shelley, she never came forward either in her writings or otherwise as a holder of advanced views. Her opinions, conveyed in such remarks as the following, are singularly wise and calm: 'I believe we are sent here to



educate ourselves, and that self-denial and disappointment and self-control are a part of our education, that it is not by taking away all restraining law that our improvement is to be achieved; and though many things need great amendment, I can by no means go so far as my friends would have me.'

In 1844 Sir Timothy Shelley died, and her son succeeded to the title. All restrictions as to the publishing of the long-delayed life of her husband were now removed, and she at once began again to think of accomplishing the object nearest her heart. But her task was never completed; interruptions from failing health prevented her, her energy gradually faded, and at last she died peacefully in London on the 21st February 1851, in the fifty-fourth year of her age. She lies beside her father and mother, both removed thither from St. Pancras, in the sunny churchyard of Bournemouth:

'Touch her not scornfully;  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently, and humanly;  
Not of the stains of her—  
All that remains of her  
Now is pure womanly.'

Such a life as Mary Shelley's, although not by any means the highest attainable, and darkened as it is by the shadow of her early sin, may yet serve as an example to many who have a clearer faith and a brighter hope than she ever had. 'To be something great and good was,' she says, 'the precept given me by my father; Shelley reiterated it,' and her sole endeavour was to act upon this maxim. The 'perfectibility' of the whole human race was the end, above all others, for which she and Shelley longed, and of which they loved to dream—the theme they were never weary of discussing. If she failed either in attaining a very high standard for herself, or in materially raising those about her, it was not because she did not strive earnestly after all that she thought good and beautiful and true, but because all must fail 'who count *themselves* so needful for success.'

Her own words, almost the last in the published fragments of her diary, will serve to close this short memoir. If there is in them something that chills and disappoints us, it is because they are the words of one whose highest altar was raised to duty alone: 'The great work of life goes on. Death draws near. To be better after death than in life is one's hope and endeavour; to be so through self-schooling.'

F. G.

## 'Is Wagner's Theory of Music and the Drama correct?'

[This paper was read at the Ladies' Literary Society. The answer will be inserted next month.—Eds.]

'It will always be safe, except in the presence of really good musicians,' says Dr. Haweis in his *Music and Morals*,<sup>1</sup> 'to sniff at Wagner and the music of the future.'

I hope the form of question will be borne in mind by my hearers. I am not asked whether a much-abused man is the best of all musicians and composers, nor whether I personally like his compositions better than any others, nor whether he has successfully reduced his theory to practice; to each of these questions I should answer, 'No!' But when I am asked if his theory be correct as a theory, I will put before you my reasons for thinking it so as clearly as I can.

In case there be any to whom he is little more than a name, Richard Wagner, born 1813, is a composer who gives astonishment, pleasure, disgust, rapture, to various audiences in turn. Some fall into ecstasies, some into despair, some fall asleep. His operas are so difficult to put on the stage, managers will hardly run the risk, especially as at one time they were apt to be hissed off it again. There are numbers who, unwilling to join the cry against him as a *charlatan*, veiling his musical poverty under eccentricity, accord to him the semi-comic respect an Irishman once gave to the candidate at a contested election. 'Vote for him; he's a jantleman!' was the cry. 'He was cut out for one, but the divil ran away with the patthern,' was the response; and in this vein many reply to Mr. E. Dannreuther.

Now as to his theory. Are we right or wrong in linking thus 'Music and the Drama'? Great authorities, with Schlegel at their head, contend that drama can only exist in a degraded form as opera; some, on the other hand, insisting, for the sake of music, that it should not be fettered by dramatic laws.

Wagner says (and here I am wholly with him), '*Art is one.*' For convenience' sake I use common forms, and speak of 'the arts' when I mean the different ways in which ideal beauty reaches us through the channels of sense. In each department of Art there must be certain fixed laws, only applicable there; but not the less one Ideal lies behind them all (as in the beautiful Greek myth, they were all Daughters

<sup>1</sup> P. 526.

of the Day). Our mortal part acts as the prism, decomposing and individualizing for us the separate hues; and as in the rainbow we discern between every pure primary colour a delicious overlapping belt where they intermingle, each giving and gaining somewhat, and, while forming an exquisite compound hue, conducting the eye onward, through enharmonic intervals of light, to the next colour; so in the arts are debateable grounds, where they mutually exchange and borrow, and this explains the fact that a great artist in one branch has generally (invariably) natural affinities and predilections for a second.<sup>1</sup> Michael Angelo scribbled his rhymes on the edge of his cartoons, and many besides Wagner have combined the musician and the poet.

MUSIC, the heavenliest, is the youngest of all the Arts. My belief is she had to wait for Christianity, not able to unveil her secrets to man till the full revelation of the Trinity. Having had a shorter career hitherto, she may have more of 'a future' than her sisters. We scarce look forward with any interest to an 'Architecture,' a 'Painting,' a 'Sculpture,' of the future; to a 'Music,' I think we may, and that in the very direction indicated by Wagner. He is called a 'reformer of music;' this he denies. I like his hearty way of owning goodness which he sees. We have Beethoven, he says, and Mozart, and many more; and he thinks you may go farther and fare worse if you try to *improve* upon Beethoven. What, then, does he want to do? Simply to bring the whole emotional power of music to bear upon the drama, and in so doing to give dramatic form to the music, that the full strength of both may meet upon one stage; this he says has never yet been done. To quote Dr. Haweis, 'he wants to turn the whole stream of Beethoven's music into the operatic channel.'<sup>2</sup>

With this possibility in view, what is 'the Drama'? Derivation, of course, is the great aid to definition; the defective old Greek verb *δραμεῖν*, to move along. A story, then, brought into movement before our eyes—tragic, comic, mythic, historic, what you please—that is a drama. Tragedy is its highest form, the *πράγος ᾠδία*, goat-song, of the ancient Greeks, the sacrificial being probably the best explanation. Schlegel and other critics think we cannot surpass those grand old Greek plays. Wagner agrees, and points out that they, having no music, worked wonders by attention to

<sup>1</sup> It may not be so with the mere artist, but with the ποιητής I think it will.

<sup>2</sup> *Contemporary Review*, May 1877.

rhythm, especially in their beautiful choruses. We have music with all its emotional force, but need not therefore discard rhythm.

'No music!' you will say. 'Why, the *ᾠδὴ* was a song.'

Of a sort, yes; but what sort? We may wish we could have talked to men of old, listened to their poetry and rhetoric; but I, at least, never wished to hear their music, not even of the Chosen People—no, not the sweet singer of Israel, nor the song that was *not* sung by Babel's stream. We probably chant the Psalms better ourselves; I hope so! The drama is important in national life. Often a religious solemnity, it has always been a powerful element in literature. It perpetuates for a nation its own history, its own legends, and many phases of its social life. It may exalt, or fatally debase, morals and manners. If the stage is to be constantly taken up with a trifling, low, debased style of art, a depraving of public taste must be the unhappy result. The materials of drama must then be good and well selected. A poet must give or adapt a good story, a painter preside over scenery (formerly left to the imagination, a board with written description of what the spectators were to suppose they saw being the device in Shakspeare's days); we need what is called 'dramatic situation.' A drama must not be all action, nor all words; we combine both. Now comes the *casus belli*. Are we to superadd music? If we do, the result is melodrama—an opera.

Hear Schlegel on the subject of opera: 'In the opera the poetry is merely an accessory, the means of connecting the different parts together, and it is almost buried under its associates. The best prescription for the composition of an opera is to give a poetical sketch, which may be afterwards filled up and coloured by the other arts. This anarchy of the arts' (mark the expression, I beg), 'where music, dancing, and decoration endeavour to surpass each other by the most profuse display of dazzling charms, constitutes the very essence of the opera. . . . The costume of the opera ought to be dazzling and overladen with ornaments; and hence many things which have been censured as unnatural, such as heroes warbling and thrilling in the excess of despondency, are perfectly justifiable. This fairy world is not peopled by real men, but by a singular kind of singing creatures. Neither is it any disadvantage to us that the opera is conveyed in a language which is not generally understood; the text is altogether lost in the music, and the language the most harmonious and musical which contains the greatest



number of open vowels, and distinct accents for recitative, is therefore the best.'<sup>1</sup>

Schlegel thinks, then, opera is an anarchy of the Arts, Sound *versus* Sense. Listen now to Dr. Haweis:

'We have often expressed an opinion that opera is a defective form of art. That music can only represent the emotions of a drama, and not its incidents, is a truth enunciated alike by Glück, the first, and Richard Wagner, the latest, of the German opera writers. . . . Wagner, in extolling legendary subjects as best fitted for the opera, observes that "music does not stop at the exterior incidents, but expresses the underlying emotion." . . . His admission is fatal to the very existence of the opera. . . . We may say to Wagner, "The music at the opera, in so far as it is acted, loses its power of expressing the emotion of the action by becoming itself the action, or, as he says, stopping at the exterior incident." . . . The sphere of musical emotion is . . . distinct from that of dramatic action.'<sup>2</sup>

It is ingenious of Dr. Haweis to turn Wagner's arguments against himself; but, though ingenious, it seems to me unsound. He goes on: 'A situation *can* be expressed by action and language; *the emotion of the situation can be expressed by music.*'<sup>3</sup> But music *cannot* express a situation; we must not try to make it do so by making the actor sing. People do *not* go about the world singing incidents; people do *not* wail out melodious strains in the midst of consumptive agonies.'

I take these two as fair types of objectors. Wagner says, 'music has opened to us a world of emotional expression unknown to the ancients.' Use it dramatically. Let the poem express the 'action,' the music the 'emotion' it calls forth. Otherwise, as we see, opera is a fascinating amusement, utterly beneath drama, and not amenable, therefore, to dramatic rule. And now of Opera, child of the sunny South in name and origin, what shall we say? Italian born, it seems to need the depth and pathos of the sterner Teutonic nature to bring it to full perfection. It is hard to say severe things of an amusement which has given us such delight (to myself as much as to any human being), but does it fulfil any one condition of a good drama? Why not? (taking Rossini as a kind of central type of Italian opera). Everything is sacrificed *not* to music, but to one part of it, melody.

<sup>1</sup> *Lectures on Dramatic Literature*, vol. i. p. 69. Schlegel's date, 1815.

<sup>2</sup> *Music and Morals*, p. 234.

<sup>3</sup> This is all Wagner asks.

True, the loveliness of the melodies never will be surpassed, human throats cannot warble us sweeter songs, but no succession of songs will make a drama. What of the framework? Can you name a libretto you would *read* for pleasure? *Semiramide*? *Lucia*? *Così Fan Tutte*? When a really fine story got tortured into an opera, like 'Tilly Slowboy's' conversation to the Baby, 'all the sense was struck out of it.' Where strong emotion was called out at any point, there might be a detached song of matchless beauty. I instance one in Vaccaj's *Romeo e Giulietta*, not a well-known opera, on a theme used by many composers, 'Ah! se tu dormi svegliati,' words and rhythm in perfect accord with the musical phrases; and accompaniment rippling and flowing like a brook in Italian moonlight, as the air rises in passionate emphasis, expressing the whole character of the scene. Songs like these Wagner likens to pearls of an unstrung necklace, and though it may be true people do not 'sing incidents,' yet, *pace* Dr. Haweis, deep emotion can hardly find better expression than when sung. We can say of many who sing under the influence of strong or sublime feeling:

'Why, he hath told his story in his song.'<sup>1</sup>

Fitting words to music brings out the true force of both. I must give an instance once more; a dear old song of Winter's in a forgotten opera, *Il Ratto di Proserpina*:

'Paga fui, fu lieta un dì  
Ogni ben fu solo in me  
Più non posso dir così  
Con me Cerere non è!'

Simple words, and the tune as simple, not half a dozen notes in it; beginning in F minor, and half way through passing on to the tonic major and closing there. I am not ashamed of having cried over Madame Sontag's singing of that song! I recollect but few examples of this expression of grief by a very simple air in the major key; perhaps its rarity helps to make it pathetic. 'Che farò senza Euridice' is an example, and the Dead March in *Saul*, with the mighty sob of a nation in its undertone.

Seventy years ago, a few years before Schlegel, it was felt that Italian opera was destroying the dramatic taste of the age. There is an amusing passage<sup>2</sup> in *Corinne*, where an English, French, and Italian nobleman criticise drama. After a few solemn words on Shakspeare, *Milord* shuts his mouth. The Prince Castel-Forte can hardly get in a word, overborne

<sup>1</sup> A. Smith's poems.

<sup>2</sup> *Corinne*, Livre vii. chap. ii. Date, 1807.

by the Comte d' Erfeuil's witticisms on the opera. Too long to read *in extenso*, a few sentences will be most apposite :—

‘La musique est tout chez eux, et la pièce n’est rien. Si le second acte a une meilleure musique que le premier, ils commencent par le second acte ; si ce sont les deux premiers actes de deux pièces différentes, ils jouent ces deux actes le même jour . . . vos musiciens fameux disposent en entier de vos poètes ; l’un lui déclare qu’il ne peut pas chanter s’il n’a dans son ariette le mot *félicité* ; le tenor demande *la tomba* ; et le troisième chanteur ne peut faire des roulades que sur le mot *catene*. Il faut que le pauvre poète arrange ces goûts divers comme il le peut avec la situation dramatique. Ce n’est pas tout encore, il y a des virtuoses que ne veulent pas arriver de plain-pied sur le théâtre ; il faut qu’ils se montrent d’abord dans un nuage, ou qu’ils descendent du haut de l’escalier d’un palais, pour produire plus d’effet à leur entrée. Quand l’ariette est chantée, dans quelque situation touchante ou violente que ce soit, l’acteur doit saluer pour remercier des applaudissements qu’il obtient. L’autre jour, à Sémiramis après que le spectre de Ninus eut chanté son ariette, l’acteur qui le représentait fit, en son costume d’ombre, une grande révérence au parterre, ce qui diminua beaucoup l’effroi de l’apparition.’

Of course we have heard of a barn theatre, where Hamlet’s Ghost persisted in destroying the illusion by snuffing the candles ; and at a spiritualist *séance* in London, the entreaty, ‘Spirits is requested to speak up cos o’ the Busses!’ was in the same way a sedative to spectral alarms.

But in this manner, and for years after, were the unhappy opera writers at the mercy of a set of egotistical performers, each bent on showing off his or her peculiar vocalization ; and as managers knew that people flocked to the theatre to hear one singer sing one song, they did what would best fill the house. Madame Grisi’s C in alt. would draw thousands, and Mdlle. Jenny Lind could bring the ‘house’ down like Samson with her magic ‘shake,’ so no matter about the ‘dramatic situation.’ One opera queen must ‘shriek’ the passion to shreds, and the other ‘shake’ it to tatters, or what would the public do ?

So says Wagner :<sup>1</sup> ‘A touchingly beautiful phrase suddenly ends with the stereotyped cadenza, with the usual runs and the inevitable forced note just before the close, with which the singer all of a sudden leaves the person whom he or she was addressing, and steps to the footlights, thus giving the signal for applause to the *claque*.’

There came a period of dramatizing all the novels of the day ; sorely did Sir W. Scott suffer in this process ! Few, comparatively, of these became popular in England ; but Italians, in their mania for Highland costume, hail the least fragment of a Scotch background (Highland or Lowland) as

<sup>1</sup> *Music of the Future*, p. 51.

an excuse for turning out the whole *corps dramatique* in kilts. *La Donna del Lago* was a legitimate field, also *La Bella Fanciulla di Perth* (which it diverted one to see placarded up in Ravenna and Venice); but in *Lucia di Lammermoor* the chorus are set down as 'Gli abitanti di Lammermoor,' and these 'aborigines' appear in kilts which would look as odd on the Lammermoors as on the Lagoons! I am not sure that the Rev. Mr. Bide-the-Bent wholly escapes the tartan. In *Il Prigione d'Edimburgo* we have an operatic *Heart of Mid-Lothian*, the smugglers in kilts, their captain singing 'Sulla poppa del mio brig,' we recall Geordie Robertson and Daddie Ratcliffe, and laugh! Let devotees of 'tunes' say what they will, is this drama? Like Mr. Swiveller's poor little *Marchioness*, we have 'to make-believe *very much*' before the orange peel and water gives the taste of wine!

After every sacrifice of truth and nature for the sake of melody, will melody bear the strain? The finest songs palled, written as they so often were for some particular star, witness our old music-books, 'as sung by . . . at His Majesty's Theatre . . .' When the singer died or left the stage, the songs got down to quadrille bands, to hurdygurdies, and the opera went to the rats and mice.

But, you say, 'have we no better operas?' Yes; but in Germany. There we have Mozart, his *Idomeneo* and *Seraglio*, *Nozze di Figaro* and *Zauberflöte*, and, best of all, *Don Giovanni*. Porgi Amor, Dove sono, Il mio tesoro, with their beautiful orchestration, what simpler, sweeter melody can you wish? Weber, too, his delicious *Oberon* and *Freyschütz*, like the *Tempest*, transporting us to the world of faerie without ceasing the human interest; but greatest and best, *Fidelio*. Yet it is Beethoven in chains; he throws himself into the mighty Overture; but through the rest it is like watching a beautiful yacht in a breeze without sea-room, a sense of always stopping when you want to go on. Then, again, this and other fine operas are spoilt ruthlessly by Italian singers who will not sing the German words. In Leonora's delirium of hysteric joy, 'O namenlose Freude! Mein Mann auf meiner Brust!' we have to listen to 'Destin destin, ormai felice'—you can get the words in certainly, with accent going against the music instead of with it, and lips closed where the words should open them. Even Wagner is so treated, as one feels in Lohengrin's song, 'Mein lieber Schwan! ach! diese letzte, traur'ge Fahrt, wie gern hätt' ich sie dir gespart!' noble, terse words done into, 'Cigno gentil! questo cammin fatale a me Io risparmiar voleva a te,' and so on. If Wagner be



right, and melody should grow out of verse, such transposition of sound and sense should be impossible. He wishes it should be 'nothing but an intensified version of the actual sounds of rhythmical speech.'<sup>1</sup> He wishes words and melody to belong to each other, and be supported by the orchestra in such a way that the three cannot be fully understood without this interdependence, the singer being like a man in a skiff, the melody the boat which carries him, the orchestra the waters which bear them both.

I have scarcely left time to glance at his works, and, looking on him as a theorist on his trial, it by no means follows that he has yet made good his own words. Like a cragsman half way up a cliff, he may have found the accessible track, but it remains to be seen whether he will surmount the obstacles ahead of him. Of *Rienzi* I do not know a word or a note, so will say nothing of it. One of his *idées fixes* is, that myths and legends make better opera subjects than history; and why? Because history is plain chronicling of fact, while a nation's myths lie deep in its past, expressing therefore what Italians would call the *ingegno* of a great people. Born of mystic yearning for the unseen—that greatest instinct of our nature—and nurtured by fancy and emotion, they gave scope for introducing the marvellous, and unclosed the doors of the spirit-world. Therefore they afford facilities for the writing of both poetry and music too valuable to be passed by in melodrama.

*The Flying Dutchman* was written about 1842–43, after a tempestuous voyage, in which he found himself on the coast of Norway. The wild legend of the man accursed and redeemed by love stronger than death, is one after Wagner's own heart, and the opera is beautiful, though not coming up to his own ideal. *Tannhäuser* (1843) is a well-known legend of Thuringia, and I like his improvement upon the mediæval story by re-admitting the lost minstrel knight to repentance and hope. I only know the libretto, and the music in fragments; the part-singing is quite wonderful, exactly recalling his idea of the boat upborne on a stream. *Die Meistersinger* (1868) I can quite believe to be<sup>2</sup> a kind of humorous pendant to *Tannhäuser*; it introduces us to a very curious and interesting phase of musical history, the Choral Unions of Germany in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. He is said to have paid a grateful tribute to Spohr, who was his early benefactor, in the character of 'Veit Pogner.' Perhaps my intense love of legends of the *Holy Grail* lends

<sup>1</sup> *Music of the Future*, p. 66.

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Haweis.

force to my admiration of *Lohengrin*. The poem is exquisite, with that appeal to the depths of our nature which the music satisfies. We seem to see Earth's great drama played before us: Elsa in her brief paradise, Eve-like, must know the 'whence' of her joy. 'If I tell you, it will kill you,' is the spirit of Lohengrin's warning; 'If you do not, I die,' of her response. Urged by the fiend-like Ortrud, she grasps at the knowledge that brings sorrow, and in an instant her cry of 'Der Schwan, der Schwan!' rings through us. Yet is there an outlook through anguish. 'Mein Gatte,' sobs she; her fairy Knight is her own still: in Love there is no death!

Of all these operas, Dr. Haweis says:<sup>1</sup> 'Snatches there are here and there of exquisite melody, broken up by part-singing, with a wild burst of chorus when needful to fulfil the dramatic occasion.' If people still think, after hearing Senta's Song, the Sailors' Chorus, Elsa's Prayer, Elsa's Brautgang, Lohengrin's Warning, and address to his Swan, that Wagner cannot write melody or music, I am sorry for them, but scarcely think the fault is chargeable on him.

His great work, the *Tetralogie*, or *Nibelungen-Ring*, is an attempt to condense into four operas the great foundation myths of German song. I beg here to express my utter condemnation of the way in which he has departed from the older legend, marring its purity and disfiguring his own work. I will go further, and confess that I think even in my limited experience I perceive here and there, in Wagner's treatment of subjects, too much of direct appeal to human passion, and that he sins now and then against the perfect taste which is certainly one of the outworks of perfect purity. I do not attempt to palliate this fault, which mars to so great an extent the poetry and literature of our age, even when I recollect that *Phédre* keeps possession of the stage, and that Grillparzer's terrible tragedy *Die Ahnfrau* is, like the *Walküre*, based upon a theme inadmissible to my mind upon the public stage. As music is our noblest earthly pleasure, and one which is closely allied to the higher forms of religious worship, so it seems to me that to link its mysterious emotional forces to words and scenes which appeal to the baser parts of our nature—to write, in short, a bad opera, is a worse blasphemy than to write a bad play.

In the *Rheingold* we are shown the green shimmering depths, where the treasure lies hid from mortal eyes, and where the Undines move and sing. Through the weird music, is the rush of that river whose very wavelets echo to

<sup>1</sup> *Contemporary Review*, May 1877.

this prosaic age, the minstrel song of other times. In the *Walküre*, Brünnhild, daughter of Wotan, is represented as forfeiting her immortality by her love for the hero Siegmund, or, as she names him, Siegfried. The nobleness which protects and shelters the unhappy Sieglind, her innocent rival, cannot make us pardon the objectionable form of the story. The scene between her and Wotan in conclusion is very grand, when he concedes her prayer that only the bravest of mankind shall win her. He concludes by kissing the immortality from her eyelids, and laying her in the magic sleep, guarded by fire, till Siegfried with the sword which was Wotan's own gift to him, shall win his way through all terrors of the fire-god.

*Siegfried* is Part iii., and of this both scenery and wild music are magical, say those who have seen and heard them. One song into which Wagner has put his whole power, is that of Siegfried in the forest among the wild birds. He conquers, but at the cost of life; and so we come to Part iv., the *Götterdämmerung*, or 'Twilight of the Gods.' It ends with the destruction of their power and the overthrow of the Walhalla. The elements of fire and water do their destroying work, and the mysterious powers of the spirit-world retire into the dusk of the past—their day is at an end.

For these splendid subjects, Wagner has written his own poetry, reverting to old forms, and largely employing alliteration, as capable of being expressed in musical phrase; whereas rhyme, as we have it, is wholly lost in music.

Is there, then, this crying need of change in our style of melodramatic performance? Are we content to think, like Schlegel, that opera being a low style of art, we had better not waste our dramatic energies in improving it? Or shall we agree with Dr. Haweis, that, in spite of the grandeur of Wagner's conceptions, he is trying to force music to do more than it can do, and thereby cutting the ground from under his own feet?

At the risk of trespassing on your patience, I quote Edw. Dannreuther once more:<sup>1</sup>

'The more we consider the matter, the more one's conviction grows, that if nobler and higher artistic tastes are to be effectively engrafted upon a nation, there is but one way: raise the quality and the character of theatrical performances.'

Beside this set the critique from the *Saturday Review* a few years back, that if a manager happened to be at a loss for the public entertainment, he had nothing to do but to dress

<sup>1</sup> P. 78.

in striped calico, and dance up and down, singing a perfectly meaningless song; he was certain to fill his benches.

We do not wonder at the French dislike to Wagner. Solomon wisely likened to 'vinegar upon nitre' the man who sang songs to a heavy heart. He might have added a corollary on the man who gives his audience, no matter who they may be, good music when they want bad. The laughter-loving Frenchman will go to the theatre to see even a tragedy, if it be based on the novel of the day—*La Dame aux Caméllias*, for instance. He likes to see people stab and pistol and poison each other to such tunes as 'Parigi ô cara,' or 'Di Provenza il mar;' but he cannot follow into the depths of the Rhine; he hates the Walhalla and the Walkyria, and all the rest of it. So with ourselves to some extent; if people want 'Cherry Ripe,' they will not listen to the man who sings Cherubini's *Requiem* to them. You can only try to educate them up to the mark, with a judicious admixture of 'Cherry Ripe' now and then.

Reform certainly seems to be needed somewhere. If many great composers, like Beethoven and Mendelssohn, were utterly to forswear opera writing because they would not lower their powers to the exigencies of a libretto that would satisfy the public, where would our musical stage be? It seems well worth while to try if a better cultivated taste cannot be formed, before we abandon opera to the mercies of the upper gallery.

It may be that Wagner and his admirers would seek to lay upon the emotional power of music more than it can be made rightly to perform; yet if I may be permitted to recur to my former simile of prismatic hues of light, it seems to me that he wishes in Melodrama to constitute the focus, by which the divided hues of Art may be blended into one enchanting whole.

And some of us, I trust, may live to see that Wagner was on the right road to this discovery, and that his theory of Music and the Drama is correct. L. D.

[Since writing the above, my attention has been kindly directed to a notice (v. *Musical Times*, June 1878) of the increasing taste for Wagner in Germany, and the recent approval of his operas at the Stadt Theater at Leipzig. His scanty success in Germany is unfairly, I think, urged against him. His operas are expensive to put on the stage, and require first-rate performers; but this is no argument against his merits. My own experience is small, but I am assured by a friend and able critic, that the tide of feeling in Germany is fairly in his favour, even though pressure may be brought to bear, from the opposite side, too strong for managers to ignore or resist.]



## Let Them Alone :

### A TALE TOLD IN LETTERS.

#### LETTER XX.

From the Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to his Sister.

*August 25.*

DEAREST NELL,—I have another act of tragi-comedy going on here to tell you, and I am sure you are longing to know it. Truly the complication is strange. Yesterday I hired a horse and rode out to Burnham, for I thought I could do no less for old acquaintance' sake than call on Mary Aylmer. I asked for Mrs. Wimpole and was told she was in the garden; so, giving my horse to the man, I set off to find her. Turning into a shrubbery walk which is the way to her favourite little flower garden, I saw two figures before me with their backs to me; they were no other than Mary Aylmer and Walter Benson, he talking earnestly with her hand in his, she looking up at him with a proud admiring glance. 'So this,' I said to myself, 'is poor Slade's rival! This is the husband "with a little more of the devil in him" whom she has chosen for herself! Pray Heaven there may not be a little too much of that ingredient!' I turned hastily away into another path, and seeing Mrs. Wimpole in the distance, made up to her. I could see by her walk and the cock of her bonnet that she was out of humour, and she gave me her left hand, as she always does in her grim moods. I ventured to allude to what I had seen. 'Yes,' she grunted, 'I suppose it's about all settled. A great fool she is, I think, not to take Slade. . . . He knew her when she was with me two years ago, and has been devoted to her ever since; and for about as long, I believe, she has had a fancy for this scapegrace. He's seen a great deal of her lately in London, so that it has become serious. To tell the truth, when I asked her here, I thought Master Walter was not coming for several weeks, as I heard something about his going abroad, and I wanted to see if I could not give poor Slade one more chance. However, in the first five minutes' talk I had with her, I saw there was no hope of that, and then three days after this fellow turns up. Well, girls will settle their own affairs! I trust he will be steady and prove worthy of her; it is all his father can wish for him,—a sweet girl, money and

prospects, for Mr. Aylmer will be ready to help him in his profession. Here they come. Walter's a fascinating fellow, I must own. Listen to his merry laugh. Perhaps, if I was young again, I might do like Mary! Now, young people, let us go in to luncheon.' Up they came, looking very happy and confused, and we went in, Mrs. Wimpole and I keeping up a hot fire of talk and disputation to cover their blushes. When I came away, Walter followed me to the door, wrung my hand very hard, and said, 'Wish me joy, old fellow. I'm coming to see you very soon, and shall tell you all about it.'

To-day I have been over to Sydwood to make my congratulations. The squire was running over with glee, charmed with his future daughter-in-law, and naturally much pleased with the other items, the 'money and prospects.' I hope these have not counted for too much with Walter himself, but one must not scan motives too narrowly. At all events, all the effect upon him has been good so far.

*Aug. 28.*—Walter came to see me to-day, and was in wild spirits. He was quite affectionate to me, and declared I should tie the knot. 'For you're the best fellow I know in the shape of a parson. I believe your religion's no humbug, and I used to think it was nothing but that in any of you. I shall have to be serious now, for Mary's very much that way inclined; but, hang it, it's very hard for a fellow like me to get into harness of that sort, after being in such a precious lot of scrapes as I've been in all my life, and not quite out of some of them yet perhaps.' He added the last words half to himself. I asked him what he meant, but he laughed it off, saying, 'Why, wouldn't many people say I've just run my head into the worst scrape of all?' Finding him in excellent disposition for the purpose, I took the opportunity of giving him a good bit of my mind, both as to the past and future. I laid it on strongly and did not spare, and he took it all in very good part. He certainly is good-hearted and lovable, but I do not feel confidence in him. A little incident that occurred during this very visit rather troubles me. After he had sat about an hour and a half, I got up and said, 'Now, Walter, if you won't go, I must leave you here, for I have got some parishioners to go and see.' 'Oh, hang it, let the parishioners take care of themselves for *one* day! It isn't often that you get a fellow like me to listen to your lecturing; I declare you're doing me good, and I shall be a much greater triumph to your skill than a dozen old women in the rheumatics.' 'Well, come again to-

morrow, if you like ; but I must at all events go and see one person, Margaret Scott, a poor sick girl.' Walter started. 'Margaret Scott?' he said hurriedly. 'Who is she? How came she here?' 'Do you know anything of her?' 'No, no; I knew a person once of that name—that's all; it's a common name, but who is she?' So I told him her story, and when I came to the tragic part of it, I saw he looked extremely shocked and distressed. 'And is this the person you knew?' I asked him at the end, looking hard at him. 'No, no,' he said, colouring; 'not at all, another person altogether,' and then he took his leave. When I went to Margaret, I intended to have casually mentioned his name, and perhaps his engagement, as it appears to be no secret, but I found the poor girl too ill for much conversation, or for anything of a trifling kind.

Now good-night, dearest. I was greatly hoping to be able to fix a time for you to come and see me, now that mother is so much better and has Clara to go in and out; but with this panic of cholera about, I cannot think of it. There are one or two very bad cases at Morwick, as I hear from Mr. Notts, a curate from thence who came over on Sunday to take Slade's duty.

F. J. R.

#### LETTER XXI.

The Rev. N. SLADE to his Father.

ABERYSTWITH, Aug. 29.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I left Illingham a week ago, for I found change absolutely necessary after the continual strain of the last weeks. My duty was provided for three Sundays, and I can get further help if I want it. I did not leave any address with the servants, for I had not made up my mind where to go, but desired that any letters for me should be sent to you. You can forward to me here those that look important. Mrs. Miller left the day after the funeral. When she has fixed upon a house, I am to see after packing and sending her things. Happily she is well off. I think I must have told you, in my former hurried note, of the dear old man's kind legacy to me. The time may come when I shall be thankful for it; at present I care for nothing. A secret was made plain to me the day before I left, which makes the old wound a hundred times more painful, though I hardly know why it should. I had long suspected that the love I failed to gain had been given to

another ; I trusted I might never know to whom. If it had been some one far away, whose face I might never see, and whose name I might never know, I think I could have borne it ; but it is one at my own door—Reynolds.

I told you she was coming to the neighbourhood. Two days after I was in the village, I overheard a woman say to her neighbour, ‘ Ah, they’ll make a fine couple,’ and a moment after, turning a corner, came full upon the two. They seemed quite at their ease, and he was just asking her if she remembered something or other. It must be an old thing, settled before he came here ; while I, poor fool, have been deluding myself and dreaming my best years away. I am afraid I hardly feel yet as a Christian should towards Reynolds, for I have been told over and over again that he has given out that he did not intend to marry ; he thought a clergyman should have as few worldly ties as possible, etc. Hypocrite ! Mary has lately come of age, and into possession of her own fortune, which has probably altered his view ! I cannot be mistaken, for under what other possible circumstances would she have been seen walking alone with him in the village ? Mrs. Wimpole, I think, might have given me some hint, and saved me from at least *this* trial. But I am ashamed of my complainings. All is over, and I pray that I may be able to forgive all.

There is no one here whom I know. I spend my days on the beach, at a good distance from the general haunt. Sometimes I take a boat. Direct to the P. O. I will write again in a few days.

N. S.

LETTER XXII.

The Rev. N. SLADE to his Father.

ABERYSTWITH, *Sept. 2.*

DEAR FATHER,—The letter you enclosed, and which I received this morning, was from the bishop, offering me Illingham ! It was most kindly couched. How little I could once have thought that I should have hesitated on such a point ; but now I do hesitate. After what I have told you, you can easily guess how painful the thought of living on there must be to me. Most sincerely also do I feel my unworthiness to succeed my valued and saint-like friend. I have asked for a fortnight to deliberate. Give me your advice and your prayers.—Your affectionate son,

N. S.



## LETTER XXIII.

The Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to his Sister.

*Sept. 2.*

DEAREST HELEN,—I am greatly distressed at news I have heard to-day. Things are not going well at the Bensons'. Mrs. Rivers and Jack came to me this morning in great trouble, to tell me it has transpired that Walter is still heavily in debt, and that he must have concealed much when a few months ago his father believed he had cleared him. It seems that a packet containing various letters, addressed to him at his chambers in London, was forwarded thence to Sydwood, and being unfortunately ill-directed, the squire opened it. Still fancying, in a fit of absence, that the letters were his own, he broke one of the seals, and the letter proved to be from a money-lender, referring to transactions on a large scale. The old man in a rage went on to open the other letters, which also chiefly related to money matters, and proved that Walter had been trading not only on the chances of his father's death, but lately also on the prospect of his own marriage. Reckless fellow! I believe that through all he is attached to his father, and sincerely loves Mary; but one false step has led him to another, till he has fairly gone down hill. He does not seem to have been so successful as he expected in silencing his creditors, for there were duns for a large amount among the letters, and the pressure put upon him with regard to the largest seemed to speak of some personal grudge. The old squire was still at his work when Walter came unsuspectingly into the library. I fancy the scene that followed was fearful, the old man's rage at having been deceived, being only paralleled by Walter's at having his letters broken into. I cannot guess what will happen next. I begged Mrs. Rivers to send for me on the instant if she thought I could be of the slightest use. Mary knew nothing about it when they came here.

*Sept. 4.*—I had scarcely written so far on Saturday afternoon when Mrs. Rivers came back in the carriage and begged me to go with her to Burnham to help to break the news to Mary and her father, who came the night before. I went off with her at once, but suggested that Mrs. Wimpole would be the right person to tell Mary, who is like her own child. 'Well, we'll see,' said Mrs. Rivers; 'but she is so violent when she is roused, I hardly dare tell *her*.' I offered to do that, and did it; and then we three held a consultation, the end of which was that I was told off for the yet harder service of telling

Mary and her father. It was a terrible task. I would gladly never have such another. Poor Mr. Aylmer met me heartily when I went in, and looked delighted to see me, but he must soon have read in my face that something was wrong. I hardly know how I managed to get out the story. He looked very angry, and sat with his lips compressed, white and stony. Poor Mary was sent for, and between us we made her aware of the truth. She was fearfully cut up, but I think her *pride* came to her help, and would not let her betray all she felt. I think she would have borne anything for Walter, or any amount of poverty with him; but to feel that he has deceived her, and that perhaps after all his love has been mercenary—that must indeed have been bitter. There were none of the Bensons at church yesterday. I went over again to-day to Burnham to see if I could be of any use. I had much talk with Mr. Aylmer, and even poor Mary seemed glad to speak to me. How fortunate it was that Mrs. Wimpole brought us together that day at Maldon Hill, so that she is able to look upon me as a friend, not merely as an acquaintance of long ago. I then went to Sydwood, and found all things in a terrible state of discomfort—the old squire angry and unreasonable, never leaving his own room but at meals, and then alternately storming and sulking; Walter bitter and defiant, never joining the family, and only just withheld, so far, by his mother and sister, from rushing off to London, or Heaven knows where; in which case it is but too probable he would never have been heard of again. As to poor Jack, he was moping about the house, anxious to help everybody, but not in the least knowing how to set about it. I was shown in to the ladies, and they exclaimed in one breath, ‘Oh, thank Heaven, you are come! You are the only person who will be able to do anything with Walter. He is packing up his things (went on Mrs. Benson), and says he will be off this evening, he will not tell us where. What can he do? He can’t possibly go back to London and face his creditors. He won’t ask his father for a penny in their present moods. Mr. Aylmer won’t help him; we cannot expect it. All that will be at an end; and my poor boy will go on the world penniless and despairing, and will do something that will ruin him in body and soul. Go to him, dear Mr. Reynolds; implore him to remain, comfort him, show him he has a friend left. I have been down on my knees to him, but he only says he will not stay to be a disgrace and a source of contention to us all, and that it matters not what becomes of

him now.' I went at once to his room, where I found him half dressed, wild and haggard, storming about and pulling everything out of the drawers, tearing up letters and muttering to himself. I had knocked, but he was making too much noise to hear me. He looked very angry when he saw me, and with a fierce oath ordered me out. By dint of being quiet and not caring for his violence, I came round him at last, and went down and told his mother to order his horse, for I was going to carry him off with me to Illingham. 'God reward you!' she exclaimed, and could say no more, and I came off with my captive. He is now installed in my spare room overhead, where he has been walking up and down, in creaking boots, for two hours, and has helped to give me a most desperate headache. I have been in to him once or twice, but he won't talk to me, and refused to come down to dinner. He has got papers and pens and ink lying about, and I think is trying to write to Mary. Good-night, Helen. Would I had your cool hand upon my head, which is burning, and I can hardly see out of my eyes. Don't tell mother.

F. J. R.

*P.S.—Sept. 5.*—I open my letter to tell you not to expect to hear at any great length for some time to come. I shall be very busy. There are some sick in Slade's parish whom I must go and see, as there is no one else. No one knows Slade's direction, but I have written to him at his father's. It seems strange and unlike him to have gone off and left no trace, as he has done. Walter seems contented to be here, or rather does not talk of going, but he is in a miserable state of mind. His suspense until he knows his fate from Mary is terrible. I fear there is not a chance, but that she will give him up; and then—he is capable of anything! Good-bye. I must write a line to Beilby.

[A letter from the Rev. F. J. Reynolds to the Rev. E. Beilby of Sept. 5 is omitted, as containing only a short account of the occurrences related in the last letter.—ED.]

#### LETTER XXIV.

The Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to the Rev. E. BEILBY.

*Sept. 6.*

DEAR BEILBY,—As I wrote yesterday, you will be surprised to see my handwriting again so soon; but I need help and counsel. I am in a heap of troubles, and unwilling to write home in detail about them for fear of alarming unnecessarily. I must ask you to go over as often as you can and give them

my news in such shape as you think best. If it is bad, your cheery voice and face will do something to take off the edge of it. I am knocked up with a headache of two days, which makes my anxieties harder to bear. I had a note from Mrs. Rivers this morning, telling me that her father has heard from Mr. Aylmer, and (as was inevitable) that all connection between the two families must be at an end, and begging me to make this known to Walter. I went to his room and found him in one of his violent moods. A letter that he had sent to Mary yesterday had been returned to him unopened, in a cover directed by Mrs. Wimpole, with a few words to say that Mr. and Miss Aylmer had left when it arrived. She did not give their present address, and Walter is convinced that it is intended he is to be cast off unheard. He says he will not take his dismissal from any one but herself, and, cost what it will, he will find out where she is, write to her, and have her answer. 'If she gives me up, time enough then to think of the shortest exit out of this rotten old world,' he said with a gloomy laugh. I am glad of this delay, for I think every day gained in his present state of mind is a step towards saving him. He will be buoyed up by a grain of hope till he hears from her, and by that time perhaps calmer thoughts may have returned. I think better of him, too, now that I see the strength of his feeling. He is determined to leave my house and look out for a lodging at hand, saying he will no longer be a burden to me. I have opposed the plan to the utmost, for I would rather have him under my eye; and it will only be a greater burden to me to have the charge of him in another house; but I can't manage him.

I have visited four cholera patients to-day—three in Slade's parish, and one in my own. Most harrowing scenes; I cannot write of them. You have seen something of the frightful malady; send me any advice you can. Happily for myself, I am not nervous, and that is half way to safety; but it is trying to deal with so much terror and so much cowardice as I see around me.—Yours ever, F. J. R.

Expect to hear again soon.

LETTER XXV.

The REV. F. J. REYNOLDS to the Rev. E. BEILBY.

*Sept. 9.*

DEAR BEILBY,—I could not write till now. Work and trouble increase daily. Nothing but cholera from morning



to night—our lives in a perpetual horror! Still no news of Slade; it is most extraordinary. He must be ill somewhere.

My two women are at work all day long, preparing food and slops, etc., for the sick. I take them usually myself, as both Mary and Bell share greatly in the general panic. The work is a blessing to them, turning their thoughts; but I cannot force them to do more. Sometimes Walter comes with me and helps to carry my supplies; but he never will enter a house where a sufferer lies—not from physical, but from moral cowardice: his mind is not fitted to bear the spectacle. Mrs. Wimpole has sent me money and supplies of flannel, etc., to use as I think best. The Bensons have done the same, and Mrs. Rivers has offered to help in visiting patients; but this I have declined, for her own sake. I don't think she is fit in health to go through it, and she has a husband and a child. The doctor's assistant is prostrate to-day.

I had your note this morning. Thanks for your hints, and thanks for going over to see my mother. Keep on continually going. I daren't write to any of them. You can put it chiefly on stress of work.—Yours, F. J. R.

#### LETTER XXVI.

*Sunday, Sept. 10.*

DEAR BEILBY,—I seem to have a little leisure this afternoon, so will take up my story where I left it. It has been the most melancholy Sunday I ever passed—a mere handful of people in church, and most of them in tears. I myself could hardly get through.

I have learned something to-day which has distressed me, though it was not quite unexpected. My visits to Margaret Scott have been few lately for want of time. To-day I met the doctor, and after we had exchanged counsels about the sick, he asked if I had heard what was all over the village about Margaret Scott. 'No, what?' 'Why, sir, about her and Mr. Walter Benson. They say *he* was the person who flirted with her, or worse, and was the cause of all the trouble.' He went on to tell me that the knowing he was in the place had affected her dreadfully, and that she showed a horror of hearing his name; that she was, besides, very sensitive to all the misery around her; and that, in short, he feared for her mind. I went at once to see her, and found Mr. Cradock's account fully confirmed. I am determined to speak to

Walter; for this is probably the turning-point of his life: if no impression for good is made now, who knows how it may end?

*Two hours later.*—I have just had it out with him as gently as I could; but he was much excited, and asked me whether I did not think a fellow had enough to torment him without having flung in his teeth the consequences of a harmless bit of folly that nobody would have thought anything of but for the result. He had but played with the girl, he said, and was he to be made responsible for all that had come of her giddiness and credulity? I begged him to consider what he was feeling for Mary Aylmer, and by that to measure what the unfortunate young man, Margaret's lover, may have felt when he found or thought himself deceived or cast off, and then he would not talk of it so lightly. But the lightness was all assumed; I saw that he did feel the position a good deal, and was trying to escape from it. I trust his remorse may turn to penitence, but I could make no way with him. There is the bell tolling for another death, and at the same moment I am summoned to a new sufferer. Where will it end!—Yours, dear Ned,  
ever,

F. J. R.

[L. C. G.]

(*To be continued.*)

—o—

### From the German of Tiedge.

WHERE art thou rushing in thy speed, O turbid wave?  
To some lone silent cave,  
As if rich spoil were floated on the waters waste  
In thine impetuous haste?

I am the Wave of Life, and from my earliest source,  
Have chafed with angry force,  
Against the miry shallows of this world's dull stream;  
But now—I see the gleam

Of distant shining waters lave the peaceful shore,  
Time's soil pollutes no more,  
And go, in the clear deep of bright Eternity,  
Myself to purify.

### A Midnight Adventure.

I SUPPOSE there is no doubt that winter is the proper season for ghost stories. Let the place be a large darkly-furnished room in some old country house; let the time be the twilight of a short winter's day, when heavy mysterious shadows gather in the farthest corners of the room, and creeping nearer and nearer threaten to swallow one up in their gloom the moment that the blaze of the flickering firelight dies out; let there be all these favourable surroundings, and, speaking for myself at least, I know that I should fall a ready victim to the most incredible story of any kind of ghost or supernatural appearance. I do not even require to be told that it was the first cousin or particular friend of the narrator who heard the lady ghost rustling down the passage, or saw her running along by the side of the carriage with her head under her arm; the external influences dispose me to believe, and the charm is rather destroyed than heightened by too good evidence of the truth of the story. Courage and unshaken nerves are simply questions of place and circumstances; and I believe if the most strong-minded person were sitting in a room hung with tapestry whilst listening to a relation of horrors, he would not be able entirely to suppress the feeling that the life-sized figure on the hangings at the farther end of the room had moved a little since the last story was ended. But a midnight adventure told in broad daylight on a sunny summer's afternoon seems shorn of half its terrors.

Yet the story which haunts me most in the middle of the night, when I lie awake and try to determine that I will *not* think of ghostly terrors, comes to my mind at the same time with such a breath of fragrant summer air, that I am able to recall every detail of the pleasant July afternoon when we sat out of doors listening to it as it was related to us by the heroine of the adventure herself.

We were spending that summer on the West Coast of Scotland, in an island Paradise as yet undiscovered by tourists. A party of friends had driven over to visit us, and our farmhouse not admitting of much company, we had extemporized tea out of doors, and were sitting on the smooth green grass in the shade of the ruined old castle which was perched, like our farmhouse itself, on the top of a high cliff overhanging the inland sea. Is there any other

place in the world so beautiful, I wonder? Do we anywhere out of Scotland get the same lights and shades, the same soft yet brilliant colouring which changes the bleak treeless hills into giant mountains of some enchanted fairyland? There were hills on every side of us, not yet in their gorgeous autumn colouring of purple heather and golden bracken, but soft and mysterious, with little clouds veiling their summits, and clothing their rugged sides with ever-changing shadows; whilst here and there a bright gleam of sunshine lit up a patch of green, and turned to gold the yellow seaweed covering the rocks which stretched away at our feet as far as the eye could reach. The sea was like a silver shield far below us, little white yachts sailed quietly and dreamily past us, and the only sounds which broke the silence were the occasional splash of water as the tide rolled in over some big brown stone, and the happy laughter and merry voices of our children as they paddled in the water far below us, and then ran about on the firm yellow sand to get their feet dried in the warm sunshine.

‘This would be a nice kind of place for a murder. You could push a fellow gently over; and if it was high tide, he would be pretty certain never to trouble you again, unless you were haunted by his ghost,’ remarked one of the party; and thereupon the hitherto lazy conversation took a turn, and we talked in good earnest about ghosts and murders, until all our imaginations were excited, and Mrs. Lennox, one of our visitors, was at last encouraged to tell us the following story of her own personal experience.

Mrs. Lennox was a little woman, rather under the ordinary size; but there was nothing else remarkable about her, except her large blue eyes, which every now and then, at any sudden noise or movement, seemed to get a peculiar startled expression. Even I, who did not know her well, was struck by it at once, and determined that she must be very nervous and delicate. I said she was encouraged to tell us her story, for she was certainly very unwilling to do so when her husband first alluded to it; but it was difficult to resist our evident curiosity, and presently she began as follows:—

‘I think you know that my husband and I were living for some years in India, until my health failed, and he was obliged to get an appointment at home. I never disliked the climate; indeed, I had no reason to do so, for my husband’s work kept him for the most part of the year in the hills.

‘There is always plenty of gaiety in a hill station during the hot months; but I think I enjoyed myself still more



when most of the people had gone back to the plains, and we were left comparatively alone to enjoy the brilliant November days, the dazzling view of the distant snows, and the indescribable clearness of the air, which made it real happiness to be merely living and breathing in it. There were, of course, other people left in the station; but our house was on rather a solitary height, and when once we left off coming down to the Mall (as the only flat road in the station was called), we did not see much of our neighbours.

'I often wonder now how it happened that I was never frightened at my loneliness. My husband was frequently obliged to leave me for the whole day, and I remained comfortably at home without being at all disturbed by the thought that no one but native servants were within my call. When I first went out to India with my mind full of stories of the mutiny, I had a great horror of the natives; but one gets quite used to them in time, and certainly I could not have read, worked, and gardened more securely in any country village at home than I did there, where I knew well enough that if any sudden emergency or danger should arise, I should have only myself to rely on.

'Three years ago, when my youngest little girl was a baby only five weeks old, Captain Lennox found that his work would oblige him to visit a place some twenty or thirty miles beyond the station in the interior; and as he had a good deal to do, he proposed staying there for two nights. Generally I delighted in accompanying him upon these expeditions; but this being out of the question under the present circumstances, I was obliged to make up my mind to two days' solitude. I cannot in the least account for it, but even now I can feel the cold shudder which crept over me when my husband told me of his projected absence. I was not given to nervousness in those days, yet from the first moment when I heard of his arrangements, I had a fixed presentiment that some evil was going to befall us. How else could I account for that sudden chill fear, that unreasonable dread which filled my mind whenever I thought of this trip into the interior? It never occurred to my husband that I could possibly be afraid of being left in my own house with my children and servants. I was ashamed of saying so to him. I tried hard to prevent giving the thought shape even in my own mind, to reason myself out of my fears; but laugh at my own folly as I might, a dull cold weight of misery rested always on my spirit. I was almost anxious for the days to pass, that I

might know the worst at once. Even then I thought more often of some accident which might happen to my husband on his journey than of any possible danger to myself. However, when the Tuesday morning fixed for his departure arrived at last, and I saw the pony brought round to the door, and my husband himself, all ready for a start, coming in to say good-bye, my composure did give way a little. I told him that I felt very nervous, and asked him if he could not even then give up the trip altogether. If I hadn't been so very much in earnest, I should have laughed, in spite of my anxiety, at his look of bewildered astonishment when he heard me make such a wild proposal. He had other people depending upon him, and of course he must go. I knew that quite as well as he did; I was only catching at any straw which might save me from the approaching danger, even whilst I felt sure it would be of no use. I repented my words the moment after I had spoken them, when I saw how disturbed my husband was at being obliged to leave me, nervous and ill as he concluded I must be from my unwonted excitement. At last I persuaded him that my fears were only a passing fancy, and he rode off, promising, if possible, to cut his work short and return on Wednesday night, or, if not, to be home for certain early upon Thursday morning.

'I was very dull that first day, I remember, and strangely unwilling to go to bed. I sat up reading very late; and finally, when I hoped I was quite tired out, I went up-stairs to my room, determined to hurry into bed as fast as possible. Our house was a two-storeyed one, and my bedroom was at the end of a rather long passage, which was lighted at the opposite end by a large window. Like most Indian bedrooms, it was large and bare, with two or three windows, and doors in every corner of the room; one of these led into my husband's dressing-room, and another opened into the passage.

'I shall never forget the nervousness which crept over me as I went from door to window, trying to make everything as secure as possible, so as to escape all unnecessary creakings and rattlings; it was only equalled by the feeling of profound wide-awake misery which I experienced when the ayah had departed, and I was left, with my baby sleeping quietly by my side, to conjure up imaginary shapes in the dim flickering twilight made by the little oil lamp, and to hear extraordinary noises in every moaning of the wind and rattling of the window sashes. You know how irrational one becomes when once thoroughly nervous and excited; and even whilst I believed my fears to be absurd, I fully resigned myself to a

night of misery. Contrary to all my expectations, however, I soon fell into a quiet refreshing sleep. I was disturbed less than usual during the night, and woke up the next morning feeling so well and bright, I almost began to think my grand presentiment was a delusion.

‘That day passed very quietly. I hoped my husband would have come back in the evening, but at dinner-time I had a note from him to say that he would be kept away by his work until the following morning. It was a disappointment, of course, but after all to-morrow morning did not seem very far away; and so I went up-stairs to bed with calm philosophy, feeling quite ashamed of the imaginary terrors of the preceding night. My peace of mind was not of very long duration. Hardly had I laid my head upon the pillow than once more an almost overpowering terror seized me. I call it terror, for I do not know how else to describe the extraordinary feeling which came over me—it was not fear; it was a depression unlike anything I had ever felt in my life before, a sense that some unknown danger was impending over me. I have told you before that I was then far from being a nervous person, but from that moment I felt sure that some evil influence was present in the room: nothing could have shaken my conviction that that night was not to pass as safely and uneventfully as usual.

‘The total uncertainty I was in as to what danger could possibly arise only added to my misery. I got up and threw open the window; it was a brilliant starlight night, the wind had died away, not a leaf was stirring. Everything looked as quiet and peaceful as usual, and, trying to reason myself out of my fears, I went back to my bed and presently fell into a broken sleep, from which I awoke with a violent start and an impression that I had been disturbed by some loud cry for help which was still ringing in my ears. Yet, when I collected my senses, everything remained perfectly quiet—too quiet, indeed. The silence oppressed me. I longed for any sound to break that dead, grave-like stillness; for any token of human life, even the snoring of my fat old ayah, would have been more pleasant to me at that moment than the most delightful music. My nerves were in such a state of tension, I could have heard the faintest movement in the house below; but all was still. I could have cried from sheer pity for my own agonies of terror, but I was absolutely afraid of breaking the spell of quiet by any movement.

‘Listening thus intently, again I fell asleep. How long that sleep lasted, I do not know. It seemed a dreamless,

heavy slumber, more like unconsciousness than natural rest ; but it passed away at last, and I woke again with a sudden feeling of being no longer alone—a feeling of eyes haunting me, which I tried to shake off as the effects of some dream which I had only to open my eyes to discover was utterly untrue. Slowly I unclosed them. My heart stopped beating. No, I could not be awake ; it must be some horrible nightmare still like a spell upon me. There, at the foot of my bed, a figure sat crouching,—an immoveable figure draped in white, with a turban upon its head,—its dark eyes intently fixed upon me, and a face so awful in its villany that it seemed hardly credible that it could belong to a human being. “I must be asleep,” I thought to myself. I know I must be asleep ; and yet my eyes were wide open, and never surely was any dream so lifelike. I lay, it seemed to me, for hours gazing on that horrible sight. I was paralyzed, fixed by the basilisk eyes which never wandered from my face. Would the morning never come ? would there never be any end to this horror until I was dead from fright ? Then came an uncontrollable desire to laugh. Heaven help me ! I knew now what had happened ; I was going mad. With all the power of will in my possession, I tried to calm myself. I closed my eyes to shut out the ghastly sight ; but when I opened them again, the figure was still there. I think I must have made an involuntary movement, for at that moment the eyes rolled wildly, and it began to move. It had been perched on the farthest side of the large bedstead ; but now, still keeping its crouching position, it began to crawl slowly across the bed towards me.

‘The human mind has no unlimited capacity, not even for terror. I was past fear now. I was not conscious of any feeling beyond a dull stupid wonder as to how long it would take the monster to reach one particular stripe on the counterpane. I noticed that it grasped in its long brown fingers a knotted club, which seemed to me already stained with blood, that it was stealthily aiming this weapon for a blow ; but, except that I knew a very few minutes would end it all now, I did not care any more. I could not move, nor think, nor cry for help ; but in another second the blood rushed back to my heart with overwhelming power, almost suffocating me with its wild throbbing ; every pulse in my body quivered, rage and terror seized me, for I saw the aim with which that club was directed. It was not at me. Had it been so, I should have lain paralyzed to await my fate ; it was pointed with fiendish malignity at the little round head of my baby,



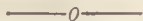
lying so peacefully on a pillow by my side. Life and power of motion had come back to me at last. The club was already raised with murderous intent, when an unearthly shriek of terror broke from my lips, and with the instinct of an animal defending its young at the expense of life itself, unheeding all consequences to myself, I sprang like a wild cat upon the ruffian. I do not know now how I could have done it, except that for the moment I was mad, actually mad. I can still hear the wild echo of my voice ringing through the room, and the yell of fear and rage with which it was answered. The creature, startled by the sudden onset, retreated, lost his balance, and rolled off the bed. I was too frenzied by fear to remember clearly what happened; it seems a confused and hideous dream. I had lost all control over myself; I could not stop. I rushed at him again as he was rising, and pursued him with wild cries down the passage. He fled before me, and I can still feel the weights which seemed fastened to my feet when I tried to follow him, not knowing where I went or what I was doing, only longing to be rid for ever of this nightmare of terror. The passage seemed to be miles long; I could still think that we were there for hours, not seconds, he rushing down in the darkness, I in mad and objectless pursuit of the white garments I could just distinguish fluttering before me. The window at the farthest end of the passage was wide open, and out of this the figure leaped; I could see the form distinctly as it was balanced for a moment on the window ledge, then I remember no more. I believe I should have followed through the window myself, but mercifully unconsciousness seized me; I fell heavily to the ground, and when next I opened my eyes I was lying upon my own bed, the sun was shining brightly into the room, and my husband and the doctor were anxiously bending over me.

‘I did not go mad, as I thought I should have done: I had not even a brain fever; but my nerves were so completely shattered that I could not bear to be left alone even for a moment, and it was long before I was able to relate to my husband all I have now been telling you. He would not allow me to talk about it; indeed, there was little need for me to do so. The servants, roused by my shrieks, had at length (when all was quiet) ventured up-stairs, and found me lying senseless at the head of the staircase. In the early morning, when my husband came home, he was greeted with the double intelligence that his wife had been found in a fainting fit in the passage, and that a poor woman living in

his compound had been most brutally murdered. It was not difficult to trace the murderer; dripping with blood, his footsteps were tracked to the foot of a ladder which had been left leaning against the house, and offered an easy means of entering my husband's dressing-room. Blood marked his progress into my room and down the passages. How he had escaped all injury in his leap from the window on the second storey of the house, it was impossible to understand; but once on the track, energetic search was instituted, and few hours had passed before the police brought into the station a wretch well known to be in the habit of intoxicating himself with bhang. It was in one of these mad fits that he had committed an entirely purposeless murder, and it was only through the mercy of Providence that I and my child had been saved from becoming additional victims. He was not considered accountable for his actions, and was eventually condemned to imprisonment for life.

'I daresay you will not be surprised to hear that from that night I could not bear to be surrounded by natives, and as soon as I was able to move, the doctors recommended me to return to England. I have at last succeeded in recovering a fair proportion of nerves and courage, but even at this distance of time I suffer for recalling so vividly the events of that night of terror.'

M. D.



## The Report of the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women.

YEAR 1877-78.

THE Report issued in April by this Association contains a review of the work of the past year, followed by a sketch of the course chalked out for next session. Our readers have had from time to time, in 'Stray Notes' in this magazine, short notices of the proceedings of the Glasgow Association; we need therefore only allude in a few words to the various subjects taken up in the Report. These are—1st. Lectures delivered in the University, of which there were seven short courses, with an aggregate attendance of 318 ladies (counting only once those who attended more than one class); 2d. Tutorial classes, of which three were held: aggregate attendance, 46; 3d. Bursaries, thirteen in number, of £10 and £5 each, offered to girls going up for the University Local Examinations; 4th. Correspondence classes in preparation for the Local Examinations. The programme arranged by

the Association for next session comprises—1st. Seven or more courses of lectures; 2d. Seven Tutorial classes; 3d. Bursaries for the Local Examinations; 4th. Correspondence classes; 5th. Examinations in Theory and Practice of Music by the London Society of Arts; 6th. Institution of an Association Diploma; 7th. Formation of a Library of books of reference.

For a first year, the work of the Association may be considered fairly successful, although in some of its departments, *e.g.* the Correspondence classes, its efforts must be looked upon as chiefly tentative. It has not been without difficulties to contend against, one of the greatest of which has been to awaken to some extent the minds of the ladies of Glasgow from the general, though not universal, apathy on the subject of higher education, demonstrating to them the use and advantage of serious study. Another and a grave difficulty has been the want of preparation on the part of many of the students, due to the insufficiency of the previous training received. That there was no lack of capacity is shown by the reports of the lecturers, all of whom speak favourably of the natural abilities of their students; but in many cases these abilities were much neutralized by want of clue to the subjects taught, and want of the habit of exact thought. The Association aims at establishing 'for girls who have left school, a systematic course of study,' which is certainly a great desideratum. But so long as girls' education is conducted in the desultory way which is too much the case in many schools,—so long as parents will not see the importance of keeping their daughters steadily at work, not giving them a mere smattering of too many subjects, but a thorough knowledge of a few, and from their earliest years training them systematically to follow out a well-considered course of study, which shall embrace not only showy accomplishments, but subjects more solid and useful as discipline for the mind,—so long will the work of the Association have no firm foundation laid for it, nor will the University lectures be appreciated and taken advantage of as they ought to be.

The shortness of the courses of lectures was a matter for regret. This, unfortunately, as Professor Veitch explained in his speech at the Annual Meeting of the Association, is a consequence of the heavy work devolving upon the Glasgow Professors during the six months of the session. The large number of students in their classes, and the system of double lectures in each class, make it to most of them, however willing, a matter of great difficulty, and to some even of impossi-

bility, to find the necessary time for lectures to ladies. This of course greatly limits the range of subjects for study; and the Association has repeatedly been obliged to dispense with some of those it was most desirous of having, and which would be of the greatest use to the students. The committee, in arranging the lectures for the past session, tried as far as possible to remedy the shortness of the courses, and the consequent temptation to desultoriness in their students, by providing that two courses on kindred subjects should succeed each other,—*e.g.*, Professor Young's lectures on the Nervous System in the Animal Kingdom were followed by Professor McKendrick's on the Physiology of the Nervous System and the Senses; and Professor Veitch's lectures on Psychology and Logic, by Professor E. Caird's on Moral Philosophy, which was an expedient in some degree successful. In the coming session, however, this objection will be in some measure removed, as several of the courses will extend over the whole of the session.

The Tutorial classes for Latin and Mathematics, although an entire novelty in Glasgow among grown-up students, were fairly well attended; good work was done, and is yet being carried on, inasmuch as the Latin class is being continued by correspondence throughout the whole summer. It is intended to extend considerably the system of Tutorial classes next winter, and to conduct them with the distinct aim of preparation for the Local Examinations, bringing them into more complete unison with the Correspondence classes. And as each tutor will undertake the Correspondence class of his own subject, keeping the lessons in it identical with those of his *viva voce* class given at the same time, any student in the Correspondence class coming to Glasgow can continue her instruction orally, or any member of the *viva voce* class by correspondence, in case of absence. The objection which has been urged against the Tutorial classes, as trenching upon the province of schools, is unfortunately without foundation;—unfortunately, because if the schools had afforded in past years instruction in the subjects taken up by these classes, there would have been no preparatory work left for the Association to do; and students, instead of coming to the classes to fill the blanks left in their secondary education by want of opportunity of study, would have been ready at once to devote themselves, with intelligence and success, to continuing their higher education in the College classes. It is hoped that in a few years the schools will have so far taken up such studies as those of the present Tutorial



classes, as to relieve the Association altogether from the necessity of providing preparatory instruction in any of the University subjects.

The bursaries offered by the Association have already, it is believed, had to some extent the desired effect of inducing girls to go up for the Local Examinations, as the number of candidates for examination is considerably greater this year than last. Still it is much to be desired that these numbers should be yet further augmented, and that the benefit of the examinations should be extended to all classes of the community. The Association will therefore endeavour next session, by an increased list of bursaries, including some specially intended for pupil teachers, to aid in bringing about this result.

The introduction of the Society of Arts Examinations is a new feature in musical education in Glasgow. Although music is one of the voluntary subjects included in the Local Examinations, the papers are so elementary as to form no satisfactory criterion of musical knowledge. Nor are they of such a nature as to form a certificate examination which might be of use to ladies studying with a view to giving instruction. It is very desirable, both in the interests of teachers and pupils, that such a test of proficiency in Practice as well as in Theory of Music should exist, and that the study of music as a science, not as a mere pastime, should be encouraged. This would of course be best accomplished by the Universities instituting a certificate in music for women, and it is hoped that the advisability of this step may yet be considered by them. But while awaiting their action, the adoption of the Examinations of the Society of Arts may be counted as a step in advance, both as providing a test of knowledge, and as furnishing a very complete plan of study, including some points too often neglected by teachers, such as cultivation of the ear and facility in playing and singing at sight.

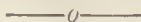
On the whole, we think the committee of the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women may look back with some degree of satisfaction on the work of its first year; but very much remains to be done, and much steady and patient work, both on the part of the committee and the students, will be necessary before the object is attained which the Association in its Report proposes for its efforts,—viz., ‘to establish for girls who have left school a systematic course of study, extending over several years, and opening to them the whole round of a liberal education.’

G.

## Our Library Table.

THOUGHTS AND EXPERIENCES OF A CHARITY ORGANIZATIONIST. By J. Hornsby Wright. London: W. Hunt & Co., 12 Paternoster Row.

This volume should be welcomed by those who are at all interested in any efforts made for the real good of the poor of this country, for it is not concerned with speculations or theories, but with plain facts. To anybody not hopelessly given over to the system, or rather no system, of blindly-trusting almsgiving, this record of Mr. Wright's experiences will give help and encouragement, as well as a warning. We wish that many of another class, the confiding almsgivers, could be induced to read it, and have their eyes opened to some of the mischief they are unconsciously doing; but we fear the very name will scare them away from the salutary perusal. The object of the book is to give the results of many years' endeavours for the good of the poor of a particular part of London; and Mr. Wright applies the knowledge gained by his labours to setting forth such particular points in the system of charity as at present arranged, as seem to him the most to require attention and amendment. It would hardly be too sweeping to say that the whole system requires amendment; and here we have indicated some (of course not all) of the causes which have produced this evil state of things. Naturally the volume is not cheerful reading, though there is often a ludicrous side to the saddening stories which it contains; but it is deeply interesting, and brings us face to face with much that we dislike to remember, and yet have no business to forget. Mr. Wright tells his stories graphically, without any effort to strain the obvious moral they ought to bring home; he gives us fairly the two sides of the case, neither painting only in black nor only in rose colour; and he is always ready to make full allowance for the excellent intentions and motives of those whose practice seems to him to work infinite harm. His battle is not with persons, nor with systems, only with that one great 'system of no system' which refuses to let generosity be governed by justice and wisdom, and is making and keeping hundreds of thousands of English men and women simply beggars and paupers, from the cradle to the grave. To those who shrink from aiding in such miserable work, these 'Thoughts and Experiences' may be recommended, not as offering solutions of half the difficulties of the subject, but as helping to clear the path for such solution—as helping the reader, also, to form a clearer notion as to what is being done, and what should be done, towards removing this social curse of pauperism from the country to which we belong. If it should also turn the reader to consider his own deeds in the matter, so much the better for all concerned.



## Question Series.

I. *History*.—Describe the events which led to the English Revolution of 1688.

II. *English Literature*.—Write brief notes on any four of the women introduced into Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*. [*N.B.*—Forty lines allowed for this answer.]

Answers to be sent in by 15th August, addressed, 'Qu. C., care of Miss Walker, 37 Gillespie Crescent.' The best answer to each question will be inserted in the magazine, and prizes are offered at the close of the year for the greatest number in each department. *N.B.*—Answers only to be written on one side of the paper, and the real name and

address of the sender, besides her pseudonym, to be given. Only the latter will appear in the magazine. As compression into twenty lines seems to embarrass our younger correspondents, we have agreed that History may have twenty-four. It will be seen that we have allowed a longer space than the usual twenty-six lines, next month, for the *English Literature* Answer, as it could not well be compressed, but we shall be very critical of the style and composition of the Answers. Twelve words go to a line. We warn correspondents against running time too short. The 15th is the latest possible day on which the Editors can receive any; an accidental delay in delivery may exclude a good answer from competition.

#### ANSWERS TO MAY SERIES.

*History*, B.; *Literature*, CLARIBEL. Besides these, in *History*: HEATHER, almost equal to B.; M. B., MIDGE, MAY-FLY, SPIDER, very good; REDIVIVA, excellent, but always over the limits. *Literature*: B., and HEATHER, excellent; REDIVIVA, MIDGE, very good.

I. Henry VIII. of England and Louis XII. of France having gone to war with each other, it became of great importance to the latter king to maintain and increase the ever smouldering jealousy between Scotland and England, and the hereditary alliance between Scotland and France. James IV. was already irritated against his brother-in-law, Henry VIII., on various accounts. The capture, in 1511, of two Scottish ships, the *Lion* and the *Jenny Pirwen*, under a charge of piracy, and the death of their brave captain, Andrew Barton, the reappearance on the border of the outlaw Heron, and the detention of the legacy left to Queen Margaret by her father, Henry VII., were things remembered and resented; so that, in contrast, the French king's large gifts and friendly overtures were eagerly received and listened to. When, therefore, James saw Henry invading France, and when his own chivalrous spirit was stirred by the gift of a turquoise ring from the French queen, who begged him to march for her sake three miles on English ground, he resolved at once to take revenge for the insults his country had received, and to give the best help he could to his ancient ally, by thus dealing a blow at England in the absence of the king.

The Scottish Parliament reluctantly consented to the war, and, in spite of their unwillingness, and the strange warning she received of coming disaster, James IV. went his way to defeat and death on Flodden Edge. B.

II. As the word *English* is underlined, and Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman literature thus excluded, we may consider our literature to begin in the fourteenth century with Chaucer in verse and Sir John Mandeville in prose. Before that date, Norman-French was chiefly used for poetry, and Latin for chronicles and treatises. After Chaucer, English was generally adopted, and rapidly improved as a literary medium. We think that, but for the transcendent genius of Chaucer compelling us to the study of his writings, the date of the beginning of English Literature would have been advanced a hundred years. English was in his time a curious unformed mixture of Saxon and Norman-French, quite in a state of transition, and now almost a dead language. But by the time of the invention of printing, at the end of the fifteenth century, it had made a splendid advance from the mixed dialect, which almost needs now to be translated, to fine old English, which we can read to this day with ease and enjoyment. Compare a sentence taken hap-hazard out of the *Ancren Riwle*, a

treatise on the duties of nuns, dating from early in Chaucer's period, with any chance paragraph of Malory's *Morte Artur*, a prose romance written in the reign of Edward IV. Here is the first: 'Heo (she) grint greet (groats) tha cheofled (chatters). The two cheoken beod the two grindstones, the tonge is the cleppe, loked leove sustrun at oniver cheoken ne grinden never but soule node.' Here is Mallory: 'Then shee unwimpled her visage. And when hee saw her, hee said, here have I found my louve and my ladye. And then was hee so enamoured of her that he wist not whether he were on horseback or on foot.'

CLARIBEL.

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### Stray Notes.

ABERDEEN LADIES' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—The classes in connection with this association were, as we mentioned at the beginning of the session, three in number—Astronomy, by Professor Fuller; Latin Literature, by Professor Black; and English Literature, by Rev. James Danson. All the courses were highly appreciated, and the respective teachers were emphatically thanked at the close *by those who had attended*. The class of Astronomy, as was to be expected, failed of much of its value from the want of previous preparation on the part of the pupils, who felt strongly how much they were losing in being unable to follow so able a teacher as Professor Fuller. Professor Black's lectures were characterised by the care which the Professor took to preserve proportion in treating of the different authors of whom he necessarily took so brief a survey, and was felt to be most suggestive. The Professor expressed himself as having been much gratified and somewhat surprised by the character of the work done in the class. The nature of the subject, and the comparative preparedness of the pupils, tended to make the English Literature class responsive to the energy and enthusiasm of the teacher, and the results were extremely satisfactory. There can, we think, be no doubt that a decided stirring of literary and scientific interest must result from these classes; but there can be no security for the continuance of effort in Aberdeen, or elsewhere, unless the great body of women awaken to that desire for a thorough culture, which will make them willing and eager to undergo the prolonged and systematic training necessary to secure it. One hopeful sign in Aberdeen is, that the Local Examinations seem taking on an active development, thus giving promise of the preparatory training hitherto so deficient, and which helps to create both the desire and the ability to profit by the higher teaching. Next winter the classes are again to be three in number—Chemistry, which is to be taught in the College by Professor Brazier; Greek Literature, by Professor Geddes; and English Literature, again by Mr. Danson. We hope the Aberdeen reputation for combined caution and energy will be maintained in connection with this as with other undertakings, and that we shall see there before long a consistent and well-balanced system of female education thoroughly worked out under the favourable conditions of the place.

IN prospect of the Meeting of the British Association at Dublin, the following note may interest our readers. During his recent sojourn in this country, the Prince Imperial of Austria visited, among other places of interest, the Telescope Factory of Mr. Howard Grubb in Dublin, where a telescope of gigantic dimensions is at present being constructed for an observatory at Vienna. Soon after Prince Rudolf's visit, we had an opportunity of going over the work



with Mr. Grubb, who most kindly took great pains in explaining the mechanism of the telescope, and the various tools and processes by which the different parts of the instrument are brought to perfection. This telescope was to be five years in building. Only two years of that time have expired, but Mr. Grubb is making great efforts to have it completed by the month of August next, when the British Association will hold its meetings in Dublin. If not the largest, it is among the largest instruments of the kind ever constructed. The telescope will be 35 feet long, and is to have a magnifying power of 3000 diameters, which will bring the moon, as it were, within 80 miles of the earth. A sight of one of the lenses seemed to convey to an unscientific observer, more than anything else, an idea of the enormous proportions of the instrument. It is a disc 28 inches in diameter, which measures 3 inches more than the telescope built five or six years ago by Mr. Cook of York. Mr. Grubb informed us that the man who prepared the glass for this lens had been two years at work before he got a piece perfect enough in quality for the purpose. The two lenses to be used in the telescope will cost £1200. The cost of the instrument as a whole will be £8000. We saw, also, the steel plates and framework for the revolving dome-shaped roof which is to cover the telescope when erected in its place at Vienna. Ten or twenty years ago Munich was the great emporium for telescopes, but Mr. Grubb told us that he has orders for instruments to be sent to several of the large cities in Germany, which shows that our country is now taking a foremost place in this high class of manufacture.

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### Notices to Correspondents, etc.

LADIES are invited to contribute to this magazine. All communications to be addressed, EDITORS, *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, Messrs. Murray & Gibb, 11 Queen Street, Edinburgh. No anonymous communication can be noticed.

All contributions to be accompanied by the writer's name and address. Rejected articles can only be returned if accompanied by stamps to cover postage. This applies to all short poems, etc., sent inside letters, with requests for answers. No enclosure can either be noticed or returned unless a stamp be sent at the same time.

Papers intended for immediate insertion must be in the hands of the Editors by the first of the previous month; attention is requested to this rule.

It is proposed to issue a series of papers on 'Country Subjects and Pursuits.' Articles are already promised on Fishing, Hunting, Curling, and Keeping Poultry. Others might be written on the Dairy, on Bees, Gardening, Country Walks, and on Swimming. Any lady willing to contribute to this series is invited to communicate with the Editors, who will also be happy to receive suggestions as to additional subjects.

There are still vacancies in our series of 'Female Novelists.' We hope that some of our kind contributors may feel disposed to undertake Lady Blessington and Mary Howitt.

Contributions are often delayed for want of space.

The next meeting of the Ladies' Edinburgh Literary Society will be held at 5 St. Colme Street, on Saturday, 6th July 1878, at 11 o'clock. In place of the usual Debate, any member may give a description, in prose or verse, of 'the most beautiful or impressive sight she ever witnessed.'

*Our Female Novelists.*

## XIX.

## CATHARINE SINCLAIR.

*b. 1800—d. 1864.*

IF the number of a novelist's works entitle him or her to claim literary celebrity, few modern writers have a better right than Catharine Sinclair to a conspicuous place among her compeers. But by including her in this series as a Scotswoman of some mark in her day, we by no means intend it to be inferred that quantity irrespective of quality is the gauge by which we estimate a writer's merits; and we are very far from ranking this lady, the author of fifteen or sixteen books, on the same level with her delightful countrywoman, Miss Ferrier, the author of three, or of 'all-perfect Austen' with her six. Miss Sinclair has a better proof of the estimation of her own generation in the popularity which her works achieved; and though we are of opinion that that popularity was greatly aided, if not originated, by adventitious circumstances, it must be taken also as a fair evidence that she had really a considerable degree of talent, and could address herself to many readers with a certainty of commanding their attention. The nature and force of these circumstances will be better understood if we look back a little at the life of our author.

Her father was a Scottish laird of good descent, Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, in the county of Caithness. Born in a station such as thousands occupy without distinguishing themselves, he was throughout his life one of the most conspicuous men of his time, mainly by the force of unflagging industry, undaunted perseverance, and a certain many-sidedness of tastes which enabled him to devote himself energetically to a great variety of subjects. Like most Scotsmen of his rank, he was educated for the bar; but succeeding early to his estate, the legal knowledge he acquired must have been turned to account principally in the way commended to Darsie Latimer's attention by the worthy Mr. Saunders Fairford, in teaching him how to keep and improve a fortune rather than in amassing one. The subjects which come naturally before a country gentleman and active member of Parliament, were of course those to which Sir John's energy

was first directed; but his was no selfish or narrow sphere. The improvement of his own estate only, was far from being the limit of his aims and ideas, and the whole science of agriculture, of the breeding of stock, of forestry and the reclamation of land, owes much to the interest the worthy baronet took in these, and in subjects more or less remotely connected with them; earning diplomas from twenty-five learned Societies of various countries, and the thanks of of twenty-two County Associations in the course of a long life of honourable and patriotic exertion. A certain amount of obtuseness as to the limits of his powers seems also to have been a trait in good Sir John's character, as well as a power of perseveringly boring others, which often enables some men to obtain a hearing or the trial of an experiment which would be denied to persons perhaps more really able, but endowed with greater modesty and more easily rebuffed. It is quite possible to induce a large proportion of our fellow-creatures to take us at our own valuation, or at least not to contradict it very loudly, though they may smile at it in private; so Sir John compiled a laborious and useful *Statistical History of Scotland*, wrote pamphlets by the score on an inconceivable variety of subjects, a tragedy, and treatises on health and longevity, and no doubt thought his opinions on things medical, political, scientific, and political destined to enlighten posterity as much as those on agriculture and stock-farming, which really earned him a reputation.

He was twice married, his second wife being Diana, daughter of Lord Macdonald of the Isles; and of this union was born, in 1800, Catharine, the sixth daughter among fifteen brothers and sisters. A large family will always be called a fine family, says our beloved Miss Austen, when there are heads, legs, and arms enough for the number; and as there was no deficiency of parts either bodily or mental, and an unusual allowance of inches among the Sinclairs, the Caithness laird and his progeny were probably often so described. They were a large-boned, long-limbed race, of a strongly-marked Scottish cast of countenance which perpetuates itself, and with a close resemblance to one another. They exceeded so much the average stature, that the joke which Miss Ferrier puts into the mouth of Mr. M'Dow with respect to his worthy father, was, we believe, originally said of Sir John Sinclair,—namely, that he was possessed of 'six and thirty foot of daughters.' They were a very happy and united family, imbued from their earliest years with strong religious principles, which they sincerely carried out in their

several walks of life. All but two of these brothers and sisters have now passed into the Silent Land, leaving behind them that 'memory of the just' which is still fresh in the remembrance of many who knew them.

Sir John's multifarious pursuits by no means set him at a distance from his children or cut him off from them; on the contrary, he claimed their assistance, and made them sharers in his interests in a way which must equally have conduced to their happiness and benefit. His immense business correspondence and ventures in authorship must have kept his pen in constant exercise, and several others also in his large family. He was constantly requiring copies made of long papers and letters, and a great deal of this sort of labour devolved upon his daughter Catharine, who, from the age of fourteen, acted as her father's secretary, and was frequently busy in his service for six hours in a day. Sir John's hobbies and subjects of county and parliamentary interest can have had no attraction for the young girl; but the strong sense of duty and warm family affection which were marked characteristics among the Sinelairs, no doubt made the drudgery easy to her; and the steady discipline, the mental training of real hard work carried on throughout the years when the character is being moulded for life, which are so grievously wasted by too many young women in her station, must certainly have had their effect on one so conscientious, so simply but deeply religious, as Catharine Sinclair. Perhaps the dry subjects on which her father kept her pen employed to about the age of thirty-five, may have checked the development of her imaginative powers, and account in some degree for what we can only call the tediousness of her books in every instance but one. The numerous avocations of Sir John kept him constantly on the move, but his large family lived chiefly in Edinburgh, for the sake of the educational advantages as liberally afforded then as now. The Canongate was his abode until about 1784, when he removed to Charlotte Square; and there the younger members of his family, including Catharine, were born. Her mother and a step-sister, a good deal older than herself, early implanted the fear which is the beginning of wisdom; much culture of mind and manners was bestowed by the varied society in which her parents lived, both in Edinburgh and after their removal to the neighbourhood of London in 1814; and acquaintance with the important subjects in which she was wont to assist her father, together with the industry and thoroughness in which her services to him trained her,



all helped to form a very excellent and agreeable woman, with tastes rather in advance of her day in some respects, whose benevolence and efforts of well-considered charity in her native city will keep her memory green long after her thirty-seven volumes have sunk into utter oblivion.

Two children's books were all she published, until her father's death, at the close of 1835, left his dutiful daughter with more unoccupied time than she had ever known before. Her first novel, *Modern Accomplishments*, was published in the following year, like most of her books, 'with a purpose'—to set forth her views upon female education. Novels and their readers were in those days still under the ban of a certain class of 'professing Christians,' to use a phrase of Miss Sinclair's time still current in some circles; so she solemnly excuses herself in her preface for 'using fictitious narrative in the elucidation of evangelical truth.' The youthful reader of the present day would probably vote the fictitious narrative to be as dull as any sermon, and we must confess that such is our own opinion. The scene is laid in Edinburgh; but it might as well have been placed anywhere else, as there is no attempt to paint from nature, or to make any real use of the actual characteristics of the *locale* or its society. The story relates the efforts of two worldly mothers to educate each a lovely daughter to shine in fashionable society. The ladies are sisters, and there is a considerable rivalry between them as to the success they are likely to meet with, and the soundness of their respective theories. Lady Fitz-Patrick has been a beauty, and 'piqued herself on leading the "best-dressed life" in the world of fashion . . . and the first object in life for herself and her lovely daughter was to gain applause and admiration from the surrounding world.' So Miss Elinor is brought forward in society from her earliest years, and all the cultivation she receives is with a view to her being admired as a beauty. Lady Howard, never having been a beauty, 'early in life determined to be "prodigiously clever."' There are many good hits in the description of the blue-stocking lady, who 'patronized everybody,' and of the fussy turmoil of literary, charitable, and social business in which she lives. 'If a servant needed a place, if a friend wanted a house, or a shop required customers, she was indefatigable, and covered her chimney-piece with cards from singing-masters who required scholars, and from decayed gentlewomen who washed lace. Her back drawing-room was a perfect repository for the sale of paintings and pin-cushions, to gain a livelihood for various

deserving persons in distress ; and it was reckoned quite a service of danger to visit much at Lady Howard's, she had so many charitable traps set to catch all the loose cash that might be straying in her friends' pockets. Many who entered the house with a firm resolution of being quite impregnable to all assaults on their benevolence, found themselves returning to their carriages afterwards most unaccountably laden with "the sweetest little poem in the world by a poor blind cobbler," or a pair of rickety hand-screens that had been painted by an old woman in her bed, or else a dozen of tickets for the raffle of some poor man's watch, which was to be generously returned to him by any one who had the good fortune to win it. If they successfully evaded all these temptations, then they generally found themselves pledged to employ for the rest of their lives some distressed baker with a large family, whose bread was not much sourer than other people's, or to be measured at some cheap shop for a pair of shoes that it would be impossible ever to wear.'

But it is all too lengthy. We grow weary as we travel through page after page, though the condemnation is just and the satire often pointed ; and we contrast this tiresome elaboration with the few masterly strokes with which Miss Ferrier set before us the portraits of Mrs. Bluemits and Mrs. Fox, or Miss Edgeworth that of Lady Diana Chillingworth. The young ladies approach maturity, and each parent is perfectly satisfied in looking forward to the result. Lady Fitz-Patrick is certain that her daughter's symmetry of features and elegance of accomplishments have only to be seen to be appreciated. 'As far as the hands and feet can be cultivated, she is certainly unrivalled,' replies Lady Howard sarcastically ; 'but my system comprehends rather more than yours ; and by the time I have finished reading all the books on education that are now on the table, I hope to have completed my new method, and that Matilda will have some mind as well as manner before she goes into the world.' Fortunately for this very praiseworthy aspiration, there is a virtuous aunt who lives in a 'lovely retreat' only two miles distant from Edinburgh. We do not for a moment dispute the beauty of the environs of 'Scotia's darling seat'—we only wish for a little discrimination, and of what artists call *keeping* in the picture. Miss Sinclair must, like the poet, have

'Forgot the clouded Forth,  
The gloom that saddens heaven and earth ;  
The bitter east, the misty summer,  
And grey metropolis of the North,'

and has planted clematis and verbenas, buddleas, jessamine, and fuchsias, with a profusion which belongs rather to the shores of Torbay or Penzance than to those of our Scottish east coast. This may appear hypercritical, but the remark is drawn forth by what we must consider a great fault in this lady's writings—a total disregard of the real characteristics of either the scenery or the society she professes to describe. How much our pleasure is enhanced by the faithful painting of the background in the tales of nearly every author of repute, whether man or woman! Kingsley and Dickens, Charlotte Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, and George Eliot are as real in the delineation of their *mise en scène* as of their characters; whereas Miss Sinclair and other inferior writers are as contented with conventional forests and waterfalls as the manager of a fifth-rate theatre.

The good aunt does her best to counteract the erroneous principles on which her nieces are educated—with great success, as far as Matilda is concerned, in spite of the distaste to religion which she must have run some risk of engendering by her own long speeches on the subject,—never less than a page of close print,—and by the constant presence in her house of a repulsive Aunt Barbara, who acts as a foil to Lady Olivia's excellences in her caricature of a Christian profession. There is a great want of incident, the conversations are wearisomely long, though stuffed full of good advice and just reflections, and with, now and then, a gleam of humour; as, for instance, when the pedantic Lady Howard insists on airing her medical knowledge. Lady Fitz-Patrick catches a cold and dies in an edifying manner, thanks to Lady Olivia's ministrations, and the story comes to an end,—we cannot say, winds up, when thread or plot there is none,—leaving Elinor an admired and heartless beauty, and Matilda a model of every virtue, watching over the deathbed of her aunt, who, good woman, makes long and sensible speeches even *in articulo mortis*. The after lives of these young ladies are the subject of Miss Sinclair's next novel, *Modern Society*; but we have not been sufficiently interested in them to follow up their history. We believe that Elinor inherits the whole fortune of a certain *oncle d'héritage*, on whose intentions much speculation was bestowed by the worldly mothers in the former volume. She gives herself airs towards every one, especially her rather scantily-endowed cousin; but eventually some such discovery is made as is not uncommon in novels—a later will turns up, which places Matilda in possession of the uncle's legacy, and

Elinor's character is reformed by a wholesale reverse of fortune.

Miss Sinclair's next publications tried a different line from that of fiction. She was the frequent companion of her brother Alexander in several journeys throughout England and Scotland, undertaken for enjoyment's sake apparently; and *Hill and Valley, Scotland and the Scotch, Shetland and the Shetlanders*, give a minute description of the impression made on her by scenes which she justly considers to be as deserving of admiration for a beauty of their own, as any of the foreign countries which tourists so often know much better. They are written in the form of letters to a 'dear cousin,' and were at one time, we believe, considered valuable handbooks for home travellers. Those of a younger generation who are unacquainted with them, will perhaps be interested by dipping into them, and comparing the present aspect of many familiar scenes with that which they were nearly forty years ago, when railway travelling was a new experience to middle-aged people like the author, and monster hotels unknown in the Highlands. But they are as heavy in style as are the novels; the moral reflections, stock anecdotes, and disquisitions on all manner of irrelevant topics, are, to our minds, tedious to the last degree; and it is strange that a lady so popular in society, and so delightful to converse with, as Miss Sinclair is universally said to have been by those who knew her, should not acquit herself better in a style of writing in which ladies so frequently excel. 'Lightness of touch' she seems to have been incapable of. It is surely out of place to preface the journal of a summer tour with the solemnly-breathed desire 'that the pen may fall from her hand before she writes a page not devoted to sound religion and strict propriety;' and in the motto prefixed to the said preface is probably to be found the secret of her failure to please:

'Studious we strive, amend, improve, retouch;  
Take much away, yet often leave too much.'

Here is a specimen of her incurable propensity for improving the occasion. In describing a visit to Mount Stuart, she mentions seeing, carved over a doorway 'this inscription, written by Prince Charles Edward when in concealment on the island of Bute:

"Henceforth this isle to the afflicted be  
A place of refuge, as it was to me;  
The promises of blooming spring live here,  
And all the blessings of the ripening year."



How much these lines might have gained in interest if the royal fugitive had only added any allusion to his being a Christian ! Poor hunted Prince ! It seems to us rather an unreasonable moment for demanding a confession of faith, even if he were the author of the inscription. As he never was in Bute at all, so far as we are aware, let us forbear to condemn him. We wonder whether Miss Sinclair's blunder is the fault of her cicerone, or is due to her own frequent inaccuracy ; for the lines are really, we believe, taken from Dryden's alteration of the *Tempest*, and were carved there by a Marquis of Bute, who thus gracefully expressed his gratitude for the delicious air of the west coast, and who probably took fitter occasions for confessing his orthodoxy.

*Holiday House*, a child's book, but the only one of this lady's works which we think at all deserving of the temporary popularity which they attained, and which to this day entralls many a youthful reader, was published in 1839, and we shall reserve our remarks on it for the present. Severe family afflictions and bereavements marked succeeding years, and one or two religious works were among her publications about this time. *Modern Flirtations* was her next novel, and it obtained a circulation, we believe, quite equal to its predecessors. It is a much more ambitious tale, dealing freely with such incidents as murder, actual and attempted, abductions, arson, and melodramatic situations too numerous to mention. As in all her other works, we are introduced to none but the best society (socially considered), and the various heroines are all miracles of loveliness. The plot is extremely involved, and we fear that our hasty sketch may fail to unravel all its strands. A quotation from the *Courant's* 'Fashionable Intelligence' introduces us to a gallant old Sir Arthur minus an arm, 'reposing on his laurels at the marine village of Portobello,' and inviting his nephew, who turns out to be the demon of the piece (or one of them), to dine with him. The young Hussar never fulfils his engagement. He disappears suddenly for the time from Edinburgh, and Sir Arthur is disagreeably awakened one night from his bed of laurels by shrieks and cries from a house opposite his own. He hastens to the rescue, and finds a lovely lady with her throat cut and a child in a drugged sleep at her side in one room, and an attendant who professes to have heard none of the disturbance in another. If ladies will introduce such incidents into their books, it is not too much to ask for a little verisimilitude to real life in small details. Two mysterious gentlemen afterwards visit the

corpse, are *not* detained by the police, who indeed seem to have resigned all arrangements into Sir Arthur's hands; a magnificent coffin makes its appearance, and a letter enclosing a sum of money for the benefit of the child, whom Sir Arthur has adopted, and promising a handsome allowance for his education, and the possible acknowledgment at some future day of his noble birth. The legal proceedings in the case of the suspected Sarah Davenport are equally curious, and we can only wonder how a lady of mature age, who, in Edinburgh of all places, might surely have picked up a little information on such points, should perpetrate blunders such as we might expect to find in the first attempt at authorship of a boarding-school miss. Sir Arthur, not long after, adds a secretary to his *ménage*, and his beautiful and unknown ward, Henry, has several narrow escapes from poisoning and other unpleasant accidents with which this gentleman is connected. The secretary is also absent at times from his duties, and such occasions are sure to coincide with the persecution undergone by one of the lovely heroines from the unacceptable addresses of a certain maniac cousin. This objectionable suitor's appearances and disappearances are as bewildering in their suddenness as those of the Cheshire Cat in *Wonderland*. He is for ever dropping from a tree in the young lady's path, bursting in her window as she is undressing for the night, jumping right over the glen at Roslin in pursuit of her, and eluding her rescuers with 'a hideous maniacal yell.' The police are useless (*N.B.*—This may be a touch of nature), and poor Miss Caroline's life is a burden to her until, in the last chapter but one, the madman rushes out of the room with a loaded pistol at his head, and she is able comfortably to marry Henry, who turns out to be heir to Lord Doncaster, and whose mother was murdered by this disagreeable person at the beginning of the story. His last act is to assassinate Sir Arthur's unpunctual guest, Captain de Crespigny, who, by some unaccountable caprice at the Horse Guards, is suffered, with his regiment, to remain at Piershill Barracks for at least fifteen revolving years, and whose flirtations, carried far beyond the usual pitch surely, have broken the hearts and complicated the lives of half the personages in the story. Yet, in spite of these and many other absurdities, in spite also of the unreal, 'stagey' type of many of the characters,—*e.g.*, an Abbé Mordaunt, uncle to Henry's mother, Lord Doncaster's secretly-married wife, 'educated at S. Omer in all the dark superstitions of that bigoted college,' who, when virtue is triumphant, hurries to

the Continent 'to bury himself in the monastery of La Trappe,'—in spite of all these defects, there is much that is clever and well written in the book. The spendthrift young baronet, Sir Patrick Dunbar, is not at all badly drawn; many of the conversations are carried on with considerable spirit and humour, and the baronet's sister Marian is really a pleasing character. There are pretty passages now and then, such as the following: 'The Christian fellowship of a brother and sister for each other is, perhaps, the purest and happiest of all earthly attachments; for there is not an hour of life, from childhood to old age, in which they have not experienced the same joys and the same sorrows, known every vicissitude of existence together, acquired the same habits, wept for the same sorrows, rejoiced in the same prosperity, and cherished the same hopes. The affection of Clara and Richard was not the transient affection of two individuals thrown together by the accident of birth, united by mere instinct, living in contact for convenience, and expecting to be separated by death; but it was the deep, strong, heartfelt attachment of a Christian family, linked together for mutual support in sunshine or shadow, tenderly to support each other along the difficult path of life, happy in the blessings that were given them now, and happier still in the expectation of those yet to come in that "new heaven and new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness."'

Of *Lord and Lady Harcourt*, Miss Sinclair's next work, we shall say nothing; and our opinion of *Beatrice* is best summed up by Mr. Burchell's expressive comment (in *The Vicar of Wakefield*) on the conversation of Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs and her friend. It appears to have been written in the wild delirium of that No-Popery fever which befell Great Britain nearly thirty years ago, carrying even sensible people into the utmost extravagances of thought and language. Miss Sinclair, in a very lengthy preface, declares that she has among her personal acquaintance 'those who have left their heartbroken parents for ever, those who are buried in foreign convents, those who have relinquished their beautiful estates, those who are shut up in lunatic asylums, and those who have died in such a fever of popish perplexity that the doctors declared, had they lived, it would have been in a state of mental derangement'! Several others of the lady's books seem to owe their existence to these direful experiences; we need not disinter the buried rubbish which is apt to accumulate when the British mind suffers from one of its periodical scares, in one generation, of French invasion, in another, of Papal aggression.

We have already mentioned *Holiday House* as the one of her books which we can heartily praise. Harry and Laura Graham are two very natural and life-like little people, whose pranks and scrapes are probably drawn from the life of her own merry young days. The style, too, is far less laboured and pretentious than in her novels, and there is only a bearable amount of moralizing. *Sir Edward Graham* is a sort of sequel to the juvenile story, and is chiefly remarkable for the faults of inartistic construction, violent improbabilities, and tiresome harangues, for the mere purpose of letting the world know what Miss Catharine Sinclair thought upon such and such subjects. For instance, Mrs. Grey comes up to London, and is sneeringly asked by a fine lady cousin if she really means to be presented. A real Mrs. Grey, in or out of a book, would simply have replied that such was her intention, but Miss Sinclair must needs deliver her mind thus: 'I quite agree with your look, Emily, and am ready to acknowledge that a country bumpkin like me can add much less than nothing to the brilliancy of a court . . . While no one reverences more deeply than I do the divinely-appointed authority of our sovereign, that feeling need not, perhaps, have taken my small insignificant self to court; but I go this once, probably once for all, because we receive from the court an example of every domestic virtue that should adorn our humblest of homes, and that forms the happiness of my fireside. I go, therefore, to see a rare union of the greatest external dignity with the purest private excellence. Among all Miss Strickland's Queens, not excepting good Queen Anne or good Queen Bess, we read of none who, amidst refined tastes and intellectual enjoyments, held up such a pattern to the wives and mothers of England, among whom I go next Thursday, with entire, disinterested, and most respectful admiration, to offer my homage as much to virtue as to rank.' To the faults we have already complained of, we must add that of a habit of misquotation. Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen to extreme old age, was once asked what rule he would recommend to form a scholar. 'Always verify quotations,' was the old Don's instant reply. If Miss Sinclair had acted on this sensible advice, she would not have ignored Hamlet's property in the well-known saying, 'Use every man after his desert,' misquoting the words, and calling it a proverb; nor would she have talked about Byron's *Last Man*. We might multiply instances of such inaccuracy.

With so much to censure, how then do we account for the



really large circulation of these novels? We have already alluded to secondary causes contributing to their success, and these, we think, are among them. In a prefatory note to her earliest novel, Miss Sinclair informs the public that her revered father had always expressed the opinion that no member of HIS family ought ever to publish anonymously; so *Modern Accomplishments* came out with its author's name a very few months after Sir John's death, and half the reading world seized upon it, to see what the daughter of so well known a man had written. Then Miss Sinclair was Scotch, and there was a fashionable furore for everything Scotch, awakened first by the *Waverley Novels*, and kept alive by the impression made on thought and literature by Christopher North, Cockburn, and many another name of note. The scenes of all these books being laid in Scotland, a good many people probably read them for that reason; and though the persons and places as drawn by our author bear about as much resemblance to the reality as 'gli abitanti di Lammermoor' in the opera of *Lucia* do to the East Lothian cottars, the ordinary English mind, which knows less of Scotland than it does of New Zealand, never found out the difference. The moral tone of these novels was also a point in their favour. All Clapham might read them and be edified. They were largely circulated in America, and made their way there, we shrewdly suspect, partly because they were so very improving, so fashionable in England, and, what republican America delights in, so full of lords and ladies! Nor was this last recommendation without weight on this side of the Atlantic. Few of Miss Sinclair's characters are below the rank of a baronet, and when she does introduce any one in humble life, she seems to be of Mr. Puff's opinion in *The Critic*, and refuses to allow the aristocracy to monopolize all the fine language. What says Mr. Haynes Bayley of the change which the taste of novel readers had undergone since the first quarter of this century?

'O Radcliffe, thou once wert the charmer  
 Of those who in tales took delight;  
 Thy heroes were warriors in armour,  
 Thy heroines were maidens in white!  
 But past are such terrible touches;  
 Our lips with derision we curl,  
 Unless we can learn how the Duchess  
 Conversed with her cousin the Earl.'

After pouring forth these novels in rapid succession, Miss Sinclair's attention became absorbed in other pursuits than

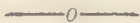
authorship. In the notice of her contained in the volume of *Men of the Time* for 1856, the writer regrets the check put upon her literary career by her becoming so completely engaged in philanthropic and charitable schemes. We cannot at all agree with him. We think that she was far better employed in the active works of benevolence which were so dear to her, than in writing any more second-rate fiction. In such works she certainly made a mark on her generation; she led the way for others to follow; she laid foundations on which useful superstructures have been raised, which will preserve her name in honoured remembrance long after her books are one and all forgotten. She is thus affectionately described in middle life by one who knew her: 'She was claimed by all circles,—the literary, the scientific, the fashionable, the artistic, the religious,—her enlarged mind and quick sympathies finding and giving pleasure wherever she went. Young and old greeted her advent with delight. . . . Gifted with quietness, simplicity, and refinement of manner, she had also a certain dignity and self-possession that put vulgarity out of countenance and kept presumption in awe. She was endowed with a singularly sweet, soft, and rather low voice; with a remarkable elegance and ease of diction' (in respect of its costing her no trouble, we suppose; for we regard her style as sententious and heavy), 'a perfect taste in conversation, without loquacity. She loved the world because it was God's world, and the people thereof because He had breathed into them the spirit of immortality.' About the year 1840 there was a Government inquiry into the working of the Scottish Poor Law, and most terrible revelations were made as to the condition of the poor in Edinburgh and other large towns. Many of the facts which came to light were perfectly appalling, and a thrill of pity was felt by those classes whose happier circumstances had never brought them in contact with the vast mass of helpless, hopeless suffering at their very doors. The voices of Dr. Guthrie and others were raised in the cause of the children of want, sufferers through parental sin and misery, and many charitable agencies were set on foot about that time, which certainly effected, in conjunction with better legislation, a great improvement in the condition of the masses. The large heart and sound good sense of Catharine Sinclair must have been deeply stirred by these movements. She occupied a leading position in Edinburgh society, and her time and thoughts gradually became absorbed in originating sundry practical schemes for the benefit of the working classes,

drawing in others to share her interest. She was no mere sentimentalist; she knew well that the truest kindness towards the poor is to help them to help themselves. So she set on foot Cooking Depôts (to which idea Cookery Schools, British Workman Public-houses, Coffee Stalls, etc., owe more, perhaps, than they know); she established an Industrial School in a wretched quarter of Edinburgh, which did an immense deal of good; she presented to the town its first ornamental drinking fountain; she took a lively and practical interest in the Volunteer movement, and in several plans for the benefit of a very hard-worked class of her town's-folk—the cabmen. 'Miss Catharine,' as her humble friends called her, was thorough in all that she did, and spared no personal trouble in doing acts of kindness. But none of these things interfered in any way with her duties to members of her family or to society. She had, as we have said, tastes which would have found freer play ten or fifteen years later than when she lived. Ladies had not then (at least in Edinburgh) such opportunities as are common now of hearing those who are qualified give, *viva voce*, the latest results of scientific discovery, literary study, and geographical research. Miss Sinclair, at her own expense, and by her own suggestion, we believe, was one of the first to set on foot a series of lectures in a hall engaged for the purpose, called, in playful remembrance of the Sinclairs' *Stamm Schloss*, Ulbster Hall. They were given, for the most part, by eminent members of the society in which she lived—lawyers, authors, professors, doctors of various faculties; and several of them, by being expanded into books, had more than an ephemeral existence. An interesting work on *Surnames*, by the late Cosmo Innes, a learned antiquarian, had its origin, we believe, in one of these lectures; so had Professor G. Wilson's charming *Five Gateways of Knowledge*, and Dean Ramsay's well-known *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*. The lectures were most popular, and she had every reason to rejoice in the success of her pleasant and novel idea.

With advancing years came a decline in health, which awakened her friends' anxiety, and she had to bear for a considerable period being laid aside from all active exertion. This must have been a hard trial to one who had led so busy a life, but she was as thorough in the exercise of submission as she had been in the discharge of active duties. 'I am doing my best,' she said, 'by God's help, to profit by retirement and seclusion from the world.' She was not one to suffer any dismay at the near approach of death, which had

made many a gap in that once numerous family group, and on August 6, 1864, she died in London, aged 63. By her own desire she was buried in Edinburgh, and the crowds which watched her carried to the grave were very genuine mourners. We have unreservedly said that we do not consider her literary work as ranking high of its kind; but one thing is evident in all her books, that she held good birth, talents, wealth, advantages of every kind, as a trust, and her exemplary life bore witness to her belief. She may not be a great author, but 'having served her own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep,' is a fit record of Catharine Sinclair's Christian life and death.

A. D.



### Retribution.

TRANSLATION FROM GERMAN OF UHLAND.

THE vassal hath murdered the noble lord;  
The churl would fain wear his master's sword.

He hath stricken him down in a lonely wood,  
And sunk the body in Rhine's deep flood.

With helm and corslet of twisted rings,  
Upon the war-horse anon he springs.

Over the bridge he would flee, but, lo!  
The charger backs, refusing to go.

A touch of the golden spur, swift as a dream  
The skill-less rider is plunged in the stream.

Boldly he swimmeth,—why must he drown?  
The iron panoply drags him down.

L. D.



## ‘Is Wagner’s Theory of Music and the Drama correct?’

### II.

THE ‘Wagner theory of music and the drama’ may thus be briefly stated: ‘Each art, when it reaches its culminating-point alone, demands to be joined to a sister, as only in combination can the highest art be found.’<sup>1</sup> ‘Music must henceforth forego part of its pretensions, and merge its individuality in the great end of all the arts combined, the music drama.’<sup>2</sup> The musician is warned ‘that even the slightest moment of musical expression not necessary or superfluous to his poetical basis, is disturbing and bad.’<sup>3</sup> On the other hand, the dramatic poet is informed that such of his productions as cannot be worked out musically do not belong to the highest poetry.<sup>4</sup> Both these arts should be aided by painting, which (including scenic arrangements) may thus communicate the distinctness formerly her especial privilege to the drama. And this drama ought to show forth ‘pure humanity’ rather than the ‘accidents of intellectual, moral, and historical developments;’<sup>5</sup> therefore the subjects should be sought in the myths of simpler ages.

Wagner does not shrink from acknowledging the enormous change involved by his assertions in the whole theory of Art.<sup>6</sup> ‘Revolution, not restoration, can give to us again the highest art,’ he writes. ‘Music must no more attempt to fetter the organic growth of the drama by imposing on it conditions strange to its own nature. Henceforth the art of sound is to be limited to its own sphere of intensifying the poet’s conceptions by means of its ideal powers.’ The 9th Symphony of Beethoven is the last to be written; all progress is denied to music except in the dramatic sphere. Ranked beneath this new art is all music existing for itself,—what the Germans call Absolute Music,—all the great symphonies, all the sonata music, all the purely instrumental music, all, be it said plainly, that has hitherto been held and felt to be not only most noble but far most noble in music. Wagner tells us Beethoven’s Symphonies end by saying, ‘Why, to what purpose is all this?’ to the hearer,—a why to which he supplies

<sup>1</sup> Dannreuther.

<sup>3</sup> Wagner, *Oper und Drama*.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>2</sup> Wagner, *Music of the Future*.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*

the answer by requiring from music definite meaning, by building it on a poetic basis. Recited drama is also considered as inferior to the combination art. The poet composer remains alone, and superior 'as the true *Erlöser der Welt* ; and where the statesman despairs, the politician lets his hands fall, the socialist wearies himself in devising fruitless systems—yes, even the philosopher can only indicate, but cannot explain,—it is the artist who can see with clear eyes longed-for forms of the only truth required by humanity.'<sup>1</sup>

After these tremendous expectations have been roused, we are perhaps reminded of the mountain and mouse fable, when the instrument for rescuing mankind turns out to be the Opera—what has hitherto been thought a pretty though conventional combination of, generally, the lighter sort of music with a subordinate drama! And when we ask how the new art is to be raised to this immeasurable height above the confessedly inferior position of ordinary opera, we are told, thus: that music, formerly the guiding power or end, is henceforth to be only one of the means towards the union of arts in poetic Opera. Music is sometimes called by that party the 'handmaid of the drama,' and truly I believe that Wagner so far fulfils his idea. Let Beethoven's music be queen, and the best Wagner ever wrote is as a servant-maid beside it.

Now we maintain that, in the mixed art of Opera, no art can reach its highest perfection: the necessary, universally-allowed compromise prevents this. The grandest painting is not scene-painting; the noblest drama is not the sung opera, but the spoken play. For as soon as your actors *sing* their sentiments, even unmelodiously,—as soon as you accompany their speeches with an orchestra, even hidden under the boards,—you take from the drama an element of truth and force, you introduce the conventionalism, or, as some say, absurdity, belonging to Opera. Those who used to be thrilled with the awe and power of Mrs. Siddons' low whisper in *Lady Macbeth*, were absorbed in the strength of her individuality; her enunciation filled the mind; an orchestra would have been intrusive; who would have wished her to sing? Above all, the highest music can never, we maintain, be music directly used as accompanying the words and actions of a drama; it must be free; it may or may not be inspired by a definite poetic idea, but it must not be chained down to the words and gestures of an actor. Music can indeed heighten poetical emotion; and incidental music intro-

<sup>1</sup> Wagner, *Oper und Drama*.

duced into a drama, as *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Egmont*, *König Manfred*, *Epidus*, etc. etc.,—that is, music free, or linked with lyric words only,—has great artistic advantages : it aids the drama without conventionalizing it, while sacrificing none of its own powers. But we appeal to all those to whom pure music is not an unknown tongue, when we ask if the *highest* music, such as a great symphony, does not absorb the whole faculties of the hearer? We do not want its stupendous developments, its splendid mysteries, labelled with meanings; we do not want mind and eye distracted by scene-painting and acting from its unearthly glories. While listening to the *Eroica* Symphony, we do not want to see the hero in tin armour standing behind foot-lights; we are raised through other means to, as we believe, a nobler sort of enjoyment.

But let us have Opera by all means, even if we allow, with Schopenhauer, a deep thinker on art, that it 'is the product of a somewhat barbaric idea of heightening enjoyment by the accumulation of means, the simultaneousness of different impressions.'<sup>1</sup> In the necessary compromise, let music be sometimes made subordinate to dramatic action. Tastes may be allowed to differ; some people, especially those who are not very musical, may prefer such an opera. Let us enjoy it on its own dramatic merits; it is the absurd pretensions claimed for it that really excite one's indignation. But we may believe that the Wagner opera is in some ways a wholesome reaction against the inanities that are too common on the operatic stage, without accepting his theories as sound even when applied to an allowed inferior art; for out of the needs of this 'greater third art' has grown the 'music of the future.' It is especially against this development that we protest, believing, as was to be expected, that this music, existing only as a means, would prove less truly music than when existing as an end. To quote Schopenhauer again: 'In Opera, the drama ought never to forsake its subordinate place,—to make itself the principal affair, and music the mere medium of its expression, which is a great mistake and a sheer perversion.' So we find in operas where music is dominant, that we accept the absurdities easily under its excitement. For instance, the 'poignard' scene in the *Huguenots*, the reproaching chorus in *Lucrezia*, the drinking carousal in *Roberto*, and far above all the 'quarrel' *ensemble* which closes an act of *Don Giovanni*, are all full of true characteristic beauties which give great enjoyment, both dramatic and musical, though not the very greatest kind of enjoyment.

<sup>1</sup> Wagner, *Oper und Drama*.

It appears that music and dramatic poetry, working by different means, soon become antagonistic, for various reasons, none of which seem successfully met in Wagner's operas. One reason is, that music needs much time for its development, whereas dramatic speeches should be brief and condensed to have their full power. Observe how words have to be repeated in Masses, Oratorios, and songs when set to fine music. In *Miserere Domine*, Mozart

'Takes these two  
Poor bounded words and makes them new.  
Page after page of music turn,  
And still they glow, and still they burn,  
Eternal passion fraught and free,  
*Miserere Domine.*'<sup>1</sup>

And, not to multiply instances, in Schumann's music to the noble poetry of Goethe's *Faust*, in the final, perhaps grandest chorus, we find two lines of verse repeated more than thirty times.

Another reason for this antagonism is, that music, though the intensest mode of expression, is also far the most limited. The drama ranges over a wide field of subjects utterly unsuited to music, unless to Wagner's music, which has to 'merge its individuality and forego its pretensions,' waiting, as was said in one of our debate papers, 'like a servant-maid to run little messages and express little thoughts.' We add a short extract from this paper: 'If the hero rushes across the stage and discharges a pistol, let there be no harmonious expression of despair, but rather a shuffling sound of the violins and then a loud report; if he appear suddenly, the surprise of the heroine may be shown by little staccato notes on the upper tones of the instrument: she must not break into a simple love ditty, suitable only to the dawn of civilisation.' Dramatic action knows no cadences, and proceeds in accordance with no rhythmical movements; therefore he divests its exponent, music, of these adjuncts. But that is not a pure devotion to music which only looks through her to something else; and the truest musicians have found in their art a realm in which to dwell. All the other arts, and the drama with them, have come and done homage there; and that homage has been ratified by an ineffable charm, a charm 'which has not been claimed, and will, we trust, never be broken by the *Music of the Future.*'

We turn from the theory to the theorist. Richard Wagner, poet, philosopher, dramatist, musician, etc. etc., is a man of wide cultivation and versatile talent; indeed, he has

<sup>1</sup> M. Arnold's *Poems*.



flirted with all the Muses and been constant to none. His powers were first shown in dramatic writings ; not till he was grown up did he exhibit much musical aptitude. This is significant, as great musical genius shows itself, we believe, invariably very early in life. Before all things, Wagner is a dramatic poet, not of the high creative order, but with the strongest receptive faculties and fine dramatic instincts. And the same versatility and intellectual grasp which he shows in philosophy and poetry, enables him to wield that mighty instrument, the modern orchestra, which has fallen into his hands, with great dramatic effect. He has announced himself as the creator of the therefore previously non-existent 'German National Art,' and has written nine thick volumes to prove that and other things, provoking the suggestion that their motto ought to be, '*Ich bin Ich und Ich bin mein Prophet.*' What a contrast is this self-assertion to the modesty of the greatest composers and artists, who were wont to see before them a splendid ideal that their best efforts fell short of ! It is also new and strange that this art seems unable to speak for itself, but requires a library of treatises to speak for it. We are, however, naively told by Hueffer (*Music of the Future*), that 'it was by theorizing in writing that Wagner for the first time became himself conscious of the enormous bearing of his own artistic deeds on the progress of music !'

But what has been the effect on the world of this aurora of revolutionized Art, of this music to be spoken of in a breath with Beethoven's ? Everywhere we find a clique of admirers ; next a public who like some of his operas as they have liked many operas before them ; but lastly a large party, especially of musicians, who protest against his theories and far from enjoy his practices. Look at German musical public opinion ; take two instances where all that is highest in music gravitates, and taste is allowed to be beyond question,—the Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig, and the Rhenish National Music Festivals ; his music has hardly ever a place in the programmes. The *Tannhauser* overture, one of his very best efforts, is constantly heard at garden concerts, but is not ranked with the great overtures of Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, etc., in classical concerts. And of the musicians, putting aside the two great pianists, who we may allow to be of the family,—Liszt and Bulöw,—who acknowledges this stupendous musical genius ? Liszt, indeed, strangest of men, and greatest of piano executants, seems to be responsive to all sorts of music ; from a Bach

fugue to a flippant valse, all lives in his memory, all is embraced in his sympathies, transmuted by his reflective power. But how is it with the other most gifted and cultivated musicians of the time—Reinecke, and many other good Leipzig musicians, Lachner, Brahms, Gade, Hiller, Rubenstein, Joachim, Clara Schumann, etc.? While English enthusiasts flocked to Bayreuth, German musicians were conspicuous by their absence. And our English Wagnerites, without ungraciously mentioning names, are they not, if musicians, just not of the first rank, people who have reached excellence rather by hard work than by inborn talent, or who have taken to music as a secondary pursuit, who have their philosophies and their theories, and are therefore apt to be led by fashion, and to pass over the pure music writers of our day, such as Lachner and Schumann? We hear sometimes that Beethoven was not appreciated at first, that even good musicians condemned his music. No doubt it was asked, and seems still an open question, whether Beethoven would have written some things of his later period had not long deafness caused him to miscalculate some tone effects. But there was never anything the least similar to this clique popularity from which musicians as a rule held aloof. Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Weber, Mendelssohn, were each in their turn acknowledged princes in the musical world while they lived. 'Oh,' I hear some one say, 'you should hear Wagner's music often enough, and then you would like it.' This is a favourite Wagner argument; young ladies, for instance, use it with their master, who is well able to gauge their shallow musical powers—their master, perhaps a great conductor, who probably could write down such of Wagner's pieces as his orchestra performs as originally written. We allow, however, association and a strong resolution to admire, will reconcile some hearers to strange things.

We find, in fact, that though many are attracted to this music who are clever, intellectual, poetical, and many also who are wholly without musical education or aptitude, those to whom music is a passion, who have received it as a gift, who love it above all things, are often absolutely repelled by the Wagnerian muse; and it is not obscurity, but rather paucity of musical thought, a *minus* quality, that is complained of. Schletterer, Director of the Augsburg Conservatorium, considered in Germany a fine critic as well as musician, thus writes:<sup>1</sup> 'Wherein chiefly lies for so many

<sup>1</sup> Translated in *Choir* newspaper.

hearers the peculiar charm, and for the followers of the classical direction the weakness and repulsiveness, of Wagner's music? For the most part, probably, in its harmonic treatment and peculiar modulation; but also in its formlessness and its extravagant instrumentation, exhausting all means of effect. The ideal matter, the musical thought and inspiration, are always only slight with Wagner. He is a very skilful workman; but what he gives is after all only ingenious mosaic. The tone combinations which one meets with him, have an inexplicable effect upon the laity, fearfully exciting to the nerves, while they confound and fail to satisfy the connoisseurs. Besides, often as you hear it said, do not believe that Wagner has created so much that is new in harmony, in imitation, and in instrumentation. Most of his effects are found singly in older works. What makes his compositions appear new, is the inartistic heaping up of all conceivable means of effect; the startling, often ugly combination of instruments, which only when heard from a cellar, as if from a distance, do not offend the finer ear; the planless grouping in all keys; the modulation never arriving at repose, and reeling from one deceptive cadence to another; and the continual use of augmented and diminished chords.'

Of the music of the *Ring der Niebelungen*, Kalbeck, another German critic of reputation, tells us that 'the construction of this, Wagner's ideal work, is based upon an orchestra indefinitely sounding behind the recitatives recalling by the *Leit-motiven* (identifying phrases), which belong to each personage or thing, the desired idea. There are no less than ninety such *Leit-motiven* in the book of the *Trilogy*; and for those who hold this book, whether musicians or lay-folk, there is no mysterious depth in the music. The orchestra, restlessly going from one "motive" to another, sometimes giving one only, sometimes several, ingeniously welded together, but lasting, on an average, only four bars each after their first appearance, does the chief work of the drama. It reminds you of the points of the story, reintroduces the actors each time they appear, who themselves speak pretty much alike in a sort of pathetic recitative, with little distinction between them except those of dress and sex.' But surely in the highest drama a hero should speak for himself, not be spoken for by an orchestra. We are glad to be encouraged by these German criticisms to own how tired we get of these admired *Leit-motiven*. Conceive from a musical point of view a motive of four bars only; it teases the

ear without giving time for pleasant development; it is doubtless meant to be only a reminder of what has been heard before, and former musicians have occasionally availed themselves of recurring phrases linked with certain operatic ideas. But Wagner overdoes it, degrades his music into a sort of catchword or cue, and assumes a certain dulness in the listeners, who are supposed to be unable to recognise the personages without a sort of clown's regulation 'Here we are again.'

As to characteristic songs, Wagner, in obedience to the theory, no longer allows us to expect them. Songs such as Don Giovanni's drinking song, which sets a man before us, or Agatha's love song in *Freischütz*, which sets a woman before us, are quite condemned by it. He has written much to prove that *melody*, in the usual sense of the word, is but an inferior time-marked music, founded on the dance.<sup>1</sup> His critics observe that he adopted that theory after writing *Rienzi*, being then acute enough to know that in melody he could do but little. So he started the idea of the *endless melody*, though he would apparently have been glad to have found melodies with beginnings and ends in endless numbers like Mozart; for when, on rare occasions, compared to the bulk of his works, a melody—a really musical idea—occurs to him, it is apt to be worked to death. But these happy moments are getting fewer; his music, seldom rising into beauty, seems to decline farther from it, the more it accords with the theory.

When we turn from the music to the poetry, we find that Wagner has doubtless chosen in *Lohengrin*, the *Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhauser*, the *Ring of the Niebelungen*, very poetical subjects, and handled them with great poetic skill. Still it is surely not 'pure humanity' that is especially set forth in the enchanted mountains, man-swans, magical secrets, etc., which are the paraphernalia of the old myths. Heroes and heroines, worked on by magic spells and enchanted drinks, must fail somewhat in dramatic, even if they retain their poetic interest. In *Rheingold* there are no human beings at all. In *Parceval* the only important female part is that of the fiend, 'the primæval she-devil;' and in all the Trilogy the gods of Valhall, giants, dwarfs, *Valkyrs*, etc., fill most

<sup>1</sup> In judging of this theory, that rhythm is but an accident of a lower form of music, to be cast off in the highest, we should remember that the physical basis of music is found to be in proportionate measured vibrations, i.e. in the rhythm which is the essence of melody.



important roles. These seem rather realized fairy tales than true dramas; and their spell is evidently sometimes rudely broken by poetry also being reluctant in its higher form to unite with other arts. For instance, the forest depth is exquisitely portrayed, the music is a tone background of sound, as the leaves are of colour, to the figure of Sigurd, grand and glorious, dominant over the evil dwarf. But enter on this scene a Dragon, well made in London, and with real nasty smoke coming out of his nostrils; we are not impressed, and when the dragon begins to sing bass, all but the true Wagnerites laugh. But the Dragon is terrible in the *Edda*, and even in Morris' poem, and there is a Dragon in a picture at Munich that makes your blood run cold. Such things occur again and again, making the fatal step between the sublime and the ridiculous, and showing that in blending all arts you either impose on each strict limitations, or fall into gross absurdities. Thor may roll his thunder above the scene, but beware of letting him hang about the boards 'dangling his hammer like a carpenter out of work.' Let us have a march for the *Valkyrie*, the warrior maidens who rode fire and air: it is a grand idea; but do not let them pass painted over your scenic sky, and above all do not bring one down rattling on the boards on a real circus horse, well trained and very tame, very obviously incapable of any fiery or aerial exploit.

Yet Wagner has true dramatic power, and has done some grand work; he has brought more of intellectual interest into a popular amusement, he has given a cleverer form of recreation to the cultivated classes, than the inferior operas often on the stage. His music is sometimes very effective, and to those who understand it, he offers the interest of watching the interweaving of the *Leit-motiven*; while to the unmusical he gives a more or less suggestive sound background to his dramas, which are written or adapted with fine poetical instinct. These are good reasons for popularity, besides the bad one on which the German critics much insist—the intense sensual excitement given too often both in music and situations. This is chiefly said of his later operas, though none but the two first, perhaps, are free from the taint, and many people are unwholesomely attracted by this bad quality. This evil, however, is the natural growth of the theory. Wagner has adopted the pessimist philosophy of Schopenhauer, who has thought out the condition of man and the universe independent of revelation. Schopenhauer stigmatizes life as a 'cheat, a uselessly

interrupting episode in the blissful repose of nothing.' He finds in Art, however, the best alleviation to this misfortune of living. The highest thing in the universe (for to him there is no God and no future life) is human volition, (the will) made conscious through the intellect. It is the same in essence, though not in degree, as the universe it contemplates. And this human volition finds its highest expression in art, before the time when it and the brain force of which it is the flower, are swept back into nothingness. There being no ideal above or beyond humanity, Wagner accepts humanity as it is,—'pure humanity,' as he calls it,—without its 'accidental, intellectual, moral, or historical developments,' as the best subject for his art. Therefore he finds the culmination of art not in the divine unsullied music itself, but in its power of bringing home to the hearer some definite feeling or passion of some human or sub-human being. And for the music of the future this passion need only be dramatic to fulfil the requirements of art. It need not be beautiful—*Tristram and Isolde* over their love philtres do not belong to the sphere of the beautiful; it need not be pure; it may be monstrously immoral, and, as in his story of *Sigelind*, without a hint of blame being attached to the immorality; it need be only possible to human nature when restrained neither by 'intellect nor morality.' And in heightening emotional impressions of scenes which should not be witnessed, and of stories which should not be told, there music is to find her final, highest aim!—music, the purest of the arts, incapable of evil unless introduced from without; music, the divine art, in itself so elevating, so exalted above all the soils of this lower world. 'Ad majorem gloriam Dei,' wrote Haydn on his scores; and we feel the motto is true as we leave the concert hall after such pure music as he wrote. A German critic, writing of the voluptuousness and sensuality of *Tristram and Isolde*, says: 'It is as though fire had been flung about; we stifle in the corrupting atmosphere. Bewildered, we leave the theatre, marvelling only that no bolt is drawn down from heaven.'

Of course we may enjoy what is good in Wagner's plays without endorsing what is bad, but I think it only fair to say whither his theories not accidentally, but deliberately lead him.

To conclude, we believe that the 'New German National Art,' of which Wagner is supposed to be the creator, and which may be less grandiloquently described as a more dramatic and less musical form than usual of Opera, so far

from proving to be an enormous discovery and a world-saving revelation, merely confirms by its effects the old view that Opera is a compromise in which each art more or less sacrifices its peculiar powers.

Wagner has chosen, especially in his later operas, to sacrifice music, and, as he says, to 'limit its pretensions and merge its individuality.' And it is against this limited and dependent music that we protest; for we believe that music is capable of absorbing all the mental and emotional powers of the hearer, and therefore that the highest art can never be attained by clipping her wings and subordinating her free play to dramatic action. 'What are we to say,' writes an English critic, 'of this theory which denies to music any voice of her own, which represents her only as the medium for assisting the expression of words, as dependent entirely on a defined intention as a basis? It is difficult to know how to reach the minds of people who are capable of such an assertion. The very power and pride, the very *raison d'être* of music, is that it expresses that which words are powerless to express, and which can be expressed in no other way.'<sup>1</sup>

The arts are one, it is said; but we would reply that each has her separate domain, where she can brook no equal rival, though they are all indeed one in their aim—the revelation of Beauty.

E. J. O.

—o—

### Washed Ashore.

Row me away to the sea!  
Far from the land, where hearts are cold,  
Where eyes are cruel, and lies are told.  
Row me away to the sea!

Away, away to the sea!  
Though waves beat high, and splash the sky,  
My heart beats wilder, God knows why.  
Row me away to the sea!

Thou deep and boundless sea!  
Far below thy restless wave,  
Hearts can sleep in a quiet grave—  
Was that a cry from the sea-gull's cave?  
Was it the winds of the sea?

A. C.

<sup>1</sup> *Edinburgh Review*, February 1876.

## Let Them Alone :

### A TALE TOLD IN LETTERS.

#### LETTER XXVII.

The Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to the Rev. E. BEILBY.

Sept. 11.

DEAR BEILBY,—The disease is spreading fast, but I am thankful to say I have just succeeded, after repeated efforts, in getting two hospital nurses from Morwick, just in time, for I am well-nigh done. The poor young doctor is dead; so is my old clerk. Many are ill in Slade's parish. I have written to him again at his father's, but there is no answer yet. News from Sydwood that the poor old squire is struck down with paralysis. Among so many troubles, one more seems little; but I am deeply grieved for the family. Walter, still here, is in a miserable state—first gloomy, then violent, now defiant, and now in despair. I have had to tell him about his father. He looks for a letter from Mary to-morrow, having been secretly over to Burnham and bribed the servants for her address, which they knew by Mrs. Wimpole having forwarded letters. Interrupted.

12th.—I had a letter from Mr. Aylmer this morning, enclosing a few lines to Walter from Mary. All is at an end, as was inevitable. In addition to other grounds of quarrel, the story of Margaret Scott has reached them somehow, probably exaggerated. I don't know the exact contents of Mary's letter, but Walter is raving like a madman. I fancy he will be off now almost immediately, but I will prevent it if I can. I have been all yesterday and to-day visiting sufferers in agony, and feel as if I had no heart or strength left.

10 P.M.—Some impulse just now led me to go over to Walter's lodgings, and I found him loading a pistol. He turned savagely round upon me, saying, 'It was for myself; but by Heaven, Reynolds, you shall have it if you interrupt me,' levelling it at my head as he spoke. 'You daren't, Walter,' said I, and his hand dropped. Half by persuasion, half by force, I got it from him, drew the charge, and pocketed it. I could not induce him to come home with me, try as I would; but I did not leave him till I had exacted a solemn promise that he would not attempt his life *this night*.



It has come to that ! The people of the house have promised to have an eye upon him. More to-morrow, if possible.—  
Yours,  
F. J. R.

## LETTER XXVIII.

The Rev. F. J. REYNOLDS to the Rev. E. BEILBY.

*Sept. 13.*

DEAR BEILBY,—Fresh horrors. The unhappy Walter is attacked with cholera, and in the midst of his sufferings is blaspheming and cursing the day he was born. Nothing so fearful have I yet seen. I have been praying by his bedside every moment that I could snatch this day. He tells me to go and give him up, for he is lost body and soul ; but I tell him I will not give him up as long as he lives, for his soul is my charge, and I must give account for it. Poor Margaret is sinking fast. She has forgiven all, and I trust is herself forgiven. My old Mary has knocked up, and I have been obliged to get another woman in. Called off.

14th.—Walter is still raving like one possessed by an evil spirit. I have passed a fearful morning by his side. I feel ill myself—from overwork—nothing more, I think ; but I must write a few lines home, while I can.—Yours ever,

F. J. R.

## LETTER XXIX.

*Sept. 14.*

DEAREST HELEN,—I have neglected you lately ; but you know from Beilby how busy I have been, and I have written to him instead of to you, as I wanted his advice in various emergencies. I have had much anxiety about Walter Benson among other things ; then there are many sick, and Slade . . .

I was interrupted, and cannot write more. Perhaps somebody will send this for me. Love to dearest mother. Tell Frank I—

*P.S.* by Mrs. Wimpole.

Dear Miss Reynolds,—I came over to Mr. Reynolds' house to-day to bring some necessaries I had promised him for the sick, and finding him attacked himself, I am staying to do what I can for him. On his table this letter lay open, and a cover by it directed to you. I feel I take no liberty in adding a line, for your anxiety will be great. The doctor says that Mr. Reynolds' attack is of the nature of cholera ; but coming upon a frame thoroughly exhausted from over-

work, the case is peculiar. I am thankful to say he does not consider it *quite hopeless*. Mr. Reynolds is insensible, and has not recognised me. Mr. Slade, the curate of the neighbouring parish, returns to-day, and I shall go and meet him, to prepare him for the state of affairs here. Be satisfied that your brother will want for nothing that is in my power to do. I have no words to tell you *what* he has been to all here, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty and trial. I promise that you shall hear every day from some one. You will no doubt desire to come yourself to your brother's side, and I have consulted the doctor as to whether he would advise the step; but on hearing of the distance of your home, he said decidedly that the crisis must be over, for life or death, before you could possibly arrive. Should it please God to spare your brother, you can then have the happiness of nursing him in his progress to recovery. That it may be so earnestly prays, your obedient servant,

DIANA WIMPOLE.

LETTER XXX.

The Rev. N. SLADE to his Father.

ILLINGHAM PARSONAGE, Sept. 15.

MY DEAR FATHER,—I write from Mr. Reynolds' bedside. I only returned yesterday evening to scenes of distress and suffering unspeakable. I am overwhelmed with all that has happened, and hardly know how to write to you. Self-reproach is my heaviest burden. I have done, and left undone, things in the last few weeks which will humble me in the remembrance to the last hour of my life. I think I wrote to you last, just after receiving the bishop's letter. I asked for a fortnight to consider, and having taken that reprieve, and written to my substitute to take a third Sunday for me, I felt free. I left Aberystwith, and went with a knapsack a walking tour into the mountains, leaving no direction with anybody. Certainly it was not *pleasure* that I sought, but it was self-indulgence in as bad a shape, as I see now. It was that I might indulge in solitude my own selfish regrets and morbid imaginations; and with this I felt a sort of wild unholy pleasure in forgetting and leaving behind me for the time all my cares and duties, and going where no one could find me. False and faithless I was, and the punishment came. If man could not find me, God could. At a little inn in the mountains I took up a two days' old copy of the

*Times*, left by a former tourist, and there I read that the cholera was raging in the north—in Morwick—in Illingham! Thirty deaths reported there,—how many among my own people, sheep left without a shepherd? I wrote at once to my housekeeper to say I was coming, and to tell her to make it known, and should have been here almost as soon as my letter but for an accident to the coach on the road, which I need not further describe. At Morwick, where I left the railway, Mrs. Wimpole met me. I saw in her face, white and reproachful, that all was as bad as had reached me. She told me many particulars of those who had died, and that Reynolds had attended my people night and day as faithfully as his own, and was now lying at death's door, worn out in mind and body. My thoughts flew to Mary, not, I hope, quite selfishly; for it was pain, not joy. 'And Mary?' I stammered out. 'Mary,' said Mrs. Wimpole, 'is far away and well. She has had much to bear, but you do not know what; you will learn all in time. Mr. Reynolds has been like an angel of God to her and all of us.' She saw perplexity in my face. 'What are you thinking of?' said she. 'Was she not engaged to him?' 'To Mr. Reynolds! Heavens, no! What's the man dreaming of? Why, in the name of common sense, did you go and hide yourself where no letters could find you? *She was engaged to Walter Benson!*'

We had reached my door, and she put me down, and went on herself to Reynolds, whom she was nursing, she said. It was six in the evening; I went in, and found all the letters which you had sent back here when you did not know where I was. There were three from Reynolds, all imploring me to return, kindly worded. They gave me a fresh pang, for the last notice I took of him was a rude repulse of his proffered kindness, when I was leaving home, and he offered to help with my duty. I went round among my sick and dying, and then came on here, to the parsonage. I rang very gently. The door was opened by two women all in tears, who told me, in answer to my question, that they thought Mr. Reynolds was dying. Oh! how bitterly I regretted the hard, unjust, cruel thoughts I had been cherishing of him while away, thinking him my rival, he the while toiling to death in doing *my* work, comforting my love! I could only feel thankful that he knew nothing of my thoughts, and yet how I longed to press his hand and feel forgiven. Father, you will wonder at my writing all this, I who am usually so reserved and self-contained. I can only say it is a *relief* to me. There is a kind of guilt, truly, that needs confession;

and you, my best friend, will understand it. . . . I went into his bedroom. Mrs. Wimpole was sitting by him, bathing his head. He was insensible, she said, and knew no one, but sometimes talked wanderingly. She and I have been up with him all night, and, except to go and see the other sick, I have never left him. Among the sufferers by this scourge, still hanging between life and death, is Walter Benson! He is in a lodging hard by, having quarrelled with his father. Since I went away he has been engaged to Mary, and the engagement broken off again, fresh debts and irregularities of his having come to light. Thank God, my still dear one is saved from such a fate. . . . I have been to see this unhappy man, but felt too much upset to be able (I fear) to do him any good. His state is fearful. I think he was delirious when I went in; he was calling wildly for Reynolds. 'Do you not know,' I said gently, 'that Reynolds is ill, as ill as you are, dying?' 'Then I am lost,' he said, and turned his head to the wall, and spoke no more. Mrs. Wimpole has told me since I came back that the charge of this wretched youth has been the hardest and heaviest of all poor Reynolds' burdens, that his solicitude has been unceasing, and his influence alone has kept him hitherto from self-destruction. And this is the man that I have so looked down upon, thinking him at best but a hot-headed boy, and turning coldly from his efforts at a better understanding. . . . I have just been glancing round on poor Reynolds' books and papers, strewn just as he left them yesterday morning. His Bible is lying open at Mark ix., and he has underscored the words, 'This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting.' I fancy he refers it to Walter. . . . I can write no more; my little time of leisure is over, and I must go my rounds again. The number of cases is on the decrease, I am most thankful to say. I shall not leave this house till Reynolds is better, or no more. It is an indescribable blessing having Mrs. Wimpole, with her calm sense and unselfish energy.—  
Your loving son,  
N. S.

*P.S.*—1 A.M.—I shall scribble on, to make the weary night pass quicker, for there is little to do. . . . As I went out, the poor old housekeeper caught me, and detained me for half an hour talking of her master and his devoted exertions for those around him. It is her opinion that he has fairly killed himself with over-work and want of food and sleep; and she says the doctor thinks so too. Poor Reynolds seems, indeed, to have been sadly wanting in common prudence;



but he is young and inexperienced, and his nature is excitable. Such men never know when duty calls upon them to take some thought for self, if only for others' sake. But who am *I* to arraign him of imprudence?—I who through my selfish sin heaped work and care upon him enough to have turned the strongest brain! Oh, my God, why was I not here?  
N. S.

[A letter from Mrs. Wimpole to Miss Reynolds, of Sept. 15, is omitted as containing nothing new.—ED.]

LETTER XXXI.

Mrs. WIMPOLE to Miss REYNOLDS.

Sept. 16.

MY DEAR MISS REYNOLDS,—The doctor's opinion this morning was that Mr. Reynolds was *no worse*; but this afternoon he certainly appears anxious at finding no improvement. The stupor, with very slight intervals, has continued ever since the day before yesterday; and the doctor says that unless there is some appearance of an attempt to rally soon, he fears he may sink. To-day or to-morrow will decide the event; and GOD grant I may have good news to tell you! You see that, without entering into painful details, I have told you honestly the *very worst*, for I think it is the kindest course. Not only will you be better prepared for whatever may happen, but, seeing that I keep nothing back, your imagination will not picture to you what may be worse than the reality. I think we have taken every measure that can possibly be of service, including the sending for a physician from Morwick, who has been over to-day, and fully approved of our own doctor's treatment. Mr. Slade and I again sat up with your brother last night. I am greatly relieved by his presence, and you would, I am sure, be grateful could you see his extreme anxiety to be helpful to Mr. Reynolds.

*Evening* (just before post time).—I have just been again to our patient's bedside. Mr. Slade was kneeling by it, praying silently. Seeing this, I did not advance, but wishing to give you the last report, stood for a few minutes where I could see and not be seen. I had the joy of seeing your brother's eyes open; they fell wonderingly and perplexed on Mr. Slade; then recognition came into them, and a look that I can never forget. Then the thin wasted hand on the bed stole feebly down towards Mr. Slade's hand. Mr. Slade grasped it fervently in both his, and a loud sob escaped him.

Commanding himself, he then looked in your brother's face, as if to ask him if he could do anything for him. 'The Holy Sacrament,' Mr. Reynolds answered; 'there will be time enough for that. Mary and Bell will come.' 'Mrs. Wimpole is here,' said Mr. Slade, and then I came forward. Your brother's eyes sought mine with the same sweet, loving, grateful look. 'God bless you both!' he whispered, and then closed his eyes and lay back exhausted. I am just come back to send off my letter; and then we are all to assemble in his room once more. I feel more hopeful than I did. Though it is evident your brother thinks his end is near, I augur better from the late change. His extreme exhaustion possibly deceives himself. I could not resist telling you all I have. You will take it kindly from an old woman whose heart is very full, and who cannot feel towards you as a stranger.—Yours faithfully,

DIANA WIMPOLE.

Pray assure Lady Reynolds of my deep sympathy with her in this affliction.

[L. C. G.]

(*To be continued.*)

—o—

### St. Katherine.

LADY! There are who ne'er to man reveal  
 How bitter is their life—how fraught with grief and ill,  
 But looking up, their daily tasks fulfil,  
 Though wounded sorely, as by sharpest steel;  
 So holy Katherine smiled upon her wheel.  
 These are the martyr spirits of the age,  
 No monk inscribes them on his storied page,  
 No limners quaint their tortures strange reveal;  
 But 'mid the palm-bearers, arrayed in white,  
 Places await them. Meanwhile He, who passed before  
 By earth's rude pathway, entering through the door  
 And gate of death, into the realms of light,  
 Sends down the Comforter with power to heal  
 The bruised and broken on Life's iron wheel!

H. L. R.

### Notes on the Paris Exhibition of 1878.

PARIS in May and June ; does not that call up a vision of excessive heat, glare, and dust ? But the reality was more like April in Scotland than anything else, alternating showers and sunshine. The day after our arrival was a regular downpour of rain, but our curiosity was not to be restrained by such a trifle as the weather. Desiring to keep our minds unbiassed, we had tried to know nothing of the wonders to be seen, but had only partially succeeded. Having heard many fearful tales of the extortion practised by cabmen on innocent travellers (only travellers' tales, by the way), we went by omnibus to Trocadéro. The Exhibition has already enriched Paris by a new word, which sounds T. K. and is spelt tickets. One has to provide oneself with a T. K. before entering the Exhibition, so in the post offices, omnibus stations, and everywhere else, you see *Vente de tickets* plastered up. Since the opening day, the tickets have been one franc every day but Sunday, when they are reduced to half a franc. Still more marvellous, you are not charged anything further for any sight—a vast improvement on the last Exhibition, when you had fifty centimes extra to pay for everything you particularly wished to see. The Trocadéro Palace is beautiful, and consists of a dome-like centre, with two high towers, and immense wings stretching away in a semicircle of colonnades reminding one a little of Rome. From this palace the view is entrancing, even on a wet day, and we never regretted that our first sight was from this point ; yet it is scarcely a place we can conscientiously recommend as the best in which to spend a wet day. One sees in front of one, the immense extent occupied by the Exhibition grounds on both sides of the Seine ; the river, bridge, and road is boarded over, and the space between the Trocadéro and the principal building is laid out in lovely gardens adorned with fountains and statues. The masses of flowers were the most beautiful sight I think I ever saw—banks of rhododendrons and azaleas of all colours, in full blow, and packed as tightly together as in a bouquet ; beds of annuals in the same state of perfection ; while the walks were fringed with both rhododendrons and azaleas trained like standard roses, each plant being apparently at its best for bloom and beauty.

Although we were in the last week of May, workmen were knocking about everywhere, wooden cases were being carried

backwards and forwards, and nothing in the Trocadéro was finished. We had been surprised at being allowed to retain our umbrellas; but when it dawned upon our bewildered senses that we had half a mile at least to walk to reach the Exhibition proper, through a sea of mud, in a torrent of rain, we wondered no longer. After a little hesitation, we bravely descended the long flight of wet steps, ploughed our way through the soaking sand, and were rewarded by the view when we looked back. A cascade of considerable height and volume falls from the centre of the palace and rushes down a rapid into a basin, out of which a gilt horse, bull, rhinoceros, and elephant are rising. Other gilt figures, apparently representing the different nations of the earth, are placed above the fall, which is not perceptible from the palace. When the Exhibition was declared open, simultaneously the water gushed out here, forming the fall and filling the fountains. The principal building is gigantic, and I thought it pretty and light-looking, but most people I consulted were of opinion 'there was no beauty in it.' Of course it is low, and the narrow end faces the Trocadéro; so you have no idea of its immense size till you have walked through it. We heard of a man with a pedometer walking seven miles within the walls in an afternoon, and calculating he might have walked thirty without going over the same ground twice. I cannot vouch for the truth of this statement, I simply tell the tale as it was told to me! Colossal female figures, representing the different countries, are ranged in front of the building, and the eight flights of steps along the terrace make the approach very handsome. The view from here is also very pretty—quaint and curious *pavillons*, principally restaurants and bazaars, are interspersed with fountains and statues and brilliant masses of flowers, while above stretches the really fine and imposing Palace of the Trocadéro.

Finding that everything we asked for was a future prospect, not a present fact, we said to ourselves, 'Old England for ever!' and transported ourselves to the Prince of Wales' Indian Collection. It occupies the right side of the *vestibule d'honneur*, and seemed to be very popular, as crowds were always round every case. France has the left wing of the entire building for herself, the rest of the world the right, and each country a horizontal slice of that. The centre division is devoted to the *beaux arts*, and each country has its pictures opposite its manufactures. England with Landseer, Frith, Cooper, Davis, Sant, and M'Whirter,



etc. etc., makes a very good appearance, and this even French artists have had to allow.

Cashmeres and heathen idols conducted us to Jamaica, where we saw very remarkable bonnets composed of lace bark, some trimmed with parrot's wings and the flowers of the sugar-cane, others touched up with lobster tails. At a little distance they looked quite pretty and fashionable 'coiffures.' The only other noticeable article in Jamaica was a nice-looking saddle, price four guineas. We turned round and were dazzled by a balloon in coloured thread from Sir Peter Coats, Paisley. Reels of thread, both white and coloured, made very pretty devices. There was one temple in chaste colours quite lovely (English, I think), and pyramids, columns, and monuments were quite common. We hurried through fine modern furniture, only pausing before a carved wood cabinet from Kirkcaldy, and were brought to a standstill by lovely *Venetian* glass of British manufacture. Both Jenkinson and Millar have cases here filled with gems of painting on glass and china, and glass cutting and engraving.

Behind the Indian Collection, and not very far from the Kirkcaldy cabinet, is one of the most interesting objects in the Exhibition. It is an exquisite piece of wood carving some feet high, under a glass case. The workmanship is so delicate that we thought at first it was part of the Indian Museum, as in form it slightly resembles a temple; but the words, 'The Helicon Fount,' are inscribed on the base. A paper alongside sets forth that it is the design and work of an untaught Scotch peasant. Seeing an intelligent-looking young man keeping watch over it, we asked if he was the artist, Mr. Peter Cairns. He said he was, and that it had occupied the last seven years of his life. He had been in service at Dalkeith Palace, and had commenced it in his leisure moments; but the idea had taken such possession of his mind, he could not attend to his other work; so he left it, and gave himself up heart and soul to attempt to realize the dream of beauty which had bewitched his imagination. He had never been taught even the rudiments of drawing, yet the plan was his own design, and worked out in boxwood with only a knife and a chisel. A general character is kept up throughout, but there is great variety in the details. There are conflicts between marine monsters and winged animals, and all the fabulous half-human creatures of ancient lore are to be seen on this nineteenth-century work of art. Flights of steps lead up to the fountain, and all the carvings on the lowest tier are fishes. The water is supposed to flow

from the mouths of strange creatures ; but it is impossible to describe accurately such an intricate piece of workmanship without having it before one. Every morsel is beautifully finished, and the drawing seems perfectly correct ; so am I not right in saying that this is the wonder of the Exhibition, although it comes from no farther away than Portobello ?

Canada, besides its snow shoes, skin boots, and furs of all kinds, has been fired with ambition to emulate France in its own department, and sends a case of ladies' toilettes. Next come Australia's five tasteful little courts. The motto above the portal, 'Advance, Australia !' appears likely to fulfil itself, for within are to be seen wax models of its many fruits, emu muffs, opossum rugs, emu eggs set in silver, cat's-eye ornaments, polished oyster shells, silk cocoons, snow-white wool, and a trophy of its various native wines in decanters. Queensland seems to pride itself more on its specimens of ore and its pearls, and has adorned its court with pictures of scenery. Victoria displays, besides gold, coal, biscuits, and carriages, figures of settlers and aborigines, as large as life, and fearful to behold, the savages looking as if they had been stuffed, as well as the kangaroos and brilliant birds. Western Australia and the Cape of Good Hope were mixed up together in a strange way, and we saw something very like a wool waggon in an unfinished part of Canada, also barrels and bales of wool piled up like the hold of a ship with Australia written on them. Perhaps they were to be transferred ultimately to their proper place, or perhaps their proper place was too small for them. Who can tell ? for I cannot. New Zealand was either unrepresented or not ready, or I missed her court in some unaccountable manner. So much was unfinished when we went to Paris, that something new was opened nearly every day. The *pavillon* of the Prince of Wales, which can be seen by order, enters from the Rue des Etrangers. It struck us as very dark and sombre, the light being from the top only, and through coloured glass. The beautiful wrought-iron gates open into a small entrance hall with mosaic pavement, out of which a staircase leads, marked private. The first apartment is the dining hall ; the table is covered with gold plate and blue china, the mantel-piece is carved wood, and the walls are wainscoted with the same wood and panelled with English tapestry. A likeness of Her Majesty is above the fireplace. To the right is a tiny drawing-room done up in pale blue satin, with a grotto off it, filled with ferns, where water falls perpetually, and keeps one cool with the refreshing sound. To the left is a minute

library with a writing table, called, I believe, the Prince of Wales' morning-room; behind this apartment, and opening from it, is a small ante-room; behind the dining-room is a long narrow slip of a room; and behind the blue drawing-room a dear little primrose room, the walls hung with yellow satin covered with transparent lace. The rooms all open out of each other, French fashion, and must be cool, although not bright; the walls being hung with satin or plush, or tapestry, conduces to this effect, as well as the 'high art' undecided colours of the carpets, many of which are of Persian patterns.

One received many surprises. In Russia, for instance, malachite was a matter of course; and I may mention two vases and a centrepiece of gigantic proportions, which were sold for a sum as large as their size. One was not astonished to see, likewise, velvet cloaks lined and trimmed with shining sheepskin, queer boots and hats, rich peasant costumes, and much leather; but the tasteful gold and silver plate,—in particular silver napkins on gold salvers, photographs on silver plates,—the many cotton stuffs, the gorgeous silk dresses, the letter weights with fruit imitated in stone, and other pretty trifles, were unexpected from barbaric Russia. They had also some fine pictures, and a piece of sculpture of our Saviour, executed in white marble. The United States was a disappointment; its contribution was small and uninteresting; it had not even a new and wonderful machine to make old Europe stare! And its pictures were the most unfinished and ugly productions possible even in modern painting; only two landscapes passable.

Greece was prosaic with its specimens of polished marble, and cotton plants, and minerals worked by a French company. The only pretty things were the lace, and a white marble staircase defended by Griffins. It and Denmark were also mixed up in a funny way; only divided by a screen. Little Denmark made a great show with its silver plate, its painted wood, its exquisite fur curtains edged with penguin skins, etc. Its pictures, too, were good; some of its landscapes most beautiful, a snow scene and a green river in particular. Holland I found the most amusing country in Europe. On first entering its domains, I was attracted by a statue of peculiarly pure and glistening white marble. I went quite close, and never did I see such luminous stone before. I wondered why it was placed there, with graceful statuettes and packets of candles between them, when suddenly the truth flashed upon me: it was made of candle wax; and to make assurance doubly sure, an old Frenchman beside me, in

defiance of the request not to touch, scraped the base with his finger nail. The Dutch interiors, furnished with heavy dark oak furniture and delft ornaments, with the figures in national costumes as large as life, were very real, and just what one sees in Holland to this day; while the peasants from out-of-the-way provinces, in their fanciful dresses, represented skating, buying and selling, enacting the old, old story, and sitting at home at ease, and were very interesting and well worth seeing, although one ran the risk of being crushed to death in viewing them, the passage being so narrow, and people pressing forward continually from both sides. However, this was one of the new sights while we were in Paris, and no doubt the ardent curiosity regarding it would soon subside. The Dutch pictures, too, were above par. One by Alida Stock, of a flamingo beside some palms, we noticed immediately; the bright pink colour of the bird, so difficult to get in painting, was so vivid, and at the same time so soft and so true to nature, that we were lost in admiration. Its companion painting, a mandarin duck under a pink rhododendron bush, was also very well done, but was not such a striking work of art as the flamingo.

Belgium had its court of lace; its Spa wares and curious insect jewellery, copied so faithfully from nature, one positively shrank from them. It had also a large collection of fine paintings. One by C. Verlat, dated Jerusalem, and entitled, 'Nous voulons Barabbas,' haunted us. The robber is being carried off on men's shoulders, shouting and shaking his broken fetters, while Christ, about to be led to execution, yet casts a pitying glance at the deluded multitude. A little boy with a dusty foot in the air is capering in front of Barabbas. There is something very saddening and terribly suggestive in the child's unthinking glee. Italy, of course, was beautiful with its mosaics and coral, its silver filigree and Venetian glass. The lately-opened court of the latter was like fairyland. On high hung many coloured chandeliers, on pedestals stood graceful little statuettes in the pure transparent marble that gives such life to Italian art; while around were spread cups and saucers, vases and bottles, bracelets and necklaces, and even flexible spun-glass neckties. The Italian paintings disappointed us, but they had some pretty sculpture in the centre corridor. Here, too, was an immense vase in strange-looking pottery from Sweden. Norway and Sweden had nothing very striking anywhere, but I don't think their courts were finished when we left. They had houses on the Rue des Etrangers also, and their partitions were light varnished wood.

Japan had some lovely articles; tortoiseshell screens with



raised work in gold and silver; ivory work with raised birds and insects in gold, silver, and precious stones; much lacquer work, silks, porcelain, beautiful embroidery, and very hideous pictures.

The court of Persia was hung round with carpets, and had boxes, trays, and a table of inlaid gold on ivory, and engraved gold, silver, and copper vessels of all kinds.

The court of Siam had also inlaid articles, but more like the ordinary Indian workboxes.

Peru's frontage was the portico of one of the temples of the Incas; while within were big idols and very ancient-looking pottery, and collections of beetles and butterflies.

Tunis had a brilliant little court, and so had Morocco, and even Monaco displayed its simple wares among the other independent kingdoms.

An important feature in this Exhibition was the *Galcrie du Travail*, along which we pass to reach France. A series of workshops where one saw the articles being made, and could buy them; an Oriental making cashmere at a loom, while another alongside was embroidering it; a party of Arabs making the now well-known Algerian work; girls working lace on cushions, and making artificial flowers to rival nature; diamond-cutting going on under a glass house; elephants' tusks being transformed into ivory articles; looms making ribbons; artists painting on porcelain with a minute furnace beside them to fire the work, were a few of the interesting sights to be seen there.

France comes out strong in mechanical toys, which were really very amusing. They only worked in the afternoons. We were first attracted by a bird singing sweetly on the top of a flower. Then we followed the crowd to the swimming baths, where two beautiful young lady dolls, in Parisian bathing costumes, were swimming vigorously; they struck out well, and were so like frogs in their movements that I suppose they were doing the correct thing. It was a child's Paradise, dolls were everywhere, dolls gardening, dolls at table, dolls at their toilettes, dolls promenading, dolls sleeping, etc. As we passed a toy elephant with a number of people on its back, we saw it move its head and then curl its trunk all round, as is the manner of live elephants; and the riders made movements with their heads and their limbs, not constantly, but just now and again in the most natural manner possible. There was a camel that got up and laid down at intervals; but I think the most diverting spectacle was the monkey's cage. There was a monkey swinging, and

two monkeys sitting on a branch with their arms twined round each other's necks, and another monkey was ringing a chime of bells, moving his arms and head like life; but when a benevolent-looking monkey the size of your thumb suddenly made an atrocious face at you, it was startling. Another little wretch had a mirror in his paws, which he moved up and down, making faces at his own reflection. Next a row of cages with real stuffed birds in them, who sang and chirped and flapped their wings. A regular pantomime was enacted at the next corner—time, apparently midnight; scene, roofs of houses, closed lattices, a row of chimney cans whirling with the wind, and a cat contemplative, only moving its head occasionally. The top of a ladder appears, and a little man with a guitar in his hand runs up it. A lattice opens softly, and a young lady is seen, who bows gracefully to the serenader; another on the opposite side opens also, and another damsel appears, who also bows. With less care another lattice is thrown open, and an ancient dame in nightcap and spectacles looks out; serenader and first damsel disappear, the irate dame shakes her finger at damsel number two, who also vanishes, and the old lady shuts her window and retires. A moment's pause and the serenader appears again. This time an attic window is thrown up violently, and an old gentleman also in a nightcap looks out; the serenader is not to be seen, so he glares all round and lets down his window with a bang. And then the play recommenced.

France, of course, excelled in *objets de luxe*. One of the novelties was the shark-skin articles; they looked like polished grey and green marble, and were made into rings and bracelets, purses and card-cases, and such things. They were very pretty, and one had difficulty in believing they were composed of part of the shrivelled musty skin displayed alongside for effect. The tortoiseshell articles, and the ornulu, and the bronzes, and imitation bronzes could not be equalled anywhere. We admired particularly a bronze clock, which consisted of a graceful female figure holding a pendulum in her hand, the hours being indicated on the pedestal beneath her feet. The diamonds and other jewels were magnificent. We saw a necklace like a point lace collar, with tassels all composed of diamonds; also a bracelet which represented a bar of music. It was composed of four gold wires, and had the key and notes marked in diamonds. Rather a curiosity was an immense oyster shell with two enormous pearls in it, a diamond bird hovering over it, and spray of diamonds all round.

The French glass and crystal, too, was unsurpassed. The first striking object was a crystal temple, supported on crystal pillars, and surrounded by a thick crystal balustrade; and when one saw a crystal chessboard, with crystal men, a crystal tea-table, a crystal basin and ewer, one wondered if crockery or anything but glass was necessary for household purposes.

The French tapestry, too, was beautiful, and was more artistic than many of the painted pictures. But that reminds me I have very little space left for the pictures, and I must not forget to notice Gustave Doré's bronze vase in the centre corridor facing *Porte Rapp*. It was immense, round, with a very narrow mouth, and had wreaths of flowers and flying birds over it, reminding one of his graceful and original illustrations. There was an immense number of French pictures, of course, and some very fine ones. There were some curious effects of candle light, more like Rembrandt's than the French school; many excellent portraits, one of a middle-aged lady in modern dress, by Tony Robert Fleury. She is drawing on a glove, and has none of the detestable self-consciousness of a portrait, but looks like a character in history. J. L. Gerome has many wonderfully painted pictures—one of a lion in his den, who has gone supperless to bed, or whose supper has disagreed with him, his expression is so fiendish; his eyes are green, and glare at you, seeming to emit sparks of fire.

Among many beautiful paintings, and many terrible ones, with all the horrible details only too well painted, one picture stands out in my memory. It is called '*L'amour et la jeunesse*,' and is the figure of a young girl with a cupid on her shoulder. She has turned her head half round to listen to his whisperings, and the child is gazing earnestly into her eyes with such an eager innocent face as quite to disarm suspicion.

NONO.

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### In Time of War.

#### I.

A MAIDEN standing in a forest glade  
 Alone, beneath the interwoven shade  
 Of branches newly budding into life,  
 With not a thing to tell of sin or strife;  
 But songs of birds and sunlight everywhere  
 Dispelling gloom and making all things fair;

While each bird vied with each how best to sing  
Its joyous welcome to the new-born spring !  
She heeded not the universal bliss,  
Her heart had flown to other scenes than this ;  
Kneeling in tearless agony of prayer,  
' Almighty Father, save me from despair !  
Protect my darling, bring him back once more ;  
And yet . . . Thy will be done ! '

Still as before,  
Bird answered bird in song—what could they tell  
Of nation's feuds, of ' battles' deadly swell,  
And breaking hearts at home ? Each had its nest  
To build, and in its ignorance was blest.

She rose at length, a light upon her face,  
The victory of Faith achieved by grace !  
' In danger's hour, Lord Jesus, be Thou near,  
His hand to strengthen and his heart to cheer ;  
And if it be Thy will, oh let him come  
In honoured safety back to love and home !  
If not,'—she paused and said with failing breath,  
' In *all* things make him " faithful unto death." '

II.

A soldier lying on a distant plain,  
The battle ended, 'mid th' unnumbered slain.  
Though War a ghastly pageant held below,  
Peace reigned on high, the western heavens aglow  
With lambent crimson melting into gold,  
While softer tints veil-like the east enfold ;  
The closing glories of an autumn day.  
His fevered thoughts had wandered far away  
To one who loved and prayed for him at home,  
In hope of happy days that might not come !  
And God in Heaven heard his heartfelt cry,  
For strength for her to live—for him to die !  
Her lot the hardest ; for as death drew near,  
Christ's soldier knew he had no cause to fear  
In that dark vale with Jesus by his side.

O'er distant mountains rolled the sunset tide,  
In waves of glory. . . . To the dying eyes,  
It was the golden gate of Paradise !

C. M. L. F.



**Our Library Table.**

**MEDUSA AND OTHER POEMS.** By Lady Charlotte Elliot.

C. Kegan Paul & Co.

There is true poetical feeling in this volume, combined with varied powers of expression. Lady Charlotte Elliot has a faultless ear for rhythm; and her verse flows onward most musically, sometimes producing on us the effect of a murmuring stream on a hot day, sometimes waking us up with a warmth of colour, a picturesque command of language, which reminds us of the sunny south. A little more concentration of expression and distinctness of thought would occasionally be desirable. At times the 'languid sweetness' seems almost to cloy upon the reader; but it is very pleasant to meet with a poet whose mission is not to teach or astonish the world, but who simply sings to us a low soothing melody, to which we gladly pause to listen. In the poem with which the book opens, the description of the sleeping Medusa is given with much tragic force. 'The son of Metaneira' is a more pleasing subject, and it is handled with a lavish wealth of language which is perhaps scarcely statuesque enough for a Greek model. An exquisite little poem is 'Loch Maree;' and 'Rosebud and Ragweed' shows a rare power of simplicity never degenerating into childishness. It is a touching story of two children, one delicately nurtured, the other a little waif from one of our large towns, whose chance encounter costs the life of the gentle-hearted maiden.

'In Rosalind's blue eyes

The tears began to rise,

To hear her new-found friend so sadly speak;

By love and pity swayed,

Her little arms she laid

Round Nell's brown neck, and kissed her burning cheek,'

and thereby caught the infection of the terrible fever, born of foul water and overcrowded homes in the festering lanes of the great city, which was consuming little Nell's life. We think that both this poem and 'Loch Maree,' in their unadorned truth and pathos, might be suitable for reading aloud at Mothers' meetings or to a class of elder girls. Among the shorter poems, 'Rest in the Grave' is a tender and pitiful lament over a young girl who died with the pathetic incompleteness of beauty's promise on her pallid face. Many of these lesser poems, such as 'Glamour,' or the unnamed verses at the end, are thoroughly lyrical both in form and spirit, and demand, and would well repay, a musical setting at the hands of some one who could appreciate their pensive beauty.

**THE WORLD WELL LOST.** By Mrs. Lynn Linton.

Chatto & Windus.

This book is, as its title implies, the story of two lovers who lose the world for their love, sacrificing for that, social position and material advantages. The idea of sacrifice recurs all through the book, taking a pure and true form in the story of Arthur and Muriel, the hero and heroine proper, but showing aspects more or less false and debased in several of the other characters. The actual plot is the weakest part of the book, being irritatingly unreal, yet it is not difficult to forget this while watching the gradual unfolding of the different characters. Arthur Machell, the hero, is described as

one of those iron-witted men who rule circumstances, and force fortune to give them what they want. This force of character is apparent in him from the first moment he appears, and we feel sure that he will win his lady worthily, like a strong and gallant Englishman, despite all opposition. Then his sweet bride, Muriel, is a very fair and graceful figure, who holds fast to her love through all trial with a modest patience which is very touching. In contrast to Arthur we have Wilfrid Machell, the eldest son of an impoverished family, whose brave and unselfish nature has been utterly perverted by a miserable desire to replace his house in its old social position, and who, therefore, sacrifices his whole life for money and marries an heiress whom he thoroughly despises. This wedding, vividly contrasted with the happy one of Muriel and Arthur, brings out the despicable meanness of a *mariage de convenance* in a manner only too painfully true. Another sufferer from misdirected ideas is Derwent Smith, a high-spirited fellow from whom we expect much at the beginning of the story, who yet, when he discovers that his father has disgraced himself, gives up his family altogether for what he calls 'honour,' but what is really selfishness and pride. His mother, on the other hand, loves her felon husband with such all-absorbing passion, that, to shield him from dishonour, she sacrifices her children's happiness and her own truth. Thus there is much in the book which is sad—sad because so true, as it portrays several characters, each with a great measure of beauty and nobleness, who yet fail in doing right because they have false standards of duty, and set other things higher than love and truth. But if the book does give rise to some serious thought, there is also much in it which is very bright and pleasant. Some of the minor characters are capital, and there are many clever little touches, such as the description of Mr. Oliphant, 'who lacked that spirit of organized suspicion, called knowledge of the world.' The end of the story is as bright as it is beautiful, showing us Arthur and Muriel united at last; and we know that, as they have won each other, the 'World' is to them, indeed, 'well lost.'

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### Question Series.

I. *History*.—Add a brief note to each of the following, connecting it with the Roman occupation of Britain:—Colchester, York, Wallsend, Watling Street.

II. *English Literature*.—Add the author's name and a brief descriptive note to each of the following:—*The King's Quhair*; *The Schoolmaster*; *Ralph Roister-Doister*; *The Castle of Otranto*.

Answers to be sent in by 15th September, addressed, 'Qu. C., care of Miss Walker, 37 Gillespie Crescent.' The best answer to each question will be inserted in the magazine, and prizes are offered at the close of the year for the greatest number in each department. *N.B.*—Answers only to be written on one side of the paper, and the real name and address of the sender, besides her pseudonym, to be given. Only the latter will appear in the magazine. History not to exceed twenty-four, Literature twenty-six printed lines; twelve words go to a line. We warn correspondents against running time too short. The 15th is the latest possible day on which the *Editors* can receive any answer; an accidental delay in delivery may exclude a good answer from competition.

## ANSWERS TO JUNE SERIES.

So many are good, it has been difficult to decide. *History*: On the whole, B. best, as stating her points most clearly; almost equal, A CHYLDE; M. B., MIDGE, excellent; BRETWALDA, HEATHER, very good; REDIVIVA, SPIDER, MAY-FLY, good. *Literature*: MIDGE and HEATHER run each other hard, MIDGE best, on account of terse clearness, and due mention of Sir Th. Wyatt; next, HEATHER; B., excellent; REDIVIVA, very good.

I. The chief rights confirmed to the nation by the Great Charter were, (1) *Security for Person and Property*. No freeman henceforth could be seized, imprisoned, or dispossessed of tenement or liberties, outlawed, banished, or otherwise hurt, save by the legal judgment of his peers or the law of the land. His property could not be seized by the Crown officers without his consent while he lived, and after his death it should be disposed of according to his will, or if he died intestate, should belong to his heirs. (2) *Freedom from Arbitrary Taxation*. No unlawful aids were to be levied either by the king from the barons or by the barons from their vassals. London and the other cities and burghs were not to be taxed without the consent of the great council, and were secured in their ancient liberties, while merchants were protected from arbitrary tolls and impositions. (3) *Purity and Freedom of Justice*. The Court of Common Pleas was henceforth to be stationary at Westminster, instead of moving with the king's movements, and was to be open to all, and justice was to be no longer bought, refused, or delayed. Circuits were appointed four times a year, and assizes were to be held in proper counties. No freeman was to be tried on rumour alone, but on the evidence of lawful witnesses, and fines were to be legally regulated.

Such were some of the principal points in the Great Charter wrung from John by his powerful barons, who, in securing their own liberties, were mindful of the rights of those beneath them. B.

II. The Sonnet is a short poem, containing one subject clearly and perfectly worked out, which, according to Mr. Tomlinson, must go on increasing in interest till it leads to an impressive close.

It must consist of fourteen lines *only*, divided into a quatrain and a sestet, or in other words, a stanza of four lines rhyming alternately, and one consisting of six distinct parts, generally containing three rhymes. The endings of the lines must be so chosen as to present a distinct vowel sound in each group, that the lines may be interwoven without confusion.

Owing to the lightness and richness of the Italian and Spanish languages, their poets have been enabled to express every feeling and fancy in the sonnet; whereas, in the English language, there is such a scarcity of rhymes that it has been found more suitable to 'the graver and more contemplative subjects.'

In the sixteenth century this form of poetry was introduced into England by the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt, both of whom excelled in it.

MIDGE.

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## Stray Notes.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY LOCAL EXAMINATIONS. — Of these the results seem most satisfactory. A large number of candidates from a

distance availed themselves by correspondence of the S. George's Hall Preparatory Classes: and it was quite evident from their papers, that this mode of instruction is completely successful. We are sorry not to be able to speak more in detail of the results, as they were not definitely known soon enough for our present issue; but it was evident to eye-witnesses, that this year shows a great advance in the business-like and satisfactory manner in which the work is got through. The lady students may well be grateful for the care and kindness shown by the University authorities in all the arrangements for their comfort, thus obviating as far as may be the strain and fatigue of a prolonged examination.

CONVERSAZIONE AT THE LADIES' CLUB.—A new feature of the Edinburgh Local Examinations this year was a *conversazione* held in the Ladies' Club-room, Albert Buildings, to which the students and teachers of the S. George's Hall Classes were invited, many lady friends of 'Higher Education' being also present. Over cups of tea and ices, fellow-students, previously strangers to each other, became quite friendly and confidential, and were soon discussing the relative advantages and disadvantages of studying in the Edinburgh classes or working by correspondence, and comparing notes more or less cheerfully as to the manner in which they had answered the questions in the all-important examination papers of the day. The teachers and correspondents who through all the months of preparation had been only names to each other, were able to converse together; and an opportunity was afforded for the pupils to thank the teachers for the pains taken in correcting their papers, and for the teachers to compliment the pupils on the way in which their work had been done. A looker-on might have easily distinguished, by their *nonchalante* airs, second year students, triumphant over the lesser evil of 'specials,' from those who, having just struggled bravely through the dangers of the 'Preliminary Subjects,' were still in many cases fearful of having split against the dreaded rock 'Arithmetic.' These might be heard receiving comfort from sister sufferers of a former year, who told gaily how few sums had 'passed' them. There might be seen the calmly confident student, sure at least of having 'passed,' and not caring for anything beyond; the humble or perhaps lazy student, satisfied merely to 'scrape' through; the anxious student, not content with simply passing, but eager to have done well enough to gain a prize; and the ambitious student, conscious of having answered *all* the questions, and aspiring to a bursary. But whether hopeful or despondent, upon every face the anxious, careworn expression which preparation for an examination is apt to produce, had given way to a general air of relief and satisfaction.

It was a pleasant reunion of friends, all bound together by a common interest, having been for months engaged in the same studies, brought together from all parts of the United Kingdom for the same end. All—scattered as they now are, enjoying, we hope, a well-earned holiday—may look back to the afternoon of the 20th June with a pleasant recollection of Edinburgh hospitality, and of an hour spent in congenial intercourse; while thanks are warmly given to the lady Managers of the Club, not only for the arrangements of this pleasant meeting, but for the kind thoughtfulness by which all students from a distance were made honorary members of the Club for the time of their visit to Edinburgh.



LILY asks if any one can tell her whence comes the following quotation :

‘Wo die Täg sind lang genug  
Und die Nächte milde.’

It has been described to her as ‘a simple hymn or ballad sung in some cold northern region.’ LILY would like to know the poem and its author.

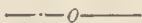
VILLA REY has asked a question we are sorry to be unable to answer, viz. the authorship of one of our finest Scottish paraphrases, ‘O God of Bethel, by whose hand,’ etc. We hope some kind correspondent will be able to give the information, and we would also suggest that a paper might, we think, be made most attractive and interesting on the authorship and history of the fine religious poems called the Paraphrases. Many of them are, in point of feeling and composition, quite equal to any hymns from the land of Luther ; and as we think their beauty and literary merits are hardly appreciated as they deserve, we should welcome a good paper on the subject.

THALATTA asks, Can any one give her the source of the following quotation :

‘The tree  
Seeks kindlier nurture from a soil enriched  
By its own falling leaves ; and man is made  
In heart and spirit from deciduous hopes  
And things that seem to perish.’

The lines are quoted in the pretty novel *Throstlethwaite*, no author's name being given.

WORKING LADIES' GUILD.—By the kindness of one of our contributors, a paper on this interesting subject will be inserted in our September issue.



### Notices to Correspondents, etc.

LADIES are invited to contribute to this magazine. All communications to be addressed, EDITORS, *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, Messrs. Murray & Gibb, 11 Queen Street, Edinburgh. No anonymous communication can be noticed.

All contributions to be accompanied by the writer's name and address. Rejected articles can only be returned if accompanied by stamps to cover postage. This applies to all short poems, etc., sent inside letters, with requests for answers. No enclosure can either be noticed or returned unless a stamp be sent at the same time.

Papers intended for immediate insertion must be in the hands of the Editors by the first of the previous month ; attention is requested to this rule.

In the proposed series, ‘Country Subjects and Pursuits,’ articles are already promised or received on Fishing, Hunting, Curling, Keeping Poultry, and Sketching. We hope to receive communications from any lady willing to contribute to this series.

Contributions are often delayed for want of space.

There will be no meeting of the Ladies' Edinburgh Literary Society in August or September. The next meeting will be on Saturday, 5th October, at 25 Great King Street. Debate, ‘Does the dress of men and women of the present day show evidence of development in refinement and good taste ?’

## Our Female Novelists.

## XX.

ANNE MARSH.

*b.* 1797—*d.* 1874.

It has often struck us, during the present series, while considering the lives and commenting upon the works of female writers of our fictitious literature, how invariably the interest and romance of the career and of the books seem to increase or diminish in an exact ratio of inverse proportion the one to the other. This may seem a fanciful, nay, a paradoxical idea; but we could adduce many instances, and, the principle once conceded, illustrations of the fact and solutions of the problem will readily occur to most of us. A problem we call it advisedly, for at first sight one might be tempted to think that, in order to tell a striking story, and to tell it well, the narrator must have passed through striking scenes, must have 'lived' incidents, and been, moreover, gifted with the power of looking through outward events to the hidden springs of human pride and passion which lie deep beneath. In short, it might seem that to sit quietly at home, surrounded by the petty cares, duties, and pleasures of ordinary home life, with little or no power of varying the scene, though it might afford facilities for writing books whose value depended upon calm and sober judgment and critical accuracy, could never give fair play to the exercise of a novelist's peculiar powers. Often, in our list of authoresses, we have dwelt upon lives of women interesting and charming in their day, associates of the leading wits and great men of the period, with their own histories full of stir and romance, *e.g.* Sydney Owenson and Mary Shelley. But when we turn to their books, these are mere names, or at best literary curiosities of bygone date, to be looked at with interest much like that with which we survey our grandmother's court dress or Sunday bonnet. Others in our list have, from the extreme monotony of their lives, coupled with the reticence that long shrouded our English authoresses from public notice, completely succeeded in baffling the efforts of biographers, for the simple reason that there was nothing to say about their lives and homes that would interest readers who yet hailed with delight each succeeding

announcement in publishers' lists of 'a new novel by the author of ——.'

It would seem time, then, that the looker-on not only sees most of the game of life, but has undoubted superiority over the actual players in describing it.

No better illustration of our principle could be given, than the life and works of her who is the subject of our present sketch—Anne Caldwell, best known as Mrs. Marsh. Born in the ranks of the English middle-class country gentry, whose biographies, if written, might one and all be entitled, 'Annals of a Quiet Life,' in her case no such record was even attempted. That she was the daughter of one country gentleman and wife of another, is pretty nearly the sum total of what we know of one so wholly unobtrusive.

Her father, James Caldwell, Esq. of Lindley Wood, Staffordshire, was a squire of the old school, possessed of a good estate, upon which he lived, educating his children quietly and well. He had one son, James Stamford Caldwell, and four daughters; of these, Anne was the youngest. Though not attaining to any great eminence, Mr. Caldwell was a good and able lawyer, and for some years held the office of Recorder of Newcastle-under-Lyne, where his name was long remembered with grateful respect.

Anne Caldwell was born within a year or two of the close of the eighteenth century. What her education was we can in some measure learn from her books; no desultory or careless training, no frittering away of the seed-time of life, could have produced so fair a literary harvest as the series of novels which in after life she continued to put forth through a period of twenty-five years. Her talent for writing seems to have developed slowly; we hear nothing of girlish attempts either in prose or verse. She married early, exactly in her own rank, her husband being the only son of William Marsh, Esq. of Willy House, Farnham, Surrey, and Amelia Cuthbert, his wife, of Woodcote Hall in the same county. But though her social position was unchanged, her marriage brought her into contact with a much more varied circle, by establishing her in a London home and giving her personal knowledge of the great commercial and money-making class so important in England.

Arthur Marsh, at the time of his marriage with Anne Caldwell, was already a junior partner in the firm of Marsh, Fauntleroy, Stracey, and Graham, whose bank in Berners Street, of first-class reputation, had been established for upwards of thirty years. The young couple lived in London,

and, with increase of children, and household cares, and the claims of society, she had no leisure to devote to writing, even had she been so inclined. We can trace in later years the effects of her mental training at this time, when the utter selfishness of extravagance seems to have been indelibly imprinted on her mind. Not a few of the most powerful scenes in her books turn upon the use and abuse of riches. But whether she sketches the career of eager money-getting, of penurious saving, or of thoughtless profusion, we are invariably struck by the high principle, the generosity, and perfect justice of her views upon the acquisition and disposal of wealth.

A terrible ordeal was at hand. After some years of prosperity and affluence came a reverse of fortune, as unexpected as it must have been appalling to all in any way concerned with the firm.

On 7th September 1824, while ordinary business was in its usual train, the partners were thrown into consternation by the appearance of Bow Street officers with a warrant for the apprehension of Mr. H. Fauntleroy, on a charge of extensive fraud. Mr. William Marsh, an old and infirm man, fell down in a fit on hearing the intelligence, but slowly recovering consciousness, and learning that a search for papers would be necessary, he at once gave every possible facility for the most rigorous investigation, hoping at least to save the rest of the firm from being implicated in suspicions which must be a death-blow to their hitherto respectable banking career. Nor were his fears beyond the truth, although at the moment of the arrest he was not aware to what an extent the credit of his bank was involved, in consequence of ruinous speculations of which he was ignorant. It was not, in fact, until the partners had paid a visit to their unhappy colleague in Newgate, that the full horror of his situation burst upon them, together with the extent of their own liabilities in consequence of his proceedings, whether the actual charge made against him—forging a power of attorney for the purpose of embezzling a large sum—could be substantiated or not. But after this interview, not a hope remained of saving themselves from ruin, and all London was thunderstruck on reading the announcement in the principal newspapers :

‘The very unexpected situation in which we suddenly find our house placed by the extraordinary conduct of our partner, Mr. Fauntleroy, has determined us to suspend payment, as most just and becoming to our friends generally.—MARSH, STRACEY, AND GRAHAM.’



The arrest took place on the evening of Thursday, 7th September; and the event of the stoppage of the Berners Street Bank was announced in Saturday's newspapers. We quote from a contemporary record :

'On Monday morning the banking-house did not open, and the consternation into which the west end of the town was thrown by the circumstances surpasses anything that has occurred in the monied world for many years. Upwards of a thousand tradespeople of various descriptions in the surrounding district had kept their accounts at this bank, and besides, most of the collectors of king's and other taxes deposited their weekly receipts there for safety until the day of paying in came round. The gentlemen of the firm themselves were highly and extensively connected with their private friends, who felt deeply for the sudden ruin brought upon them.'

For that and several succeeding days, during the winding up of the concerns and final close of the business, it was necessary to take the strongest possible measures against a popular tumult, and to have the entrances to and exits from Berners Street continually cleared by the police.

The trial came on almost immediately, and no breath of suspicion rested on the integrity of the other partners. They had been completely duped, and the case was made clear against the accused by a paper in his own handwriting, dated 1816, soon after the commission of the crime. This, found in his repositories, was put in and used by the prosecution against him, its existence undestroyed for so many years suggesting the idea that he must have meditated flight should detection ever seem imminent, and that this 'damning proof' of his own guilt would have been in that case left behind him as a means of exonerating the other members of the firm. Discovered in this manner, it answered the same purpose. 'Was there ever,' said the Attorney-General in his charge, 'a record of fraud more intelligible, and more negligently guarded?' In a few weeks all was over. We need not dwell on the issue in those days of such a charge when duly brought home to a prisoner. One in such a position was widely connected by ties of business and friendship with the leading members of society, and strenuous were the efforts made to save him. But to the many petitions for mercy, the answer from the Throne was invariably to the effect, 'If this sentence were to be relaxed, all who have ever been executed for breach of trust have suffered judicial murder.' The royal words seem almost prophetic, and mark an epoch in our domestic national history. This was the last capital sentence for forgery; and that the revision and improvement of our criminal code took place so soon after

this event, was probably mainly due to the attention of the Government having been so strongly directed to the very peculiar and distressing details of this trial and its consequences. To the same cause, also, we owe great improvement in the laws which regulate banking affairs; no such fraud would be attempted in our day, because under the better system of bank securities the author could not escape immediate detection.

After this blasting of their prospects, Arthur Marsh and his wife lived very quietly. We have heard it strongly asserted, and as strongly denied, that Mrs. Marsh only took to authorship from no liking to the task, but as a means of supporting her family. The truth may perhaps lie between these two extreme statements. Had she been absolutely pressed by poverty, she would hardly have let ten years elapse between the bank failure and her first publication; but we may well believe that, as the expenses of her family increased, a wish to make better provision for their education and settlement in life, added to a dawning consciousness of her own powers, may have given her the first idea of thus employing her pen for the future benefit of her children, even though she was not in absolute distress for their maintenance. She is not our only female novelist who was past thirty-five when her first book appeared. Such writers are not of the number to whom authorship is a necessity, as a vehicle for self-expression; yet perhaps from them we may have works not the less likely to be lasting that they are written from the stores of a larger, richer experience, and with more of the acquired self-control, rare indeed in young writers, but which in every walk of life gives to those who can thus 'rule their own spirits' such increased power over other minds.

In 1834 readers of all classes were attracted and charmed by an anonymous volume containing two stories, *The Deformed* and the *Admiral's Daughter*. This book, entitled *Two Old Men's Tales*, is still considered one of her best; and forty years later, we find in one of our leading critical journals the following tribute: 'No book of its time produced more irrepressible bursts of tears than *The Deformed*, or more solemn, silent showers than the heartrending story of the *Admiral's Daughter*' (*Athenæum*, October 1874). While giving high praise to the stories, we do not agree in this estimate. The subjects are both disagreeable, and in the first about a dozen people are made stupid or wicked for the sake of foil to the angelic 'Deformed,' a young marquis.

The wicked lady's-maid who poisons this amiable and afflicted being on the eve of his marriage, is justly hanged; but that the family apothecary's wicked sister, who sells the poison, knowing its destined use, should escape all molestation save that of conscience, and that the still wicked step-mother, who thus clears the way to her own son's succession, should be permitted to save the country a second 'rope' by going mad, hurts our sense of justice. The *Admiral's Daughter* is a much higher type of story, painful and tragic enough to draw tears from 'eyes unused to weep.' And let us give the highest praise to Mrs. Marsh, that neither here nor elsewhere in her books is there the slightest attempt to make sin picturesque or vice attractive. The terrible story of Inez, like that of Miriam in *Mordaunt Hall*, stirs us to pity and sorrow, but contains no sentimental palliation of guilt, no possible allurements to mislead young footsteps along so deadly a path. Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the subject-matter, we wish many novelists of a later date would learn of Mrs. Marsh the difference between healthy and morbid use of such materials.

*Tales of the Woods and Fields*, and the *Triumphs of Time*, were pretty but slight sketches, adding little to her fame, followed in 1845 by *Mount Sorel*. We readily discern in this book the effects of her father's teaching, the good old *church-and-king* principles in which the country squire had trained his family. In strong antagonism are placed the haughty aristocrat, poor as he is proud, and the democratic *nouveau riche* who has purchased the family estate; and to unite the children of these two is the novelist's work. The story is an autobiography narrated by the 'old man' who had in youth been the heroine's unsuccessful lover, and the friend of the man who supersedes him in her heart. Such a personage must be permitted to moralize a little; and we are often glad to have thus conveyed to us the workings of the authoress's keen and thoughtful mind upon the social questions of the day. As, for instance, when describing the position of an old servant:

'Nothing degrades the man like contempt for the master he serves. Nothing can ennoble the position but the habit of reverencing the being to whom your time is devoted. If you can love him, still better; but by all means respect him—respect him as a man if possible; respect him as a rank at all events' (*Mount Sorel*, vol. ii.).

*Father Darey*, her next book, is a tale of the Gunpowder Plot, supposed to be discovered among the family papers at

Mount Sorel. At this time she also published a *History of the Reformation in France*. Neither of these is of great merit; but the next three years saw the production of *Emilia Wyndham*, *Norman's Bridge*, and *Angela*, not only considered her best, but which in power and pathos yield to very few novels in the language. It is perhaps to these three books that we must turn for our most intimate knowledge of Anne Marsh, and the result is gratifying to us and honourable to her. Like picturesque views, the lights and shadows are in strong contrast, the beauties and the faults lie side by side. But while the faults are of style and composition only, the beauties are those of a noble, womanly, and yet powerful mind. Mrs. Marsh's defective writing appears in all her books, greater or lesser. She has a style of her own, broken into short pithy sentences and single lines; and these abrupt phrases often give an indescribable sense of discomfort, even of annoyance, in reading her stories. These 'spasmodic' utterances are evidently intended to be emphatic, but in reality they greatly diminish the beauty of her most pathetic scenes. Again, she has a careless way of scrambling to the end, as if in a hurry to get rid of the characters, reminding us of Mr. Sneer's mode of clearing the stage:

'Never mind, so as you get them off!  
I'll answer for it, the audience won't care how.'

This defect occurs in several of her books, but quite mars the conclusion of *Angela*; and further, she is careless in her descriptions, especially of persons, suffering them to appear with impossible variations of feature and complexion at different points of their history. Thus a little child, with hair cut straight across her forehead one day, entrances the beholder by her floating golden curls on the next, and so on.

*Emilia Wyndham* we might suppose to have been taken from the ballad of 'Auld Robin Gray.' The selfish spendthrift father, the cold-hearted uncle, the harsh and jealous mother-in-law, and the old faithful servant, are masterly portraits; and to us, Emilia herself is the best of all Mrs. Marsh's heroines. Parted from her young soldier lover by the Peninsular war, destitute and homeless, the girl is forced into a marriage with the old family lawyer, esteemed, but totally unloved. The gradual turning of this pure and noble heart from its early infatuation to respond to the husband's apparently hopeless attachment, is a beautifully woven story, true to nature in every point. Unlike the 'Auld Robin' of the song, Mr. Danby's despairing passion makes him anything



but outwardly 'kind, kind' to his hapless wife; yet sterling goodness draws their hearts together at last. When Emilia, a few years later, meets the man she had believed to be killed at Albuera, and striven to banish from her thoughts, she sees him soured and spoiled by worldly ambition and an uncongenial marriage:

'They met, and she was disappointed in him . . . she contrasted the high and fashionable bearing of Colonel Lennox, his fine face and beautiful, though somewhat hard, expression of countenance, his indifference and unkindness to Lisa, with Mr. Danby's simple and unpretending appearance—ungraceful and plain, it is true, but instinct with the character of the man, with his intense though misguided sensibility, and his devoted and single passion; and there was something in the truth and simplicity of the one, with all its waywardness, contrasted with the polished but somewhat conventional elegance of the other, which struck her forcibly, and in a far different manner from that which the unhappy Mr. Danby imagined. "Look upon this portrait and upon that." She had done so, and to her own astonishment, she found that her strongest interest was with the pale, discoloured picture of her husband.

'You have felt this, no doubt, in a gallery of art. The more florid portrait, drawn by some modern hand, with all its fresh and beautiful colouring, has been forsaken; and you have been led as by an invincible attraction to some plain, pale, faded head, full of the characters of truth and simplicity, painted by a Rembrandt, and hanging in a corner' (*Emilia Wyndham*, vol. ii.).

We might multiply quotations without giving any idea of the beauty of this book. *Norman's Bridge* is scarcely less interesting. Mrs. Marsh has a strong feeling for the peculiar beauties of Scottish scenery and character, and the opening scenes and descriptions of the Highland glen, and kirk, and the old minister, are truthful and touching. Mr. Finn and Michael Grant are both well-drawn, thorough types of the self-made man, the one generous, the other grasping. Like many persons in the middle class of English gentry, Mrs. Marsh probably came little in contact with the nobility. Lords and ladies often appear in her books—not that she ever parades them, when not necessary to the story; but though often interesting, those great folks are not life-like. When good, they are apt to be eccentric, like Lord Strathnaer, and to shut themselves up in their country houses; and various little mistakes are made about their titles and precedence. *Angela* is a kind of sequel to the last named, one or two of the principal characters appearing again; we are glad to prolong our acquaintance with Joan Grant. All the episodes of town and country life, and the various characters, are admirably well drawn; and but for the hasty and awkwardly-managed conclusion, we should have been inclined to class

this as the best of her books. We must confess to having, in general, small power of sympathy with the 'oppressed governess' of fiction; in fact, we generally find ourselves in the case of pitying the employers rather than the employed. Angela is a complete exception to this rule, a charming compound of sweetness and energy. There is not a line of morbid sentiment in the book, and her trials in school-room and drawing-room are true to the life of forty years ago, though we think that such treatment as Mrs. Usherwood's would hardly be attempted in the present generation. Augusta Darby is a clever contrast to Angela, with her spendthrift father and home where all elegance and comfort are sacrificed to the racing stables, with the deteriorating effects on the girl's own fine character.

We pass lightly over *The Previsions of Lady Evelyn*, a pretty but slighter work, to her next group, published about 1850. *Mordaunt Hall* is a story prolonged over three generations, giving first a sad exemplification of the baneful effects of that school of thought to which our attention has been ably directed by the biographer of Mary Shelley.<sup>1</sup> A beautiful girl is brought up in a wild romantic home by a father whom she reveres, and who is amiable and worthy in all respects save one, that he has no religious principle on which to rest all other teaching. The gradual moulding of Miriam's mind under this fatal system is touchingly well described, the father, wrapt in abstruse studies, failing to perceive that what was theory to him was reduced to practice by the untaught motherless child insensibly passing into womanhood before his eyes.

'Not even her father had the slightest idea of the true state of her mind, of the extent to which in the simplicity of her heart she carried out, or the perfect sincerity with which she adhered to, the opinions she had adopted. Men are often astonished when they see women, in the generous honesty of their nature, prepared to act upon and to carry to their extremest consequences the notions and theories they have themselves too carelessly suffered them to imbibe' (*Mordaunt Hall*, vol. i.).

In such a state of matters the catastrophe astonishes no one; but not the less natural or well depicted is the unhappy father's despair on learning the practical development of his own views in poor Miriam's case, and his horror at his own failure to make her understand the terrible position in which betrayal and desertion have left her. He is dying, and cannot protect his darling from a cruel world; he cannot even

<sup>1</sup> July No. of this magazine.

open her eyes to its righteous sentence. Nature and God's outraged law speak to him of a trust he has betrayed, and his last dying words cannot counteract the pernicious teaching of a lifetime. Left alone by his death, Miriam abandons her infant on the door-step of a wealthy country house, and her suicide closes the first part of the story. We are then made to follow up the fortunes of the little foundling, adopted by a daughter of the house, and kindly yet not judiciously reared, and therefore becoming the innocent cause of much sorrow in his benefactress's family circle.

Mrs. Marsh excels in child portraiture, and the little Gideon's troubles, with the pretty championship they evoke in a tiny granddaughter who is a frequent inmate, are charmingly told. Here is a pretty scene: Kitty Chandos, aged three and upwards, is moved to baby compassion for the 'poor little boy,' aged six, who lives in her kind invalid Aunt Calantha's room, and may not go anywhere, or play with anybody, even though her question, 'Is he a naughty little boy?' is always answered in the negative. But though he may not go down to dessert, it strikes Kitty dessert may come to him. She forthwith coaxes her nurse to put a rose-coloured pocket to her evening frock, and then by vehement coaxing of uncles, aunts, father, she achieves the filling of this pocket with all portable and pocketable delicacies; and then

'they sat on a cushion by the fire in Calantha's room, and ate the dessert thus obtained together. There are pictures of our early infancy which remain indelible when all else are forgotten; to his dying hour he never forgot that day when he sat upon a cushion by her side, and the little creature in the white frock kept drawing forth her treasures one after another to him, from that exquisitely beautiful rose-coloured pocket, and sharing them with the most scrupulous regard to justice between them' (*Mordaunt Hall*, vol. ii.).

A dozen years later, when this pretty couple are rapidly falling in love with each other, though we are sorry for Mr. Chandos, we feel that he has himself to thank in a great measure. His own uncertain and capricious treatment of the orphan boy naturally tends to draw the attention and pity of the generous little girl upon her ill-used playfellow. Yet we cannot wish success to the attachment, and are glad when Gideon considerably breaks a blood-vessel and dies, leaving Kitty in a fair way of being consoled, we may hope.

One instance occurs of the carelessness in description to which we have alluded. Miriam, in her lifetime, is a beauty of gipsy type, brown, dark-eyed, dark-haired. We have no

personal experience of ghostly apparitions, and cannot therefore vouch for their ways; but when, after drowning herself, she appears in a vision of the night to her heartless betrayer, we are told of the wet golden locks and blue eyes, to our astonishment.

*Letitice Arnold* appeared in a serial form. Though weak in plot, there are clever bits of writing on the subject of distressed needlewomen, on whose sufferings the interest turns. *The Wilmingtons* is a novel full of thought and power, written probably from the depths of her own painful experience. The tale is but too common, luxury and selfish extravagance leading to embarrassment, and then to crime. The two Wilmingtons, Mr. Craiglethorpe, Caroline, and Flavia, are well described, and it is singular in how many passages of this striking story we find ourselves reminded of later written books. Mr. Craiglethorpe, a Baldassare in modern dress, recalls *Romola*; Mr. Wilmington, in avoidance of the man he has injured, and fears to recognise, *Henry Dunbar*; while the trial—in those days involving life—for the forged codicil to a will, has many points of resemblance to a similar event in one of our best modern novels. *Time the Avenger*, a sequel to the above, is greatly inferior in merit; and from this date, 1854, we may class all Mrs. Marsh's subsequent writings as falling far below those of her past years. In this group we place *Aubrey*, *Ravenscliffe*, *Castle Aron*, the *Heiress of Haughton*, *Evelyn Marston*, and the *Rose of Ashurst*. All of these are high in principle and pure in tone, containing bits of picturesque and powerful writing, such as the child's disappearance in *Castle Aron*, Alice Craven's death in *Aubrey*, the characters of Randal and Eleanor in *Ravenscliffe*; but not the less we feel that while books like *Emilia Wyndham* and *Mordaunt Hall* can hardly be forgotten, this later series will perhaps not live beyond the present generation.

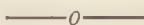
If necessity had ever prompted Mrs. Marsh's pen, such necessity must have ceased in 1858. She then became, by her brother's death, owner of Lindley Wood, and Lady of the Manor. Her husband's death took place a few years previously, at Eastbury Lodge, Hertfordshire, where they had been living very quietly. On removing to her early home, she resumed her maiden name, and was known as Mrs. Marsh Caldwell until her death in 1874.

She had never laid aside her anonymous shield, though the 'author of *Two Old Men's Tales*' was well known. The number and merit of her works certainly entitle her to a



distinguished place among British Female Novelists. Her books occupy an important half-way position between the old and new schools. We see in them the *avant courcours* of the modern sensation novel; nor do we intend dispraise to Mrs. Marsh in thus classing them. Between her and her imitators the connection is that which exists between a well-written play and a farce or extravaganza on the same plot. In the one, events bring out characters; in the other, the characters are puppets set to produce startling effects. But in her later stories, the tendency to heap up strange incidents and hurry to unnatural conclusions, to make people speak or act as they rarely do in real life, gives us cause to regret more than the natural decay of an author's powers. The example of so deservedly famed a writer must have contributed, more than she knew or wished, to form a demand and supply a model for the excitable style which has since been carried to such extremes of folly and bad taste. Therefore, while ranking Mrs. Marsh at her second and third best, before 'the best' of many of her successors, and by no means wishing her last half dozen books unwritten, we do wish they had been written with a care and thoughtfulness more worthy of the author of *Emilia Wyndham*.

L. D.



### *Aurora Borealis.*

'La lumière, c'est l'ombre de Dieu.'—Joubert.

'And they saw . . . as it were the body of heaven in His clearness.'  
—Ex. xxiv. 10.

O WONDROUS visitant from northern elimes,  
Who but must gaze with awe-struck rapt delight,  
As upward still the dazzling glory soars  
Upon the breathless night!

To the far zenith mount the living rays,  
That spread themselves abroad on every side  
In one vast dome, whose pure effulgent light  
Streams round us far and wide.

Lo! all the southern heaven is aglow  
With deepening tints of crimson and of rose;  
Such is the flush, on cloud-piled banks at even,  
The sun declining throws.

Meanwhile the North in cold clear splendour gleams,  
Melting to green more soft than chrysophrase ;  
'Mid the pale radiance see the faint stars shine  
As through translucent haze.

Methinks I stand in space all limitless,  
The centre of this great encircling sphere,  
Where audibly the pulses of the world  
Throb on the awakened ear.

Say, art thou sent to herald some fierce doom  
Of war, some scourge of battle on the earth ?  
Or dost thou warn us of wild tempest's shock,  
Or earthquake's sullen birth ?

Or art thou rather such a sign in heaven  
As shall presage the coming of the King ?  
Is all that quivering brightness as the fringe  
That to His robe doth cling ?

Sure to our feeble sense not all unmeet  
Is such a token of His presence near ;  
And as the fitful flashes come and go,  
Let us adore with fear.

Perchance along each pathway luminous  
Some angel glides on messages of love ;  
This is the golden stair, on which our prayers  
Rise to the courts above.

From eyes sin-darkened now the scales have fallen  
That hide the inner heart of earth and sky ;  
O precious knowledge, touching all our lives  
With sense of ecstasy !

If in a moment the familiar heavens  
May be transfigured to our eager gaze,—  
If thus the fleeting vision of an hour  
May fill us with amaze,—

What shall it be, when no weak flesh shall veil  
The unimagined blessedness in store,  
Where endless glories wait at God's right hand,  
Pleasures for evermore !

ALMA GLEN.

## Aunt Elsie: A Sketch.

## CHAPTER I.

'NANNETTE! Nannette! come in, child; it is getting late, and you will catch cold.'

'No fear, Aunt Elsie; the air is soft and warm, and the sun has not long gone out of sight.'

Half an hour passed away, the light was becoming dim, and Aunt Elsie looked at the clock.

'Nannette, child, you must come.'

'Coming, Aunt Elsie; only five minutes more. I cannot leave the garden yet.'

Aunt Elsie gave a sigh and went on with her knitting; her niece sometimes proved an anxious charge.

Meanwhile, the object of her thoughts was in the garden, wandering amongst the flowers, and ever and anon standing at the garden gate gazing wistfully down the road that led towards the sea.

'They will not come to-night,' she said to herself, and then she paused once more at the gate.

How lovely was the landscape that lay before her! for a mile a belt of luxuriant green fields, and then the sea, lying calm, blue, smiling, lovely, but treacherous. The sun had not long gone down, the sky was flecked with gold and rose, the whole scene was bathed in dreamy uncertain light, Nannette not the least lovely part of the whole. The soft summer air was coming towards her in fitful puffs, blowing the hair from her brow and bringing the bright warm colour to her face, her white muslin dress serving only to show off the tall lithe figure, the geraniums in her hair only enhancing the brilliancy of her complexion. At the present moment a petulant expression lingered about her pretty mouth, and her eyes still gazed restlessly down the road.

'I suppose I must go home now, or Aunt Elsie will scold; but why, when he promised, did they not come to-night?'

With lingering steps she wandered up the garden walk to the rose-covered porch. She stopped once more before she entered to turn and gaze, but the road lay white and dusty before her as far as she could see—no one was in sight. She caught impatiently at a spray of roses that was hanging lower than the rest, but they were too tender for such a rough grasp; and though she succeeded in breaking off the spray, the blossoms lay at her feet, some few of the petals

resting on her hair and dress as they fell. She tossed the branch from her and turned into the house.

‘My dear Nannette, you are very late ; you should remember you are not strong, my child.’

‘It was so warm, I could not leave the sunset, Aunt Elsie.’

‘You have grown fond of the sunset lately, Nannette. I do not remember that you loved it so last summer.’

Nannette smiled to herself, but did not speak. She took a book from the table and ensconced herself in the low window-seat. She made a feint of reading at first ; but by degrees the gentle regular breathing of her aunt told her she was asleep, and then the book dropped from her hands and lay unopened on her lap.

She leant her head against the window, and let her eyes and thoughts wander at their own sweet will. The twilight was changing the face of nature, in the clear green sky the first stars were coming out, down on this earth things were losing their colour and identity. Bushes and trees seemed to take the form of living things, the breeze as it gently stirred their branches kept forming new and strange shapes against the intense clearness of the sky. On the horizon a streak of silver told of where the sea lay at rest. Nannette’s thoughts wandered to that same still sea from which she had been rescued as a child, when in the homeward voyage from India her father with his young wife had gone down into its then stormy depths. She had never missed them ; her aunt had been everything to her. What would not Miss Græme have done for her favourite brother’s child, even though he had married an Italian girl, with whom she said she never could have anything in common.

But though the mother had left her stamp upon the child, in the dark eyes and hair, and affectionate fiery temper, Miss Græme forgave all such defects, and with a strange longing to live near the grave of her brother, she had bought the cottage on the coast in the south of England, and there for sixteen years she watched the seasons follow one another, all so much the same, never a break in her monotonous life. Her one interest was Nannette, watching her as she grew from infant to child, from childhood into girlhood, and then into first womanhood. The change had come almost imperceptibly, and Nannette was nearly eighteen now. Already she was turning her restless gaze towards the world ; her aunt felt that already the cottage and its garden would never satisfy the ardent, eager girl. She was craving to taste the



pleasures of the world, of which she had seen so little; her ambition would not rest content within the cottage walls, and the garden with the privet hedge.

Already, though her aunt knew it not, a new experience had come in her life. Only ten days since, she had been out walking on the sea-shore. She had climbed down the rocks to gather some plant that attracted her attention. The prize attained, she tried to climb from the ledge on which she stood, but a few minutes proved the attempt fruitless. She was a bold girl, but for a moment her heart failed as she saw her position. The sea gently lapping the rock on which she stood, creeping resolutely higher; no escape but to return the way by which she came. The descent had been so easy, she had never dreamt of danger; and yet the fact was quite clear to her now, that unless she was saved within an hour, the cold, cruel water would be lapping the rock as gently as ever, a foot higher up than she now could reach.

She called loudly for help, but the coast was such a quiet one that the chances of deliverance were very small.

At last her cries received an answer. She called again, and the voice came nearer. 'Where are you?' she heard.

Again she called for help, and this time the answer was close at hand.

'I see you. Stay where you are; there is no real danger, now I am here. I must get at you by a way with surer footing.'

Nannette could not see the speaker, but she was attracted by the voice so full of confidence. The rock crumbled from beneath her deliverer's feet, and fell over the ledge under which she was standing.

Meanwhile Robert Elwes had caught sight of Nannette, and was fast approaching her from a nearer and safer way. Ten minutes more, and she stood with him on the top of the cliff.

'How shall I ever thank you?' she exclaimed fervently. 'I should have been dead in an hour. I should have been lying down there, still and cold under the sea; and I could not die yet. I could not have left this happy, beautiful world.' She shuddered and turned very white at the thought.

'You must sit down and rest for a few minutes, and I will fetch you some water. You have received a shock.'

'Don't leave me for a minute or two,' she pleaded with the tears in her eyes.

'I must,' Robert answered authoritatively. 'No harm can happen to you. Stay here till I return.'

His voice brought back her composure once more, she sat down as he had bidden her, and he went in search of water. In a few minutes he returned. She was sitting as he had left her, her hat with its garland of wild-flowers pushed back from her face; but a bright smile had superseded her terror, and looking up gratefully as she took the cup of water from his hand, she said :

‘You must have thought me very foolish just now. Will you forgive me, for I could not help it?’

‘I have to ask your forgiveness,’ he answered, ‘for speaking so authoritatively to you as I did. Will you prove it to me by allowing me to walk home with you?’

How far too short the way home seemed to him! He was fascinated, enslaved at once by the irresistible charm of Nannette’s manner. He watched with admiration as she told him of her life, how dull it was, how she longed to be allowed to fly out into the world. But Aunt Elsie was strict, and said she was much happier and better where her lot had been cast. She refused to own this, and in her pretty petulant way she dwelt upon the many little troubles that made up the sum of her daily grievance. By that time she had reached home.

‘You must go now,’ she said; ‘Aunt Elsie would not like me to walk with a stranger.’

So he had gone; and she went into the house, and said nothing to her aunt of the meeting, for no reason but it made it pleasant to have a secret in her life apart from Aunt Elsie.

The next evening, when Nannette was in the garden, her friend of the day before came past. Aunt Elsie was asleep, so no call came to remind her of the lateness of the hour. It was so natural that he should stop to ask her how she was, and whether she had got over her fright of the day before.

Thus the acquaintance ripened. The days were soft and warm, the evenings still, the sunsets lovely; and Nannette was always out in the garden, standing by the gate, flattering herself that it was the beauty of the evening that detained her, dreaming in happy idleness, watching the sky as it changed from rose and gold to quiet and sombre grey, finding in the hundred changes in the clouds, a hundred new thoughts. She felt herself so full of life and health and strength, so brimming over with exuberance of spirits; and now, for the first time, she experienced the strange pleasure that it gives a woman when she first feels her power to fascinate and attract.

Robert Elwes was not a man Nannette would ever love; he was too uninteresting, too matter of fact. He was what his friends called a thoroughly good sort of fellow, but he was no ideal hero such as a girl of romantic nature would picture to herself as the man who should some day be her master. He had come down from his work in London to meet his brother, who was returning from a long voyage. He had not expected to make new friends when he left home, and now in a week's time all was changed. He was even hoping that the vessel that was bringing the sailor home might be detained, and he would have a few more days of sunshine, a few more sunset meetings at the garden gate.

The evening before this story opens, he had told Nannette that his brother would have arrived before the following one, and that he would bring Jack to see his new friend; so Nannette had gone to watch, and they had never come. The time went past; it was quite dark when her aunt at last awakened with a start.

'Nannette, Nannette, are you there, child? I was dreaming; I thought I heard voices—a man's voice, Nannette, speaking to you, and you were promising to leave me to go with him. I am a foolish old woman, child, but tell me there was no one speaking to you; let me hear from your own lips that it was all a dream.'

'Of course it was a dream, Aunt Elsie. I have been sitting here dreaming also; no one here but our own two selves. Who else could come at this hour?'

'No one, Nannette; but I feel that the day may not be far distant when you do leave me, and I am selfish, child. I cannot bear the thought; I could not live without my sunbeam.'

Nannette rose from her seat and put her arms round the old lady's neck.

They were very fond of each other, these two, who had never had any one to come between them.

'You dear foolish old thing,' she said, and pressed a kiss on her aunt's forehead, and then she lighted the gas and drew the curtains with one last long wistful gaze down the road.

'To-morrow evening they may come,' she thought, and then she sat down at her aunt's feet and clasped her hands upon her knee.

'Aunt Elsie, I wish you to tell me of something; I wish you to tell me something of your own life—why were you never married?'

‘Why, Nannette? All women do not marry; it is not necessary that because one is an old maid, that one should have had a story in one’s life. Perhaps I never saw any one I could love; perhaps no one ever cared for me—who can tell?’

But the old lady’s fingers unconsciously strayed to the ring upon her left hand, the hoop of pearls, growing black and lustreless from wear. She turned it lovingly round and round. Her hand had grown thin, and the ring was now far too large; it had once fitted a soft white girlish hand. She had gone off into a dream of long, long ago; Nannette had also done the same, but her dream was of a happy future. Suddenly she broke the silence.

‘Aunt Elsie, did you ever know any one of the name of Elwes?’

She had asked the question at random, more as a beginning to a conversation, than with any particular reason. She wished to tell her aunt of her new friendship; she was not prepared for the sudden start with which her question was received.

Miss Græme did not speak for a minute or two; when she did, her voice had a quaver in it, and she laid her hand sadly on Nannette’s head as she sat at her feet.

‘You asked for the story of my life, Nannette; shall I tell it to you, or is it better that I should not? It is the story of a long-forgotten pain, perhaps it were best to let it remain so. I may visit its grave at times and see the flowers that now bloom around it, but it is not fair to take one as young and bright as you into the churchyard where our dead hopes lie buried.’

‘Tell me, Aunt Elsie dear. It is not bed-time yet, and I am not inclined to read or work. I shall sit quite still if you will tell me.’

‘It is so long ago, child. It seems almost as if it were another’s story, not my own; and yet how clear and sharp it stands out from the background of the past! I was an only daughter, Nannette. I had two brothers older than myself, and one younger, your father. There was only a year between us, and we were inseparable. We used to spend our holidays together, perfectly happy if we had each other. I do not think then we should have believed any one if they had told us that a day was not far distant when we should be separated. But death stepped in and broke up our happy home.

‘My mother had died when I was quite a child, and now



my father fell a prey to some malignant fever, and we were left orphans and penniless. Your two uncles, through the interest of friends, found employment in London; your father went into the army: his education fitted him for it; and I, as a girl, and unable to do anything for myself, was sent to my uncle's until such time as I was old enough to go out as a governess or, if good fortune would have it, get married. I was only seventeen then, and very young for my age. My uncle and aunt and my cousins were very good to me, and there I found a really happy home. I can look back upon that part of my life with happiness. As long as my uncle and aunt lived, I never wanted any one to whom I could turn in either joy or sorrow without finding ready and willing sympathy.'

Miss Græme paused; the story had been easy to tell till now, but it was getting near the crisis in her life's history, and she hesitated before she began. Nannette sat still, waiting; she was interested in what she had heard. She also was only seventeen years old; would their lives have any similarity between them?

'The light is hurting my eyes, child,' Aunt Elsie said at last; 'let us sit in the firelight: it is enough.' So Nannette put out the lamp, and they were left in the gloom.

'My eldest cousin was at Oxford, and we saw little of him save in summer. The next one was Janie; she and I were the same age and very great friends. I see her now, as distinctly as then, and yet more than fifty years have passed. She had soft brown eyes and hair and a low voice—a being made to be loved; and I, who had ever had much self-reliance, made her my pet and spoilt her. She worshipped me with the fond admiration that the weak have for the strong, and I returned her love in full. If I had not loved her as I did, I could not now talk as I do. Thank God, no feeling but love ever was in my heart for her.

'Well, I must pass on. It was in the summer, when we were both eighteen, that in the long recess my cousin Edward brought a friend to Frampton—that was the name of my uncle's property. I had not known he was coming; Janie was away from home for a week, and I went into the drawing-room unexpectedly. Edward had arrived; he came forward and greeted me warmly, and then he turned and introduced me to his friend. I hear his words, I see the kind bright answering smile, "Elsie, let me introduce Mr. Elwes to you. You must be good to him as my friend till Janie comes home." Then we talked on for some little while—

nothing worth repeating, mere commonplace remarks, and yet the echo of all he said sounds in my ears till this day. At last Edward said, "Robert, we had better go out now if we are going." Do not start so, Nannette, my child. Nothing is going to happen; it is but an every-day story.

'How shall I describe the next ten golden days? I did not know what had come to me. I seemed hardly able to breathe in case I should break the spell. The air seemed full of life and light. I could not walk; I danced from pure happiness. I was out before breakfast to breathe the morning air; at night I sat at my open window and watched the moon rise, and drank to the very dregs the girl's cup of romance. I always was with Edward and his friend, and he was ever courteous, ever considerate to me. My wishes were consulted in everything, and all the plans for the day were arranged, as far as possible, so that I could participate in them. And yet, looking back now, when the years have served to make me view the past dispassionately, Robert Elwes never showed me more attention than what any man would show a girl who for the time attracted him, and with whom he was thrown in contact. It was in myself that the fault lay. I had hardly begun to realize wherein was the cause of my happiness, when the dream was dispelled. My cousin Janie came home. Nannette, I hardly like to think of it even now, when so many years have passed, but I dreaded my cousin's home-coming; I tried to feel glad, I scolded myself for the feeling, I went to meet her, and she and I walked home together.

'She scanned my face with her loving, anxious eyes; she asked me much about the last ten days, and I answered her, I know not how, and then we went into the house. That evening after I was in bed, she stole to my side and bent over to kiss me.

"Elsie darling, I have guessed something, and I am so very glad," then she slept away as noiselessly as she came, and I was left alone with my own glad thoughts. So others had seen it as well as myself. I hugged my secret close in my arms and fell asleep.

'I was wakened next morning by the rain dashing against the window. I rose in haste, fearing I was late, and the clouds were chasing each other wildly across the sky. I dressed and went down-stairs to the dining-room, but paused on the threshold. There were voices, Janie's and Robert's. A pang of jealousy shot through me. Poor child, she meant no harm. As soon as I entered she made some excuse and left

the room, but she seemed to take the brightness with her. Robert was not the same as usual; he was preoccupied, and our usual pleasant before-breakfast chat came to nothing. So things went on, a cloud had come over my sun, and each day made the cloud seem darker. I could not have told in what the difference lay. Robert's manner was in no wise changed towards me—on the contrary, to an outside observer he was more than ever my friend; but I knew his secret, and that it was not my company he sought, but Janie's.

'So the time went on until one day I was out walking. I had wished to be alone, and had escaped from them all. I wandered into the woods which surrounded my uncle's house, and there among the trees and flowers I tried to arrange my thoughts.

'It did not take very long. Of one thing I was resolved, that for the present I must leave Frampton. Another of my uncles had that morning written to me begging of me to pay him a long-promised visit, and I resolved to accept the invitation. Perhaps if I were out of the way, things might come right. I could not stay where I was, for Janie still persisted in considering Robert as my friend. Having made up my mind, I turned towards home to write my answer, as there was an opportunity to send a reply that evening. I had not gone far when I came suddenly on my cousin. She was sitting under a tree crying bitterly, and at her side was Robert Elwes. I started back, hoping I had been unobserved, but my foot had broken some dry twig, and Robert looked up.

"Oh, Miss Græme!" he exclaimed, "I have distressed your cousin; I did not mean to do so. Do come and make my peace for me with her. I will trust my cause in your hands;" and then with a fond look at Janie he left us. I sat down beside her and did not speak, knowing it was better not at once to check her tears.

"Oh, Elsie!" she said at last, "it has all been some dreadful mistake, and I meant no harm; he says it is me that he loves."

'I knew it beforehand, and my voice was quite steady when I answered her, "It is no mistake, Janie darling. I have known how it was for a long while, and now all you have to do is to try and give him what he asks you. It will not be very hard, I think?"

'She looked up at me for the first time through her tears and smiled. "I was wrong, then," she said, "for I thought it was you that he loved. No, Elsie dear, as you say, it will not be at all hard."

‘We went home together after that, but I felt ill and weary, and went at once to my room. Robert was obliged to leave us early next morning, so I did not see him again. When he returned once more to claim his bride, I was in a new home. I had found that I was wanted in my other uncle’s house; he was a bachelor, and very lonely, and when he begged me to stay with him I did not say no.

‘That is very nearly the end now, Nannette, and it is but an old maid’s dream. Robert got an appointment in India, and he and Janie went out there immediately after their marriage. It was not long after they had sailed that a letter and packet were delivered into my hand; it was from Robert Elwes, the only letter he ever wrote me, one full of promises of warm friendship, and sending me a pearl ring as a remembrance of one to whom I had shown kindness, and who had won his greatest treasure for him. So I was rewarded, child. What more could I have wished than to have, in the writing of the man I had loved, the assurance that I had gained for him his greatest happiness on earth? It did not satisfy me then, child, but it satisfies me now; and had my life been otherwise ordained, I should not have been here now to make a home for my child.’ She paused, and Nannette looked up; her eyes were bright with sympathetic tears.

‘That is not all, Aunt Elsie dear. You have not told me yet what became of Robert and Janie, and about yourself also.’

‘They are both dead now, Nannette. Janie only lived a few years, and left Robert alone again with one boy, who in time was sent home to relations in England, as India was not a good place for the child. Many years afterwards I heard of Robert’s death also, and now I have quite lost sight of them. The Elwes lived in London, but by this time their child may have grown-up sons and daughters of his own. Remember, it is nearly fifty years ago. Sometimes I wish I could hear something of his child, but perhaps it is better not. Now, Nannette, you must go to bed. That is but a sad story for you to dream about. Weave into it brighter colours for your own life’s story.’

Nannette did not seem to hear; she was sitting gazing into the fire, all the love and tenderness of her nature written in her moist eyes, and the quivering of her sensitive mouth. She turned to her aunt at last.

‘Aunt Elsie, would you be very glad if I were to tell you that I have found your friends, and that they are my friends



also? Will you forgive me that I did not tell you of this before? I am sorry, I meant no harm, but I have a new friend, and his name is Robert Elwes!’

‘Where, child?—when did you meet him?’ the old lady asked with trembling eagerness. ‘Perhaps it is his son.’

‘I do not think it can be, Aunt Elsie, for he does not seem more than three or four and twenty; but perhaps he is his grandson.’

Then Nannette told her experience, and how Robert Elwes had saved her from the sea.

Her aunt hardly seemed to realize Nannette’s deception, so eager was she to hear all particulars. To-morrow you will bring him to me, child. To think of Robert’s grandson being so near, and yet I did not know it.’

Nannette took her aunt to her room, and gave her the usual good-night kiss. There were softer feelings in the girl’s heart that night than had ever been there before.

M. E. T.

*(To be continued.)*

—o—

### *The Alpine Flower.*

LITTLE flower, if I bear  
Thee from this thy mountain air,  
Bid thee 'neath our mists and gloom  
Open out thy tender bloom,  
Wilt thou strive with us to live,  
Foreign land thy fragrance give?  
I would fain to England bring  
Tokens of the Alpine spring.  
Ah! can I for thee secure  
Breath of heaven so fresh and pure?  
No, I will not bear thee home.  
Rather let me forth and roam  
To the Alps in search of thee,  
Where thou dwellest lone and free.  
On the rock-strewn windy down,  
Far away from smoke of town,  
There my steps to thee I guide,  
Through the sunny hours abide,  
And from thy sweet breath distil  
Purest joy my heart to fill.

BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

## Let Them Alone :

### A TALE TOLD IN LETTERS.

#### LETTER XXXII.

The Rev. N. SLADE to his Father.

*Sept. 17.*

MY DEAR FATHER,—The dreadful disease is on the decline ; yet I have had three funerals and visited six sufferers—not including the two you know of—since I returned. Yesterday evening Reynolds knew me for the first time as I was kneeling by his bed. I hardly thought I could have felt a minute of such intense joy again as when he put his hand in mine. I believe he thought he was dying ; but this morning there seems a shade more hope. We all took the Sacrament together yesterday evening, after he became sensible. After this he was much exhausted, and the stupor seemed partially to return. At last, waking with a start, he seemed to look anxiously for me. I was at his side in a moment. ‘Walter,’ said he, ‘Walter Benson—is he dead?’ ‘No,’ said I quietly, ‘he is not dead—nor worse. His sister is with him, and I have seen him.’ ‘See him again,’ he said rather excitedly. ‘Tell him from me that the valley of the shadow of death is not hard to tread, if he can trust. . . . Say I have not given him up—I pray for him yet ; and God will grant me his soul before I die. . . . Tell him of the thief on the cross, whose one moment’s penitence was accepted. . . . Ay . . . to-day we may both be in Paradise.’ His voice died away, and he looked as if he was going—so spirit-like, so transparent I never saw a face. Bending over him, and taking his hand, I whispered, ‘Say no more. I will tell him all. Let your mind be at rest on all matters. Mrs. Wimpole writes daily to your family (“God bless her,” he murmured). Margaret Scott is out of all her troubles ; she went this morning, at peace with her Maker and forgiving all, and blessing you with her last breath.’ I told him these things to anticipate any fresh care that might come into his mind. A wonderful look of peace and relief came over him, and I think he slept. This morning the doctor looks a little happier ; but if he lives, the recovery must be slow, the prostration being extreme, from the great mental and bodily strain that preceded the attack.

I have been to see Walter Benson. There is a great change in him; I think Reynolds' prayers are heard. I believe he is over the crisis of his malady, and the mental storm is calmer too. Instead of the violence of the preceding days, he had the look of one conscience-stricken and ashamed. I gave him all Reynolds' messages word for word. 'Does he say all that?' said he; 'then, perhaps, there is hope for me yet! But how is he? is he dying?' 'I think he is better,' said I. 'Thank Heaven for that!' returned he; 'if he had died, I killed him. I have killed my father; my mother and poor Jack are watching him die. My poor Emily here is wearying herself out with me. I have ruined them all! What should any one want to keep such a God-forsaken wretch as me in the world for?' (He raised himself up in the bed, and grew very much excited.) 'I tell you, Slade, it is no use preaching to me. I have done nothing but mischief all my days. There's a poor girl here whose life I have cursed; and a poor honest fellow, they tell me, came to his end somehow through my folly! . . . Then I have blighted HER life too. She *hates* me now, and I deserve it!' . . . He meant Mary, I knew. (Heaven forgive me! I believe if he had thought she loved him still, I must have left him in his misery!) Mrs. Rivers and I drew him gently down in the bed again, and she soothed him with caresses. I said, 'What message am I to carry back to Reynolds, then? Am I to tell him that all his labour has been in vain, and that, though by God's mercy just rescued from death, you are still raving, thankless and despairing?' This was the right chord. 'No, no,' said Walter, calming down in a moment; 'tell him I will live, if it please God. I will try to bear my life . . . I will try to be a better fellow; though how it is to be done, or what is to become of me, Heaven knows!' I added a few words of comfort on my own part, and left.

On coming back to Reynolds' room, I found him either asleep or in the old stupor, and poor Jack Benson sitting bolt upright in the chair opposite to him, and crying with all his might. How this young man has won his way into all their hearts, and what good he has wrought in this short time, while I, in my pride and self-sufficiency, have been despising him and thwarting him at every turn! True, as to the differences in our views, they remain where they were; but how little they seem to me now—how infinitely little!—in comparison with the great truths which, I believe, we all rest on alike in the view of death. I never believed that

this man preached the gospel, but now I see that he has *lived* it; his life has been a witness to it more powerful than all sermons.

I have written this morning to the bishop to accept the living; so my old home will be mine still. I cannot look forward yet to anything. All is whirl and confusion within me and without. Mrs. Wimpole was obliged to go over to her own house this morning, but will be back late in the afternoon. She will bring comforts and necessaries for the sick, including poor Reynolds, who in point of luxuries is hardly on a par with the humblest of his flock. I want to have him moved to my house by and by, if possible; meanwhile Mrs. Wimpole will bring an air-bed which she possesses. He is lying on a couch as hard as a board, for there has been no possibility of moving him hitherto since he first threw himself down, and the hardness must be misery in his attenuated state. I must go out again, and shall leave Jack in charge. I have begged him to write to Reynolds' family, and furnished him with the necessary particulars, as Mrs. Wimpole will not be back in time. N. S.

## LETTER XXXIII.

Mr. J. BENSON to Sir FRANCIS and Lady REYNOLDS.

*Sept. 17.*

MR. J. BENSON presents his compliments to Sir Francis and Lady Reynolds; and I take the liberty of writing to you, though I am a very poor hand at it, never having occasion to use a pen much, but there is no Body else to-day. I am alone with Mr. Reynolds, and I am sorry to say he seems to me very ill indeed for he is gone to nothing all in a few days and he has not looked up or spoken since I came in but Slade (our other parson) says the doctor considers him a trifle better and my brother is better, but I have not seen him for this is the first time I have been able to leave home (Sydwood) since my father took ill and I came to Reynolds first. Dear sir you must excuse mistakes I being such a very bad scribe but I would do anything for your son and I cannot even write as well as I might because I keep looking round to see if he moves or anything ails him and if he would only open his eyes and speak to me if it was only to say Jack (which is what every Body calls me) I would go on with much better heart. I think Renolds will not die, because I cannot think that God would let him die when he



is doing so much good to every Body (except himself) but perhaps I am no judge about this, for I have sometimes said things like that to Rennolds, and he always says we are no judges of what God does. But I think if he dies it will be a bad job for Illingham and so it will for Sydwood for no Body ever did so much good to my father or to Walter as he did and no Body was ever so kind to poor Jack (me) before—I mean no Body worth anything and Mrs. Wimpole will tell you the same and there are lots of people all round the garden gate only they don't like to come in and ring for fear of disturbing but they are all waiting to know how he is and if I knew myself I would go and tell them.

5 P.M.—Mr. J. Benson presents his compliments as before and I could not finish sooner for at the last word Rennolds called to me and when I heard him say Jack I thought I must have cried for joy—I mean I believe I did and I was by his side like a shot and he says Jack it's very good of you to be there taking care of me, and I says it's not at all good and then he says What are you doing there at the table and I tell him I am writing to Sir F. Renolds and family and he says Thank you dear Jack and give my love to them all and tell them I want for nothing and have very kind friends and I think I am better and I says Do you really think so and he says Yes. And I think with that I had better end my letter and dear sir you will excuse the long scrawl I hope for I don't know how to put things short and properly.—I remain your and your Son's most sincere Friend,

J. BENSON JUNIOR.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mrs. WIMPOLE to Miss REYNOLDS.

*Sept. 18.*

MY DEAR MISS REYNOLDS,—I think I may venture to tell you that there is a decided improvement in our dear patient; and although the doctor will not say that danger is quite over, I can see that he hopes it. Mr. Reynolds is altogether, I hope, more comfortable to-day, as an air-bed has been brought, and he has been moved on to it, and he is also able to take a very slight quantity of nourishment. All the doctor fears is a relapse; and until the danger of that is over, I scarcely dare impart to you any very confident hopes, and I try not to let my own rise too high. I feel the deepest sympathy with Lady Reynolds, yourself, and all your family

in your grievous anxiety. I can judge what must be the feelings of the mother of such a son, though it has not pleased the Almighty to bless me with so great a happiness myself. I have asked Mr. Reynolds if I should desire you to come, but he is decidedly against it. The thought seemed to frighten him. 'No, no,' he said, 'not here, not now, not to this stricken place; tell her on no account to leave my mother.' You may be interested to know that there is improvement in another patient, a young man in whom your brother has taken the deepest interest—Mr. Walter Benson. I think either recovery would help the other.—In haste, yours most faithfully,

DIANA WIMPOLE.

## LETTER XXXV.

Rev. N. SLADE to his Father.

*Sept. 19.*

MY DEAR FATHER,—I think there will be joy again even in stricken Illingham, for Reynolds is decidedly better, and the plague is declining. Poor Benson is also in a way to recover. It is the greatest of mercies that he has not been taken; yet I feel for him deeply when I think of the prospect he has to face with returning life. I stayed with Reynolds again last night, but he was so tranquil that I ventured to sleep a little in my chair. Dear good Mrs. Wimpole lay down in another room. At near seventy, I fear this kind of thing is too much for her. Jack Benson sat up with his brother. Mrs. Rivers went home to help her mother; so we all got through the night. When I came in this morning from my first round of visits, I found Mrs. Wimpole reading letters from Reynolds' mother and sister, which she showed me; but we could not venture to read them to Reynolds, the grief, the agony, was too bitter. They were in answer to a letter of the 14th, begun by poor Reynolds himself, and finished by Mrs. Wimpole. The main point, however, was that as soon as possible after the receipt of that letter, a friend of Reynolds, a Mr. Beilby who was luckily staying at Sir Frederick Reynolds' place, was to start to come here; so we expect him by this evening. It will be a great relief to have another hand; yet I believe I shall half grudge him my post. It has been impossible to be with Reynolds, as I have been during the last few days, without loving him, though our conversations have been short and few. I am to bury poor Margaret Scott this afternoon; then, if all is well, I

shall go over to Sydwood, take the latest report from here, and bring back news of Mr. Benson. He does not seem likely to die yet, but is in a helpless state, mind and body. Mrs. Wimpole and I fancy this Mr. Beilby must be engaged to Miss Reynolds. He is another of the Priorsworthy set.

N. S.

LETTER XXXVI.

Mrs. WIMPOLE to Miss REYNOLDS.

*Sept. 19.*

MY DEAR MISS REYNOLDS,—I have received your and Lady Reynolds' letters this morning, and deeply sympathize with you in the bitter grief and trouble under which you wrote. I am comforted, however, in thinking that ere this you have received better news, and in being able to confirm it this morning. The improvement continues, and every hour, in which there is no relapse, is a gain. Our patient has a calm, peaceful face, and seems at rest in mind and body. He lets himself be managed like a little child, and his sweetness and gratitude for the very little we can do for him are such that we love him better every hour. We will prepare for Mr. Beilby's arrival, and I trust it will be a great pleasure to your brother.—Yours affectionately,

D. W.

LETTER XXXVII.

The Rev. E. BEILBY to Miss REYNOLDS.

ILLINGHAM PARSONAGE, *Sept. 20.*

MY DEAREST,—Be comforted. All is better here than we dared to hope. I arrived last evening too late for post; but I found that kind Mrs. Wimpole had written to you and sent you a better account. To-day the improvement is more decided. I should not know it myself, for he looks to me as near another world as a man can, to be in this; but I gather it from the glad and thankful faces that I see round me, including the doctor's. I never saw a little man look more delighted than he did this morning, when he came down and announced to us that he thought now his patient would *do*. But you will want to know more in detail. My journey, though as rapid as wheels and steam could make it, seemed terribly long in my state of suspense. I arrived here at six, my heart very low, and feeling, I must own, hardly a grain of hope. My first glance showed me the

blinds were not down, but I thought I should find him at the very last. Sending away the fly, I crept round to a back door, that I might not have to ring. Two or three women looked scared at the sight of me ; but I said, 'I am Mr. Beilby, Mr. Reynolds' friend ; how is Mr. Reynolds ?' An old woman bustled forward and said, 'Oh, thank the Lord, sir, he's better !' Not till that moment did I quite realize how hopeless I had been. The revulsion of feeling almost unnerved me. 'Can I see him ?' I said. 'Perhaps, sir, I'd better tell Mrs. Wimpole first.' 'Oh, certainly.' So I was shown into the study, the very 'den' from which our dear Frederick has written to us so often,—very dismal and lifeless it looked,—and there I awaited Mrs. Wimpole or her commands. She came down herself, a handsome, dignified, but quaint old lady of seventy or so. She shook hands cordially and said, 'Mr. Reynolds is better, but he is to be kept very calm and quiet. You must not see him until he is prepared. Meantime I will send you in some refreshment.' I accepted, being nearly famished, and there came in various delicacies, evidently of this good lady's providing. Ten minutes after, there came in a gentleman whom I at once knew to be Mr. Slade, though I did not much expect to have seen him there. We introduced ourselves, and then he said he would take me up. He seemed hardly the cold stiff person I expected, for his manner was kind, though quiet. He opened the bedroom door very gently without knocking (in which I saw the considerate nurse), and said in a low but cheerful voice, 'Reynolds, here's your friend ; you're not to talk much, remember, but I'll leave him here for you to look at.' He slipped away and I went in. There lay Frederick, with the face of an angel, but worn to a shadow. He stretched out both arms to me and said, 'Ned, dearest Ned, how very good of you ! They only told me this evening you were coming, that I might not fret myself with wondering and wishing. How's mother, how's my father, and my poor Helen ?' 'Badly enough when I left them,' said I ; 'but they will be all right by this time : they must know now that you are better.' 'Yes, I am better,' he said ; 'I have no pain now. But still, you know, Ned, I don't feel much like *living*.' 'Pooh, pooh,' said I, 'you know nothing about it ; I've heard an opinion worth a dozen of yours.' A smile came over his face, and he said, 'The same Ned as ever,' and then we sat holding each other's hands like two children, but for the most part in silence. I was longing, as you will believe, dearest, to tell him of *our* last conversation, and was turning



in my mind how I could tell him without exciting him, and how I could stop myself if I once got on the subject, when Fred himself got me out of the difficulty. Opening his eyes suddenly and looking full at me, he said, 'Well, have you and Helen settled it yet?' 'Yes, the very day before we got that bad news.' 'I thought as much. Thank God,' he said, and turned as if he did not want to go on with the subject then. He drew a deep breath as if of relief, but there were tears in his eyes. I saw what was passing in his mind; he thought he was leaving you to me, but please God that shall not be quite so. I hope you will yet for many a long year be to him what you have been. After a long time Mr. Slade came in again, and seeing we were quiet and good, he had no pretext for turning me out. But I saw he looked anxious to be doing something, and Reynolds saw it too, and summoning him with a look said, 'Give me my medicine, please, Slade, and then come here. I want to speak to you. I want you to manage Mrs. Wimpole and make her go home to bed to-night, for I know she can't be comfortable here; and if you won't go home yourself, you go properly to bed in the spare room, and Beilby will look after me. You have been up so many nights, you will be ill yourself next, and what shall I do then?' He spoke in a sort of tender, playful way, and I felt perfectly bewildered at the terms they seemed to be on. I looked at Slade; that cold Puritan had tears in his eyes, and was looking at Fred—well—much as I look at you, Helen. 'No,' he said, 'let me stay with you this one night more. Mr. Beilby must be more tired than I, for he has travelled two days and a night, and then to-morrow I'll resign you to him.' 'No, no,' said Frederick, 'you mustn't resign me; for as I get better I shall grow more troublesome, and there will be work enough for you both.' I settled the question by suggesting we should divide the night between us, and I would sleep first, if he would promise to call me about one or two. Then he went out to settle the matter with Mrs. Wimpole, and I turned to Frederick and said, 'Is this Slade? is this the cold Puritanical Low Church parson that there was no warming up by fair means or foul?' 'Yes,' said Fred with something of his old funny smile; 'yes, this is the very man, but I never knew him till now. He's the best fellow in the world next to yourself, Ned. But it's quite true he was cold in those days; he owns it himself: he's made various little confessions to me. I was quite right in thinking he had a much profounder dislike to me than I had to him; and just at the last, poor fellow, he

took it into his head that I was in his way with a certain young lady, and of course that didn't tend to sweeten him.' 'I remember,' said I, 'something about this in one of your letters to Helen.' 'Oh yes, I believe I told her. Well, I was right in my conjecture, and poor Slade went and fretted over his disappointment, and hated me more and more for three whole weeks by himself in Wales, and then came back to find himself all wrong, and me in what case you know; since which time he's changed utterly. He doesn't even talk in big words now. There isn't a tenderer-hearted fellow in the world; and he's such a nurse! He nursed old Mr. Miller for years. The first I knew about it all was when I came to myself out of the long stupor, when I found Slade kneeling by my bed. That was the first time I had seen him since he passed me with Mary Aylmer.' 'Yes, yes, I know all about it; and now hold your tongue, and don't toss about.' 'Very well, Ned,' he said, and tried to go off to sleep like a good child.

We got through the night pretty well, and this morning came Mrs. Wimpole, and Mrs. Rivers, and the young gentleman who always figured in Frederick's letters as *Jack*. Then came the doctor and cheered us up as I told you, and then I went up to sit with Fred. Presently I was startled by a wonderful apparition. The door opened and there came stealthily in a figure as thin and gaunt as our dear Fred himself, with clothes hanging loose upon him, and long black locks falling shaggy over a pale unshaven face. His expression was most rueful; but you will understand it all (for you are well up in the history, I know) when I tell you it was Walter Benson. It seems he could endure no longer without seeing Reynolds for himself; so he took the opportunity of being for a minute alone, and without leave of doctor or nurse, gathered himself up and presented himself in the guise I have described. '*You* here, Walter!' exclaimed Fred. 'Why, how dare you do such a thing? Go back to bed; you'll get a chill and kill yourself!' 'Little matter for that,' said the gloomy spectre; 'I wanted to see you, Reynolds, and now I have seen you I shall be easier. When I first heard you were getting better, I began to believe in God; and what's more, I gave thanks to Him honestly, from the bottom of my heart, for the first time since I was a child. That's what you've done for me; and now if you can get me to the point of thanking Him for sparing my own wretched life, you'll have done a more wonderful thing yet!' 'You will get to that point, Walter, and that very soon,' returned our dear

Fred ; and here I came away, for I felt it was no scene for a third. And now I have spent all my day in scribbling you this very long letter (which I know my darling will enjoy), and I must end it.—All blessings be with you, your own

E. B.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Mrs. WIMPOLE to Miss AYLMER.

*Sept. 21.*

MY DEAREST MARY,—I had your letter this morning, and will answer it as I can. I am very busy, as you will believe when I tell you I have hardly had time to think of my darling child since she went. You did not carry away all the troubles with you in your little heart, for there have been troubles upon troubles here. I rejoice to think that you had gone before all the misery began, and that you have at least been in health and safety. I hardly know how to tell you all, for I must make my story short. Perhaps even in that out-of-the-world place where you are, you may have seen a paper that has told you the cholera has been raging in Illingham. Perhaps you may have heard, too, that shortly after you left, poor old Mr. Benson was struck down with paralysis, brought on by grief and care. He still lingers, a sad wreck. I don't know whether I should speak to you of Walter, but you had best know all. Your final letter of dismissal affected him very bitterly, and the next day he was seized with the cholera. He was then in a lodging close to Mr. Reynolds, whose care of him was beyond all praise. I speak now of what happened before his attack, when I believe it was wholly due to Mr. Reynolds, under God, that the unhappy boy retained his sanity, and was kept from self-destruction. He is recovering, and is in a better state of mind. The day following his attack, Mr. Reynolds himself was laid prostrate ; he was worn out with anxiety, for, in addition to the charge I have mentioned, he had to care for the cholera-stricken in both parishes, Mr. Slade being away. He has been for days at death's door. I shall never cease to feel thankful that only two hours after his attack, I happened to come to his house with supplies I had promised him ; and hearing of his illness, I took possession of the sick-room, and have remained in it, with slight intervals, ever since. Poor Mr. Slade, who had been touring in Wales, out of the reach of letters, and had known nothing of what was passing, turned up providentially the same evening. He and I have

been joint nurses, and I am thankful to say our patient is recovering. I know how you will rejoice at this, for you, like so many others, owe a debt of gratitude to this noble-hearted young man. He and Slade are becoming like brothers, and I am truly glad to see my two favourites learning to appreciate one another. I always wondered at the sort of antipathy there seemed to be between them, two of the excellent of the earth as they were; and I used to try hard to bring them together. Feeble mortal that I was, I had better have *let them alone*. It took a whole tragedy in five acts to do the work; it required *earthquakes* to make these *mountains encounter*; but it is *done*, and I think they are friends for life.

The bishop has presented Mr. Slade to the living, at which all his friends truly rejoice. The unhappy girl Margaret Scott is dead, I believe peacefully, at last. Mr. Beilby, a friend of Mr. Reynolds, and engaged to his sister, came two days ago, and his presence has cheered us up very greatly. He was a fellow-curate of Mr. Reynolds at, — what's the name of the place?—and they are perfectly devoted to one another. He is a charming person this Mr. Beilby, but of quite a different type to our friend. He is strongly built, square, with a fine massive brow, and a frank cheerful manner that does you good like sunshine. I am sure we needed that sunshine, for this last fortnight among the dead, the dying, and the *despairing* has been one of the most trying of my long life. Well, thank God, our worst sorrow is turned into joy, and He will care for the rest. To go back to Mr. Beilby (what a ridiculous old woman you will think me to be so taken up with young men; but it is the privilege of seventy years to be as enthusiastic as one chooses without any fear of one's sentiments being mistaken!—otherwise, what would be the good of living to seventy?). To go back to Mr. Beilby, then, I hear his ringing laugh sounding in Mr. Reynolds' room; it is like coming to another world to hear any one merry again, and in *this* house! He is not of so sensitive a nature as our dear friend Reynolds, and has less of the saint and the angel about him. The one intends to marry, and the other does not, which is just what you would expect of the two characters. Then, to compare him with our other friend. He is what you would call, in a good sense, much more a man of the world than poor Slade, has infinitely more humour, and tact, and *savoir vivre*, with less—what shall I call it?—*exaltation* of mind. I think the three are nearly perfect, each in his own way.



And now, my dear child, I must cease gossiping. I trust you are becoming somewhat calmer and happier after the great shock of the last weeks. I must tell you honestly, after all you have seen and heard, I have rejoiced that you were saved in time from a lot which could have given you no solid prospect of happiness. When this unhappy young man has left the neighbourhood (and his friends are trying to arrange something for him), you must come back to Burnham, and let your old friend do what she can to lighten your load and efface the memory of your last melancholy visit.—Ever,  
my darling, your loving D. WIMPOLE.

[Several letters are here omitted.—Ed.]

#### LETTER XXXIX.

Rev. E. BELBY to Miss REYNOLDS.

*Sept. 24.*

MY DEAREST,—Frederick got up yesterday for an hour for the first time; and this afternoon he is sitting, wrapped up in blankets and propped with pillows, by the fire, for it is a sharp day. He is about as big round as my big stick that you used to laugh at when I threw it for Wowski. By the bye, you are to bring Wowski when you come—a pleasant travelling companion for you! As your mother is so much better, we think you might start in a day or two; and I shall come and meet you, at least, as far as York. Mrs. Wimpole is determined that we shall all three go and stay with her—Fred, you, and I; and Fred inclines to the plan, as he seems to have a dread of your coming to this house. I believe he thinks there is a horror clinging about the very walls within which he has suffered so much, and he cannot yet bear to speak of the days that preceded his own illness. Clearly, change will be the best thing for him; and before he comes back, we will turn his house out of the windows for him, and make everything look as different as we can.

The cold Puritan has gone back to his own house these two days, but looks in every now and then, and always brings something with him that he thinks will amuse or interest Fred. I sit and laugh at the pair—the two great tall fellows are so like a couple of children that have quarrelled and made it up. I assure you, however, I am by no means jealous; for I am still the best fellow in the world, and Slade is only the second best; besides, I am Helen's chosen, and I think that gives me a great pull over the Puritan.

Helen darling, how strange it is that I should sit and write in this way!—I who came here so lately in the most miserable suspense, not thinking for a moment that I should see my best friend in life, only hoping to do the last offices for him! When I think how all has been ordered for us, I feel almost wild with joy. Good Mrs. Wimpole looks at me as if she wondered (though not with displeasure) to see me laugh; but except when I am on my knees giving thanks, I feel as if I could do nothing but laugh and sing. I have begun to take the daily morning services for Fred, which have been interrupted ever since the cholera broke out, and I hope I shall be able to go on with them till he can take them himself. The first morning, though it was at eight o'clock, a great number of people of all classes collected, many—sadly many—in mourning. When I mentioned Fred's name in the thanksgiving service, there was a general murmur, an audible sob of joy.

By the bye, I don't think I have mentioned to you the great fact that Mr. Slade has been presented with the Rectory; I heard him telling Frederick about it yesterday, and the latter looked as pleased as possible. How, now they are such friends, they are to adjust their theological differences, I don't know! I suppose they must agree to differ, and each go his own way, interfering with his fellow as little as may be. I wouldn't trust them together *now* over a chapter in the Romans! It is a sad pity poor Slade has come to grief in his love affairs, and no wonder that he still looks as woe-begone as he does. Perhaps there may be hope for him still, as the young lady is again free. His father and mother are coming to stay with him on Monday—nice old people, they say. Walter Benson is fast getting strong, and he and Fred have been having a long *confab* this morning. What good hearts there are in the world, even under weak heads! That good fellow Jack is going away with his brother to the sea; and after consulting with Fred, he has made up his mind to sell out his railway shares (a little private property left him by an aunt) and furnish Walter with the means of getting out of his worst difficulties. If ever the old squire becomes sensible again, he will no doubt help (as Walter makes the most solemn promises of amendment); but, indeed, I fancy he is drained pretty dry. For present necessities, that excellent woman Mrs. Wimpole has given him £50, and promised him as much again by and by; and so he may be considered settled and done for, until he can get to work at something.

We had another touching scene to-day, when Mrs. Benson, leaving her husband's bedside for the first time, came to see Fred, and showered blessings on him for 'saving her boy.' We shall have another still, Helen, when you and Mrs. Wimpole meet. I find myself wondrously popular in Illingham, shining with a borrowed light. So soon as I show myself in the streets, out turn the good folks at their doors and stop me to ask after 'Muster Renlds,' or '*hoor* young minister,' or '*hoor* young priest;' and then they contrive to keep me for a 'crack' about him, which is generally all to one tune. I don't half understand their lingo, but I carry off my ignorance, I flatter myself, wonderfully, and make most fluent replies. I certainly see nothing of the coldness of nature which Fred seemed to feel at first among these—shire folk; but I fancy if they are slow, they are constant, and they are thoroughly attached to him now. Farewell for a few days, my own love.—Your own

E. B.

*P.S.* by F. J. Reynolds.

DEAREST NELLY,—I wanted to read Ned's letter to you, but he won't let me. I have no doubt it is sad rubbish, so to make it worth your having I put in a line. My hand is very shaky, but I suppose that was only to be expected. I *must* get fat soon, for they make me eat every two hours in the day. They are all very good to me, only Ned is a shocking tyrant (as you will find some day), and he says I am not to write any more. The dog is reading over my shoulder, though he won't let me read his; and there—that blot is his doing entirely. He was unkind enough just now to show me my gaunt unshaven face in the glass, and I am sure the mother that bore me wouldn't own me. Kiss that same little mother for me. I am glad she is going to write to Mrs. Wimpole. She *can't* say too much. Yes, yes, Ned, I *am* leaving off.

F. J. R.

*Postscript* by the Editor.

On the 26th of September Walter Benson left Illingham with his brother for the seaside. On the 29th Miss Reynolds arrived at Burnham, where Reynolds and Beilby joined her; and a happier party of young people than good Mrs. Wimpole had under her roof were to be found nowhere that autumn. About the same time Mr. and Mrs. Slade came to stay with their son at the Rectory. And now, all

the correspondents having got together, the letter-writing necessarily ceased. There is nothing more to transcribe and little to tell. We have heard, however, that, some few weeks after the other guests, Mary Aylmer also came back to Burnham ; and as it is said that Mr. Neville Slade has again become a constant visitor there, let us hope there is a chance that he may not remain a bachelor to the end of his days.

[L. C. G.]

THE END.

—o—

**Ode : For Music.**

VOICE of the Spring, go to my Love from me,  
And scatter your fair flowers upon her way ;  
But tell her, bliss is a vain dream, to be  
Like all your sweetness, passing soon away.  
Tell her that Truth stands fast,  
When all Life's joy is past.

Gentle Summer Wind, your fragrance shower  
Over the dreary paths my Love must tread ;  
Ere the glad day when Peace shall be her dower,  
And Heaven's own sunshine rest upon her head.  
Tell her that Faith is strong,  
Though the night weareth long.

Dying Autumn Hues, your beauty brings  
Back to my Love the memories of past years ;  
What if among your Dead she counts Life's springs,  
And on their grave has shed her fondest tears ?  
Tell her Hope's wing is keen,  
And soars to worlds serene.

Tell her, O Winter Storms, once more from me,  
To chase the gloom that lingers on her brow ;  
Your cheerless spells her thrall shall never be,  
For the true Sun of Love shines even now.  
Faith—Hope—and Love's strong chain  
Defies Earth's rudest strain.

ANON.



## A Short Account of the Objects and Aims of the Working Ladies' Guild.

So many people have asked the question, 'What is this *Working Ladies' Guild* of which we hear so much?' that we propose to answer their inquiries as briefly as we can.

It is described in the report as 'a Society of ladies and gentlemen willing in some way to aid gentlewomen requiring assistance.' Its object is not merely to form a much-needed link between the ladies who are seeking employment and the institutions and centres of industry where they may obtain it, but to bring the societies which already exist for the aid of gentlewomen into closer connection with one another, so that by hearty co-operation they may increase their sphere of usefulness, and exemplify the oft-quoted truism that 'union is strength.'

It also seeks to utilize much scattered energy and unused kindness at present wasted for want of an outlet; and by uniting personal help and sympathy with official assistance, this Guild avoids alike the indiscriminate charity which is too often associated with individual efforts, and the *red-tapeism* which not unfrequently fetters even the best organized associations.

The aim of this Guild is not so much to render pecuniary assistance, though in cases of great necessity this is occasionally given; it strives rather to teach women to help themselves, providing work for those who are fitted to undertake it, and helping to train others who may have had no opportunity of acquiring proficiency, or who hitherto had not fully recognised the need of efficient training.

One great advantage is that the names of persons assisted by this Society are not revealed. Many poor gentlewomen who would shrink from accepting assistance if it entailed publishing their misfortunes to the world, can have no objection to confide their circumstances to the sympathy and discretion of one of their own sex.

Another rule is, that any lady who is assisted must be personally known to the associate who recommends her. By this means, personal intercourse is established, which may be attended by many beneficial results to both parties.

One of the greatest problems in the present age of transition is how to employ untrained women. In former years it was by no means considered necessary for a governess to

be a person of education. A slight smattering of one or two popular accomplishments was sufficient to procure her the important mission of training young minds. But times have changed, and the rôle of Becky Sharpe has become well-nigh impossible. The most ignorant and negligent parents will now no longer rest contented with uneducated or half-educated tuition for their children; and though the facilities for a thoroughly solid education are now within the reach of all, so that the rising generation will be without excuse if, when the need comes, they are unable to find employment for themselves, yet those gentlewomen whose youth was over before education became the fashion, if visited by reverses of fortune, are indeed in a pitiable position. They cannot dig, and are ashamed to beg. This is the class that our Guild seeks to aid.

All the associates are asked to mention every possible opening for employment, however trivial; for even if not permanent, it may suit some one who is waiting for another engagement. Amongst temporary employments obtained by some of the associates, the report mentions acting as walking companion to young ladies in London, making covers for chairs and sofas, assisting as amanuensis, directing and posting invitations to parties, undertaking the superintendence of a nursery during the temporary absence of the head nurse, taking the management of a Home or a Reformatory between the resignation of one mistress and the appointment of another, etc. In fact, there is no office that can be filled by gentlewomen that the Guild is not prepared to supply.

Some of the associates receive ladies requiring kindness and rest into their own house on a visit; others give occasional drives and tickets for music and recreation to the hard worked; others take trouble to find situations, and give information about hospital schools and lodgings.

There are classes for teaching ladies dressmaking in connection with the Guild, and there are special departments for plain needlework, painted fans, and art needlework, managed by associates. Several registries are in connection with the Guild, and it has a registry of its own at the office in London, 113 Gloucester Road, where all further information can be obtained from the secretary, Miss Chapman. Notices concerning the Guild appear continually in the *Woman's Gazette*, a monthly magazine, to be obtained from Messrs. Hatchard at 2s. 6d. a year.

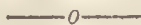
There are branches already established at Cannes and Scarborough, and groups of associates at Brighton, Southsea,

and Torquay, but the centre of the work is in London. It is when stranded in large cities that women most need help, and those who would gladly assist them are often ignorant of their very existence. It is in these great centres that a Society should be specially welcome, that teaches us who our less affluent neighbours are, and how we may best help them to help themselves.

One word more. The Society is established on a perfectly unsectarian basis. Persons of all creeds are equally assisted—nay, more, they are admitted as associates. It is connected with no sect, party, or shibboleth whatever, but it is an eminently Christian Society, inasmuch as its object is for women to help to 'bear one another's burdens, and thus fulfil the law of Christ.' Those who are assisted are themselves admitted on equal terms as associates, and are therefore bound to assist the Society in any way they can; thus an undue feeling of dependence is avoided. As the Bishop of Lichfield justly remarked, when addressing the associates, 'all are working ladies alike; though by the dispensation of God's providence one lady requires remuneration for her work and another does not, all are working together as members of the same great human family.' May we not add, as servants of the same Master.

'Like the fish who brought the coin,  
We in ministry would join,  
Bring what pleases Thee the best,  
Help from each to all the rest.'—G. MACDONALD.

SIDNEY PHILLIPS.



### Our Library Table.

THE ART OF BEAUTY. By Mrs. H. R. Haweis.  
Chatto & Windus, Piccadilly.

The title of this curious production is certainly misleading, perhaps intentionally so. We should not at all infer from it that the special subject of the volume is that personal beauty of womankind which is commonly supposed to be the work of Nature rather than of any art at all. Considering the amount of beauty there is in the world besides human fairness, we must think this book claims too much for itself when we find that it is merely an effort to tell women how to set off their beauty, if they have any, or how to make up for the absence of it if they have none. But the name is the least of our quarrel with this book. It contains so much genuine cleverness and knowledge, and conveys so much curious information, that the thoroughly unsatisfactory tone which pervades it is the more to be regretted. This

seems to be the drift of Mrs. Haweis' advice to Englishwomen and girls: 'Make yourself beautiful if you can, by any means in your power; study everything in earth and sky to find out what is most becoming; arrange your house and all your surroundings with the view of setting off your charms. Paint, powder, pads, false hair—everything is allowable which makes you fairer, unless it hurts your health. If you are plain, you must be quaint, queer, conspicuous, somehow, or you will be overlooked in the crowd, and never get married!' Awful threat. We used to be told it was something of an offence against womanly refinement to make oneself conspicuous in society, but now it is held up as almost a sacred duty. One element of woman's beauty would soon disappear under Mrs. Haweis' eloquent teaching; the ineffable charm of unconsciousness would speedily be a thing of the past should these counsels prevail. How pleasant it will be for society when all our pretty girls are instructed on high principles to pose themselves against becoming backgrounds, and the plain ones to try to be picturesque! As for dress, Mrs. Haweis has three ideals—the old Greek dress, the Watteau costume, and the attire of the court ladies whom Sir Peter Lely painted. Now which of these three are we to imitate? or are they to be combined? Upon this point we are left in the dark. It is all very well that people should be taught to improve their taste in both colour and form by the study of natural tints and outlines,—and if more attention were generally given to such observation, no doubt dress would be improved as well as other things,—but we do protest against Mrs. Haweis' application of her doctrines, especially in her last section, 'A garden of girls.' Here we must say that some of her remarks are only surpassed in bad taste by the quotations (made, certainly, with disapprobation) in the earlier part of the book from M. Ch. Blanc's, *L'Art dans la parure et le vêtement*. However, in one point Mrs. Haweis certainly gives good advice when she fights against the notion of distorted waists and squeezed feet having any beauty in them. We fear the would-be beauties will not listen to her on this head, though they will eagerly accept her encouragement in other details of their questionable embellishment.

RIVEN BONDS. By E. Werner. Translated by Bertha Ness.  
London: Rennington & Co.

The reputation which has been obtained in this country for E. Werner by *Success*, and *how he won it*, and *Under a Charm*, will hardly be enhanced by the present production, translated under the name of *Riven Bonds*. The story is neither so agreeable in itself nor so well put together as those above named; and the tendency to exaggeration in the characters which was before perceptible, is now more decided. It appears that this writer agrees with Mrs. Malaprop that 'it is best to begin with a little aversion,' as this story is based upon the same idea as *Success*, of a couple uniting without affection in early youth, then parting in anger, meeting again, and finally becoming devotedly attached to each other. With a repetition of idea comes a repetition of characters; the dull apathetic young wife, Ella, who afterwards develops into a marvel of beauty and energy, is a feminine edition of Arthur Berkow in *Success*. Her father reminds us of the tyrannical old mine-owner, and her artist husband of the proud and sensitive Eugenie. The hero of this story, Reinhold Almbach, presents to us the old but ever-touching picture of real genius thwarted by circum-



stances. His great musical powers are forcibly repressed by his unromantic uncle, upon whom he depends in some measure, and whose daughter he has married, without any particular affection for her. The uncongenial circle in which Reinhold lives, the dull routine of business, the prosaic nature of life in the German town, and the uninteresting society of his undeveloped wife and her parents, all weigh heavy on him and keep down his powers. But his slumbering genius is aroused by the influence of an Italian singer, Beatrice Biancona, meant to personify all the fire and fascination of the South, a gifted beautiful passionate woman, but who strikes us as being considerably overdrawn. She draws out all Reinhold's musical capacity, and all the feeling which his wife has never elicited; circumstances push on the matter, the 'bonds' which hold Reinhold to his wife and child are violently 'riven,' and he goes off to enjoy the influences of the sunny South—music, warmth, beauty, and the society of Beatrice Biancona. How this proceeding is avenged on him, how amidst all possible outward success he finds no satisfaction, and comes at last to long unutterably for what he has so fiercely flung away, cannot be explained without telling all the story; but although Reinhold does suffer and has a good deal to endure, yet at the end he is let off easily on the whole. The process by which the 'riven bonds' are renewed is not a pleasant one to read of, and the meetings between Ella and her husband, after ten years of separation, are singularly uncomfortable incidents, though they might not appear so to readers used to the German facilities for dissolving marriages. Then the whole relations between Reinhold and Beatrice are anything but edifying, though apparently accepted as matters of course in the society in which they move. Finally, Beatrice loses her power over her former adorer, and obligingly takes herself out of the way, and Reinhold can undisturbed devote himself to Ella. As a whole, the book is unsatisfactory, notwithstanding the energy and power with which the story is told, and the dramatic force of many of the scenes. The freshest and best character in the book is Hugo, Reinhold's sailor brother, bright, honest, and real, worth ten of Reinhold, in spite of his musical genius, and acute susceptibilities, and so forth. It was quite unnecessary to make Hugo fall in love with Ella when, after being placed in more favourable surroundings than those of her early life, she develops into a beautiful and fascinating woman; the good sailor does not deserve the fate of a hopeless attachment.

This work is apparently not translated by the same hand as the preceding ones, and the change is not for the better, as the translation is often over literal, and here and there marred by awkward turns of expression.

—o—

### Question Series.

I. *History*.—Explain the claim of James VI. of Scotland to the throne of England.

II. *English Literature*.—What do you understand by the term Pastoral poetry? Illustrate your answer by reference to noted English examples.

Answers to be sent in by 15th October, addressed 'Qu. C., care of

Miss Walker, 37 Gillespie Crescent.' The best answer to each question will be inserted in the magazine, and prizes are offered at the close of the year for the greatest number in each department. *N.B.*—Answers only to be written on one side of the paper, and the real name and address of the sender, besides her pseudonym, to be given. Only the latter will appear in the magazine. History not to exceed twenty-four, Literature twenty-six printed lines; twelve words go to a line. We warn correspondents against running time too short. The 15th is the latest possible day on which the *Editors* can receive any answer; an accidental delay in delivery may exclude a good answer from competition.

### ANSWERS TO JULY SERIES.

HEATHER has borne off the palm from all competitors, being best in both. In *History*: B. and M. B. both excellent; REDIVIVA, SPIDER, and MAY-FLY, very good; BRETWALDA, good. In *Literature*: After HEATHER, CLARIBEL, beautiful, but over the limits; REDIVIVA, very good; B., good, but scarcely long enough.

I. England was never more loyal than when James the Second's cause triumphed at Sedgemoor; but the terror inspired by the 'Bloody Assize' grew to open discontent when James suddenly raised his army to 20,000 men, and filled it with Catholic officers. In vain Parliament protested at this violation of the Test Act; James, finding it refractory, prolonged and finally dissolved it, supplying his treasury by a secret subsidy from France. Armed with an illegal decision, extorted from the judges, in favour of Sir Edward Hales, a Catholic, James next admitted Catholics to all civil and military offices, and sanctioned the public exercise of Catholic worship. He revived the High Court of Commission, abolished by two Acts of Parliament, and began a series of attacks upon the Church. Especial indignation was excited by the ejection of the Fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford, for maintaining a President legally elected by themselves instead of two unqualified candidates recommended by the king. To win the Nonconformists, James published (1687) a Declaration of Indulgence, dispensing with all religious tests. Whether the statutes thus annulled were good or bad, James in this acted unconstitutionally. A second Declaration (April 1688) was ordered to be read in the churches, and a petition against it, presented by Archbishop Sancroft and six of his suffragans, was received by James with great anger. 'The Seven Bishops' were imprisoned and tried, but acquitted, to the delight of the nation. The birth of an heir to the throne (June 1688) precipitated the crisis by destroying the hopes of the succession of James's Protestant daughter Mary. An invitation to England, signed by seven leading English noblemen, was sent to William of Orange, who landed with 13,000 men at Torbay, November 1688.

HEATHER.

II. IPHIGENIA.—The beautiful Iphigenia was daughter of Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, and of Clytemnestra, and was already betrothed to Achilles when the Greek forces assembled at Aulis for the siege of Troy. Delayed by contrary winds, the Grecian leaders inquired the cause of an oracle, which declared that Diana, offended by the slaughter of a sacred hind, slain by Agamemnon, could only be appeased by the sacrifice of a maiden of the race of the Fair Helen. Agamemnon

thereupon sent for Iphigenia, on pretence of wedding her to Achilles, and the sacrifice being performed, a favourable wind set in, and the Greeks sailed for Troy. Euripides says that Diana, pitying Iphigenia, carried her off, leaving a white doe at the place of sacrifice. Another version, followed by Racine, makes her rival, Iphigenia daughter of Thesus and the Fair Helen, suffer in her stead.

JOAN OF ARC.—Not long since, there still stood near Domremy the 'Fairy Oak' beneath which, perhaps, the idea of a divinely-inspired mission first suggested itself to the peasant girl, Jeanne d' Arc. Whatever we may think of her 'voices,' it is undeniable that she saved France by her heroic self-devotion. Misjudged by her age, the records of her trial prove her to have been a truthful, pure-minded, high-souled maiden, brave as a heroine of Ariosto, but yet a peasant, and probably alienating the French nobles by her superiority, her pretensions, and her power of taking care of herself. Her death is a disgrace to the English, still more to the savage Cauchon, her judge, and to the ungrateful Charles, who made no effort to save her.

ELEANOR OF CASTILE.—One of the best-beloved names in English history is that of the gracious Eleanor of Castile. Married in 1254 to Edward of England, son of Henry III., the bridegroom being fourteen, and the bride only ten years old, this child-marriage proved a union of undisturbed domestic happiness, and Eleanor is quoted as the model of a perfect wife. During the Crusade she saved Edward's life by sucking the poison from his wound, though the physicians pronounced her devotion useless and insisted on cutting out the flesh. Unfortunately for Edward, he lost his wife's gentle influence when he most required it. She died 1292, when about to join him on his first Scotch expedition. The stone crosses at Northampton and Waltham, and the name 'Charing Cross,' mark spots where her bier rested on its way to Westminster.

MARGARET ROPER.—Margaret, favourite daughter of Sir Thomas More, inherited much of his talent, and is noted for her accomplishments and her affection for her father. Her touching farewell to Sir Thomas on his way to execution is well known. After his death, she went with some friends and took down his head, set up over London Bridge. She had it embalmed, and preserved it till she died.

HEATHER.

N.B.—We beg to state that the positions of two of the Literature answers in the June Series are reversed—HEATHER first, MIDGE second. This is owing to a slip, observed only after the sheets were finally revised. But for this inadvertence, MIDGE's answer was on the whole the best.

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### Stray Notes.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL CLASSES.—A meeting for the distribution of prizes and certificates gained by the students of the St. George's Hall Preparatory Classes at the late Local Examinations was held on Thursday, 25th July—Professor Masson presiding. The chairman, in an interesting speech, traced the history of these classes from the spring of 1876, when a few ladies resident in Edinburgh met together to study for the Local Examinations, to the past winter, when 138 Edinburgh students and 302 corresponding students had enrolled

themselves. In conclusion, the learned professor urged the claims of Latin and Mathematics as subjects above all others fitted to cultivate habits of mental accuracy. Mr. M'Glashan then submitted his report. Of the 448 students on the roll, many, he said, had joined one class or several, merely with a view to self-improvement, and without any intention of presenting themselves as candidates; but 117 ladies had gone up for examination, 56 taking preliminary subjects only, and 59 taking special subjects, and obtaining certificates, while 29 of the latter further distinguished themselves by gaining prizes. In many cases very high marks were taken. There had been seven bursaries open to all candidates, and three of them had been awarded to St. George's Hall students, namely:—£25 to Miss Louisa Macdonald (corresponding student), who stands highest on the Honours list; £20 to Miss Bain (corresponding student); and £10 to Miss Burton (Edinburgh student). Of four prizes offered for preliminary subjects, one of £3 had been gained by Miss Malcolm (corresponding student), and one of £2 by Miss L. Bews (corresponding student). These ladies stood third and fourth on the preliminary list. Special prizes had also been offered by the committee to students of these classes. They were taken as follows:—£5 for preliminary subjects by Miss L. Bews (corresponding student); £2 for preliminary subjects by Miss M. R. Mitchell (corresponding student); £5 for ordinary special subjects by Miss Shepherd (corresponding student); £5 for Latin by Miss Gair (corresponding student); £5 for Mathematics by Miss Buchan (Edinburgh student); £5 for Logic by Miss Gibb (corresponding student); and £3 for Theory of Music by Miss Malcolm (corresponding student). Throughout the session the students had displayed great diligence and enthusiasm, making the work of instruction very pleasant to the tutors. Mr. M'Glashan intimated that when the classes were resumed in November, a class of Natural Philosophy would be opened under the tuition of Mr. P. R. Scott Lang.

From the above statement it may be observed that most of the rewards have fallen to corresponding students, a fact which, it is hoped, will go far to convince those who have expressed doubts as to the possibility of success attending a system of instruction by correspondence. Those also who have hitherto considered themselves cut off from the advantages enjoyed by ladies living within the reach of masters and classes, may learn that they have now no excuse either for idleness or for discontent with their own unaided efforts to read or study, when help and guidance can so easily be obtained through the medium of the penny post.

M. W. thus answers VILLA REY: The paraphrase, 'O God of Bethel,' was originally composed by Dr. Doddridge, and altered to its present form in our Bible by Logan. A note to this effect may be found in the edition published by Allan Bell & Co., London, 1836.

F. G. also answers, giving the date of Dr. Doddridge 1702-1751: 'He was a famous Nonconformist preacher and writer; a short account of him will be found in Chambers's *Cyclop. Eng. Lit.*, vol. i. p. 777.'

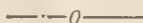
APIS asks: What are the books, mentioned by Goethe, which, though now forgotten by the world in general, have permanently influenced men?

AN INQUIRER asks if anybody can tell her of an English History in rhyme for children? [We ourselves have dim childish recollections of the existence of such a book; but they are so very vague, and the



title and author's name have so totally escaped our memory, that we can only hope some kind correspondent will give better information to AN INQUIRER.—EDS.]

G. W. has ascertained that the harp and the horn were the most ancient musical instruments in Scotland. She now begs for an answer to this question: 'What ancient nation only washed thrice in their lives? and on what occasions did they do so?' G. W. thought it might be the Scythians, but history assures her that they never washed at all. A friend has told her that the women of Bulgaria are only washed at their birth, on their marriage, and after death. This seems to us fairly to meet her question, but she still seeks further for exemplification of the same feeling with regard to personal ablutions. The Bulgarian ladies would appreciate our Scottish proverb, 'The clartier, the cosier;' their third 'wash,' however, can hardly be said to trouble them during their lifetime. We ourselves knew an old Highland woman, long bed-ridden, who reluctantly consented, at the entreaty of a benevolent lady visitor, to the cleansing, probably for the first time in her life, of her house and bedding, on condition that the obnoxious process should not be extended to herself. At the same time she predicted that 'it would be the death of her.' On liberal payment two neighbours undertook the repulsive task of scouring the premises; but, in spite of scrupulous observance of the conditions, our poor old friend was quite as good as her word, and conscientiously expired within a few weeks of the operation, which thus proved to be her 'happy despatch.' She would have been better off in Bulgaria. We advise G. W. to consult Burnaby's *Ride to Khiva*, which gives a good deal of curious information on the manners and customs of semi-barbarous tribes, where she may possibly find the solution of her question.



### Notices to Correspondents, etc.

LADIES are invited to contribute to this magazine. All communications to be addressed, EDITORS, *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, Messrs. Murray & Gibb, 11 Queen Street, Edinburgh. No anonymous communication can be noticed.

All contributions to be accompanied by the writer's name and address. Rejected articles can only be returned if accompanied by stamps to cover postage. This applies to all short poems, etc., sent inside letters, with requests for answers. No enclosure can either be noticed or returned unless a stamp be sent at the same time.

Papers intended for immediate insertion must be in the hands of the Editors by the first of the previous month; attention is requested to this rule.

Various articles have been promised or received for the series proposed on 'Country Subjects and Pursuits.' We shall be glad of further suggestions or communications from any lady willing to contribute to this series. A good paper on the Dairy and Keeping Cows would be very acceptable; also on the Garden.

Contributions are often delayed for want of space.

The next meeting of the Ladies' Edinburgh Literary Society will be held on Saturday, 5th October, at 25 Great King Street. Debate, 'Does the dress of men and women of the present day show evidence of development in refinement and good taste?'

## Our Female Novelists.

## XXI.

THE SISTERS BRONTË—CURREN, ELLIS, AND  
ACTON BELL.

b. 1816—d. 1855.

b. 1819—d. 1848.

b. 1822—d. 1849.

‘Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them  
Like instincts, unawares.’

HAVE any of our readers ever stood on a Yorkshire hill, and surveyed from that vantage-ground a wide reach of moor, purple with August’s bloom of heather? Have they heard the rush of the foaming beck as it dashed along with tumultuous noise, or shivered as the keen north wind swept over the moor with naught to stop its chill advance? for long grey stone walls and stunted bushes of birch and thorn—all too low to afford shelter from the keen blast—alone diversify the face of the country. Those who have done so will know somewhat of the rough cradle in which the Brontë family were nurtured—somewhat, too, of the dreariness of the surroundings which must insensibly have cast the minds of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne in that stern mould which so constantly infuses gloom into their writings. There are no *prettinesses* on Yorkshire moors. The scenery may at times be gorgeous from contrast of heather bloom with dark wind-rent fir copse, or sunset glory catching the cold waters of the beck and turning them to a golden thread across the dark moor; at other times all is desolation, driving winds and drifting snow, and unutterable barrenness. So is it with the Brontë writings; they detail life’s trials and sorrows in language of stern grandeur; yet often they paint in colours as rich as their outlines are rugged and harsh.

The remarkable trio of whom we propose giving a sketch were all born at Haworth, a village on the confines of Yorkshire and Lancashire. There, nestled amid the moors, the old, grey, square parsonage, the only home they ever knew, was the scene of the joys, hopes, sorrows, and literary labours of these three sisters.

A traveller on leaving the train at Keighley, would have to proceed upwards for several miles, when he would reach Haworth, a stone-built village hanging on the side of a hill so steep that a wheeled vehicle can scarcely get up the main

street. A little way back from the houses stands the church ; behind this, again, the parsonage, ugly and uninteresting, with an unbounded view to the back over moorlands of the wildest description, which reach to the churchyard and parsonage garden walls. The churchyard is crowded full of monuments and old stones, all in greatest confusion. The whole place and country are bleak and weird, and at the time of which we write—our heroines' early years—there can have been no communication with the outer world for many months in the year.

The childhood of these talented women—too early left motherless—was passed under the care of their father, the eccentric incumbent of Haworth, and an invalid aunt who could do but little for their welfare. Like Topsy, the six children simply 'grewed,' finding amusements, interests, and education for themselves. The two eldest, Maria and Elizabeth, died young, and in 1825 Charlotte at ten years old was the eldest of four little things—herself, Branwell, Emily, and Anne. Her first life experience was sad ; at Cowan Bridge, the school made famous by her indignant pen, as Lowood in *Jane Eyre*, she saw her elder sisters sink under the hardships endured there. After their death, Charlotte and Emily were removed, and spent their next years at home with their one brother, Patrick Branwell, and youngest sister Anne. Many a curious story is told of their childish precocity and passionate love of books and newspapers. Their aunt taught the little girls sewing and a few household duties ; and thus time passed, till at fifteen Charlotte went again to school at Roe Head, not twenty miles from home. Here she had a happier school life than before, finding in Miss Wooler not only an excellent schoolmistress, but a lifelong friend. Shy, reserved, and physically delicate, Charlotte shrank from the usual type of boisterous school-girl ; she made, therefore, but two friends at Roe Head, both known to us through Mrs. Gaskell's *Life*—the one as the 'E.,' the other as the 'Mary,' to whom the interesting letters given in that volume are mostly addressed.

Two years later, and we have in a lately-published *Monograph*<sup>1</sup> the following vivid description of the young Brontës on their way to join a picnic party at Bolton Abbey :

'Their conveyance is no handsome carriage, but a rickety dog-cart, unmistakably betraying its neighbourhood to the carts and ploughs of some rural farm-yard. The horse, freshly taken from the field, is

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<sup>1</sup> Charlotte Brontë. By T. Wemyss Reid.

driven by a youth who, in spite of his countrified dress, is no mere bumpkin. His shock of red hair hangs down in somewhat ragged locks behind his ears, for Branwell Brontë esteems himself a genius and a poet, and, following the fashion of the times, has that abhorrence of the barber's shears which genius is supposed to affect. But the lad's face is a handsome and a striking one, full of Celtic fire and humour, untouched by the slightest shade of care, giving one the impression of somebody altogether hopeful, promising, even brilliant. How gaily he jokes with his three sisters! With what inexhaustible volubility he pours out quotations from his favourite poets, applying them to the lovely scenery around him; beside him, in a dress of marvellous plainness and ugliness, stamped with the brand "home-made" in characters which none can mistake, is the eldest of the sisters. Charlotte is talking, too, there are bright smiles upon her face; she is enjoying everything around her, the splendid morning, the charms of leafy trees and budding roses, and the ever-musical stream—most of all, perhaps, the charms of her brother's society, and the expectation of that coming meeting with her friend, who is so near at hand. Behind, sit a pretty little girl, with fine complexion and delicate regular features, whom the stranger would at once pick out as the beauty of the company, and a tall, rather angular figure, clad in a dress exactly resembling Charlotte's. Emily Brontë does not talk so much as the rest of the party; but her wonderful eyes, brilliant and unfathomable as the pool at the foot of the waterfall, but radiant also with a wealth of tenderness and warmth, show how her soul is expanding under the influences of the scene. . . . If she does not, like Charlotte and Anne, meet her brother's ceaseless flood of sparkling words with opposing currents of speech, she utters at times a strange, deep, guttural sound which those who know her best interpret as the language of a joy too deep for articulate expression.

Such in girlhood were those who a few years later were to astonish and puzzle the reading world as Curren, Ellis, and Acton Bell. Of the fourth in the group, Branwell, little can be said. His, alas! was the dark shadow in the home circle, never to be lightened nor removed till it passed into the more awful and abiding Shadow of Death.

Up to 1835 their life ran smoothly, these being probably the happiest years at Haworth Parsonage. After this time, Branwell having chosen an artist's career, many efforts were made by his sisters to earn their living as governesses, so as to enable their father to maintain him as a student at the Royal Academy. But to natures so peculiarly sensitive and clinging, 'governessing' was more or less of an agony not mitigated by their own experience. To Charlotte, indeed, the load was more tolerable, as she became a teacher under her friend Miss Wooler. Emily, who went first as a pupil under Charlotte, fell ill from home-sickness, and had to be sent back to wander again free and unfettered on her own breezy moors. She made a second effort to help her family by



becoming a teacher in a school near Halifax, but the Christmas of 1836 saw the three sisters united again at Haworth. There on winter's evenings, by the glimmering firelight, they held serious consultation as to ways and means of earning money. Like the Five Sisters of York, they had an unvarying promenade, not the nave of a stately cathedral, but their own humble parlour. There they nightly walked and talked together in 1836; there also, in 1849, sat Charlotte, the sole tenant of the little room. During the memorable Christmas time above mentioned, the young obscure girl felt the first desire for authorship which was to end in the production of such works as *Jane Eyre* and *Villette*. Thus moved, she took the bold measure of asking by letter the Laureate's opinion of some verses she enclosed. Southey's answer, kind but discouraging, reached her the following March, and induced her to resume teaching, from which, three years later, she had a chance of release by the offer of a home of her own. Quietly and resolutely this offer was declined, from her own feeling that she could not give to him that offered it the entire devotion which a husband has a right to expect.

Events followed in quick succession. To qualify themselves as teachers, Charlotte and Emily went to Brussels to perfect their French; thence they were recalled by the illness and death of Miss Branwell, the aunt who had so long shared their home. Soon after her return to Brussels, Charlotte was destined to pass through a bitter experience, common enough in women's lives, and which is told in her own novel *Villette*. If to it we owe that striking book, we at least may not have cause for regret; but to poor Charlotte the dull gnawing pain of disappointment brought with it the usual disinclination for home life, restlessness, and desire for change of some kind. On her return to Haworth she writes thus sadly to a friend:

'Something in me which used to be enthusiasm is tamed down and broken. I have fewer illusions. What I wish for now is active exertion—a stake in life. Haworth seems such a lonely, quiet spot, buried away from the world.'

This is a cry wrung from an agonized spirit's pain—a pain which had sent her, Protestant as she was, before leaving Brussels, to seek relief in the confessional of a Roman Catholic church. The good 'father in God' whom she met there seems to have given, by his kindly advice, temporary consolation to the suffering stranger; what she relates of

Lucy Snow in *Villette* was drawn from facts in her own life. For her, henceforth, there

‘Had passed away a glory from the earth.’

Some, indeed, may hold that it is

‘Better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all,’

but it may be questioned whether Charlotte Brontë was one to endorse that sentiment.

As Anne was forced at this time to relinquish her situation, the three sisters were again united at home, and became, henceforth, all in all to each other. The strength of their individual idiosyncrasies does not seem to have prevented their characters from dovetailing perfectly the one into the other. Again, in their rambles over the moors, they eagerly discussed a plan for keeping a small school of their own; a proposal which was frustrated by the deepening of that terrible shadow of which I have already spoken. Unprincipled, idle, and now disgraced, Branwell was cast upon their hands, submitting the home circle to that process of slow torture which can only be inflicted by an erring brother, and of which those only who have gone through it can estimate the intense suffering. Handsome, clever, and popular, he cast these gifts to the winds, and lived a life which was one prolonged grief to father and sisters. Through him Anne lost her situation, that of governess in the same family where he was private tutor. Slowly but surely she had become aware of the power certain vices were assuming over him. Nor was Charlotte astonished, on her return from a brief visit to a friend near Leeds, to find Branwell again an inmate of the parsonage, and to learn, by a letter which followed him next day, that he had been dismissed by his employer. In the disgrace of dismissal, the gentle, patient Anne was forced to share; and now the three sisters had to view with anguish, not unmingled with loathing, the downward course of the idolized brother from whom they had once hoped for such great things.

While sadly watching this wasted existence, a new era opened, bringing fresh interest into their lives—namely, that of their first appearance in print. We give Charlotte’s own words:

‘One day, in the autumn of 1845, I accidentally lighted on a ms. volume of verse, in my sister Emily’s handwriting. Of course I was not surprised, knowing that she could and did write verse. I looked

it over, and something more than surprise seized me—a deep conviction that these were not common effusions, not at all like the poetry women generally write. I thought them condensed and terse, vigorous and genuine. To my ear they had also a peculiar music, wild, melancholy, elevating. My sister Emily was not a person of demonstrative character, nor one on the recesses of whose mind and feelings even those nearest and dearest to her could, with impunity, intrude unlicensed; it took hours to reconcile her to the discovery I had made, and days to persuade her that such poems merited publication. . . . Meantime my younger sister quietly produced some of her own compositions, intimating that since Emily's had given me pleasure, I might like to look at hers. I could not but be a partial judge, yet I thought that these verses, too, had a sweet, sincere pathos of their own. We had very early cherished the dream of one day being authors. We agreed to arrange a small selection of our poems, and, if possible, to get them printed. Averse to personal publicity, we veiled our names under those of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, the ambiguous choice being dictated by a sort of conscientious scruple at assuming Christian names positively masculine; while we did not like to declare ourselves women, because—without at the time suspecting that our mode of writing and thinking was not what is called 'feminine'—we had a vague impression that authoresses are liable to be looked on with prejudice: we noticed how critics sometimes use for their chastisement the weapon of personality, and for their reward a flattery which is not true praise. The bringing out of our little book was hard work. As was to be expected, neither we nor our poems were at all wanted; but for this we had been prepared at the outset: though inexperienced ourselves, we had read the experiences of others. The great puzzle lay in the difficulty of getting answers of any kind from the publishers to whom we applied. Being greatly harassed by this obstacle, I ventured to apply to the Messrs. Chambers of Edinburgh for a word of advice—they may have forgotten the circumstance, but I have not; for from them I received a brief and business-like, but civil and sensible, reply, on which we acted, and at last made way.'

This modest effort failed, as others had done; indeed, anything attempted by a Brontë seemed predestined to fail. At the same time, they were alarmed by their father's loss of sight. Cataract had injured the old man's once keen eyes, and the daughters, in dread of total blindness, arranged a visit to Manchester, where he might consult an oculist. Thither he went, attended by Charlotte, and in August 1846 an operation was successfully performed.

The indefatigable sisters now joined in putting forth a prose volume, to which each was to contribute a story. Charlotte's (*The Professor*) was rejected by the publishers, but those of Emily and Anne appeared (*Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Gray*). This book barely struggled into existence, and nothing more. Still the busy pen worked on; like the beautiful fountain in *Undine*, the irrepressible genius could not rest imprisoned even by the heavy stone of sickness,

sorrow, and failure laid upon it. Still the waters rose, till, finally overcoming all barriers, they welled forth in a strong fountain, sparkling in the full light of day. It was while nursing her blind father in his poor Manchester lodging that Charlotte found at last fitting expression for her genius by beginning her unequalled novel, *Jane Eyre*, published in October of the following year, when, to use the words of a recent biographer, 'all England rang with the praises of the novel and its author.' But brief was Currer Bell's enjoyment of her unexpected literary success, for again sorrows came upon her thick and fast. Branwell's excesses had at last undermined a constitution never strong; and his sisters now saw their only brother sink into the grave, without even the solace a tardy repentance might have afforded them. With the *dour* spirit of his family, he met the last struggle standing, as if unwilling to yield even to the strong hand of Death. Strange that a will which could thus nerve him to fight so drear a battle, could not avail him in wrestling against habits of evil! His death was only the precursor of those others which were soon to leave Charlotte a desolate and solitary woman.

Emily, weighed down by sorrows and difficulties, was the next to follow. Like Charlotte, possessed of uncommon genius, she was, unlike her, spoilt by over-indulgence of her own peculiarities. Cold, stern, and repressed, she lived a truly solitary life, and her terrible story, *Wuthering Heights*, is much what we should expect from a writer of her stamp. To us the book has something of the lurid, baneful light of a witch's fire, before which we shudder and turn pale. With few womanly characteristics, Emily had but one friend, an ungainly bull-dog named Keeper: she repulsed alike Charlotte's solicitude and Anne's tenderness. Alone she suffered and died, to use her sister's words, 'after a short, sharp conflict, refusing to the last all help from sister, doctor, or remedies. After laying Emily by their mother and Branwell in Haworth Churchyard, in December 1848, the two others lived on, the New Year dawning drearily upon them. Not only was Charlotte suffering from Emily's loss, but yet more from the terrible foreboding that Anne was slowly but surely following her. Sweet and gentle as ever, Anne received gratefully Charlotte's despairing efforts to prolong her life, continued through the dreary winter. Thus she writes of her hopeless task:

'The days pass in a slow dark march; the nights are the test—the sudden wakings from restless sleep, the revived knowledge that



one lies in her grave and another not at my side, but in a separate sick-bed.'

Anne's gentle patience and willingness to adopt suggested remedies were Charlotte's comfort as life dragged on its slow length at Haworth. The following lines were written in March by the sufferer, among the last ever penned by her:

'If Thou shouldst bring me back to life,  
More humbled I should be;  
More wise, more strengthened for the strife,  
More apt to lean on Thee.

'Should Death be standing at the gate,  
Thus should I keep my vow;  
But, Lord, whatever be my fate,  
Oh! let me serve Thee now!'

In May the gate of Death opened to receive Anne Brontë, and calmly and trustingly she passed the dark entrance to Life. It was at Scarborough, where she had gone in hopes of staying disease, that Charlotte laid her last sister to rest; and the anguish of her solitary return to Haworth is thus told in a letter to a friend:

'I felt that the house was all silent—the rooms were all empty. I remembered where the three were laid, in what narrow dark dwellings, never more to reappear upon earth. So the sense of desolation and bitterness took possession of me. The agony that was to be undergone, and was not to be avoided, came on. I underwent it, and passed a dreary evening and night, and a mournful morrow; to-day I am better.'

The many sad letters written at this time bear throughout the evidence of a brave, strong, and unselfish spirit. We can now picture our heroine alone in the old parlour, busily working at *Shirley*, which she finished in September. It was enthusiastically received, and its author was soon after induced to again visit London, where she was introduced to Mr. Thackeray, Miss Martineau, and other persons of literary eminence. But, like a wild moorland bird, her spirit could not live in so uncongenial an atmosphere as that of the 'big Babylon;' she soon took flight again to her northern home, to the fresh air and lonely stillness of Haworth.

The quiet parsonage had by this time become a powerful centre of attraction to many visitors, both from the neighbourhood and from a distance. Miss Brontë's solitude was frequently enlivened by those who were anxious, under some pretext or another, to get a sight of the author of *Jane Eyre*. What they saw is best told in the words which she uses to describe that heroine—'a little *nonnette*, quaint, quiet,

grave, and simple;' an English gentlewoman who would *not* be 'lionized,' nothing more.

After two years of seclusion she produced *Villette*, the last and not the least striking of her powerful novels. Its composition must have been fraught with pain; for, in detailing Lucy Snow's sorrows, struggles, and loneliness, she was reproducing the events of her own life at Brussels, and giving vent to her own heart's bitterness. She greatly missed the sympathy and counsel of her sisters; there were now none to listen while she read the growing manuscript.

There is little more to add about the few remaining years of her life. She spent much time in reading and writing, in corresponding with old friends, and occasionally with fellow-authors. Though unable to leave her father for any length of time, she visited London, the Yorkshire coast, and Scotland. Of the latter she writes:

'My stay in Scotland was short, and what I saw was chiefly comprised in Edinburgh and the neighbourhood, in Abbotsford, and in Melrose; for I was obliged to relinquish my first intention of going from Glasgow to Oban, and thence through a portion of the Highlands. But though the time was brief and the view of objects limited, I found such a charm of situation, association, and circumstance, that I think the enjoyment experienced in that little space equalled in degree, and excelled in kind, all which London yielded in a month's sojourn. Edinburgh, compared to London, is like a vivid page of history compared to a large dull treatise on political economy; and as to Melrose and Abbotsford, the very names possess music and magic.'

And again:

'My dear Sir,—Do not think I blaspheme when I tell you that your great London, as compared to Dun-Edin, "mine own romantic town," is as prose compared to poetry, or as a great rumbling, rambling, heavy epic compared to a lyric, brief, bright, clear, and vital as a flash of lightning. You have nothing like Scott's monument; or if you had that and all the glories of architecture assembled together, you have nothing like Arthur's Seat; and, above all, you have not the Scotch national character; and it is that grand character, after all, which gives the land its true charm, its true greatness.'

The Scotch may well appreciate so genuine a tribute to their capital and their nation.

Of Miss Brontë's father, old and infirm as he now was, we will say a few words. His feeble health greatly influenced his daughter's prospects in life. Although living much apart, taking his meals alone, and indulging in solitary rambles, he was yet strongly attached to his daughter, and her increasing celebrity gratified his vanity. So jealous was he of anything that might come between them, that it

was in compliance with his wishes that she dismissed in 1853 a suitor whose faithful attachment she nevertheless returned. The Rev. A. Nicholls had been her father's curate and was her own tried friend, but she would not suffer herself to be withdrawn from her course of life-long obedience to the old man. A year later, and the eventide of her sad life was brightened before its final close. It was in April 1854 that time or some softening influence prevailed over Mr. Brontë; Mr. Nicholls was recalled, and Charlotte became his loved and happy wife. Henceforth her letters speak only of the happiness, the love and care which surrounded her too late to prolong life. In the prospect of becoming a mother, her strength finally gave way, and in March 1855 the husband and father listened at Haworth to the bell tolling 'mournfully drearily' for her who was no longer with them. The sorrowing widower took upon himself her labour of love, cheering and comforting her father's declining years, till, at an advanced age, Mr. Brontë followed his wife and six children to the grave.

We have only space for a few words of description of the three sisters and their works. Charlotte was small and slight, short-sighted, and decidedly plain, her only beauty being large well-shaped brown eyes and soft abundant hair of the same colour. She had the traditionally large nose said to go with talent, but *en revanche*, had very small hands and feet; her dress was always plain and old-fashioned in the extreme. Emily was tall, large, and more awkwardly shaped, with dark dreamy eyes, and a countenance full of power. Anne, with Emily's fine eyes, and Charlotte's shy appearance, had a much gentler expression than Emily.

Among Charlotte's books the first place belongs, by common consent, to *Jane Eyre*. Full of genius and truth, it is a powerful fiction. There are parts which awaken a response in every fibre of our being, such as the episode of poor Helen Burns; while we must respect the little heroine for her steadiness, discretion, and general *savoir faire*. As to the moral, we own ourselves unable to see it as other than good throughout. Many of our readers can remember, or may learn from the best contemporary reviews, the *furor* excited by the appearance of this book, seriously condemned by the highest critics, the general impression being that the veiled author was a man with moral principles none of the best. Those who cling to such an opinion of the morals as deserving condemnation, must pardon our stubbornness in thinking and maintaining that those only to whom most things are evil, viz.

the vicious and the prude, can derive harm from this book. Men do not, it is true, dilate to young women on their own shortcomings, as Mr. Rochester does to Jane Eyre; but both the circumstances and people are meant to be exceptional, and that such facts may—nay, do—occur is sadly too true. All must do the author this justice: the right balance is never lost, wrong is never called right; and when Mr. Rochester attempts to make Jane Eyre confound the two, she shuns temptation by flight. We wish that many more recent writers, in placing their heroines in questionable situations, would at least give them the spirit of a Jane Eyre, when thus meeting a terrible temptation:

‘The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect myself. I will keep the law given by God, sanctioned by man.’

*Shirley* is delightful, clever, and quaint. The scene is laid in West Yorkshire, and the characters and incidents culled from real life, and from the riots which actually took place early in this century. To the faithful delineation of the ‘curates’ we can bear full testimony. In *Villette* we have the same originality and truthfulness, with the added source of interest that it is based on the story of her own life abroad.

We have given her reasons, as stated by herself, for her selection of a *nom de plume*; and if to excite public curiosity was her wish, it was fully gratified, English society being stirred throughout the land to know who and what was Currer Bell. The truth oozed out in 1849, when a Haworth man, living in London, recognised some of the descriptions and characters in *Shirley*. Her earliest written novel, *The Professor*, was not published till after her death, at the request of her friends; it certainly does not equal the others in merit.

Of the two other sisters, we may say that it was only in Currer Bell’s reflected light that Ellis and Acton could have shone at all. *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Gray* are even now forgotten. The former is a repulsive tale, and that it should have been written by a young woman of seven-and-twenty is a mystery, and a sad one. The characters are detestable, one and all, the scene laid in a dreary and uninteresting country; the gentlemen in the book are, in their behaviour to women, rarely decently civil, and usually brutal and violent; yet the story is not without a weird fascination that compels us to read it through, though without pleasure or edification. In poetry Emily Brontë was not



wanting in pathos or power. We cannot forbear quoting from a little poem, entitled *Remembrance*, in a metre rough, but not unpleasing, as well suited to the subject :

' Cold in the earth, and the deep snow piled above thee ;  
Far, far removed—cold in the dreary grave !  
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,  
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave ?

' Cold in the earth, and fifteen wild Decembers  
From those brown hills have melted into spring ;  
Faithful indeed is the spirit that remembers  
After such years of change and suffering.

' But when the days of golden dreams had perished,  
And even despair was powerless to destroy,  
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,  
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

' Then did I check the tears of useless passion,  
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine,  
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten  
Down to that tomb already more than mine.'

A song fit for a Brunnhild, and equally so for an Emily Brontë. Less original and more morbid than her sisters' are Anne's works. In *Agnes Gray* we have a picture of her own governess life—truthful, but possibly coloured by a sickly mind, and certainly not inviting. There can be no question but that *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* is a life-picture drawn from an unhappy brother, representing the deterioration of a fine character under the influence of degrading vices. Perhaps the most pleasing part of the volume containing *Wuthering Heights* and *Agnes Gray* is the biographical sketch of her younger sisters, appended by Charlotte after their death. In defending their books from censure, one plea may be urged for all the sisters : ' They knew no better.' That their stories betray much knowledge of evil is their misfortune, not their crime. Impelled to write by real though eccentric genius, and at the same time precluded by their rough and retired life from much useful knowledge of the world, and of the social safeguards which protect and regulate other women's happier lives, these sisters scarcely knew how undesirable were many of their scenes and subjects in the pages of a novel. One bitter source of familiarity with evil was ever at their side ; and we can only feel pity that women of such powerful and original minds should have been in daily intercourse with what must have insensibly blunted the delicacy of their perceptions and

fostered their morbid habits of thought—the life of such a one as Branwell Brontë. It is high praise that their own standard was never debased, and that with no uncertain hand they mark the boundary between right and wrong. If there are passages in their books which we cannot defend on the score of taste, we refuse to condemn them on that of morality. Their genuine love and admiration of one another is ever a bright and beautiful trait in the strangely sad lives of the sisters. It never varied or waned, and often served to cheer and brace their spirits in times of sadness otherwise insupportable. It is touchingly alluded to in a short poem by Anne :

‘ Warm hands are these, that clasped in mine,  
The warmer heart will not belie ;  
While mirth, and truth, and friendship shine  
In smiling lip and earnest eye.

‘ Though far I roam, that thought shall be  
My hope, my comfort, everywhere ;  
While such a home remains to me,  
My heart shall never know despair ! ’

So they lived and fought together the battle of life bravely and well ; now, we trust, all three have passed into the land where

‘ Beyond these voices, there is peace.’

B. C. J. D.

—o—

### *Hesperos.*

By thy side I love to linger  
When the sun is setting low,  
And the evening sky is lighted  
With a pink and rosy glow ;  
When the twilight, gently stealing,  
Tells us that the day is o’er,  
And the wavelets, dancing lightly,  
Break upon the golden shore.

Toils and business—all are over,  
Hushed are revelry and mirth ;  
In the sky the stars are watching  
Over all the sleeping earth.  
And the moon in tranquil beauty  
Sheds her calm and gentle ray,  
Till the sun all gloom disperses,  
And the darkness ends in day.

C. M. WILLIAMS.

## Aunt Elsie: A Sketch.

## CHAPTER II.

It would have been difficult to say which was in the greatest excitement, Nannette or her aunt, when the hour drew near the following evening at which Robert usually appeared. The old lady had been in a feverish state of restlessness all day. When Nannette came down to breakfast, she found her aunt already in the dining-room. She could not be induced to take her afternoon's drive, so fearful was she that during her absence the Elwes might be there. She sat in her usual window seat, her constant knitting in her hand. The poor for many miles round were supplied with woollen socks from those never-idle fingers.

Their early five o'clock dinner was over, and Nannette was at her post in the garden.

What a perfect summer it had been! Never a day but the sun shone and sank in golden splendour over the sea. The evening in question was no exception to the rule. The garden was looking its loveliest, the air was laden with the scent of flowers, and Nannette's dress, as it trailed on the gravelled walks behind her, brushed the beds of mignonette as she passed, and made, as it were, fresh clouds of incense rise to the azure world that lay so far away. But Nannette's mind was not filled with dreams and unrealities; she was all absorbed by the new experiences that were opening to her view. At last she thought that she had caught a glimpse within those gates of romance that she had so long wished would open for her, and disclose what lay behind them. She took her stand at the gate, leaning on the rustic fence that enclosed the garden, and there with her face turned towards the sea she waited for her friend.

And there, half an hour afterwards, Jack Elwes first saw her. The two brothers were together, walking as if with some end in view. The road, so thick with soft white dust, was not an inviting place for an evening's stroll. And yet they seemed in no wise discontented with their lot. They were talking eagerly, and Jack was teasing Robert about his new friend.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen;" is that the way of it, Bob? How she must have thanked you for forming an oasis in her Sahara!

Robert seemed oblivious to the remark; he was straining

his eyes to see if they could find the object of their talk. Nannette saw the two figures as they came in sight; Robert she knew at once, but her curiosity was roused as to what his brother would be like. She saw he was a medium height, that he was dressed in naval uniform; but as they approached, she withdrew from her prominent position.

'There she is!' exclaimed Robert, pointing to the spot where Nannette had been; but she had disappeared from their view.

As they came near, she once more approached the gate and greeted Robert with a bright glad smile. Women know when they are looking their best, and Nannette felt that such was her case that evening.

'Good evening, Miss Græme,' Robert said, advancing and holding out his hand. 'I have brought my brother to make your acquaintance. Jack, let me introduce you to Miss Græme.'

Nannette held out her hand with equal frankness to the sailor, raising her eyes to his with some words of welcome on her lips.

She turned once more to her first friend.

'Something very strange has happened,' she said; 'but you must come and be introduced to my aunt. Do you know, she thinks that in a kind of way you belong to us.'

'I am very glad to hear it,' said Robert with an air of amusement; 'but how do you mean? Are we relations? or is there some mystic tie between us?'

'You should not laugh at me,' she answered gravely. 'Perhaps Aunt Elsie is wrong, and you do not belong to us at all; only the name was the same, and so we thought it might be.'

'Shall we go at once to your aunt and try and prove our identity?' said Jack.

He had been watching his brother and Nannette. She was by no means the rustic maiden he had pictured to himself as likely to have enchained his brother's fancy. He could not but admire her, and, with an inherent love of novelty and fun, he followed the pair up the gravel walk, hoping that the acquaintance they were forming might serve for some pleasant hours' companionship whilst he was in that part of the country.

At the door Nannette once more paused.

'You must be very gentle with Aunt Elsie,' she said. 'Oh, how much I wish that what she thinks may be true, and that you really are her Robert Elwes!'



Miss Græme had heard voices. She rose from her seat to cross the room to meet them; but she could not move: she trembled in every limb, and had to hold by the chair for support.

Presently the door opened, and Nannette introduced her friends. The old lady did not speak at first. She took Robert by both hands, and gazed with questioning eyes into his face. She seemed to be satisfied at last, and turned to welcome his brother; but her gaze returned again to Robert. In his features she saw at once the likeness to her old love. She made him sit down beside her, and still with her hand resting on his arm, she asked eager questions about his father and mother, and his grandfather; and much as Robert longed to turn to Nannette, he could not but satisfy Miss Græme's anxious questioning.

The time went past, the evening shadows grew deeper, and still she had not heard all she wished to know. At first Nannette and Jack sat and listened, but by degrees their attention wandered off from the story of long ago to the far more interesting present; they became absorbed with their own interests, engrossed with each other.

At last the time came when the brothers rose to leave; it was very late. But the parting did not signify much; next day they had promised to return and take up their abode for ten days at the cottage before they went up to London. That night, as Nannette laid her head on her pillow, the question came to her mind, which of the brothers did she like the best. She could not tell: the question for the present must remain unsolved; but it was the face of Jack Elwes that came first to her mind when she awoke the following morning.

There is nothing new under the sun; the history of the world and human life repeats itself. Men are born, love, marry, die, the same now as they did when the world was first inhabited thousands of years ago; it will be the same to the end. And thus Miss Græme saw the story of her own life repeated in that of her niece; but closely as she watched, how was it that she missed the truth? Was it the very anxiety that made it her fondest wish that Nannette and Robert should love each other, that kept her blind to the fact that things were not going as she wished?

She did not seem to see that it was not Robert's footstep on the path that brought the soft flush to her niece's face; she did not notice that it was not Robert's flowers that were ever worn in Nannette's hair or dress, they were usually

blooming in the glass on the table, long after Jack's were withered. It had become her darling project that her niece should marry the namesake of the man she had loved; and that Robert was hopelessly in love was quite easy to see. No one noticed that things were all going wrong: the awakening came suddenly and unexpectedly.

The brothers' visit had lengthened out beyond its original intention; it was not strange that two men even opposite as they were in character, thrown into constant and close contact with a fresh young girl, should both love her. There was in Nannette such perfect freshness, so utterly unspoilt by the world, and so fascinating and attractive in its unconventionality, that each vied with the other in showing her attention. Nannette loved homage, admiration was life to her, and she had never before experienced it in the same way. The tribute to her beauty that until now had been paid to her, was from men old enough to be her grandfather, or beardless boys who had never been beyond their country town. It had been gratifying in its way, but what was it in comparison to what she now experienced?

But to do Nannette justice, it must be said that she did not realize to what an extent the admiration she excited in Robert Elwes had gone. She liked him much; he was the older friend of the two. Besides her feeling of friendship, she could not forget the service he had rendered her in rescuing her from the sea. If for a moment even it had entered her head that she was raising false hopes in his breast, she would have been the first to break off the pleasant intercourse that existed between them. As it was, they were all blind, save perhaps Jack, and he saw only too well how things were with his brother.

It was a bright warm afternoon, about a fortnight after this strange, unlooked-for friendship had begun, that Nannette had wandered down to the sea-shore to wile away an hour in happy dreams.

The brothers had business to transact in the neighbouring town, so Nannette was alone for a few hours.

In the garden of the cottage Miss Græme sat in the sunshine, or rather just out of the sunshine, in the shade of the weeping ash that stood near the porch; in the veritable sunlight the old Scotch collie lay basking, catching now and then at the flies which came too near even for his perfect temper. Miss Græme's knitting lay on her knee, her spectacles were pushed from her eyes and rested in idleness on her forehead, her delicate lace cap-strings were just stirred by

the breeze that floated towards her across the fields from the broad expanse of waters. Her thoughts had wandered far away, they must have strayed to some pleasant fields, judging by the calmness of the smile that seemed to hover round her mouth, and in her eyes still seemed to lurk some of the old fire which had been there in such abundance when she was a girl.

She had been sitting where she now was for more than two hours, and was beginning to think of returning to the house, when the click of the latch of the garden gate made her turn her head. Her eyes rested lovingly on Robert Elwes as he came towards her up the path. He was so strong, so bright in his manhood, he looked so eager to do battle with the world. His usually grave face wore a curiously anxious expression as he scanned the various paths and corners of the garden in which Nannette could have hidden herself. Miss Græme interpreted his look aright, but did not at once give the wished-for information.

‘You are home earlier than I expected,’ she said. ‘Where is your brother? You have not left him behind you, tired of his present life?’

‘Oh no! Jack took it into his head to walk home by the sea-shore; he is such a regular sailor. But he would not be dissuaded, as he had set his heart on it; and so we parted company, as I was anxious to get home.’

‘And now you are come, do not let an old woman keep you if your time is precious. I am quite happy here, and Nannette will soon be home.’

‘Has she gone out?’ he asked, disappointment in his tone. Then he paused a moment or two, as if in consideration whether to speak or not. At last he broke the silence, and what he said came in low heartfelt tones. He turned away his head while he was speaking, looking out straight before him, down the long straight expanse of white and dusty road.

‘Miss Græme, must I tell you, or have you not guessed for yourself, what is my chief interest, my chief business here? Do you not know that I love Nannette?—love her so deeply, so intensely, that life to me without her would be a dreary blank. I have known her such a short time that I fear I am presumptuous, but in that time consider how much I have seen her. Only remember that my first introduction to her was under trying circumstances, that put us on a friendly footing at once. And now, Miss Græme, I must speak to Nannette. I return to my business to-morrow, and before I

go I must tell her what my feelings are towards her. It was for this purpose that I hurried home just now. Tell me which way she has gone, and where I may find her? Can you bid me dare to hope? Can you give me any encouragement? She is so good, so gentle, that it may only be her nature that has prompted her manner towards me; but surely, if she will not give me her promise now, she will let me hope for it some time not so very far away.'

The young man paused, he turned towards Miss Græme and waited for her answer. How those tones had thrilled through her!—the voice, everything so like the tones of him she had known so long ago. How all-powerful they seemed to her! Nannette could not, must not, resist such pleading. The silence was once more broken by Robert; he was impatient to pour his love out at the feet of the girl who had enchained him with her strange unconventional ways.

'Will you not tell me where she is, Miss Græme? Will you not wish me well before I go on this errand of such vital importance to me?'

He had risen, and was standing before her, ready to go whenever she answered his demand. She put her hand on his arm: he wondered what had moved her so; it trembled like an aspen leaf, and her voice sounded strangely unnatural from the strain she had to put upon herself to keep it to its usual soft, quiet tones.

'Willingly I give you what you ask,' she said, 'all my most anxious wishes for your success. For your own sake, Robert, as well as for the sake of those who are now no longer here, I would gladly give my child to your charge. Plead your own cause to her as you have done to me; I do not think you need fear the result. You will find Nannette on the sea-shore in some one of her favourite haunts.'

She paused, and he was gone. With rapid footsteps he trod the short half mile that lay between him and the sea. His heart was buoyant with hope. Had not Miss Græme given him to believe that he had nothing to fear, everything to hope? A lark was pouring out a stream of song in the blue vault above him, but his heart seemed even more full of song than the voice of the bird. He was coming very near the shore now. He could hear the waves breaking at the foot of the cliffs. A fresh breeze was blowing, the sea seemed in wild, glad mirth, and harmonized with his mood.

He stood on the topmost crag a moment, and scanned the coast beneath him. No one was in sight. He could see the ledge of rock from which he had rescued Nannette the first



time he had seen her; would she were there now, that he might again rescue her, and thereby gain a promise that he might be ever with her, during her life, to guard and shelter her from all trouble, when the waves of this troublesome world, which must sooner or later encompass us all, should be surrounding his darling! He did not stand on his exalted position long; a few minutes served to show that she whom he sought was nowhere in sight. Carefully descending again, he continued his way along the cliff. It was perilous footing, but to descend and so reach the object of his search from the shore, would be a much longer proceeding, and did not coincide with his feverish impatience. He wondered he had not seen Jack, but no fear of coming evil broke upon his mind. He might so easily have missed him, and his thoughts were all with Nannette.

Jack, meanwhile, had wandered home by the sea-shore. Nannette had not promised to be there, but perhaps the information which she had given the day before, that she often walked there, was not intended to remain unnoticed.

Jack had fallen in love, very much to his own surprise; and, sailor fashion, he had done it thoroughly, as thoroughly as Robert in his own quiet way had also done; and it had dawned on him only a day or two before that he and his brother had both been guilty of the same folly. He had, however, never contemplated telling Nannette of his love, but thought that by a few weeks' absence they would have learnt to live without her. In the meantime, but a few days remained, and he could do no harm in sunning himself in the society of his lady-love. But it was all very well for him to moralize thus quietly, when he was alone, and not within reach of Nannette's charms. Trusting implicitly in his own self-control, he had sought the sea-shore that afternoon; but, alas for the stability of all human resolves!

Wandering along by the edge of the waves, kicking the pebbles from his path with the end of his cane, or perchance returning some piece of stranded sea-weed to its natural element, his eye espied a lady's dress up amongst the rocks. Quick as thought, he turned his steps in the direction of the fluttering muslin which had betrayed its mistress's hiding-place; and there, seated on the rock, above surrounding things, sat the object of his search. Her face flushed as she first saw him, but she did not say no when he asked 'that if he were not disturbing her he might stay there a little.'

It was about five o'clock on a June afternoon; the sun had so far sunk from its height in the zenith as to give long

shadows; the sea was deep intense blue, save where the light breeze that was blowing had curled it into foam; the waves chased each other merrily toward the shore, and broke in laughter on the rocks at Nannette's feet. She seemed to partake of their mirth. Her eyes and mouth were brimming over with smiles, and in her lap was a handful of flat pebbles, which she had but a few minutes before been tossing into the sea. Her small ungloved hands were tanned with the sun, and, despite her shady hat, her complexion had assumed a richer hue than her natural colouring warranted. She was in one of her most saucy and captivating moods. Lying on the rocks at her feet, Jack Elwes felt the spell of her presence creeping over him. At first she would do nothing but laugh and tease; she would not listen to his repeated assurances of sorrow at the morrow's parting; she turned all he said into jest, his most ardent expressions of despair at going she took as so many civil speeches, and only tossed another pebble into the sea. But the pile of pebbles was finished at last, time was flying, and it came home to her that this was the last talk she would have with her friend alone—the last of those meetings which had been so inexpressibly sweet to them both. A touch of sadness came over her wayward mood; she was gentle, as before she had been provoking. Jack felt the change, and silence fell on them both. Neither spoke, the tide rose gradually higher, the sun sank lower, the wind had fallen, and the waves broke only as a pleasant murmur on the ear. Everything was bathed in a flood of glory; earth in its beauty seemed but a foretaste of heaven. The glory had crept so near them that it lighted up the rock against which Nannette leant, showed the mosses and lichens which had crept into its cold and stony heart, and rested lovingly in shreds of gold on her hair. She was gazing wistfully over the sea, to where the clouds were gathering, waiting to be tipped with the sun's dying splendour; she was not conscious of Jack's eyes riveted on her with their story of love written in them. Perhaps her thoughts had taken no very definite road, save trying to make up her mind to be the one to rise and break up this last pleasant interview, conscious of the fact that it must be nearly the time of the cottage dinner hour.

The resolution was taken at last; she raised her hat from where she had thrown it, and returned it to its rightful place, and then she slowly rose to her feet.

'We must go home now,' she said sadly; 'it is late.'

Her foot was on the rock above her, she was preparing for

the upward climb, when Jack awoke to the sense that she was really going.

'Nannette, my Nannette!' he exclaimed; and she turned to him as if he had a right to call her so.

Then came the old story, poured out in all the heat and fervour of a man's first love. What need to repeat it? How can all the passion and love of a life be put down truly in cold black and white on paper?

But words were spoken, promises given, and Jack and Nannette knew that nothing but death could separate them.

Slowly they retraced their steps homewards, the moments were so precious spent together in this their new-found happiness, and no thought of any but themselves came to mar the sunlight in their dream.

They did not guess that what had given to them both such new love of life, had rung as the death-knell to another's hopes.

Robert, continuing his way along the cliffs, with eager hurrying steps, came at last near the place where Jack and Nannette were together. Suddenly he stopped. Surely his ear had not deceived him; borne upwards on the breeze came the sound of a human voice. He listened more attentively, eye and ear both strained to the utmost; he was not mistaken, but a cold chill came over him as he recognised in the eager, ardent tones the voice of his brother.

To whom was he speaking? There could be but one answer; and yet, to satisfy himself, he went on a few steps farther. Yes; there, just below where he stood, were Nannette and Jack, all unconscious of his presence. He had come upon them just at the moment when Jack was pouring out his love; he stood riveted to the spot; he saw Nannette's gesture as she turned and gave herself to him; he saw her folded in arms that were not his; he saw the first fond kiss imprinted on those lips that he had dared to hope would have some day been his own. Oh, could not the agony of that gaze have penetrated to them as they stood? Could they not have seen how the happiness they had found had utterly blasted another's life?

A few seconds he stood, then the spell was removed, and with a low moan as of a dumb creature in pain he turned from the spot.

He felt nothing; he was completely crushed with the suddenness of the blow. Not even jealousy of his brother found place at first; he was too much stunned to realize even who it was that had stepped in between himself and her whom he loved.

By degrees the truth dawned on him, and with it came the realization that this would be an ever-present pain. Better far, and easier much to bear, if henceforth Nannette were to have been nothing to him, to have passed out of his life; but to accept as a sister the woman whom he would have made his wife, to see her daily as the wife of another, this was truly hard.

He could not bear it: he must fly as a coward from the field; and then perhaps in after years they might meet again, and he would have learnt how to accept a sister's love instead of the love he so madly longed and prayed for.

He pulled out his watch; it was getting late, but not too late to catch the train that evening, that would take him back to town and leave him solitary amongst thousands of living souls. His one cry was to be left alone; he would have gone mad if a pitying eye had rested on him.

As he neared the cottage, an intense desire to escape even Miss Græme's scrutinizing glance came over him; but it could not be. She heard his footstep—a single step when she had expected two. Slowly and heavily it came up the gravelled walk, and paused a moment ere it entered the porch. She crossed the room and opened the door.

'Robert Elwes,' she said, 'you will come in and tell me how it has fared with you.'

She gazed in sorrow at him as he entered the room, such dejection, such melancholy in his every movement, in such contrast to the mood in which he had left her two hours before.

She sank into her chair, but he did not attempt to follow her example. He waited for a few seconds before he spoke. At last he broke the silence, and his words fell heavily on her ear, so utterly devoid of life or hope.

'Miss Græme,' he said, 'we have all been blind. You and I, at any rate, have shut our eyes to what we ought to have seen. I deluded myself with false hopes, and you in your goodness did not dispel them. But of what use are regrets? Suffice it now to say, that your niece has given her love to one who is worthy of her; but it is not Robert Elwes that you must welcome as your niece's future husband.'

'To whom has Nannette dared to give her love without first obtaining my sanction? She cannot marry without it, and I know of no one who has a right to say to her, "Be my wife."'

The old lady's eyes flashed with a strange brilliancy, and her hand trembled with suppressed feeling as she laid it on the arm of the man before her.

'You *must* acknowledge the man Nannette has chosen, Miss Græme. He is good and true. He meant no harm in



plucking the flower that charmed us both. The man I speak of is my brother.'

'He has only known her for a fortnight; how does she know his feelings will not change? What assurance can he give that he is worthy of her?'

'Much can happen in a fortnight,' he answered sadly. 'Did a fortnight never bring anything to you, after years perhaps of life's usual monotony?'

Miss Græme's mind flew back to her girlhood, and there the history of ten golden days stood out in strong relief. She could say no more; not even in this did Heaven favour her wishes: her will must again bend to the all-powerful Will above.

'And now,' continued Robert, 'I have but one thing to ask before I go, for I am going home to-night. For my sake, be gentle with Nannette. When she comes, do not let her ever suspect what has passed between us. Make some excuse for me, say business has recalled me to town. Do not, I beseech you, let a thought of trouble disturb her happiness. Do not fret about me; I shall soon be all right. Because one joy is taken out of my life, that is no reason why I should not find others. Perhaps in the future it may be given her to know how much I have loved her, love her now, and never shall cease to do on this side of the grave. I must go—I have no time to lose; give me your promise that you will do as I ask.'

'Robert, this is hard!' she exclaimed; 'but for your sake I promise. And, Robert, when my child has left me to gladden another's home, you must come and see a lonely old woman, who loves you dearly for the sake of one who is gone.'

He stooped and kissed her forehead tenderly and reverently. A ray of light seemed to come to him from the past, revealing that she who spoke to him had suffered as he now was suffering. In the wave of sympathy that rolled from her to him, he read her story.

The kiss rested lovingly on her brow, and ere the pressure of his lips had gone he had left her.

Not long after glad voices sounded in the garden, and in Aunt Elsie's blessing and gentle kindness Nannette found no clue to Robert's sudden departure. She laid her head on her pillow, in overflowing gratitude to the Giver of all good, little dreaming that He who had filled her cup to the brim with love and happiness, had also filled the cup of another with bitter sorrow—both given by the same hand in perfect love and mercy.

M. E. T.

*(To be continued.)*

## At Home and Abroad.

## No. I.—CANNES.

To those of our readers who are considering how they may best escape the winter, a short account of one pleasant resting-place may perhaps be acceptable. I pass over the early stages of our journey, the horrors of the well-known crossing, the brief visit to Paris, the first glimpse of southern sunshine at Marseilles, till at length the train plunged into the purple gorges of the Esterelle Mountains. There the scene was indeed lovely. It was one of those balmy November days so enjoyable to travellers on the Riviera, who, fresh from London fogs, can almost fancy that they entered an enchanted region, and feel as if the 'earthly paradise' of which poets sing were not unattainable after all. Before us lay the grand tideless sea,—

'the sacred sea ; the sea of all civilisation and almost all history ; the sea of Egypt, of Palestine, of Greece, of Italy, of Byzant, of Marseilles, . . . to which we owe the greater part of our own progress ; the sea, too, of Carthage, of Algeria, and Cyrene, and fair lands now desolate—surely not to be desolate for ever ; the sea of civilisation. Not only to the Christian and to the classic scholar, but to every man to whom the progress of his race from barbarism towards humanity is dear, should the Mediterranean Sea be one of the most august and precious objects on this globe ; and the first sight of it should inspire reverence and delight as of coming home—home to a rich inheritance in which he has long believed, and now sees at last with his own mortal corporeal eyes.'

So wrote Canon Kingsley in *Good Words* twelve years ago. And as we gazed at the glistening waters, with deep purple and bright peacock shades, here and there splashing up against the red rocks that jut out into the sea, forming innumerable bays and inlets, it was not difficult to echo his enthusiasm about the scenery, which from the mouth of the Rhone to the shores of Palestine forms 'one girdle of perpetual beauty.'

On first arriving at Cannes, it is strange to recall the short history of this favourite winter resort.

Little more than thirty years ago, a report of cholera made the officers on the Italian frontier insist on Lord Broughan's remaining a few days at one of the little fishing villages on the coast before proceeding with his journey. He took a fancy to the place, bought land, and built a villa ; some of

his friends followed his example, and the English colony gradually increased, until one Scotch and three English churches, over a hundred hotels and pensions, and innumerable villas, extending as far as the eye can reach in every direction amongst the olive-clad hills, testify to the prosperity of this great *winter city*.

After arriving at Cannes, it is perplexing, among these endless varieties of climates and situations, to choose one's place of abode.

Some people maintain that the villas among the fir trees at the west end of Cannes are the healthiest. Others, again, object to these, and say that the *Route de Frejus* is damp in wet weather; and as the only rain which falls during the year is in the winter, travellers should be prepared for a certain number of *soft days* even here. Then, when not damp, the *Route de Frejus* certainly is dusty; besides, the walks are mostly either up or down hill, which is trying for invalids; but then some would consider themselves amply repaid for these drawbacks by glorious views of the Esterelle Mountains. The centre of the town is unpopular; report has stigmatized it as unhealthy, and certainly the odours are not always pleasant. Still, more is said about them than necessary by those travellers who are never contented out of their own country, and I have never been able to discover that illnesses are more prevalent in that quarter than in any other.

The Croisette rejoices in a lovely view, including not only the Esterelles, but also the Grasse Mountains and the Alpes Maritimes; but then it is exposed to every wind that blows.

The most sheltered situation of all, and one that becomes more popular every year, owing to the residence of a famous physician in that neighbourhood, is the so-called Provence district. It boasts of lovely walks amongst the olive trees; but the views, except in some remote spots, cannot compare with the other parts of Cannes.

My advice to all who are coming to Cannes for the first time, is never to trust to the recommendation of friends, still less to that of agents, but to come themselves to a hotel for a few days and look about and choose their own villa, as no two people in Cannes agree as to the relative advantage of situations; and if all new-comers did this, endless discontent might be avoided. Life at a villa certainly is much more comfortable and less expensive than at a hotel. Those who do not wish to bring out all their establishment, can have dinners supplied from a *restaurant* at a very cheap rate.

The price of living at one of the great hotels, with all included, would not be less than £1 per day for each person. Some of the pensions will take people in at ten or twelve francs a day, but none of these estimates would include the expensive luxury of a separate sitting-room.

At the pension of Garibondy, the charges are only eight francs a head ; but it is more than three miles from Cannes, up a steep hill, and can only be recommended to those who do not object to a perfectly quiet country life in a very beautiful and somewhat exposed situation. An omnibus goes twice a day to Cannes ; but there is no house at Garibondy except this pension itself, which stands quite alone on the top of a hill, surrounded by umbrella pine trees, with a wild gorge on one side, a background of snow-clad hills and a marshy plain stretching from the foot of the hill on which it stands to the Esterelle Mountains on the west, and the sea on the southern side.

Ladies in reduced circumstances who are ordered to come to Cannes for their health, and who are unable to defray the expenses of life there, if furnished with proper references, might easily gain admittance to the *Asile Evangelique*, where, on payment of five francs a day, they obtain the advantage of trained nursing and every comfort and appliance that is really required.

Some English people come to Cannes expecting to find a tropical climate, where they will require none but summer clothing. Far from it. There are few days between November and April when a serge dress would be too hot ; and I have even known days when a sealskin was not unwelcome, especially late in the afternoon, when the chill which always accompanies the sunset was beginning to make itself felt. The houses, too, are not built to keep out the cold, and the little wood fires give out the smallest possible fraction of heat. By all means, therefore, bring woollen dresses, but have them made of rather a lighter material than you would wear at home.

Cannes should certainly be avoided in October, on account of the mosquitoes and of the autumn rains. November is generally a lovely month, unless the rains are delayed and extend into it. The greatest cold of the year may be expected in December, while January and February are usually splendid months. March, again, is cold and windy, but April is not unlike an English June ; it is the most delightful month in the whole year, not too hot for long walks and expeditions, yet perfect summer weather.



Through the winter, Gloire de Dijon, monthly, and indeed all the hardier kinds of roses, are in full blossom. Mignonette, heliotrope, marigolds, salvia, candytuft, pansies, and adjuratum never cease flowering. Towards the end of January the violets set in, and in February the mimosas along the Antibes road assume their golden glory, and soon after this the famous anemones begin to stud the fields; but, alas! we must now go at least six miles from Cannes in order to find many wild flowers. The peasants root them all up in the neighbourhood of the town; for, in their eagerness to pluck them, the English used to trample on the young corn amongst which they hid their purple and crimson splendour. Many of these flowers, however, may still be found in the neighbourhood of Mongins and Auribeau, quaint little towns, perched on the tops of terraced hills, reminding one of the pictures of Judea; indeed, all the scenery of this part of Provence is very like the descriptions of Syria. Here and there are rough stony tracts of country, where nothing but a few scattered pine trees, myrtle, heather, and gum cistus grow; then, again, there are fertile valleys filled with groves of olive trees, which also line the carefully-constructed terraces on the sides of the hills. Every patch of earth is made the most of in this country. Not only are vines planted between the olives, but young corn nestles up to their gnarled stems, its green freshness forming a pleasing contrast to the silvery foliage of the olives above and the rich red of the loam beneath; while distant glimpses of blue sea and snow-clad Alps, with a bright sun and cloudless sky, complete the scene.

The Provencal farmers have no system of rotation of crops. When their patch of land, which has been made to produce 'corn, and wine, and oil' at the same time, is exhausted, they allow alternate strips of land to remain fallow for a year, after which they again cultivate it as before.

The road to Grasse is lined with fields of roses, jessamine, and tube-roses, cultivated for the scent factories there. Grasse and its factories of scent and bonbons is well worth a visit; but the most interesting place there is the house of the painter Fragonard, celebrated as the scene of a most characteristic episode in the first Revolution.

Fragonard, who was the court painter, and had been painting at Trianon for Marie Antoinette, returned to his native town of Grasse when first the Revolution broke out, and there employed himself decorating the walls of his house and of his *atelier*. For some time he was left in peace; but at length the

Revolution extended to Provence, and Fragonard was warned that the mob meant to attack his house, and that he, as a *protégé* of the Bourbons, might expect to fare badly. Seizing his brushes, he hastily commenced painting a cap of liberty on the wall of the vestibule. The mob broke in, and, finding him thus employed, thought him a republican, and raising the shout of 'Vive le citoyen Fragonard !' swept on, leaving the beloved *atelier* untouched ; and these paintings remain to this day to testify to the truth of the story.

A lovely expedition may be made from Grasse to the wild rock and waterfall of the Saut de Loup ; and those who like to extend their drive to the little town of Vence Cagnes, about eighteen miles farther, can thence return by rail to Cannes, and will be amply repaid by the beautiful scenery and quaint towns through which the road passes.

Expeditions are the principal amusement of Cannes. Evening parties are rare, and those who come there expecting gaiety, will probably be disappointed ; but there are walking and driving, sketching and botanizing parties, and picnics almost every day, during the months of February, March, and April.

Some of the pleasantest of these expeditions are those in the direction of the Esterelle Mountains, either to St. Cassien with its hermit, or the ruined castle of Napoulc, built for protection against Saracen pirates, and whence the lovely bay of Téoule and the rocky gorge of Maureville are comparatively easy walks. Turning farther inland, there is a beautiful drive along the old post road, once famous for brigands, to the solitary inn of Esterel ; and thence, good walkers can ascend the sharp summit of Mount Vinaigre, and gain an extensive panoramic view of the surrounding country.

On the other side of Cannes there is a lovely drive to the old town of Antibes, with its quaint streets, and lighthouse perched on a conical hill which rises from a promontory stretching far out into the sea. The road to Antibes passes through Golfe Juan, where the old peasants, who still remember 1814, point out the exact spot where Napoleon landed from Elba to electrify Europe, and the olive trees beneath which he bivouacked on that eventful occasion.

The little islands of the Lerins, too, are full of interesting historical associations. At St. Marguerite, they show the rocks down which Marshal Bazaine is said to have scrambled in his hurried escape, and the suite of rooms in which he was confined, as well as the dungeon of that still more

unfortunate and mysterious prisoner, the 'man with the iron mask.'

Much has been written on the subject, but the mystery still remains as insoluble as ever. The Matthioli theory seems now to have fallen through, failing to establish the identity of dates, and the most tenable hypothesis still is that the hapless man was a brother of Louis XIV. The guides point out a model of the iron grating which was placed in the window to prevent the prisoner from throwing out any more plates for Cannes fishermen to pick up; but there are no authentic relics or traces of the mysterious prisoner.

A few years ago this island was tenanted by exiles from Algeria, banished here on account of political offences; and as they glided about amongst the fir trees in their white bournouses under a fiery sun, it was difficult to remember that one was still in Europe. These poor men would often approach English travellers, entreating them in broken French to post the letters they were not allowed to send otherwise to their relatives in Algiers, and offering to sell them the little shells and wild asparagus they had collected on the island.

The smaller island of St. Honorat is more interesting still, especially to students of ecclesiastical history. 'Indeed,' as Mr. Green, the historian, says,<sup>1</sup> 'the isle of St. Honorat is one of the great historic sites of the world. It is the starting-point of European monasticism, whether in its Latin, its Teutonic, or its Celtic form; for it was by Lerins that the monasticism of Egypt first penetrated into the West.' Few monastic establishments can boast of a longer series of great names; Salvion, Hilary, Cæsarius, and Vigilius were reared within its walls. It was the home of the great Vincentius of Lerins, whose famous aphorism, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, has been so often quoted by the Roman Church. There, too, St. Patrick learnt that type of monasticism he afterwards transmitted to the Celtic Church. St. Honorat was the battle-field of the semi-Pelagian controversy, the scene of the massacre of monks by Saracens in the eighth century, and has rightly been called the Iona of Southern Gaul.

The strongly-fortified castle of Lerins, an interesting relic of the Middle Ages, once united the functions of fortress and abbey. Externally, the architecture is military; but the interior is monastic, and few mediæval remains are more beautiful than the arcades of the first-pointed work in the

<sup>1</sup> Green's *Stray Studies*, p. 36.

cloister. It carries one's thoughts strongly back to the days when that great potentate, the Abbot of Lerins, possessed military and spiritual jurisdiction over the surrounding country, as well as over the colony of 4000 monks immediately under his control. The monastery was secularized at the time of the Revolution, and in recent days the island narrowly escaped being turned into a tea garden by enterprising British speculators; however, it was purchased instead by the Bishop of Frejus, who has established a silent but very active agricultural order of monks there, under whose charge the barren and sterile island is fast being converted into a flourishing farm.

No women are admitted into the conventual buildings save the princesses of the House of Bourbon, but by special permission of the Pope the late Queen of Holland was allowed to visit it three years ago. As her health would not permit her to walk to the convent, and no carriage was to be found on the island, the brethren dragged their august visitor on a gaily-decorated truck along the little trainway constructed for agricultural purposes, and all the great ladies of Cannes followed, walking two and two, taking advantage of this opportunity of visiting the forbidden precincts.

People often ask what there is to do at Cannes, and certainly the typical Englishman, whose only idea of occupation and amusement consisted in 'killing something,' would find little to gratify his sanguinary taste; for, except a few pigeons, which are occasionally 'butchered to make a *Briton's* holiday' on the Croisette, there is no sport at Cannes. The society, too, is of a somewhat tame description; and so a man who is entirely dependent on exciting pleasures too often takes refuge amongst the gaming saloons of Monaco from the *ennui* of existence in a place where there is nothing for him to do. But those who are contented with simpler amusements find plenty of scope for indulging their respective inclinations. The artist sketches an endless variety of lovely views, the pedestrian clammers up the highest peaks and takes long walks through varied and beautiful scenery, and the geologists and naturalists devote their energies to the collection of specimens, amongst which we may mention *trap-door* spiders, *l'araignée maconne*, whose wonderfully-constructed habitations and curious habits are extremely interesting.

No account of Cannes would be complete that omitted all mention of a spot so dear to many English hearts as the Protestant cemetery. It is in a fine open situation, on a



little eminence between the ever-changing sea and the changeless hills. Here rest Prosper Mérimée, the French man of letters; Munro, the Scotch sculptor; and Lord Brougham, who may well be called the founder of Cannes. The white marble crosses amongst the fir trees, the graceful slope of the ground, the glorious views of the sea, and of purple and snow-clad hills, and the absence of all damp and gloom owing to the dry nature of the soil, combine to render it one of the most beautiful graveyards in Europe. Although Cannes is essentially an invalid's city, yet the percentage of deaths is very small, which is all the more surprising when one remembers that many new-comers arrive in a dying state.

Health, naturally, is one of the chief topics of conversation at Cannes; yet though the presence of so many invalids is sometimes thought depressing, there are many who feel that, deprived of their home duties and interests, their lives would be very aimless without the care and sympathy continually needed by those around them.

To some lonely and sorrowful English, the Cannes churches are really like a bit of home transplanted amongst strange surroundings; and the principal English church in the Route de Frejus has indeed fulfilled the wish expressed on its porch,<sup>1</sup> and been to many 'a little sanctuary' in the strange country to which they had come.

I have scarcely time to do more than briefly to allude to the principal walks at Cannes—the one to the Croix de Gardes, for instance, where you walk up through groves of Cassia, past Villa St. François, known to all readers of the *Memorials of a Quiet Life* as Mrs. Hare's residence, into a wild fir wood filled with splendid white heather, where you might fancy yourself hundreds of miles from any town, till you reach the summit of the hill, and look down over the bays of Napoule, Cannes, and Golfe Juan, and on clear mornings, at sunrise, may even catch sight of Corsica.

The principal walk on the other side is over the hill to Vallauris. Well do I remember one such walk. We passed through the town along the *course*, regretting the new buildings that have blocked up and spoil the picturesque old market-place; and instead of following the gaily-dressed crowd, who were flocking towards the Cercle to watch the regatta, we turned up amongst the olive groves of the Provence district; and as we climbed the steep hill, we could occasionally hear snatches of the air the band was playing on the Croisette, or catch glimpses of the white yachts as

<sup>1</sup> Over the porch is Ezek. xi. 16.

they glided about in swan-like beauty amongst the peaked lateen sails of the native fishing-boats.

The Vallauris pottery has now become so famous that it threatens to lose one of its chief merits—that of cheapness. The enterprising owner of the manufactory, too, now spends large sums in procuring skilled artists, who paint beautiful pictures on the fragile ware, and design most elaborate shapes, which seem rather out of keeping with the simple material.

Clodion's *plaque* of children leading a goat is one of the prettiest designs; and the old Etruscan shapes, so popular some years ago, though now rather discarded for showier rivals, still seem to us unrivalled in their graceful simplicity.

Few things are more interesting than to watch potters at work, and to see what varied and beautiful shapes rise rapidly under the workman's fingers from the formless lump he has placed on the whirling wheel.

The potter's wheel is one of the few things that have never been improved upon. It still remains exactly as it was in the most primitive times, when it furnished poets, prophets, and apostles with so many apt illustrations. A great poet of our day, R. Browning, says truly:

‘Time's wheel runs back or stops,  
Potter and clay endure.’

The evening was far advanced when we returned, and wrapping ourselves up to avoid the bad effects of the sudden chill which always accompanies the sunset in these climates, we waited on the green mound by the little chapel of St. Antoine till we had seen the last of the crimson glory behind the Esterclles, and the first flush of the after-glow on the distant Alps. We walked home in the deepening twilight through the quaint narrow streets of the old town, teeming with busy life; for the Cannois, like all natives of a southern clime, are seldom in their houses, which they regard only as places in which to sleep and to cook, while their real home is in the street. On this occasion there was great excitement amongst the inhabitants of Cannes, for it was the evening of the day of the conscription, and we met bands of conscripts with the numbers they had drawn stuck in their caps, singing as they went along; while groups of women were standing chatting at the house doors, some sad, some triumphant, some watching eagerly to see whether Vincent or Antoine would return with a lucky number. Here and there some young girl in a short stuff petticoat and black head-dress, her yellow kerchief drawn over her shapely brown

neck, might be seen standing a little apart with a wistful look in her eyes, wondering maybe whether the Holy Maries will remember the tall white candle she has promised them if Antoine draws the right number; for she is sure she never could care for that stupid Jean--no, not if he had all the treasures of the *Chèvre d'or*<sup>1</sup> itself. Yes, Jean had much better go to the wars, and then he would be out of the way. Jean's old mother does not think so, however, as she stands there at the corner of the street murmuring in her musical patois (an odd mixture of French, Spanish, and Arabic, very like the romance of the troubadours) a prayer which runs somewhat thus:

'O Santè Mario,  
Que poudès en flour  
Chanja nòsti plour,  
Clinos lèn l'aurito,  
Devers ma doulour.'

'O Holy Maries,  
Who to flowers  
Can change our tears,  
Incline soon the ear  
Unto my grief.'

The Holy Maries are the patronesses of Provence. Tradition says that, after our Lord's death, some of His most fervent disciples, amongst whom were Lazarus, Martha, Mary Magdalene, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and the 'other Mary,' were placed by the Jews in a boat without sail or oar or rudder, and were abandoned to the waves that bore them safely to the little island of Camargue, near Marseilles. Mary Magdalene retired to the desert of Sainte Baume, where she wept till her tears formed the little river of the Huveaune; her companions preached in the various cities of Provence, and converted those countries to Christianity. In death they were all again united in the island of Camargue. In 1448 they revealed the presence of their bones to good King René, who built a magnificent church on the island, which has since been the scene of many pilgrimages. Such is the legend, believed by the simple Provençaux.

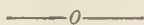
The nights at Cannes are even more lovely than the days, and after the chill of the sunset hour is past it is no longer dangerous to go out. Often have I sat at my window at night watching the long shadows of the palm trees on the moonlit terrace, the dim outline of the Esterelle, the shining reflection of the moon on the water, and the Eucalyptus trees looking so eerie in the weird light that it was not difficult to people them in imagination with little elves and sprites,

<sup>1</sup> The *Chèvre d'or* is the guardian of the famous treasure buried by the Saracens somewhere under the mountains of Provence. To find the treasure is the great ambition of every Provençal person.

as E. V. B. has done in her charming illustrations of the *Magic Valley*, a Provençal fairy tale that all who come to Cannes should read.

Yes, when I think of all that I have described, and of much else, I feel inclined to counsel thus the southward-bound traveller: 'Do not go to Rome to be poisoned with malaria, nor to Naples, scarcely less unhealthy; the cold winds of Florence would freeze the marrow of your bones, you might as well winter in Edinburgh; and the glare of the white streets often renders Nice unbearable, to say nothing of the society from Monaco which now frequents the Promenade des Anglais. No; if you want a quiet winter home, where you need never be dull, and yet where you can live as secluded as you like, follow our example and come to Cannes.'

SIDNEY PHILIPS.



### *A Dream Maiden.*

My baby is sleeping overhead,  
My husband is in the town;  
In my large white bed uncurtained,  
All alone I lay me down.

I have combed out my golden waves of hair,  
And scarcely stirred they lie  
All down below my slender waist,  
So white and calm am I.

And dreamily I have said my prayers,  
And dreamily closed my eyes,  
And the youth in my blood moves sweetly  
As my pulses fall and rise.

I lie so peaceful and lonely,  
A maiden in spirit-land,  
With the moonbeams in at the window,  
And hand laid close to hand.

I wander forth in the moonbeams,  
All free of heart alone,  
Neither awake nor dreaming,  
To-night it is all one.



Light of step across the carpet  
 Of the flower-entangled spring,  
 Light of spirit through the haunted  
 Wood pathways, murmuring.

The earth is telling her secrets,  
 Never shy or strange to me;  
 My heart beating only silence,  
 One with her mystery.

All over the beautiful distance  
 The air is so fresh and pure,  
 The night is so cool and silvery,  
 The calm is so secure.

And afar, down into the sunrise,  
 The glittering dream-worlds shine;  
 And by this free heart triumphant  
 I pass on to make them mine.

O elfin maiden, turn homeward,  
 And dream not so cold and wild.  
 Have I not turned a woman?  
 Have I not husband and child?

H. E. H. K.

—o—

### **An Incident of Table Bay.**

‘Men must work, and women must weep.’

ON the shores of Table Bay, beyond Paarden Island, in the mouth of Salt River, there is a long stretch of sand, extending for several miles, upon which the waves roll with unbroken strength, and where each wind of heaven is felt in its fullest force. A bleak inhospitable place, glaringly bright in summer, cold and desolate in winter. Certainly most uninhabitable; and the remains of a wall, a few dozen stones, the relics of a whalebone fence, and here and there a piece of plaster, must be the last traces of a boat-house, or a hut in which fishermen may have occasionally taken shelter from a storm. Surely no dwelling could have been placed in so wild a spot!

And yet never was scene more lovely in Hester Vischer's eyes, or house more perfect in her sight, than that long bare beach and storm-proof cottage to which her husband brought her three days after their marriage. Jan was a fisherman,

strong, sturdy, and successful; and when he wooed Farmer Van Eyeck's daughter, the old man was no less satisfied with him than Hester herself, who, living ten miles inland, had never seen the sea, and was willing to believe her lover as brave, and daring, and courageous, as any Viking of old. So they were married, and came home to the cottage in which every comfort that the fisher mind could devise had been carefully stored—presses of cheese, barrels of oil, capacious fireplaces, windows with wooden shutters, and sailcloth curtains to keep out the insinuating wind that would creep in at the chinks despite the liberal tarring all the crevices had received. One window only was not protected,—it looked seawards; and there, each night, a lamp burned brightly for the use of those who might be at sea.

The young couple prospered, and when Jan was away, Hester never tired of watching the ocean with its strange changes, its roar, and its foam; it surpassed in beauty, she thought, the green pasture fields of her girlhood's home, and the yellow boundary of sand was almost as marvellous. Years fled on, and life was still a pleasure to the humble pair. It was a joyous sight to see Jan haul up his boat to its shed, whilst Hester gave by no means despicable assistance; and two boys, tumbling amongst the seaweed that formed part of the fisher's moveable stock-in-trade, carried armfuls of it to the cart in which Jan took round his spoils to all the houses within six miles, the quiet old mule calmly enduring the while to be adorned with impromptu garlands of wet seaweed; for had he not known the lads from their babyhood, and was he not one of the happy cheerful family?

As the sons grew up, they joined their father in his severer labours, and increased his gains; and the mother was almost as proud of her Dirk and Dan as of her husband, who was no less a hero to her now than in the days of her early womanhood. Hester had had such confidence and trust in his power and skill, that the dangers of his life had never presented themselves to her mind. However wild or stormy the night, no fear of an accident occurred to her; he was so clever a sailor, no squall could surprise him, no mischance could overtake him; and in some degree this trust was extended to her sons. Thus it was that, when father and sons were absent, the wife and mother went cheerily about her work, mended the jackets, knit the hose, lit the nightly lamp with a pitiful thought for those who were dear to fishermen less skilled than Jan, and then lay down to sleep without a doubt of her loved ones' safety.

With this certain trust, Hester Vischer arose one morning as the wind howled ominously around her home.

'I wish they were back!' cried her niece, who was soon to be her daughter, and was trying hard to be as brave and cheerful in Dirk's absence as Hester was in Jan's.

'They will come to-day, Letty—their three days are over, and perhaps the forenoon will bring them; but it's been blowing hard through the night, and if they happen to be later, you needn't fear aught. Brighten up, girl! a fisher's wife mustn't be frightened at a few gales.'

Letty shook her head as if she wished she could help being frightened during the gales, and set about her work to try and divert her thoughts. But as the hours passed by, the gale became a terrible tempest, and a fog enveloped Table Bay; a number of fishermen came down to Hester's cottage to hear if Jan had returned, and looked very grave when they heard he had not, and even graver still when the fog lifted and they recognised his boat not a quarter of a mile from shore—dismasted. It was hard work for the three men on board the little craft to make any way with oars in such a sea, and though they strove for life or death, no human strength could conquer in such a contest. They had brought the little vessel within two hundred yards of the beach, when a heavy wave struck her fiercely on the counter; for one second it might almost have been said the boat sprang from the water, her bows went up so suddenly, and then she sank, never more to be seen by the eyes that had watched her so eagerly. A terrible cry rose from the beach, as, after a silence more fearful than any words, *one* form *alone* was seen battling with the waves. It was Dirk's, and when he saw through the blinding spray his mother and bride, and heard, above the tempest, their agonized cry, he urged his failing strength to one more effort. Ropes were flung wildly towards him, hardy seamen cheered him by their shouts as each rope fell short of his eager hand; but surely he has gained the shore at last, the wave recedes as he makes one more powerful stroke, then stands erect, and rushes forward.

'Safe! safe!' cried a tender woman's voice, and then arose such a terrible wail of anguish that the old fishermen even started back in horror.

'O God, a quicksand!' burst from Hester's lips, and she sprang madly forward as if to rescue her son. They held her back, but threw poles and ropes to the hapless lad, sinking out of sight not ten yards from their eyes. Then a wave dashed

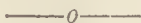
over him, and as it went back, taking poles and ropes with it, no trace was seen of the youth—nothing but the cruel glitter that showed the existence of a quicksand.

Held back by force from rushing into the waves, the bereaved wife and mother fell senseless to the ground, and was carried to her cottage, where for weeks she raved and wept, tended by Letty with a daughter's care; and when, at length, she rose from the bed on which she had suffered the terrors of delirium, there was little in the gaunt and haggard woman with the grey locks and wild eyes to remind those around her of the bright-eyed happy matron of a few short weeks before. Her friends would have taken her away from the scene of her woe, but she would not leave it; day by day, and week by week, she sat motionless on the beach looking out to sea, unconscious of everything else as she repeated with painful monotony:

'Letty mustn't be frightened. Dirk will come with his father and Dan. Sailors' wives must not cry at storms;' and then her voice would change, and she would sing the low soft lullabies with which she had hushed her lost sons to sleep when they were in their cradles and their father away on the ocean wherein all now is rest.

'Bury me by my Jan,' said Hester Vischer on her death-bed; and so beneath the soft blue wave, so treacherous to her who loved it so well, they laid her down to sleep till the sea shall give up her dead, and the grave her prey.

L. D. P.



### *Thistledown.*

THISTLEDOWN, thistledown,  
How the children scatter  
All around the feathery seeds  
From the prickly thistle weeds,  
Thinking it no matter!

Thistledown, thistledown,  
Lightly, lightly blowing,  
How the little winds in play  
Whirl it here and there away,  
All the mischief sowing!

Little words, little words,  
Carelessly we scatter;



Up and down, where'er we go,  
 Fling them lightly to and fro,  
 Thinking it no matter.

Little words, thoughtless words,  
 Quickly, quickly spoken  
 (Scarcely heed them as we may),  
 May have led a soul astray,  
 Or a frail heart broken.

Thistledown, thistledown,  
 Scattered all so lightly,  
 Note we ne'er the seeds are sown  
 Till the thistle weeds are grown  
 Ugly and unsightly.

Idle words, idle words,  
 What will be revealèd  
 When the world together met,  
 The great Judgment-seat is set,  
 And the books unsealèd :

God of mercy, God of grace,  
 Keep us, heavenly Father;  
 Help us all good seed to sow,  
 Words of love where'er we go,  
 Harvest good to gather.

D.

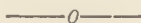
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### Our Library Table.

LONDON IN THE JACOBITE TIMES. By Dr. Doran, F.S.A.  
 London : Richard Bentley & Son.

The subject of this work is without doubt an interesting one, and by special studies of this sort we can in some degree realize the men of the past not only by the things they did, but how they lived, spoke, and thought. If we could have clearly represented to us the mind and temper throughout the period of Jacobite disturbance, we might better understand the general history of the time, a brilliant side light would be thrown on the whole scene, and we might come to realize the life of a day which seems, comparatively speaking, so near us in years, and so far removed in sentiment. We cannot exactly say that Dr. Doran's new work does give us as clear a representation as might be desired ; he has collected a quantity of materials and tells us a great many curious facts and incidents, but the general effect is confused. His details are interesting, but they overpower

the main points, and the whole is too spun out; especially in the last volume, after the rebellion of 1745 has been dealt with and the interest of the book is falling off, do we get an uncomfortable feeling that a certain amount of 'padding' is being put in to fill out the volume. With all these drawbacks, however, there is a great amount both of amusement and information in the book; it shows us what the unsettled state of society must have been with plots always going on, suspicion rife everywhere, spies and traitors making their market out of the confusion, the Jacobites mingling reckless audacity and odd cunning, and the savage mob forming a dark background. We do not fall in love with the 18th century after reading this book. London must have been far from a delightful residence in those days, with the frequent executions, the rotting heads and limbs stuck up in public places, the furious fights, sometimes extending to the churches, and the general sense of insecurity. Dr. Doran endeavours to do justice to the two contending parties, and to acknowledge fairly the good qualities, such as they were, which were shown on either side, but it is no pleasing page of English history which he has chosen to illustrate.



## Question Series.

I. *History*.—Trace the main points in the development of our Parliamentary system.

II. *English Literature*.—What was the effect of the translation of the Bible into English upon our language and literature?

Answers to be sent in by 15th November, addressed 'Qu. C., care of Miss Walker, 37 Gillespie Crescent.' The best answer to each question will be inserted in the magazine, and prizes are offered at the close of the year for the greatest number in each department. *N.B.*—Answers only to be written on one side of the paper, and the real name and address of the sender, besides her pseudonym, to be given. Only the latter will appear in the magazine. History not to exceed twenty-four, Literature twenty-six printed lines; twelve words go to a line. We warn correspondents against running time too short. The 15th is the latest possible day on which the *Editors* can receive any answer; an accidental delay in delivery may exclude a good answer from competition.



## ANSWERS TO AUGUST SERIES.

In *History*: M. B. is the best; B. and HEATHER, excellent; MAYFLY, very good; SPIDER, good.

In *Literature*: None have answered except HEATHER; her answer is very good and well condensed.

I. (1) Claudius founded the first Roman colony at Colchester (Brit. *Cumulodunum*), 43 A.D., where, to honour him, the colonists erected a temple. Colchester was destroyed by the Iceni under Boadicea, 60 A.D.; it was soon rebuilt, and became one of the principal Roman strongholds in Britain. The Roman words *colonia* and *castra*

can be traced in the name Colchester, and many interesting remains have been found there. The town walls, castle, and several churches are built of Roman brick. (2) York was constituted a Roman station by Agricola, 79 A.D., and called Eboracum. Eboracum became the Roman capital, where the emperors or their legates resided, and where in 211 A.D. Severus died. Carausius, a Roman admiral, who assumed the title, Ruler of Britain, was assassinated by Allectus at York, 297 A.D. Constantius Chlorus also died here, 306 A.D., and York is the reputed birthplace of his son, Constantine the Great. The Roman parts of the city wall may easily be distinguished from the more modern masonry. (3) Agricola erected a line of forts between the Solway Frith and the Tyne, 79 A.D., to protect the southern provinces from the incursions of the Picts. To strengthen this barrier, Hadrian constructed an earthen rampart, 120 A.D.; and a few yards farther north, Severus built his great wall of hewn stone, 210 A.D. Parts of this wall can still be traced, and at its eastern extremity is the village of Wallsend, noted for its coal. (4) Watling Street (*Stratum Vitellianum*) was a great Roman road, extending from Dover to Canterbury, Rochester, and London, thence to Caer-Siont (near Cærnarvon) by Uriconium and Chester. From Uriconium a branch diverged to Scotland by Lancaster and Kendal. Portions of this ancient road are still used, and streets in London and Canterbury retain its name.

M. B.

II. *The King's Quhair*, or 'King's Little Book,' is a volume of poetry composed by James I. of Scotland, during his imprisonment in England, in the reigns of Henry IV. and Henry V., and describes the events of his captivity; the chief incident being the captive king's first sight of Lady Joanna Beaufort, from the window of his prison in Windsor Castle, as she walked in the garden underneath.

*The Schoolmaster* is a treatise on classical education, by Roger Ascham, tutor and secretary to Queen Elizabeth. It was published by his widow in 1571.

*Ralph Roister-Doister* is our earliest English comedy, acted in 1551, and written by Nicholas Udall, for some time master of Eton College. The scene of the piece is laid in London, and the story gives a curious and animated picture of citizen life in the sixteenth century. The heroine is a young and pretty widow, who has a lover and several other suitors, chief amongst whom is the ridiculous personage who gives his name to the play.

*The Castle of Otranto* is a mediæval romance written by Horace Walpole, son of the celebrated minister of George I. and George II., and himself noted as a wit and letter-writer. It may be considered the first English specimen of that class of works afterwards enriched and illustrated by Scott, Bulwer Lytton, and others. The time chosen is the Feudal Age, the place Italy; the heroine represents the sentimental languor of the eighteenth century superadded to the female type of the Middle Age, and the interest of the tale is sustained by the mysterious apparition of an armed warrior, a colossal helmet which finds its way into the courtyard, and a liberal supply of secret panels, subterranean passages, etc. The manners are absurd and unnatural, and the story full of contradictions, as are all romantic fictions before Scott.

HEATHER.

## Stray Notes.

[Ladies who come to Edinburgh for the purpose of attending the Classes of the Ladies' Educational Association, can be boarded in private families, where they will receive assistance in their studies. Apply to the Honorary Secretary of the Association, 4 Saxe-Coburg Place, Edinburgh.]

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY LOCAL EXAMINATIONS. — We are permitted to insert the following extracts from letters written to friends, by ladies who have benefited by our S. George's Hall Classes during the past session. The extracts speak for themselves, and may perhaps answer some of the inquiries, and meet some of the minor difficulties, which beset young students preparing for a similar course of study:—

‘Aug. 15, 1878.

‘All I can say is that I shall *never* regret that I joined the S. George's Hall Classes. It was almost by chance that I did so. For several years I had been anxious to pass an examination, chiefly because I am a governess, and I knew what an advantage it would be if I could attend lectures and obtain a certificate.

‘It was almost impossible for me to do as so many others can who live in towns. I always happened to be living in the country, and so was obliged to give up the idea of passing a Cambridge Local. Then I wished to join one of the Cambridge Classes of Instruction by Correspondence, but here another obstacle presented itself in the shape of the expense. I found it would cost far more than I could afford to prepare myself for one of the Cambridge Examinations, so that at last I gave up the idea in despair and was obliged to be content to study alone.

‘Towards the end of October last year, I happened one evening to take up the *Saturday Review*, and after reading one or two articles, I turned to the advertisements, and there to my great delight I saw one about the Correspondence Classes in connection with the Edinburgh University Examinations. I immediately wrote to Miss Dundas to ask for further particulars. She sent me a prospectus and a pamphlet which explained the system of instruction. I found that it would cost *much* less to prepare myself for an Edinburgh than for a Cambridge certificate, and I determined at once to join the classes in November.

‘I need scarcely say how helpful I found the fortnightly papers, the explanations were always so clearly and kindly given. However stupid my mistakes might be, they were always most patiently and courteously dealt with. I was never afraid to ask about anything I could not understand, for I knew that my difficulties would be swept away as soon as my papers were returned.

‘I don't see how any one (even the most stupid person) could help deriving the greatest benefit from joining these classes. I always find it so much easier to work with an object in view. It prevents me from getting lazy and careless. It is such a help to be *obliged* to get a certain amount of reading done in a certain time. I think one of the rules an especially useful one—viz., that if we have to refer to books in answering the usual fortnightly questions, we must say that we have done so in the margin. This makes one rather anxious to have as few references to books as possible.

‘In conclusion, I must say that I am looking forward with great



delight to the renewal of the class work in November. Every one tells me that the Special Subjects are not nearly so "dangerous" as the Preliminary. I trust I may be successful next year in gaining at least an ordinary certificate.

M. J. B.'

'Aug. 9, 1878.

'Nothing seemed more unlikely this time last year, than that we should have had a Local Centre for Examination in ———, for the simple and sole reason that we knew actually nothing about it; and yet we knew all about the Oxford and Cambridge Examinations, and were interested in several young friends in the south who went in for them. But the visit of an enthusiastic Edinburgh student changed all that; and having some faith in ourselves *collectively*, an honest desire to do good work, for its own sake, and for the credit and (as it might afterwards prove) the good of our native place, we made out, after a little laying of our heads together and pulling all together, a sufficient number of candidates.

'Fully half became corresponding students. One or two who were quite grown up, thought it the more conscientious plan to work entirely without help; but as eventually we fell on a plan of mutual co-operation, the question of correspondence or home work cannot be well compared in this centre. But I should like to say here that in three cases out of four, I think the admirably-prepared corresponding papers must be of great advantage to the student, as they define so clearly what the work ought to be, dividing it into portions suitable for the time necessary to prepare it, thus avoiding the great drawback to home study, *want of method*; and they go over much more ground than a casual look at the *final* examination papers might lead you to think was necessary, making, in short, the work more thorough.

'But to return to our work of preparation. After three months' study, we all saw that we knew much less than we thought we did, and we had an idea that some one should, as the children say, "Hear us our lessons." One of the mothers was found willing, and till the end of the time she gathered us together once a month. The first meeting was quite awful in its way. During tea, instead of our ordinary chatter, we talked nothing but Thin and examinations; and afterwards, instead of elegant little work-bags or preparation for merry-making, every one produced an ink-bottle and a bundle of paper. Our hostess had prepared a series of questions on each subject, extending over an understood number of pages in each text-book. For encouragement, she confided to us that she could scarcely answer any of the questions without the help of the book; and having made a strict rule that no one should talk, each question was read out, and we then wrote down the answer, which was often timed. At the end of each subject, and before we proceeded to another, came the hardest bit of all; we began in rotation to read aloud the answer to each question; and although we all knew each other very well, we had at first very shaky voices. It happened that we began with questions on history, and our often misguided remarks led to no little merriment, which put us quite at our ease, and from three to four hours passed so quickly we were quite astonished.

'The meetings did much good; they showed a girl where she was more deficient than her neighbour; they encouraged the timid, who found out that she did as well as others; and sometimes they checked the over-confidence of another. We all passed; we are still to work

on 'We are getting new candidates, and we hope what we began will prosper.'

'I mentioned, when we met last winter, the "Instruction by Correspondence" with Edinburgh, by aid of which we were preparing for the University Local Examination. Now that we have obtained our certificates, you may like to hear how we fared. The whole thing was an unfailing interest to us all last winter, and we found this plan of teaching a very real help in systematizing and testing our reading. Of course we had read the Second Book of Samuel and the *Tales of a Grandfather* before, and had also studied geography, grammar, and arithmetic; but once beyond the schoolroom's daily routine, it is sad and strange how hazy grow even important details, and how desultory our reading often proves when the test of an examination is applied to it. The papers of questions set by Mr. M'Glashan during the winter came once a fortnight; those by Mr. Reid, during the shorter spring course, every week; and I think those whose social and other duties exact a large share of the day should begin their preparation in November: they will not find a fortnight too long to prepare thoroughly for each paper. Map-drawing alone consumes much time, and we found the best way to "get up" our geography was to begin by drawing a map of the country, and to learn names of towns, rivers, etc., afterwards; we stood thus a better chance of both answering questions and drawing the map by heart, if our next paper required one. These periodical examinations were quite as interesting and often more difficult than the University one, to which they were leading us. Another advantage in beginning your Preliminary Subjects in November is, that having completed the winter course early in March, more than three months remain, in which you may, if you please, work up two or three Special Subjects with a view to obtaining your certificate, whether ordinary or honour, at once. Instruction by Correspondence can be obtained in some of the "Specials" also; but while undertaking these, you must remember that unless you pass in Preliminaries, no amount of marks will avail you in aught else; and for this reason, some of us, while reading up their Specials, went over the ground again in the spring course for Preliminary Subjects. I am afraid we plied our Edinburgh correspondents, secretary, and professors, with manifold queries, but they always responded most kindly and promptly. As the examination approached, we grew nervous, and felt keenly how much we had left undone. But for the feeling that it would not do to set a cowardly example, one at least might not have reached her centre at all, on that Tuesday in June. We were not a large body, our centre being only just formed. We took our seats at either end of the little tables, furnished with paper, pens, and ink; the rules were read, the papers distributed, and we "fell to." Once launched, we enjoyed our three days' ordeal most thoroughly, and the fatigue of writing for so many hours a day was forgotten in the absorbing interest of our subjects. I should add that we had from the local examiner all the help he could lawfully offer us, and every arrangement made by him spoke of courteous consideration. As to the papers, we did not find the arithmetic as hard as we expected it would be. One hint given us some time before seems worth noting. On receiving a paper and marking the questions you feel able to answer, try also to apportion your time, and keep to your division of it as nearly as possible, other-

wise a question on which you can say a great deal will absorb too much, and the others be neglected ; for time flies fast on such occasions, and a frantic despair scatters such ideas as may have been ready for presentation. . . . I wish this Edinburgh Local Examination and the Instruction by Correspondence were more widely known. Many girls would like to test their knowledge, and would enjoy the preparation as much as we did, but are daunted by the severer Oxford and Cambridge Examinations, and the higher fees of the latter University. It seems to me an excellent bit of training in itself, apart from the fact that in these hard times women should be prepared to help themselves, and take stock of their attainments before the day of poverty dawns upon them. N.'

The following is from a Corresponding Student, one of the prize-holders :—

'Aug. 1878.

'I enrolled myself as a pupil for the quarter beginning in April last. My motive simply was to keep up my studies by working up some subjects for the Edinburgh University Local Examinations, to prepare candidates for which these classes are specially designed. I first received an outline of study, including all the prescribed work in the subjects I took, and indicating precisely how much was to be got up for each paper of questions. Of these there were eight in the course of the quarter, to which answers were expected within three days. As, however, there are only two mails in the week to Shetland, I generally could not send my replies until after, at least, four days. At the end of the quarter there was a general examination of the whole work, which had to be done in a certain time, and without assistance of any kind. My answers to each paper were duly returned corrected, along with many suggestions for improvement. It was most interesting, and a welcome break in the monotony of life here, to receive either a paper or corrected answers ; the arrival of the mail, always an exciting event in this isolated place, was rendered doubly so when either of these important documents appeared with it.

'To girls who are not within the reach of masters or help of any kind, the system of Instruction by Correspondence is simply invaluable. If its existence were more widely known, it would no doubt be much more largely taken advantage of by those who have at present no idea that the means of self-improvement is by it brought into their very homes.

'In June I went to Edinburgh for the examination, and found it not nearly so formidable as I expected. Greatly to my surprise, I succeeded best with the subject I was most afraid of—Arithmetic, in which we girls so often fail. I was very much pleased, on the whole, with my quarter's work and its result ; and though the examination *was* an ordeal, and I was glad enough when it was over, yet the three days during which it lasted were not without a certain enjoyment.

M. R. M., Lerwick, Shetland.'

The following is also from a Correspondent at a distance :—

'As you wished me to tell you what I thought of the system itself, I will do my best to give you my opinion of it. I cannot too strongly express my sense of the boon it has been to me. It brings the advantages of working under competent teachers within the reach of many who without it could not obtain them. In my own case, constant uncertainty as to my place of residence, and the fact that my leisure hours were always dependent upon the arrangements of other

people, for years prevented my taking advantage of any of the means of instruction so plentiful in the present day. As to the instruction itself, the difficulties of receiving it in a Corresponding Class are of less importance than appears at first sight; while the system possesses some advantages peculiar to itself. I will mention the two which struck me most. First, I found that having to state all my difficulties in writing was of great use to me. The necessity of putting them in as short and clear a form as possible, helped me by simplifying them to my own mind, and by obliging me to ask only questions that would elicit answers to explain them. Secondly, it was easier to take a review of the work, as we had the advantage of our printed papers of questions, by which we could form a fair estimate of what we knew and what we needed to know better. Therefore, whether as a test of knowledge already possessed, or as a means of obtaining more, it seems to me that this system is most useful. H.'

The following is also from a Corresponding Student, whose letter represents a state of matters common to very many ladies in country homes :—

'It is with great pleasure that I answer your questions concerning the S. George's Hall Correspondence Classes; and I hope that, after hearing how much we enjoyed them, you too will become a member, for your circumstances are so like our own, living in the country, with no possibility of taking up a new study or prosecuting one begun at school. And yet, still determined not to leave off work, we had struggled on for two years with, I fear, our interest gradually diminishing, and our thoughts turning more and more eagerly to novels and amusements, when we were roused one day by noticing an advertisement in the *Queen* to the effect that the Correspondence Classes of S. George's Hall would be opened in the beginning of November. This, we thought, was just what we wanted, and we wrote at once for more information about it. In answer we received a charming letter from the secretary, containing full particulars, and enclosing a report of the last year's proceedings. After some deliberation we resolved to join the following classes, viz.: Preliminary Subjects—Arithmetic, English Grammar and Analysis, and History and Geography; and Honour Subjects—French, German, and English Literature. I daresay you will be surprised at the number of subjects we undertook: but it really is not so much as it seems, because most girls know about as much French and German as is required, and with a little trouble can easily pass the examination, and so only English and the preliminaries are left. The former is extremely interesting, and we were almost astonished at what we learned by means of the question papers and the essays we had to write. It is certainly the hardest work, but the trouble is quite repaid by the increased insight which is gained into the history of the English language and the thoughts of our great poets, such as Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Wordsworth.

'I must interrupt my story here to tell you how much easier and pleasanter our work was made by the kindness and encouragement of every one we had anything to do with, from the secretary downwards. You see it might be an extra inducement to you to join the classes did you know how many nice people you would meet. Especially we found this the case during our stay in Edinburgh for the examinations. Every one seemed to try to be nicer than any one else, and, as you



may imagine, we found that very delightful. At first, however, I must confess that my nervousness about the result of my examination all but prevented me from feeling delighted with anything. But for the cheerful assurance of the secretary that it didn't matter whether you passed or not, and that you weren't of necessity an incorrigible goose because you happened to be "plucked," I think I should have turned tail and run whenever I came in sight of the University. In fact, when we first entered the examination room, I was so unutterably alarmed by the sight of the long rows of benches, and by the array of ink-bottles and pens, that I did make an involuntary movement to depart. Happily for me, the examiners were kind, and the questions tolerably easy, and so we both contrived to pass comparatively well. The arithmetic examination was, in prospect at least, the most difficult for me. I had not opened a book on the subject for more than six years, and how was it possible that I should so have mastered the mysteries of vulgar and decimal fractions as to be able to answer any random questions therein? However, the daily half-hour spent over Colenso and Barnard Smith had had an almost unhopd-for effect; and on hearing the result of the examination, great was my delight to find that I had obtained over 90 per cent. Between three and four hours a day was the usual time spent over our lessons, and we found that that enabled us to learn all that was required, and to be quite ready to answer our papers whenever they came. I hope I shall hear from you before long that you are enrolled as a member of the S. George's Hall Classes. L. J. M. M.'

In spite of cordial appreciation of the efforts of our lively correspondent, we urge upon young students the wisdom of working by instalments, not undertaking too much at once, and remembering that high marks in three subjects, or even in two, are greatly to be preferred to a mere 'pass' in four or more.

—o—

### Notices to Correspondents, etc.

LADIES are invited to contribute to this magazine. All communications to be addressed, EDITORS, *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, Messrs. Murray & Gibb, 11 Queen Street, Edinburgh. No anonymous communication can be noticed.

All contributions to be accompanied by the writer's name and address. Rejected articles can only be returned if accompanied by stamps to cover postage. This applies to all short poems, etc., sent inside letters, with requests for answers. No enclosure can either be noticed or returned unless a stamp be sent at the same time.

Papers intended for immediate insertion must be in the hands of the Editors by the first of the previous month; attention is requested to this rule.

Various articles have been promised or received for the series proposed on 'Country Subjects and Pursuits.' We shall be glad of further suggestions or communications from any lady willing to contribute to this series. A good paper on the Dairy and Keeping Cows would be very acceptable; also on the Garden.

Contributions are often delayed for want of space.

The next meeting of the Ladies' Edinburgh Literary Society will be held on Saturday, 5th October, at 25 Great King Street. Debate, 'Does the dress of men and women of the present day show evidence of development in refinement and good taste?'

*Our Female Novelists.*

## XXII.

HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON.

*b.* 1808—*d.* 1877.

OUR sketches of Female Novelists have now been brought down to a period nearly approaching our own. It is impossible not to be struck with the very high standard of personal character which is attained by almost every one of these ladies. Above the average of their sex in attainments, they seem also to have been bright examples of all domestic virtues. No amount of literary excellence could compensate in their eyes for neglect of the charities of home; and indeed in many instances they were little aware of their own talent, and wrote with no view to fame, but simply because their nature needed this outlet.

But as we draw nearer our own day, and the books which lie on our drawing-room tables, we cannot but be aware of a marked difference in tone. Though the coarseness of language and manners which disfigured some earlier writers has disappeared, and there is much, very much, that is well fitted to elevate and to please, it is no longer possible to say that all feminine fiction is good and pure in intention; on the contrary, it is a melancholy truth that what women have written, women may blush to read. The causes of this change are manifold; we can only touch them superficially. Something is due to the greatly increased number of writers. Authorship has become a profession, a means of livelihood, to be adopted by any one with a certain facility of language and inventive power, even though by no means specially fitted to charm or instruct the world. Nay, in days when so many new theories are started, and so many old institutions are supposed to stand on their trial, there are not wanting some who take up the pen expressly because, through their fault or their misfortune, they are at war with society, and wish to break a lance against our received codes of behaviour. But a cause of far wider application is to be found in the complicated nature of modern civilization, and the tendency to look inwards which is engendered by it. There is far too much introspection among us. Instead of throwing the veil of a noble reserve over the intensity of our

joys and sorrows, we are for ever feeling our own pulse, and describing our symptoms. Life in the present day no longer furnishes us with a sufficient quantity of healthy excitement in the form of outward incident and adventure: consequently we are thrown upon our inner consciousness, and much morbid study of the anatomy of the human mind is the result.

Formerly, the villain *was* the villain; he might dissemble, but we could always see the treacherous features beneath the mask; and though the fair and much-enduring heroine might be persecuted to any extent, slandered, and under a cloud, yet there was never any doubt in the mind of author or reader that her conduct was in reality irreproachable, and that some day her innocence would shine forth undimmed, to the confusion of her enemies. Now, our sympathies are too often asked for some situation in which the lines of right and wrong are artfully shaded into each other, till we cannot say where the one ends and the other begins. We only know that the victim finds herself in a position skilfully arranged so as to allow no loophole of escape, and yet we feel that one grain of common sense (which, though said to be the most uncommon of all senses, is not altogether unknown in real life) would have scattered all the toils so artfully woven round her. Often, in reading some pitiful modern tale of misfortune and misery, and 'wrong amended by wrong,' which makes us feel intense thankfulness that the ordering of events is not committed to the hands of the novelists, our only consolation is that such chains of untoward circumstances do *not* take place in real life. Of course truth, as it is stranger, so also is it sadder than fiction; but the great principle that we would urge, and which is too much overlooked by these writers, is, that every one has their fate in their own hands at some time in their history, and that there is a compensating pendulum in the affairs of men, which, if it bring misfortune, also raises up friends, or, if temptation meet us, a way for escape is offered.

These remarks are not specially applicable to our present subject, for Mrs. Norton's writings are far above the average sensation novel; but as she is probably the most distinctly modern author of whom we have yet treated, it seemed a suitable opportunity to notice the change of style which has arisen. It is true also that her books do leave on us a sort of wistful sadness—but too well explained by the events of her own history—which makes us ask whether Life is indeed

so hard upon the weak and tender, and whether those who cannot fight its stern battle must submit to be ruthlessly trodden down?

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Sheridan was the descendant of a line famous through four generations for its talents. Her grandfather was Richard Brinsley Sheridan, statesman, orator, and dramatist, who will never be forgotten while wit retains its power. Her father, Thomas Sheridan, who was married to a daughter of Colonel and Lady Elizabeth Callender of Craigforth, died while she was yet a child, leaving his affairs in great disorder; and she was brought up by her mother at Hampton Court. One of three sisters, noted alike for their beauty and their talents, Caroline had inherited no small share of her grandfather's brilliant gifts, and was richly endowed with everything that should win admiration and love. She had the dazzling complexion of the Sheridans, dark hair, and eyes full of fire; a charm of manner which fascinated all who came in contact with her, and which never left her, even when years and sorrows had dimmed her beauty. Her nature was full of enthusiasm, formed to respond to all that was noble and generous; but the great art of making allowances was one she was slow to learn, and bitter was the scorn which she could lavish on conduct which fell short of her high ideal.

At the age of nineteen she was married to the Honourable George Chapple Norton, brother to the then Lord Grantley. The young couple took up their abode in a house at Storey's Gate, St. James' Park, which speedily became the centre of a society illustrious both by birth and intellect. At this period there was no acknowledged leader in the London world; Lady Blessington was in Italy, whence she did not return for some years; Lady Morgan had not yet migrated from Dublin. The Miss Berrys were established in their little house in Curzon Street, and had gathered round them a choice circle of friends; but on the whole we should judge that the average London society of those days was a few degrees more frivolous than at present, and many degrees less refined. The world of fashion was ruled by a clique of ladies, the patronesses of Almack's, who were as arbitrary and despotic as irresponsible governments usually are; so that the attractions of a house where people were valued according to their merits, and where the hostess knew how to combine the various elements among her guests with a graceful tact which was never at fault, must have been very great.



Mrs. Norton's name is connected with an incident mentioned in the life of Lord Melbourne, which will probably form one of the historical anecdotes of the future. At a party at her house she one evening presented to Lord Melbourne, who was then Home Secretary, a young aspirant for political honours, known also to literature as the author of *Vivian Grey*, who had just been defeated for the borough of Wycombe. Entering into conversation with him, Lord Melbourne was struck with his ability, and presently asked him abruptly: 'Well now, tell me, what do you want to be?' The quiet gravity of the reply surprised him not a little: 'I want to be Prime Minister!' And he would probably have been still more surprised could he have looked into the future, and seen how that ambition was to be fulfilled in the career of the Earl of Beaconsfield.

Mr. Norton had no private fortune, and his wife earned a considerable part of their income by her literary work. She also made use of her influence to solicit an appointment for her husband, feeling that she had strong claims on the Government, through the services which both her father and her grandfather had rendered to the Whig party. She was successful; and Mr. Norton was appointed one of the London magistrates, an office which he held till his death. But already signs of domestic discord began to show themselves. Mr. Norton seems to have been a man of coarse nature, of morose and unyielding temper. Even his colleagues on the magisterial bench found it difficult to keep on friendly terms with him. His conduct is described as 'a mixture of folly and violence, which might lead to any absurdity or any injustice.' The superiority of his high-souled wife chafed him; he did not care for sentiment, and would probably have been far happier with a more commonplace woman. Charles Kingsley, in one of his novels, says that some men, who would have crushed and ill-used a delicate and high-minded wife, might be subdued to something like decency if married to a strong, rough nature,—a help literally meet for them. But here the iron pot was sailing down the stream in company with the vase of choice porcelain, and it was inevitable that the more sensitive nature should suffer.

Three sons were born of the marriage; and Mrs. Norton's heart turned passionately to her children, to find in them a consolation for whatever else was denied her. Both in her prose writings and in verse we find traces of her devoted love to them; and the death of the youngest, who was accidentally killed by a fall from his pony when nine

years old, was one of those sorrows which leaves its mark upon a life. To outward appearance all may be as before; but the iron has entered into the soul, 'and the heart will never cease to vibrate.'

In the year 1836 matters came to a climax, and Mr. Norton brought an action for divorce against his wife, coupling with her name that of Lord Melbourne.<sup>1</sup> There does not seem to have been the smallest ground for this step; indeed, it is more than hinted that Mr. Norton allowed himself to be made the tool of some of Lord Melbourne's political opponents. That statesman, then a man of fifty-seven, whose grown-up daughter, Lady Mary Fox, was warmly attached to Mrs. Norton, had been a true and wise friend to the latter. No doubt the post of confidential adviser to a young and beautiful woman on bad terms with her husband is a dangerous one, and so Lord Melbourne found it to his cost. But there never was a doubt of the result; the jury pronounced an acquittal without ever leaving their box; and next day the King publicly congratulated Lord Melbourne on having thus baffled the malice of his enemies. But in all such cases, the heaviest penalty is borne by the woman. The wife could not forget the insult, the cruel wound dealt her by him who should have been the first to shield her, and a separation was shortly afterwards arranged.

Lord Melbourne had written in one of his earlier letters: 'I have always told you that a woman should never part from her husband whilst she can remain with him. If this is generally the case, it is particularly so in such a case as yours; that is, in the case of a young, handsome woman, of lively imagination, fond of company and conversation, and whose celebrity and superiority have necessarily created many enemies.' The event showed how true were his words. Feeling herself deeply injured, and naturally looking for sympathy under the unmerited troubles which had befallen her, she found herself, on the contrary, a mark for envy and ill-will. The shafts of petty malice struck deep and rankled; with her proud, emotional nature, the injustice and harsh judgment she met with, stung her to the quick; she resented her wrongs keenly, and 'gave back scorn for scorn.' But years passed: 'Time and fair life bore down ill report.' She had many friends, people of whose friendship she might well be proud, who remained true to her throughout, and

<sup>1</sup> *Memoirs of Viscount Melbourne.* By W. M. Torrens, M.P.

to whom she clung with warm gratitude and affection; and all who came within the sphere of her influence became her chivalrous admirers, finding her, even in her later years,

‘Still beautiful, still graceful, with her voice  
Of low, sweet music, and her gift of song.’

She found her principal occupation in her pen: besides the books which she published, she wrote articles for *Macmillan* and other magazines; she composed songs, some of which, as *Juanita*, are not yet forgotten. Much of her time was spent in Italy; and for some years she had the companionship of a little grand-daughter to cheer her. Of the last event of her life, her marriage with an old and tried friend, Sir William Stirling Maxwell, who, to the profound regret of all Scotland, has now joined her in the Silent Land, we need only repeat what has been said in the poem already quoted from, which appeared in the pages of that kindly humourist, Punch:

‘Truest of all, the friend who at the last  
Gave her marred life the shelter of his name;  
And a short sunshine o’er her evening cast,  
Denied her in the morning of her fame.’

Mrs. Norton was in failing health at the time of the marriage, which took place in February 1877; and she died on the 15th June of the same year, leaving one surviving son, the present Lord Grantley.

Poetry came naturally to the daughter of the Sheridans, and her writings early attracted notice. Her first essay, the *Dandies' Rout*, was written before her marriage; then appeared *The Undying One*, which was published in 1831. It is founded on the legend of the *Wandering Jew*, scarcely a subject which was likely to find adequate treatment at the hands of a young lady. But it was very favourably received, and was followed, in 1840, by *The Dream*, which, according to the verdict of the *Quarterly Review*, ‘justified the claim of the authoress to the title of the Byron of our modern poetesses.’ During the early years of her married life she was editor of the *Keepsake*, and wrote a good deal of verse, which would now be thought somewhat unreal and sentimental. Such verse passed for truth and poetry in those days; the world admired, the critics stood aside with a sort of half-contemptuous gallantry. It was a time when there were no great leaders to form and guide popular opinion. The influence of Byron was still powerful, but his imitators had

lost the keen, nervous strength which distinguished their master; and the poets who have made modern English literature what it is, sung, as yet, only for the discriminating few.

But though the affected tone of the day may have coloured Mrs. Norton's early style, her genius made itself felt through all. She had a vivid imagination, and a rare gift of eloquence. When her subject inspired her, she would pour forth a torrent of burning words, rousing herself to fierce indignation against wrong, or melting into pathetic strains of regret and tenderness. Poetry was probably the natural bent of her mind, to which she turned when she felt the need of expression. Novels only came later, as she sought to forget her own troubles in the imaginary woes of her heroines. We should not assign to her a foremost place as a novelist. Though she always wrote with ease and grace, and could paint feelings and describe incidents with much force and depth, she was quite without the art of delineating character. Her men and women are but pegs on which to hang qualities. They move stiffly,—they talk to order. There are none of the little inconsistencies, the unexpected turns and spontaneous impulses which we see in nature. She does not create, she but makes a conventional copy from a narrow model. Probably by any one who knew the history of those years, many of her characters might be referred to their true source, and traced back to the people who surrounded her. We must remember, however, that her mind was embittered, and her faculties cramped, by brooding over her own situation. All her novels are like variations on the same air; their theme is the injured wife, the cruel world that stood aloof and misjudged her.

The first of her novels to make a sensation was *Stuart of Dunleath*. It is one of the most profoundly sad books that ever was written, and, without pressing the comparison home, we cannot but feel that it is drawn largely from her own experience. The heroine, young, beautiful, and amiable, separated by a terrible catastrophe from the friend and guardian of her youth, is married at seventeen to Sir Stephen Penrhyn, who is simply an incarnation of brute force. In order that Eleanor may drain the profoundest depths of sorrow, Mrs. Norton makes her the mother of twin boys, and then snatches them from her. They are both drowned through the swamping of a boat, and the gloom closes round her more deeply than ever. Then David Stuart reappears; but through all the complications which follow, Eleanor's



purity and innocence shine like jewels in the dark. The narrative is most powerfully wrought up; Margaret's letter, pleading with the sorely-trying wife not to seek for a divorce, is deeply touching, and written in a high moral tone. The story ends with the death of Eleanor. The minor characters which enliven this tragic tale are drawn with point and humour. In spite of Sir Stephen's Welsh name, the scene is principally laid in Scotland. Mrs. Norton knew Scotland well, and loved it. She is fond of introducing Scottish places and people in her books, and her descriptions of scenery are true and graphic. Here we have the gouty little 'Airl of Peebles,' who is wooed and won by Miss Tabitha Christison, the writer's daughter. Then there is the redoubtable Lady Macfarren, tall, gaunt, and grim. When she appeared, bonneted, booted, and shawled, these

'Feminine preparations somehow in her never appeared feminine, but rather gave the idea of a "panoply of war;" as though she had donned full armour, and a complete suit of mail, and had come to defy you *cap à pie*. Even the parasol, with which the fair sex are wont daintily to shelter their complexions, altered its purpose in the hands of this vigorous lady; and when closed often served to "thwack" a rebellious dog; when open, was borne before her, like the bosky shield of one of Ossian's heroes, as though the sun—that great, honest, inactive foe—did not so much signify, and it was the wind that had to be "met front to front upon the untented field."

In *Old Sir Douglas* we have another picture of an old Scotch lady, the Dowager Countess of Clochmaben. This lady habitually wore over her cap a small quilted black silk bonnet. The factor said 'she was an awfu' woman to contravene.' She herself, when expressing her sentiments on any matter, would say, 'in a hard, distinct voice, "That's my *dictum*." All her opinions were *dictums*, and all her *dictums* were laws.' Now, we have many of us known Scotch ladies of a former generation, whose opinions were *dictums*, who had but little tolerance for evil-doers, who were narrow-minded with regard to Sabbath observances, and who expressed themselves often with more force than elegance. But then their sternness was redeemed by genuine goodness of heart, *au fonds*; many a kindly action tempered the sharp rebuke; and without these softening touches, in which Mrs. Norton's rigid personages are wanting, the portrait becomes almost a caricature.

*Lost and Saved* is a painful story; nor is it made more agreeable by any great attractiveness of style or treatment. The characters are of a singularly conventional type; there

is the frank, open-hearted sailor father, his good and beautiful (but sadly imprudent) daughter, an aristocratic villain of the most unmitigated description, rejoicing in the name of Montagu Treherne; a certain Marchioness of Up-down, surely the fattest, the most selfish, and the most vulgar lady that ever was drawn in fiction. In fact, we may justly complain of such a caricature from the pen of one who herself moved in the society she traduced. But in the whole tone of the book we see the working of those circumstances which had set the writer at war with her surroundings. The world had indeed done her scant justice; therefore she labours to prove that its verdict is worthless, its boasted morality false and hollow. She assails the follies and vices of fashionable life with a depth of indignation, a bitter concentration of scorn, which shows how deeply she felt her own injuries. But though we may think such subjects are better left in decent obscurity, she touches on them with a real belief that the sore places of the age need to be exposed and its weaknesses chastised. She never for a moment seeks to show them as other than they are,—blots on the fair face of our civilization,—evils degrading to humanity. And wherever she touches on religious themes, her tone is always reverent and high.

Of the three novels written by Mrs. Norton, *Old Sir Douglas* is decidedly the most pleasing. It has the merit of ending happily, and the character of Sir Douglas himself is quite the finest she has drawn. Generous and warm-hearted, upright himself and confiding in others, she might have had Othello in her mind when she painted this noble veteran. Like Othello, it was the account of his early exploits, through the letters of a friend, that won for Sir Douglas the heart of his wife; like Othello, he was

‘ of a free and honest nature,  
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so.’

The story is skilfully contrived, so that Sir Douglas, who is the most trustful of men, should be led to think there is real cause for his jealousy. A secret had been kept from him; and the discovery of the villany of Frere is just such a shock as might lead an open, unsuspecting nature to distrust all and everything. It is a true remark: ‘Where trust is broken, in certain natures there is not only no recovery, but, if I may so speak, no discernment. Such natures no longer distinguish who is loyal and who is false. In proportion to their love for their deceiver, is the belief that none now can be true.’

James Frere, the convict, the preacher, the forger, the polished gentleman, and Alice Ross, Sir Douglas's half-sister, the quiet, cat-like, hypocritical Ailie, are unnatural and exaggerated. But Lady Charlotte Skifton, Gertrude's mother, is a very clever portrait of the languid fine lady of a bygone day. Her helpless, incoherent speeches are most amusing, whether she sees that something is wrong:—

“And I don't want to interfere between man and wife, . . . though I've been wondering all day what has happened, and whether he has put his money into a lottery, and lost it; or what . . . Not that Douglas is a likely man to put into a lottery, but still, however superior he may be, he might choose the wrong number, you know, and draw a blank, and you would have to retrench. Indeed, I once knew a man (a very clever man, and a friend of your father's) who was quite ruined by putting into a lottery. He chose 503, and the winning number was 505—only two off! so very distressing and provoking!”

Or when the world looks askance at Gertrude:—

“But when I know her to be so good, and they are all so violent and unreasonable—the Rosses of Glenrossie—I do really think the Queen ought to do something; and, you see, she does nothing, and there is no justice anywhere. I declare I think the people that abuse Gertrude ought to be punished. I know that tradesmen can't say things, and why should ladies? I mean that they can prosecute each other (tradesmen), because I once had a butcher who prosecuted the miller who served Mr. Skifton's father with flour: he prosecuted for being called ‘a false-weighted rascal;’ and I should like to know if that is as bad as the things they say of Gertrude?”

Or when she takes a ‘pastoral cottage’ at Bonchurch, ‘just like the one in Moore's Melodies,—about Love and Hope, you know,—where “he opened the window and flew away.”’

Here is a quotation in a different style, a good instance of Mrs. Norton's really powerful vein of satire. She is speaking of the extravagance of young men, and what is the true meaning, as in the *Palais de la vérité*, of their having their debts ‘paid off’:—

‘Conceive a man addressing his friend thus:—

“My dear fellow, certainly I will lend you a couple of hundreds. I'll give you all my three sisters' music-lessons, new dresses, and jaunts to the sea-side for this year. And there's pale little Fanny, who costs my mother a good deal in physician's advice. I'll give you all her doctor's fees for six months or so, and she shall go without. I would not be so stingy as to refuse a friend such a paltry sum as you have asked of me—no, not for the world.”

‘Such language may sound startling and absurd; but it is a true

paraphrase and reduction of the flourish of words in which similar boastful offers are made by young men to the greedy companions of their follies.'

Again—

'You say you wonder, because I'm a poor curate's son, how I can get on at college? That's all you know about it! Of course it is difficult, and I'm put to it to give wine parties, and so forth, like other fellows; but it's to be done with proper management. If I take six days in the week butcher's meat that my brothers and sisters would eat, and all the coals and blankets the old women in the village used to get, and my father's two glasses of port wine, which my mother fancied kept his throat from relaxing for Sunday duty, and a year or two of Dick's schooling (who scarcely needs it, for my father gives him all his spare time, and he's a sharp fellow by nature), it comes to a good lump of money in the end; and if there's still some debt left, I've no doubt I can grind it out of them sooner than seem shabby to these fellows at Oxford.'

The following is a good specimen of the grace and poetry that flow so freely from her pen:—

'There are resurrections on earth other than the one which leads from death to immortality. There are illustrations of God's beautiful emblem of divine change in the bursting of the dull chrysalid case to let the winged Psyche forth, other than the one illustration of coffined clay, from which the imprisoned soul escapes and ascends to glory. The lesser resurrections of our world are daily round us. Memories of good, and words of forgotten prayer, and voices of friends neglected, and lessons of life from which we turned impatiently, as children from dry tasks,—these all may rise again, in no spectral light, but clad with a sacred halo. Rise—like the fountain in the desert that quenched the thirst of perishing Ishmael, when all around seemed but barren sand; rise—as the good thought rose in the dissolute prodigal's heart while he fed the foul swine, despairing; turning our steps back, like his, into that long-forsaken track of peace, which shall lead at last to our Father's mercy and the eternal pardon.'

Since the appearance of the *Child of the Islands* in 1845, which was written to commemorate the birth of the Prince of Wales, Mrs. Norton had published no long poem; but in 1862 appeared the *Lady of La Garaye*, her best, as it is almost her last, work. Like a calm and peaceful evening after a storm-vexed day, is the harmony, the chastened beauty, that meets us here. Her fine nature had reasserted itself; the trials of her earlier days had done their work, and there is no longer any jarring note in the mellow richness of her mature powers. The Dedication, which is addressed to the Marquis of Lansdowne, is quite a fragment of autobiography, in which we are admitted to see something of her own feel-



ings. With a depth of earnestness to which Poetry alone could give fitting expression, she speaks to her old friend—

‘Thou hast known all my life : its pleasant hours,

Its exercise of intellectual powers,

With thoughts of fame and gladness not to be.

Thou knowest—for thou hast proved—the dreary shade

A first-born's loss casts over lonely days ;

And gone is now the pale, fond smile that made,

In my dim future, yet a path of rays.

. . . . .

The joy that budded on my own youth's bloom,

When life wore still a glory and a gloss,

Is hidden from me in the silent tomb,

Smiting with premature unnatural loss,

So that my very soul is wrung with pain,

Meeting old friends whom most I love to see.

Where are the younger lives, since these remain ?

I weep the eyes that should have wept for me.’

Mrs. Norton was fortunate in meeting with a subject which appeals so strongly to the higher part of our nature. Mankind will not willingly let die the remembrance of such Christian fortitude and self-abnegation as was shown by the lady and her husband ; and wherever the story penetrates, it will wear the garb of her sweet and flowing verse. The passage beginning,

‘Oh, Time ! Oh, ever-conquering Time !’

is a noble burst of lyric poetry. It is too long for quotation ; instead, we give a few lines from the conclusion, which, in their ripe wisdom, seem not unworthy to gather into one the lessons of her life :

‘But Good is not a shapeless mass of stone,

Hewn by man's hands and worked by him alone ;

It is a seed God suffers One to sow,

Many to reap ; and when the harvests grow,

God giveth increase through all coming years,—

And lets us reap in joy seed that was sown in tears.’

ALMA GLEN.

### **The Highland Widow's Lament.**

THERE's a hill far away in Skye,  
Round its summits white mists lie,  
Down its crags the white sprays fly.  
Ochon, ochrie !

Trust not the light on its grey stone crown,  
Though its base may be green and its sides may be brown,  
For they who trust it never come down.  
Ochon, ochrie !

A curse on its tarns, deep as the sea,  
A curse on its mists, for traitors they be.  
Where is the son that was dearest to me ?  
Ochon, ochrie !

A. C.

—o—

### **A Page of Modern History.**

#### **THE PRISONERS AT PLEVNA.**

By A MEMBER OF THE REDCROSS SOCIETY.

' If this weather had only come a week earlier, you must have been driven away from Plevna by cold and starvation,' Osman Pasha observed to his Russian guards as he rested for the night at Fratesti, with every prospect of being blocked there by a fierce north-east wind and heavy snow-storm. It indeed required the extraordinary endurance and obedience of a Russian soldier to continue the investment under the conditions of the last fortnight. All kinds of fuel had long been scarce, and the benevolent efforts of the German Ambassador could not induce the Turks to allow wood for either fuel or shelter for even the sick and wounded, including their own, to pass Widdin. Tents were soaked through or blown away, and the Russian soldiers scooped holes in the wet ground, and roofed them with straw and skins, sitting, when off duty, crouched up in these cramped, smoky, ill-ventilated abodes. Even the Emperor at Gorny Studen and Bogot, an asthmatic invalid, was lodged in only a wooden frame hut with canvas sides, less convenient than an English

cow-house, and his brother, the commander-in-chief, in a felt tent. The supply of provisions was becoming most uncertain, owing to continued snow and rain making the soft, boggy roads almost impassable, and to a storm which destroyed both bridges on the Danube; while the rain had spoiled tons and tons of accumulated stores, and the railway from Shumla to Rustchuk and the seaports and mouth of the Danube were held by the Turks. For two days before Plevna was evacuated the Russian army was without bread, while telegrams from an English paper, said to be well informed in Turkish news, reported that the beleaguered city was provisioned till February, and the garrison furnished with warm clothing. The iron huts which had been ordered in England for the Russian army were not permitted to leave the Thames, as they came under the head of munitions of war (although many ship-loads of shot and shell had arrived during the war from England for Turkey); and for the same reason the Hungarian Government confiscated a quantity of iron rails, destined to complete the railways through Bulgaria. Low fever, which had prostrated the Russian army during the summer, still made its presence felt, and the want of shelter or accommodation for the sick added to the general gloom, which reached its height when the news arrived that Suleiman Pasha had attacked the army of the Lom under the Czarovitz, and driven it from Elena, that more than 1000 Russians had been placed *hors de combat*, and that the rest, hard pressed along the whole line of their outposts, were trying to protect Biela and Tirnova, which once lost would have placed those at Plevna and Bogot between two Turkish armies, and no forts or means of retreat.

On 9th December reinforcements and all available ambulances and medical stores were sent off in haste to Biela; but the very next day we heard the startling news that Osman Pasha, doubtless knowing of Suleiman's victory, and the Russian discomfiture through the Mahometan spies, who, with inconceivable carelessness, were allowed to pass as they pleased across the Russian lines, had broken out of Plevna, which covered twelve miles with its fortifications, and was already some distance on the road to Widdin, when he was stopped by the Astrakhan and two other regiments, and a desperate battle was going on. Many fell on both sides, and in the meantime the rest of the Russian army occupied Plevna, so that when Osman tried to retreat into the town, finding it impossible to break the Russian line, he was surrounded, and compelled to surrender with 15,000 men.

Just outside Plevna, but within the Turkish lines, there was a horrible spectacle. All the Russians, numbering many hundreds, if not thousands, who had fallen in the assaults on the place during July and September, lay stripped and unburied, many of them bearing evidence of shocking mutilation, and nearly all deprived of their upper and lower jaws. The odour arising from these decaying corpses was enough to produce a pestilence in Plevna, and such was indeed the fact; yet the Turks would not bury them, and the first thing the Russians did on the morning of the 11th was to perform this long-deferred work. All the Russians who could be spared were sent at once to reinforce General Gourko on his way to Sofia, and those who had been fighting hard were allowed to rest. A few were sent to bury the freshly fallen dead near the river Vid, and bring in the wounded, who sorely needed the doctors and ambulances sent the day before to Biela.

We little thought of the many Turkish sick and wounded, who, utterly neglected by their own countrymen, lay rotting in the hospitals at Plevna, where virulent smallpox and typhus fever had broken out; for we had not heard the shocking report of their condition, which had appeared in the English papers weeks before, when Osman Pasha had refused the services of the Stafford House surgeons who had waited upon him, and sent them back to Sofia. So that the accumulated sick and wounded of another two months, in the most foul, untended state, had increased the mass of suffering to an extent little short of the charnel-house at Vilna in 1812, during Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, as it is described in Joyneville's *Life and Times of Alexander I. of Russia*. vol. ii. (Tinsley Bros.), or of Sevastopol in 1855, when 30,000 men, women, and children, had been hit in three days' bombardment, and the hospitals, all exposed as they were to shot and shell, presented the most ghastly receptacle ever known of living humanity (see Russell's *Crimean War*). Osman had left the Turkish surgeons behind him, but they are utterly useless, being really only hired that Turkey may look like a civilized nation, for they leave wounds to heal according to nature, and would not enter these filthy buildings even to save their patients from starvation.

It seemed almost a retribution, that the time should have been expended in burying the Russian victims of Turkish barbarity which might have saved the lives of many wounded Turks.

At noon on 11th December the Emperor Alexander drove



into Plevna—a thin, gaunt, pale, haggard man, gasping for breath from asthma, and, as one of the newspaper correspondents observed, looking like a hunted deer. His head was visibly whitened since the campaign began, and the Turkish wounded, who were then being carried in from the Vid, presented a shocking spectacle as his carriage passed. Men naturally melancholy usually bear horrors much better than more cheerful people do, because facts are seldom so gloomy as their own thoughts; but I observed the Emperor's eyes fill with tears on this occasion. He shook hands with Osman Pasha, or the Ghazi (victorious) as he is now called, —what a mockery!—and returned him his sword. We had heard that two Circassians had brought the news to Constantinople a week before that Osman Pasha was well provided for the winter, and this was published at Constantinople, and duly telegraphed to the Russian headquarters from England; but the Turkish officers say the only messages really sent were to request leave to capitulate if there was no hope of relief, and this was always refused.

The Turkish officers and Osman's guard looked well fed, but all were very dirty; and the rank and file, particularly the irregulars, were half-starved. The Russian commander had adopted the plan of giving the soldiers money to buy their own provisions from the Bulgarian and Jewish dealers, who followed the camp, since the Government stores had fallen short, and they now gave the Turkish officers money to buy food for their men; but these Turks spent it on spirits for themselves, and said that their men could not eat black bread as the Russians do, and had no fuel to cook meat, so that a raw meat ration was useless.

On the 12th the Russians began a regular inspection of the hospitals, and then discovered the horrible and famishing condition that the patients were in. The corrupt dead and the living, crying for water and aid, were lying across each other; and when the Turkish prisoners and Bulgarian Mussulmans in the town were set to bury their own comrades, it was with difficulty that they could be prevented from carrying out the dying as well to save future trouble. When this revolting work was accomplished, the infected state of the town and the scarcity of provisions made it necessary to remove the prisoners as soon as possible. The bridge being broken up at Nicopolis made a long march compulsory in order to cross the Danube, and the Bulgarian villages, of half-underground mud houses, afforded no accommodation, being already overcrowded with refugees. All the

Russian supplies of wood, provisions, and ammunition had, throughout the campaign, been obliged to come along one rickety line of railway, as Hungary combined with Turkey to starve out the Russians and Roumanians from Bulgaria, and now that railway was blocked with snow, and the communications across the Danube were most uncertain; so it seemed necessary to convey the prisoners nearer to the Russian resources, and trust to the comparatively milder weather keeping up for a few days more. The Russian army was not all supplied with warm clothing, and the portion which crossed the Balkans amidst ice and snow, crossed it in their summer uniforms; so there was none to spare for the prisoners who, when captured, were very ill provided with clothes. Still the milder weather might continue, and all would be well.

The prisoners started under Russian and Roumanian escorts in different directions, but in the end all were obliged to cross the river at Sistova, for a most terrific storm arose on the 18th, and this time it entirely carried away the newly-repaired bridge at Nicopolis. The waggons which had set out with them to convey provisions were stopped by the snow, and they had to carry their scanty amount of food, huddling together the first night, trying to keep warm, in a deserted and roofless Bulgarian village. The weakest succumbed to the cold, and some of their more warmly clothed guards were frozen to death. But nothing could be done but push on, hoping to meet provisions on the way; instead of which a cold, pitiless snow-storm, driven in their faces by the north-east wind, obstructed their journey along the whole route. Some fell down and could proceed no farther; and if they died, their clothes were at once stripped off, to supplement the torn rags which were the only covering of men who, in numerous instances, had come from Northern Africa or the warm districts round Bagdad. Some fought with their fellows to get hold of their clothes, but as a rule they bore their sufferings and fatigue with a resignation which made us forget their barbarous cruelty to the wounded prisoners who had fallen into their hands, and of whom not one remained alive to welcome their comrades into Plevna.

An old campaigner told me that things were as bad with the Russians during the siege of Sevastopol in the winter of 1854-5, and that many of their recruits were frozen to death between Odessa and the seat of war, while others were actually starved to death. He said that after Alma the Russian wounded lay on the ground six days, and were then

sent in a dying state by sea, under a flag of truce, to Odessa; and that after our war-ships had bombarded Kertch, Taganrog, and other towns on the Crimean coasts, the French and Turks pillaged and destroyed the houses of the Tartar and Russian population, who were taken on board the British fleet, and landed at Odessa to *embarrass* the Russians, while hospital fever was raging there; and that he himself occupied a cellar in Sevastopol, with a hundred wounded, all of whom, except himself, were corpses, when, two days after the capture of that city, the allied armies first sent their surgeons to examine into the condition of the Russian prisoners. I was not at Sevastopol, but I was at Sedan when the French army surrendered in 1870, and for two days was without food. Some of the wounded lay on the fields round that town for many nights; but the weather was warm and beautiful, most unlike the ice and snow of Bulgaria in December. When the Turkish prisoners at last arrived at Sistova, they were lodged in comparative comfort; but then began their march through Roumania amid fresh snow-storms, and a degree of cold which had not been known in those parts for fifty years, added to which they had brought away the seeds of typhus fever and smallpox, and these were now beginning to show themselves. In the early part of the war the Russian ambulances were so well supplied that English help to the sick and wounded was sent only to Turkey, whose arrangements in that respect were below criticism. Lest the voluntary services of the English surgeons should be rejected if they appeared wearing a Christian badge, they adopted a crescent on their sleeves and caps to show their goodwill to Mahometans, whom they were especially engaged to assist. Even this did not protect them from the Circassians, who are of no creed at all, and are ready to pillage Mahometan and Christian indiscriminately, nor always from the Bashi-Bazouks; and the Eastern Christian, who has seen his relatives murdered before his eyes rather than assume any sign of Mahometanism, cannot comprehend this religious liberality. It also surprised the Jewish and Mahometan officers, who are so numerous in the Russian army as to astonish an Englishman, who is apt to forget that the Czar has more Mahometan subjects even in Europe than the Sultan ever had there, and nearly 3,000,000 Jewish subjects. The last are the chief bankers and Government contractors throughout Russia, and there are Jewish and Mahometan *aides-de-camp* to the Emperor. But as time went on, and not only their own, but a greater part of the Turkish

wounded was thrown upon the Russian hands, her Red Cross Society became sorely pressed, and a small English subscription was raised for Russia to show England's neutrality; but it was far less than the handsome sums which had flowed into Turkey, who had relieved herself of all the Russian wounded prisoners in her hands by simply slaughtering them. Dr. Humphrey Sandwith, one of the Kars heroes in 1855, was sent to dispense it at Bucharest, and he erected a large wooden hospital at Putenien, which he placed under the direction of M. le Baron de Benkendorf and the Russian Sisters of Mercy,—an admirable corps,—and this was entirely devoted to the succour of the Turkish prisoners as they passed through on their way to Bucharest, and has probably saved hundreds of lives. Nothing makes men so selfish as extreme cold, and, naturally egotistical, the Turkish soldiers pushed their own dying comrades from the fire, and fought with them for the hot soup which the Sisters of Mercy brought them as they halted for the night; but on Dr. Sandwith coming in and remonstrating with them in their own tongue, they allowed the weaker ones to have a share.

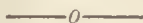
The Turkish officers condemn Osman Pasha for holding out so long in the hope of starving out the besiegers, when, if such a hope failed, it must bring the greater misery to the besieged; but he acted under peremptory orders from Constantinople. Paris in 1871 capitulated with eight days' provisions left; yet trucks of food and fuel had been waiting for weeks at Folkestone and Boulogne, ready to pour into the city, as it was thought, even with a line of railway extending to all parts of Germany and France, the besieging army could not be expected to keep the inhabitants from starving without other aid; and here was Plevna, with the besieging army blocked in on all sides except one by the Turks, and that one side liable to be entirely impeded by snow, wind, or thaw. But a commander invariably gains his renown at the expense of humanity, and war at its best has been fitly described as a suspension of the Ten Commandments.

The Crimean War left a terrible legacy of famine to Lapland and Finland, for the allied ships destroyed the villages and stores of grain on the coasts; and in those bleak countries nature is slow in repair, and there was then no railroad to connect them with Southern Russia. People died, as they are dying in China now, after subsisting on bark and grass, till they were too weak to reach the relief stores which had been established at wide distances by the Russian Government; and the roads were strewn with



attenuated corpses. It is said that the full extent of the calamity was carefully kept from the Emperor Alexander, lest it should make him low-spirited, till he read it in the *Times*. After Napoleon's abdication in 1814, typhus fever raged in Germany and Italy for three years, the result of overcrowded hospitals spreading infection among the civil population; and in 1816 our own island, heavily taxed to pay for the long French war, was afflicted with a bad harvest in common with Germany and France, and the poor in Manchester and Birmingham were seen collecting potato peelings in the gutters for food; whilst in foreign countries our manufactures and colonial produce were prohibited, to prevent them from competing with the continental manufactories which only sprang into life during that war, so that a depressed trade added to the national distress.

Marshal Blucher used to say there would be no wars if those who made them had to march in the van of an army, and it might also be added, if they clearly foresaw the inevitable but always under-estimated cost.



### Rubinc.

WITH head erect, and a flashing eye,  
She clambered the rocky steep  
Of a sea-bound cliff, 'neath a southern sky,  
While the warm wave lay asleep.

Only sixteen summers, vivid and hot,  
In clime where the cactus burns,  
Had entered her life; o'er her orphan lot  
Nor father nor mother yearns.

Like a lone sea-gull on an island home  
She hovered; the gurgling blue  
Beneath her, above the unsearchable dome,  
She midway between the two.

On a giant rock, whose glittering crest  
Grew out of the sultry sea,  
She sat down wearily, facing the west,  
And space, and eternity.

Yet nothing of these did she recognise  
 In fathomless sea and sky ;  
 She only saw, with her earth-bound eyes,  
 Her life as it flitted by.

She saw—and it dazzled her peasant thought—  
 How one from the snow-land came,  
 With an echoing name, for his soul had caught  
 The glow of artistic flame.

How he looked at her with his sad, dark eye,  
 Then spake: ' Little maiden mine,  
 Let me paint thy features or ere I die,  
 And these *soldi* shall be thine ! '

How she fell into wondrous dream-life when  
 His brush and his pencil flew ;  
 How the melody of her life grew then  
 Deeply toned, and strangely new ;

And how, when the swift-winged moons had flown,  
 She stood with bewildered awe,  
 And a form—her own—yet not all her own—  
 On the glowing canvas saw.

For well had he fathomed the poet's art  
 From nature's harmonized whole  
 To select, and by isolated part  
 To touch man's limited soul,

Which sees not the perfected equipoise  
 In the universal vast,  
 Till lesser, interpreting art destroys,  
 To impoverish and recast.

How he spake: ' Alas ! little Rubinel,  
 Our beauteous dream is o'er ;  
 While in dwindled achievement dies the spell  
 The unknown possible bore.

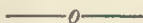
' And alas ! alas ! I must now go forth,  
 Exchange thy magical clime  
 For the sombre hues, where our northern earth  
 In fog hides the glittering rime.'

How he lingered yet, how he fled away,—  
 Away, like the fairy snow  
 Of his wondrous home, which is here one day,  
 Then gone—whither—who can know?—

Away, like the fickle breeze that plays  
 Awhile with the silver wave,—  
 Away, like the faithless sun-tinted rays  
 That die in the azure cave.

Away—‘all alone little Rubinel!’—  
 ‘Twas dark Salvator who spake.  
 ‘Pretty one, shall we dance the *tarantèll*’  
 To-night when the stars awake?’

DUMÆ.



## Aunt Elsie: A Sketch.

### CHAPTER III.

FOUR years have gone since the events related in the last chapter—years fraught with change to the actors in this history.

Nannette's marriage had taken place shortly after her engagement. Her husband had got an appointment in the Mediterranean, and on the shores of that sunny sea Nannette had found her home. She had shed tears of sorrow at parting with Aunt Elsie, but the tears were dried by the hand of him who was all in all to her; and in the land of the south she seemed to recognise her native air: she expanded as a flower, each year only adding to her beauty. Her one sorrow lay in being so often separated from her husband, but when he was on shore her happiness was complete.

How Jack grew to love the cottage with its clustering vine and clinging creepers, with the garden full of rare exotics, that can only grow in hothouses in our northern clime!—the air, heavy with the scent of orange flowers and velvety cape jasmines, while white myrtle grew in profusion, such as a bride would have envied, and Nannette amongst her flowers was the fairest flower of all to him; not even when she would beguile him indoors to peep into the cradle where her treasure lay asleep, could he take his eyes off the mother to bestow a glance on the child.

And during those four years Miss Græme pined for her

child. She had crept so into her heart that it seemed her very power to live was taken from her when Nannette had gone.

And Robert Elwes saw the change coming over her, and hesitated whether he should write to Nannette, 'Come home and be with your aunt, or she will die.' And still he waited; the letter was so hard to write, and perhaps he said to himself that it was no more than was to be expected at her advanced years. Was it fair to cast a shadow on youth's happiness by the inevitable failing of old age?

Miss Græme struggled against her weakness, she battled hard with life, and would not own herself conquered until fairly beaten off the field.

Thus by degrees she was more and more confined to her room, and looked forward only from one week to another, when Robert ran down from his busy life in town to cheer her, whom he now considered as his charge. He had not been present at Nannette's marriage; pressing business had detained him, so he had never seen her since that last look on the cliffs, when he had seen her in the arms of his brother. But he had written to her wishing her joy, and in her answer she had asked as a kindness to herself, that he would sometimes see her aunt; he had accepted the duty as a solemn charge, and Nannette never guessed what a blessing she had been to him, when she gave him this new interest in his life.

But between this strange couple there was ever growing a closer bond of sympathy. To outsiders it would have seemed that there could be little in common between the man, full of energy and strength, only entering on life's warfare,—though it had been his lot to see heavy fighting early in the day,—and the old woman, who had laid aside her arms, and was waiting quietly till her call should come to swell the ranks of that innumerable army which no man can number.

Yet they had both been through the furnace of sorrow, and for both their greatest earthly interest was the same girl, now far from them in a foreign land.

But the time came at last when Robert could no longer delay writing the letter that would bring his brother and wife home again. The doctor said that a few more months, nay, even weeks, would probably see the end of Miss Græme's life.

So the letter was written, and went on its errand of sorrow to the happy home in Italy.



It was the first cloud that had come in Nannette's life, and after the burst of grief was over that the news in the letter called forth, with a child's hopefulness she put the sorrow from her, and prepared for her homeward journey. Aunt Elsie must get well, she repeated over and over again to herself, seeking confirmation of her hopes from her husband; then the delight of going back to England, of showing her child to her aunt, of once more going over all the scenes of her girlhood, kept her from dwelling on the sadness that was sooner or later coming to her.

Now at last good-bye was said to Italy, and Nannette with her husband and child were on the vessel homeward bound. They had preferred the sea to the overland journey, and with light hearts they looked forward to the time when the white chalk cliffs should again be in sight.

Not till they were on their way home did Robert break to Miss Græme what he had done. She did not say much, but seemed happier. The longing to see her child had become so great, and now that the meeting was no longer resting in uncertainty, she seemed to dwell on the idea with ever-increasing delight. But it seemed as if her frail thread of life would snap before her wish was realized. She grew suddenly worse, and not all the anxious care and love of those around her seemed able to rouse her from the stupor into which she seemed sinking. At times she was bright and cheerful as ever, taking a keen interest in the petty concerns around her, but then, as if the interest she had shown had drawn too much on her small stock of vitality, there would follow long hours of drowsiness and sleep, with half-wakened intervals, in which she seemed not to be fully alive to what was going on around her.

During all this time Robert was her constant companion, having given up all other things to be with her. He knew it was not for long; he could not bear that she should die, alone and friendless.

As the days went on, it seemed more and more doubtful that her life could hold out. Robert was with her most of the day, and during the night he would steal to the door for some sign from the nurse that the frail spark had not gone out.

So the hours passed waiting, and when does time drag so heavily by, as when watching by the bed of sickness for some one whose coming may be too late? The anxious gaze fastened on the sufferer, the throb of cold fear that thrills through one, as a breath more deeply drawn than usual

seems to say that it may be the sigh of gladness of the departing soul. How eagerly the doctor's face is scanned, as if the issue of life and death lay in his keeping, and yet it seems almost selfishness of those on earth to wish to stay their flight! They have loved their life, the world with its joys and heartburnings is over for them, 'the longer life the shorter immortality.'

It was the beginning of October when the change took place in Miss Græme's condition. The weather was wild and stormy, in fit keeping with the mood of him within the house. Yet Robert would have wished it calmer for the sake of those at sea. He did not apprehend danger, but he thought of Nannette and her child exposed to the miseries of a bad passage, and in his heart blamed his brother for humouring his wife's whim, and not bringing them home overland.

But all his wishes for the safety of the travellers were drowned in the present overwhelming anxiety.

As the hours went on, the wind rose higher and higher, and the heavy roar of the waves was heard coming in on the rock-bound coast, though half a mile distant from the cottage. The windows rattled eerily in their casements, and through the chinks of the doors came the low moanings of the tempest. It was an awful night; but the outer elements did not seem to disturb the dying woman and those who watched around her. It was getting near midnight. The doctor having gone the round of his other patients, arrived to take his watch at the bedside of the sufferer. There was dead silence in the room. The nurse and also the two men were there; they had not yet separated for a few hours' rest. In strange contrast with the silence within, was the fury of the outer elements. The storm seemed on the increase, and not till one in the morning was there any apparent abatement.

Then there came a few minutes' lull, and in the lull a dead, low sound broke upon the ear.

Both men looked at each other. 'God have mercy on those at sea to-night,' said the doctor, and Robert's scared, wan face told where his thoughts had flown.

Again came the sound, bearing its cry for help, and then again once more.

It seemed to have penetrated to Miss Græme's ear. She opened her eyes, full of questioning eagerness, and as the fourth signal of distress made itself heard, a light came over her face.

'The wind is calling "Nannette,"' she exclaimed. 'Listen, Robert; don't you hear? It says, "Nannette, Nannette!" My child must be somewhere near. How can you sit there, warm and comfortable, and know that Nannette is out in the storm?'

Her voice had grown irritable. She was not herself, and sank back exhausted. Robert hesitated whether to accede to her wish, but while he lingered, once more the gun came across the water.

'Will no one go to Nannette? She is calling, and no one seems to hear.'

'Aunt Elsie, I am going. If Nannette is near, I will bring her to you. I would willingly give my life to rescue hers from the sea.'

She seemed satisfied for the time, and fell back on her pillow, muttering to herself—

'Was it Robert Elwes who spoke—my Robert? The voice was like his, but it is so long, long ago, and he is Janie's now. But I heard him say, "Elsie, I will bring Nannette to you,"—he would not say "Elsie" if he meant "Janie."' And then the muttering ceased, her eyelids closed, and for the time she slept.

The doctor signed to Robert to go, and with noiseless steps he hurried from the sick-room.

It is necessary now to change the scene to one of a very different sort, which was being enacted on board of the unfortunate ship, whose signals of distress had caused such anxious forebodings to Robert.

The first few days of Jack and Nannette's homeward voyage had passed prosperously;—a fair wind and a good ship, what more was to be desired? But the Bay of Biscay showed itself in its worst light, and even after leaving its troubled waters, the weather, instead of improving, became gradually worse.

Nannette would not give in at first, and fought most manfully with the enemy that lays most low. But the winds and waves were against her, and she was obliged to succumb. Then followed days of weariness and suffering in the small, stifling cabin, with the continual noise from without of groaning timbers, and the many sounds heard nowhere but at sea. Her one longing was for quiet—if only for a few minutes the motion would cease, and silence reign.

Of course Jack spent most of his time on deck, and his wife found the hours longer than she had ever known them.

At last they were nearing England. All day long Nan-

nette had lain in her berth, picturing to herself her meeting with her aunt, and now it was evening. The wind seemed to have lulled a little, and Jack, when he came down from deck, was full of hope that the next day would be the end of their troubles. The night was intensely dark; but the captain knew his ground well: he had not spent thirty years of his life on that part of the sea without gaining some knowledge of its peculiar dangers.

Jack's berth was above hers, and soon his regular breathing told he was asleep. Baby also was lying quiet; and Nannette, worn out with what she had passed through, and from physical weakness, lost consciousness for the first time for many nights.

She had been asleep for rather more than two hours, when she was wakened by some awful shock, a vast shudder passing from end to end of the ship, and then silence.

Jack sprang from his berth, and stood beside her. 'Good God!' he exclaimed, 'something fearful is the matter. You must get up, Nannette. Put something warm round yourself and the child. I will go on deck and hear what I can, and return to you immediately.'

The matchbox had been rudely shaken from its accustomed place: everything had to be done in inky darkness.

Jack groped his way to the door, and Nannette was left alone. She heard the hurrying of feet above her, and confused cries and directions given in the clear, loud voice of the captain; but what had happened she did not know. In the darkness she managed to collect a few things, but they were miserably insufficient to protect herself and the infant from the inclemency of the night.

The vessel was leaning over so much that it increased the difficulty of movement. The minutes seemed hours, and in the darkness she crept to the foot of the companion-ladder. Lights were being carried to and fro; some passed very close above where she stood. She ventured to ask what was the matter, and a wild, scared voice answered, 'Fire.' The word seemed to convey no meaning to her. 'It is not that,' she said; but she could gain no truer information.

A few minutes more and her husband returned. She could not see his face, but his voice sounded strangely stern and sad. He told her in very few words what had happened. The captain had been deceived in his reckonings; he had fancied they were not so far up Channel as they proved to be, and they had struck on a rock, which he had expected they would go safely by a few hours later, in the grey of



early morning. 'Now there is nothing to be done here,' he said. 'Save the pumps, all help must come from the shore.'

He took the child in his arms, and Nannette followed close behind him. The angle at which the ship was lying made it almost impossible to proceed, but at last he had put them beyond present reach of the waves. Nannette found herself in the forepart of the deck, where the other passengers were huddled together in dismayed silence. The panic had given way to perfect calm, the only sound being the clanking of the pumps and orders issued from time to time by the captain.

After the first great shock, the ship seemed to settle down helplessly to her fate, from time to time sending out those cries for help which as yet brought no answering voice from the coast. Nannette shivered with the cold, and Jack insisted on returning to the cabin in search of some warmer covering for her.

He returned shortly with a large white cashmere shawl, and wound it tenderly round both wife and child. It might serve to keep them together if— But his thoughts would not put themselves into speech.

Then once more they remained in inactivity. The tongue of the large bell on deck had become unfastened, and, as the vessel slowly swung from side to side, rang a knell for the souls waiting for almost certain death. The water was steadily gaining ground, and all eyes were eagerly fastened on the shore, where signs of the signal having been heard were showing themselves.

They were beyond the reach of the rocket which was sent out to them, but surely the lifeboat would yet be in time. The water was rising rapidly; the command was given to lower the ship's boats, sufficient only to save the smaller half of the crew. The women and children, with men enough to man the boats, were to go.

Nannette clung wildly to her husband; nothing but death would part them. Far more willingly would she die with him than that they should be separated.

'Save the child,' she cried, 'but let me stay. I cannot leave you. The lifeboat may still be in time; and if not, what good is my life to me without you?'

Gently he reasoned with her that orders must be obeyed. Having felt the necessity of prompt obedience all his life, his higher nature made him act up to it when it was bitter pain to him.

The boats were ready, the women were lowered into them;

two had already left the ship's side, the last was nearly full.

Nannette was locked in her husband's arms in a long, last embrace; then she felt herself taken from him, and in her turn lowered into the boat. The rope was cut, and they floated off.

She raised her head from where she had fallen, in the bottom of the boat, for one more look towards her husband; but the waves ran high, and nothing but a mass of water met her view. Then a cry rose, a wild and fearful wail from those in the boats, that the ship was going down, and then a blessed unconsciousness saved Nannette from all present pain. She was aware, after a while, of a rushing and gurgling of water in her ears, of a choking sensation, and that was all.

The boat, guided by a hand unacquainted with the coast, had perished when within a few yards of the shore, and its living cargo of women and children were at the mercy of the waves.

When Robert left the cottage he hurried down to the beach, where a strange and exciting scene met his gaze. The gun of distress had penetrated to many a home along the shore, and brave men were active in their endeavours to save the crew of the sinking ship. She could just be seen towering out of the darkness, but the noise of the elements and confusion of sounds on shore made all communication helpless. At last the life-boat was launched and manned, no easy matter with such a surf as broke on the shore and low-lying rocks. The tide was at its lowest point, and the group of anxious spectators were assembled on the shingle at the foot of the cliffs, only uncovered at low water.

The night was not so dark as it had been, and a pale and watery moon had at last forced its way through the hurrying masses of cloud that were wildly crossing the sky. A fire had been lighted on the beach, and several women were assembled round it, with various appliances for restoring life if any of the saved were in a state of unconsciousness.

It was a wonderfully picturesque scene,—the ruddy glow of the fire, the pale green light of the moon, the boiling, foaming sea, and the masts of the vessel forming a background for the whole,—while the varied and anxious groups scattered on the coast were fit subjects for the brush of the painter.

Robert joined them, and listened to the various hopes and fears expressed by those around them. 'They have lowered the boats, she must be going down;' 'no ordinary boats

could live in a sea like that,' and many other such like phrases.

Then the life-boat sped on its way; but before it had reached its destination the wild cry rose, which had been the forerunner of Nannette's unconsciousness, and the vessel had gone down with many a brave and true heart on board. The life-boat could but pick up stragglers, and returned well filled to the shore.

In the meantime, those on land were watching a small black speck coming slowly in, growing each moment more distinct; but the older and wiser heads affirmed it could never come in in safety.

And they were true prophets of evil. Only a few yards from the shore, and it was overturned. Robert stood by the edge of the waves, as close as it was safe to the destroying element. Something white in the boat had caught his eye: it must be a woman. He lost sight of it for a moment, but again it came in sight, and the next wave would bear it to the shore. Robert was ready to seize on his precious burden, washed in almost to his feet; but the back current of water almost overpowered him, and for a moment it seemed as if both rescuer and rescued must perish. But it was not so, and, staggering under the weight of his double burden, he bent his steps towards the fire.

It was Nannette and her child, wan and beautiful, but quite unconscious. He laid her on the rock, and with woman's tenderness unbound the shawl that united mother and child. One of the women took the infant, and then they began chafing the hands and feet of the mother, and using all means for restoring consciousness.

But at first all seemed fruitless. Robert called her by many endearing names, he pressed passionate kisses on her brow, but nothing roused her from her sleep. At last her child gave a faint, low cry, and they brought it to her. Then, with a flutter of the eyelids, a quick-drawn sigh, she opened her eyes.

She looked round her, as if searching for some one, but consciousness had not fully returned, and even the unaccustomed scene around her did not seem to strike her as anything unnatural.

Some one remarked she should be taken home, and the sound of the word recalled the scene of a few hours ago to Robert's memory. He had come down there to fulfil a death-bed wish, and in the agitation of the hour all thought of Miss Græme had passed from his mind.

‘Yes, we must carry her home,’ he said. ‘Who will help me? there may be difficulty in ascending the cliff.’

Many were the offers of assistance, and the party were just starting on their homeward way, when a cheer from the beach told that the life-boat had come in in safety. A man’s figure was the first to leap on shore. He had been scanning the various groups anxiously, and now with eager steps he hurried towards the group bending round Nannette.

Robert turned to face his brother; but Jack did not seem to notice him, his eyes were strained to catch sight of Nannette. ‘She is not dead, my wife cannot be dead,’ he exclaimed, and kneeling down over her, as Robert before had done, he once more repeated, ‘She cannot be dead.’

His voice restored consciousness once more to her, and with an effort she tried to raise herself.

‘We must take her home at once, Jack,’ his brother said; ‘she will take cold here. We must carry her; you are not fit to do so.’

Jack said nothing in remonstrance, and slowly they wended their way home. Robert and a sailor carried Nannette between them, Jack following with the child. No word was spoken, and Robert, in his anxiety that he should carry his burden without harm, hardly noticed that they passed close to the rock from which he had saved her four years before.

Now once more they were at the cottage, and Jack, in its outward appearance, found no change. A servant opened the door. ‘Miss Græme is asking for you, sir,’ she said to Robert, and started back on seeing the group before her.

‘I will go to her at once; Jack, you will stay with your wife. I shall be back immediately.’

The servant led the way to the sitting-room. The fire had been kept in all night, and there on the sofa, surrounded by all the comforts and memories of her girlish days, Nannette slowly revived.

About an hour passed away before Robert returned. He had previously told Jack of Miss Græme’s condition, and Jack had broken to Nannette that her aunt was very ill.

‘She is just dying,’ Robert said, as he entered the room. ‘Nannette, she is asking continually for you; do you think you could come to her, she longs so to see you?’

Nannette rose to her feet, and with her husband’s arm reached the bedroom. She was deadly pale, but beautiful, and her long dark hair was hanging round her, making her look more like a girl than a wife and mother.



Miss Græme's eyes were closed as they entered, and the doctor put his finger to his lips; but their entrance roused her.

'Is that you, Robert? Have you brought me Nannette?' and then, as her eyes rested on her child, a smile lighted up the worn and wasted features. 'I knew you would bring her. Kiss me, child—my own Nannette.'

Nannette's tears were falling fast. The scene in her weakened state was almost too much for her, but with an effort she recovered her self-control. She bent over and kissed Aunt Elsie, not once, but many times, and turned to her husband, that he also might share with her in her sorrow.

But Miss Græme did not recognise him. Robert and Nannette were all in all to her.

'Robert,' she said,—but her words came slowly and with difficulty,—'you have saved my greatest treasure, so *he* said once.'

The end was very near, the last few grains of sand had almost gone, and after her troubles, 'at eventide had come the light.'

Robert spoke, and once more she opened her eyes.

'Robert,' she whispered, and even as he bent to hear her words, her soul passed away.

She had found 'the haven where she would be.' In the morning on which Robert had rescued Nannette she was rescued from a more restless sea, even the waves of this troublesome world.

M. E. T.

THE END.

—o—

### Sights and Sounds.

We hear sometimes, as carelessly we rove  
 Along the smoke-dried street or primrose grove,  
 Sounds that remind us with a sudden pain  
 Of voices once familiar, heard no more,  
 Of hours and thoughts and feelings that are o'er,  
 Ne'er to be lived or thought or felt again.

We see sometimes, as faces strange are borne  
 On past us, looks the dead we loved have worn.

A smile, a turn, a glance, eyes full of tears,  
 Take recollection suddenly by storm,  
 Recall the features of a vanished form,  
 And open wide the memory of years.

J. F. K.

## Concerning some Modern French Novels.

'Mark there. We get no good  
 By being ungenerous even to a book,  
 And calculating profit—so much help  
 By so much reading. It is rather when  
 We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge  
 Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,  
 Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—  
 'Tis then we get the right good of a book.'—*Aurora Leigh*.

THE one chief difference between modern French novels and modern English ones is, that the former usually begin where the latter leave off. The French novelist lifts his curtains upon the hymeneal altar. He surrounds it with personages more or less interesting to the reader's eye. He pursues these personages through various conjugal and anti-conjugal adventures. He finishes up with a tragical mishap, or a grotesque *Misc en scène*. With the English author this is different. He not unfrequently introduces us to his heroes and heroines whilst they are still in the nursery. He presents them to the world in a curious, immature, jelly-like condition. A social earthquake is needed to form, to set, to crystallize as it were, these vague, undeveloped characters. It is in this great social earthquake that the English novelist of the present day looks for and finds his plot. It shakes to their foundations the bulwarks of his fabric. It breaks up 'the fountains of the great deep,' and opens 'the windows of heaven.' Under its influence his hero's head, his heroine's heart, grow, expand, take up, as it were, new vigour. And then presently, the time being come, he lets us hear and see the tinkle of marriage bells and the flash of wedding favours; and so, having crowned his heroes and punished his villains, the author writes *finis* at the bottom of his page. This is just the difference between English and French novels.

It may easily be accounted for. Thoughtful French people are as well aware of the difference as we are. And they explain it thus: 'You English girls,' they say, 'have all your fun before your marriage. You may come and go as you please; you may dance with whom you will; you may visit your *jeunes amies du couvent*; you may marry the man of your choice, or you may elect never to marry at all. No one can compel you, however much it might be to your advantage, to do otherwise than you have done. But once

married, your lot is different. Your days are now spent in "suckling fools and chronicling small beer," as your wise Shakespeare has put it. Never would a French wife submit to such a life. She may love her home, but her real life is too frequently outside it.' It is this outside life that the French writer chooses to portray, and, it must be owned, he does it well. The most skilful workman is he who leaves upon his work the impress of his times.

Foremost among the skilled literary labourers of France in the present day must be placed the name of Alphonse Daudet. Frenchmen are justly proud of him. No words of praise for him can be too strong. '*C'est notre Tacq  r  e et notre Dickens    nous,*' they remark casually, feeling, at the same time, that they have paid the English world of letters the highest compliment in their power. One very enthusiastic admirer once described him as '*d'apr  s Balzac et le docteur Jeanson d'Angleterre.*'

But it is neither *d'apr  s* Balzac, nor even *d'apr  s Tacq  r  e*, that Daudet needs to be placed. He has his own special merits, and plenty of genius besides. Perhaps there is no more touching book in any language than the one he has written in French, and called *Le Petit Chose*. This was Daudet's first work of any importance, and by it he became famous. It is simply written, and it is only the history of a boy who, early in life, set to work to '*reconstruire le foyer,*' ruined by family speculations. As this idea comes to him before he is seven years old, and as, moreover, he is very *fr  le et maladif*, and wears a blouse when he goes to school, he gets the name of the *Petit Chose*. In his own estimation this name sticks to him through life. He is never any other than *Le Petit Chose*. But he has a brother, this poor, *Petit Chose*, alias Daniel Eysette—he has a brother called Jacques. It is Jacques who is the real hero of the book—Jacques, who has a gift of tears and a passion for glue-pots—Jacques, whom his father addresses as an '*  ne,*' and in whom he presently perceives *un go  t pour le commerce*—Jacques, who aspires to be a poet, and who, at thirteen, draws up a plan for a poem in twelve cantos, but whose golden dreams end in his becoming secretary to a marquis in Paris. Meanwhile the *Petit Chose*, who is the real poet, struggles on with his existence, and presently enters a school at Sarlande as usher. Life there, however, becomes unbearable, and he escapes to Paris, with a pair of goloshes on his feet instead of shoes. Here Jacques awaits him, and the life of these two brothers, in their garret close to the steeple of Saint Germain

des Près, is full of tenderness and pathos. They sleep in the same bed, which, indeed, was meant for Jacques only, and there is a little table near the window upon which Daniel Eysette, the future academician, as Jacques, *veut qu'il devienne*, writes his poems. But the future *académicien* is still only the *Petit Chose*; *un enfant incapable d'aller seul dans la vie*, and he loses himself and his goloshes in Paris, and has various other adventures, from all of which Jacques rescues him, and thereby constitutes himself his '*Mère Jacques*.' '*O ma mère Jacques, que tu es bon !*' sighs the poor little *Petit Chose*. He feels he can never repay his brother for all his goodness. He is overwhelmed with gratitude. He vows never to give him one moment of pain. He has a good heart, you see, this poet, this future academician, this Daniel Eysette, this *Petit Chose*.

Of course Jacques, having been some time in Paris, has gathered unto himself a certain number of friends. There is one house he only visits on Sundays, but then he goes there every Sunday. For some time he seems to shrink from taking Daniel with him to visit these friends. Daniel's clothes are scarcely presentable. Besides, it is not the house for a poet. Both these scruples are eventually overcome. The brothers start off together. The house is a china shop in the Passage Sanmon. It is kept by one Pierrotte, a family retainer of the Eysettes. Pierrotte has a daughter, Mademoiselle Camille, of the black eyes and the piano-playing fingers. Besides black eyes and a piano, Mademoiselle possesses also a poetical sentiment. A secretaryship seems a poor profession beside that of a poet. Daniel reads one of his poems to his brother's assembled friends. It is entitled, '*The Adventures of a Blue Butterfly*.' The china merchant seems stupefied by its originality. The rest of his friends are silent. Only the black eyes soften as they gaze at the young poet. Jacques alone applauds with enthusiasm when the reading of the poem is finished. He feels that *finis* is written to another poem as well as to the one about the blue butterfly.

He has not the pain of seeing his poem ended day by day, however. The Fates spare him this sorrow. The marquis goes off to Nice, and takes his secretary with him. Before he starts, however, Jacques arranges with a publisher that he shall bring out his brother's poem, and he especially charges that brother to let him know how the sale of the work goes on. And above everything, he adds, *Ne faites pas pleurer les yeux noirs*.



And so Jacques departs for Nice. The *Petit Chose* sees him off at the station.

It is annihilation to poor Daniel. He feels as if his brother had carried away with him *la moelle de ses os, et la moitié de sa taille*. Snares are laid for him on every side. He falls into the traps. He writes false letters to his *Mère* Jacques at Nice. He goes no more to see the black eyes. He even leaves the garret of Saint Germain des Près, and when *Mère* Jacques comes back and hunts for him, he finds his child behind the scenes at the Theatre Mont Parnasse. This is a terrible shock to the poor *Mère* Jacques.

However, he mends matters as best he can. He takes Daniel to a quiet hotel in the Batignolles. There is a supper prepared. It is like the night of Daniel's arrival in Paris with his goloshes; only there is a difference,—such a terribly sad difference!

At first there is a reserve between the brothers, but *Mère* Jacques soon succeeds in conquering that. Then he talks of the new poem Daniel is to write; but the boy puts this thought from him, and says he will work for his living and to '*reconstruire le foyer*.' Eventually he gets another place as usher in a school hard by.

But it is at night that the real difference is visible. Jacques coughs,—Jacques does not sleep. Sometimes he leaves the bed and lies on the sofa, so that his brother should not be disturbed. But the *Petit Chose* is disturbed; he grows anxious; he prays each day, '*Eternel Dieu, conservez-moi ma mère Jacques*.'

The end comes notwithstanding. The *Petit Chose*, coming back from his school one winter day, meets the doctor, who tells him that his brother will not live out the night. Scarcely believing him, the boy rushes to their common room, soon, alas! to be his only. Then he sees his *Mère* Jacques stretched on the sofa, pale and dying. His voice is weak, but with its last breath he charges Daniel *surtout de ne pas faire pleurer les yeux noirs*. Pierrotte the china merchant is present. The last sacraments are administered. The hand which the *Petit Chose* holds in his grows heavy and cold. His *Mère* Jacques is dead.

Then comes the funeral, the illness of the *Petit Chose*, the nurse who watched him in the Maison Pierrotte. The black eyes are tender and forgiving; death has sanctified their love. The young poet abandons his blue butterflies. The *Petit Chose* loves verses still, but those of other poets far better than his own. And if you want proof of this, go

to the Passage Sanmon, where is a shop with this super-scription, *Porcelaines et cristaux—Eysette et Pierrotte*. And so ends the poet's young dreams, and Daudet's *Petit Chose*.

I have dwelt at length upon this book, because Daudet has written nothing like it since. His next work was, I believe, *Jack*, a clever book, but a miserable story. One cannot help being interested in poor little Jack, *avec un k*, so spelt because he was *le filleul de Lord Peambuk*. For this same reason, he wears as a child a *costume Anglais*, namely a kilt. But with increasing years, troubles gather round him. His mother marries D'Argenton, an unknown poet, but too well known to Jack as one of his schoolboy tyrants. This step-father thwarts the child in every way. It is hard for real nobility to show itself through degradation, and it must be owned that Jack sometimes fails. He triumphs in the end, however, when, dying in a common hospital after having passed through various grades of low life, he recognises Dr. Rivals, the one friend of his childhood. His mother he knows not, despite her effort to gain recognition. '*Jack*,' she cried, '*je suis ici. Pas un mouvement. La mère eut un cri épouvantable, Mort?*'

*Non, dit le vieux Rivals d'une voix farouche. Non, Delivré!*

In *Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné* we have once more the tender strain of a true and hopeless love. The book is not half as pure and pathetic as the *Petit Chose*, nor is it as fresh and original as *Jack*, but just this one silken thread of the little lame girl's love for the brilliant Frantz is woven in with the many scarcely coloured cottons, and carries on our sympathies. *Desirée penchée sur son ouvrage, partait pour un de ces grands voyages en pays des chimère, d'où elle revenait toujours heureuse et souriante, s'appuyant au bras de Frantz*. And at this moment Frantz enters and announces his engagement to Sidonie Chébe. But poor Desirée dies and has a grand funeral, and then our interest in the book seems gone. The violet is extracted from the bouquet, and the rest of the flowers are but artificial ones.

And such very ill-smelling, artificial ones too! That is the wonder of it. How can people care to read about such monstrosities as 'De Moronval' in *Jack*, or as 'Sidonie' in *Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné*. Such monsters do not exist in real life, or if they do, we would rather not be acquainted with them. If we wished to know about them, we might peruse the Newgate Calendar; only at Newgate the villains get punished, which in these books they do not. On the contrary, it is the innocent who suffer. Jack dies in an

hospital; D'Argenton lives and flourishes. Probably he has even a grand success with that newspaper of his. As for Darwin's survival of the fittest, that theory seems to be unknown in this land of *Littre*. Brave, good, strong-hearted *Mère Jacques* dies, and the poor, weakly *Petit Chose*, who does not know how to take care of himself, survives. To be sure, like the heir of all the Russias, *Mère Jacques* bequeaths his brother a bride.

And if this is true of the earlier works of Alphonse Daudet, it is still more so of *Le Nabab*, his last production. A crash of horrors, thus an enemy described it; but an admirer could scarcely say otherwise. This is not the case with *Eugénie Grandet* of Balzac, nor is it with his *Ursule Mirouet*. Neither is it so with *La Petite Fadette*, nor *Les Maîtres Sonneurs* of George Sand. And yet many of both authors' were best avoided by the young reader.

Besides this, there are several writers whose books are both amusing and worth reading. There is Cherbuliez, who may be called the novelist of the police court, so intricate are his plots, so inevitable his situations. There is Gustave Droz of the *Cahier Bleu*; there is Octave Feuillet, with his *Roman du Jeune Homme pauvre*. There are plenty of others; but I forbear to mention more. But it has been truly said, that they who dip into French literature of the present day dip as it were into an ocean.

H. A. DUFF.

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### The Door.

[ 'Per angusta ad angusta.' <sup>1</sup>

As one pursued by hated foes runs down  
A narrow street and seeks an outlet there,  
But tall grey houses rise up everywhere,  
And meet his gaze with unrelenting frown.  
Urged by his mighty need, he knocks and waits  
At a closed door, while nearer through the air  
The cruel shouts surge on, until despair  
Well-nigh has seized him, then—ah, see! the gates  
Fly open now, a brighter vision smiles  
On the poor hunted soul, and joyous sounds  
Of welcome reach us: we can tell no more;  
We have not stepped across the magic bounds  
Of that grim threshold;—still the street beguiles  
Us, and we linger on *outside* the door.

BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

<sup>1</sup> The motto is taken from an old doorway at Chur.

## Edinburgh Housekeeping Two Hundred Years Ago.

IN Lord Macaulay's famous chapter on 'The State of England in 1685,' he has succeeded in bringing before us with great vividness a picture of the houses and habits, the minds and manners, of the inhabitants of the southern part of Great Britain, but he tells us very little about those of his own ancestors in the north, probably considering them too uncivilized to deserve his attention. Some glimpses of their condition, however, may be obtained from a humble but perfectly trustworthy source which is now before us; and it may not be without interest to some of our readers to study their ways, as revealed by a set of ancient account-books carefully kept by different members of a family in the middle ranks of life during the latter part of the seventeenth and first years of the eighteenth centuries.

We shall commence by examining a long and narrow volume, bound in parchment and tied with leather thongs, whose dingy yellow pages are filled with accounts, inventories, medical receipts, memoranda, and lists of Latin and English books, in 'most admired confusion,' but affording curious details for the eye of an antiquary. The lady who owned this book was a daughter of Sinclair of Ormistoun; her first husband was a W.S. (Writer to the Signet) in Edinburgh; and after several years of widowhood, she was married a second time to one of the ministers of that city, Mr. Thomas Wilkie, minister of the Canongate Church. Her education must have been pretty good, if we may judge from this book. She was sufficiently skilled in arithmetic to manage the difficult factory accounts of her deceased husband with a number of noblemen and gentlemen who had placed their affairs in his hands. Her spelling was correct according to the fashion of the day, and if occasionally she made an error, which would not have been made by a lady in her position now-a-days, it must be confessed that her handwriting is far superior to that of our own times both in neatness and elegance.

The arithmetical difficulties of those days were great compared to ours, from the difference between English and Scotch money, and the number of foreign coins in circulation; but Rachel Sinclair steadily works her way through money sterling and money 'Scots,' 'merks,' 'rixdollars,' and 'Portugal picces,' in a most clear-headed manner. The entries commence in 1687, while the country was still under the oppressive



yoke of the last Stuart king. No traces of politics or public affairs are to be found in the pages before us; and it is curious to think that these quiet little household details were penned, and the writer was going about her purchases in the booths of the West Port or the Lawnmarket, at the time when the Lords of Convention were sitting in the Parliament House to decide the fate of Scotland, and the once dreaded Claverhouse, known as the 'Bonnie Dundee' of the ballad, was making the Castle rocks ring with his horses' hoof tread, as he and his men dashed out of Edinburgh to the

'Hills beyond Pentland and lands beyond Forth.'

Turning from these stirring memories, we present a page of our writer's accounts, with all the curious filling up of her columns. 'Edication maun aye be minded,' as Dandie Dinmont says, and we begin with college accounts.

1689.—Accompt of debursts. for my son John:

Nov. To y <sup>e</sup> regent at his entrie to y <sup>e</sup> colledge, five } dollars, . . . . . }	014 : 10 : 0
To the Janitore and his man, . . . . . }	004 : 04 : 0
ffor two eln bot $\frac{1}{2}$ a eln cloath to be a coate to } him, at 6 lib. y <sup>e</sup> eln, . . . . . }	011 : 05 : 0
ffor ane hatt to him, . . . . . }	001 : 02 : 0
ffor a paire of stockings, . . . . . }	000 : 12 : 0
for binding his Greik Testament, . . . . . }	000 : 07 : 0
for a book, . . . . . }	001 : 00 : 0
To y <sup>e</sup> bibliothek, . . . . . }	001 : 10 : 0
To Mrs. Reid for books, . . . . . }	005 : 16 : 0

And so on, with various little details, the prices being all filled in with perfectly useless ciphers. These entries are all in Scotch pounds, shillings, and pence, which are equal to one-twelfth of the English coins of the same name: the £14, 10s. 0d. paid for entrance fee into Edinburgh College, dwindles down to £1, 4s. 4d. sterling, which, however, is high compared to the price of his hat and his stockings, which cost respectively 1s. 10d. and 1s. of our money. Trifling details like these bring us not only into the homes, but into the very pockets of our ancestors.

We shall now turn to a young lady's expenses; but having given a faithful specimen of our old book as it stands, we shall hereafter give all prices in English money, adding English words where necessary.

Debursts. for Christian since Martimas 1689:

1689 Dec. for 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ eln (yards) of temmie at 14s. y <sup>e</sup> eln	£	s.	d.
to be a gowne, . . . . .	0	7	7
For lace to it, . . . . .	0	3	0
For whyte ribband for a band, . . . . .	0	2	6

		£	s.	d.
1689 Dec.	For a paire of gloves, . . . . .	0	0	4
	For coals to the schoole, . . . . .	0	0	10
Jan. 6, 1690.	To her mistress for her Qu <sup>ter</sup> , . . . . .	0	2	6
	Aug. To her writing m <sup>rs</sup> for a Qu <sup>ter</sup> , . . . . .	0	3	0
	for 3 eln of ribbands at 3d. y <sup>e</sup> eln, . . . . .	0	0	9
1691.	To Mr. Keith for a Qu <sup>ter</sup> . at playing and } singing, . . . . .	0	9	10
	To his servant, . . . . .	0	0	10
	For her musick book, . . . . .	0	2	6
	For a paire of Virginalls to her, . . . . .	2	9	4
	ffor a Knot of chirrie-coloured crimp } ribbands to her, . . . . .	0	1	1
	ffor a paire of Shoes, . . . . .	0	1	4
	The half of the expenses to Moffat Well, } June last, . . . . .	2	15	6

Mistress Christian's virginals would be a prize to the antiquarian now-a-days. They prove that the fine arts were by no means banished from the families of Scottish Covenanters such as that to which she belonged. Her knot of cherry-coloured ribbons recalls to us the pictures of poor Henrietta Maria, and the shilling paid for *patches* in another tell-tale page at a somewhat later date, as forcibly carries us to the court of 'good Queen Anne,' and reveals Queen Fashion as a despot tyrannizing alike over Whig and Tory, Presbyterian and Malignant.

Having seen something of the expenses of dress and education in the family of the lawyer's widow, we shall now look at the expense of living.

'An account of what my house stood me from Martinmas 1699 to Whitsunday 1700.' Here follows an abstract of 'fresh meat and other necessaries, butter, herran (herring), salt beefe, and salt,'—amounting to £27. The board of a son in London for half-a-year in 1692 cost £6, 8s. That of a child in the village of Cramond, where he lived with his nurse, was £8, 3s. 4d. for a year. Meal, milk, and ale are the chief items of expenditure. Tea and coffee were, of course, unknown, but appear frequently in the accounts of the lady's nephew twenty years later: '½ lb. Bohea 6s. sterling,' 2 lbs. 'green tea 16s.,' and so on. Potatoes and vegetables in general are never mentioned, but after the Union with England a much greater variety of food, and also a great rise of prices, appears in these books. The boll of meal, which in September 1694 cost 6s. 8d., is in November 1712 entered at 11s. 6d.; but the season may have been a

bad one. Poultry, eggs, fish, and rabbits were very cheap, and seem to have been largely used in winter, so that our ancestors' fare during that season was by no means confined to salt beef. The one article of luxury which seems never to have varied in its nominal price is *oranges*. They are not mentioned till 1722, but appear then at two for threepence, even as now-a-days.

The ladies who kept these books seem to have had a perfect passion for inventories. The information obtained from their long lists of furniture, silver, linens, and books, enables us to form a good idea of their houses; and while we find them much richer than our own in some respects, we miss many articles which are to us of prime necessity. Few ministers' houses can boast of anything like the abundance of silver which adorned the table of the minister of the Canongate; still less can we find a house so full as his was of bed and table linens, chiefly made by the diligent hands of his wife, whose spinning-wheel was a great institution in the family. On the other hand, we are struck with the total absence of china, glass, and earthenware, the place of these articles being supplied by 'timber cups and dishes,' and large store of 'putre' (pewter) trenchers, which must have been beyond the power of the most clumsy hands to break. It is not until 1721 that tea is introduced—green tea at 10s. per lb., and the young bride buys along with it a tea kettle, teapot, and two dozen teacups at 1s. 6d. each. Regular payments to 'Water Will' remind us that, in the absence of water pipes, this personage was of great importance to the family.

The wages of servants seem very low, but presents were liberally given, and shoes were supplied. In 1693 the half-year's 'fie' or wage of 'my woman Jeane,' is only 10s.; those of Isobell and Epie are even lower. The annual rent of the house is £7, 15s.; that of 'my lady Hellen Enstruther' (Anstruther), whose name very often appears in these pages, is £2, 10s. for the half-year 1692, from Whitsunday to Martinmas.

The yearly rent of a 'seat in ye kirk' was 13s. 4d. The children of the family were sent in summer to country quarters at the villages of Newbattle, Cramond, and 'the Pannes,' probably Prestonpans; they were committed to the care of an Aunt Sarah, who keeps account of their expenses.

Various journeys are mentioned. Charles goes to Peterhead, and afterwards to Holland. John goes to London,

and the mother herself one summer rides into Galloway, paying 'for horse hyre, etc., £2, 6s. 8d.' John's journey to London is less expensive. 'July 5th, 1691, to Captain Balfour for his passage, £1, 1s.; to the mate for his bed, 5s. 10d.; for brandie, burnt wyne, and other provisions given him when he went aboard, 5s.' We should have been glad to know how many days he took to accomplish this voyage; but if the east wind of those days was equal to what it is now, we have no doubt John thought it more than sufficiently long.

The library of the minister consisted of about thirty volumes of theology in quartos and folios, weighty alike in substance and in outward form; a few Latin books also found place in it. Smaller publications are not deemed worthy of being named in the catalogue, although so many pamphlets, tracts, and small books are mentioned as having been purchased, that the house must have been well filled with literature. The *Spectator* was not bought till it was published in a volume; but it is curious to find that our venerable Edinburgh friend the *Courant* was regularly supplied to the family.

The medical receipts in Mrs. Rachel's book give but a poor idea of the state of science, and it says little for the efficacy of at least one of them that the funeral expenses of the patient are recorded upon the opposite page. What indeed could be expected from a 'Composition of powders for purging wind out of the veins!'

In the midst of homely details and dry pages of figures, the young daughter of the house, Mistress Christian, with her cheerful songs and her 'knot of chirrie-coloured ribbands,' seems to have been the only 'thing of beauty' that flashed across the old Edinburgh home of 1690. Pleasant must have been the music of her virginals contrasted with the monotonous *birr* of her mother's spinning-wheel; and we are not surprised to come at last to 'An account of what I depursed at my daughter's marriage on January 1700.'

In these old records the ornaments of life find no place,—nothing is purchased that is not strictly useful; and we are all the more surprised to find among the grim catalogue of funeral expenses in one of these volumes, the only notice found in their contents of the existence of such things as *flowers*! a small sum having been produced out of those frugal purses 'for flowers to lay on the corpse.' Surely the graceful tribute must have come from the young hands of Mistress Christian.

M. S. M.



### Our Library Table.

A VOYAGE IN THE 'SUNBEAM.' By Mrs. Brassey. London : Longmans & Co. 1878.

'How small the world has become!' is the first reflection that suggests itself on taking up the book before us. Now-a-days a voyage round the world takes the same place in our lives as did the Grand Tour which was supposed to give the finishing touch to the education of our forefathers. We meet a lady at an evening party, and she quite calmly tells us she has just returned from Fiji, as an excuse for her dress being somewhat unfashionable! But a yacht voyage round the world—a voyage undertaken by a whole family, including nurses and children, for pleasure—has still enough of novelty about it to excite our curiosity; and probably most of us have been following Mrs. Brassey in her lively and pleasant account of her travels. Let us here begin by paying our meed of admiration to her indomitable pluck. Beautiful and luxurious as the *Sunbeam* appears to have been, still a yacht of 650 tons is but a small home in which to brave the perils of the great deep; and when we find her confessing that, after having sailed tens and tens of thousands of miles, she cannot cure herself of sea-sickness, we the better appreciate the courage and determination which bore her through all the varied experiences of that eventful year.

Giving a wide berth to Africa, and skirting the eastern shores of South America, the course of the *Sunbeam* brought her, in October 1876, to the entrance of the Straits of Magellan. Her passage through these straits is one of the most interesting parts of the voyage. The magnificent scenery and brilliant skies which her party found there, form a wonderful contrast to almost every other account of those dreaded seas, which have passed into a proverb for danger and tempest. From Valparaiso the travellers started on a *little cruise* of 11,000 miles across the Pacific Ocean. This occupied them three months, including visits to the South Sea Islands, and a glimpse of that wonder of wonders, the volcano of Mauna Loa, in the Sandwich Islands. After these flowery lands and glassy seas, the scene changes with a crash; and a severe gale, which met them off the coast of Japan, and which did serious damage on board, though Mrs. Brassey describes it with all the composure of an 'old salt,' recalls our thoughts to the winter of northern latitudes. All their experiences of Japan are more or less coloured by the intense cold. We shiver in sympathy when we read how, on awaking the morning after their arrival at Yokohama, they thought it very cold and dark, and heard noises of a strange kind. Reason good; the skylights and port-holes were all covered and blocked with snow, the water froze as it came out of the hose, forming a sheet of ice on deck, while masses of snow and ice were falling from the rigging! Nevertheless, Mrs. Brassey contrived to see enough of Japan to fill an ordinary book of travels, if judiciously spun out; and her opinion that in a very short time Japan may become independent of foreigners, and perhaps as violently opposed to them as ever, opens up a new phase of possibilities in the history of that remarkable nation. The homeward voyage gives us a curious and interesting glimpse of China and the settlements of the Malay Peninsula; and so, passing through the intense heat of the Indian seas in the months of March and April, and pausing to add another testimony to the beauties of Ceylon, our

travellers reached the comparatively familiar scenes of the Overland Route.

But the special attraction of the book is the flavour of the salt sea foam it brings with it. Good descriptions of foreign lands we can have in plenty; but nowhere else have we met with such a charming picture of what we may call home life at sea. People speak of a long voyage as monotonous; here, at any rate, each day brings its incident, from the excitement of rescuing the crew of a burning ship, to the shoal of whales, which gives us the following delightful bit of nursery education: Baby, when asked what the whales do, 'opens her mouth as wide as she can, stretches out her arms to their fullest extent, then blows, and finishes up with a look round for applause.'

PHILOCHRISTUS: MEMOIRS OF A DISCIPLE OF THE LORD. London: Macmillan & Co. 1878.

We open this book with a good deal of speculation and uncertainty as to what it may contain, and not till we read some pages are its scope and intention evident. We then find that it purports to be the writing of a companion and disciple of Jesus Christ—a contemporary record; and the character thus assumed by the writer is sustained by a narrative, in style so vivid and life-like that the very fault of its being an assumption is well-nigh forgotten. With a simplicity and a realism almost startling, the various phases of the life of the time—social, religious, political—as it existed both among the native inhabitants of Palestine and their foreign invaders and conquerors, are portrayed. The directness and incisiveness of narration and portraiture carry us, as we read farther, with irresistible force and fascination to the very heart, as it were, of the social economy described. The central Figure, as we gradually realize its *every-day* personality, if we dare so speak, in the midst of the simple, homely life of Galilee, leaves an impression on the mind of the reader—vivid in words, as in painting the pictures of Doré—which the language of Holy Scripture, from its very familiarity, often fails to evoke.

We acknowledge at once that a life of Christ such as we find here is calculated to exalt and intensify our apprehension of the human element in His character; and we are aware that a large number of so-called orthodox critics will to this admission append the words, '*at the expense of the divine.*' We speak with much diffidence on so weighty a matter; but we cannot refrain from recording our conviction that for such an allegation there is no foundation in fact or experience. If we hold that Christ was '*perfect God and perfect man,*' can it be other than allowable and desirable that we should have as full a commentary on this second element as the powers of human reason are able to furnish? Such a book as that now before us would necessarily bring into prominence the human aspect of the character of Christ, if faithfully carried out from a literary point of view only; that being the aspect which would most clearly, in the first instance, impress His followers.

Suggestive readings of, and comments on, the acts, miracles, and parables of Christ abound, given as from the mind of an eye-witness of their performance or narration. A striking sentence is that in which '*peace on earth*' is spoken of as only possible when '*the Son of Man is in His place as King . . . and all nations in their places as His servants.*' The sketch of the character of Judas is impressive and highly suggestive, as explanatory of the mere fact of his original choice as an apostle. The language through-

out is chaste, reverent, reticent; in many cases, as one may say, *awe-inspiring*; in all beautiful, grave, as befits the subject. The peroration, containing passages of wonderful beauty and fervour, briefly touches on the faith and aspirations of Philochristus and his companions, after their Master has 'ascended up into heaven.' It is not often we meet with a book concerned with deeply serious themes, which possesses so irresistible a power of entrancing the imagination and captivating the attention.

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### Question Series.

I. *History*.—Who bore the surname of Bell-the-Cat? State the circumstances under which it was given.

II. *English Literature*.—Give the derivation and a note on the primitive etymological meaning of the following words: *desultory*, *ambition*, *candidate*, *tribulation*.

Answers to be sent in by 15th December, addressed 'Qu. C., care of Miss Walker, 37 Gillespie Crescent.' The best answer to each question will be inserted in the magazine, and prizes are offered at the close of the year for the greatest number in each department. *N.B.*—Answers only to be written on one side of the paper, and the real name and address of the sender, besides her pseudonym, to be given. Only the latter will appear in the magazine. History not to exceed twenty-four, Literature twenty-six printed lines; twelve words go to a line. We warn correspondents against running time too short. The 15th is the latest possible day on which the *Editors* can receive any answer; an accidental delay in delivery may exclude a good answer from competition.

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### ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER SERIES.

In *History*: B. is the best; HEATHER, excellent; M. B. very good, but she goes too much into the reasons for *excluding* James, thereby leaving herself too little space in which to speak of his claims. SPIDER and MAYFLY both good.

In *Literature*: Only CLARIBEL and HEATHER have answered. CLARIBEL's answer is excellent, and we can only regret that she has exceeded her given limits, and must, therefore, be ranked below HEATHER.

I. On the death of Queen Elizabeth, James VI. of Scotland claimed the throne of England in right of his great-grandmother, Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of King Henry VII. From this princess he was descended in two lines, by his mother in the first place, and also by his father. From his mother, Mary Queen of Scots, he derived his undoubted right, and from his father, Henry Lord Darnley, he inherited what might have been a rival pretension to the vacant throne, as they were descended respectively from the first and second marriages of Margaret Tudor. By her first marriage, to James IV., she left a son, James V., who was the father of Mary Queen of Scots. By her second marriage, to Archibald Douglas Earl of Angus, she left one daughter, Lady Margaret Douglas, who married Matthew Stuart Earl of Lennox, and became the mother of Henry Lord Darnley.

The marriage of Queen Mary and Darnley and the birth of James VI. thus united in one person the two strongest claims to the throne of the Tudor kings.

B.

II. A pastoral poem (Latin *pastor*, a shepherd) is one which describes country life and scenery. It is often in the form of dialogue, or enlivened with addresses to the muses, nymphs, fawns, and other personifications of art or nature. Theocritus, a native of the Greek colony of Syracuse, who lived in the third century B.C., first excelled in pastoral poetry, and was imitated by Virgil, whose Bucolic Eclogues are considered models. This branch of poetry has always flourished more amongst hardy and primitive races, living in mountainous districts, than amongst more luxurious and commercial nations. Of English pastorals, Sir Philip Sydney's 'Arcadia' is our earliest and one of our best specimens. Contemporary with it is the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' by Edmund Spenser, in form like the 'Arcadia,' a poem in which love and loyalty and Puritanism are oddly mixed up with the fancied shepherd life. Milton's 'Lycidas,' perhaps the most beautiful and pathetic piece he ever wrote, is a pastoral elegy or allegory upon the death of his friend, Mr. Edward King. One of the most popular and best known English pastorals is Allan Ramsay's 'Gentle Shepherd,' published about the middle of the last century. Shenstone's poetry, too, is chiefly of this description. In the present age pastoral poetry has almost entirely disappeared.

HEATHER.

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## Stray Notes.

EDINBURGH LADIES' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.—We have already drawn attention to the fact (v. October issue), that board in private families can be obtained by ladies who come to Edinburgh for the purpose of studying in the Classes of the Educational Association. Not only is the comfort and convenience of the students duly provided for, but assistance in their studies will be given to all who desire it. Any communications or inquiries should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary of the Association; but instead of Saxe-Coburg Place, they had better be sent to 117 George Street, Edinburgh.

UNIVERSITY CERTIFICATES FOR WOMEN.—Ladies desirous of holding such certificates, and who, although able to study for the purpose at home, are precluded from coming to Edinburgh, may be interested to know that a certificate of equal value may be gained at St. Andrews next June. This was eagerly sought during the present year by many candidates, some of whom had made their preparation at Cambridge, others at various centres, London itself being one of these. No preliminary examination is required,—whether this be regarded as fortunate or the reverse,—and those who wish it can take a certificate of M.A. standard in one branch only; while by passing in *four* subjects, one of which must be a language, or in *three*, one of which must be in honours, a full certificate and title may be taken. Further information can always be had on applying to Professor Roberts, University, St. Andrews.

HIGHER EDUCATION AT BRISBANE, NEW ZEALAND.—Some of our readers may care to know that the recently-elected Principal of the Girls' High School in the above-mentioned place, is an Edinburgh lady of much experience in teaching. She was, during one session, a member of our Latin class, and last June she obtained the L.A. degree of St. Andrews. It is gratifying to see on all sides the good results of the impetus first given by our Educational Association to



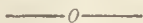
the Higher Education of Women; but we may now say that the 'wave' of our good influence has actually spread to the antipodes.

KITTY WREN asks the following question: Must I attend the St. George's Hall Classes in order to pass the Local Examination? [There is certainly no compulsion. But those who wish to pass well, will probably avail themselves of some preparatory help, and we can assure you, that whether, as residing in Edinburgh, you attend these classes in person, or as absent, you enrol yourself as a corresponding student, you cannot obtain assistance more thoroughly satisfactory, or more likely to ensure your success.]

As the question has often been asked in various ways, we may mention that the *Instruction by Correspondence* with the St. George's Hall Classes is this year thrown open to boys. Corresponding students resident in Scotland must apply to Miss M. M. Houldsworth, Springfield House, Lasswade; those in England to Miss M. A. Schwabe, 2 Glenorchy Terrace, Edinburgh.

G. W. kindly favoured us with the information that her question in our September No. had been answered by a friend. The passage she wished to discover as to the ablutions practised by the ancients, is from Bishop Jeremy Taylor's works, *v. Holy Dying*, chap. iv. sect. v. All readers of the good Bishop's works know how they abound in quaint classical allusions; his reference in the instance before us is to *Ælian*, book iv. chap. i. We have to thank G. W. for her communication, which we were obliged to defer last month for want of space.

THALATTA and LILY in our August No. have received no information as to the quotations asked for. We shall be most grateful to any one who will supply the source of these quotations; also to any friend who will answer APIS in our September Magazine.



### Notices to Correspondents, etc.

LADIES are invited to contribute to this magazine. All communications to be addressed, EDITORS, *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, Messrs. Murray & Gibb, 11 Queen Street, Edinburgh. No anonymous communication can be noticed.

All contributions to be accompanied by the writer's name and address. Rejected articles can only be returned if accompanied by stamps to cover postage. This applies to all short poems, etc., sent inside letters, with requests for answers. No enclosure can either be noticed or returned unless a stamp be sent at the same time.

Papers intended for immediate insertion must be in the hands of the Editors by the first of the previous month; attention is requested to this rule.

For the series entitled 'Country Subjects and Pursuits,' we have already (promised or received) papers on Fishing, Curling, Keeping Poultry, Games in the Garden, Hedging and Ditching, and others. Further suggestions would be acceptable; also papers on the Dairy, on Landscape Gardening, and on Swimming.

Contributions are often delayed for want of space.

The next meeting of the Ladies' Edinburgh Literary Society will be held on Saturday, 2d November, at 25 Great King Street. All members who can do so, are requested to attend. Debate, 'Shall we amend our laws of Spelling?'

*Our Female Novelists.*

## XXIII.

## HARRIET MARTINEAU.

*b.* 1802—*d.* 1876.

AMONG the French refugees who fled to England on the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes was a surgeon named David Martineau. This young man married a daughter of a family of Huguenot refugees named Pierre, and settled in Norwich, and the descendants of this pair afforded a succession of surgeons to Norwich, until the early death of our heroine's eldest brother terminated the series. Harriet Martineau's father was the youngest son of a large family, the offspring of one of this race of surgeons, but was himself a Norwich manufacturer. His wife was Elizabeth Rankin, eldest daughter of a sugar-refiner of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, a clever woman, and a good, though, it would appear, not a very tender mother. Harriet was the sixth of the eight children that sprang from this union. She was born June 12th, 1802.

Harriet Martineau's childish recollections are very strong and clear, and date back to an unusually early age. Those who are accustomed to think of her as a strong-minded, masculine woman, will be surprised to learn that during her childhood she was subject to frequent nervous panics. This was probably due to neglect in infancy, which laid the foundation of years of weak health and disordered nerves. Her terrors were excited by such trifles as the swaying to and fro of the waves, seen through the planking of a jetty, the sight of the star-lit sky, or the dancing of the prismatic colours on the wall. She was haunted by the dread of pursuit by wild beasts by day, and by all sorts of nervous fancies by night. The white circle thrown by a magic lantern on the wall continued to be a source of unconquerable terror to her when she was thirteen years of age.

She seems to have been endowed with a strong natural sense of justice, which was constantly wounded by her mother, brothers, and sisters. To this, as well as to exaggerated severity and want of tenderness towards her childish faults, she attributes the secret misery of her life, and her consequent bad temper, the loss of self-respect, and the bewilderment of her conscience. Perhaps this may have

been so. Probably the depression of spirits caused by bad health, added to a very sensitive and affectionate heart and extreme shyness and reserve, would cause the child to brood over troubles which are more or less common to all, until they assumed undue proportions. Her timidity made her awkward and helpless, especially when she was particularly expected to do anything well, and this naturally provoked frequent impatience. She describes herself as possessing a good deal of vanity, and a 'frightful' capacity for jealousy. She was obstinate and difficult to deal with, yet her heart seems to have been easily won by kindness. She tells us frankly that she does not remember, in her childhood, ever once owning herself wrong; yet she judged herself by the unflattering things that were mercilessly said to her, and always believed herself to be in the wrong. She seems to have had strong religious tendencies; but, as she had much vanity, and her religion consisted of a perpetual sense of shortcoming, it afforded her but little comfort. All this accumulated misery was nevertheless real to the poor child, because it was partially morbid. When she was about seven, owing to the influence of a friend a few years older than herself, she began to take a sort of moral charge of herself. Becoming ashamed of her habit of misery, she tried hard for a course of years, from about the age of eight to fourteen, to pass a single day without crying—but failed.

The story of her friendship with a little girl of her own age, whom she calls 'E,' shows her to have possessed, in spite of her unamiable temper, a tenderness of heart and capacity for faithful self-devotion which were really noble. Poor little 'E.' was lame, and her parents chose not to recognise her infirmity, but to assume that she was like other children. From the time that Harriet grew intimate with 'E,' which was when the pair were seven or eight years old, she never more had any play. Now she was very fond of play, and the ungrudging endurance of 'the many long years through which she stood, with cold feet and a longing mind, with "E." leaning on her arm, looking on while other children were at play,' amounts to something like heroism. Once only did she fail in her generous devotion to her little friend,—on the occasion of a birthday party, when her father gave rare and precious leave for hide-and-seek among the packing-cases and pigeon-holes of the warehouse.

'For weeks,' she says, 'I had counted the days and hours to this birthday and this play; but "E." could not play hide-and-seek, and there we stood looking at the rest—I cold and fidgety, and at last

uncontrollably worried at the thought that the hours were passing away and I had not had one bit of play. I did the fatal thing that has been a thorn in my mind ever since. I asked "E." if she would much mind having some one else with her while I hid once. O, no, she did not mind at all; so I sent somebody else to her, and ran off, with a feeling of self-detestation which is fresh at this day. I had no presence of mind for the game—was caught in a minute, and came back to "E." damaged in self-respect for the whole remaining course of our friendship.'

There must have been something very lovable in a child capable of being the subject of such an episode.

In the year 1811 was born her youngest sister, Ellen. 'Now I shall see the growth of a human mind from the beginning,' was the remark of the philosophical little elder sister, then nine years old. And to this new sister she resolved to look for her future happiness, and to devote herself with such love and tenderness that she should never know her own bitter experience of the want of it; and this resolution she fully carried out.

Up to the age of eleven, Harriet, with her next elder sister, Rachel, had received her education at home from her eldest brothers and sister, but she does not seem to have found much pleasure in her lessons. She and Rachel were then sent to school to the Rev. Isaac Perry, a dissenting minister who had recently joined the ranks of the Unitarians, and had thereby lost his pulpit and the chief part of his (boy's) school. It does not appear that up to this time Harriet had been recognised as showing any sign of being cleverer than other children. On the contrary, she was considered by her family as being dull and inobservant, and was accustomed to be told that 'slow and sure' was the maxim for her, while 'quick and well' was that for Rachel. Nevertheless at eight years old she had endeavoured to draw up a table of Scripture precepts, under the heads of various virtues and vices, and had confided to her mother her hope that it might some day be printed and make a book. And shortly before that time, on accidentally looking into Milton's *Paradise Lost*, she had become so enamoured of it, that in a few months there was hardly a line in the whole poem that she could not readily have turned to. At Mr. Perry's she distinguished herself by her compositions, and made good progress in arithmetic and Latin.

Harriet's first introduction to the science of political economy (though the name was unknown) was at Mr. Perry's school; and the to her 'unintelligible raillery of her brothers' about the National Debt and the Sinking Fund,



seems to prove that she readily grasped the ideas presented to her.

At the age of sixteen she went to a boarding-school at Bristol, kept by an aunt and some very clever young cousins, but this seems to have been more on account of her bad health and temper than for the sake of education. She speaks of this Aunt Kentish as the first human being of whom she was not afraid. After fifteen months she returned home, somewhat improved mentally and morally, but worse rather than better with regard to her health.

By this time her deafness, which had only begun to show itself as slight hardness of hearing when she was about twelve years old, had become very noticeable and inconvenient, and excessively painful to herself. This deafness must not be forgotten by the readers of Miss Martineau's story as a lasting, and, from its nature, an ever-present affliction throughout the whole course of her life from her early teens. While fully alive to, and ever keenly conscious of, 'the daily and hourly trials,' and 'unspeakable miseries' attending exclusion from the world of sound, she nevertheless set herself bravely to make the best of the inevitable. Instead of succumbing to a calamity so truly distressing, she fortified herself by two grand resolutions,—one for the sake of others, that she 'would never ask what was said,' and the other for her own, a vow of patience that she 'would smile in every moment of anguish from it, and never lose temper at any consequence of it.' Meeting it in this heroic spirit, she found it the grandest impulse to self-mastery, though it took a long time to effect the cure; and in looking back at her life from the edge of the grave, she acknowledges 'that this same deafness was about the best thing that ever happened to her.'

Harriet returned home in April 1819. In 1820 her eldest sister married a surgeon at Newcastle. This event made young women at once of Rachel and herself. Perhaps, therefore, this point of her history is the fittest at which to pause and trace, as briefly as possible, the course of her religious experience and views. She was brought up a Unitarian. As she grew older and knew more, she gradually came to see the inconsistency of Unitarians in taking what liberties they pleased with a revelation they professed to receive, and in setting aside what portions they did not choose to accept, while yet calling their religion Christianity. She seems to have been in her early youth very susceptible to religious influences, passing through a long phase of what she calls

fanaticism and pastor-worship. In due time she read a great deal of philosophy, her especial master being Hartley, whose teaching imbued her with strong aspirations after self-discipline and devotion to duty. She studied the Bible 'incessantly and immensely,' but, though enthusiastic about the moral beauty and spiritual promises of the sacred writings, never believed in the essential doctrines of Christianity. Her introduction to Necessarianism was by speaking to her brother James on the question of divine predestination, which had long and sorely perplexed her; he told her that there was a Necessarian solution, and advised her to work it out for herself. She did so, and became once for all convinced of Necessarianism; and to this 'grand conviction' she attributes whatever her life has had of steadiness, consistency, progressiveness, and strength. She, in process of time, relinquished prayer in the usual acceptation of the word. 'Not knowing what was good for her, and being sure that every external thing would come to pass just the same whether she liked it or not, she ceased to desire and therefore to pray for anything external for herself or others, except spiritual good.' She describes herself as passing through successive gradations, regarding Christianity—since to her it could not be a *faith*—as a matter of speculation, of spiritual convenience, of intellectual and moral taste, and finally, as a mere fact in the history of mankind.

'It took many years,' she writes, 'to travel through them; and I lingered long in the stages of speculation and taste, intellectual and moral. But at length I recognised the monstrous superstition in its true character of a great fact in the history of the race, and I found myself with the last link of my chain snapped, a free rover on the broad, bright, breezy common of the universe.'

But this final 'emancipation' did not take place until many years later than the point in her history where we have left her.

During Harriet Martineau's girlhood, it was not thought proper for young ladies to make their studies very prominent; and to this opinion she submitted as in duty bound. She was at the work-table regularly after breakfast, making and mending for herself or the household, and walked regularly with the rest of the family; and if ever she shut herself into her own room for an hour's solitude, she knew it was at the risk of being sent for to join the sewing circle. Nevertheless she made time for study—her philosophical reading, and translation from Latin and Italian—in the early morning and late at night. Skilful in household employments, she was

able to cook, to iron, to make and mend all her own clothes, including the knitting of stockings, and could have even earned her own living by fancy-work; and the pride is more than pardonable with which she congratulates herself on not being 'a literary lady who could not sew.'

In 1821, at the age of nineteen, Harriet made her first appearance in print, by an article upon 'Female Writers on Practical Divinity,' which she sent to the *Monthly Repository* (the Unitarian periodical), signing herself 'V.,' and posting it without mentioning her enterprise to any one. It was near the end of the month, and she had no expectation of hearing any more of her paper, much less of its insertion in the forthcoming number, but, to her surprise and delight, in due time there it was, with a request to hear more from 'V.' of Norwich.

During the next few years she wrote a number of short stories—sometimes unconsciously touching on political economy—and some poetry, of which she writes in later life, 'I can't bear to think of it.'

After her *début* as an author came a time of great trial in her private life. Her health was bad, and her eldest brother, who was tenderly beloved by his family, fell into decline, went abroad, and in June 1822 died. In the calamitous season of 1825-26, her father was nearly ruined by the deterioration in the value of his stock, and died the same year. Soon after this she became engaged to one whom she had known for a long time. Four years previously she had had great trouble owing to some mischief made by a third person between herself and this gentleman. And now, when she was hopeful and happy in her engagement, her betrothed suddenly became insane, and, after months of illness, died. This was a heavy sorrow to her at the time, but years afterwards, in looking back over her life, she expresses her conviction that it was well for her that she had never married, not from want of appreciation of domestic life or of capacity for domestic affection,—on the contrary, she seems to have possessed both in a high degree,—but in view of her character, which was best fitted for single estate, and of her life's work, which could only thus have been effectually accomplished.

In June 1829 the Norwich manufactory failed in which Mrs. Martineau and their daughter had invested their money, and they lost by one stroke almost all that they had. The three daughters were therefore obliged to earn their living by their own exertions. The eldest and youngest soon found suitable occupations, but there was a great difficulty as to

what Harriet should do, as her deafness precluded both music and teaching. It was settled that she should live at home with her mother and an aunt, and for some time she maintained herself by fancy-work. She went to London, and while there, though failing in all attempts to get her articles even looked at by the publishers, she received an offer of employment in proof-correcting and other literary drudgery at a small salary. This opening she relinquished with grief and disappointment, in obedience to a summons home from her mother. At this time the Central Unitarian Association advertised for three prize essays, commending Unitarianism to Catholics, to Jews, and to Mohammedans, the prizes being respectively ten, fifteen, and twenty guineas. Harriet tried for all three prizes, and that successfully; yet by the light of the wisdom of riper years she judges her essays very disparagingly. Yet this success was a great event to her, and marked out authorship as her legitimate career.

Soon after this she began to ponder her Political Economy Series. The story of the difficulties, delays, and discouragements which she met with in finding a publisher to take up her proposed work is quite an exciting one, but too long to relate in detail. She went up to London to urge her case in person, but the only result for some time was severe bodily fatigue and exertion, in addition to mental anxiety, which laid the foundation of subsequent illness. She describes herself as so ill one day with worry and the fatigue of a walk of four miles and a half, that she was scarcely able to stand without support, and, as leaning over some palings near Shoreditch, pretending to look at a cabbage bed, saying to herself, as she stood with closed eyes, 'My book will do yet!' and then moving on as soon as possible lest passers-by should think her drunk. At last she found a publisher, though on terms most unfair to herself, one stipulation being that he should withdraw at the end of two numbers unless the sale reached one thousand in the first fortnight. In point of fact, the fortnight's sale reached a far higher number. And so, in 1832, before she was thirty, Harriet Martineau found herself a great woman, with, if not a fortune, at least a competence at command, a fame which soon became European, and an influence which was sought after not only by members of Parliament and public bodies, but even by the Cabinet itself. So important a personage had she become before her series was half finished, that she was personally forbidden the empire both in Russia and Austria. Her common sense



and detestation of being 'lionized' kept her from being carried away by the flattery she received, and her courage from being crushed by the cruel attacks made upon her by her literary opponents.

On the establishment of the success of her enterprise, she, with her mother and aunt, took up her residence in London. The work occupied two years and a half, and immediately on its completion she started for America, where she spent two years. Her arrival there happened at a time when the great controversy on negro slavery was beginning to stir the community. She was openly committed to hostility towards slavery by her previous writings, especially by the number of the Political Economy Series called 'Demerara.' Nevertheless she was received by the Pro-Slavery party with the extravagant adulation and enthusiasm expressed by the American phrase 'to be Lafayetteed.' For one year this lasted, and then she fell among the Abolitionists, on whose side, in truth, her sympathies had always lain; and openly espousing their cause, even to the length of consenting to speak at a Ladies' Anti-Slavery meeting, she not only lost at once all her popularity and most of her friends in America, but became such an object of odium to the Pro-Slavery majority that she was actually in danger of losing her life by lynch law.

On her return to England she published *Society in America*, in which she made it her endeavour to take her stand on the American point of view, and to judge American society by American tests. And one of the first constitutional lawyers in America wrote to her the spontaneous assurance that there was not in the whole work a single mistake in regard to the political constitution of the Republic. This book was soon followed by *Retrospects of Western Travel*.

It may be mentioned here that subsequently, as a result of Miss Martineau's description of America, distinguished patriots of three countries—of Sweden in 1837 or 1838, of Ireland in 1839, and of Italy in 1847—begged that she would study the political conditions and needs of their respective countries, and lend her judgment and influence on their behalf.

In 1838 she wrote *Deerbrook*, and the same year visited Scotland, to explore the topography of Shakespeare's Scotch play, in order to furnish notes for Mr. Knight's edition of Shakespeare. The following spring she went abroad, and visited Padua and Venice in order to do the same for Shakespeare's Italian plays. While in Italy her health, which

had been somewhat failing for several months, entirely broke down, and she returned home, reclining on a couch improvised by her companions, to spend five years in confinement to a sick-room.

During the first half of her illness she was capable of literary work, and *The Hour and the Man*, and the first two vols. of *The Playfellow*, belong to this period. *Life in the Sick-Room* was written in the autumn of 1843. During this season of ill health she finally refused to accept a Government pension, from the sense that her freedom of utterance would be thereby impeded. Nevertheless she expressly declares that she 'would have proudly and thankfully accepted it, had it been offered by Parliament.' She did gratefully accept a subscription-testimonial about the same time.

From this state of suffering and prostration she was restored, in the course of 1844, by mesmerism to perfect health, the immediate agent in her recovery being, she is careful to inform us, a widow lady.

In the course of the following spring, at a friend's house, she met Mr. Atkinson, the guide who superintended her final emancipation from 'the ghost-peopled caverns of superstition,' and conducted her forth on 'the broad, bright, breezy common of the universe.' From this date began the ten years which she calls the 'sunny period' of her life, and describes as the spring, summer, and autumn of her career, all crowded into a small space, and bursting suddenly out of a long winter. Having attained to more than forty years, she says, she began to relish life without a drawback.

Her mother being meantime settled with one of her married sisters, in May 1845 she herself took up her abode in lodgings at the Lakes; but within six months she had bought ground at Ambleside, and began building a house there, with keen appreciation of the delights of land-proprietorship; and in April 1846 she took possession of this abode. Meanwhile, in the autumn of 1845, she wrote the three vols. of *Forest and Game Law Tales*; and in the following spring compassed her 'only political plot,' viz. the reconciliation of Mr. Cobden and Sir R. Peel. In the autumn of 1846 she joined some friends on a tour to Egypt and Palestine. Her main idea in the work she published on her return, was 'to illustrate the genealogy of the old faiths, the Egyptian, Hebrew, Christian, and Mohammedan.' Soon after she undertook to deliver an annual course of winter lectures to the mechanics of Ambleside and their families,

and about the same time began writing her *History of the Peace*, of which she finished vol. ii. in November 1849. In 1850 were published the *Letters of Man's Nature and Development*. These were joint productions of her own and Mr. Atkinson's, the larger part of the matter being his, but the publication her doing. She admits that she did not take this step without misgivings,—indeed, she describes it as the greatest effort of courage she ever made,—but she says that she ultimately found it an inestimable blessing, by dissolving all false relations and confirming all true ones. In the Rev. James Martineau's review of this work culminated the great secret sorrow of her life, viz. the estrangement of this once favourite and fondly-loved brother. During 1850 she began writing for *Household Words*, and also undertook farming on a small scale, which seems to have proved a pleasant and profitable experiment. She also translated, or rather epitomized, Comte's *Philosophie Positive*.

1854 opened cheerily. In the spring of that year she wrote a *Complete Guide to the Lakes*, little thinking that it would be her last literary work of importance (except her autobiography), yet so it proved. From March in this year she had observed in herself unsatisfactory symptoms, the evidence of which she did not understand; and her health became steadily worse, with a short intermission, until January 1855, when she became convinced that something was seriously wrong, and went to London for medical advice. There she learned that she was suffering from disease of the heart, which must terminate fatally, and might do so at any time. She at once made final arrangements concerning her affairs, and returned home, accompanied by a niece. Then she set to work in earnest upon the Autobiography, which she had long regarded as a task that must be performed, in order to tell the world some things about herself which she could not commit to any one else to say for her.

About her state of mind in the near prospect of death Miss Martineau tells us a great deal. She owns to some natural regret at the thought that she should never again enjoy health; but expressly declares that she entertained no fear of death, no expectation of a future state nor desire of it, no wish, indeed, that anything should be otherwise than it is. She tells us that her days were full of pleasures and free from care; and speaks of the singular interest, full even of amusement, in watching human affairs, and acting in them when on the verge of leaving them. She rejoices in her personal freedom from responsibilities, and describes herself

as enjoying a genuine holiday for the first time for a quarter of a century. With regard to humanity at large, she tells us that the world as it is was growing somewhat dim before her eyes, but that the world as it is to be looked brighter every day. And with regard to herself, she

‘cannot but acknowledge that philosophy has opened her way before her, and given a staff into her hand, and thrown a light upon her path, so as to have delivered her from doubt and fear,’ and that ‘death seems easy, simple, and natural.’

Nevertheless there were to be yet twenty-one years of patient endurance of suffering and declining strength, and of unflagging interest and sympathy in the questions of the day, and the welfare of those around her, before the end came. The niece who devoted herself in the beginning of this illness, met her own death many years before the aunt whose dying hours she hoped to have tended. What account we have of these years is written or collected in the form of Miss Martineau’s own letters by another hand. Whether the staff and the light given her by philosophy supported her in the actual hour of death we can never know. At sunset, on June 27, 1876, she passed away, and was buried in the burial-place of her family at Birmingham, the simple record being—

### HARRIET MARTINEAU,

DAUGHTER OF

THOMAS AND ELIZABETH MARTINEAU.

BORN AT NORWICH, JUNE 12, 1802.

DIED AT AMBLESIDE, JUNE 27, 1876.

In this sketch we have not felt called upon to enter the lists against Miss Martineau’s ‘free-thought,’ and have preferred rather to give as many as possible of the facts of her life, leaving the reader to form a judgment upon them, than to trespass on necessarily limited space by attempting to analyse her character. Her talent and energy, clear sense and courageous plain-speaking, are undoubted; and these are great qualities. But on the moral side we find the hardening influence of her loveless creed—a want of tenderness, and the lack of that humility which springs from the deep consciousness of a higher than human standard of right and wrong, and of personal shortcoming in regard to it, and which exists only in the school of Christianity, where perfect justice is compatible with divine love and mercy. In her life there



was no master to dethrone autocratic self as the motive power and spring of action. The scandal which became connected with her name in later life *may* have had no other foundation than great want of discretion, which gave licence to uncharitable tongues to say their worst. But if this public condemnation was deserved, then we need no more impressive comment on the end to which such self-centred, Godless morality must lead, when frail humanity trusts to its guidance alone.

We are not called to judge her ; it is right to speak of the dead as charitably as we can. She was, in many respects, a very useful woman in her generation ; and could she have ceased for a moment from self-consciousness, she might have been still more so. But from her life and death there comes this lesson,—humility is the only foundation for greatness ; therefore the least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than Harriet Martineau.

E. A. H.

—o—

### Damascus.

TO HON. L. T.

AFTER long years,  
Gloomy with fears,  
Travail, and tears,—  
Suddenly Light  
Breaks through the night.

Heavy and grey,  
Clouds ever lay,  
Low on my way—  
Yonder the Blue  
Opens to view.

Once all around,  
Falsehood I found  
Worshipped and crowned—  
Time at last brings  
Truth on his wings !

H. A. DUFF.

## **The Frozen Thames : or, Dieu Dispose.**

### **CHAPTER I.**

THE month of November in the year 1142 was a most unusually severe season, and great blocks of ice were formed in the Thames above Oxford ; and it soon began to be whispered that if the frost continued, the river ran a chance of being entirely blocked up.

At this time the city was in a state of siege, being held by the citizens for the Empress Maude, whom they considered the rightful possessor of the English throne. King Stephen was by no means inclined to let such an important place slip from his grasp, and since Michaelmas he had rigorously besieged the castle, and, with great cruelty, had burned the greater part of the town in his rage at the rebellious spirit displayed by the citizens.

It may be therefore imagined that the poor, houseless families felt the biting frost as an additional hardship, and many were the gloomy forebodings uttered on every side. In the camp, too, the soldiers began to show discontent ; for when with right goodwill they had burnt all the best houses and property of the unfortunate townsmen, they had hardly considered how, in the event of a protracted siege, they might suffer from the want of shelter and food.

The country at that time being in the most disturbed state, the necessaries of life having to be brought from great distances, there was the greatest likelihood that the caravans of provisions never reached their destination, being constantly intercepted on the way by one or other of the roving bands led by the discontented nobles.

In a wattled hut near the banks of the frozen river, a small group of persons might have been seen huddled round the central wood fire on the evening of 27th November 1142, on which my story begins. A patriarchal old man, in fisherman's dress, was employed in tying together the holes in the rough net, which, however, had done its duty in its own day in catching multitudes of fish in the neighbouring river. Though wan and emaciated, yet a peaceful, placid expression rested on the furrowed face of the aged man, in strong contrast with the wild, discontented eyes of his young companion. The latter was a fine, handsome, strongly-built young fellow of some twenty-five years of age.

His thick, tangled hair hung in a heavy mass on his bronzed neck, left bare by the loose rough jerkin which clothed the upper portion of his person.

A young woman, with a child in her arms, completed the group; and she was the first to break the silence which seemed brooding over them, by saying, in a nervous, timid tone, 'The night falls apace, father; there is scarcely light enough to mend that net.'

'Nor much need,' interrupted the young man impatiently. 'I am sure I can't think what makes father go on mending, mending for ever, when there is little enough chance of our requiring a net again as long as this cruel weather lasts.'

'Nay, nay,' said the old man smilingly, 'let us have all things ready for the good time when it comes. Did not the wise woman say to Brenda the other day, that soon food would be to be had for the asking, and what food except of our own catching are we likely to get?'

The young man turned with a contemptuous snort away, and addressing no one in particular, growled out, 'I think fools are plenty, whatever food is. When do you expect your scatter-brain back from his wild-goose chase?'

'He won't attempt to cross till after dark, Harold,' answered his sister, and a look of anxiety rested on her sad, gentle face, 'and then he must watch his time to steer his boat between the drifting blocks of ice. But sure, spite of the danger, brother, you would not have had me stop the lad, when it seemed the only way to get a message to Wallingford.'

'And pray, my wise Brenda,' said Harold more gently, 'what good will the message do?'

'That,' said Brenda, 'we know not. Our part is merely to obey orders. If you want to know, Harold, the meaning of all this mystery, why did not you take Will's place, and contrive the interview with Alice after dark, as he did last night?'

'Nay, sister,' said Harold fiercely; 'I'll have nought more to do with Alice. She is welcome to have any of the Norman courtiers for me, and joy go with her.'

'I think you wrong her shamefully,' said Brenda, roused for a moment out of her usually gentle manner. 'You know well that only her devotion to her royal mistress could have induced her to immure herself within those gloomy walls, and I am certain she is as leal and true to you there as when she shared our pittance here.'

‘Ah, sister! you only say this to comfort me; but how can a rough man-at-arms like me bear comparison with the court gallants? Nay, when Robert of Gloucester returns, which it is to be hoped he will soon, you will see that I am right, and that we may go and dance at Mistress Alice’s wedding with one of the dark, merry Norman gentlemen. Or else,’ he added still more gloomily, ‘with a false English baron.’

‘Well, well, time will show,’ said Brenda in a weary tone; ‘I know well how useless it is to try to change your opinion, and, indeed, perhaps it would be better for us to try to do our duty and be contented, without troubling ourselves about the future. Look at father, and copy him.’

‘That’s all very well for women and old men,’ said Harold, ‘but I must do something. I think I will try and break a hole in the ice and catch a few fish, either for our own supper or to sell to the soldiers.’

So saying, he pushed aside the skin which hung across the entrance, and strode out into the cold winter night.

Now, to make you understand poor Harold’s grumblings, I must tell you something of his antecedents.

Till the sack of the town last Michaelmas, Harold’s father, Nigel Penda, had held a good position at Oxford. He was a fish-merchant, and had a good trade carrying his fish up the river. He possessed a good dwelling-house, and employed several ceorls.

Harold had rebelled at this peaceful, uneventful life; and when his sister Brenda married another fish-merchant of the name of Mellent, he obtained his father’s leave to serve under the banner of Brian Fitz Earl, one of Stephen’s most turbulent barons.

In 1141, when Matilda, Countess of Anjou, and her half-brother, Robert of Gloucester, arrived in England, Earl Brian espoused her cause, and after the battle of Lincoln he transferred Harold, who had already distinguished himself for valour, to the Empress’s service.

Now among Matilda’s ladies one Alice Fitz Altamount was distinguished for her beauty, and gentle, though spirited, character.

Soon Harold’s fierce and passionate heart was no longer his own, but entirely belonged to the beautiful Norman girl.

At first sight it may appear strange that a rough man-at-arms should be considered in any way a fit husband for a lady of rank. But it must be remembered that ‘strange times make strange manners.’

In the enforced flight from London, Harold had been able



to be of the utmost use to Matilda and her ladies, and their gratitude was proportionate. Still this might have hardly sufficed to bridge over the distance between the lovers, had it not been for the Empress's partiality for Harold's lord, which induced her to lend a favourable ear to Harold's pleading, backed by the tearful entreaties of Alice, for whom she had a sincere affection.

Be this as it may, she did consent to their engagement, and in this case her sanction was all that was required, as Alice was an orphan ward of the late Count of Anjou.

The young girl, gentle and quiet herself, almost worshipped her strong, determined young suitor, and they were quickly betrothed, and obtained leave, on their arrival at Oxford, for her to pay a visit to Harold's home.

By this time Brenda's husband had died, and she and her baby and a young stepson lived with old Nigel Penda. The wedding had been fixed to take place on St. Michael's day; but on that day, alas! a far different scene was enacted.

The Penda house was one of the first devastated by Stephen's ruthless soldiers, and poor Brenda driven forth with her children and father, houseless, homeless, and utterly destitute.

Harold had gone to take a message from the Empress, and on his return he found his father and sister living in the wretched wattled hut described at the beginning of this narrative, and his promised bride shut up within the four walls of the castle, which was closely surrounded by Stephen's lawless troops, who were living amongst the havoc they had created.

At first Harold put a bold face on it, and earned a scanty pittance by the sale of his fish to the camp. But he soon found that he was too well known as a follower of Brian Fitz Earl to meet with great encouragement, and it was only the shame of leaving his feeble old father and delicate sister to the tender mercies of the troops which prevented his going to Wallingford and again taking service under his warlike lord.

At first he generously felt glad that Alice, though separated from him, was safe within the castle, and he never doubted that Matilda's brother, the good Earl of Gloucester, would come with a sufficient force to raise the siege. The Earl of Gloucester had just returned from Anjou, where he had been summoned by the King of France to settle some disputes. However, on first landing on English ground he was greeted by the news that Stephen had taken possession of

his castle of Wareham, and at the time he was so earnestly expected by his sister at Oxford, he was busily engaged at Wareham in the recapture of his own possessions.

At this time news travelled slowly, and no rumour of the reason of his delay reached Matilda, who began to fear that Stephen might succeed in starving out her small garrison.

Outside, Harold, also hearing no news of the Duke of Gloucester, became a prey to gloomy anticipations that either Alice would die of want, or, in the event of the capitulation of the castle, that she might be bestowed on one of Stephen's followers.

The severe frost setting in deprived him of his only occupation, and, between famine and distress, he became daily more morose, and began to indulge in bitter and unjust suspicions against every friend as well as foe, not even excepting his betrothed.

At this time, with his mind ripe for any suspicion, he became maddened by the idea that Alice was striving to keep up a sort of fitful correspondence with his late master, Brian Fitz Earl.

He discovered that Brenda's stepson, who had a boyish adoration for Alice, had found some mysterious means of communicating with her, and only the night before the one on which my story begins Will Mellent had ventured after dark across the river, now rendered very unsafe by the great blocks of floating ice. Harold had not the slightest doubt that he was the bearer of a message between the lovers.

As he this evening strode down to the river, he soon saw that fishing had become quite impossible, since the ice was thicker than ever. Sitting down on a heap of snow, he gave himself up to gloomy and rebellious thoughts.

'The priests,' muttered he, 'tell us that God is good. I can't see it ! At any rate He is not good to me and mine. What with Alice false and utterly out of my reach, my father and sister dying by inches before my eyes, and the only means of supporting them taken out of my hands by this cruel frost, I can see nought but despair and misery before me. If God be good, let Him take away this blighting cold and ice, and I will believe in His love and power !' At that moment he was startled by the sound of a soft step near him, and, peering through the dusk, he saw Will creeping stealthily up the banks of the river.

'Why, I never saw the boat, boy,' exclaimed he in surprise ; 'where have you hidden it ?'

'Oh! the boat's safe enough,' answered Will. 'I have sped well on my errand, Harold; wouldst thou not like to know what message I bring from Wallingford?' And the boy looked up roguishly in his companion's face.

'Nay,' said Harold gruffly, 'keep your messages for those for whom they are intended, and don't come prating to me.'

'Oh! very well,' said Will composedly, 'just as you like; but, Harold,' and he looked eagerly at him, 'you know the signs of the weather better than I; do you think there is any chance of a thaw?'

'I wish I did,' was Harold's angry answer; 'but as far as I can see, this frost may go on till we are all frozen into pillars of salt like Lot's wife.' And he ground his heel against the hard ground in impotent rage. A peculiar smile flitted across the boy's face, but he only said,

'The proverb says, "What is, is best;" so, if the cold is not good for us, maybe it is for somebody else, who knows?'

'Well, Will,' said Harold with a scornful laugh, 'if you can show the good of starvation, I shall believe your old proverb; but in the meantime, my lad, you had better come in, for it is time you were asleep.' And he took hold of the boy to pull him up the slope; but Will, slipping from his grasp, said mysteriously 'that he had business to attend to first,' and disappeared into the darkness.

## CHAPTER II.

THE inside of the Castle of Oxford presented at this time a miserable spectacle.

The small guard of soldiers who remained to Maude stood to their posts with a dogged determination which had more despair in it than devotion to their cause. They knew, unless they were relieved in twenty-four hours, that the last scanty provision would be exhausted, and that if they refused to give up their queen to Stephen's fury, she and they must inevitably fall a prey to gaunt famine. Their numbers were rapidly becoming thinned by the shower of heavy stones thrown not only against the walls, but over them, from the two mounds commanding the keep and entrance. This very morning a herald had proclaimed from one of these eminences; 'that the King would grant life to the inhabitants of the castle if it were given up within twenty-four hours.'

On hearing this, Maude, pale and thin from fasting and privation, had appeared among them, and promised them that

if by six the next morning they were not relieved, she gave them leave to deliver up the castle and all it contained to the besiegers. The soldiers having often heard her declare that any form of death was preferable to becoming the prisoner of her hated cousin, imagined from this concession that she had some definite hopes of her brother's near approach; and, in consequence, their own drooping spirits somewhat revived, more especially as she was evidently in earnest, as Robert d'Oyley, who held the castle in her name, proclaimed her message from the walls in the hearing of them all.

It was now nine o'clock in the evening, and yet no signs of Duke Robert.

The Empress Maude was in the bare room in the keep, which served her as boudoir. She stood alone, with clasped hands, gazing through the unglazed loophole on the white world of snow outside.

A variety of feelings seemed struggling in her breast, for her handsome, though proud face, worked convulsively as she murmured,

'I never thought to take to flight, and yet what good can I do by remaining as food for Stephen's revenge? Oh! Robert, Robert, I have often slighted thy advice; would that thou wert here now to counsel me! How dark it grows, it must be getting on for ten o'clock, the hour fixed!'

At this moment a heavy curtain which hung at the end of the room was moved aside, and the figure of a young girl became visible, from the light of the taper she held in her hand. She carried over the other arm a quantity of cloaks and furs. Her bright, dark eyes sparkled with excitement, as she said in a low tone,

'All is ready. Brother Francis, d'Iveray, and d'Oyley await us at the postern; indeed, my beloved mistress, you must not falter now. The Earl has horses at Abingdon, and with these white garments, thanks to this blessed snow, we may, please God, escape unseen.'

'But, Alice,' said the Princess, as she allowed the girl to envelop her in a long white fur mantle, and tie a white woollen scarf over her dark hair, 'how about the sentinels placed opposite the postern, on the other side of the mill stream?'

'That has been looked to,' answered Alice. 'Will has industriously circulated a report among the soldiers that the Earl, your brother, is on the way from Wareham, and indeed there is some news that partly confirms it, and therefore their



attention is chiefly turned to that side. And your proclamation this morning leads them to the same conclusion. But after all, dear lady,' she added gently, 'we must trust in the good God who has mercifully sent this blinding snow to our help in our necessity. But what do we here talking, when everything depends on speed and silence?'

Without further delay, the two women crept noiselessly out of the room, and then down the stairs and the long descent of the keep to the court below. There, extinguishing her light, Aliee led on, daintily picking her way between the sleeping soldiers, who lay about at intervals, till she gained the other side of the castle and the postern gate, in the shadow of which stood three dark figures.

These proved, on closer inspection, to be Robert d'Oyley, whose father had built the greater portion of the castle, and his sworn brother-in-arms, Roger d'Iveray. A Benedictine Brother completed the trio, his venerable bald head looking little suited for the expedition on which they were bound.

'Come, daughter,' said the latter, taking the Empress's hand, as Robert d'Oyley noiselessly drew back the well-oiled bolts. 'The church shall take you under its protection.'

The descent to the bridge below was soon effected, and, favoured by the darkness, the bridge was crossed in safety.

As Aliee stepped on to the other side she felt her hand taken, and discovered Will's slight figure beside her.

They were now close to the tent of the sentinel on guard, and could see his tall figure looming dark through the night, as he wearily leant upon his halberd.

Will hastily drew Aliee down into a drift of snow which rested against the tent, and in less than a moment their example had been followed by the other fugitives.

Here they remained in perfect stillness for what seemed an interminable period, but which was in reality little more than five minutes, when the snow, which had been falling lightly for some time, began to descend in much heavier quantities, and the sentinel roused himself with an angry shake, exclaiming, with an oath, 'It was mortal hard that a poor fellow should be set on such a fool's errand as to stand still and freeze in a snow-storm, when every one knew that all chance of surprise lay on the other side of the castle.'

After drowsily walking up and down his beat for half a dozen times, he raised the curtain of his tent and passed in. It took very few minutes for our party to rise from their snowy seat and swiftly to pass the tent door; and they were not a minute too soon, for they had not gone a dozen yards

before the sentinel put out a sleepy face, thinking he heard a movement.

He gazed into the distance with half-closed eyes, muttering, 'Nothing but snow, snow. Methinks I am snow-blind;' and, with a grunt, Stephen's watchful sentinel returned to his slumbers.

Will could hardly restrain a chuckle, for he well knew poor Peter Dale's drowsy proclivities, and had not a little counted on them. The party had now to cross a vast waste nearly knee-deep in snow, and the women and priest found it rather difficult to keep up with their warlike companions. At last they reached the river bank, and Will and the priest took each one of Alice's hands, resigning the care of the Empress to the two brave knights.

The first trio led the way, as Will was the only one to be trusted to pioneer them safely across the ice-bound river. It was a passage of no little difficulty and danger, as the water had frozen in a very capricious manner, sometimes as firm as a rock, and at other times, where the current was stronger, there were cracks and fissures, across which the fugitives had to spring as best they might. As they neared the other side the passage became easier, and they ventured to speak to each other in low tones.

'Why is not Harold here?' inquired Alice, and Will made answer :

'I have told him nothing about it. He has been so savage and morose lately, I did not dare. Why, this evening I heard him say that he would believe there was a God if He would thaw the river. It's a good thing his wish was not granted; and, Mistress Alice, I fear you will have hard work to smooth his ruffled feathers, for he has taken it into his wise head that you have lost your heart to his late master the Earl.'

Alice started with consternation, almost losing her footing; but quickly recovering her composure, she said decidedly :

'If that is the case, he must not be left for an hour under such a wild delusion.'

'Easily said, my mistress; but how am I to persuade him?' answered the boy.

'I'll tell you when we reach the other side,' said Alice. 'You need not accompany us further on the way to Abingdon, for you have had enough trouble, and the road is easy to find.'

They relapsed into silence till the opposite bank was gained, and they all sat down to rest for a moment.

'Will,' said Alice, 'cut off a bit of my hair with your dagger.'

The boy obeyed, and then looked inquiringly at her.

'Take that to Harold,' she commanded, and give it into his hands, with the words, "Haste to Wallingford;" then run away, and say nothing more.'

Will promised obedience, and, doffing his cap to the Empress, vanished without a word.

'What has become of the varlet?' exclaimed she impatiently.

'Oh!' said Alice, 'we shall do better without him now. It is only a case of hard walking.'

The toilsome journey to Abingdon was performed in safety, and in little more than an hour's time they were warmly welcomed at the Abbey, where they had been anxiously expected.

After partaking of some refreshment, the Empress and Alice were informed that horses were in readiness to convey them to Wallingford, and they safely rode the eight remaining miles, and were welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm by the Marshal of Wallingford, Matilda's old and tried friend, Brian Fitz Earl. They were also greeted by the cheering news that the Earl of Gloucester was only a day's march off, and that their well-timed flight would stop him from his meditated attack of Stephen's army, with the handful of men who had returned with him from Normandy.

Such a proceeding would have been perfectly hopeless, and the Te Deum that Brother Francis celebrated was rendered all the more hearty from the thanksgiving sent up for the safety of Matilda's well-beloved brother.

### CHAPTER III.

IN the meantime Will had returned to the hut, and roused Harold from an uneasy sleep, by forcing the lock of hair into his hand, and shouting into his ear the words, 'Haste to Wallingford!'

Harold started up, clutching the long, silky tress, and in vain tried to get any further information from Will, who either was or pretended to be overpowered with sleep.

Finding all his questions unanswered, he strode into the open air to collect his thoughts, and at last came to the conclusion that either the false Earl had carried off his promised bride, or that some scheme was on foot for her forcible abduction.

His mind completely filled with this idea, he instantly set forth for Wallingford on foot, but he had many miles to go round before he could reach the only bridge. This delayed him some hours, and it was late in the afternoon ere, footsore and hungry, he came in sight of the castle.

He considered for some time how he should best effect an entrance, but at last he demanded admission boldly in right of his past services to the Earl.

He was cordially welcomed and admitted, and as he passed along to the great hall, it struck him that there was an unusual air of festivity and state observable.

On arriving in the banqueting hall, imagine his astonishment at beholding the Empress Maude, whom he had supposed shut up in Oxford Castle, calmly seated in a chair of state on the dais, whilst at her feet, quietly engaged with her needle, was the Lady Alice.

As in duty bound, he stepped forward, and bent the knee before the Empress, who smiled graciously upon him, and seemed greatly amused by the vacant, amazed stare which he fixed on her and her attendant.

‘But how did your Majesty escape?’ at last he stammered.

‘Why, firstly, thanks to God’s good providence, and secondly, to Alice’s wits,’ she made reply. ‘We escaped last night through the snow, dressed in white, over the frozen river. And now we hope to be joined very shortly by our noble brother, who was on the way to our relief when he was met by the tidings of our miraculous escape. And now, my brave Harold, it is my turn to question wherefore you have sought us here. Is it to claim your bride and take arms in our cause? But in faith, sir, you look so bewildered, that were it not afternoon we should imagine you had walked here in your sleep.’

Harold coloured, and tried to recall his scattered senses.

‘I never thought to find your Majesty here, whatever I might have expected concerning Mistress Alice.’

‘Well, Alice,’ said the Empress good-naturedly, ‘you had better take your savage and feed him. Maybe with you he may find his tongue.’

Spite of his bewilderment, poor Harold had plainly perceived that Alice was greatly offended with him; for during the whole interview she never once glanced at him, but kept her eyes fixed on her work. And now that his suspicions were removed, he became tormented with doubts as to whether she could ever forgive him.

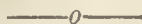
She gravely, at her mistress’s bidding, led the way into



another apartment, where she quickly provided her lover with such a meal as he had not tasted for a long time,—but still in silence. At last he could bear her distant manner no longer, and looking up at her with mournful, penitent eyes, in broken words he implored her forgiveness, and pleaded, as extenuating circumstances, his misery, and the mystery in which Will had enveloped all his proceedings. Alice was not implacable, and, in fact, was too rejoiced at being with him after their separation to hold out long; so at the end of an hour they had laid out their future as satisfactorily as if there were no such troublesome things as wars and sieges. Alice explained that some men-at-arms had been sent to convoy old Nigel Penda and his daughter to Wallingford; and Harold soon settled that they need only wait for their arrival to celebrate the long-deferred marriage.

‘And then,’ he said rapturously, ‘you will be mine, and we will never part again.’—

‘If the Lord will,’ said a grave voice; and Brother Francis stepped from an oratory in a recess at the other end of the room. ‘Ay, young man, you may well look ashamed. When you, with daring infidelity, proposed making a bargain with your Maker, you little thought how you would have rued the day if your impious wish had been granted. If the thaw, for which you had the audacity to ask as a proof of the existence of a God, had set in, this escape had never been effected; your queen would have been in captivity, harder to bear than death, and your promised wife would by this time have become the property of one of Stephen’s lawless barons. Nay, my son,’ he added, seeing Harold’s downcast expression, ‘it is not for me to judge you hardly, for I know you were well-nigh mad with trouble; but oh! my children, may this lesson teach you in these troublous times to trust more implicitly in the God of love, and learn that though man proposes, God disposes.’ L. D. R.



### A Snowdrop.

MORBID fancies crossed my vision.

‘Everything we love must die.’

’Twas a day in drear December,

Clouds were in the winter sky.

Clouds were also o’er my spirit,

Time seemed long, and life was sad;

Where had flown my morning freshness ?  
All was then so bright and glad.

Nought of sorrow, nought of sadness,  
All I loved were gathered there ;  
Then my future rose in gladness,  
Shadowy castles filled the air.

Gone are now my happy castles,  
All my dreams have passed me by ;  
Everything is dark and dreary  
As this dull December sky.

Slowly turned I from the window,  
Down the stair I took my way,  
Came at last into my garden—  
Damp, and drear, and dead it lay.

‘ Yes, ’tis truth ! ’ I sadly murmured,  
‘ Everything on earth *must* die.’  
Suddenly my steps arrested,  
Something now had caught my eye,

Something checked my peevish murmurs,  
Pleading ’twas not truth I said ;  
Only a poor foolish snowdrop  
Had awakened from the dead.

Thus it was I learnt the lesson,  
We must die to live again ;  
‘ Death the gate of life,’ I whispered,  
‘ All we suffer ’s not in vain.’

Then I turned me from the garden,  
Traced my footsteps up the stair,  
Once more crossed my chamber threshold,  
Raised once more my weight of care.

But the burden was not heavy,  
Gladly now I took the load ;  
Christ the first fruits ; our Example,  
We must follow where He trod :

Follow o’er the roughest pathway,  
Follow simply, without fear ;  
Like the snowdrop we’ll awaken,  
But to an Eternal Year.

### Our Christmas Dinner and its Consequences.

OUR day-dreams were verified at last, and we were actually at home in the old house, surrounded by the friends who had known us when we were babies. Ten years before a bank failure had driven us abroad, and in our wandering, make-shift life home had been the paradise for which we longed, and hoped, and struggled.

Our exile was much harder for my sister Edith than for me, because she was seventeen at the time of our misfortune, and enjoying her first season. I was so young I scarcely remembered our former life; so thoroughly liked our roving existence and all the variety it afforded,—new places to be explored, and new friends to be made every year. Whenever we were particularly fortunate in regard to our surroundings, and I was disposed to exult over it, mamma or Edith would say gravely, ‘Poor child! But of course you have never known the comforts of an English home and respectable English servants, or you would not be so pleased with this.’

Nevertheless I was anticipating the Christmas festivities with mixed feelings, for I had received so many disappointments since I had landed in my native country, that I dreaded further disillusion. England had seemed to me so grey and sad-looking, and the people so stiff and cold; there was none of the charming cordiality that had characterised our life abroad. Society was more a duty than a pleasure: everybody tried to do their duty, but not cheerfully. You did not visit because you wished to see the people, or to make arrangements for future meetings, but only because you owed them a call.

I felt like a fish out of water, while Edith, on the contrary, was quite in her native element, and thought everything was right because it happened at home.

The morning after our arrival I wished to run over to the rectory and ask one of the girls to take me up to the top of a charming hill I saw in the distance,—I know I should have been delighted to do it for them had they come as strangers to anywhere we were,—but Edith assured me they would be quite astonished at such a freedom. I must wait till they had called and we had returned their call, and they had asked us to some entertainment to show their wish to be friendly, and we had asked them to something else; and

then, if the girls were pleasant, I might propose it for some future day, leaving them to fix it when most convenient for themselves,—and by that time my hill would be covered with snow.

I suppose I looked my astonishment and disappointment, for Edith added complacently, ‘Such free and easy manners may do abroad, but here it is very different, my dear, as you will see in time.’

‘Very different indeed,’ I said to myself.

Then the servants were very troublesome in spite of their high characters. Abroad, when Pauline was stupid or Marie untidy, we laughed and did the work ourselves; here the servants’ deficiencies brought disgrace on their mistresses.

‘What will Mrs. So-and-so think of me with a servant like that?’ called out mamma distractedly, when our page had announced the visitor simply as ‘Here’s a lady.’

And Edith was in despair for the credit of *her* housekeeping when the cook spoilt the jelly.

I failed to see the force of it, I must say. You could not *make* the servants do their work properly, and you were not allowed to do it yourself, and yet all the blame and disrepute fell on your devoted head.

That cook of ours was a great trial to me. She had been a dozen years with old friends of ours at some remote period of existence, and they almost insisted on our taking her, assuring us that we could trust her with uncounted gold. Perhaps so. We never tried her with that, but I should not have liked to be obliged to trust her with anything else.

‘A most respectable-looking woman,’ mamma called her; but I thought her quite repulsive, with her gaunt figure and grim face, and forced smiles when she saw any of us; which latter seemed to require an awful amount of pressure before they appeared at all on her sour visage, so different from the smiling *filles* and graceful *bonnes* I had been accustomed to see.

She was very extravagant also, and took mysterious illnesses which affected her memory, and made her forget to cook the dinner. Yet she was popular in the lower regions with all but the little page. One day, when we returned rather late from a long drive at the hour the dinner ought to have been announced, the page rushed in to say cook was in a fit on the kitchen floor. We all trooped downstairs to find her prostrate, with her head on the fender, and clutching in



her hand an empty bottle that smelt of rum, surrounded by the materials for our meal, but all mixed up together like a conjuror's trick.

To us this was conclusive; but the woman stoutly maintained it was only a sudden attack of illness, for which the rum had been tried as a desperate remedy. She was given a month's notice to quit. We would have wished her to leave at once, but the other servants took her part, and declared her to be 'a most respectable person,' and the bottle of rum only an unlucky coincidence. I wonder what respectable means in England! I always imagined that the term implied a person worthy of respect, but I suppose that was one of my foreign ideas.

We said we did not care to retain permanently any one subject to those sort of illnesses; but perhaps a remembrance of the approaching Christmas festivities made us more lenient than we would otherwise have been, and we agreed to allow her to remain till the end of the month. I had built up a little romance in regard to Edith and a neighbour of ours, Mr. Hay, who had also been involved in the bank business which had exiled us. I do not know how I found it out, but there had certainly been something between them long ago. Edith was still pretty, although no longer very young, being past seven-and-twenty, and was much admired by those who did not know her age; and of course Mr. Hay, who was five years older, must be quite middle-aged now. He came to call upon us as soon as we arrived, but we were out, and he never came back again, and we never met him anywhere, for he was a gentleman farmer, and too busy to go to parties.

However, he accepted our invitation to dinner on Christmas day; and I am sure Edith was pleased, although she pretended to be so cool and indifferent. I found her looking very earnestly at his note, which mamma had left on the table, and although she said, in a matter-of-fact way, 'I see Mr. Hay has the same remarkably ugly monogram he used to have long ago,' I saw her blushing.

The cook sustained her *rôle* of injured innocence most admirably; our meals were regularly served and beautifully cooked; and Beatrice—for such was the lovely name she bore—said so plainly in every look and gesture, 'Behold in me a poor victim of tyranny and unjust suspicion!' we almost relented, and made her an abject apology, requesting her to remain till her own convenience.

Mr. Hay was only another disappointment. He was

quite an ordinary-looking man, not even strictly handsome ; and he shook hands with Edith less impressively than with mamma, and hoped she had enjoyed her foreign tour, as if she had been absent a month instead of ten years. He took no notice of me, and seemed to have forgotten my existence. The dinner was excellent ; and Mr. Hay, seated by Edith, woke up a little, and spoke of old scenes quite brightly. The plum-pudding was particularly good, and Mr. Hay pressed Edith so much to take a second helping that she agreed, although I am sure she did not care for it. I should really have liked another piece if any one had pressed me ; but nobody did.

Shortly after Edith became very pale, and, without making any excuse, suddenly rose and left the table. Mr. Hay looked so vexed and annoyed, I was sure it was something he had said that had caused her to do so strange a thing. We had scarcely recovered from our surprise, when the door was burst open in the most violent manner, and in rushed our unlucky page, crying loudly ‘ Help, help ! murder, murder ! we are all poisoned ! ’ and fell down flat on the floor.

The scene that followed baffles description ; one lady fainted, and another went into hysterics, and a gentleman declaring himself to be at the point of death left a tender and pathetic message for his wife, with whom he had been on notoriously bad terms for the last fifteen years.

Mr. Hay came to the rescue in the most surprising manner. He first laughed at the idea of poison as a bad joke on the cook’s part to frighten the boy ; then he picked up the recumbent page, and interrogated him strictly on the grounds of his belief that we were all poisoned. The boy’s testimony, which, although given amid tears and sobs, never varied in spite of Mr. Hay’s Jesuitical hints and insinuations, was this : That on carrying down the plates he had been tempted to take a small piece of pudding left on one, and finding it so good he had proceeded to help himself from the dish. The cook surprised him while his mouth was still full, and with wicked glee assured him he would never forget that piece of pudding as long as he lived, but that, if he had taken much, he might not have a long life in which to remember it.

And then she added, ‘ She knew how to serve people out who treated her as we had done, and that she had always been famous for her plum-pudding, and that greedy folk would get a fit punishment to-night.’

A groom on horseback was despatched instantly for the nearest doctor, in case of accidents. Mr. Hay next confronted the cook, and commanded her to eat up directly a large plateful of pudding. The woman had certainly been drinking after despatching the fatal pudding, or she would not have betrayed herself to the boy; but she had sufficient cunning to pretend to be much worse than she was, and would not comprehend any questions put to her. A vacant stare, and an incoherent murmur to the effect that she had always been famous for her puddings, and every one enjoyed them, and she could not help folk over-eating themselves, and she had characters for twenty years, and nobody ever found fault with her cooking before, and she never tasted dishes that had been in the dining-room—not she, etc. etc., was all that Mr. Hay's cross-examination could elicit. He declared she ought to be shut up with the pudding till she had finished it, and he was so furious I believe he would have done it had she been his cook.

When the doctor arrived, no one was found to be seriously ill but poor Edith, who had complained less than any, and had been consequently rather overlooked, while we flew with remedies to less gentle or less courageous patients. There had certainly been some sort of poison put in the dish, although not in such quantities as to cause any risk to life, except in Edith's case, in whose second helping a quantity appeared to have concentrated.

Oh! that was a terrible night, and how I wished we were safe back again in dear France or Switzerland, where the people were too stupid to think of revenging themselves in this fashion!

Mr. Hay and myself were the only two of all the dinner party who did not go to bed, and in our casual meetings on the stairs, when I was rushing about to get things for Edith, we became quite friendly. He wished to send for more advice, and himself suggested fresh remedies every five minutes. It became almost ludicrous to see Edith's door opening slowly and one of the maids gliding in to say Mr. Hay wondered if champagne would not be a good thing to try, and immediately afterwards milk would be suggested, and then soap, and then mustard, and then cayenne pepper, and then salt and water, and a variety of other extraordinary cures.

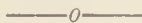
Next morning Edith was pronounced out of danger and in the fair way of recovery; and all her fellow-victims were well enough to return to their own homes.

Mr. Hay insisted on giving the wretched cook into custody; but when he returned with the necessary warrant she had vanished. I believe mamma connived at her escape, having a great dread of justice, or rather law, as at present administered, considering the punishment included in the proceedings greater to the innocent victims than that eventually awarded to the guilty person. Anyhow we never heard of her more.

Mr. Hay got ill as Edith got well,—at least he never found himself strong enough to take the journey of five miles home till the day that she came downstairs; and the consequences of it all was that they became engaged. Edith declares herself to be for ever grateful to the piece of pudding that caused Mr. Hay so many reproaches on that eventful night, for it cleared away all the mists of the last ten years, and let them know how much they really cared for each other, which nothing short of a like calamity would have done.

The consequences to me were not so agreeable. I lost my only sister, and my taste for plum-pudding was utterly spoilt; I have never cared to see, far less to taste it ever since.

NONO.



## Men's Rights.

### PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Mrs. TREDEMDOWN, M.P., S.A.

*A Nurse.*

Mr. TREDEMDOWN, husband to Mrs. T.

Mr. PAHST, brother to Mrs. T.

*A Baby.*

*A Servant.*

SCENE.—*A hall: man-servant opening the door; enter*

Mr. PAHST.

*Mr. P.* Is your mistress at home?

*Man.* Yes, sir, but she is just going to her office. My master is at leisure, however.

*Mr. P. (aside).* O ho! rather peculiar. So Minnie has an office, has she!

*Follows the servant into a room, where we find Mrs. Tredemdown standing with her back to the fire reading the newspaper.*

*Mrs. T. (aside).* Who is this creature? Just like one of



these stupid men, to show a visitor in when I am busy. (*Aloud*) How d'ye do, sir? Glad to see you. Pray be seated. (*To man-servant*) Why on earth did you let this man in? You should have told your master, and shown him up to the drawing-room.

*Mr. P.* Minnie, do you not know me?

*Mrs. T.* Gracious! 'tis my brother Peter; how do you do, old fellow? I thought you were in South America. (*So saying, she shook him heartily by the hand, and gave him a slap on the shoulder.*) Well, how do you like the old country? You will see a change here—change for the better since I was a girl.

*Mr. P.* H'm, I'm not quite so sure of that. What's this about an office? and have you had a fever, your hair is so short? I don't think you look very well, Minnie.

*Mrs. T.* (*laughing*). I'm tolerably busy, what with these mining shares in Honolulu, and Parliament duties coming on,—you know I'm member for Muttletbury,—and the girls growing and needing good openings found for them, and Mr. Tredemdown so delicate, poor man. I have to run down to Brighton with him every now and then for change of air, so no wonder that I don't look as young as I did. Don't look so bewildered, poor fellow. I hope you are not going to faint; there is nothing I hate so much as fainting men. Here, take a glass of sherry.

*Mr. P.* Oh, Minnie! what do you mean by all this nonsense. You'll kill me with laughing; you surely must be mad.

*Mrs. T.* Mad! I *was* mad, I allow, but now we've changed all that, and women have got their rights, and put men in their proper places. But I won't talk business with you; men always get the worst in an argument, and it's not fair to lead them on. I know you want to see my husband, he is in the drawing-room. He will enjoy a chat with you; poor fellow, he is constantly on the sofa now. I fear I must leave you, I have an appointment with Mrs. Henpecker (worthy woman, capital head for business) and Lady Snapemup. We have to choose a manager for the North London Lunatic Asylum out of fifty candidates, all clever women, with excellent testimonials. I think my niece Frances has a good chance; clever girl that. Well, here is Mr. Tredemdown. How are you to-day, dear?

*Enter a man looking rather ashamed of himself, and with a melancholy expression of countenance. He wears a purple velvet dressing-gown, trimmed with point lace; a little boy holds him*

*tightly by the hand. He brightens up rather at the sight of Mr. Pahst, but his passive melancholy returns as soon as he sees his wife.*

*Mr. P.* Well, my dear John, how are you? Minnie says you have not been very well.

*Mrs. T.* No, indeed he has not. I tell him he should take more exercise, and next week he is going to take the children down to Brighton for a week of sea-bathing.

*Mr. T.* I'm truly glad to see you, Peter. Minnie is such an active woman now that I have nothing left to do. I made this lace on my dressing-gown myself, and I've trimmed baby's pelisse, too, with it. Should you like to see baby?

*Mr. Pahst looks very much shocked, and seems to think if his sister is mad, her husband is worse. Nurse enters with baby, and hands it to Mrs. Tredemdown, who holds it for a few moments till it begins to cry, and then says:*

Here, John, take the child, I'm never comfortable when I have it; I'm so afraid of its head rolling off, and in these long clothes one hardly knows which end to take hold of. Well, good-bye, take care of each other. I'll be back to five-o'clock tea.'

*Exit Mrs. Tredemdown, buttoning her jacket as she goes, and taking down her bonnet from the stand at the door. The two men look at each other. Mr. Pahst begins to laugh, but poor Mr. Tredemdown says sadly, as he sinks into an easy-chair:*

It's no laughing matter, I can assure you, Peter. Ever since Mrs. Tredemdown has had her vote, she has been insufferable. The poor boys, too, feel the change in their mother and sisters deeply, but there is no help for it. She goes to about half a dozen meetings daily, comes home about five, has a cup of tea with me and the boys, and then generally dines at her club with some of her alarming friends, or goes to a scientific lecture. (*Sighs.*)

*Mr. P.* But how can you stand it? You should stop all this nonsense; why, it must be your own fault, for when Minnie married you, she was as gentle and attractive a girl as one could wish to see.

*Mr. T.* Oh! I don't think it was the fault of the women at the beginning. Some insane men put it into the heads of some insaner women, and the mischief has been spreading ever since. It makes me quite sad to see Hubert and Fred 'sitting in the drawing-room till they are married,' as the saying is. And in town the poor things get but little amusement, for the girls are all too busy to take them anywhere. You remember Emily, my eldest girl,—what a nice

pretty creature she used to be,—well, she is a merchant in Liverpool now; her chief business is to send out Skye terriers to Calcutta in exchange for cockatoos. Her mother says she is a girl of spirit, but for my part, I am fondest of Amy. She cannot bear this upsetting of nature, and, to her mother's disgust, prefers staying at home with her old father to lecturing, or becoming a fashionable doctor. My eldest son, Charley, has married a farmer in Ireland.

*Mr. P.* A farmer?

*Mr. T.* Yes, I believe she farms her own land. She is not a bad sort of girl, and I think Charley is very happy. She is kind-hearted, though rather a rough diamond. It was love at first sight. She met Charley at a lawn tennis party, called here next day, and three days after proposed. The dear boy came to me at once, and as I knew of no reason for refusing my consent,—and their mother leaves all such things to me,—they were married within three weeks. It was quite romantic, I assure you, but things do go on at a great rate in this age. If you will excuse me, I will just get my wife's slippers and warm them for her. She likes those little attentions. She will be home directly, and would be very tired if she were a man; for she does far more than I did when I had charge of the office, but nothing could tire Mrs. Tredemdown. Here she is.

*(Enter Mrs. Tredemdown.)*

*Mrs. T.* Well, here you are, both of you, having a good gossip, I daresay. My slippers—thanks, dear. But really I can't stay more than half an hour; Mrs. Bulleman will call for me in her brougham in an hour. We have to give our votes in the house for—; well, it's something you would not understand if I told you; and then I dine at the club. Wish I could ask you, brother, but our rules do not admit gentlemen. You would meet some of our cleverest and most energetic women. I may be late, as we have a debate afterwards, but don't sit up, dear: I can let myself in, you know. To-morrow is my leisure day; so, brother, I hope we shall see a little of each other. Good-bye, I hope you will have a pleasant evening.

*(Exit Mrs. T.)*

M. F.

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### **E. Werner: A German Currer Bell.**

WHILST translations of English novels are often published with remarkable rapidity in Berlin or Leipzig, and eagerly

read by an appreciative public, we at home have hitherto for the most part been content with a very superficial acquaintance with German works of fiction. The fact is, we are somewhat prone to believe that our nation has all to give and nothing to take in that branch of literature. Nor are we without a reason for this pride.

It is a well-known fact that Great Britain specially excels in its fictitious literature. Those frequent acts of piracy which call forth the lamentations of victimized authors, prove that even the great Republic beyond the seas, so gifted with creative intellects, must stoop to borrow supplies from our little island in order to provide this particular literary food for its children.

France, too, despite Victor Hugo, Alexandre Dumas, and the late George Sand (might we not even add Alphonse Daudet?), has been obliged to yield the palm in light literature to the land that boasts of a Dickens, a Thackeray, and a George Eliot. And so we turn to Germany to measure our strength.

Germany possesses an innate leaning towards romance and devotion to æsthetics, in great part a heritage from her fable-loving forefathers, which causes a tone of unreality and improbability to pervade some writers' productions. Occasionally, on laying down one of their novels to return to the sober prose of this nineteenth century, one feels as if suddenly awakened from dreams of poetic wanderings in fairyland.

So much for the faults of German fiction; and now, if we take the trouble to wade through a good deal that is wearisome, and more or less worthless, shall we not be rewarded by discovering also much that is both praiseworthy and deserving of imitation? Yes; and that English readers are gradually becoming convinced of the fact, is plainly shown by the slowly but steadily increasing interest taken in novels translated from the German. They chiefly attract by power and definiteness of purpose, the power being both of language and description. Slipshod writing and bad grammar are unknown—indeed, they would not be tolerated for one moment by German readers of any class. All have too profound a love for their native tongue to acquiesce quietly in its mutilation, and too keen an eye for detecting faults of expression to let such things pass without the bitterest satire. The other kind of power is closely connected with the fact that most German writers of note have some decided aim in view, which makes them describe scenes and



characters with an exactitude sometimes even degenerating into tediousness.

In seeking to educate the public mind, warn it against dangers, point out abuses,—religious, social, or political,—German novelists and play-writers are for the most part faithful to their task. The stage and press have again and again pointed out what ruin and sorrow must result from participation in those bubble speculations which have been started by Germans, since the French gold of '71 awakened a thirst for further gain, and through which, while a few persons may have grown suddenly rich, many others of that usually prudent nation have been enticed into dangerous investments which have been their destruction.

With the same unsparing truthfulness have various authors sought again and again to expose the love of display, etc., the hypocrisy practised in society, the cringing to bearers of titles, and all that toadyism abounding at small courts, which form so large an element in German society.

Foremost among those who wield the lash unflinchingly is E. Werner, whose writings have found much favour with the British public,—indeed, her *Am Altar* (Sacred Vows) has appeared simultaneously in two English translations. This author's vigorous style is the probable reason of her being spoken of in all our reviews as 'Herr' Werner: she writes with such energy and power as few would expect to emanate from a woman's pen. It is nevertheless true that this distinguished authoress, whose real name is Elizabeth Bürstenbinder, is a gentle, sympathetic woman, beloved in private life for her genial, sociable qualities.

The only child of a prosperous man of business resident in Berlin, the quiet leisure of her early days gave her much opportunity for reflection. To this fact she herself attaches much value, believing that she thereby gained self-reliance and self-knowledge, together with strength of character and clearness in her opinions. Her father was not of a companionable disposition; therefore, in accordance with his wishes, Fräulein Bürstenbinder and her brothers kept much aloof from society. She had no friends amongst her contemporaries; but her mother was all in all to her, and their sympathies thoroughly coincided. The memory of this loving mother is treasured by the daughter with true filial devotion, as that of her good genius.

Berlin is no forcing-house for mysticism, romance or sentimentality of any sort. Keen satire, unsparing criticism, a matter-of-fact way of viewing life and its concerns in

general,—these are the characteristics of the capital of Prussia, and now and then a vein of harshness and bitterness traceable in E. Werner's compositions, bears witness to the chilling influence of the social atmosphere in which most of her days have been passed. She also inveighs against the sins of great church dignitaries and the exclusiveness and love of patronising to be found amongst the nobility, as only one educated where rationalistic and democratic ideas prevailed would be likely to do. Women, it is declared, are naturally conservative; as a rule, be it said to their credit, they are equally disposed to espouse the cause of religion. But if many of her daughters are an exception in this latter respect, Germany only reaps as she has sown, though she now, perhaps, would fain return to the old and simple paths, which are all the safer because well-trodden. Meanwhile she has yet to recover from the pernicious effects of the long years when sloth, formalism, and mysticism reigned supreme, with the natural results of a strong reaction to scepticism. Instead of the best and noblest, chiefly—if I may be permitted the expression—the halt and maimed in intellect were offered for the service of the sanctuary. If a son was an ill-conditioned boor, too great a dunce for any other profession, he was still counted good enough to become a priest or pastor. The result is a well-nigh shipwrecked faith, with but few helpful hands to steer the vessel through the troubled waters of atheism and socialism, or weather the fierce storm of ultramontaniam. Thus it cannot be wondered at if bold seekers after truth, brave pioneers ready to denounce and do battle with existing evils, should display masculine strength, rather than feminine softness, in waging this mighty warfare. To paint touching pictures of lowly grief and hidden sorrows courageously borne, to blend sweetness and purity with lofty conceptions of character,—these, it would seem, are peculiarly adapted to the powers of female writers of fiction. But such work must have its forerunners. The rough way must first be made plain by a commanding voice, sounding through the wilderness of social evils, 'Cut down, cut down, and spare not;' the golden grain of truth must first be severed from the chaff of superstition. A hearty acknowledgment of the ties and obligations uniting the whole human family must take the place of a punctilious courtesy, which nevertheless finds an outlet in secret backbiting; singleness of purpose, and a love of what is genuine and real, must be more valued in society than has hitherto been the case; then, and only then, writers, pointing to the emblem of Him who is the

truth, can hope to find a ready hearing. Till then is it much to be wondered at, if sincere and honest hearts, turning with innate shrinking from the existing state of things, fail partly in their over-zealous haste to discern the good from the evil when carrying out their work of reform?

Women can well afford to hold out the hand of fellowship to any among their sisters whose real object is social amendment, if only they deny all countenance to that class of writers who misuse their powers by displaying to the world in bright, enticing colours, pictures which had better remain amongst the hidden things of darkness.

But to return to E. Werner. Despite much sternness in holding up a mirror to existing evils, touches of grace and beauty are not lacking in her works. We find many such in *Vineta* (Under a Charm). The hero's generosity and genuine simplicity shine forth from time to time from beneath a very rough exterior in a way marvellously calculated to enlist the reader's sympathies in his favour of this youth, whose honest heart still pulsates warmly, despite the many intrigues of a deceitful, worldly-minded mother, enough to sicken him with human nature, and make him cease to believe in the existence of honesty of purpose.

In *Ein Held der Feder*, a story of the Franco-German war, we have a very faithful picture of the studious and peace-loving Professor, who lays aside his pen, the weapon dearest to him, in exchange for a sword wherewith to fight loyally for the Fatherland.

*Am Altar* (Sacred Vows) wages war against Jesuitical cunning, and exposes clerical abuses.

In *Glück Auf* (Success and how He Won it) are contrasted with dramatic skill the position of the working classes with that of possessors of wealth and title.

*Gesprenge Fesseln* (Riven Bonds) has not only failed to increase E. Werner's reputation in Great Britain, but in Germany it was likewise met with a good deal of criticism on the score of improbability. But being only one of her earlier productions, it would probably never have been translated but for the warm reception accorded to her later works.

It is in the weekly numbers of the *Gutenlaube* that the writings of this talented authoress have hitherto been published, and it is to be hoped she may long continue to add fresh attractions to its pages.

M. M. C.

## Our Library Table.

MODERN FRENCHMEN. By P. G. Hamerton. Published by Secley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54 Fleet Street, London.

Every member of the reading public must feel grateful to Mr. Hamerton for giving us this delightful volume. It contains five biographies of Frenchmen of this century—men whose names deserve to be widely celebrated and long remembered. The book is, however, unequal; for while the three lives which stand last—those of Rude, J. J. Ampère, and Henri Regnault—are thoroughly interesting and are written with a full and hearty appreciation, the two first are just the reverse; and this is not because these men were themselves less interesting than the others, for Victor Jacquemont and Henri Perreyve yield to none in nobleness of character, but, somehow or other, this account of their lives strikes us as flat and almost dull. Perhaps, though, we ought not to expect Mr. Hamerton to write as sympathetically of the man of science and the priest as of the sculptor, the man of letters, and the painter, for his fellow-feeling must naturally be stronger for the devotees of art. The account of Rude is excellent. We seem to know the strong, simple, honest fellow, with his manly determination, in spite of all artistic triumphs, to remain through life what he was born, a simple working man, with his unwearied persistence in labour, and his quiet giving up of everything to his art. That his wife possessed the same temper as himself is shown by this extract: 'The marble was there for the new statue, but what about the current expenses whilst the artist was executing it? . . . There were house expenses and studio expenses, the wages of the carver, and all to be paid—out of what? "If necessary, we will sell the linen off our backs!" said Madame Rude.' The biography of Ampère is both interesting and amusing; the description in it of Madame Récamier is very good; and there is a capital anecdote of the elder Ampère. But the most beautiful and the most touching of these sketches is that of Henri Regnault, for in him we see youth and genius crowned by the Angel of Death with a hero's wreath of glory. Indeed, the story of this young artist's life is in itself a poem. Born to a heritage of fame,—his father was that Victor Regnault so renowned in science,—from his childhood inspired by art, at an early age winning high honour with his pencil, and when only twenty-seven giving up the gaiety and brilliance of a Parisian life to live secluded in Morocco for the sake of his painting,—himself so richly gifted, so high-spirited, so noble-minded,—and then the tragic end; for he died fighting gallantly as a common soldier outside Paris in that terrible winter of '71, having left comfort and beauty, art and love, to serve his country in her hour of danger. He was a little over twenty-seven years of age. At his funeral, Mr. Hamerton writes: 'The nave of the church was so thronged that it could not hold the people. His comrades in arms were there . . . and—sadder than all the black hangings and the crape, and the chanting and the drumming—close by the bier lay one little fragrant bouquet of white lilac, sent by his betrothed.'

As a last thought about this book, we may remark that, widely different as these five men were in age, in profession, and in character, in one thing they were alike: they were all single-minded, and their



lives were completely subordinated to one noble purpose. Each with unswerving determination trod that 'path of duty,' which, as our own great poet has told us, 'is the way to glory,' and therefore we can hardly think that any one will close this record of their lives without feeling raised, if only for a short moment, above the triviality, the meanness, and the self-seeking of this bustling world.

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### Question Series.

I. *History*.—Give a brief account of the sect called 'The Lollards.' State the origin of their name, and the names of their chief leaders.

II. *English Literature*.—Mention three noted writers of English prose prior to 1570, adding brief descriptive notes.

Answers to be sent in by 15th January, addressed 'QU. C., care of Miss Walker, 37 Gillespie Crescent.' The best answer to each question will be inserted in the magazine, and prizes are offered at the close of the year for the greatest number in each department. *N.B.*—Answers only to be written on one side of the paper, and the real name and address of the sender, besides her pseudonym, to be given. Only the latter will appear in the magazine. History not to exceed twenty-four, Literature twenty-six printed lines; twelve words go to a line. We warn correspondents against running time too short. The 15th is the latest possible day on which the *Editors* can receive any answer; an accidental delay in delivery may exclude a good answer from competition.

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### ANSWERS TO OCTOBER SERIES.

In *History*: B. the best; HEATHER, very good; M. B., very good, but too long; HILDA, the same; SPIDER and MAY-FLY, very good, as usual.

In *Literature*: CLARIBEL, in spite of a slight mistake in a date (1621 for 1611), is much the best; HILDA and HEATHER are good as far as correctness goes, but have taken their answer too closely from the authority they have evidently studied upon the subject. HILDA is promising; we hope she will persevere.

I. The summoning by the shire-reeves of four knights from each shire, as representing the lesser barons, to the great council of King John, was the first recognition of the representative system in Parliament. In 1265 Simon de Montfort further summoned two citizens from each city and two burgesses from each burgh to Parliament. Edward I. confirmed the election of burgesses, and in 1293 summoned them to discuss at least matters of taxation. Still the four orders of the State, clergy, barons, knights, and burgesses, continued to meet and make grants separately. In Edward III.'s reign, knights and burgesses united under the title of 'The Commons,' and the clergy withdrawing, the barons remained as the 'House of Lords.' Then, too, the petitions of the Commons on receiving the royal assent were confirmed as statutes, and the first regular Speaker was chosen. Parliamentary power grew rapidly. The deposition of Richard II. was by the consent of the Houses, and the succession to the crown of Henry VIII. was regulated by them. After the troubles of the Stuart reigns, the passing of the Bill of Rights confirmed this ancient privilege to the House of Commons. The present separation into the great parties of Liberals and Conservatives may be traced under different names from the early days of James I., and the system of

administration by a Cabinet and Premier drawn from the existing majority in the House of Commons, dates from the reigns of William and Anne. The sole right of taxation has rested in Parliament from a very early date ; but the system of annual grants began only after the Revolution. Bills passed in 1832 and 1867 have greatly enlarged the electoral body, previously little changed from the days of Henry VI.—B.

II. One effect of Coverdale and Tyndale's translations of the Bible was the fixing of the English language. The Bible, where diffused, has always had a conservative effect on its language. Wyckliff's translation was comparatively little known and read, and had become to some extent obsolete in a hundred years. Coverdale's Bible (1535) was at one time ordered to be kept in every parish church, and there, chained to the desk, was read by all who wished ; and the latest authorized translation (1621) was made on the same lines, and differs little from it in style. Again, this open Bible gave an impetus to reading which prepared the English people for the brilliant literary era of Elizabeth. Yet another effect was the enriching of our language by the addition of many theological and abstract terms from the Latin. For many years monkish Latin had been in England the language of theology, and the old English theological terms had dropped out of use. These, chiefly abstract, Latin terms employed in our translation, soon became incorporated in ordinary English, and greatly enriched it. Still the gain is not unmingled ; some of the now obsolete Saxon theological terms explain themselves better to the unlearned than the Latin equivalents which have been the sources of many religious bewilderments and puzzles. And the narrative portions of the Old Testament and the Gospels are more English and more comprehensible by the people than the Epistles, where terms from the Latin most abound.

CLARIBEL.

N.B.—We must again request that competitors will mark their addresses on their papers, otherwise mistakes may be unavoidable in assigning the prizes. The last Questions of the present series will be issued in January, and we then hope to commence a new series, with some improvements, of which due notice will be given.

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## Stray Notes.

KING'S COLLEGE LECTURES FOR LADIES.—The inaugural lecture of the session was delivered by Canon Barry, at the Vestry Hall, Kensington, London, on Monday, 14th October, and was attended by about 200 ladies. Instead of introducing his own subject, Holy Scripture and Church History, he devoted the hour to a review of Higher Education in England, treating his subject under three heads :—(1) The present position of Higher Education in England. (2) The same, as affecting women. (3) The work done by King's College. In the absence of more detailed information from a *Report*, we may mention, as stated by the lecturer, that the courses of last year were attended by from 500 to 600 ladies, during each of the three terms into which they are divided. A very large majority were working students, taking part in examinations and essays, in which the results of their work bore favourable comparison with that of the male students of King's College.

The proposed courses this year are twenty-two in number. In the case of Latin, Greek, and Harmony, both elementary and advanced

classes are offered, and in other subjects also, if found necessary, these will be formed.

The departments embraced in the syllabus are Holy Scripture and Church History, Mental Philosophy, History, Language, Mathematics, Astronomy, Physics, including Harmony and Drawing.

THE LADIES' EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION. — The annual general Meeting took place on Saturday, 9th Nov. Several vacancies in the council, made by the retirement in rotation of members, were filled by the following elections:—Miss Blyth, Miss L. Dundas, Miss Houldsworth, Miss Kerr, Miss Menzies, Miss H. Neaves, Mrs. Russell, Miss Urquhart, and Dr. Donaldson. All the opening Lectures of this session have now been delivered by their various Professors. Full particulars regarding the Association may be obtained from the Calendar now published by David Douglas, 9 South Castle Street.

LADIES' PREPARATORY CLASSES. — The system of Local Examinations, as now carried on for many years, is rapidly gaining ground in Scotland. Preparatory classes are being started in schools and by private tutors, none of which have attracted more attention than those now opened for the fourth session in S. George's Hall. These classes now include, besides the usual Preliminary Subjects, courses in English Literature, Logic, Natural Science, Mathematics, Latin, French, German, and the Theory of Music; Latin seems this year particularly to attract ladies. To us the most interesting feature is the system of Instruction by Correspondence, by means of which the benefit of these classes is carried to many a secluded country house, vicarage, and manse in the remoter parts of the kingdom. Already nearly 300 distant students are enrolled as correspondents, a fact the more to be noted, inasmuch as Glasgow is copying our example by establishing similar classes.

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### Notices to Correspondents, etc.

LADIES are invited to contribute to this magazine. All communications to be addressed, EDITORS, *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, Messrs. Murray & Gibb, 11 Queen Street, Edinburgh. No anonymous communication can be noticed.

All contributions to be accompanied by the writer's name and address. Rejected articles can only be returned if accompanied by stamps to cover postage. This applies to all short poems, etc., sent inside letters, with requests for answers. No enclosure can either be noticed or returned unless a stamp be sent at the same time.

Papers intended for immediate insertion must be in the hands of the Editors by the first of the previous month; attention is requested to this rule.

Papers already promised or received for the series on 'Country Pursuits,' on Curling, Fishing, Keeping Poultry, Games in the Garden, Hedging and Ditching, Dairy and Cows, and on Swimming. Further suggestions very acceptable.

Contributions are often delayed for want of space.

The next meeting of the Ladies' Edinburgh Literary Society will be held on Saturday, 7th December, 10.45 A.M., at 4 Oxford Terracc. All members are requested to attend, if possible. Debate, 'Is the present neglect of Italian in favour of other languages, common in the education of girls, to be regretted?'









